

## “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name” ~ Edward Perronet

This hymn is often called the "National Anthem of Christendom." The hymn first appeared in the November, 1779, issue of the Gospel Magazine, edited by Augustus Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages". This text has been translated into almost every language where Christianity is known; and wherever it is sung, it communicates to the spiritual needs of human hearts. One writer has said, "So long as there are Christians on earth, it will continue to be sung; and after that, in heaven."

Edward Perronet was born at Sundridge, Kent, England, in 1726. He was a descendant of a distinguished French Huguenot family who had fled to Switzerland and later to England because of the religious persecution in France. Edward's father, a pastor in the State Church of England, was strongly sympathetic with the evangelical movement spearheaded by the Wesleys and George Whitefield.

Edward, too, became a minister in the Anglican Church but was always critical of its ways. Once he wrote, "I was born and I am likely to die in the tottering communion of the Church of England, but I despise her nonsense." Soon, however, he broke from the Church and threw himself strenuously into the evangelistic endeavors of the Wesleys during the 1740's and 1750's. It was during this time that the Wesleys and their followers suffered much persecution and even violence from those who disagreed with their ministry. Concerning these experiences, Wesley made the following notation in his diary: From Rockdale we went to Bolton, and soon found that the Rockdale lions were lambs in comparison with those of Bolton. Edward Perronet was thrown down and rolled in mud and mire. Stones were hurled and windows broken. Another interesting account regarding the relationship between the Wesleys and Perronet concerns the incident when John Wesley announced to a congregation that Edward Perronet would preach at the next service. Being eighteen years younger than Wesley, Perronet had always refused to preach in the elder statesman's presence. Desiring to avoid a public conflict with Wesley, Perronet mounted the pulpit but quickly explained that he had never consented to preach. "However," he added, "I shall deliver the greatest sermon that has ever been preached on earth." He then read the Sermon on the Mount and sat down without comment. Eventually, Perronet's strong-mindedness and free spirit caused a break with the Wesleys, especially on the issue of whether the evangelists as well as the regular ministers could administer the sacraments. Perronet continued to the end of his days as pastor of an independent church at Canterbury, England. His last words have also become classic: 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 His hands I commend my spirit

Quoted from "101 Hymn Stories" by Kenneth Osbeck. [Kregel Publishers](#),

Rev. E. P. Scott, while laboring as a missionary 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 which 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 very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities. He was stirred with earnest desires to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and plead for divine direction. Arising from his knees, he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his pilgrim staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry.

As he bade his fellow missionaries farewell, they said: "We will never see you again. It is madness for you to go." "But," said he, "I must carry Jesus to them."

For two days he travelled without scarcely meeting a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains, and suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages.

Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. 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 to sing and play:— "All hail the power of Jesus' name / Let angels prostrate fall; / Bring forth the royal diadem, / And crown him Lord of all."

Being afraid to open his eyes, he sang on till the third verse, and while singing the stanza,—

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

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. He spent two and a half years among them. His labors were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them because of impaired health and return to this country, they followed him between thirty and forty miles. "Oh! missionary," said they when parting, "come back to us again. There are tribes beyond us which never heard the glad tidings of salvation." He could not resist their entreaties. After

visiting America he went back again to continue his labors, till he sank into the grave among them.

*"Crown Him Lord of all."*

The coronation of George III. was attended with great applause. Afterwards, when the two Archbishops came to him to attend him as he descended down from the throne to receive the sacrament, he told them he could not approach the Lord's supper, with a crown upon his head, for he could not dare thus to appear before the King of kings. The Bishops replied that, although there was no precedent for this, his request should be complied with. Having laid it aside, he requested that the same might be done with the crown of the queen.

*"Bring forth the royal diadem."*

A Sunday school teacher was dying. Just before he sank away he turned to his daughter, who was bending most lovingly over his bed, and said, "Bring—" More he could not say, for the power of utterance failed him. His child looked with earnest gaze in his face and said:

*"What shall I bring, my father?"*

*"Bring—"*

His child was in an agony of desire to know that dying father's last request, and she said: "Dear precious father, do try to tell me what you want. I will do anything you wish me to do."

The dying teacher rallied all his strength and finally murmured:—

*"Bring – forth – the royal diadem*

*And crown him Lord of all."*

*"Crown him! Crown him!*

POOR child's funeral!

A wagon for a hearse, and only a cart with three poor people in it to follow it! A very poor funeral indeed! Yes, it was a poor funeral, but it was preceded by a glorious death. The child in that coffin had learned to pray and to trust in the Lord Jesus. He was therefore a prince in disguise. While he was dying his father sung these lines for him several times:—

*"All hail the power of Jesus'  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all."*

Whenever he came to the last line the dying boy would brighten up, and join in and sing, " Crown him! Crown him! Crown him!" leaving his father to finish the line.