

Pastor and People.

NOTES ON ANOTHER OF THE GREAT HYMNS.

BY THE REV. D. MORRISON, M.A., OWEN SOUND.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners ! ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall !
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

LATIN VERSION.

Ave, Nomen prepotens,
Procumbens seraphim ;
Efferte stephanum, Regem,
Cor'nate omnium.

Pulsate auream lyram,
Sereni cherubim,
Docentes choros, et Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

Clamantes martyres sancti,
Imis altarium ;
Laudetur Jesse stirps—Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

O Israel, electa gens,
Allata gloriam ;
Laudate jam Eum, Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

Mementi hoc fel Golgothae,
Quoque absinthium ;
Tropaeas ferte ad pedes,
Cor'nate omnium.

Utinam illic novum nos
Carmen psallentium,
Jungamus turbae se, Regem
Cor'nates omnium !

This great hymn first saw the light in 1780. The author is Edward Perronet. He published quite a number of others, and though they all bear the stamp of his genius, this is the one that has found the highest place and secured for him an undying name. It is regarded by many as the most inspiring hymn in the language.

The author was the son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, England, for fifty years. Edward left the Established Church in early life and became a Methodist. He was a bosom friend of the Rev. Charles Wesley with whom he often travelled and by whom he was familiarly called "Ned." He was one of the preachers appointed under the patronage of the Countess of Huntingdon, and, adding much zeal and industry to a warm and sympathetic nature, his labours were greatly blessed. But Perronet at heart was a Dissenter, and as such was opposed to Church and State connection, and publishing an anonymous poem under the name *Mitre*—a satire on the State Church—he brought down upon himself the frown of that noble lady. Thereupon he severed his connection from the Church and became pastor of a small congregation of Dissenters—so small towards the close of his long life that he could gather them in his kitchen. Yet it was so this handful of godly people the hymn was first presented, and by them first sung ! So obscure was the origin—so humble the circumstances in which this plant of renown that has filled the land took its rise.

The author died at Canterbury, 1792. His was a grand life and a triumphant death, and as an evidence of that holy fire which warmed his heart and that all conquering faith which sustained him in dark days, we quote the following as among his last words :

Glory to God in the height of His divinity,
Glory to God in the depth of His humanity,
Glory to God in His all-sufficiency,
Into Thy hands I commend my spirit !

It is not easy accounting for the genesis of this hymn. The author was a preacher, as well as a poet, and it was not unusual for the poet-preacher in those days, as Watts and Wesley and Doddridge, to close his sermon with a fitting hymn as a peroration. In this way not a few of our great hymns, it is believed, came into being, as "Jesus shall Reign," etc., "O God of Bethel," etc., and it is not unlikely that it was in this way that the hymn under consideration had its rise—a very obscure rise—a very humble origin indeed ; but God gave this word, this regal hymn, and great has been the company that has published it. How grand the strain ! How fragrant with the one Great Name !

Crown Him Lord of all, of all worlds, all sovereignties, all in the realm of redemption, in the realm of grace, in the realm of nature. "For by Him were all things created that are in heaven and in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers. All things were created by Him and for Him, and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. And He is the Head of the body, the Church, who is the Beginning, the first born from

the dead, that in all things He might have the pre-eminence ; for it pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell ; and having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things to Himself ; by Him, I say, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven." Even in the light of humanity and measured by earthly standards how great are His claims on our devotion. Others besides Napoleon the Great, the disappointed emperor, and Rousseau the fascinating writer on infidelity, have sung His praises without yielding their hearts. But the day is come when all hearts and all homes shall be filled with His devotion. There have been many kings that have filled a great space in public eye, but He is the greatest. Other crowns flash splendour from stones beyond price, but no stone ever yet was to be valued with those spikes of thorns for glorious beauty. What is a diamond, an emerald, an opal, but mere cold, physical beauty ? But every thorn in that crown is a symbol of Divine love. Every thorn stood in a drop of blood, as every sorrow stood deep in the heart of the Saviour. And the great anguish, the shame, the indignation, the abandonment, the injustice, and that other unknown anguish which a God may feel but a man may not understand—all these were accepted in gentleness, in quietness, without repelling, without protest, without examination, without surprise, without anger, without even regret. He was to teach the world a new life. He was to teach the heart a new ideal of character. He was to teach a new power in the administration of justice. A Divine lesson was needed—the lesson that love is the essence of Divinity—that love suffering for another is the highest form of love, that that love when administered carries with it everything that there is of purity and power and justice, and not only that love is the fulfilling of the law, but that God Himself is love, and this lesson He has taught.

One great excellency of this hymn is its strongly objective character. It does not ask us to look in upon the working of our own hearts. It makes no demand on our experience, our penitence, etc. It deals with a great outward reality and not with the inward state—a living Church, His willing obedience even unto death, the grandeur of His triumphs, the glories of His reign, the homage of all ages and orders of intelligent beings in heaven above or on earth below, and calls upon them to join in the chorus ; and this it does in terms so direct—simple, martial in their strain and withal so fitted to touch the imagination and quicken the soul that the coldest heart is ready to respond and the dullest intellect to take in the situation. Some of our hymns appeal to our love, our faith, our experience, to such a high experience in the Divine life that comparatively few can understand them or at least enter into their spirit ; but this hymn is for all classes and all ages, the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned, the believer that is far advanced in the Divine life and the believer that has just taken Christian ground and cast in his lot with the Lord Jesus.

We need not wonder then at the power of this hymn, and as an illustration let me cite the following : Mr. William Reynolds, of Peoria, Illinois, the well known Sunday school worker, tells the following, which he had from the lips of the missionary himself. This missionary, Rev. E. P. Scott, while labouring in India, saw on the street one of the strangest looking heathen his eyes had ever lit upon. On inquiry he found that he was a representative of one of the inland tribes that lived away in the mountain districts and that came down once a year to trade. Upon further investigation he found that the Gospel had never been preached to them and that it was dangerous to venture among them because of their murderous tendencies. He was stirred with much desire to break unto them the Bread of Life. He went to his lodging-place, fell upon his knees and pleaded for Divine direction. Arising he packed his valise, took his violin with which he was accustomed to sing and his pilgrim staff, and started in direction of the Macedonian cry.

As he bade his fellow missionaries farewell, they said, "We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go." For two days he travelled, scarcely meeting a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was pointed at his heart. Not knowing of any other resource he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin he began with closed eyes.

All hail the power of Jesus' name ! etc.
Afraid to open his eyes he sang on till the third verse, and while singing this verse—

Let every kindred, every tribe, etc.—

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when, lo ! the spears had dropped from their hands and the big tears were falling from their eyes. They afterwards invited him to their homes, an invitation which he gladly accepted. He spent two years and a half amongst them. His labours were greatly blessed, and he had so won upon their affections that when he was compelled to leave on account of impaired health for this country, they followed him for thirty miles. "O missionary," they said, "come back to us again." He has gone back and there he is labouring still.

We could fill many pages with illustrations of the power of this regal hymn—how in some instances it has roused whole congregations that had been at ease in Zion—lifted them to a higher life, breaking in upon the coldness and deadness and barrenness of souls ; but this must suffice. Christ is King of glory, His name the mighty power that will expel every demon and fill every soul. "Oh could some prophet's prayer have touched the eyes of those that stood about him, that for a moment they might have seen the sight behind and within the flesh, how strange would have been their gazing ! How would the spiritual beauty and power have risen up before him ! Stand by him now and look down through centuries to

come." From this point of view interpret the passage, "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame." Ages are to roll by ; nations are to die, and nations are to rise and take their places ; laws are to grow old and from new germs, laws are to unfold ; old civilizations are to crumble and new eras are to dawn with higher culture ; but to the end of time it will be seen that this figure stands high above every other in the history of man ! A name which is above every name—like ointment poured forth, given to Him, not for the sake of fame, but for a far higher end—to win many sons and daughters to glory. The crown of thorns is the world's crown of redemption. The power of suffering love which has already worked such changes in the world is to work on with nobler disclosures and in wider spheres.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

ROMANCE IN MODERN MISSIONS.

Truth is often stranger than fiction. The history of the Victoria Nyanza Mission in Uganda affords ample illustration of this trite remark. Its formation by the Christian Missionary Society in the time of King Mtesa in consequence of an appeal by Mr. H. M. Stanley ; the unflinching heroism of its first converts when persecuted unto death by King Mwanga ; the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington when almost within sight of King Mwanga's capital ; the gallantry of our countryman, Mr. A. M. Mackay, in remaining at his post alone in the midst of Arab intrigues and at the mercy of the capricious despot ; the untimely death of Bishop Parker, Hannington's successor ;—all these events have made the mission in Uganda a subject of the deepest interest to the friends of missions. When Mr. Mackay left Uganda in consequence of the intrigues of the Arabs, Mwanga only parted with him on condition of another missionary taking his place. Mr. Mackay left in July 1887, and his place at Rubaga, the capital, was taken without hesitation by the Rev. E. C. Gordon, the nephew and former companion of the martyred bishop. For some months Mr. Gordon was alone in the lion's den, encouraging the Christians who had still to remain in hiding ; but by and by the king begged that another missionary might be sent. With rare courage the Rev. R. H. Walker accepted the commission entrusted to him to be Mr. Gordon's colleague, and once more the little mission boat sped across the Victoria Nyanza with her gallant freight. Meanwhile a change had come over King Mwanga. His dread of being chastised for the murder of the Bishop, as well as his fear of his country, being "eaten up" by annexing English or Germans, had subsided, and the two missionaries have now for some time had a free hand for mission work. Mr. Walker reached the capital of Uganda on 17th April, and under date 25th April he writes giving a graphic account of his reception. It is so interesting that we venture to copy a portion of it from the November *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for the benefit of our readers :

The native Christians came to welcome me, and on the Sunday 150 or 200 were present at the morning service, and nearly as many at the service at two p.m. It was a most refreshing and gladdening sight ; it cheered me much. Really, Ashe, Mackay, and the others have done, by the grace of God, a glorious work here ; it is a great privilege, but great responsibility, to follow up such good work. Many of the Christians and others well disposed towards us brought us very uncomfortable stories every day. They told us that it was a mistake to wait so long before going to see the king ; that the king had arranged that a mistake should be made in court ; and that we were both to be shot. Such stories did not affect us much, as we remembered that we were in good hands, and none could harm us without His sanction.

On Tuesday morning early the king's messenger came for us, and at half-past seven a.m., we set off for the court, dressed in black coats and white trousers. Crowds of people passed us on the road hurrying along towards the king's court-house. The road for 300 yards from the entrance gate was lined with warriors, armed with spears and shields, dressed in native style, many of them with faces painted red, others with curious arrangements of their hair to give a look of fierceness to them. I suppose there were 600 or 700 of them, as they they lined the road on both sides for such a distance. As we entered between their ranks, the drums beat and all of them shouted and kept up a sort of tremulous cry, quivering their spears as they held them above their heads. When we entered the first gate, the courtyard inside was full of soldiers dressed in white and armed with guns ; many of them carried red and white flags. We marched between their ranks, and they at a given word marched quickly past us on both sides, and returned behind the first rows ; thus making their number seem very great. I suppose there were 300 or 400 of these men in white.

The king asked me if I was a smith or a carpenter. Gordon assured him I was neither, but like himself simply a teacher. He seemed pleased and satisfied. I watched his face, as our presents were shown to him, at a distance, and he looked pleased and rather surprised at the size of the piece of carpet. The chair is a very much better throne than the thing he has at present, and the carpet will be a great improvement on the red and green tablecloth that now is placed under and before the throne. From the description others have given of King Mwanga, you may know that he looks twenty-three or so, has a weak-looking mouth and rather a silly sort of laugh and smile ; he raises his eyebrows very high, and twitches them in surprise or in giving assent to a statement. He looked a young, frivolous sort of man, very weak and easily led—passionate, and, if provoked, petulant. He looked as if he would be very easily frightened, and possessed of very little courage or self-control.