

COMMUNICATED.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK.

Third, the new hymns. Over three hundred hymns not found in the old collection are published in the one before us. This seems a large number, more in fact than the whole number of hymns in some of our modern hymnals. Yet the book might have been made much richer by a more liberal drawing on modern hymnology—and ancient too—even if several more hymns of Wesley and Watts were omitted. No one recognizes more readily than I the pre-eminent place of Charles Wesley as a hymnist. Watts cannot touch him, nor can Montgomery, nor Cowper, nor Steele. But in a book containing selections from the hymn-writers of the Christian ages from Clement of Alexandria to Bay Palmer, it is not probable that more than half would, by a fair and natural selection, be drawn from one writer alone. God does not dispense genius to men in that proportion. There must be some basis of selection other than that of merit or adaptation to the worship of God. In this case people would suggest denominational pride. And this is not unreasonable. Except where it goes so far as to exclude much finer hymns in order to pay the greater tribute to our favorite, it is praiseworthy. But to make up 935 hymns, no one ought in justice to himself, to the Christian world, and to the interests of Sacred Song—to be levied to furnish 529, and the latter is the number attributed to Chas. Wesley in our late book. Another half century will reduce it to two or three hundred at most. A century will bring it down to one hundred, and yet when all this said it is still remains that Charles Wesley has written more and better hymns than any other man. But they do not appreciate Charles Wesley's genius who say that that genius was displayed merely in hymns. That poetical soul was not so limited.

Let us look at some of the new treasures provided for us by our lettered Committee.

1. Ancient Hymns.—"The day is past and over" (312), that charming hymn of the North; "Shepherd of tender youth" (839), by Clement, the old theologian of Alexandria; the celebrated hymn on the Heavenly Country (619-621) by Saint Bernard of Clugny; those inimitable songs in praise of Jesus (110, 127) by his brother-monk, the great Doctor of the Latin Church, the more celebrated S. Bernard of Clairvaux; the Dies Wae (882) probably also not certainly by Thomas of Celand in Dean Stanley's fine and spirited translation. These are all. It is a pity the Committee did not select more from the large body of sacred song which we inherit from the ancient and medieval church. It would have suggested the unity and continuity of the church and would have been a positive enrichment in the very best materials.

2. Hymns from the Poets.—"There is a fountain filled with blood," by Cowper; Pope's hymn on the dying Christian (857), a remarkable composition worth studying, with which compare Alice Cary's "Earth, with its dark and dreadful ill" (844)—a much finer effort than Pope's; Moore's "Come, ye disconsolate," and his beautiful "O thou who driest the mourner's tear" (493); Sir Walter Scott's "When Israel of the Lord beloved" (401), and his echo of the Dies Wae—"The day of wrath" that dreadful day" (865); Mrs. Hemans' "Lowly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee Father Divine" (823); such are the contributions of the English Poets to hymnology as here represented. Bryant has four hymns (485, 671, 770, 924)—among the finest in the book. From Tennyson's wonderful poem, in Memoriam—the bright, consummate flower of intellectual doubt, questioning and halting of the nineteenth century—are taken those lines commencing "Strong Son of God, immortal Love," which the committee have entitled, "Prayer for Increased Knowledge." I must confess I was a little surprised—pleasantly surprised—to find such strangely in a Christian book of songs for the sanctuary. Some would object to the sentiment, say of the third verse. Of course we are not accustomed to think thus of the Christian idea of knowledge (See John 7:17; 10; 14, 2 Tim. 1:12). But allow me to interpret the words of the poet, and I will find no fault with them. They are true enough. Some might think the piece unfit for the public worship in the House of the Lord. But the soul perplexed with the mysteries of existence—and who is not?—and looking up to God for help—light which alone will never come until the soul about the region of "broken lights" sees God face to face—any well voice his longing in the inexpressible lines before us—Strong Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we that have not seen thy face, By faith and faith alone embrace, Pointing where we cannot prove" (924).

It is remarkable what an impression this hymn of the old Italian monk of the thirteenth century has made upon man. Scott's adaptation is only one of many. Charles Wesley's "I, become with clouds" (823) (879) is founded on it, as is also Newbold's "Day of Judgment, day of wonders" (879). It has been a great favorite with poets and has been praised from treatise to treatise ever since it was published. Mr. Robertson translated it for the Presbyterian Hymnal (Edinb. 1837) with which compare the less literal rendering of the late Dean Stanley.

Dryden's hymn on the Holy Spirit (187), Addison's astronomical hymn (164), and Cowper's hymn of Providence (90) are retained from the old book.

3. Hymns by Women.—How many in the old book, think you? The stern and rough seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were not favorable for her. Her day had not come. Within the last twenty-five years, I suppose more sacred verses have been written by women than during all the centuries preceding. Take up at random any one of the Sunday School books of song with which our markets are flooded, from "No. 1" to No. 99, from "Pure Gold" to Clay, Iron and Brass, from "Brightest and Best" to mediocrity, from "Royal Diadem" to Sun Bonnet, from "Golden Shewers" and the "Song Wave" to the Barley Sheaf and the Wave of Common-Place. Count the hymns written by women, and you will be surprised to find the number. About 35 female writers are represented in "No. 1." Our blessed times have afforded scope and impetus to the poetical genius native to the brain and heart of woman. That poetical genius will always be kindled by devotion and piety, which are woman's glory, and both poetry and also for Mrs. Dober's "Holy Lamb, who thee receive" (350: 594). The others in the old book are—Mrs. Steele's well-known hymn on the Scriptures (746: 634), another by the same on the Sabbath, "Great God, this hallowed day of thine" (580: 654), altered however in the second verse and another verse added; and Mrs. Bulmer's fine Dedication Hymn (737: 673).

But there were female writers in the old book. And we do not think one of them has been omitted in the new. John Wesley himself translated from the French some of these hymns. We are indebted to him for Madame Bourignon's "Come O thou Prophet of the Lord" (643: 638), to which the third verse has been restored by the Committee and also for Mrs. Dober's "Holy Lamb, who thee receive" (350: 594). The others in the old book are—Mrs. Steele's well-known hymn on the Scriptures (746: 634), another by the same on the Sabbath, "Great God, this hallowed day of thine" (580: 654), altered however in the second verse and another verse added; and Mrs. Bulmer's fine Dedication Hymn (737: 673).

John Wesley was no poet. His principal contributions to hymnology consist of translations from the German and French, for which his large learning and excellent taste eminently qualified him. To him we are indebted for our knowledge of some of the best hymns in the whole collection; and of Winkler's powerful "shall I for fear of feeble man" (679); of Scheffer's "Thee will I love my strength, my tower" (571)—one of the finest hymns in the whole collection; and of Ferestean's "Lo! God is here, Let us adore" (16). "Thou hidden love of God, whose heart" (671), a hymn whose beauty and power all must deeply feel. Wesley also gave us Richter's "Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace" (483), quite familiar to many, and a favorite, Lange's grand tribute to God's might and goodness (hymn 66), Rodt's wonderful and intense description of the believer's new-found joy and love and confidence (hymn 370), and Spangenberg's "What shall we offer our Good Lord" (54). From the same source we have that beautiful consecration hymn, "I come, thou wounded Lamb of God." Those old German Moravians and mystics have given us some of our very best songs of Christian life and devotion. John Wesley himself wrote of him every one that thirsts" (907), "Unseen of life and heart unclean, (269), "How happy is the pilgrim's lot" (611), and "Son of thy Sire's Eternal Love" (72). He wisely left the making of hymns to his brother.

There are those who have sense and humility enough to practice this sort of healing, and give it its proper place and relations. But the number is very limited. Jesus made but little account of it, comparatively, in His work, knowing as He did the tendency of human nature to go to extremes in matters of sense. He commanded those who were healed to keep it to themselves. In every instance, so far as we have been able to observe, where Christ gives any directions to the healed, it is "Tell no man." But if a devil is cast out, and a soul is set free, then they are commanded to go: "I tell what great things God has done for them." Publish soul-health as widely as you please, as no harm can do that; but healing of the body is another matter, and to be published. This is a significant fact, which deserves special attention.

We do not say that it should never be published. We believe there are cases where it would be proper to do so; but it should be done, if at all, with great caution. In the hands of such men as Dr. Cullis, in our judgment it is safe; but in the hands of some we could name, it is a burlesque on the Gospel of healing.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

"The memory of the just is blessed. We have no hesitation in applying these words to John King, late of North East Harbor—but now of that better land, "where the inhabitants never say, I am sick." Converted to God in early life, through the ministry of Rev. Mr. Webb, he at once united with the Methodist Church, and sought by every means in his power consistent with a Christian character to advance its interests. Anxious for the salvation of the young he had to do with the formation of the first Sabbath School in his native village. Powerful in prayer and exhortation his presence was always welcome in the prayer meeting and he was early appointed as a Prayer Leader and then Class Leader. All the offices in connection with circuit work were filled by him, except that of Local Preacher. At all times Methodist Ministers were very welcome in his house, where every thing was done to make their visit pleasant and profitable. Whitefield on being asked if he thought a certain person a Christian, replied, "How can I tell, I never lived with him." The words of this imperfect tribute, look back with pleasure to many months spent in the home of Bro. King and has no doubt that he was a Christian in the best

There is a story told by Harness of a poor woman, who, when one of his cures pointed out that Providence had been upon the whole, was very good to her, replied: "So he 'ave said; so he 'ave, mostly; I don't deny it; but I sometimes think he 'ave taken it out in corns."

FAITH CURES.

At the Old Orchard camp-meeting which was held in August, under the direction of Dr. Cullis, considerable prominence was given to the subject of faith healing, and it is said that several were cured, "and among them several marked cases." This somewhat remarkable movement has elicited considerable discussion in the press generally with most readers in the faith curing are all the effect of the imagination, we must conceive that the imagination works marvels. The sceptic gains very little by this view of the matter. It is as easy to believe that the cripple can be cured in answer to prayer as it is to believe that he can instantly cure himself by an exercise of the imagination; and the article concludes, "we are shut up to a belief in one or the other of these propositions, and a believer in a religion, miraculous in its origin, ought to have little difficulty in deciding which one he will accept."

The Sept-ember number of the Ad- vocate of Holiness has three articles on this subject: which contain some wise suggestions. The cases of healing are too numerous, and too well attested, to be successfully denied. We have never doubted the fact, but we have been inclined to question the propriety of making as much out of it as many do. It needs to be guarded with much more than ordinary care. That God has given to some the gift of healing is apostolically declared, (1 Cor. xii. 8); but that he has bestowed this gift upon many, we have no reason to believe. In the 30th verse of the chapter above referred to, Paul asks: "Have all the gifts of healing? Impliedly evidently that many had not this power. That some did is very clear, but the number was limited; and those to whom the gift was imported were undoubtedly made aware of its possession, by the Holy Spirit. This power to heal is recognized as a special gift from God, and is therefore restricted to a small number. "There is a reason for this manifest restriction. Few people have good sound common sense enough to do a work of this character without running the thing, as we say, into the ground. There are thousands of good-meaning people, who, should they be convinced that they possessed the gift of healing, would go wild over it. It would be the burden of their thought and the theme of their conversation, until heart purity would be nowhere in comparison with it.

There are those who have sense and humility enough to practice this sort of healing, and give it its proper place and relations. But the number is very limited. Jesus made but little account of it, comparatively, in His work, knowing as He did the tendency of human nature to go to extremes in matters of sense. He commanded those who were healed to keep it to themselves. In every instance, so far as we have been able to observe, where Christ gives any directions to the healed, it is "Tell no man." But if a devil is cast out, and a soul is set free, then they are commanded to go: "I tell what great things God has done for them." Publish soul-health as widely as you please, as no harm can do that; but healing of the body is another matter, and to be published. This is a significant fact, which deserves special attention.

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sense of the word. During the last years of his life he suffered greatly, but God supported him thro' all, and he died in full assurance of a blissful immortality. A life of faithful service for the Master has been rewarded with the approval of Him he so much loved. "He rests from his labours, his works follow him." The companion of his joys and sorrows for many years, still lingers with the Church on earth, but God who so graciously blessed them in their united efforts to promote His glory, will not forget her, and after a little they will meet

"Where all who are forgiven, Shall find their loved and lost below, And hearts, like meeting streams shall flow, Forever one, in heaven. F. H. W. P.

BREVITIES.

Little Johnny went a fishing without consulting his parents. Next morning a neighbour's boy met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

When Lucy's father thought that Lucy was taking so much he said: "Why do you let your tongue run all the time?" "Tause I've dot so many good fings to say," was the bright reply.

An elderly resident of Newtown was approached by an agent for a cyclopeda. "I guess I won't get one," said the elderly resident, and frankly added: "I know I never could learn to ride one of the pesky things."

At a wedding recently, when the officiating clergyman put to the lady the question, "Will thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

"Papa, can I eat 'a little more currant tart?" said a little girl one day at dinner. "No, my child," he replied, "I have already said you have had enough." "Well, then, papa, why do you have us sing that hymn so often which says, 'Feed me till I want no more'?"

Three gentlemen during a conversation agreed to pay a guinea each to the one who should tell the tallest and most ridiculous story. The first commenced his story thus: "There was once a wealthy editor—" "Stop!" cried the rest of the party. "Here's your money."

A member of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the professor said: "Mr. —, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half-scared to death, and as nervous as a cat."

A little girl once took a letter from her mother to an old lady friend. "Many thanks, my child," she said; "you may tell your mother that you are a good child and a faithful little messenger." "Thank you ma'am; and I shall tell her, too, that I didn't ask you for ten cents, because mamma told me not to."

At Rotherham station recently a porter promptly offered the Bishop of Sodor and Man all possible assistance with his luggage. "How many articles, your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," said the Bishop, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "That's too many, I'm afraid," replied the man, in good faith. "Ah!" said the Bishop. "I perceive you are a Discerner."

A very quick child made an observation to her governess, the other day, which had a great deal of truth in it. "How is it, my dear," inquired the lady, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."

A little girl was sent to a store the day to buy some lace. The clerk, after putting up the package, said: "Well, there is one and a half yards of lace at ten cents a yard. How much does it come to?" To which the Miss pertly replied: "Well I'm not going to tell; I have to study arithmetic all the rest of the week, and I'm not going to bother my head with it Saturday."

Anxious to explain the meaning of hyperbole, a Presbyterian minister said: "Perhaps you do not understand the meaning of the word hyperbole. This word, my friends, increases or diminishes a thing beyond the exact truth. Suppose I should say the whole of this congregation is fast asleep. That would be a hyperbole, for there is not above one-half of you sleeping."

A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday but he declined. "But," said the master, "do not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass was a habit of falling in the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

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