

THE NEW HYMN BOOK.

3. HYMNS BY WOMEN. (Continued.) Twenty seven women have contributed to the new book. This is an interesting fact, and it shows how largely they have shared in the religious enthusiasm of the present day and how they have helped it on. It will be interesting to see who they are and what they have written. I will therefore add a complete list of their hymns, which will be interesting to many and valuable by way of reference:

Table listing hymn authors and titles, such as Mrs. Anderson: Our country's voice is pleading, Lord, the righteous, and Harriet Auber: O God, our strength, to thee our song.

Now if we add the hymns retained from the old book, viz.: Madame Bourignon's (638, new); Mrs. Dobe's (594); Mrs. Steele's (654 and 746); and Mrs. Bulmer's (673), of which I spoke in the last paper, and include the learned Miss Winkworth's translation of King Robert II.'s (of France) fine hymn to the Holy Spirit (204), we will have thirty-one female hymnists with forty-seven hymns. This is a fine showing, and they include some of the finest sacred songs this century has given us, and some of them will live in the heart of man forever.

In making out the above list I find I have overlooked that unsurpassed song of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, "Nearer, my God, to thee," (399), which has now become a classic and taken its place among those diviner songs which live forever, and which contains in itself the essence of a hundred hymns.

4. HYMNS BY MISCELLANEOUS MODERN AUTHORS.—BARRY CHAS. WESLEY, we now come to the strength and richness and beauty of the present collection, that which made it worth while to publish a new book, and which gives that book its attractiveness and value. And I cannot but think it a pity that from the magnificent treasury of modern hymnology, the Committee had not drawn more largely, even if it had been at the expense of Wesley and Watts. And now that such a varied and extensive field stretches out before us, we can but stop to call a flower here and there and show you where others as beautiful can be found.

In speaking of this part of my subject, it will be convenient, though hardly appropriate for in the service of praise nothing sectarian should be hinted—to arrange the hymns according to the Church connections of their authors.

1. Episcopal. As might be expected, by far the greater number of authors are of the Episcopal Church. The literary and devotional culture has been such within her sacred enclosures, that Christian song has there found a rich soil. In fact, counting Charles Wesley here, where he belongs, the number of hymns by non-Episcopal authors will be very small indeed. Here we find Rev. Henry F. Lyte's "Abide with me," (785) and "Jesus, I my cross have taken," (775), the first especially one of the most beautiful and touching hymns of modern times. Here Ferrer's stirring Christian, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," (D. 204), and the beautiful "The heavy-laden," (110), by Rev. J. H. Mer's "By the side of Solomon's stately mill,"

(119), his "Bread of the world in mercy broken" (705) and his familiar missionary hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains," (744), worthy of the great and devoted missionary who wrote it; here old John Newton's magnificent "Glorious things of thee are spoken," (634), and his "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," (112), Dean Henry Alford's "Come ye thankful people come," (910) on the Harvest Home, although he has written better hymns than that; Bullock's "In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord," (913); Sir John Bowring's immortal song in honor of the cross, (169) to have written which is glory enough for one man, and his "Watchman, tell us of the night," (738); Sir E. Denny's "Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart," (729); Rev. J. S. B. Monsell's "Lord of the living harvest," (636), his beautiful marriage song, "O love, divine and tender," (814), and his Harvest Thanksgiving song, (908).

Here we mention the triumphant Sabbath hymn, "O Day of rest and gladness," (653), by the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, brother, if I remember rightly, of the poet, William Wordsworth, a hymn that bears the stamp of the Episcopal idea of the Sabbath (a true one) rather than the Puritan. I suppose Sir Henry W. Baker, (920) would come in here, and doubtless Sir Robert Grant, the latter appears for his "O worship the King, all glorious above," (29), and his tender and solemn "Saviour, when in dust to thee," (118), which will live as long as human sorrow and need looks up out of its tears and distress to the Saviour of men, to whom the weary and heavy laden do come, and his "When gathering clouds around I view," (430). Here place Rev. S. Baring Gould, with his Christian Soldier's Battle Hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war," (746), and here comes the Vicar of Hursley, John Keble, the scholar, theologian and the poet, and the humble and devoted pastor, with his "Sun of my soul my Saviour dear," (904), for which may the earth lie gently on his precious dust, and his "New every morning is thy love," (806). The late Dean Milman is here with his "When our hearts are bowed with woe," (503) On this side the water, I find Bishop Frederic D. Huntington, of Central New York, "There is no night in heaven," (618), the late Bishop George W. Doane, of Maine, "Thou art the way; to thee alone," (134), and Bishop Arthur Cleveland Cox, son of that late learned Presbyterian, the late Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D.D., "O where are kings and empires now," (713), which will march with stately tread down the centuries, and "Saviour, sprinkle many nations," (735). No doubt many whom I cannot now classify would come under the broad Episcopal banner.

2. Baptist. To Fawcett, an English Baptist minister, we are indebted for the quiet little hymn to the Bible, "How precious is the book divine," (635), and for "Blest be the tie that binds," (758), for which we may thank him "through all eternity," written when about to bid adieu to his dear flock, when in age and weakness, he was about to depart to seek health and vigor in a warmer clime—though a vain quest. Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, England, the author of a learned History of Baptism, gives us "Come, thou Fount of ever-living," (772), so familiar, that I thought it was in the old book, but it is not. His hymn will live when his embossed and learned and valuable History of Baptism will have been forgotten except by the antiquary and scholar, as it is in fact now being superseded by the more popular work of the Rev. Henry S. Burrage, of Portland, Me., (The Act of Baptism in the History of the Christian Church: Philadelphia, 1879). Dr. Cuthbert's Baptism of the Ages, and Nations: (Philadelphia, 1878), and the learned works of Dr. Cote, missionary in Rome. I was almost saying that that hymn will live when immersion will have only historical interest, as a strange practice once in vogue in certain sections of the Church, which will be looked back upon from afar by students of Christian antiquity and Church history, but I will not say that. Rev. Hugh Stowell, pastor and author has written that beautiful hymn "From every stormy wind that blows," (384), one of the best and most finely conceived and expressed of our sacred songs. J. Stalker has given us "Gracious Spirit, Love divine," (196), and the heroic missionary Adoniram Judson, the excellent poetical version of the Lord's Prayer, remarkable for its literalness. (396). Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., of Newton, Mass., is here by his grand hymn on the triumph of Christianity, "The Morning light is breaking," (757), and that most beautiful song, "Softly fades the twilight ray," (655). Dr. Smith is still more famous for his national hymn for the United States, which hymn-book makers across the border always insert, but which of course the Methodist Church (or any other Church) of Canada does not sing.

J. ALFRED FAULKNER, B. A., B. D.

A Leadville preacher is visiting in Philadelphia, and some brother clergyman, noticing that he did not carry a watch, asked him how he managed to time himself during his sermons. "Oh, that is simple enough," replied the Leadville apostle. "I keep right on until the regular time comes, and then I stop."—Philadelphia News.

A PROVINCIAL POET.

At the request of a friend of the deceased lady we take the following from the St. John Telegraph:

"Clare Everest," as at least a few of our readers knew, was the *nom de plume* of Miss Clare Annie Gallagher a young lady whose rare poetical gifts gave promise of a development that would long perpetuate her name and memory and do honor to her native Province. Sad to say the hopes thus excited were not destined to be fully realized; they were first blighted by the ill health of Miss Gallagher, and finally cut off by her early and unexpected death, caused by consumption, that fell destroyer of so many precious lives.

Miss Gallagher was a daughter of Mr. Timothy Gallagher, of Westmorland, and of Emily his wife, whose maiden name was Prince, she being a sister of the Rev. John Prince, and of the Misses Prince of this city, and aunt of Professor Newcomb, now of Washington, well known as an astronomer. Moncton was Miss Gallagher's native town, and it was in it that she received her elementary education. As, however, the family made one or two removals to northern counties, it is probable that she received some educational advantages by such changes. She returned to Salisbury some years ago, and residing there for the most part, but often spending several months with her aunts in this city. She also taught school for a short period, but much for her delicate nervous organization and her weak physical constitution. It was long feared that her lungs were weak, and it was to pulmonary disease that she fell a victim. She died at Salisbury on the 21st day of August last, after very considerable suffering, which she bore with a sad and sudden ending of a promising career, but one that had been long feared by those who knew Miss Gallagher best. When in perfect health she had often spoken to her intimate friends on the subject of death, which she regarded rather as the entrance to life than as its termination. But that entrance she felt could be made only by faith in One who could lead her through the dark valley, and bring her into the light of perennial day. That faith was hers, and it sustained her in her last moments on earth. To her death was gain; to her friends it is an irreparable loss.

"Clare Everest's" first appearance before the public of St. John, as a writer, was in the winter of 1875, when she sent a little poem to the Telegraph, which was simply entitled "Lines by Clare Everest." Had she been blessed with robust health, with the strength of intellect she possessed and the liveliness of fancy that was hers, it is hard to say to what high niche in the temple of fame she might not have aspired. Although Clare Everest wrote a large number of pieces which have appeared in the newspapers, nearly all of them having appeared in the Telegraph, yet a great many of her poems have never appeared in print, and some of these are quite equal to the best of those that have seen the light. It is to be hoped that all her poems will be collected in a little volume as a memento of one whose tuneful voice was never raised but to praise of noble themes, and whose verses were consecrated to the cause of right and truth.

LOSS OF COAL AT SEA.

Of the coast of England, Scotland, and Ireland last year, eight hundred and twenty-six ships were actually lost, British vessels forming three parts of the total. As in former years, a great many losses were due to collisions between vessels, one hundred ships being sunk in this manner. Produce of all kind, being the various cargoes destroyed or swallowed up by the sea, amounted to nearly one million tons; and although it may seem incredible, it are told that no less than one hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-nine tons of coal were lost. This article of commerce being mostly obtained from Great Britain, and carried in British "bottoms," is an important item in the year's losses; and the utter destruction of such a necessary article bears a sensible relation to the supply and demand, and consequently was sufficient to affect the market value of the mineral. During the past five years no fewer than four hundred and sixty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-nine tons of coals have been lost at sea by the destruction of the vessels in which they were being carried. And yet this is only one item of the great general loss occasioned by such disasters.

METHODISM AND CRIME.—"Sir," said a citizen to a Methodist neighbour, "how do you explain that there are more persons who say that they were of Methodist ancestry in the State-prison than of any other Protestant denomination?" It was a staggering inquiry till he happened to hear of a reply made by James Fisk, Jun., in the days of his power, when some one said that there were three times as many accidents on the Erie Road, as on another which was named. "Thank you," said Fisk, "for the compliment." "What do you mean, Sir?" "I mean that the Erie Road has three times as many accidents, and runs twice as many times. At

the same ratio, if our road had twelve times as many accidents, it would be equally well managed." Many of the criminals who give their religion as "Methodists" were a week, or a month, or a year, in our Sunday-schools, perhaps. Many gave the name of the only sect they ever heard of except the Catholic. As there are more Methodist farmers, grocers, mechanics, dressmakers, milliners, husbands, wives, and children than of any other Protestant sect in the country, because there are more Methodists, so there may be more in number of those who are no credit to Methodism, without that fact being any discredit to it.—New York Christian Advocate.

"IRISH" POTATOES.—The annual crop of potatoes is 200,000,000 bushels in America alone, while Europe raises large quantities, and yet three centuries ago the potato was unknown. Few families would feel comfortable if deprived of potatoes for a week, and yet the world had to do without them for more than five thousand years. They were brought from Peru by the Spaniards, and this was a much better discovery than the silver mines for which that country was once so distinguished. New York has a large shipping demand, and the amount annually exported average a half million bushels. At the same time whenever the market reaches a remunerative rate potatoes are imported in enormous quantities. One year the import was 780,173 bushels, and the duty at 15 cents per bushel amounted to \$111,026.

OUR FORESTS. Mr. Whittier wrote to a Cincinnati in response to an invitation to attend the Forestry Convention: "For many years I have felt a deep interest in the preservation of our forests and the planting of trees. The wealth, beauty, fertility and helpfulness of the country largely depend upon it. My indignation is yearly aroused by the needless sacrifice of some noble oak or elm and especially of the white pine, the grandest tree in our woods, which I would not exchange for Oriental palms. . . . I have always admired the good taste of the Sakokis Indians, around Sebago Lake, who, when their chief died, dug around a beech tree, swaying it down, and placed his body in the rent, and then let the noble tree fall back into its original place, a green and beautiful monument for a son of the forest."

BREVITIES.

"Folks ought to talk about their neighbors like the tombstones does." The wisdom of women comes to them by inspiration; their folly by premeditation.—Dumas.

I never listen to calumnies, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived; and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.

As an indication of rapidity with which the pine-forests of the South are disappearing, it is stated that the State of Georgia alone exports 500,000,000 feet of lumber annually, which strips 95,000 acres of timber land.

The vicar of a leading London West-end Ritualistic church informs all who care to look at his notice-board that the "announcements of marriages and deaths to be prayed for should be given to the vestry-clerk."

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than a steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.—John Hall, D.D.

Somebody said to Robert Hall: "How many discourses do you think, Mr. Hall, may a minister get up each week?" Answered Hall: "If he is a deep thinker and great condenser, he may get up one; if he is an ordinary man, two; but if he is an ass, sir, he will produce half a dozen."

Two countrymen passed in the serpent-house in the Zoological Gardens and contemplated the boa-constrictor. "I say," said the first countryman, "what's that insect tied himself up in a knot for like that?" "Oh!" replied his companion, in a superior manner, "I suppose he wanted to remind himself of something when he woke up."

Bayard Taylor, one day, in the course of a conversation with Longfellow, said to the older poet: "There is a little poem of yours which is hardly known; which few people ever mention; but of all your shorter poems it is my favorite." Mr. Longfellow's eyes kindled. "Is it 'Chrysothrix'?" he asked. He was right: it was "Chrysothrix," and his quick question seems to show that it was also his favorite.

When King's chapel, Boston, was built out of Quincy granite, the inhabitants of that town were appalled at the quantity of stone which was taken away. A town meeting was called to stop the foreign use of the stone; they might not be enough left for foundations and door-stones at home. The quarries have been made from the present and choicest admixture with no inferior or factitious materials, and need only a trial to show their great superiority to the flatters commonly sold in the shops. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Ask your grocer for them!

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