



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII. NO. 3

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1 1877.

SEMI MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 2 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

THE LATE MR. P. P. BLISS.

AUTHOR OF "HOLD THE FORT," &c.

Amongst those who met their death at the horrible railway accident at Ashtabula was Mr. P. P. Bliss, the author of several beautiful hymns, whose influence must be considered as lasting for ever. He originated the greater portion of the music in the Sankey collection, and was only second to Mr. Sankey as a popular singer of sacred song. He was engaged in the evangelistic work, and in company with Major Whittle had visited nearly all the prominent cities of the West and South in the course of evangelistic tours.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following account is a summary of the report in the Chicago Tribune, of January 1st, of the previous day's religious services, in which special reference was made to the death of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. At that time it was supposed that their two children also had perished, but late accounts show that such was not the case. The Tribune, in its account of the early morning services, says:—

A large congregation assembled at the Tabernacle at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Moody had announced a sermon on "The Return of Our Lord," but from the drapery of mourning around the platform and the galleries, with its heavy lines and festoons of black and white, and the pure beautiful white crowns which stood upon the speaker's stand, it was evident that, instead of the coming of the Lord to us, the topic of the morning was to be the departure of loved ones to Him. The announcement in the papers that Mr. P. P. Bliss, with his entire family, had perished in the fearful wreck of the railway train at Ashtabula, Ohio, fell with such weight upon the ears and hearts of his thousands of friends in Chicago, that for hours it was impossible for them to realize it, or even to believe it to be true. But, if any of them came with lingering hopes to yesterday's morning meeting, one look at the great Tabernacle with its emblems of death overhanging the promises of eternal life which are inscribed on its walls, was sufficient to show that the only hope of ever seeing or hearing this sweet singer of our Israel again, was in joining him on the other shore. Four crowns all together, and all for one family! Not often does Heaven bestow so lavishly. One for Paul, one for "Paulina," one for the son who bore his father's name, and one for little George Goodwin, these crowns are woven of pure white camellias and lilies, but these crowns are made of "glory."

WHILE THE CONGREGATION WAS ASSEMBLING the choir sang softly and lovingly several of the favorite hymns written by the man whose name Death had written on the tablets of history, and whose record God had written in the Book of Life. Presently Mr. Moody entered, and as all eyes were turned to see how this man, twice broken under the weight of affliction since these meetings began, would bear himself, and as all ears were listening for his first word in his great sorrow, he stood up in his place and, with manifest trouble to keep back the sobs and tears, he repeated those words of David, "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen in Israel?"



THE LATE MR. P. P. BLISS,

Then, almost unable to speak for weeping, he said, "Let us lift up our hearts to God in silent prayer." A long period of silence followed, broken at length by signs of overpowering emotion, in the midst of which the voice of Dr. Chamberlain was heard giving thanks to God for the hope of eternal life, on behalf of this entire household who had been borne on angels' wings from the place of terror and death up to the bosom of God.

The congregation then joined in singing "In the Christian's Home in Glory there Remains a Land of Rest;" after which Mr. Moody arose and said:

I was to take up the subject of our Lord's return, but I cannot control my feelings so as to speak as I had intended. I will take up that subject at another time. When I heard last night that Mr. Bliss and his whole family had perished, at first I could not believe it, but a despatch from a friend who was on the train took away all hope, and left me face to face with death. For the past three months I have seemed to stand between the living and the dead and now I am to stand in the place of the dead. Mr. Whittle and Mr. Bliss were announced to hold the 4 o'clock meeting in the Tabernacle to-day, and now Mr. Farwell, and Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Whittle, with other friends, have gone to see if they can find his remains to take them away for burial. I have been looking over his hymns to see if I could find one appropriate to the occasion, but I find that they are all like himself, full of hope and cheer. In all the years I have known and worked with him, I have never once seen him cast down. But here is a

hymn of his that I thought we might sing. Once after the wreck of that steamer at Cleveland, I was speaking of the circumstances that the lower lights were out, and the next time we met he sang this hymn for me, it is the sixty-fifth in our collection, let us sing it now. It begins, "Brightly beams our Father's mercy," but still more brightly beams the light along the shore to which he has passed. It was in the midst of a terrible storm he passed away, but the lights which he kindled are burning all along the shore. He has died young—only about 38 years old—but his hymns are sung round the world. Only a little while ago we received a copy of these hymns translated into the Chinese language.

In spite of the mourning, it is sweet to think that this whole family passed away together, father and mother, Paul, only four years old, and little George, only two years old, all gone home safe together. There comes a voice to us, saying, "Be still and know that I am God," but we know that "our Father doeth all things well."

The sixty-fifth hymn was then sung. Mr. Sankey read from a letter he had received from Mr. Bliss near his old home in Towanda, Pa., in which his happy faith in God and his love for his dear old mother were sweetly expressed.

THE REV. DR. GOODWIN,

of whose church, the First Congregational, Mr. Bliss had for many years been a loved and honored member, then came forward and said:—

Ever since these sad tidings came I have been trying to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." I don't know of any death that has come so near to me. For years I have been almost as a part of that household; one of the little ones bore my name; we have worked and prayed together, and I have known very much of his heart in connection with the great mission of his life, and shared in his ever-increasing delight that God was using him and his music so wonderfully. It was hours after the awful news came before I could see any light, but at last I seemed to see a vision of a great praise service in heaven with Brother Bliss leading it,—he was to have led a praise meeting at our Sunday-school this afternoon,—and then I found light in this darkness. Out of the fifty Sunday-school scholars who are now waiting to be received into the fellowship of our church, there is hardly one but can bear witness to his helpfulness in leading them to Christ. This morning it seems wonderful to me that this whole family should be taken up together, all at once, to enter the world of praise and take up the new song; a full household now, for one had gone before. Out of this affliction has come to them an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and so I begin to feel it, as well as say it, all is well, all is well. It is not that the Lord does not care for us, but "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and "The day of his death is better than the day of his birth." Thirty-five times have I been called this year to comfort the mourning ones in my congregation, and the thought has come to me of a little praise-meeting in Heaven to-day of those who have come up from that First Congregational Church. This is not the time to speak as I would like to speak, but this I can say, that no man is so identified with the work of the Lord but that God can glorify him, and still carry on the work. This man's work has reached all round the world. The other day I received a letter from a missionary in South Africa. He said he was going out some time ago to establish a new mission, and when he took refuge in a Zulu hut the first sound he heard was the song, "Hold the Fort," sung in the Zulu language. Here is that thirteenth hymn which he sung for us the other night. He began by saying, "Brothers, I don't know as I shall ever sing here again (and he never did), but I want to sing this as the language of my heart." "Let us sing that hymn," said Mr. Moody, which was done.

The next speaker was

THE REV. DR. THOMPSON,

who had only last evening returned from a double funeral service among his relatives in another State, to which he had been summoned by telegraph, and where he had been singing the hymns of Brother Bliss at the bedside of the sick at the very hour of the awful calamity. He has learned, said the Doctor, the form of his mansion fair, and the song that the angels sing. A few days ago I received a letter from a friend who had been annoyed at the charge that Brother Bliss sang for gain, and desiring me to disprove it if I could; and, when I spoke to him about it, he said, with a smile, "I sing for Christ. I have not even a home to my name." His songs are sung round the world, and it seems to me they are sung in glory, too. By-and-by the work of the preacher will be done, but the singing will go on forever, singing the name of Jesus and the triumph of the redeemed.

MR. MOODY

resumed as follows: My heart goes out for his mother. He was an only son, said his mother: a widow. Let us just put up a prayer for this mother. And there was dear Mrs. Bliss, who was not one inch behind her husband. She taught him how to pray, and