

Favorite

Hymns and

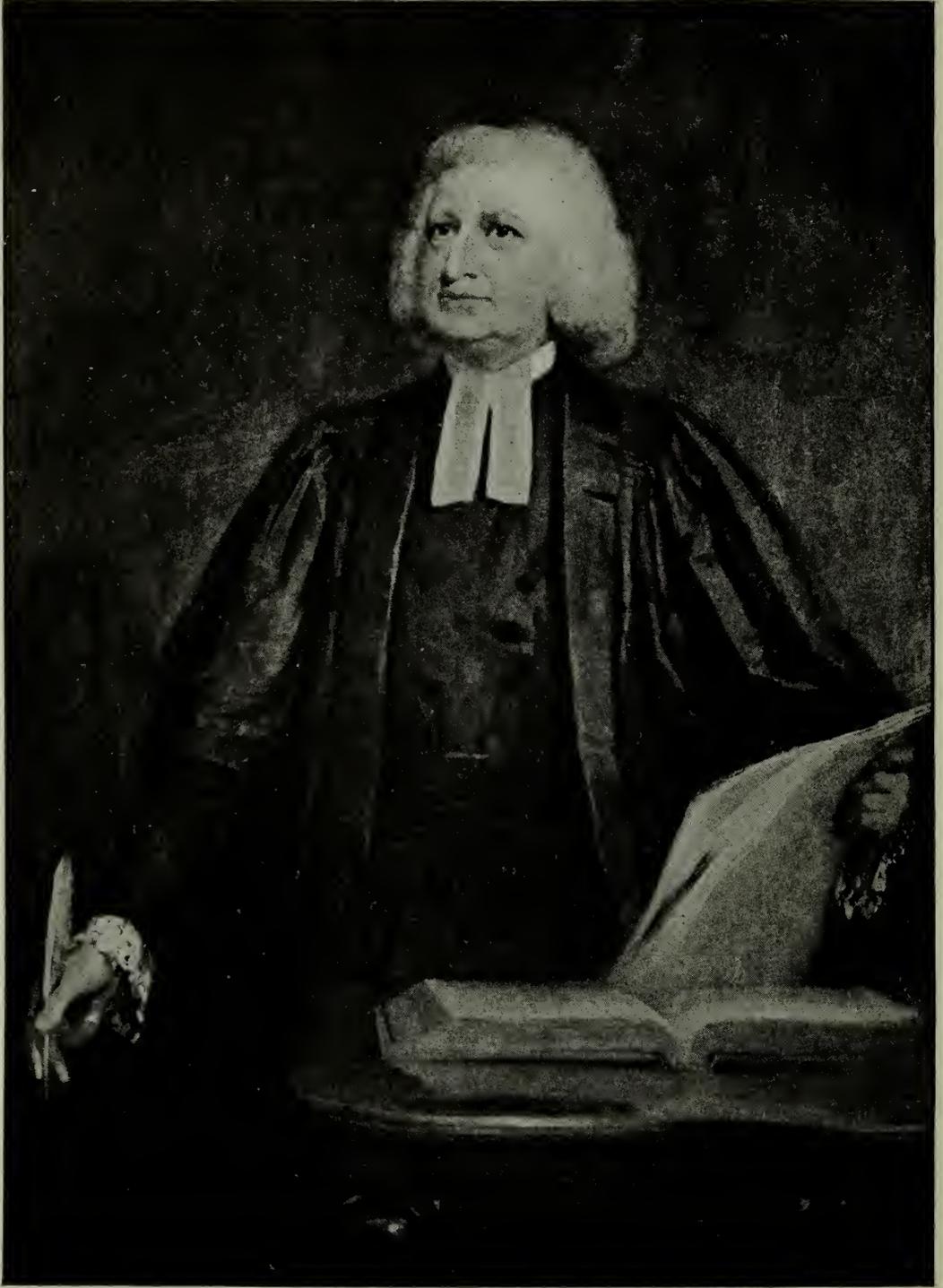
Their Authors

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

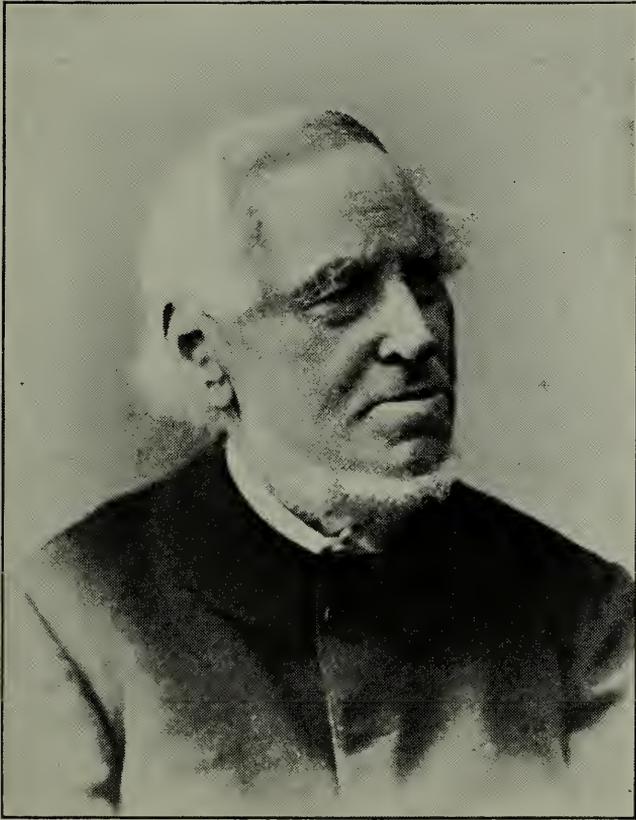
Ernest A. Blodgett.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Brigham Young University



CHARLES WESLEY.



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

3270
E33
F38
1967

FAVORITE HYMNS

AND THEIR AUTHORS.

A BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY,
HISTORY AND POETRY.

CONTAINING SKETCHES OF ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-
FIVE FAMOUS POETS AND HYMN-WRITERS, WITH
SELECTIONS FROM THEIR BEST HYMNS, AND
CHOICE QUOTATIONS FROM OTHER POEMS.

¶ For Home Reading, Praise Services, and for Reference by
Pastors and others, in preparing Programs for Meetings in which
Hymns and their Authors have a prominent part.

COMPILED BY W. ROWENA EDGERTON



PRESS OF EAGLE PRINTING AND BINDING Co.,
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Copyright, 1907,
BY W. ROWENA EDGERTON

**THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH**

FOREWORD.

Students of Hymnology, who have read numerous works on that subject, have doubtless noted the fact that many writers have devoted much space to criticisms, the romance of hymns, or "hymn-myths," and by extended remarks and suggestions of their own have, in some cases, rendered the personality of the compiler so pervasive that it has overshadowed the authors of whom they have treated. Such works have been very useful in moulding the opinions and tastes of people who were uninformed, or incapable of forming just opinions of their own. They have raised the standard of hymnody in the churches, and have prepared the people to judge more correctly of the merits of the authors and their hymns.

So many excellent works, combining a treatise on Hymnology with the Story of the Hymns, have already been published, there appears to be no demand at the present time for another book of that character. But there seems to be room for a book in which the space shall be almost wholly occupied by the lives and works of the authors, allowing them to speak for themselves, and leaving the verdict of their merits to the reader.

It is related of Dr. Horatius Bonar, who was one of the most popular hymn-writers of the nineteenth century, that "so much was his poetry a part of himself that his daughter, Mrs. Dods, was able to write an excellent article on Dr. Bonar, in 1897, which deals with his poetry autobiographically." He had expressed the wish that his works might be his only memorial, and he was, indeed, remembered as he had hoped to be,—

"Yes, but remembered by what I have done."

Doubtless many of the authors who have been the victims of so much criticism, favorable, or unfavorable, by the writers of works on Hymnology, would be glad of an opportunity to be remembered simply by what they have done.

The editor of this book has endeavored, by very brief original remarks to introduce the authors, and by quotations from their hymns, and occasional quotations from their other poems, as side-lights illustrating their characters, to allow their memorials, and the praises they so richly deserve, to be expressed through their own lives and their works.

By the chronological arrangement of the one hundred seventy-five authors included in the book, the intelligent reader will be able to trace the increase of poetic fervor, and the "evolution of song" through the centuries, and also the changes in the doctrines and dogmas of the Church, as expressed through the hymns, from Roman Catholic Xavier down to the truly catholic hymns of Whittier.

By giving the authors so exclusively the right of way, the editor has been able to include in the index of first lines references to six hundred twenty-five hymns, by authors whose sketches are referred to in the index of authors. The hymns have been very carefully selected and are adapted for use in churches of all denominations. There are the favorite old hymns—which "mother used to sing"—later, and new hymns; hymns for the children, ranging in style from "There is a happy land" to the classic hymns of Mrs. Luke and Mrs. Alexander; a choice selection of Gospel Hymns,—in fact, among them all, even the critical reader cannot fail to find some of his own favorite hymns.

Pastors, and leaders of Church meetings will find the book a convenient work for reference; easily accessible on account of its size, and yet comprehensive enough to include most of the hymns in common use at the present time.

The field of History has been so thoroughly explored and occupied that any attempt to obtain material for a new history must lead through well-beaten paths, and usually result in a new version of an old story, which may have been

better told by others. This is true of the "Story of the Hymns," and the compiler of this book gratefully acknowledges the information obtained from the following excellent works, to which the reader is referred for a more comprehensive and critical treatment of the subject:

Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology; The Hymn Lover, by Horder; Campbell's Hymns and Hymn Makers; Christopher's Hymn Writers and Their Hymns; Benson's Studies of Familiar Hymns; Saunder's Evenings with the Sacred Poets; Stead's Hymns that have Helped; Tillett's Our Hymns and their Authors; Butterworth's Story of the Hymns; Butterworth's Story of the Tunes; Miss H. C. Knight's Lady Huntingdon and her Friends; The Psalms in Human Life, by Rowland E. Prothers, Olden Time Music, by Henry M. Brooks; Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith, by Alfred Porter Putnam; also from works by Elihu Burritt, Mrs. E. N. Raynor and Mrs. E. L. Petitclerc, Mr. J. E. A. Smith, Rev. C. R. Palmer, D.D., and Rev. W. B. Sprague, D.D.

The writer also very gratefully acknowledges the kind and cordial encouragement and assistance received from the following named clergymen:

Rev. Addison Ballard, D.D., Rev. W. V. W. Davis, D.D., Rev. Walter Austin Wagner, Rev. J. Bruce Gilman, Rev. James E. Gregg, Rev. Earl C. Davis, Rev. C. L. Leonard, D.D., Rev. F. W. Lockwood, Rev. S. P. Cook, all of Pittsfield; Rev. George Wakeman Andrews, Ph. D., of Dalton, Mass., and Rev. R. DeWitt Mallary, D. D. of Housatonic, Mass.; also the very courteous and helpful testimonial of Mr. H. H. Ballard, librarian, of Pittsfield; the loan of cuts of portraits of authors by Mr. H. A. Knapp, of the Canaan Press, and the many words of appreciation and encouragement received from personal friends, which have made the work of the writer possible.

W. ROWENA EDGERTON.

Pittsfield, Mass., Oct. 21, 1907.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Introduction, | xi |
| I. St. Clement—St. Ambrose—Prudentius—St. Anatolius—Fortunatus—St. Andrew of Crete—Venerable Bede—St. John of Damascus—St. Theodulph—St. Joseph, the Hymnographer.. | 1 |
| II. Robert II, of France—Bernard of Clairvaux—Bernard of Cluny—Thomas Aquinas—Thomas of Celano—Luther—Xavier—Dickson..... | 9 |
| III. Gerhardt — Ken — Madame Guyon — Tate — Addison—Schmolck—Watts—Pope—Tersteegen..... | 19 |
| IV. Doddridge—The Wesleys—John Wesley—Lady Huntingdon—Charles Wesley—Miss Anne Steele—Beddome..... | 29 |
| V. William Williams—Cennick—Grigg—Bakewell—Olivers—Newton—Perronet—Stennett..... | 39 |
| VI. Cowper—Haweis—Robinson—Medley—Fawcett—Toplady — Miss Barbauld—Ryland—Swain—Miss Williams—Kelly | 47 |
| VII. Montgomery—Miss Auber—Cawood—Mant—Moore—Heber—Barton—Grant..... | 59 |
| VIII. H. K. White—Miss Elliott—Conder—Edmeston—Milman—Keble—Bowring—Mrs. Hemans..... | 69 |
| IX. Lyte—Bridges—Newman—Gurney—Deck—Miss Adams — Wordsworth..... | 79 |
| X. Rawson—Dayman—Trench—Young—Brewer—Bonar— Mrs. Browning—Tennyson..... | 90 |
| XI. Mrs. Crewdson—Alford—Monsell—Mrs. Saxby—Irons—McCheyne—Miss Borthwick—Mrs. Luke..... | 101 |

| | | |
|---------|---|-----|
| XII. | Faber—Stanley—Bode—Downton—Neale | 111 |
| XIII. | Gill—Miss Waring—Baker—Plumptre—Mrs. Alexander— J. D. Burns—Thring—Twells. | 122 |
| XIV. | How—Palgrave—Miss Procter—Bickersteth—Whiting. | 134 |
| XV. | Tuttielt—Ellerton—Mrs. Charles—Miss Clephane—Baring— Gould—Pierpoint. | 144 |
| XVI. | Miss Havergal—Dix—Stone—Matheson. | 155 |
| XVII. | American Hymns.—Mather Byles—Strong—Dwight—Mrs. Brown. | 164 |
| XVIII. | William Allen—Tappan—Miss Hyde—Bacon. | 172 |
| XIX. | Ray Palmer —Wolcott—Ballard —Gladden—Davies—Oc- com—Hastings—Alexander. | 180 |
| XX. | Duffield—Mrs. Prentiss—Key—Muhlenburg—Doane—Cross- well. | 191 |
| XXI. | Mrs. Stowe — Everest—Coxe — Miss Scudder — Phillips Brooks. | 201 |
| XXII. | John Leland—Holden—Judson—Mrs. Sigourney. | 206 |
| XXIII. | S. F. Smith—Miss Baxter—Gilmore. | 217 |
| XXIV. | P. P. Bliss. | 222 |
| XXV. | William Hunter—Mrs. (Fanny Crosby) Van Alstyne. | 231 |
| XXVI. | W. C. Bryant—Ware—Pierpont—Furness—Emerson | 238 |
| XXVII. | F. H. Hedge—Bulfinch—O. W. Holmes—J. F. Clarke— E. H. Sears. | 247 |
| XXVIII. | W. H. Burleigh—Jones Very—Samuel Longfellow— Samuel Johnson—T. W. Higginson. | 256 |
| XXIX. | J. W. Chadwick—Gannett—Whittier—Phoebe Cary. | 266 |

ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| CHARLES WESLEY.....Frontispiece | |
| SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.....Frontispiece | |
| MARTIN LUTHER..... | 14 |
| ISAAC WATTS..... | 24 |
| JAMES MONTGOMERY..... | 59 |
| CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT..... | 70 |
| HENRY FRANCIS LYTE..... | 79 |
| HORATIUS BONAR..... | 94 |
| EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE..... | 127 |
| ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER..... | 138 |
| FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL..... | 155 |
| TIMOTHY DWIGHT..... | 169 |
| WILLIAM ALLEN..... | 172 |
| RAY PALMER..... | 180 |
| GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR..... | 191 |
| MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE..... | 201 |
| PHILLIPS BROOKS..... | 206 |
| JOHN LELAND..... | 209 |
| PHILIP PAUL BLISS..... | 222 |
| OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES..... | 250 |

INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. ADDISON BALLARD, D. D.

Tracing back to its source the great river of sacred song flowing through the world to-day, we find ourselves at length on the shore of that historic Sea whence, "with the Lawgiver of Israel for the leader and a rescued nation for the chorus," rose that jubilant paean of praise, "I will sing unto the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He cast into the sea.

Miriam, Deborah and Hannah, David and Solomon, the Hebrew prophets; the Greek, the early and medieval Latin; the German, Swedish, Spanish, English and American writers of Christian song, have helped to widen and deepen this on-flowing tide of melody until, like the rising waters of Ezekiel's vision, it has grown to be a river so broad and deep that it "cannot be passed over."

In its depths is living water enough to satisfy the spiritual quest of all thirsting souls; yet, like the Nile, it must be led off in lesser channels to the waiting fields. It is by the divided "streams" of this river of sacred song that the "City of God is to be made glad."

The unseen helps us to see. The electric current banishes the night for all those to whom it comes and who give it a welcome. Starting from, it may be, a far distant dynamo, it floods our streets, our places of business, our halls of assembly, and our homes. Taken in its full strength, however, it overpowers, rather than gladdens, our vision. It must be divided and only so much of it be given as each larger or smaller space to be illuminated may require. Hence come the need and the wise and safe providing of our "step-down" transformers. What in its accumulated might would harm rather than help, when thus reduced and parceled out does but irradiate and cheer.

There are now nearly "half a million nominally Christian hymns, in the two hundred languages or dialects in which Christianity is preached." Most of us—all of us, indeed, save here and there some specialist in this kind of literature—would be smothered by it rather than inspired, were this immense, unmanageable mass of material precipitated upon us at once. In order that we may be profited by it, we must have step-down transformers. And we have them. We need and we have many of them. Even Julian's admirable "Dictionary of Hymnology," though it retains but ten out of every hundred of the grand total, still bulks too large for general use, containing as it does "sixteen hundred closely printed double-column pages, giving an account of five thousand authors and translators of thirty thousand hymns." Comparatively few even of these have stood the tests of time and universal adoption. We must have "transformers" which will not only reduce our hymnals to manageable size but which embody such selections as will meet the varying tastes and needs of those to whom they make their appeal—whether it be for churches and Sunday Schools of different denominations; whether for social or family use, or for simply personal reading and private devotion. W. T. Stead in his "Hymns that have Helped" gives two hundred and sixty as the number of collections in the Church of England alone, and he adds, "Of Methodist, Roman Catholic, Nonconformist and Presbyterian hymnals, there is no end." That these publications supply a widely and a deeply felt want is evidenced by the fact that "the normal consumption of them by the British public alone is two millions a year". Vast as this number is, it is no doubt greatly exceeded by the combined use of other English-speaking communities.

This serves as, in part, an answer to the question, "Why, then, another?" Hundreds of times, no doubt, the same question has been asked on the appearance of each new collection, but in each instance the forth-putting has been amply justified by the successful result. This gives all true hymn-lovers good ground for the conviction that no over-doing mistake has been made by the compiler, author and publisher of the present volume.

The "deadening influence of familiarity" is nowhere, perhaps, to be more carefully guarded against than in the singing or reading of our most popular hymns. A new and delightful interest in these hymns is awakened when we are made acquainted both with something of the life-

history of the authors and with the circumstances under which the hymns were composed. This fresh inspiration Mrs. Edgerton supplies us with in her book. Ray Palmer's "My faith looks up to Thee;" John Fawcett's "Blest be the tie that binds;" Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am without one plea;" Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way," and Bishop Heber's "From Greenland's icy mountains," come to us with the freshness, charm and power of new hymns, as we read what Mrs. Edgerton tells us of their origin and of their authors.

That true sympathetic spirit which is indispensable for the right accomplishment of so delicate a task has guided Mrs. Edgerton in this book which she now offers to all lovers of these, almost without exception, time-tested and universally approved Christian hymns.

Favorite Hymns and Their Authors

CHAPTER I.

EARLY GREEK AND LATIN HYMNS.

Sing Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Hallelujah.

ANON. LATIN (5th Cent.)



ANY of the most beautiful and inspiring hymns found in the hymnals of the Church at the present time are translations of the Greek and Latin hymns of the early Church. It should be remembered that much of the excellence of these hymns is due to the work of the translators, of whom there have been many. The renderings of some of the historic hymns have been very numerous, those of the "Dies Irae," by Thomas of Celano, numbering about ninety in German and 160 in English.

In translations, Dr. J. Mason Neale's success was pre-eminent, one might almost say unique. He had all the qualifications of a good translator, being not only an excellent classical scholar in the ordinary sense of the term, but positively steeped in mediaeval Latin. He was the first translator of Greek hymns into the English tongue. The total of his translations is very large, and he was also the author of many excellent original hymns.

While Dr. Neale's place as a leader is secure, there have been many other translators to whom we are indebted for their excellent renderings of hymns written by godly men of the early Church who seemed to be as truly inspired to write their immortal songs as the apostles were to preach the Gospel "with the inspiration and power of the Holy Spirit."

St. Clement of Alexandria (170-220).

The great center of beginnings of Christian work in Africa was in Alexandria, in Egypt, where the first school of Christian theology recorded

in history was planted, a school associated with the noble names of Pantænus, Clement, the Athenian scholar, and Origen, who wrote the first important work in favor of Missions.

St. Clement of Alexandria was born possibly at Athens about A. D. 170. Of his parentage there is no record. Studious, and anxious to satisfy his mind on the highest subjects, he is said to have been a seeker after truth amongst Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian and Jewish teachers. He himself enumerates six teachers of eminence under whom he studied the "true tradition of the blessed doctrine of the holy apostles." At Alexandria he came under the teaching of Pantænus, and embraced Christianity, Pantænus being at the time the master of the Catechetical school in that city. On the retirement of Pantænus from the school, for missionary work, Clement became its head, and retained the position to 203. His pupils were numerous, and some of them of note, including Origen, and Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem. Driven from Alexandria by the persecution under Severus (202-203) he wandered forth, it is not known whither. Nothing is known concerning his subsequent life, or his death.

Clement was a reformer, and wrote several books instructing new converts in the life becoming the gospel of Christ, and exposing the dreadful moral corruption of paganism. At the end of one of his books is appended the "Hymn to Christ the Saviour." This hymn has been frequently translated, but it had to wait sixteen centuries for the honor of a place in the hymn books of the Church. It is the only ancient hymn for children existing. Dr. Martin Dexter's translation is the most popular of the many renderings of this hymn. It was first published in the "Congregationalist" in 1849. Following are the first two stanzas:

Shepherd of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways;
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come Thy name to sing;
 Hither our children bring,
 To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord,
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife;
 Thou didst thyself abase
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

St. Ambrose (340-397).

St. Ambrose was born in Gaul about the year 340, and was chosen Bishop of Milan in the year 374. He wrote popular hymns that were first used among his own people at Milan, and then throughout Italy. In reply to one who charged him with unduly influencing the minds of the people by the singing of hymns, he said: "A grand thing is that singing, and nothing can stand before it. For what can be more telling than that confession of the Trinity which a whole population utters, day by day? For all are eager to proclaim their faith, and in measured strains have learned to confess Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." St. Augustine thus speaks of the effect produced upon him by the singing of the hymns of Ambrose in the Church of Milan: "How did I weep, O Lord! through thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet-attuned church! The voices sank into mine ears, and the truths distilled into my heart; tears ran down and I rejoiced in them."

The first and fifth verses of St. Ambrose's beautiful morning hymn follow:

O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face;
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

Aurelius C. Prudentius (348-413).

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius is the name of the most prominent and most prolific author of sacred Latin poetry in its earliest days. Of the writer himself we know nothing, or next to nothing, beyond what he has himself told us, in a short introduction in verse to his works. From that source we learn that he was a Spaniard, of good family, evidently, and that he was born A. D. 348 somewhere in the north of Spain. After receiving a good education, befitting his social status, he applied himself for some years to practicing as a pleader in the local courts of law, until he received a promotion to judgeship in two cities successively, and afterwards to a post of still higher authority. It was after this lengthened experience, at a comparatively early age, of positions of trust and power, that Prudentius, conscience smitten on account of the follies and worldliness that had marked his youth and earlier manhood, determined

to throw up all his secular employments and devote the remainder of his life to advancing the interests of Christ's Church by the power of his pen rather than that of his purse and personal position. Accordingly we find that he retired in his 57th year into poverty and private life, and began that remarkable succession of sacred poems upon which his fame now entirely rests. Following are the first two stanzas of one of his best known hymns:

Bethlehem, not the least of cities,
 None can e'er with thee compare;
 Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
 Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
 Shone the star that told his birth,
 To the lands their God announcing,
 Veiled beneath a form of earth.

St. Anatolius (458-).

The principal seamen's hymn of the early church was that of St. Anatolius, a Greek poet who lived about 458, but no details of his life are known. This hymn has lately been introduced into modern psalmody, being one of the happiest translations of Dr. John Mason Neale. Dr. Neale has not only clearly given the sense of the original, but preserved the part of the Nicene creed—the "God of God," "Light of Light," and "Truth of Truth"—which it repeats. Its inspiration may have been drawn from the storms that beset the church, or from the tempests that darkened the Ionian Sea. The first verse follows:

Fierce was the wild billow,
 Dark was the night,
 Oars labored heavily,
 Foam glimmered white;
 Trembled the mariners,
 Peril was nigh;
 Then said the God of Gods,
 "Peace! it is I!"

St. Anatolius is also the author of the familiar Evening hymn:

The day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord to Thee!
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be.

V. H. C. Fortunatus (530-609).

V. H. C. Fortunatus was born at Ceneda, near Treviso, in Italy, about 530. At an early age he was converted to Christianity. Whilst, a student at Ravenna he became almost blind and recovered his sight, as he believed, miraculously, by anointing his eyes with some oil taken from a lamp that burned before the altar of St. Martin of Tours, in a church in that town. His recovery induced him to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Martin of Tours in 565, and that pilgrimage resulted in his spending the rest of his days in Gaul. His writings, chiefly poetical, are very numerous and various in kind. Following are the first two stanzas of his beautiful "Resurrection" hymn of seven verses:

Welcome happy morning, age to age shall say,
 Hell today is vanquished, heav'n is won today.
 Lo! the Dead is living, God forever more;
 Him their true Creator, all His works adore.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her with spring,
 All good gifts returned with her returning King;
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.

St. Andrew of Crete (660-732).

St. Andrew of Crete was born at Damascus (A. D. 660.) He embraced the monastic life at Jerusalem. He was deputed by Theodore, Patriarch of Jerusalem, to attend the sixth General Council at Constantinople to support the orthodox faith against the Monothelites. He was then ordained deacon, and became Warden of the Orphanage. He subsequently became Archbishop of Crete. He died in the island of Hierissus, near Mitylene, about 732. Seventeen of his homilies are extant, the best, naturally, being on Titus, the Bishop of Crete. Following are the first and last verses of St. Andrew's "Holy War" hymn:

Christian, dost thou see them
 On the holy ground,
 How the hosts of darkness
 Compass thee around?
 Christian, up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss;
 Smite them, Christ is with thee,
 Soldier of the cross.

Well I know thy trouble,
 O my servant true;
 Thou art very weary,
 I was weary too;

But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all Mine own,
 And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near my throne.

The Venerable Bede (673-735).

The Venerable Bede represented the patient and scholarly class of his whole age. He was born in Durham, England, about A. D. 673, spent his laborious life of a century at the monastery of Wearmouth and Yarrow, and reared a literary monument of forty different works, twenty-five of which were on Biblical subjects. History and kindred topics were treated in the remaining fifteen. He died in great joy, singing psalms with his pupils, immediately after concluding his Anglo-Saxon translation of John's gospel. Following is the first stanza of a beautiful hymn of seven verses:

A hymn of glory let us sing;
 New hymns throughout the world shall ring;
 Christ by a new and wondrous road,
 Ascends unto the throne of God."

St. John of Damascus (780-).

The Laura of Sabas, between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, was famous in more ways than one. It became the centre of a school of hymn-writers, of whom the two chief were Cosmas and St. John of Damascus. The impress of the latter on the Greek service books is distinct and deep. His canons on the great festivals of the church are his greatest achievements. The great subject about which his hymns are grouped is the Incarnation, developed in the whole earthly career of the Saviour. His hymns are found scattered throughout the Service books of the Greek church. St. John of Damascus is said by Dr Neale to have been the greatest of the Greek poets. He was of a good family in Damascus, and was educated by the elder Cosmas. He was ordained priest of the church in Jerusalem late in life, and lived to an extreme old age. The first two stanzas of one of his best hymns follow:

Those eternal bowers
 Man hath never trod,
 Those unfading flowers
 Round the throne of God:
 Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight?
 Who at length attain them,
 Clad in robes of white?

He who wakes from slumber
 At the Spirit's voice,
 Daring here to number
 Things unseen his choice:
 He who casts his burden
 Down at Jesus' Cross;
 Christ's reproach his guerdon,
 All beside but loss.

St. John is also author of the celebrated "Hymn of Victory," beginning:

The day of resurrection,
 Earth tell it out abroad,
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

St. Theodulph of Orleans (-821).

The hymn "All glory, laud, and honor," was written by St. Theodulph whilst he was imprisoned in the cloister at Angers. There is a story that the hymn being sung by its author at his prison window in the hearing of the Emperor, Louis I, gained the monk a pardon.

St. Theodulph lived in the eighth and ninth centuries, and the ritual use of this hymn has always been as a processional on Palm Sunday. The first and fourth verses follow:

All glory, laud, and honor
 To Thee, Redeemer, King,
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet hosannas ring.

The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went:
 Our praise and prayers and anthems
 Before Thee we present.

St. Joseph the Hymnographer (883--).

St. Joseph was a native of Sicily, and of the Sicilian school of poets. He left Sicily in 830 for a monastic life at Thessalonica. Thence he went to Constantinople, but left it during the iconoclastic persecution for Rome. He was for many years a slave in Crete, having been captured by pirates. After regaining his liberty he established a monastery in

Constantinople which was filled with inmates through his eloquence. He is the most voluminous of the Greek hymn writers.

The first and last verses of one of his grandest hymns follow:

Let our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the song of gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyr's sadness.
Bright the day that won their crown,
Open'd heav'n's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on th'immortal.

Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it!
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

CHAPTER II.

TENTH TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Be Thou our present joy, O Lord!
Who wilt be ever our reward;
And as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee.

VENERABLE BEDE.



It has been truly remarked that some of the best hymns were composed in "the dark ages." They were "sombre and monotonous, but simple and sublime, and never to fade until that last day which they so often celebrate."

Speaking of the earliest hymns of the Latin Church, Herder, a celebrated German writer, says, "Who can deny their power and influence over the soul? They go with the solitary into his cell, and attend the afflicted in distress, in want, and to the grave. While singing these, one forgets his toil, and his fainting, sorrowful spirit soars in heavenly joys to another world. Back to earth he comes, to labor, to toil, to suffer in silence, and to conquer. How rich the boon, how great the power of these hymns!"

Robert II of France (997-1031).

Robert II succeeded his father upon the throne of France, about the year 997. He has been called the gentlest monarch that ever sat upon a throne, and his amiability of character poorly prepared him to cope with his dangerous and wily adversaries. His last years were embittered by the opposition of his own sons, and the political agitations of his times.

Robert possessed a reflective mind, and was fond of learning and musical art. He was both a poet and a musician. He was deeply religious, and from unselfish motives, was much devoted to the Church. He was a chorister, and there was no kingly service that he seemed to

love so well. We are told that it was his custom to go to the church of St. Denis, and in his royal robes, with his crown upon his head, to direct the choir at matins and vespers, and join in the singing. Few kings have left a better legacy to the Christian Church than his hymn, which, after a thousand years, is still a tone and an influence in the world.

The first two verses of his hymn follow:

Holy Spirit, Lord of light,
 From the clear celestial height
 Thy pure beaming radiance give.
 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
 Come, with treasures which endure,
 Come, Thou light of all that live.

Thou of all consolers best,
 Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
 Dost refreshing peace bestow;
 Thou, in toil, art comfort sweet,
 Pleasant coolness in the heat,
 Solace in the midst of woe.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153).

Bernard of Clairvaux, the animating spirit of the Second Crusade, and the great campaign evangelist, was a child of five years when Peter the Hermit entered on the First Crusade. Bernard had been dedicated to Christian service by his wonderful mother, Aleth, who took her child, like Hannah of old, into the temple in babyhood and consecrated him to a holy life.

Bernard was eminently a missionary, and through his influence schools for Christian teaching were founded in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Italy. The true missionary spirit rings in his warning letter to Pope Eugenius III, who had been in Palestine one of Bernard's pupils: "Who can assure me that I shall, before I die, see God's church as it was in the old days, when the apostles cast their nets not for gold or silver, but for souls? How do I wish that thou mightst have the spirit of him who said, "Thy money perish with thee." Oh, that Zion's foes might tremble and be overwhelmed by this word of thunder! This, your mother, the Church, demands and expects of thee. Thy mother's sons, great and small, are longing, sighing, for this, that every plant that our Heavenly Father hath not planted, may be by thee rooted up."

When the existence of the Christian kingdom in the East was threatened by the fall of Edessa, that beloved Christian stronghold, into the

hands of the Turks, it fired the spirit of the holy Bernard, who travelled through Germany, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, preaching a crusade with an eloquence that enlisted the co-operation of a French king and a German emperor. In 1147, largely as the result of Bernard's exciting appeals, three hundred thousand were on the march to Jerusalem, while it was said that as many more began a better pilgrimage to a holier city.

In later years, Bernard's missionary interests were engaged for the conversion of the Jews, who were then, as in all subsequent time, subjects of persecution. He pleaded always, "There is a promise of the general conversion of the Jews."

Bernard's beautiful hymns are the flowers and fruitage of his zealous and consecrated life.

Following are the first verses of three of his hymns:

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet, tho' despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found.

Bernard of Cluny (12th Century).

Bernard of Cluny was an Englishman by extraction, both of his parents being natives of England. He was born, however, in France, very early in the 12th century, at Morlaix. Little or nothing is known of his life, beyond the fact that he entered the Abbey of Cluny, of which at that time, Peter the Venerable was the head. There, so far as we know, he spent his whole after life, and there he probably died, though the exact date of his death, as well as of his birth, is unrecorded. The Abbey of Cluny was at that time at the zenith of its wealth and fame. Its church was unequalled by any in France; the services therein renowned for the elaborate order of their ritual, and its community, the most nu-

merous of any like institution, gave it a position and an influence such as no other monastery, perhaps, ever had. Everything about it was splendid, almost luxurious. It was amid these surroundings that Bernard of Cluny spent his leisure time in composing that wondrous satire against the follies and vices of his age which has supplied some of the most widely known and admired hymns of the church of today.

Following are the first four lines of three of his hymns:

Brief life is here our portion;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.

Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.

Each of these hymns ends with the stanza:

O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274).

Thomas of Aquino, confessor and doctor, commonly called "the Angelical Doctor," is said to be the greatest divine of the Roman Catholic Church. At the age of five he was sent to the Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino to receive his first training. After remaining seven years in this institution, and continuing his studies in Cologne and in the University of Paris, where he completed a three years' curriculum, he was established in a new Dominican school, where he achieved a great reputation as a teacher, though he by no means confined himself to such work. By his preaching and his writings he exerted such an influence over the men and ideas of his time that Louis IX insisted upon his becoming a member of his Council of State, and referred every question that came up for deliberation to him the night before, that he might reflect

on it in solitude. At this time he was only thirty-two years of age. In 1261 St. Thomas was appointed to a chair of theology in the Dominican College in Rome, where he obtained a like reputation to that which he had already secured at Paris and Cologne. Pope Urban, being anxious to reward his services, offered him, first the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, and then a Cardinal's hat, but he refused both. He also declined an appointment to the archbishopric of Naples, and the offer of the revenues of the convent of St. Peter and Aram. King Charles I as a mark of royal honor, bestowed on him a pension.

St. Thomas was a successful lecturer and a most voluminous writer. Though not a prolific writer of hymns, he has contributed to the long list of Latin hymns some which have been in the services of the Church of Rome from his day to this. They are upon the subject of the Lord's supper. St. Thomas is one of several Roman Catholic authors whose hymns have long been in use in the Protestant Church. Following is a brief hymn by St. Thomas:

O saving victim, opening wide
 The gate of Heaven to men below,
 Our foes press on from every side;
 Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

All thanks and praise to Thee ascend
 Forevermore, blest One in Three;
 O, grant us life that shall not end,
 In our true native land with Thee.

Thomas of Celano (13th Century).

It is somewhat remarkable that neither the date of the birth nor of the death of this writer, whose name is so intimately associated with the "Dies Irae," is on record. Thomas was the friend and biographer of Francis of Assisi. The hold which this hymn has had upon the minds of men of various nations and creeds has been very great. Goethe uses it in his "Faust" with great effect. It also furnishes a grand climax in Canto 6, in Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." It has been translated into many languages, in some of which the renderings are very numerous. Daniel, writing from a German standpoint, says, "Even those to whom the hymns of the Latin church are almost entirely unknown, certainly know this one; and if anyone can be found so alien to human nature that they have no appreciation of sacred poetry, yet, as a matter of certainty, even they would give their minds to this hymn, of which every word is weighty, yea, even a thunder-clap."

Upon the Dies Irae Mozart founded his celebrated "Requiem"—in the composition of which his excitement became so great as to hasten his death—and it is said that Rev. Samuel Johnson could never, on account of his tears, repeat this hymn in the original.

We give the greatly condensed version of the Dies Irae, as translated by Sir Walter Scott. This is the only version which is found in our commonly-used hymn-books:

That day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O, on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

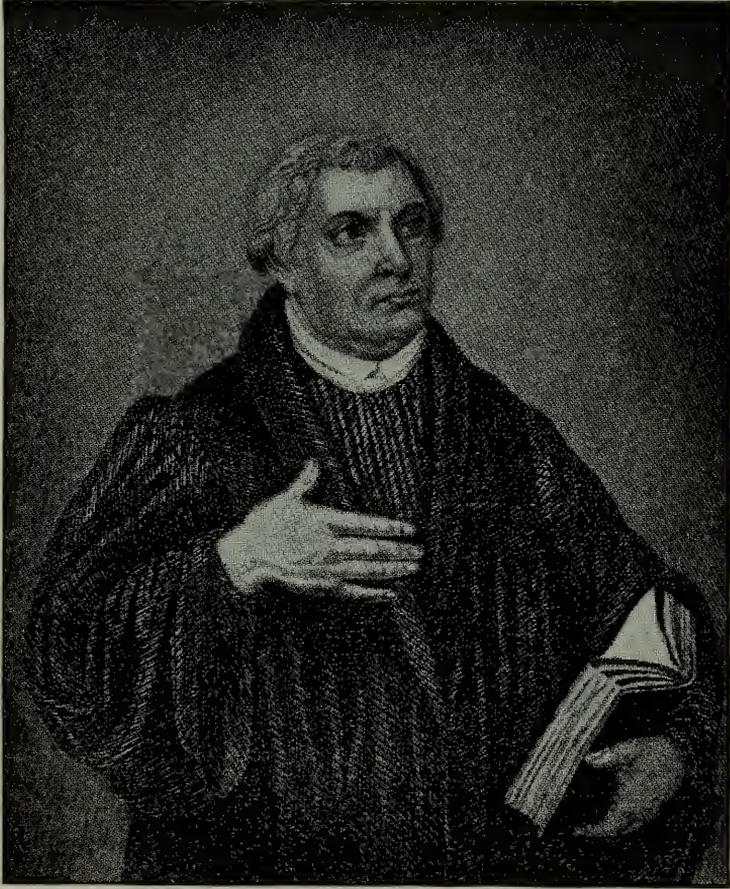
Rev. Martin Luther, D. D. (1483-1546).

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, Saxony, in 1483. His poetical talents and love of music were very great. He learned the science with the first rudiments of his native language; and when, as a wandering minstrel, he earned his daily bread by exercising his musical powers in singing before the doors of the rich in the streets of Magdeburg and Eisenach, he was as truly preparing for the future reformer as when a retired monk in the cloister of Erfurt, he was storing his mind with the truths of revelation, with which to refute the errors of popery. One of his earliest efforts at reform was the publication of a psalm-book, in 1524, composed and set to music chiefly by himself. S. T. Coleridge says that Martin Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns, as by his translation of the Bible. The hymns of Luther were indeed the battle-cry and trumpet-call of the Reformation. "The children learned them in the cottage, and martyrs sung them on the scaffold."

The hymn beginning:

"A mighty fortress is our God,"

is the grandest of Luther's hymns, and is in harmony with sublime historical periods, from its very nature, boldness and simplicity. It was



Drin Lutherborn
Martinus Lutherus

written, according to Welles, in the memorable year when the evangelical princes delivered their protest at the Diet of Spires, from which the word and the meaning of the word Protestant is derived. Luther used often to sing it in 1530, while the Diet of Augsburg was sitting. It soon became the favorite psalm with the people. It was one of the watchwords of the Reformation, cheering armies to conflict, and sustaining believers in the hours of fiery trial.

After Luther's death, when his affectionate coadjutor Melancthon was at Weimar with his banished friends Jonas and Creuziger, he heard a little maid singing this psalm in the street, and said, "Sing on, my little girl, you little know whom you comfort." The first line of this hymn is inscribed on Luther's tomb at Wittenburg.

Following are the first and third verses of the hymn as translated by F. H. Hedge:

A mighty fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing,
 Our helper he, amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

And though this world with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The Prince of Darkness grim—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For, lo, his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.

The tune, "Ein' Feste Burg," to which this hymn is sung, was also composed by Luther.

St. Francis Xavier (1506–1552).

Francis Xavier was born of a noble family in Spain, in 1506. At the age of 16 he entered the University of Paris, where he was brought under the influence of Loyola, the celebrated founder of the Jesuit Order. He renounced all worldly ambitions and aims and became a missionary to India, China and other foreign lands, toiling with a self-forgetful ardor and a self-consuming zeal. He died in 1552, on the barren island of San-chian near Canton, China.

Of this distinguished missionary it has been well said that, from the days of Paul of Tarsus to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne upward so triumphantly through distress and danger in their most appalling aspects. When, on one occasion, reminded of the perils to which he was about to expose himself by a mission to the barbarous islands of the Eastern Archipelago, he replied, "If these lands had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would find courage to go there; nor would all the perils of the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed because there is nothing to be gained but the souls of men; and shall love be less hardy and less generous than avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honor to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire; but this I dare to say, that, whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul."

Well has John Angell James said, "This is a sublime heroism. Wondrous Xavier! whatever were thy errors, it would be the dregs of bigotry not to admire thy martyr zeal."

Following is his famous hymn, which is found in many Protestant hymnals:

Thou, O my Jesus Thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace:
 For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
 And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony;
 E'en death itself; and all for one
 Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
 Should I not love Thee well?
 Not for the hope of winning heaven,
 Or of escaping hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Nor seeking a reward;
 But as thyself has loved me,
 O ever loving Lord.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
 And in Thy praise will sing;
 Solely because Thou art my God,
 And my eternal King.

Rev. David Dickson (1583-1663).

Rev. David Dickson, the reputed author of the quaint and beautiful hymn,

“O mother dear, Jerusalem!”

in the present form of the poem, was a Scottish Presbyterian minister, born at Glasgow in 1583, and for several years Professor of Divinity at Glasgow and in the University of Edinburg. He was deprived of his office at the Restoration for refusing the oath of Supremacy, and died in 1663. This historic hymn which has made him famous as an author, was spoken of by Montgomery as one of the finest in our language. William C. Prime, in the eloquent introduction to his book on the “Origin and Genealogy” of this old hymn, says: “This hymn has grown to be very sacred. It was sung by the martyrs of Scotland. It has rung in triumphal tones through the arches of mighty cathedrals; it has been chanted by the lips of kings, and queens, and nobles; it has ascended in the still air above the roofs of the poor; it has given utterance to the hopes and expectations of the Christian on every continent, by every sea shore, in hall and hovel, until it has become in one or another of its forms, the possession of the whole Christian world.”

The origin of this noble canticle can be traced back to the Apocalypse, of which it reproduces much of the imagery and phraseology. With the lapse of centuries the poem grew, word by word, line by line, as the voice of the Christian Church found its sublimest utterances in such glowing aspirations. A careful examination of the authorities leads to the conviction that we are indebted to Rev. David Dickson for the present form of the poem, and probably for a considerable portion of the verses.

As a specimen of the quaint and pithy fervor of this precious old song of faith, we take the following stanzas from the version presented by Mr. Prime in his admirable history of the hymn:

Ah God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
With tongue cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles,
With carbuncles do shine,
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal clear,
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
 There angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,
 Thy gates are made of Orient pearl—
 O God, if I were there!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
 As master of the quier;
 A thousand times that man were blessed
 That might his music hear.
 There Mary sings Magnificat,
 With tunes surpassing sweet;
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 Singing about her feet.

Te deum doth St. Ambrose sing,
 St. Austin doth the like:
 Old Simeon and Zacharie
 Have not their songs to seek.
 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
 And cheerfully doth sing,
 With all blest saints whose harmony
 Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Thy joys fain would I see;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 And take me home to Thee:
 O print Thy name in my forehead,
 And take me hence away,
 That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
 And sing thy praises aye!

CHAPTER III.

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

Awake! our love; awake! our joy,
Awake! our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

JOHN MASON.

Rev. Paulus Gerhardt (1606-1676).



HIS German divine was born in Saxony in 1606. Gerhardt was a great sufferer in the cause of reformed faith, but his sufferings were in a measure compensated by the supports of human love. He became a Christian pastor at the close of the Thirty Years' War, first at a small village called Mittenwalde, and subsequently at Berlin. In 1666 he was deposed from his spiritual office on account of his firm adherence to the Lutheran doctrines. He received the reverse submissively, and said with characteristic loftiness of spirit, "I am willing to seal with my blood the evangelical truth, and offer my neck to the sword." His last days were serene, and witnessed to the end the consolations of an all-victorious faith. He died at the age of 70, while in the act of repeating the lines,

"Death has no power to kill,
But from many a dreaded ill
Bears the spirit safe away."

Gerhardt's hymn beginning,

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed,

will be readily recalled by its first lines, and we give the first verse of a beautiful hymn which is not so familiar:

A pilgrim and a stranger,
I sojourn here below;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and travel,
Oft weary and oppressed,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

Thomas Ken (1637-1710).

The grand doxology, beginning,

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow

is suited to all denominations, and to all conditions of men. It has been translated into all civilized tongues, and adopted by the Church universal. Written more than two thousand years ago, it has become the grandest tone in the anthem of earth's voices, and has probably been used more than any other composition in the world, the Lord's prayer excepted.

Bishop Ken, the writer of the hymns that first contained this magnificent stanza, in the form that it is now used, was born at Berkhamstead, England, in 1637, and was educated at Oxford. He early in life consecrated himself to God, and became a prelate. The Morning and Evening Hymns, which end with this doxology, were originally written by Ken for the use of the students in Winchester college, and were appended to a devotional work which he himself prepared, entitled “The Manual of Prayers.”

In 1679, Ken was appointed chaplain to Mary, Princess of Orange, and in 1680 chaplain to Charles II. In the latter capacity he fearlessly did his duty, as one accountable to God alone, and not to any man. He reproved the merry monarch, for his vices in the plainest and most direct manner. “I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults,” the king used to say good-humoredly. In 1684 Charles raised him to the See of Bath and Wells. Ken resisted the re-establishment of popery under James, and was one of the famous “seven bishops” who were tried for treason and acquitted. He died in 1710, and was buried in the churchyard in Frome. He had requested that six of the poorest men of the parish might carry him to his grave, and that he might be interred without pomp or ceremony. This accordingly was the manner of his burial. “The moral character of Ken,” says Lord Macaulay, “seems to approach, as near as any human infirmity permits, to the ideal of Christian perfection.”

Following is the first verse of his beautiful Evening Hymn:

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

The Morning Hymn begins with the stanza:

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Madame Guyon (1648-1717).

In the galaxy of authors whose poetical effusions adorned the annals of the seventeenth century, there was only one woman who achieved lasting fame as a writer of hymns.

Madame Jeanne de la Guyon—or Guion—was born at Montargis, France, in 1648, and was educated, according to the custom of the time, in the convents of her native city. She became pious in girlhood, and consecrated her life to God. The period in which she lived was particularly unfavorable for religious development—the dazzling but corrupt reign of Louis XIV. The people were taught to rely upon the observance of imposing rites and ceremonies for salvation, rather than upon an inward acquaintance with God. But Mademoiselle de la Rothe found this sensational religion unsatisfying and was anxious to know the truth and to practice it.

When Madame Guyon was about twenty years of age, the way of a spiritual acquaintance with God was clearly revealed to her. She lived in the enjoyment of religion many years, and, after the death of her husband, felt it her duty to become a spiritual instructor. Her written works exerting a powerful influence, which was deemed adverse to the tenets of Rome, she was arrested by a royal order, and confined in the convent of St. Marie. She was released through the influence of Madame Maintenon. She became intimately acquainted with the learned and illustrious Fenelon, who favored her views in respect to inward holiness, and a state of continuous fellowship with God. She was again arrested on a false charge, and was imprisoned in the ancient castle of Vincennes, from which she was removed in 1689 to a prison in the Bastille, where she occupied a cell next that of the “Man of the Iron Mask.” In this abode of sorrow Madame Guyon was for four years immured.

She was finally banished to Diziers, and died at the city of Blois, at a very advanced age.

During the ten years Madame Guyon spent in prisons she composed many hymns and poems on sacred subjects, filling five octavo volumes.

Many of her views were considered erroneous, yet John Wesley says of her, "I believe she was not only a good woman, but good in an eminent degree,—deeply devoted to God, and often favored with uncommon communications of his Spirit." In her last years she seemed to dwell as it were, in Immanuel's land. She feared neither bastiles nor death. She speaks of her mind as fixed upon God, and enjoying uninterrupted communication with Him. Her poems are a revelation of her religious life and luminous experiences.

Of her habitual resignation to the will of God, she says in her best known hymn:

O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

To me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

If life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it, I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil
In life or death, Thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

Nahum Tate (1652-1715).

Nahum Tate was poet laureate of England from 1690 to 1715. His "Metrical Version of the Psalms" was the standard and authorized version of the times. He was assisted in the composition of his work by Rev. Nicholas Brady, D. D., a clergyman of the Church of England. Both were natives of the Emerald Isle. A number of excellent hymns from Tate and Brady's collection are found in our church hymnals at the present time. Nahum Tate was the author of the favorite Christmas hymn, beginning with the stanza:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

Joseph Addison (1672-1719).

Joseph Addison, who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth and the early portion of the eighteenth centuries, commands the respect of all who value true religion. Though in the early part of his life he devoted himself to political affairs, he soon abandoned them, and also an earlier design of taking orders in the English Church, and gave his days and nights to literature. Especially did he advance literature and fine taste by the publication of the "Spectator," the happy results of which are still felt in literary circles in England. His hymns were originally printed in the Spectator.

Addison was made to see clearly God's providential care in his own life and experience. The familiar hymn beginning:

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise,

was inspired by devotional gratitude for his providential escape from shipwreck during a storm off the coast of Genoa.

Addison is also the author of the beautiful hymn, beginning:

The Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply
And guard me with a watchful eye.

The "Travellers' Hymn:"

How are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

and the beautiful hymn beginning:

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck (1672-1737).

Benjamin Schmolck, son of Rev. Martin Schmolck, a Lutheran pastor, was born in 1672. He was well known in his own district as a popular and useful preacher, a diligent pastor, and a man of wonderful tact and discretion. It was, however, his devotional books and the original hymns therein contained, that brought him into wide popularity,

and carried his name and fame all over Germany. Schmolck was the most popular hymn-writer of his time. He is the author of some 900 hymns, properly so called. A deep and genuine personal religion, and a fervent love to the Saviour, inspire his best hymns; and as they are not simply thought out, but felt, they come from the heart to the heart. Probably as a result of his exhaustive labors as a Lutheran pastor, he had a stroke of paralysis in 1730, after which he never recovered the use of his right arm. For five years more he was able to officiate, but two more strokes followed, and the message of release came to him on the anniversary of his wedding, February 12, 1737.

Many sad and tender associations are connected with his beautiful hymn, which is often sung at funerals, beginning:

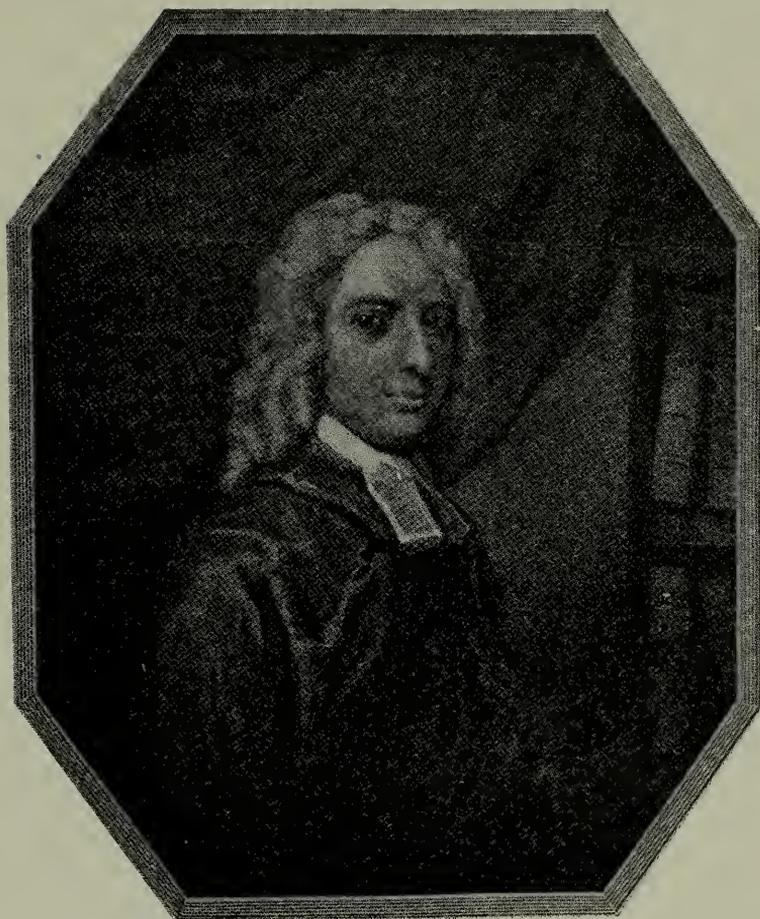
My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Oh, may Thy will be mine!
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.

We are indebted to the same author for the Sabbath hymn, beginning:

Light of light, enlighten me!
 Now anew the day is dawning:
 Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
 Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning!

Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D. (1674-1748).

Dr. Watts was descended through his mother, from a Huguenot family driven from France by the persecutions in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. His father was a deacon of the Independent Church at Southampton, where Isaac was born in 1674. His ancestors had been musical: his father was not only a man of taste and intelligence, but was given to "versing"; and his mother used to offer in their boarding school prizes of farthings for the best poetical effusions. For three years Watts pursued his studies for the Dissenting ministry at Newington, now absorbed in London, and at little more than eighteen returned to his father's house to devote himself to more private reading and study in preparation for the sacred office. At about this time Isaac greatly complained of the entire want of taste in the hymns generally used, and in return was challenged to produce something better. Conscious of his powers, he responded by writing an original hymn for the close of a Sabbath service in Southampton. It was the hymn beginning:



Isaac Watts.

Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown.

To the devotional instincts of the worshipers so welcome was this "new song," that the author was invited to write other hymns for use in the same church, and soon he produced a sufficient number to form the basis of a book.

Such was the beginning of a work which has aided millions in their devotions, and which will, probably, be useful to the Church to the end of time. Henry Ward Beecher, in expressing his partiality to Dr. Watts, said: "A comparison of his hymns and psalms with the best effusions of of the best hymn-writers has only served to increase our admiration, and our conviction that he stands incomparably above all other English writers. Nor do we believe any other man, in any department, has contributed so great a share of enjoyment, edification, and inspiration to struggling Christians as Dr. Watts." His name holds a steady place as a benefactor, and his best thoughts, like ministering angels, still traverse every portion of the Christian world on the multitudinous wings of song.

Dr. Philip Doddridge was contemporary with Dr. Watts, and a very cordial friendship existed between these two great Nonconformist hymn-writers.

Watts lived a tranquil, uneventful life, passing thirty-four years in the seclusion of Alney Park, a nobleman's seat where he had been invited to make a home. His health was always delicate. He was small in stature and lacking in personal beauty, and on this account he was disappointed in his hopes of domestic happiness. The lady to whom he proposed marriage said she "loved the jewel, but could not admire the casket which contained it." In the first shadow of this trial he wrote the hymn beginning:

"How vain are all things here below,"

and closing with:

Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

The hymn beginning,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,"

is probably Watts' best ascription of praise, and his nearest approach to Bishop Ken's universal doxology. After five generations of service it has entered a new field as a missionary hymn.

The hymn beginning with the stanza:

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past;
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures,

was sung by John Wesley when dying.

The serene close of Dr. Watts' life was in harmony with the spirit of his stanza. "I thank God," he used to say in old age, "that I can lie down in comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I wake in this world or another." His tomb in the unconsecrated dust of Bunhill Fields still invites the steps of the traveler, and his effigy in Westminster Abbey commands a larger respect than the busts of kings. A few of Dr. Watts' familiar hymns will be recalled by their first lines, as follows:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"
 "Come, we who love the Lord,"
 "Sweet is the work, my God, my King,"
 "Joy to the world! the Lord is come,"
 "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,"
 "God is the refuge of his saints,"
 "The Lord my Shepherd is,"
 "There is a land of pure delight."

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

Alexander Pope, the poet, son of a wholesale linen merchant in London, was born in 1688. His father being a Roman Catholic, he was first placed under the charge of Father Tavenor, who taught him the rudiments of Greek and Latin. Later he attended school at Winchester, and when about twelve he retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, and from thenceforth his education was mainly in his own hands. His subsequent success as a writer and poet is a matter of history. He died in 1744, and was buried in a vault in Twickenham church. Addison speaks of Pope as "a friend of mine, in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker."

Pope's most famous religious poems are, "The Universal Prayer"; a triumphant Christian anthem, beginning:

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame,

and his fine, prophetic hymn, which has been adopted by the universal Church as a missionary hymn, beginning:

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769).

Gerhard Tersteegen, one of the most eminent religious poets of the Reformed German church in its early days, was born in 1697, in the town of Mors, in Westphalia. He was left an orphan in boyhood by the death of his father, and as his mother's means were limited, he was put to work as an apprentice when very young at Muhlheim on the Rhur. When about fifteen years of age, he was riding one day to Duisburg in a deep forest alone, when he suddenly fell ill, being thrown into violent convulsions that threatened his life. He fell upon his knees and implored God to spare his life, that he might prepare for eternity. He experienced almost immediate relief, and at once devoted his life to Christ. He seemed to be drawn into closer fellowship with God as youth ripened into manhood, and to live, as it were, on the heavenly confines as manhood fruited in a serene and cloudless old age. At the age of twenty seven, he dedicated all his resources and energies to the cause of Christ, writing the dedication in his own blood.

When he was thirty years of age a great spiritual awakening was experienced at Muhlheim, and although Tersteegen shrank from public notice, he was prevailed upon to address the people in private houses, but was soon compelled to enter upon more public labors. He gave up secular employments altogether, and devoted his whole time to religious instruction and to the poor. His house became famous as the Pilgrim Cottage, and was visited, not only by the most eminent Christians of Germany, but by multitudes of people from foreign lands, and from his humble home he shed a blessed influence over large numbers who sought his counsel. Thus beloved at home and revered and respected abroad, his life drew near a triumphant exit, which took place in 1769. He lived an ascetic life in his best years, practicing austerities, that no physical impediment might hinder the work of the Holy Spirit in conforming his soul to the will of God. He produced one hundred religious poems and spiritual songs, some of the best of which Wesley translated, and whose authorship is attributed to Wesley in most American collections of hymns.

Following are the first and last two verses of one of Tersteegen's most beautiful hymns.

God calling yet—and shall I never hearken?
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken;
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumber lying.

God calling yet!—and I no answer giving;
I dread his yoke, and am in bondage living.
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,
He calls me still—O my poor heart, awaken!

Oh, calling yet!—I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry;
Now, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken.
Sweeter than all! the voice of God hath spoken.

CHAPTER IV.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D. (1702-1751).



ONE of the earliest names in the long list of English writers of the eighteenth century is that of Dr. Philip Doddridge, who was born in London June 26, 1702. He was educated at a nonconformist seminary at Kebworth and received his D. D. degree from the University at Aberdeen. The settled work of his life as a preceptor and divine began in 1729, at Northampton, and continued till in the last stages of consumption he sailed to Lisbon in 1751, where he died in October of the same year. Two hundred pupils in all, gathered from England, Scotland and Holland, were prepared in his seminary, chiefly for the dissenting ministry.

Many of Dr. Doddridge's hymns are found in our best books. These valued productions were not published by himself, but edited by the Rev. Job Orton, who was also one of his students and his earliest biographer.

The preparation of his hymns furnished a fine illustration of Doddridge's versatility of powers. When he had finished the preparation of a discourse, and his heart was still glowing with the sentiment that had inspired him, it was his custom to put the principal thoughts into metre and use the hymns thus written at the conclusion of the preaching of the sermon. These hymns supplied his hearers with a compend of his instructions, which might greatly aid their memories and their devotions.

Most of the sermons to which they pertained have disappeared forever; but his beautiful and inspiring hymns not only accomplished the purpose for which they were intended, but were destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is beloved and where the praises of the "God of Jacob" are sung.

The hymns of Doddridge which have attained to the greatest popularity are:—

"O God of Jacob (Bethel) by whose hand;"
 "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve;"
 "Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?"
 "Grace, 'tis a charming sound;"
 "O happy day that fixed my choice;"
 "See Israel's gentle shepherd stand;"
 "How gentle God's commands;"
 "Triumphant Zion, lift thy head."

The Wesleys.

While Dr. Doddridge was learning from his mother's lips, in their house in London, how the God who led Israel through the wilderness rescued his exiled grandfather from Bohemia,—while the first edition of Watts' hymn-book was being eagerly bought up in a single year,—John and Charles Wesley were spending their childhood in the country parsonage at Epworth, in Lincolnshire. The old puritan blood ran in their veins: their father's grandfather and father had both been ejected from the Established Church in 1662, and the younger of these had often been in prison for his Nonconformity. Their mother's father, the Rev. Dr. Annesley, was also one of the early Nonconformists. The well known history of the Wesleys at Epworth gives us a vivid picture of the best side of a clergyman's family in the early part of the eighteenth century. The admirable wife and mother was undoubtedly the central figure in the group, but the father, and not Mrs. Wesley, set the example of writing poetry himself, and transmitted the taste to his children. The father and his three sons all wrote hymns which were suitable for public worship, while one of the daughters, Mehetable, who was a highly cultured and gifted woman, though not a hymn-writer, wrote poetry which sometimes rises to the level of her brother Charles' best productions. John and Charles Wesley were born at Epworth rectory, John in 1703, and Charles, who was the youngest and eighteenth child of Samuel and Susanna Wesley, was born in 1708.

Rev. John Wesley, M. A. (1703-1791).

John Wesley, like the rest of the family, received his early education from his mother. His education was continued at Charterhouse school and Christ Church college in Oxford, and having taken his degree, he received Holy Orders from the Bishop of Oxford in 1725. In 1726 he was elected Fellow of Lincoln college and remained at Oxford until 1727, when he returned into Lincolnshire to assist his father as curate at Epworth and Wroot. In 1729 he was summoned back to Oxford to assist in the college tuition. There he found already established the little band of Oxford Methodists who immediately placed themselves under his direction. After a short ministry in Georgia in this country, whither he had been sent as a missionary by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he returned home in 1738, and in London he fell in with the Moravians, especially with Peter Bohler. One memorable night, at one of their meetings, he met with the change which God works in the heart by faith in Christ. An assurance was given him that his sins were taken away, and that he was saved from the law of sin and death. From that moment his future course was sealed, and for more than half a century he labored, through evil report and good report, to spread what he believed to be the everlasting Gospel, traveling more miles, preaching more sermons, publishing more books of a practical sort, and making more converts than any other man of his day, or perhaps of any day, and dying at last, March 2, 1791, in harness, at the age of 88.

With that wonderful instinct for gaging the popular mind which was one element of his success, John Wesley saw at once that hymns might be utilized, not only for raising the devotion, but also for instructing, and establishing the faith of his disciples. He intended the hymns to be not merely a constituent part of public worship, but also a kind of creed in verse. He was intimately associated with his brother Charles, both in evangelistic work and in the production and publishing of hymns, and it is not easy to ascertain the part which he actually took in writing the hymns, but it is certain that more than thirty translations from the German, French and Spanish (chiefly German) were exclusively his, and there are some original hymns, admittedly his, which are not unworthy to stand by the side of his brother's.

The well known hymn beginning:

“How happy is the pilgrim's lot;”

was written by John Wesley at the most stormy and tempestuous period of his life, when his lot from a worldly point of view would have been deemed anything but happy. The hymn in the original is autobiographical. Wesley had at the time of writing no wife, and he held no property, having made over his estates to trustees. He says:

No foot of land do I possess,
 No cottage in the wilderness;
 A poor wayfaring man,
 I lodge awhile in tents below,
 Or gladly wander to and fro,
 'Till I my Canaan gain.

John Wesley was disposed to regard lightly all the distressing self-sacrifice and suffering associated with his itinerant labors. After a most calamitous journey, he once was known to declare:

Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
 Whate'er molests or troubles life,
 When past, as nothing we esteem,
 And pain like pleasure is a dream.

Lady Huntingdon (1707-1791).

Selina Shirley, second daughter of Earl Ferras, was born in Chartley, August 27, 1707. At the age of twenty-one she was married to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. Both by birth and by marriage Lady Huntingdon was introduced to all the splendors and excitements of high English life. Her gifts and graces fitted her to shine in the most elegant circles of England, but her life comes down to us linked with the Redeemer's cause, and her name is enrolled among those who have loved and labored for their Lord. At the residence of her aunt, Lady Fanny Shirley, at Twickenham, which formed one of the literary centres of the day, she mingled freely with the wits, poets, and authors, then distinguished in the walks of English literature. At the time of Lady Huntingdon's marriage, there was a band of students in the bosom of Oxford University who, by prayer and fasting and a rigid self-denial, had laid hold upon the great doctrines of the Gospel, and were wrestling with them, like one of old, for a heavenly benediction. Shocked by the scoffing tone and degraded aims of their fellows, and disgusted with the prevailing shallow piety of the pulpit and church, they asked, is there not something holier and loftier than this in the gospel of Jesus Christ? Can it not redeem from sin and exalt by the power of an endless life? Profoundly earnest,

they accepted the Bible in its integrity, and gave themselves to the service of the Lord with their whole hearts. On leaving Oxford, Whitefield at Bristol, Ingham in Yorkshire, and Wesley at London, began those fearless and awakening appeals which quickened the vitality of English Christianity, reasserting its demands upon the moral consciousness of the nation.

In Lady Huntingdon they found an ardent friend, and a fearless advocate of their new movements. Both the Earl and his wife became frequent attendants upon the ministry of Wesley; and while Lady Huntingdon took great delight in the society of her new Christian friends, she did not forget to urge upon her former associates the claims of that gospel which she had found so precious to her own soul.

Among her friends and guests we find dear familiar and honored names. The venerable Dr. Watts, author of many a learned treatise and of those psalms and hymns which are destined to shape the experience and lead the worship of millions, when the fame of his learning shall no more be remembered: another, one whom Dr. Watts tenderly loves, is the popular preacher and successful teacher, Philip Doddridge, who also won his most enduring laurels as a writer of hymns. Whitefield, the Wesleys, Ingham, Howel Harris, a Welsh Boanerges, who was preaching the doctrines of the cross, and forming societies in his native land; Romaine, a great reviver of evangelistic truth in the churches in London, and author of "Walk of Faith"; Venn, an eminently useful preacher and writer of that day; Grimshaw, whose record is that, in the bleak and unpromising parish of Haworth he preached, on what he called his idle week, twelve or fourteen times; his busy week from twenty-four to thirty, going also from house to house, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, comforting the sorrowful, and helping the aged toward heaven; Berridge, the eccentric but zealous preacher, whose life was as stirring as a hundred miles' riding, with ten or twelve sermons a week could make it, and that for a period of nearly five and twenty years; the famous preacher, of whom Sheridan said, "I like to go and hear Rowland Hill, because his ideas come red-hot from the heart;" Madan, Haweis and Harvey were among the famous names that are found on Lady Huntingdon's long list of devoted friends and correspondents, who were cheered and encouraged by her letters, and helped in every possible way in their work by this noble lady, who, though a peeress, was a humble and devoted

servant of her Lord, and could sing in the words of her distinguished co-temporary, John Newton:

“One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend.”

Lady Huntingdon's wealth enabled her to build chapels in places where they were needed for the accommodation of the multitudes of poor people who were converted by the labors of the famous preachers of her day, and to give liberally for the support of institutions of learning, and other good works.

She was not a writer of famous hymns, herself, but she was “the power behind the throne,” whose influence over the lives and fortunes of the great hymn-writers of her day, with whom she was so intimately associated, cannot be measured. Her long life of usefulness was closed June 17, 1791. A few hours before the last struggle she whispered joyfully, “I shall go home to my Father to-night.”

The best known hymn attributed to Lady Huntingdon is the one beginning:

When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

Rev. Charles Wesley, M. A. (1708–1788).

Charles Wesley was educated at Westminster school and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1729, and became a college tutor. In 1737 he came under the influence of Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians, and on Whitsunday, 1738, he “found rest to his soul.” Henceforth his work was identified with that of his brother John, and he became an indefatigable itinerant and field preacher. He died in London, March 29, 1788, at the age of 80.

As a hymn-writer Charles Wesley was unique. He is said to have written no less than 6500 hymns, and it is perfectly marvellous how many of them rise to the highest degree of excellence. His feelings on every occasion of importance, whether public or private, found their best expression in a hymn. On his preaching tours, by the roadside, amidst hostile mobs or devout congregations, and in his old age, in his quiet journeyings from friend to friend, hymns which are really good in every

respect, flowed from his pen in quick succession, and death alone stopped the course of the perennial stream.

Those hymns have been a liturgy engraved on the hearts of thousands of the poor, and have aided in bearing the name of Jesus far and wide, writing it deep on countless hearts. They express even now every Sabbath the religious emotions of tens of thousands of worshippers; and during their whole history they have comforted the souls and fluttered on the dying lips of myriads now before the Throne.

Charles Wesley's hymns were written under a great variety of circumstances, and nearly all furnish a record of personal experience. Thus his jubilant devotional hymn beginning,

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,"

was written for the anniversary of one's conversion, probably just a year after his own conversion. The hymn beginning:

Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

has reference to his itinerant preaching.

That which is made to begin in many hymn-books with the second stanza,

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twi'xt two unbounded seas, I stand;
Secure, insensible:

is said to have been written at Land's End in Cornwall, with the British Channel and the broad Atlantic in view, and surging around the "narrow neck of land" on either hand. Several other familiar hymns are indicated by their first lines, as follows:

"Jesus, lover of my soul;"
"Come, Thou almighty King;"
"Come, Thou long expected Jesus;"
"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day;"
"Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?"
"Depth of mercy, can there be;"
"A charge to keep I have;"
"Love divine, all loves excelling;"
"Let saints on earth in concert sing;"
"I know that my Redeemer lives;"

Miss Annie Steele (1716-1778).

Miss Anne Steele was the eldest daughter of the Rev. William Steele, pastor of the Baptist church at Broughton, Hampshire. She was called

“Mrs.” Steele in England, although she never was married, and this prefix has been retained in some of our hymnals. It has been customary in England to thus honor maiden ladies entitled to especial respect.

Miss Steele was born in 1716. At the age of fourteen she united with the church under the pastorate of her father, sustaining that connection till her death in 1778. At an early age she showed a taste for literature, and her friends were often entertained by her poetical compositions, but she was unwilling that what she wrote should be made public, and though she at length yielded to the importunities of her friends, she always withheld her name.

Among Baptist hymn-writers Miss Steele stands at the head, whether we consider the number of her hymns, or the frequency with which they have been sung. Her hymns are almost uniformly simple in language, natural and pleasing in imagery, and full of genuine Christian feeling.

She was a great sufferer, and from a life of severe discipline grew those sweet Christian graces which find expression in her hymns. In consequence of an accident in her childhood her health was always delicate, and she suffered from a great sorrow which befell her in the death of her betrothed under peculiarly painful circumstances. After this sudden and shocking bereavement, she spent her life in retirement, seeking consolation in the exercises of piety, charity, and the inspirations of her pen. The death of her father, to whom she was ardently attached, deepened her sorrow and gave such a shock to her frame that she never recovered from it. From the period of her father’s decease she was confined to her chamber, and she looked with sweet resignation to the time of her removal from earth; and when it happily arrived, she was, amidst great pain, full of peace and joy. Shortly before her departure she said:

“I know that my Redeemer liveth,”

and with this blessed assurance, she at last realized a full answer to her life-long prayer:

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey’s end.

It has been truly said that “some hymns could never have been written, but for a heart stroke that wellnigh crushed out the life. It is cleft in two by bereavement, and out of the rift comes forth, as by resurrection the form and voice that shall never die out of the world.” Some of Mrs. Steele’s hymns are freighted with the “far more exceeding weight

of glory" which her afflictions worked out for her in her earthly life, and having drawn from the only true Source of comfort in all her trials, she was able to comfort and renew the courage and strength of many tried and tempted souls who were vainly trying to understand the mystery and mission of sorrow. Among her hymns which seem to condense and represent her whole life are those commencing with the following familiar stanzas:

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

Many of Mrs. Steele's hymns are devout ascriptions of praise and prayer, having no reference to her own sad experience. Of these, the following may be named:

"Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints;"
"Father of mercies! in Thy word;"
"Come, ye that love the Saviour's name;"
"To our Redeemer's glorious name."

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795).

This prolific hymn-writer was born at Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, January 23, 1717, where his father, the Rev. John Beddome, was at that time Baptist minister. He was a man of considerable talents and high attainments, but who chose to spend the far greater portion of a long life in the seclusion of a small country village. At the call of his church he devoted himself to the work of the Christian ministry, and in 1740 began to preach in Bourton, in Gloucestershire. Declining invitations to remove to London or elsewhere, he continued pastor at Bourton until his death on September 3, 1795, at the age of 78. Mr. Beddome was for many years one of the most respected Baptist ministers in the West of England. It was his practice to prepare a hymn every week to be sung after his Sunday morning sermon. His ministrations retained to the very last all their liveliness and attractions, improved by the increased solemnity and wisdom of age. His earnest desire that he might not be long laid aside from his beloved employment was fully gratified, for, having during his infirmities been carried to the house of God, he

preached sitting, and was only confined to his house one Lord's day. In the year 1818 a volume of his hymns was published, with a short but beautiful preface by Robert Hall, who says: "The man of taste will be gratified with the beautiful and original thoughts which many of them exhibit, while the experimental Christian will often perceive the most sweet movements of his soul strikingly delineated, and sentiments portrayed which will find their echo in every heart." About forty of Beddome's hymns have been in common use. One of his most familiar hymns begins with:—

God in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;

while several of his best hymns are indicated by their first lines, as follows:

"Let party names no more;"
"My times of sorrow and of joy;"
"Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears;"
"Come, Holy Spirit, come."

CHAPTER V.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Soul, reposing on assured belief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labors, as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

WILLIAM COWPER

Rev. William Williams (1717-1791).



WILLIAM Williams, who has been called the Watts of Wales, was born in Carmarthenshire in 1717, and was originally educated for the medical profession. He was awakened to the importance of personal religion while listening to the words of the once famous preacher, Howel Harris, in Talgarth churchyard. His experience was a clear one, and the duty of becoming a preacher was made plain to him. He was ordained a curate in the English church, but at the age of thirty-two he left the Established Church and became an itinerant Methodist preacher. Working in connection with such zealous ministers as Harris and Rowlands, he became a very popular preacher, and his local fame greatly increased when to Welsh eloquence he added the choicest gifts of song, and began to publish his highly experimental hymns. For forty-three years his labors were incessant and greatly blessed. He published several hymn-books in his own language, which have been much used.

The inspiring words of the hymn beginning with the stanza:

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day:
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound;

were written long before the beginning of foreign missionary enterprises, while Williams was yet traversing the lonely mountains of Wales, and looking for the dawn of a brighter religious day.

The famous hymn beginning:

“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah;”

originally appeared in a collection called “Gloria in Excelsis,” prepared by Williams, at Lady Huntingdon’s request, for Mr. Whitefield’s Orphans’ House in America.

Rev. John Cennick (1718–1755).

John Cennick was born at Reading, England, December 12, 1718. He was for some time a land surveyor, but becoming acquainted with the Wesleys in 1739, he was appointed by John Wesley as a teacher of a school for colliers’ children at Kingswood in the following year. This was followed by his becoming a lay preacher, but in 1740 he parted with the Wesleys on doctrinal grounds. He assisted Whitefield until 1745, when he joined the Moravians. He died at an early age, in 1755. He was a prolific and successful writer of hymns, many of which are widely known.

The age of fifteen did not find Cennick a promising youth. He was fond of cards, novels, and stage plays, and, but for his warm, susceptible feelings, he might have been classed among the profitless boys of the town. But he was not happy. His conscience was ever ill at ease, and solitude constantly presented to his mind the gloomy reflection that the days of his youth were swiftly passing, that manhood, too, must soon be gone, and he must die. During two years of anxious concern, he sought for the peace that religion imparts by reforming his conduct, and by practicing self-denial and austerities; but the unrest still remained, and the great conflict went on in his soul.

One day, while thus sorely tried, and brought almost to the verge of despair, he met with the words, “I am thy salvation.” The text was like a revelation to him. It lifted the veil that had long darkened his mind, and he saw the way of peace and safety by casting himself wholly on the mercy of Christ. His mind was filled with unspeakable joy on believing that Jesus would “take him to Him” as he was, with all his imperfections, and pardon all his sin. He now found peace to his soul, and the constant theme of his conversation was “peace and pardon through the blood of Christ.” He afterward told his happy experience in a hymn, beginning:

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His path I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till Him I view.

The more I strove against his power,
 I felt the weight and guilt the more,
 Till late I heard the Saviour say,
 Come hither, soul, I am the way.

The following verse will recall another familiar hymn by Cennick:

Children of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

Rev. Joseph Grigg (1720-1768).

Joseph Grigg was the son of poor parents and was brought up to mechanical pursuits. In 1743 he forsook his trade and became assistant pastor to the Rev. Thomas Bures, of the Presbyterian church, Silver street, London. On the death of Mr. Bures in 1747, he retired from the ministry, and marrying a lady of property, took up his residence at St. Albans. He died at Walthamstow, Essex, in 1768. His hymn-writing began, it is said, at ten years of age. His published works of various kinds number over forty. Grigg is chiefly known by two of his hymns:—

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days?

and the familiar hymn:

“Behold, a stranger at the door.”

Rev. John Bakewell (1721-1819).

The early part of the nineteenth century found England as well supplied with poets as with “evangelical” preachers. H. Butterworth says, “England was as full of poets,” at this time, “as her greenwoods are full of singing birds.” Charles Wesley not only transmitted his zeal and inspiration as a preacher of the Gospel to his followers, but the contagion of his poetical genius seems to have taken possession of them to a remarkable degree. Many of the preachers of that period were poets, or hymn-writers, and the list of those whose hymns are still in use is a long one.

One of the first preacher-poets whose life extended into the nineteenth century was John Bakewell, who was born at Brailsford, Derbyshire in 1721. At the age of eighteen his mind was turned toward religious truths. From that date he became an ardent evangelist, and in 1744 he began to preach. He removed to London, not long afterward, where he became acquainted with the Wesleys, M. Madan, A. M. Toplady, J. Fletcher, and other evangelical men. He was a man of piety, earnestness and consecration, and proved to be one of Mr. Wesley's most efficient workers. He was for several years Master of the Greenwich Royal Park Academy. It was at his house that Thomas Olivers wrote his justly famous and much admired hymn, "The God of Abram praise." He died in 1819, aged 98. The epitaph upon his tombstone, written by John Wesley, states that "he adorned the doctrines of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached his glorious gospel about seventy years." His most famous hymn, now in common use, is the one beginning:—

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, Thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

Rev. Thomas Olivers (1725-1799).

Thomas Olivers was born in Wales in 1725, and died suddenly in London in 1799. He was said to have been "the worst boy that had been known in all that country in thirty years." He was a poor orphan boy, who in the friendlessness of youth had been led astray, and whose life had become a continual dishonor. But this youth had a tender conscience, which burned within him like a flame in his lonely hours, and in all his lapses and far-wanderings, he was ever resolving to mend his ways, and to lead a life that would restore to him a calm mind. At last these resolutions got the better of his moral weakness, and he began to pray. Conscience at length asserted its authority, and he was completely broken down with an overwhelming sense of guilt. Providence led him to an old seaport town in England, where Whitefield had an appointment to preach. He determined to go and hear the discourse of the great preacher, which promised to be helpful in his case. "When the sermon began," he says, "I was one of the most abandoned and profligate young men living: before it ended I was a new creature." "The worst boy in all that country" was now a happy man. Besetting sins lost their power,

and heavenly joys were his continually. He became a preacher. He was ready to endure any hardship, and persecution, anything for the strong love of Christ. In an hour of gratitude for so great a deliverance, and for such mighty power to uphold his soul, he penned his experience in a hymn, which has become one of the thanksgivings of the ages. This well known hymn begins with the stanza:—

The God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love:
 Jehovah, great I AM!
 By earth and heaven confest:
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 Forever blest.

The Rev. John Fletcher said of Olivers: "This author was, twenty-five years ago, a mechanic, and like Peter, a fisherman, and Saul, or Paul, a tent-maker, has had the honor of being promoted to the dignity of a preacher of the gospel; and his talents as a writer, a logician, a poet, and a composer of sacred music are known to those who have looked into his publications." He was originally a shoemaker, and John Wesley referred to his vocation when, in speaking of his compeers, he thus refers to Olivers:—

"I've Thomas Olivers the cobbler,
 (No stall in England holds a nobler)
 A wight of talent universal,
 Whereof I'll give a brief rehearsal:
 He with one brandish of his quill
 Will knock down Toplady and Hill."

Rev. John Newton (1725-1807).

John Newton was born in London, July 24, 1725. His mother, a pious dissenter, stored his childish mind with Scripture, but died when he was seven years old. At the age of eleven, after two years' schooling, he went to sea with his father. He grew into an abandoned and godless sailor, and ran "to great excess of riot."

Disappointing repeatedly the plans of his father, he was flogged as a deserter from the navy, and for fifteen months lived, half-starved and ill-treated, in abject degradation under a slave-dealer in Africa. A chance reading of "Thomas a Kempis" sowed the seed of his conversion, which was quickened by the awful experience of a night spent in steering a water-logged vessel in the face of apparent death (1748). He was then

twenty-three years of age. During the six following years, although he commanded a slave ship, his Christian belief was strengthened and established. Nine years more spent chiefly at Liverpool, in intercourse with Whitefield, Wesley, and other nonconformists, in the study of Hebrew and Greek, elapsed before his ordination to the curacy of Olney, Bucks (1764). The Olney period was the most fruitful of his life. His zeal in pastoral visiting, preaching and prayermeetings was unwearied. He formed his lifelong friendship with Cowper, and became the spiritual father of Scott, the commentator. At Olney his best works, including the *Olney Hymns*, were composed.

As rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, (1780–1807), his zeal was as ardent as before. In 1805, when no longer able to read his text, his reply when pressed to discontinue preaching was, "What, shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak!" The story of his sins and his conversion, published by himself, was the base of his influence as a preacher, but it would have been little but for the vigor of his mind, his warm heart, tolerance and piety. Newton's checkered career was closed when he died in London, December 21, 1807, and the hope expressed in the words of one of his hymns was changed to glad fruition:—

"Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

It is a fact worthy of remark that Newton's "*Olney Hymns*" were years ago translated into the Sherbro language by a colored man named Caulker, and are now sung in the very regions whose inhabitants Newton assisted to carry from liberty to slavery.

A large number of Newton's hymns have some personal history connected with them, or were associated with circumstances of importance. The splendid hymn of praise:—

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God,"

is his. There is a depth of realizing love and sustained excellence in:—

"One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;"

and the beautiful hymn:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!"

is in structure, cadence and tenderness, equal to Cowper's, hymn beginning:—

“O for a closer walk with God.”

Newton once said of himself, “I was a wild beast on the coast of Africa; but the Lord caught me and tamed me.” As we read his hymns we find no taint or evidence of his former self in them; we are amazed at the transformation, and can only exclaim, “What hath God wrought!” Newton sings of this “miracle of grace” in the hymn beginning:—

Amazing grace—how sweet the sound—
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Several of Newton's familiar hymns will be recalled by their first lines, as follows:

“Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat;”
“May the grace of Christ, our Saviour;”
“Safely through another week;”
“Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;”
“While with ceaseless course the sun,”
“Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;”
“Stop, poor sinner, stop and think;”
“Mercy, O thou Son of David!”
“How tedious and tasteless the hours.”

Rev. Edward Perronet (1726–1792).

Edward Perronet, son of Vincent Perronet, M. A., a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford, and Vicar of Shoreham, Kent, was born in 1726. He was first educated at home under a tutor, but whether he proceeded to the University (Oxford) is uncertain. Born, baptized and brought up in the Church of England, he had originally no other thought than to be one of the clergy. But, though strongly evangelical, he had a keen and searching eye for defects. The first prominent event of his life was the publication of a sacred poem entitled “The Mitre,” a satire on contemporary ecclesiastical opinion and sentiment, which hit off vigorously the well known celebrities in Church and State. It so aroused John Wesley's indignation that he demanded its instant suppression, and it was suppressed: and yet it was at this time that the author threw himself into the Wesleys' great work. He became one of the Countess of Huntingdon's “ministers” in a chapel in Canterbury, where his labors were attended with marked success. Throughout he was passionate, impulsive, strong-willed, but always lived near his divine Master.

In the close of his life he is found as an Independent, or Congregational, pastor of a small church in Canterbury. He died January 2, 1792, and was buried in the cloisters of the great cathedral. His hymns were published anonymously in successive small volumes.

Perronet's death was triumphant, and was the crowning evidence of the sincerity of the piety which inspired his rapturous hymn:—

“All hail the power of Jesus name!”

and others of almost equal power.

“Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,”

is a great and noble hymn. Very fine also is the one that opens:—

O grant me, Lord, that sweet content
That sweetens every state;
Which no internal fears can rent,
Nor outward foes abate.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1727–1795).

The family of the Stennetts furnished successive ministers to the Baptist denomination for more than a century. The most eminent of the family was Samuel, the son of Rev. Joseph Stennett, D. D., pastor of the Baptist Church at Exeter, England. Samuel was born in 1727 and died in 1795. His father moved to Little Wild street in London in 1737, and in early life his son became first his assistant and afterward his successor. He was a personal friend of his sovereign, George III. He was an eminent scholar, and was offered high preferment in the Church of England, but his answer was, “I dwell among mine own people,” and he resolutely declined. His hymns are extensively known and highly valued. He is the author of the familiar hymns beginning:

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;

Come every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame.

CHAPTER VI.

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
 Come good or ill,
Whate'er today, tomorrow brings,
 It is His will.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

William Cowper (1731-1800).



WILLIAM Cowper, the poet, was the son of an English clergyman, who was chaplain to George the Second and rector of Berkhamstead, where William was born in 1731. His mother, whom he commemorated in the exquisite lines on "My Mother's Picture," a vivid delineation of his childhood written in his sixtieth year, died when he was six years old. He was educated at Westminster, destined for the Bar, and articled to a solicitor in 1754.

Fits of melancholy, from which he had suffered in school days, began to increase as he entered on life, much straitened in means after his father's death. But after all it is the playful, humorous side of him that is the most prominent in the nine years after his call to the Bar. Then came the awful calamity, which destroyed all hopes of distinction, unfitted him for any rational pursuit, and made him dependent upon his friends.

He had been nominated to the clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords, but the appointment overthrew his reason. He attempted to take his life with "Laudanum, knife, and cord," in the third attempt nearly succeeding. The dark delusion of his life now showed itself—a belief in his reprobation. But under the wise and Christian treatment of Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans, it passed away; and the eight years that followed, of which the first two were spent at Huntington, and the remainder at Oney in

active piety among the poor, and enthusiastic devotions under the guidance of John Newton, were full of the realization of God's favor, and the happiest and most lucid period of his life. It was during this period that the "Olney Hymns," the joint compositions of Newton and Cowper, were written. A year after his brother's death his mental malady returned. Under the conviction that it was the command of God, he attempted suicide. In its darkest form his affliction lasted sixteen months, during which he chiefly resided in John Newton's house, patiently tended by him and his devoted nurse, Mrs. Unwin. At the close of 1780 his condition was so much improved that Mrs. Unwin suggested to him some serious poetical work, and the occupation proved so congenial that his first volume was published in 1782. The dark cloud had greatly lifted from his life; but the loss of his dear friend, William Unwin, lowered it again for some months. The five years illness of Mrs. Unwin, during which his nurse of old became his tenderly watched patient, deepened the darkness more and more, and her death (1796) brought "fixed despair," of which his last poem, "The Castaway," is the terrible memorial. His great poems, and hymns, show no trace of his monomania, and are full of healthy piety. His death occurred April 25, 1800, and the "mysterious way" by which he had been led through his life of suffering, which seemed so dark to him when he wrote the well known hymn:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

was at last made plain to him, when he found the last two lines of this hymn fully verified in his own vision of the love and glory of his Redeemer:—

"God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

The beautiful hymn:—

"How blest thy creature is, O God!"

is said by Cowper's biographers to have been the very first he wrote on his recovery at St. Albans from his first attack of insanity. He entitled it the "Happy Change." But the hymn:

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee;"

in which he poured forth the grateful feelings of his heart is, as Dr. Cheever remarks, "beyond comparison more perfect,—it is exquisitely, sacredly, devoutly beautiful." The admirable hymn:—

"O! for a closer walk with God,"

is perfect in structure and cadence; and exquisitely tender is:

“Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.”

Several of Cowper's most familiar hymns will be recalled by their first lines, as follows:

“Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;”
“There is a fountain filled with blood;”
“God of my life, to thee I call;”
“Jesus, where'er Thy people meet;”
“Hear what God, the Lord hath spoken;”
“What various hindrances we meet;”
“O Lord, my best desires fulfill;”
“'Tis my happiness below;”

Rev. Thomas Haweis, M. D., L. L. B. (1732–1820).

Thomas Haweis was born at Truro, Cornwall, 1732. After practicing for a time as a physician, he entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he graduated. Taking Holy Orders, he became assistant preacher to M. Madan at the Lock Hospital, London, and subsequently Rector of All Saints, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. He was also chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, and for several years officiated at her chapel in Bath. He died at Bath, February 11, 1820, aged 88, being then the oldest “evangelical” clergyman in the Church of England. He was the author of several prose works, and one of the founders of the London Missionary society.

Rev. John Newton says of this good man, “The preaching of Dr. Haweis, which had, like the report of a cannon, sounded through the country, attracted vast congregations to Aldwinkle.” Some of the most profligate persons in the neighborhood were brought to repentance and “the acknowledgement of the truth” under his heart-searching addresses. He was the author of the beautiful hymn beginning:—

O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me;

the familiar hymn beginning:—

To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings;
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings;

and:—

“From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die.”

Rev. Robert Robinson (1735-1790).

Robert Robinson, author of the familiar hymns,—

“Come, thou Fount of every blessing,”

and

“Mighty God, while angels bless thee,”

was born at Swaffham, in Norfolk, on September 27, 1735, of lowly parentage. He lost his father in his boyhood, and his widowed mother was left in sore straits. The universal testimony is that she was a godly woman. Her ambition was to see her son a clergyman of the Church of England, but poverty forbade, and the boy (in his 15th year) was indentured to a barber and hairdresser in London. It was an uncongenial position for a bookish and thoughtful lad, and his master found him more given to reading than to his profession. In 1752 he was brought under deep religious feeling by the preaching of George Whitefield. The great evangelist's searching sermon on “the wrath to come” haunted him fearfully. For well nigh three years he walked in darkness, and fear, but in his twentieth year found “peace in believing.”

Robinson remained in London until 1758 attending assiduously on the ministry of Wesley, Gill and other evangelical preachers, and within that year he removed to Norwich, where he was settled over an Independent congregation. In 1759, having been invited by a Baptist church at Cambridge (afterward made famous by Robert Hall, John Foster and others) he accepted the call, having been previously baptized by immersion. The “call” was simply “to supply the pulpit,” but he soon won such regard and popularity that the congregation again and again requested him to accept the full pastoral charge. This he acceded to in 1761, after persuading the people to “open communion.” In 1770 he commenced his abundant authorship. His prose has all, more or less, of that vehement and enthusiastic glow of passion that belongs to the orator. His hymns are terse and melodious, evangelical but not sentimental.

Rev. Samuel Medley (1738-1799).

Samuel Medley was born June 23, 1738, at Cheshunt, Herts, England, where his father kept a school. He received a good education, but not liking the business to which he was apprenticed, he entered the Royal Navy. Having been severely wounded in a battle with the French fleet off Port Lagos, in 1759, he was obliged to retire from active service. A sermon

by Dr. Watts read to him at about this time by his pious grandfather led to his conversion. He joined the Baptist church at Eagle St., London, and shortly afterwards opened a school, which for several years he conducted with great success. Having begun to preach, he received in 1767, a call to become pastor of the Baptist church at Walford. Thence in 1772, he removed to Byrom St., Liverpool, where he gathered a large congregation, and for twenty-seven years was remarkably popular and useful. After a long and painful illness, he died July 17, 1799. Medley's hymns have been very popular in his own denomination. Their charm consists less in their poetry than in the warmth and occasional pathos with which they give expression to Christian experience.

In the last two verses of the familiar hymn, beginning:—

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,

we find his own fully answered prayer, and a beautiful illustration of the happy "death of the righteous."

So when I pass death's gloomy vale
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!

Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

Equally triumphant is the hymn beginning:

"O, could I speak the matchless worth."

The hymns beginning,

"Mortals, awake! with angels join;"
"Jesus, engrave it on my heart;"

are also Medley's.

Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. (1739–1817).

John Fawcett was born January 6, 1739, at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire. At the age of sixteen, while an apprentice, he heard Mr. Whitefield preach. The sermon was instrumental in his conversion, and he joined the Methodists, but three years later united with the newly-formed Baptist church in Bradford. Here his activity and usefulness were so great, that his brethren advised him to "go beyond

private exhortation," and "to stand forth and preach the Gospel." After much prayer, he was constrained to follow their advice, and in 1765 was ordained minister of the Baptist society at Wainsgate, near Hebden Bridge. After a successful pastorate of seven years, he was invited to London, to succeed the celebrated Dr. Gill; the invitation had been formally accepted, the farewell sermon at Wainsgate had been preached and the wagons were loaded with his goods for removal. An affecting scene followed, the poor people he had so long instructed and befriended entreating him with tears to remain. The voice of love prevailed; he could not sever the tie that bound him to his beloved and devoted people. "I will stay," he said, "you may unpack my goods, and we will still labor for the Lord lovingly together." The great love of his people outweighed the attractions of the large London church with its ample resources and promising field, and the good man cheerfully renewed his labors for his poor and scattered church on a salary of less than two hundred dollars a year. In 1777 a new chapel was built for him at Hebden Bridge, and about the same time he opened a school at Brearly Hall, his place of residence. In 1793 he was invited to become president of the Baptist Academy at Bristol, but again declined to leave his people. In 1811 he received from America the degree of D. D., and died in 1817.

It is said that the well-known hymn beginning:—

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above,

was inspired by the affectionate expression of regard on the part of his parishioners.

Dr. Fawcett was the author of a number of prose works on Practical Religion, several of which attained a large circulation. His sacred poems and hymns are eminently spiritual and practical. In 1782 he published a book entitled "Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion." There were one hundred and sixty-six in number, and they were mostly composed to be sung after sermons by the author. About twenty of Fawcett's hymns are still in common use. Among the best known of them are:—

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;"
"Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator;"
"How precious is the book divine;"
"Thus far the Lord hath let me on."

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778).

This eminent man was born at Farnham, in Surrey, on November 4, 1740. His father, Richard Toplady, was a major in the British army, and was killed at the siege of Carthagera (1741) soon after the birth of his son. The boy's widowed mother placed him at the renowned Westminster school, London. By-and-by her circumstances led her to Ireland, and young Augustus was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where he completed his academical training, ultimately graduating M. A. He also received his new birth in Ireland under remarkable conditions. When about the age of sixteen he chanced to go into a barn at an obscure place, called Codymain, to hear a layman preach. The preacher was a Wesleyan Methodist named James Morris, who was a born orator, though reticent and lowly-minded. The sermon, preached in a barn, to a handful of God's people, made an unexpected impression upon Toplady, and led to his immediate conversion. He became a minister of the Church of England, maintained the Calvinistic doctrines in opposition to the Wesleys, and preached and wrote with self-consuming zeal. He was minister of the chapel of the French Calvinists in Leicester Fields. The well-known beautiful hymn,—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”

was composed in Toplady's last years, when he already felt that he was beginning to lose his hold on life, and that his feet were already standing on celestial altitudes. Some two years afterwards, when he was but thirty-eight years of age, the full time of his departure came, and he found the prayer in the last stanza of his hymn fully and sweetly answered in the revelation of divine love to his soul.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

“Rock of Ages” has given Toplady a deeper and more vital place in millions of human hearts from generation to generation than almost any other hymnologist, not excepting Charles Wesley. Many of his hymns have been widely used, especially in America, and in the Evangelical hymn-books of the Church of England. The following may be found by their first lines:

“Inspirer and hearer of prayer;”
 “Your harps, ye trembling saints;”
 “Blow ye the trumpet, blow;”
 “Light of those whose dreary dwelling.”

Mrs. Anna Laetitia Barbauld (1743–1825).

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, a dissenting minister, was born at Leicestershire in 1743. In 1774 Miss Aikin was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a descendant of a French Protestant family of Huguenot descent, and a dissenting minister. He died in 1808. Mrs. Barbauld resided in the neighborhood of Newington Green, where her husband died, until her death in 1825. She was one of the most distinguished female writers of her day within the British dominions. Theologically she belonged to the more evangelical class of English Unitarians. As a writer of hymns Mrs. Barbauld was eminently successful. All of her hymns are still in common use, though the majority of them are confined to the Unitarian hymnals of Great Britain and America.

“Come, said Jesus’ sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice;”

and

“Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;”

are the first lines of two of Mrs. Barbauld’s most beautiful hymns. Several others will be found by their first lines as follows:—

“How blest the righteous when he dies;”
 “Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes;”
 “How blest the sacred tie that binds;”
 “Our country is Immanuel’s ground.”

In the evening of her life, when past seventy, Mrs. Barbauld wrote the following exquisite ode to “Life”:

“Life! we’ve been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 ’Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
 Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear.
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning.”

When at last “Life” greeted her with “Good-morning” in that “brighter clime,” her own beautiful description of the death of the righteous was doubtless fully realized:

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies.

John Ryland, D. D. (1753-1825).

John Ryland, son of a Baptist minister, was born at Warwick, England, in 1753. He became a preacher in his eighteenth year, and was associated with his father at Northampton both in teaching and preaching. He was distinguished as a minister and as President of the Baptist College at Bristol, a post he held together with the pastorate of a church in the same city. He was the author of many hymns. His favorite hymn:—

O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
 And on thy care depend;

is full of joyful trustfulness, and contains in one of its stanzas the fine thought that every creature good has its source in God:—

No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in Thee;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is good to me.

Rev. Joseph Swain (1761-1796).

Joseph Swain was born in 1761. In 1792 he was ordained pastor of a Church in Walworth, where he remained until his death in 1796. He was author of the "Walworth Hymns," which appeared in 1792. His best known hymns in common use are the familiar one beginning:

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill his word!

and another, containing in its first stanza, a brief epitome of the experience of his consecrated life after his conversion:

O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all!

Before his conversion he had written songs for plays and amusement, and he knew whereof he wrote in his hymn:—

"Come, ye souls by sin afflicted."

Miss Helen Maria Williams (1762–1827).

Miss Helen Maria Williams, daughter of Charles Williams, an officer in the army, was born in the North of England in 1762. Being connected by her sister's marriage with a French Protestant family, she resided in Paris during the period of the Revolution and the Reign of Terror. Being a woman of strong convictions, and not lacking in the courage to express them, she became well-known as a writer of strong republican sympathies, and her independent opinions led to her temporary imprisonment by Robespierre. She was a woman of great ability, and was the authoress of several historical and political works, and two volumes of poems. Her "Letters from France" were published in England and America, and in a French translation, in France. The closing years of her life were spent in Amsterdam in the house of her nephew, who was pastor of the Reformed church there. Her death occurred in 1827. The steadfastness and serenity of her faith, and her cheerful resignation when "storms of sorrow" lowered are beautifully expressed in her well known hymn:—

"While Thee I seek, protecting Power!"

closing with the stanza:—

When gladness wings the favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
 That heart will rest on Thee.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769–1855).

Thomas Kelly, son of Thomas Kelly, a Judge of the Irish Court of Common Pleas, was born in Dublin, July 3, 1769, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was designed and had studied for the Bar, but having undergone a very marked spiritual change through reading the works of Romaine, he took Holy Orders in 1792. His earnest evangelical preaching in Dublin led Archbishop Fowler to inhibit him and his companion preacher, Rowland Hill, from preaching in the diocese. For some time he preached in unconsecrated buildings in Dublin, and then, having seceded from the Established Church, he preached as an "Independent" in a chapel erected for him there; and being possessed of ample means, he built places of worship at Athy, Wexford, and other places,

in which he conducted divine worship and preached. He died May 14, 1854, at the age of 86. Miller, in his "Singers and Songs of the Church," says, "Mr. Kelly was a man of great and varied learning, skilled in the Oriental tongues and an excellent Bible critic. He was possessed also of musical talent, and composed and published a work that was received with favor, consisting of music adapted to every form of metre in his hymn book. Naturally of an amiable disposition and thorough in his Christian piety, Mr. Kelly became the friend of good men, and the advocate of every worthy benevolent and religious cause. He was admired alike for his zeal and his humility, and his liberality found ample scope in Ireland, especially during the year of famine." His "Scripture Hymns" grew from a volume of ninety-six hymns as first published in 1804 to a collection of seven hundred and sixty-five in 1853—all original. In the preface to the last edition of his hymns, Mr. Kelly gives this interesting and valuable testimony:

"It will be perceived by those who may read these hymns, that though there is an interval between the first and the last of near sixty years, both speak of the same great truths, and in the same way. In the course of that long period, the author has seen much and heard much; but nothing that he has seen or heard has made the least change in his mind, that he is conscious of, as to the grand truths of the Gospel. What pacified the conscience then does so now. What gave hope then does so now. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'"

As a hymn-writer, Kelly was most successful. As a rule his characteristic strength appears in hymns of Praise and in metres not generally adopted by the older hymn-writers. He preached the Gospel of "Him who died upon the cross" for more than three score years to the favored people who enjoyed his ministry, but his sermons are fading from the memory of his few survivors who heard them, while a vast and ever increasing multitude have joined with heart and voice in singing the rousing exhortations and notes of praise contained in his hymns. When at last the crowning time came for him, the glorious sight revealed to him as he wrote his most beautiful hymn, beginning:

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,"

was changed from a vision of faith to a glorious reality as the coronation scene described in the closing verse of this hymn broke upon his enraptured soul:

Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords.
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Some of Kelly's hymns have been justly ranked among the first in the English language. These, and several others that are worthy of the highest praise, are indicated by their first lines, as follows:—

“The head that once was crowned with thorns;”
“Come, see the place where Jesus lay;”
“On the mountain's top appearing;”
“We sing the praise of Him who died;”
“Through the day thy love has spared us;”
“Hark! ten thousand harps and voices;”
“Sing of Jesus, sing forever;”
“Zion stands with hills surrounded;”
“We've no abiding city here.”



JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER VII.

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

Praise Him Ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord,
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing:
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stewart Blackie.

James Montgomery (1771-1854).



AMES Montgomery, son of John Montgomery, a Moravian minister, was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Nov. 4, 1771. The Moravians at this time believed God called them to plant missions in the parts of the world where white men could not expect their lives would long be spared—missions to which in all probability, they would become martyrs. John Montgomery and his wife heard the call, and leaving their sons, James and Robert, at a Moravian school in Yorkshire, they went as missionaries to the West Indies. They soon found the martyrdom they were prepared to meet, and they sleep in unmarked graves in their chosen field of labor; but they did not trust their sons to Providence in vain.

Secular poetry and fiction were banned at the Fulneck Seminary, but James, nevertheless, found means of borrowing and reading a good deal of poetry. While still a boy he began to write poetry, and planned two epics in the Miltonic mode. The Brethren, not satisfied with his diligence as a scholar, apprenticed him to a baker. He ran away from the shop and got a situation in a store at Wath, near Rotherham, only to find it quite as unsuitable to his tastes as his former position. A journey to London, with the hope of finding a publisher for his youthful poems ended in failure, and in 1792 he was glad to join Mr. Gales, an auctioneer, bookseller and printer of the "Sheffield Register," as his

assistant. In 1794 Mr. Gales left England to avoid a political prosecution, and Montgomery, becoming editor and proprietor of the paper, changed its name to the "Sheffield Iris," and continued to edit it for thirty-one years. Writing in days when party spirit ran high, he was twice imprisoned—once for reprinting a song in commemoration of the Fall of the Bastille, and again for giving an account of a riot in Sheffield. The editing of his paper, the composition and publication of his poems and hymns, the delivering of lectures on poetry in Sheffield and London, and the earnest advocacy of Foreign Missions and the Bible Society in many parts of the country gave great variety to his life, and ample opportunities for the exercise of his gifted and consecrated powers. As a poet, Montgomery stands well to the front, and as a writer of hymns he ranks in popularity with Watts, Doddridge, Newton and Cowper. In the large number of his hymns that have passed into use and favor there is found a unity of thought, a clearness of utterance, a purity of style, a healthiness of religious tone, ranking them amongst the choicest treasures of the Church's song. He seemed conscious that his real success had been as a hymnist rather than a poet, and when asked once, "Which of your poems will live?" he replied, "None, sir, nothing except perhaps a few of my hymns."

In the later years of his long and useful life he devoted much of his time to the promotion of religious and philanthropic movements. At the age of eighty-two, when the gates of the heavenly City seemed very near, with calm expectancy he could sing:

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

He died in his sleep, at the Mount, Sheffield, April 20, 1854, and was honored with a public funeral. When he was borne to his grave a great city silenced its business, and the titled and the poor alike filled the streets with uncovered heads. The following stanzas of his hymn, "On the Death of an Aged Minister," who died suddenly of old age, describe with equal aptness his own falling asleep, and his entrance through the gates into the City:

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
 He fell,—but felt no fear.

His spirit, with a bound,
 Left its encumb'ring clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

Of Montgomery's 400 hymns (including his versions of the Psalms) a large number are still in common use. The spirit of his martyred parents rings with trumpet tones in his grand missionary hymns:

Hark! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar;
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore

Hail to the Lord's anointed!
 Great David's greater Son;

Daughter of Zion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head;

and

“O Spirit of the living God.”

The familiar hymn:—

“Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
 Uttered or unexpressed,”

is an expanded definition of prayer of great beauty, and is considered the most popular of all Montgomery's hymns. The author said he received more expressions of appreciation of this hymn than of any other he ever wrote. Many others in the long list of his hymns find their best testimonials in the comfort, courage, joy and renewed consecration they have inspired in the souls of millions, who, in the house of God have listened to his animating call:—

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart and soul and voice;

or to the gracious words of his more tender, sympathetic or pathetic hymns.

Among his choicest hymns are the following:

"O where shall rest be found;"
 "According to thy gracious word;"
 "When on Sinai's top I see;"
 "People of the living God;"
 "Sow in the morn thy seed;"
 "Angels from the realms of glory;"
 "Friend after friend departs"
 "Who are these in bright array?"

The hymn beginning:

"Forever with the Lord!
 Amen, so let it be!"

was a great favorite in Yorkshire, the county where it was written, being frequently quoted by dying Christians. At one of the sessions of the Methodist Conference at Leeds, England, this hymn was given out and sung, and such a depth of spiritual power fell upon the assembly during the singing of it that the Rev. James Everett, then past eighty years of age, fell prostrate in devout adoration. The audience, well knowing the long and affectionate friendship which had existed between the venerable man and the deceased but still revered poet, was powerfully moved by the touching spectacle.

Miss Harriet Auber (1773-1862).

Harriet Auber, daughter of James Auber, rector of Tring, was born in London, Oct. 4, 1773. During the greater part of her quiet and secluded life she resided at Broxburne and Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, and died at the latter place on the 20th of January, 1862, aged 89. During her long and useful life she wrote much poetry, only a part of which was ever published. She was editor of "The Spirit of the Psalms," a metrical version of the Psalter, in which the deservedly popular hymn beginning:

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell,

with others of hers, is found. This is one of the most beautiful hymns on "The Comforter" in the language. It has been translated into many languages, and is in use in all English speaking countries. Among Miss Auber's other hymns that have been in common use are the following:—

"Vainly thro' night's weary hours;"
 "With joy we hail the sacred day;"
 "Sweet is the work, O Lord;"
 "Hail, all hail the joyful morn!"

Rev. John Cawood, M. A. (1775-1852).

John Cawood was born at Mallock, Derbyshire, England, March 18, 1775. He graduated at Oxford in 1801. In 1814 he became "perpetual curate" in Bewdley, Worcestershire, remaining there until his death, November 7, 1852. Of his hymns about twenty have found place in various hymnals. The burden of his preaching and teaching during the thirty-eight years of his long ministry may be conjectured from the notes of praise, earnest appeals and the missionary spirit so beautifully expressed in his hymn, beginning:

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise;

and an abundant fruitage of his labors was doubtless realized in answer to the prayer of his hymn, beginning:

Almighty God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
O may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

Rt. Rev. Richard Mant, M. A., D. D. (1776-1848).

Richard Mant, the son of a clergyman of the English Church, was born at Southampton, England, in 1776. He graduated at Oxford in 1801; entered the ministry of the English Church in 1810, and in 1820 was consecrated Bishop of Killala, Ireland. He died in 1848. He was the author of numerous prose works and many hymns, also "The Book of Psalms in an English Metrical Version." His most popular hymns in common use are the one beginning in some hymnals with—

"Round the Lord in glory seated;"

and in others with the following verse:—

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

his hymn:—

"For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live;"

and his Litany,

"Son of God, to Thee I cry;"

which is a fine example of that class of composition.

Thomas Moore (1779--1852).

Thomas Moore, the noted Irish poet, was born in Dublin in 1779; graduated at Trinity college in his native city in 1798, and the following year began the study of law in London. From 1800 until his death in 1852 he published many works in prose and poetry. His sacred songs were published in 1816, and again in his "Collected Works," in 1866. They numbered thirty-two in all, and were written to popular airs of various nations. He was a musician as well as a poet, and often sang his own songs to the delight of the social circles among the great and noble, where he was ever a welcome and favored visitor. In literary and intellectual qualifications he was singularly and richly fitted for hymnic composition. He was deeply poetic; he had a wonderful command of rhythm, and the music of his verse is charming. His hymns are among the sweetest, tenderest and most admired in our hymnals, but his life was not in tune with his hymns. If to their perfect mechanism he could have added the spiritual fervor which alone can move the soul to worship and praise, he might have been one of the greatest of sacred writers. He had not learned the secret which might have made him pre-eminent as a hymn writer. However, a few of his hymns are so excellent in all respects that they could not be spared from our collections. They have the ring of the true coin, and seem to bear the distinctive mark of sincerity.

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see,"

with its exquisite poetry;

O Thou who dri'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not turn to Thee!

said to be "one of the sweetest, tenderest, most touching hymns ever written," and

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:"

with its closing invitation—

"Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove;"

will long hold their place as favorites.

Reginald Heber, D. D. (1783–1826).

Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, England, April 21, 1783; educated at Oxford, where he early took the prize for both Latin and English poems; ordained in 1807 and became vicar of Hodnet: was appointed Missionary Bishop of Calcutta in 1823, and died at Trichinopoly, India, April 3, 1826.

The gift of versification showed itself in Heber's childhood; and his prize poem entitled "Palestine" is one of the few poems that have won a permanent place in poetical literature. His sixteen years at Hodnet were marked not only by his devoted care of his people, as a parish priest, but by literary work. He was greatly beloved—"kneeling often at sick-beds at the risk of his life; where there was strife, the peace-maker; where there was want, the free giver." He was one of the most lovable of men—making friends easily—losing them only by death. Thackeray, in his "Four Georges," names Heber as type of the good divine. Scott, Milman, Gifford, Southey, and others, in the world of letters were his friends, endeared to him by his Christian graces, as well as his learning and culture. When he was forty years old, the literary life was closed by his appointment to the bishopric of Calcutta, with all India, Ceylon and Australia as diocese. No memory of Indian annals is holier than that of the three years of ceaseless travel, splendid administration, and saintly enthusiasm of his tenure of the see of Calcutta. He ordained the first Christian native—Christian David. At his last service, just before his death, he confirmed forty-two persons. On his return from this service he retired to his own room, where a cold bath was destined to be the agent of his sudden removal to Paradise.

Heber did much to encourage the free use of hymns in the Church of England. Before his time the Methodists and Independents had almost a monopoly of hymn singing. The lyric spirit of Scott and Byron is found in Heber's verse, imparting a fuller rhythm to the older measures, and aiming at consistent grace of literary expression. As pure and graceful devotional poetry, always true and reverent, they are unsurpassed. The greatest evidence of Heber's popularity as a hymn writer is found in the fact that all of his hymns are in actual use in Great Britain and America.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"

is one of the noblest and most majestic odes ever addressed to the Divine

Being. It is said that Tennyson considered this hymn one of the finest ever written. The touching funeral hymn:—

“Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,”
was composed after the death of his first child, a loss which he keenly felt.

“Hosanna to the living Lord,”

is a most stirring hymn, inspired by Heber’s own martyr-spirit.

“The Son of God goes forth to war,”

is a glorious burst of praise. But the one hymn which would have given Heber a deathless name, if he had written no other, is his unequalled missionary hymn:

“From Greenland’s icy mountains.”

This hymn was first sung on Whitsunday, 1819. It was composed at Wrexham at the request of Heber’s father-in-law, Dean of St. Asaph’s. Heber was to give a lecture on the Sunday evening, but the Dean was to preach at the missionary service to be held in the morning, in aid of the “Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.” On the Saturday, being asked by his father-in-law to “write something for them to sing in the morning,” he went to another part of the room and set to work. In a short time the Dean enquired, “What have you written?” Heber, having then composed the first three verses, read them over. “There, there; that will do very well,” said the Dean. “No, no; the sense is not complete,” replied Heber, and sitting down again, he added the fourth verse, “Waft, waft, ye winds, His story.” This completed the hymn which has since become so celebrated. Only one correction appears in the manuscript, that of the word “savage” to “heathen.”

Heber gladly heard the call from “India’s coral strand,” when it came to him, and a noble company, in response to his clarion call to the Church,

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth’s remotest nation
Has learned Messiah’s name,

have been led to “follow in his train.”

Among Heber’s other well-known hymns are the following:

“Brightest and best of the sons of the morning;”
“Lord of mercy and of might!”
“By cool Siloam’s shady rill;”
“Bread of the world, in mercy broken;”
“When thro’ the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming.”

Bernard Barton (1784-1849).

Bernard Barton was an English poet belonging to the unsinging body of the Society of Friends. He was a Quaker of a very catholic spirit, and a prolific writer of verse. Several of his hymns have been in common use, the best known being:

Lamp of our feet whereby we trace
 Our path, when wont to stray;
 Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace,
 Brook by the traveller's way;

and

Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love
 His spirit only can bestow
 Who reigns in light above.

Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838).

Robert Grant was born in India in 1785. His father, a pious Scotchman, was a leading officer in the East India Company. He graduated at Cambridge in 1804; was admitted to the bar in 1807, and filled various public official positions; was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1834, a post which he held until his death. He died in India in 1838. He is the author of twelve hymns, which his brother, Lord Glenelg, published after his death. From this small collection, three have deservedly acquired great popularity. Perhaps the finest is the jubilant hymn of praise, beginning:

O worship the King,
 All glorious above;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and his love.

His hymn:

“Saviour, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee;”

is one of the finest hymns in the litany style in our language. The beautiful and pathetic hymn, beginning:

When gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who not in vain
 Experienced every human pain;

is a brief summary of his own religious experience in times of temptation and trial, which has given renewed strength and fortitude to very many, who, in like circumstances of stress and trial have been comforted with the comfort wherewith he was comforted. The wish expressed in the last verse of this hymn was doubtless more than realized when he beheld the "realms of cloudless day."

And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last:
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

CHAPTER VIII.

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

Speak, lips of mine,
And tell abroad
The praises of thy God.
Speak, stammering tongue,
In gladdest tone,
Make His high praises known.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Henry Kirk White (1785-1806).



HENRY Kirk White was born of poor but intelligent parents at Nottingham, England, in 1785. He early gave evidence of literary ability, and it is said that "at the age of fifteen he delivered an extempore lecture on genius to the Literary Society of Nottingham, speaking brilliantly for two hours and three quarters!" His first situation was in a stocking factory, but he escaped from this uncongenial servitude as soon as he could and began the study of law. He worked hard at law, but found time to study Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and some of the sciences as well. Through the influence of Henry Martyn and Charles Simeon he obtained a sizarship at Cambridge University. He was at one time a skeptic, but through the arguments and appeals of a faithful friend he became a devout Christian, and designed entering the ministry; but this purpose, as well as his literary work, was cut short by his untimely death in 1806, at the age of twenty-one, while he was yet at the University. His death is said to have been caused by his excessive devotion to mathematical study. The few poems which he left were of the highest order of merit, and gave promise of a brilliant career. He is best known as a hymn-writer by a fragment which was found on the back of his mathematical papers. This fragment was completed—quite in the spirit of the original—by Frances Fuller Maitland, who at that time was only fourteen years of age. Following is the first verse of this hymn:

Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go;
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.

The familiar hymn:

“When marshaled on the nightly plain;”

was written to commemorate his conversion;

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).

Charlotte Elliott, daughter of Charles Elliott, and granddaughter of Rev. Henry Venn, author of “The Complete Duty of Man,” and the beloved and talented co-laborer with Whitefield and the Wesleys, was born at Brighton, England, in 1789, and was reared among refined, Christian surroundings. She was well educated, and at quite an early age developed a passion for music and art. The first thirty-two years of her life were spent mostly in Clapham. In 1823 she removed to Brighton, and died there in 1871, at the age of eighty-two. From her thirty-second year until her death she was a confirmed invalid, and oftentimes a great sufferer, but she had a strong will and a strong faith, which enabled her, in spite of bodily weakness, to do a great deal of work. To her acquaintance with Dr. Ceasar Malan, the great Genevan Evangelist, with whom she corresponded for forty years, is attributed much of the deep spiritual-mindedness which is so prominent in her hymns. Though weak and feeble in body she possessed a strong imagination and a well-cultured mind. She was “a lover of nature, a lover of souls, a lover of Christ.”

The love of Christ which burned so brightly in her soul, she was privileged to kindle in many others by her beautiful hymns.

She was one of the sweetest and most popular of lady hymnists. Her hymns number about 150, a large percentage of which are in common use. Her friend, Miss Havergal, said of her. “It is an honor from God to have had it given her to write what she has written.”

Most of her hymns were written for those in sorrow or sickness, but no one ever knew at what cost they were written. The effort and struggle by which her work was done is evident from such words as these: “My heavenly Father knows, and He alone, what it is, day after day, hour after hour, to fight against bodily feelings of almost overpowering weakness and languor and exhaustion, to resolve, as He enables me to do, not to yield to the slothfulness, the depression, the irritability such a body causes me to long to indulge, but to rise every morning determined on



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

taking this for my motto: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me.' "

Having by such an experience been tried and tempted in all points like unto those for whom she wrote, she was prepared to write with such tenderness of feeling, plaintive simplicity, and deep devotion, that a great and ever increasing multitude have been comforted in all their affliction, and led in their hearts to say, "O Lamb of God, I come, I come!" by her hymns.

The most widely known of all her hymns is:

"Just as I am, without one plea."

More than a thousand letters, it is said, were found in her repositories after her death, giving thanks for light and blessing received from "Just as I am." The Rev. H. V. Elliott, brother of the authoress, said, with reference to this hymn: "In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel that far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's."

The following is but one of a large number of pathetic incidents indicating the value of this hymn in reaching the hearts of both sinners and believers:

A poor little boy once came to a New York city missionary, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing the precious hymn:

"Just as I am—without one plea."

He looked down with deep interest into the face so earnestly upturned towards him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died, and she used to sing it all the time she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

Miss Elliott's hymn, beginning:

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done!

is a transcript of her own experience, and is considered the best of her hymns, giving the fruit of her own prolonged affliction for the consolation of other sufferers.

Very beautiful and helpful is the hymn beginning:

Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

There are other hymns by Miss Elliott far less known, but showing the same high qualities. Amongst these are:—

“O holy Saviour, Friend unseen;”
“My God, is any hour so sweet;”
“Ever patient, gentle, meek;”
“O Thou, the contrite sinner’s friend;”
“Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.”

Josiah Conder (1789–1855).

Josiah Conder was the son of Thomas Conder, a London Bookseller.

At the early age of twenty-one we find him, conjointly with several other aspirants for literary fame, issuing a volume of poetry called “The Associate Minstrels.” In 1814 he obtained control of the “Eclectic Review,” and from this time on he devoted all his time to literature and journalism. He was a man of great literary ability and untiring industry. His largest work was the “Modern Traveller,” in thirty volumes—a marvellous achievement, considering that the author had never left his native shores. As a hymn-writer and editor of the hymns of other writers, Mr. Conder did a great deal to raise the standard of taste in hymnody. His “Congregational Hymn Book,” published in 1836, obtained a widespread popularity which lasted for many years. To it he contributed fifty-six hymns from his own pen. He had the mastery of a considerable variety of style, and the general level of his hymns is high. His hymns and his numerous other works show him to have been a devout and pious believer. One of his most jubilant hymns is the familiar one beginning:

The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

The beautiful hymn:—

“Day by day the manna fell,”

expresses his trustful confidence in God in his embarrassing pecuniary struggles as an author.

Among his other excellent hymns in common use are:—

“How shall I follow Him I serve?”
 “Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;”
 “O holy, holy, holy Lord.”

James Edmeston (1791-1867).

James Edmeston, a London architect, was a very large and worthy contributor to hymnody. He was the son of an independent minister, and was born in London in 1791. He was the author of two thousand hymns, many of which were written for the young. The best of his hymns were collected in a volume and published in 1847. The most popular is:

“Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,”

which is everywhere accepted as one of the best evening hymns in the English language. It was written after reading “Salte’s Travels in Abyssinia,” in which the following passage occurs: “At night, their short Evening Hymn, ‘Jesus forgive us,’ stole through the camp.”

Another of great merit, though not quite so familiar, expressing the author’s faith in the loving care and guidance of the heavenly Father, is the hymn beginning:

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O’er the world’s tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

Among his other excellent hymns in common use are the following:—

“As oft with worn and weary feet;”
 “Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free;”
 “Roll on, thou mighty ocean.”

After a long, most industrious and useful life, Edmeston died in 1867, having been sustained in life and in death by the faith and assurance expressed in a stanza of one of his hymns:—

In life, Thy promises of aid
 Forbid my heart to be afraid;
 In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
 Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D. D. (1791-1868).

Henry Hart Milman, the learned and accomplished Dean of St. Paul’s, was, like Edmeston, a large contributor to literature. He was

born in London in 1791. His father, Francis Milman, was physician to George III, and created Baronet by that king.

While a student at Oxford he won the "Newdigate prize," for English verse, by a poem on the "Apollo Belvidere," which was, according to Dean Stanley, "the most perfect of Oxford prize poems." Subsequently he wrote several dramatic pieces which were very popular in their day, but his historical works held a much higher place, and exerted a deep and lasting influence upon the thought of the Church. He was Professor of Poetry in the University at Oxford from 1821 to 1831. His "Fall of Jerusalem" is one of his noted poems. But he is known by a far wider circle, at the present time, by his hymns than by his histories, or religious dramas. His hymns are chiefly in the litany form, and possess a degree of grandeur and pathos which makes them very impressive.

During the many years spent in London—fourteen as rector of St. Margaret's, and from 1849 as Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral—Milman was much sought after for his social charm, admired for his learning and genius, and revered for his lofty Christian character; but his life was one of incessant toil, and it had its sorrows, also, three of his children lying in one grave in the north aisle of the Abbey. He survived in the full vigor of his mental powers until September 24, 1868, and was buried in the crypt of his vast cathedral.

Of all Milman's contributions to hymnody, probably the best known and best loved is his litany, based on Christ's miracle at Nain, opening with the stanza:

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary hear!

"Ride on, ride on in majesty,"

is a striking rendering of the story of our Lord's entry into the beloved but doomed city of Jerusalem.

Ranking with the two already mentioned in excellence is his deeply devotional hymn, beginning:

O help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

His hymn for the "Second Sunday in Advent," beginning:

“The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,”

is a vivid conception of the terrors and the glories of “The Last Day.”

His hymn on the crucifixion:—

“Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?”

rivals Charles Wesley’s on the same subject.

Rev. John Keble, M. A. (1792-1866).

John Keble, author of the “Christian Year,” was the son of a clergyman of the same name belonging to the Church of England, and was born at Fairford, England, in 1792. He was prepared for college by his father, and was graduated from Oxford, while only eighteen, with double first-class honors, then counted a rare distinction. Among his earliest friends were Arnold of Rugby, Lord Coleridge, Pusey and Newman. He was so shy and unassuming that Cardinal Newman wrote of him, he was “more like an undergraduate than first man in Oxford.”

He was ordained to the full ministry in 1816, and took a country curacy in addition to his college duties as tutor and examiner.

In 1831 he was elected Professor of Poetry, his lectures being delivered in Latin, as was the custom at that time.

His mother’s death in 1823 brought him home to Fairford, and there, with the exception of a year as curate of Hursley, he stayed as his father’s helper as long as the latter lived. He was offered several appointments in the Church, which he declined, but on the death of his father he accepted the vicarage of Hursley, offered him the second time by an old pupil. Here, in this “ideal village with an ideal vicarage” Keble spent the rest of his life, leading the life of a retired scholar and a faithful country pastor.

In 1827 he published his well-known volume, “The Christian Year,” ninety-six editions of which appeared before his death. This book is a volume of refined and lofty verse designed as a poetical companion to the English Prayer Book.

Keble’s other poetical works include “Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, Their Ways and Their Privileges;” and also a complete metrical version of the Psalms. His works reflect in a remarkable degree the surroundings of the writer. Whether at home or at college, Keble had never come in contact with anything coarse, and as

might be expected from such a career, exquisitely delicate and refined thoughts, expressed in the most delicate and refined language, are characteristic of all his writings.

Tender-hearted, gentle, and even playful in manner, Keble was none the less firm and decided in holding and advocating extreme High Church views. He gave himself very earnestly to forwarding the "Tractarian Movement of 1833," and wrote eight of the "Tracts for the Times." But, unlike his friend Newman, he saw his way clear to remain in the Church of England. Not the greatest of his own personal troubles dealt to him so severe a blow as the secession of his friend, J. H. Newman, to the Church of Rome.

Keble wrote and edited a good deal, but undoubtedly the work associated with his name is the "Christian Year." The success of this book was immediate and extraordinary. It is not a continuous poem, but a series of poems, one for each of the days and occasions for which services are provided in the Book of Common Prayer. These poems were not intended for singing, but for devotional reading, and yet a large number of hymns have been taken from them.

Keble's character, in his childlikeness, and purity, its devotional fervor and spirit of consecration, was in full and sweet accord with his poems. He lived as he sang, and his hymns are "brilliant that need no setting."

On March 29, 1866, Keble entered upon the realization of his own prophetic verse:—

Till death the weary spirit free,
Thy God hath said 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith, and not by sight:
Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
In the full sunshine of His smile.

His evening Hymn:

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,"

is known, not to thousands, but to millions, and the music of its verse is familiar throughout the English-speaking world.

His Morning Hymn, which in some hymnals begins with:

"O timely happy, timely wise,"

and in others with:

"New every morning is the love,"

is, perhaps, equal in merit, but is not nearly so widely known as his Evening Hymn. One lover of this hymn has said, the sixth verse is the kernel of it:—

The trivial round, the common task;
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

In his fine hymn on the book of Nature, there is a beautiful interweaving of Nature and grace, the visible and invisible. The first verse follows:

There is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

Among Keble's other hymns in common use are the following:

“Blest are the pure in heart;”
“God the Lord a King remaineth;”
“When God of old came down from heav'n;”
“The voice that breathed o'er Eden.”

Sir John Bowring, L. L. D. (1792–1872).

Sir John Bowring, a distinguished English statesman, foreign minister, and literary man, was born at Exeter, England, in 1792. He was a precocious youth, and possessed a remarkable genius in the acquisition of language. He made translations from no less than thirteen modern languages, mostly in poetry. He was elected to Parliament, appointed consul at Canton, made governor at Hong-Kong, and received the honor of knighthood. His original poetry was chiefly religious. His lyrics are charming, and his hymns are much admired. He was a Unitarian in faith, but in feeling, if not in doctrine, more allied to the Evangelical school. Though some of his poetry was distinctively Unitarian, several of his hymns are in common use by other denominations. Of these, the best known and most used in his noble hymn:

“In the cross of Christ I glory.”

He died in 1872, at the age of eighty, and the first line of this hymn was inscribed upon his tombstone.

“Watchman, tell us of the night,”

is one of the most popular of missionary hymns.

Among Bowring's other delightful hymns are the following:

“God is love, his mercy brightens;”
 “How sweetly flowed the gospel sound;”
 “Lead us with thy gentle sway.”

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835).

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, the poetess, was born in Liverpool, England, in 1793. She was a beautiful and gifted authoress, the friend of Wordsworth, Scott and Heber. Her life was one of untiring literary industry. She excelled as much in her linguistic skill as in her poetical productions. Being overcharged with cares and privations, her life was not a happy one, and a tone of sadness pervades most of her work. She ranks high among the lyric poets, but she did not write many hymns.

“He knelt: the Saviour knelt and prayed,”

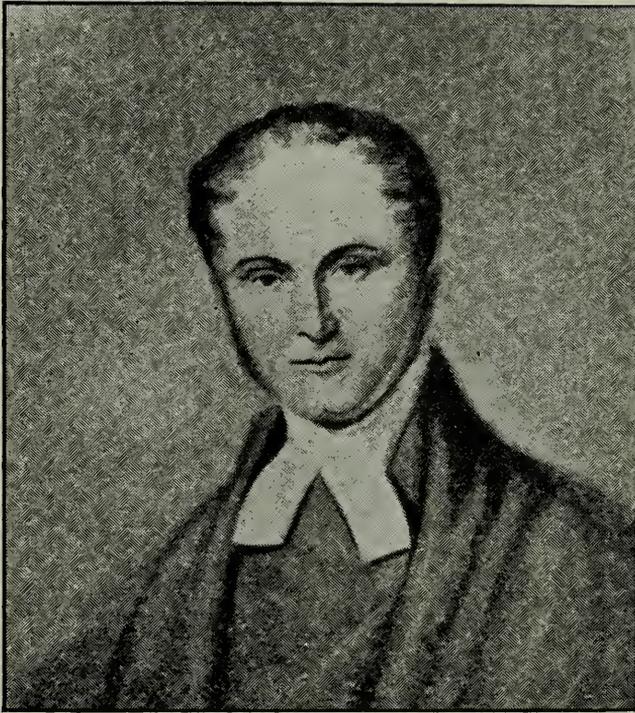
and

“Lowly and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to Thee,”

are among the finest hymns of their order in the English language. Mrs. Hemans passed away in 1835, and her memorial in St. Ann's Church in Dublin has inscribed over her mortal remains these fitting stanzas from her own pen:—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to thy narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to thy place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

CHAPTER IX.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

'Tis the old sorrow still, the brier and the thorn,
And 'tis the same old solace yet, the hope of coming morn.

HORATIUS BONANR.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, M. A. (1793-1847).



HENRY Francis Lyte was born June 1st, 1793, near Kelso, Scotland, but was the son of a captain in the English army. Both parents died while he was a child, and he had to struggle hard for the benefit of a liberal education. He graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1814, having distinguished himself by gaining three prizes for English poems. He began to study medicine, but in 1815 was ordained to the ministry in the Church of England. His first charge was in "a dreary Irish curacy" within seven miles from the town of Wexford. In 1817 he removed to Marazion, in Cornwall. There, in 1818, he underwent a great spiritual change, which shaped and influenced the whole of his after life, the immediate cause being the illness and death of a brother clergyman. From this time on he was a thoroughly evangelical and earnest minister. In 1823 he was appointed perpetual curate of Lower Brixham, a fishing village on the Devonshire coast. Here, for twenty-four years, though far from robust, he labored devotedly as a minister of Christ, winning the deep love and reverence of his simple flock; here, too, he "made hymns for his little ones, and hymns for his hardy fishermen, and hymns for sufferers like himself." His arduous and self denying labors had superinduced consumption, and his strength gradually failed. The climate of Italy was several times tried, and his life prolonged for a little while. But the end must come.

The autumn of 1847 was approaching, and he must needs take his last journey to the genial south. Before he went he wished once more

to preach to his people. His family tried to dissuade him, but he gently replied, "It is better to wear out than to rust out." He preached on the Holy Communion, "amid the breathless attention of his hearers," and assisted at the celebration of the Sacrament. He then retired with his soul in sweet repose on that Christ whom he had preached with his dying breath. As the evening drew on he handed to a near and dear relative those undying verses with his own adapted music for the hymn—

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!"

The hymn, though not its accompanying music, has enshrined itself in the tenderest affections of the Church at large. It has been called his "Swan Song," for the reason that it seemed to be God's answer to the prayer expressed in the closing stanza of one of his poems:—

O Thou! whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply;
And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die.

The author of this deathless song lived to reach Nice, and there, on November 20, 1847, his spirit entered into rest. A simple marble cross in the English cemetery at Nice fitly marks the last resting-place of one whose highest honor and desire in active life had been to exalt "the Cross; who meekly bore the Cross through years of suffering, and who, trusting in the merits of his Blessed Saviour's Cross and Passion alone, calmly resigned his mortal life, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious immortality."

Lyte's position as a hymn-writer is a very high one.

"Jesus, I my Cross have taken,"

has been in the past even more used than "Abide with me." Among his other beautiful hymns in common use are the following:

"Sing to the Lord our might;"
"Praise the Lord, His glories show;"
"There is a safe and secret place;"
"Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;"
"Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits."

The following item is from the *Congregationalist*, July 16, 1904: The Devonshire fishermen, loyal to the memory of Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, who labored so long and lovingly among them, have given from

their scanty earnings about \$35,000 to build a church at Brixham. The \$10,000 needed to complete the work have been promised by the society set of London, who are glad to join with the simple fishermen in honoring the author of

“Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.”

Matthew Bridges (1800–1847).

Matthew Bridges was born in Essex, and educated in the Church of England, but subsequently (1846) like John Henry Newman, and Frederick William Faber, he conformed to the Church of Rome. He possessed a great lyrical gift, and wrote many hymns for the Church of his adoption which are said to be “spiritual and beautiful,” but on account of their Roman Catholic and ritualistic characteristics, but few of his hymns are suitable for Protestant hymnals. He is the author of “Hymns of the Heart,” and “The Passion of Jesus.” From these two works his hymns in common use are taken. Following is the first stanza of one of his most popular hymns:

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Equally fine is his well-known hymn of faith and consecration, of which the first and last stanzas follow:

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Cardinal John Henry Newman (1801–1894).

John Henry Newman, the eldest son of John Newman, an English banker, was born February 21st, 1801. He was graduated from Trinity College in 1820; remaining there, first as a fellow, and then as a tutor, of Oriel. In 1824 he was ordained, and in 1828 was appointed vicar of

St. Mary's Church, at Oxford. Then he began to preach those sermons which exercised such an extraordinary influence over the young men of the University, and are thought by many the greatest of the century. There is evidence that in his early days he was strongly anti-Roman, but his opinions were gradually changed under those High Church influences, which had their beginnings in Keble's "Christian Year," and the marked influence of his friend and fellow tutor, Hurrell Froude. As time went on, from being follower, he became leader in what is known as the "Oxford Movement" and initiated the famous series, culminating in Tract XC, which did so much to leaven the Church of England with High Church doctrine. He was the intellectual leader in the Movement, as Pusey was the spiritual, and Keble the poetical leader, but in the end he went farther than his partners in the movement were prepared to go, and in 1845 he seceded to the Church of Rome. In 1879 he was created a Cardinal, and thus received the highest dignity it is in the power of the Pope to bestow.

His ministry in the Church of England lasted for twenty-one years, during fifteen of which he was vicar of St. Mary's and the central figure of Oxford. His preaching made a profound impression on the men of his time, partly on account of his fascinating style, but chiefly because of his moral and spiritual intensity. His prose works are numerous, "Parochial Sermons," especially, having been very popular. But he is known by a far larger circle by his hymn—

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

This hymn, which is one of the most popular in the English language, was written twelve years before Newman went into the Church of Rome; but the leaven that wrought the change in him was acting, and the condition of the Established Church at that time seemed to him so deplorable, that he felt there was need of a second Reformation. His humble prayer for light and guidance "amid the encircling gloom" touches the heart, and expresses, more or less, the experience of many souls. Fervent Catholics, and Protestants of all denominations, have learned to love this hymn, which "contains piety and poetry in the highest proportion." When the Parliament of Religions met at Chicago, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing "Lead, kindly Light."

The hymn was written when the author was "far from home," becalmed on the still waters of the Mediterranean Sea, on his way back to England after his first visit to Italy. During this journey he was laid up by illness for nearly three weeks. Having reached Palermo, he says, in his own account of it: "I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo three weeks. I began to visit the Churches and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. . . . At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, kindly Light,' which have since become well known." In reply to a friend, who had ventured to say: "It must be a great pleasure to you to know that you have written a hymn treasured wherever English-speaking Christians are found," Newman said, "Yes, deeply thankful, and more than thankful;" then after a pause, "But you see it is not the hymn but the tune (*Lux Benigna*) that has gained the popularity. The tune is by Dykes, and Dykes was a great master."

Another hymn of great force and beauty from Newman's pen, taken from his greatest poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," begins with the stanza:—

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways!

Dr. Newman translated a number of hymns from the Latin Breviary, and they are models of what translations should be. His collection of poems, published in 1868 under the modest title—"Verses on Various Occasions," is said by Horder to be "one of the most beautiful and suggestive volumes of religious poetry in the language."

The strange career of this wonderfully gifted man was closed by his death in 1890, at the age of eighty-nine. Besides the two hymns already mentioned, several translations from the Latin by Newman are in common use in our hymnals.

Rev. John Hampden Gurney, M. A. (1802–1862).

John Hampden Gurney was for some time curate of Lutterworth, Wycliff's parish, and afterwards rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. A tablet in St. Mary's bears the following tribute to his memory:—

“A man of great gifts. Eloquent in speech and writing, fearless, large-hearted, open-handed. He bore a noble and consistent testimony not ending with death to the reality of things unseen and to the power of a disinterested devotion to the cause of God and man.”

While in Lutterworth, Mr. Gurney prepared a collection of hymns to which he contributed several which are in common use, and are deservedly popular. His fine hymn, from which we quote the first and last two stanzas, is included in a large number of collections:

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done.

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

The hymn of which the first stanza follows, is a striking example of Mr. Gurney's skill in adapting the compositions of previous hymnists:

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou son of God.

His National hymn—

“Great King of nations, hear our prayer,”

is a fine hymn for use in times of trouble or peril.

James George Deck (1802–1883).

James George Deck was educated for the army, and became an officer in the Indian service. Retiring from the army, and having joined the Plymouth Brethren, he undertook in 1843 the charge of a congregation of that body at Wellington, Somerset, England. In 1852 he went abroad and settled in New Zealand. His hymns are marked by great earnestness, directness of aim, and simplicity of language. Although mainly on the Second Advent, there are several on other subjects of more than average merit. He is the author of the familiar hymn:

Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

Very tender and expressive of his own deep love, and adoration, is the hymn from which the following stanzas are quoted:

Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above.

Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848).

Sarah Flower Adams was born at Harlow, in Essex, England, on February 22nd, 1805. Her father was Benjamin Flower, an English author and editor of "The Cambridge Intelligencer," an influential weekly of radical principles. Accused of libelling the Bishop of Llandaff, whose political conduct he had censured, he was sentenced to six months imprisonment in Newgate with a fine of £100. He was visited in prison by Miss Eliza Gould, who was able to sympathize with him on account of her own liberal principles, and shortly after his release he married her. Mrs. Flower died in 1810, when her daughter, Sarah, was but five years of age. Her older daughter, Eliza, was a skillful musician, with a remarkable gift for musical composition, and the two daughters, in later years, attracted to their Dalston home many friends who afterward became distinguished. Sarah Flower was a friend and correspondent of Robert Browning, who referred to her as "a very remarkable person," and Leigh Hunt called her "rare mistress of thought and tears." She seems to have made a deep impression upon the minds of those who knew her, by her personal charm, and her purity and highmindedness. In 1834 she was married to William Bridges Adams, a man of scientific and literary attainments.

Mrs. Adams had a considerable literary gift. She also had the dramatic instinct, and her most ambitious literary effort was "Vivia Perpetua," a dramatic poem of great beauty and intense feeling. She had, moreover, a real gift for lyrical poetry, and is chiefly remembered as the author of

"Nearer, My God to Thee."

This hymn was one of thirteen original hymns contributed by Mrs. Adams to a collection entitled "Hymns and Anthems," published in 1841 for the use of the Unitarian church of which Mrs. Adams was a member. Like most of Mrs. Adams' hymns it was set to music by her sister. It was not long in finding its way across the ocean, but a number of years passed before it was given a place in any of the orthodox Congregational hymnals. Not until 1856, when Lowell Mason wrote for it the tune of Bethany, did it start on its remarkable career in America as a universally accepted and admired leader among the hymns in use by all denominations. It was the favorite hymn of the Prince of Wales, and it will ever be held sacred by the American people because of its association with the tragic death and the obsequies of President McKinley. The last words of the President were: "'Nearer, my God, to Thee, E'en though it be a cross,' has been my constant prayer." The universal grief in all English-speaking countries, where this hymn was sung in memory of the dead President, was fittingly expressed by this undying hymn.

Eliza Flower died in 1847. Mrs. Adams never recovered from the shock of the separation, and in less than two years she also peacefully fell asleep. "Almost her last breath," it is stated, "passed away in unconscious song." One of Mrs. Adams' most beautiful hymns was sung over her grave. Following are the first and last stanzas of this hymn:

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

O ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath—
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. (1807–1885).

The Duke of Wellington said in 1827 of Dr. Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity College, "I consider him to be the happiest man in the kingdom;" and being asked why, the Duke answered, "Because each of his three sons has this year got a university prize!" Of the three, Christopher, the youngest, was born at Lambeth, England—of which parish his father was then rector—October 30, 1807. His career at Cambridge University was one of extraordinary distinction, and he remained for several years as Fellow of Trinity College and assistant tutor, and in 1836 was chosen Public Orator for the University. In the same year he was elected headmaster of Harrow School. It was a trying position for a young man under thirty, but the fourteen strenuous and anxious years of his mastership there fitted him to enter upon a larger life with new acquirements of tact and forbearance.

In 1844 he was appointed a Canon of Westminster Abbey, and in 1869 Bishop of Lincoln, which office he held for more than fifteen years, resigning it a few months before his death, which took place on March 20, 1885.

He was a nephew of the poet Wordsworth, and one of England's greatest scholars. He was a very voluminous writer, his works including a Commentary on the whole Bible, many volumes of sermons, and an enormous amount of pamphlets, addresses, speeches, letters on almost every subject in which the interests of the church were concerned, and also on subjects connected with classical literature.

From 1850 for nineteen years Canon Wordsworth was pastor of a country charge, which had the striking name of Stanford-in-the-Vale-cum Goosey. In this retired post he passed his time, except when on duty at the Abbey, as an exemplary parish priest, and here he accomplished a vast amount of scholarly work.

Dr. Wordsworth is far less remarkable as a poet than as a hymnist. He seems to have discerned the large place which hymns would fill, and the deep influence they would exert in the Church. This is clear from "The Holy Year," published by him with a view to supply hymns for each and every occasion for which the Prayer Book provided services. Dr. Wordsworth, like the Wesleys, looked upon hymns as a valuable means of stamping permanently upon the memory the great doctrines of the Christian Church. And especially he insisted that the great office

and use of hymns was to set forth plainly and emphatically the teachings of the Scriptures and the Prayer-Book.

By way of carrying out his views in hymnody Bishop Wordsworth prepared "The Holy Year," and published it in 1862. For this book he wrote one hundred and seventeen original hymns, and for a later edition ten more. Many of these hymns are excellent from any point of view, but Keble had already done a similar work for the Church by his "Christian Year"—and Keble was the greater poet. For this reason it cannot be said that the "The Holy Year" in its entirety ever won much favor. When Dr. Wordsworth had a good subject for his verse, his hymns are of the highest order; when a place in the Church Year had to be filled for which no trustworthy information could be found, his verse becomes prosaic simply from lack of material. "He could not make bricks without straw." Where he is free from such trammels, he often rises to a great elevation of style and thought. The familiar hymn,

O Day of Rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright.

was number one in "The Holy Year," appearing under the head of Sunday, and it certainly was a real inspiration. It is now in general use in all the churches, and is considered one of the finest of the many hymns on the Sabbath. The following reminiscence describes the way in which this famous hymn was started on its career of usefulness. A friend of the Bishop writes: "I was with him in the library when he put his arm in mine, saying, 'Come up-stairs with me; the ladies are going to sing a hymn to encourage your labors for God's holy day.' We all then sang from the manuscript this hymn. I was in raptures with it. It was some days before I knew it was written by himself."

His almsgiving hymn beginning:

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

is one of the best hymns we possess on that subject.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

is a lovely lyric paraphrase of I Cor. XIII. A grand outburst of song concerning the great multitude of the redeemed in heaven, is—

“Hark the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea.”

His evening hymn beginning:

“The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:”

is one of great tenderness and beauty. Among his other hymns in common use are:

“Alleluia! Alleluia!”

“Songs of thankfulness and praise;”

“See the Conqueror mounts in triumph;”

“Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord;”

“Father of all, from land and sea.”

CHAPTER X.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise,
All Nature's incense rise.

ALEXANDER POPE.

George Rawson (1807-1889).



GEORGE Rawson was born June 5, 1807, at Leeds, England, in which town he practiced for many years as a solicitor. He was a member of the Congregational body. He gave much of his leisure to the study of Hymnology. In 1853 he assisted the Congregational ministers of Leeds in the compilation of what is commonly known as the "Leeds Hymn Book." In 1877, all the hymns he had then written were collected and published under the title, "Hymns, Verses, and Chants." This collection contained eighty original pieces, exclusive of chants. In 1885 most of these, with additional hymns, were published under the title, "Songs of Spiritual Thought." He is represented by about fifty hymns in the collections of the present day. His hymns are characterized by diversity of style, refinement of thought and delicacy and refinement of language, and many of them are of great excellence.

His beautiful hymn, beginning,

In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
My Saviour, Comfort me.

has brought repose to many souls, "desolate, bereft, alone," who have found comfort and assurance in the thought of the closing stanza:

So it will be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

Perhaps Mr. Rawson's best known hymn is his Litany to the Comforter, beginning,

Come to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the infinite;
Comforter Divine.

Rev. Edward Arthur Dayman, M. A. (1807-1890).

Edward Arthur Dayman was an English clergyman, who held several important appointments as educator and rector. He was joint editor with Lord Nelson and Canon (afterwards Bishop) Woodford of the "Sarum Hymnal," 1868, which contains translations from the Latin and original hymns by him.

The following stanzas are from his beautiful hymn for those at sea:

O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard, when on the silent deck
The nightly watch we keep.

We need not fear, though all around,
Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

There is also a fine "Almsgiving" hymn from his pen, beginning:

Almighty Father, heaven and earth
With lavish wealth before Thee bow;
Those treasures owe to Thee their birth,
Creator, ruler, giver, Thou.

[Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D. (1807-1886).

Richard Chenevix Trench, an English clergyman, theological professor at King's College, London, Dean of Westminster and Archbishop of Dublin, is the author of several works which have been widely read. He was an eminently interesting writer, and was held in the highest regard

by all the people among whom he labored. It has been said of him, "Few have left behind them a more stainless, a more lovable, a more enviable memory. He was sweetness and light embodied." He has found a place among the hymnists by reason of the adaptation of certain of his poems as hymns. These versions are characterized by largeness of view, tenderness of thought and beauty of expression, and well deserve the place they have obtained in public worship. The following hymn is a rendering of his beautiful little poem on "The Law of Love."

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one.

But if, at any time, we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give we cease to have,—
Such is the law of love.

Andrew Young (1807--1889).

Thus far, in the august assembly of hymn-writers whose lives and works have been considered in this series, no children's hymns have been included. But the writer has now decided to depart from the usual custom of assigning the Children's hymns to a separate department. This plan seems too much like confining the children in the nursery, when the charm and cheer of their bright faces and happy voices are so greatly needed by the other members of the family.

Among all the beautiful hymns that have been written for children, for many years there has been no greater favorite than the sweet and simple hymn of Andrew Young:

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

Who, among those who are no longer children in years, are not transported by these simple words to the days of their childhood, when, in Sunday school, they sang the words of this song to the "sweet and tender air" of the tune which first suggested the words to Mr. Young?

"Its simple strains are among the first that infant voices learn to lisp, and they are often among the last whispered by dying saints." It was one of the "bairns'" hymns that Dr. Guthrie asked to have sung to him on his death bed.

Mr. Young, in the Preface to his "Poems," gives the following account of its origin: "Many years ago, I was spending an evening with a family of friends, and the lady of the house played several musical compositions of great beauty. Among these was a sweet and tender air which charmed me exceedingly. On asking the name of it, I was told it was an Indian air called 'Happy Land.' It immediately occurred to me that such a melody could not fail to be popular in Sunday Schools, if wedded to appropriate words. And, accordingly, I wrote the little hymn, which has since spread all over the world, and been translated into almost all languages."

Numerous tributes to this hymn have been recorded. Professor Mason is authority for the following: "The novelist, Thackeray, was walking one day in a slum district of London when he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer he heard the words, 'There is a happy land, Far, far away.' As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings, and saw that their pale faces were lit up with a thought which brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears."

Andrew Young was for more than fifty years an efficient teacher in Edinburgh. After passing through a distinguished eight years' literary and theological course at the University of Edinburgh, he was appointed in 1830 Head Master of Niddry Street School, Edinburgh, where he began with eighty pupils, and left with the total at six hundred. In 1840 he became Head English Master of Madras College, St. Andrews, where he was equally successful. Mr. Young's poems entitle him to rank in the first order of Scottish minor poets. But it is probable that his name and fame would not have extended beyond the confines of his own country, but for his one simple hymn—"There is a Happy Land."

Dr. E. C. Brewer.

Another illustration of the elusive and capricious nature of Fame, which is often unconsciously achieved by a single stroke, after years of

strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to obtain the coveted recognition, is found in the story of another very pleasing and popular hymn for children.

The name of Dr. E. C. Brewer is enrolled among the hymnists by reason of a short poem on "The Importance of Little Things," which has been so altered by the editors of hymnals that the original thought and the first stanza are all that remain of the poem as first written. Yet this little poem has secured to its author an audience and popularity among millions of English speaking people. Who does not remember the lesson of his childhood which he learned through the simple words of the hymn, containing the following stanzas?

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the beauteous land.

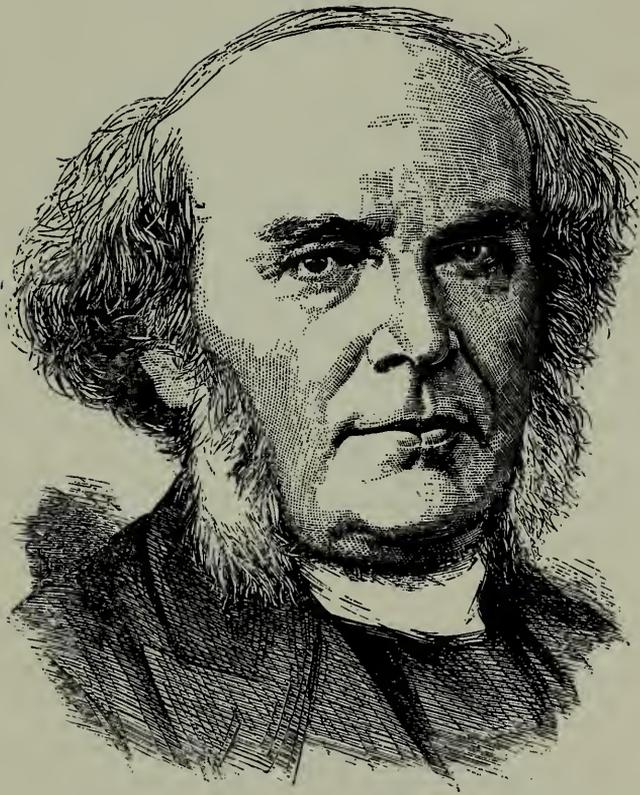
Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

The fact that Dr. Brewer wrote the original form of this hymn appears to be the only thing recorded concerning him by hymnologists.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D. (1808-1889).

Horatius Bonar was born in Edinburgh, Dec. 19, 1808, and educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh. He was ordained minister of the North Parish, Kelso, in 1837, but left the Established Church at the "Disruption" in 1843, remaining in Kelso as a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. For fifty years he devoted himself to his clerical duties with such ardor and enthusiasm that "one said of him that he was 'always visiting,' another that he was 'always preaching,' another that he was 'always writing,' another that he was 'always praying.'" Like Neale, and Keble, and Doddridge, he was pre-eminently a man of prayer, the voice of earnest pleading in his study, continued for hours, forming one of the most sacred memories of his home circle. His last pastoral charge was in Edinburgh, where he died in 1889, in his 81st year. His old age was crowned with the veneration and love of a multitude of Christians, including many outside the pale of his own Church and country.

He was one of the heroic band of noted divines who left the State Church and established the Free Church of Scotland. It is to be regretted that there is no memoir of a personality of so rare a type and one who



HORATIUS BONAR.

lived through such stirring times, but, in accordance with his own express directions, a veil of reserve is drawn over much of his life. He wished that his works might be his only memorial, and he is indeed "remembered," as he hoped to be—

"Yes,—but remembered by what I have done."

He was an eager student of Hymnology, and one of the most popular hymn writers of the nineteenth century. His pen was his confidante, voicing his plaintive notes "when sadness like a cloud begirt his way; the harp whose strings gave out his gladness when burst the sunshine of a happier day." So much was his poetry a part of himself that his daughter, Mrs. Dodds, was able to write an excellent article on Dr. Bonar, in 1897, which deals with his poetry autobiographically.

Dr. Bonar's hymns and poems were composed under a great variety of circumstances. His poems include many beautiful lyrics, several psalm versions, and translations from the Greek and Latin, a large number of hymns and a long meditative poem. Dr. Bonar's scholarship was thorough and extensive. His hymns satisfy the fastidious by their instinctive good taste; they mirror the life of Christ in the soul; they win the heart by their tone of tender sympathy; they sing the truth of God in ringing notes, and they reflect with singular clearness the author's own spiritual life. In Great Britain and America nearly one hundred of Dr. Bonar's hymns are in common use. They are found in almost all modern hymnals.

If a sketch of Dr. Bonar's life were to be compiled from his own works, it might aptly begin with the following verse from one of his poems—

I thank Thee for a holy ancestry,
I bless Thee for a godly parentage;
For seeds of truth and light and purity,
Sown in this heart from childhood's earliest age.

It was for his Sunday school that he first began to write hymns, one of his earliest being:

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God.

This hymn, though perfectly simple in diction, expresses the deep need of the soul, and the child-like love and faith of one who has found the only remedy for sin and been washed

"White in his blood most precious
Till not a stain remains."

The same truth is expressed in his beautiful rendering of the parable of the lost sheep:

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold.

It is a remarkable fact that, although Dr. Bonar belonged to a strongly Calvinistic body, his hymns abound in the most rapturous assertions of the universal love of God. An illustration of this is found in his hymn beginning:

O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

Perhaps the most popular of Dr. Bonar's hymns is the one in which he recites his own luminous experience for the encouragement of those who have not found "this dark world's Light," beginning,

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;

and ending with the joyous testimony:

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Dr. Bonar's own favorite among his hymns is said to have been the one modelled upon the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple, beginning:

When the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;

and each of the stanzas closing with the petition:

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

Following are the first, third and fourth stanzas of one of his most beautiful and helpful hymns, in spirit and form reminding us of the famous hymn of his English contemporary, Dr. J. H. Newman:

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not if I might:
 Choose thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Among Dr. Bonar's other inspiring hymns of faith and hope in common use are:—

“Go, labor on, spend and be spent;”
 “Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;”
 “Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain;”
 “Yes, for me, for me He careth;”
 “Upward where the stars are burning;”
 “He has come! the Christ of God;”
 “Come, Lord, and tarry not.”

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1809–1861).

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, daughter of an English gentleman, and wife of Robert Browning, the poet, was born in London, 1809. As a poetess she stands at the head of English female writers, and for pure poetic genius, many would rank her second only to her great husband, and Tennyson. Mrs. Browning's religious poetry abounds with noble ideas, splendid metaphors and high aspirations expressed with masterly power. She was almost constantly an invalid,—“a soul of fire in a shell of pearl”—yet from her couch of suffering went forth those earnest, scholarly, artistic poems which have won for her such pre-eminent fame. In her weakness she bravely solved the problem of this earthly life, as follows:

What are we set on earth for? Say to toil!
 Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
 For all the heat o'the sun, till it declines,
 And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
 God did anoint thee with His odorous oil
 To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
 All thy tears, ever like pure crystallines,
 Unto thy fellows, working the same soil,
 To wear for amulets.

Mrs. Browning left many precious “amulets” for the inspiration and comfort of the great company whose lot it is to toil and wrestle till the “sun declines;” and when in the midsummer of 1861, “death's mild curfew” struck the hour for her to retire from the scenes of earth, she joyfully received the gift which to her weary soul was far more to be

desired than the "dreary noise" of earthly honors and strife,—the "happy slumber" when

"God makes a silence through them all,
'And giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Her "sacred dust" sleeps in the English burying ground under the blue sky of Florence, and visitors to that poet-shrine have ever associated it with her plaintive and prophetic words,—

And friends, dear friends! when it shall be,
That this low breath is gone from me—
When round my bier ye come to weep;
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say—"Not a tear must o'er her fall,—
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

The well-known hymn, beginning:

Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

was sung at Robert Browning's funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892).

Alfred Tennyson, who succeeded Dr. Christopher Wordsworth as poet-laureate of England, is so well known as to render any but a brief mention unnecessary. He was born in 1809, at Somersby, a Lincolnshire village of which his father was the rector. Even as a child he began to make verses, and while he was an undergraduate at Cambridge his first volume of verse appeared.

When only twenty-one, Tennyson published his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." This book marks the beginning of a great poetic career of more than sixty years, that in its circumstances and influence is almost ideal. Tennyson will no doubt always stand as the representative poet of Queen Victoria's reign.

He had a deeply religious nature, and regarded himself as intrusted with a divine message. He was a humble believer in Christ. "What the sun is to that flower, that," he once said, "Jesus Christ is to my soul." Indeed he lived and wrought always as in the sunshine of the divine presence.

The credit of introducing Tennyson's beautiful lyric entitled "Crossing the Bar" as a hymn in this country belongs to the Presbyterians, who included it in "The Hymnal" of 1895. In a few years it became

well known as one of the most popular and perfect gems in the hymnody of the Church.

In the memoir of Lord Tennyson, written by his son, the story of this hymn is briefly given as follows:—"Crossing the Bar" was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the moaning of the bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, "that is the crown of your life's work." He answered, "it came in a moment." He explained the "Pilot" is that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us. A few days before my father's death he said to me: "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems." In accordance with his own request, this "swan song" of the great poet has indeed become the end and crown of his life's work.

Following are the first, third and fourth stanzas of the hymn:

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

On October 6th, 1892, his hope to see his life-long "Pilot face to face" was realized.

The first public use of the poem was as an anthem at Lord Tennyson's funeral in Westminster Abbey. The daughter of the dean of Westminster has beautifully described the impressive scene:—

"As the procession slowly passed up the nave and paused beneath the lantern, where the coffin was placed during the first part of the burial service, the sun lit up the dark scene, and touched the red and blue Union Jack upon the coffin with brilliant light, filtering through the painted panes of Chaucer's window on to the cleared purple space by the open grave, and lighting up the beautiful bust of Dryden, the massive head of Longfellow, the gray tomb of Chaucer and the innumerable wreaths heaped upon it. In the intense and solemn silence which followed the reading of the lesson were heard the voices of the choir singing in subdued

and tender tones Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" —those beautiful words in which the poet, as it were, prophetically foretold his calm and peaceful deathbed. In the second line—'and one clear call for me'—thrilling notes of a boy's voice sounded like a silver trumpet call amongst the arches, and it was only at intervals that one distinguished Dr. Bridge's beautiful organ accompaniment, which swelled gradually from a subdued murmur as of the morning tide into a triumphant burst from the voices, so blended together were words and music."

Tennyson wrote nothing designed for a hymn, although some verses from the prologue of "In Memoriam," beginning:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

and a song found in his poem, entitled "Guinevere," in the "Idyls of the King," beginning:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill,"

have been adopted as hymns.

CHAPTER XI.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Dear Christian people, all rejoice,
Each soul with joy upspringing;
Pour forth one song with heart and voice,
With love and gladness singing.
Give thanks to God, our Lord above,
Thanks for His miracle of love!
Dearly he hath redeemed us!

MARTIN LUTHER.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson (1809–1863).



RS. Jane Crewdson, daughter of George Fox, of Perraw, Cornwall, England, is the author of nearly a dozen hymns that have come into common use. They were taken from her poems, written during a long illness, and they are bright with the "exceeding weight of glory" which the afflictions of this life work for those who bear them in the spirit which breathes through her poems. The following beautiful lines reveal the secret by which she received such "A blessing in its fullness, when buds of promise fail:"

I've found a joy in sorrow, a secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow, of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing near every bitter spring;
A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken string;
I've found a glad hosanna for every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna, when grapes from Eshcol fail;
I've found a "Rock of Ages" when desert wells were dry,
And, after weary stages, I've found an Elim nigh.

My Saviour! Thee possessing, I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the saint.

Following are the first two stanzas of one of her hymns:

There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
 To bring in prayer to Thee;
 There is no anxious care too slight
 To wake thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
 Wilt share each small distress;
 The love which bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.

The grace which enabled the writer to "Bless the Lord at all times" animates her hymn of praise, from which the following stanzas are quoted:

O Thou, whose bounty fills my cup
 With every blessing meet!
 I give Thee thanks for every drop—
 The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,
 And for the river side;
 For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
 And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
 And for the gain and loss;
 I praise Thee for the future crown,
 And for the present cross.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,
 And for the waning joy;
 And for this strange, this settled peace,
 Which nothing can destroy.

Rev. Henry Alford, D. D. (1810-1871).

Henry Alford was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born in London in 1810. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered the ministry of the Church of England. He was appointed Dean of Canterbury in 1857, which office he held until his death in 1871.

He is best known as the author of a critical commentary on the Greek Testament, which to the last generation was the standard for English readers. He commenced writing at a very early age, and had an extraordinary capacity for literary work. He was a man of wide sympathies, a member of the Evangelical Alliance, and maintained cordial relations with the Non-conformists of England during all his career. He did all his work in a devout and prayerful spirit, and at the close of a hard day's study would "stand up as at the end of a meal and thank God for what he had received."

Dean Alford was deeply interested in Hymnology, and compiled several hymn-books, for which he wrote and translated many hymns. Of these, three, of his own composition, are among the most popular in our hymnals. His hymn, beginning:

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;

is said by Horder—the critical author of the “Hymn Lover”—to be “probably the most popular Harvest Hymn now in existence, and is sung at the great majority of harvest festivals.” His Processional Hymn,

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;

is a universal favorite, and when sung to Sir Arthur Sullivan’s tune is singularly inspiring. The original of this hymn contains eight stanzas. It was written to be sung at the Tenth Festival of Parochial Choirs of the Canterbury Diocesan Union, June 6, 1871; but the author had joined “the choir invisible” before that date arrived. The vision of the

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared,

was changed from faith to sight soon after he had written the beautiful description of the pilgrim’s country—the goal of this marching hymn:—

Far o’er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours.
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit’s might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

In his hymn beginning:

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light,

the author seems to have gained a still higher altitude and a more rapturous vision of the triumphant glories and joys of the

“Day for which creation
And all its tribes were made.”

The author's experience which led to the writing of this hymn is thus related: "Our thoughts have been much turned of late to the eternal state. Half our children are there, and where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." Thus did he learn in suffering to write words of hope and comfort for other bereaved souls who are ever longing for a vision of the home "Where partings are no more":—

Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

This hymn was sung at the author's own funeral. On his tombstone was inscribed the following beautiful and impressive line which he had written for the purpose:

"The Inn of a Traveller on his Way to Jerusalem."

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL. D. (1811-1875)

John Samuel Bewley Monsell was an Irishman by birth, and sometime chaplain to Bishop Mant; but the last years of his life were spent as Rector of Guildford, Surrey, England. He is well known by his volumes of exquisite religious lyrics, and he holds a distinguished place in the ranks of recent hymnists, a large number of his hymns being now included in the modern hymnals of the Church. He is the author of about three hundred hymns, and of these about one-fourth are in common use. His hymns, for the most part, are musical, joyous and trustful, and, as such, the mirror of his lyric nature, and his own sunny and deeply religious spirit. Dr. Monsell held the view that our hymns should be more fervent and joyous, and among the brightest examples of hymns of this nature are his familiar hymn:

Sing to the Lord a joyful song,
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
 To us his gracious gifts belong,
 To Him our songs of love and praise;

his joyful hymn of praise, beginning:

On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!

and his Thanksgiving hymn:—

Earth below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above;
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love.

One of his most tender and impressive hymns is the one on Gethsemane, beginning.—

Wouldst thou learn the depth of sin, all its bitterness and pain?
What it cost thy God to win sinners to himself again?
Come, poor sinner, come with me,—
Visit sad Gethsemane!

Dr. Monsell died in consequence of an accident whilst he was watching the rebuilding of his church at Guildford.

The opening lines of his last poem, written to raise funds for this rebuilding, seem strangely prophetic of his approaching fate:—

Dear body, thou and I must part,
Thy busy head, thy throbbing heart,
Must cease to work, and cease to play,
For me at no far distant day.

Among Dr. Monsell's other hymns in common use are the following:—

“My sins, my sins, my Saviour!”
“Holy offerings, rich and rare;”
“To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!”
“When cold our hearts, and far from Thee;”
“Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord!”
“Fight the good fight with all thy might.”

Mrs. Jane Euphemia Saxby (1811—).

Mrs. Jane E. Saxby, daughter of William Browne, was married in 1862 to the Rev. S. H. Saxby, Vicar of East Clevedon, Somersetshire, England. Her work, “The Dove on the Cross,” published in 1849, has passed into numerous editions, and from it several hymns have come into use. She was another sweet singer, who through “fellowship of suffering” was prepared to write for the comfort of other suffering ones. Her hymns are very plaintive and tender. The tone which pervades them is explained by her thus:—“I wrote most of my published hymns during a

very distressing illness, which lasted many years. I thought probably that I was then in the 'Border Land,' and wrote accordingly."

The following exquisite hymn is quoted in full:

Show me the way, O Lord,
 And make it plain;
 I would obey Thy Word,
 Speak yet again;
 I will not take one step until I know
 Which way it is that Thou wouldst have me go.

O Lord, I cannot see:
 Vouchsafe me light:
 The mist bewilders me,
 Impedes my sight:
 Hold Thou my hand, and lead me by Thy side;
 I dare not go alone,—be Thou my Guide.

I will be patient, Lord,
 Trustful and still;
 I will not doubt Thy word;
 My hopes fulfill:
 How can I perish, clinging to Thy side,
 My Comforter, my Saviour, and my Guide?

More familiar, perhaps, is the hymn on "The Comforter," of which the first two stanzas follow:

O Spirit of the living God
 Brooding with dove-like wings
 Over the helpless and the weak
 Among created things:

Where should our feebleness find strength,
 Our helplessness a stay,
 Didst Thou not bring us strength and help
 And comfort day by day?

William Josiah Irons, D. D. (1812-1884).

William Josiah Irons was one of the successors of John Newton in the incumbency of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. He was a Bampton Lecturer of mark, and a considerable contributor to the theological literature of his day. He is the author of many hymns, both original and translations. In his "Psalms and Hymns for the Church," Dr. Irons provided a complete series of original compositions adapted to the Book of Common Prayer. Many of these are of great excellence, but little known.

Following are the first two stanzas of his beautiful hymn for Palm Sunday:

“Is not this our King and Prophet?”
 Ring Hosannas, wave the palm,
 Let the children from the temple
 Echo back the people’s psalm;
 “Blessed is the Son of David,”
 Blessed is the Christ of God!
 Welcome to the hill of Zion,
 Deck the pathway, strew the sod!

“Meek and lowly One,” He cometh,
 And the anthem greets his ears;
 Lo, the city lies before Him,
 But He sees it through His tears;
 Looking from the Mount of Olives,
 Towers and marble temple rise:
 Is thy peace, O well-loved Salem,
 “Hid for ever from thine eyes?”

Equally fine, and more familiar, is his hymn beginning with the stanza:—

Father of love, our guide and friend,
 Oh, lead us gently on,
 Until life’s trial-time shall end,
 And heavenly peace be won.
 We know not what the path may be,
 As yet by us untrod;
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father and our God.

From these quotations it will be seen that Dr. Irons merits the high place accorded him among modern hymn-writers. He was also an accomplished translator, and has the distinction of having produced the most popular version among the 160 translations known to have been made of the “Dies Irae,” which begins,—

“Day of wrath! O day of mourning.”

Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne (1813–1843).

Robert Murray McCheyne was the greatly beloved minister of St. Peter’s, Dundee, Scotland. By the intensity of his ministerial devotion, and his saintly life, which came to an end when he was only thirty years of age, he exerted a deep and wide influence—an influence perpetuated by the publication of his memoir by the Rev. A. A. Bonar, which had an enormous circulation. Among the several hymns he wrote, the one entitled “I am a debtor” is in most frequent use. Following are two stanzas of this tender and solemn hymn:

When this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun;
 When I stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story:
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own;
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart:
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

Miss Jane Borthwick (1813-1897).

Jane Borthwick, a Scottish lady of Christian culture, is known chiefly as joint authoress with her sister, Mrs. Findlater, of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," one of the finest collections of translations from the German we possess in the English language. These translations, with Miss Winkworth's and Miss Cox's work in the same field, have done much to place the rich treasures of German Hymnology within the reach of English readers. From translations Miss Borthwick passed to original work, for which she possessed, as most good hymn translators do, a rare poetic quality of her own.

Miss Borthwick was of a bright and cheerful temperament, and like the other gifted women hymn-writers who were contemporary with her—Miss Havergal, Mrs. Alexander, Adelaide Proctor—she was an active and zealous Christian worker. For many years she held large classes in Reformatories in Edinburgh, helped in the Home Mission work of the Free Church, and gave her hearty support to Foreign Missions. She was a devoted leader in the work to which she calls others in the clarion notes of her hymn, from which we quote the first and last three stanzas:

Come, labor on!
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest-plain,
 While all around him waves the golden grain?
 And to each servant does the Master say,
 Go work today.

Come, labor on!
 Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
 No arms so weak, but may do service here;
 By hands the feeblest can our God fulfill
 His righteous will.

Come, labor on!
 No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
 Servants, well done!

Come, labor on!
 The toil is pleasant, and the harvest sure,
 Blessed are those who to the end endure;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
 O Lord, with Thee!

Equally good, but in quite another vein is her pathetic hymn, beginning with the stanza:

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
 Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
 Cares of today, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
 We come before thee at Thy gracious word,
 And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

Miss Borthwick received many testimonies as to the help given by her hymns. Especially helpful to weary and heavy-laden souls, seeking for light and peace, has been her hymn closing with the stanza:

Rest, weary soul;
 The penalty is borne, the ransom paid;
 For all thy sins full satisfaction made.
 Strive not to do thyself what Christ hath done:
 Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own.
 No more by pangs of guilt and fear distressed,
 Rest, sweetly rest.

At the advanced age of eighty-four, Miss Borthwick peacefully entered into the full realization of the "rest" and "joy" which she had so beautifully described in her appeals to others, and learned from her own experience, how

"Blessed are those who to the end endure;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
 O Lord, with Thee!"

Mrs. Jemima Luke (1813-).

Mrs. Jemima Luke, the wife of Rev. Samuel Luke, an Independent minister of England, was the daughter of Thomas Thompson, a philanthropist. In early life Mrs. Luke purposed entering the Mission Field at India. She was prevented by a serious illness, but she has done much by her pen to further the cause of Foreign Missions, and was for several

years editor of the "Missionary Repository." The first two stanzas of her Children's hymn, which Mr. W. Garrett Horder says "deserves to be reckoned classic," were written in a stage coach, while on the way to the little town of Wellington, five miles from Taunton. The third verse was added afterwards to make it a missionary hymn. It was first sung at a village Sunday School supported by Mrs. Luke's step-mother, of which the author's father was superintendent, and in which Mrs. Luke and her sisters were teachers. The words were adapted to the measures of a Greek marching air, which had taken the writer's fancy, but which, like the tune for "Happy Land," was not to be found in the hymn-books. The hymn, as given in the hymnals, consists of six stanzas, but it appears to have been originally arranged in three long stanzas. Following is a part of the hymn:

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as Lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen His kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

CHAPTER XII.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Man first learned song in Paradise, from the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the sky glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends His ear, well pleased to hear the songs that cheer his children's sorrow;
Till day shall break, and we shall wake where love will make unfading morrow.

REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Frederick William Faber, D. D. (1814-1863).



FREDERICK William Faber was born at Calverly Vicarage, Yorkshire, England, graduated at Oxford in 1836; was ordained Presbyterian in the Church of England in 1839; after traveling on the continent for four years, returned to England and became rector of Elton in 1843, but in 1846 he seceded to the Church of Rome.

From his earliest years he gave promise of remarkable powers of mind, which his parents, who were persons of considerable ability, carefully fostered. From the time of his arrival at Oxford, he attended the parochial services at St. Mary's, and soon became an enthusiastic admirer of John Henry Newman, then vicar of the church. He also threw himself eagerly into the great movement begun in 1833, for the revival of church principles, the chief exposition of which was the series of "Tracts for the Times." He was a man of great personal charm, and had marvellous gifts as an orator. One of his most valued friends was Mr. Wordsworth, whose poetry had been the object of his early admiration, and had contributed largely to the development of his own poetical spirit. Before his secession he published several prose works, and several volumes of poetry and verse, but all his hymns were written after he joined the Church of Rome. He felt the want of a collection of English Catholic

hymns fitted for singing and to meet this need he published a small book of twelve original hymns for the schools at St. Wilfrids. These hymns soon became very popular, and the author's efforts to supply the constant demand for more, resulted in a total of 150 pieces, all of which are in his "Hymns," published in 1862.

Faber possessed the lyric and poetic gift in abundant measure, and the spiritual vision, the intensity of fervor and the poetic quality, which are all combined in his hymns, give him a high place among the chief singers of the Church. Indeed, he rises so high in many of his hymns that he may rightfully be regarded as one of the greatest hymnists of any age. The following stanzas from his beautiful poem on "The God of my Childhood" give us a glimpse of the way by which he was led in attaining to such high distinction:

O God! who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night.

At school Thou wert a kindly Face
Which I could almost see;
But home and holy day appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

And to home-Sundays long since past
How fondly memory clings;
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct,
Yet which did intertwine:
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord! was Thine.

With age Thou grewest more divine,
More glorious than before;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
Because I loved Thee more.

Father! What hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy Face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
O make Thyself more space!

Having found rest from the struggles and turmoils of the world

without, and the Church which he had left, in the cloistered seclusion of the Church of his choice, Faber's constant communion with things spiritual and eternal as they were revealed to his gifted mind and loving heart, prepared him to give the beautiful fruitage of his own experience to the weary multitudes who are ever in need of such refreshment and inspiration. Surely the Christian virtues were never made to appear more charming and attractive than by his pen. Following are the first and last stanzas of his hymn on faith:

O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
 My God, how can it be
 That Thou, who hast discerning love,
 Shouldst give that gift to me?

Oh, happy, happy that I am!
 If thou canst be, O faith,
 The treasure that thou art in life,
 What wilt thou be in death?

In the fourth stanza of his beautiful hymn beginning:

“Hark! hark! my soul! Angelic songs are swelling,”

he writes of the Christian's hope, when life seems “long and dreary”—

Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

In his remarkable hymn beginning:

Was there ever kinder shepherd
 Half so gentle, half so sweet
 As the Saviour who would have us
 Come and gather round his feet?

we find the following stanzas on the Love of God:

For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
 By false limits of our own;
 And we magnify his strictness
 With a zeal he will not own.

How beautiful is the simplicity and humility expressed in his hymn:

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
 The simplest are the best;
 Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
 Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal love!
 If Thou wilt stay with me,
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
 I'll build a house for Thee.

And how marvellous is the lyric grace and spiritual insight with which he portrays the power, glory, holiness, wisdom, justice, mercy and tenderness of God in his incomparable hymn, beginning:

O God! Thy power is wonderful,
 Thy glory passing bright;
 Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
 A rapture to the sight.

Equalling, if not surpassing this, is his gem of a hymn;

My God, how wonderful Thou art!
 Thy majesty how bright!
 How glorious is Thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light!

In contemplating the infinite wisdom of God, and the comparative impotency of man's wisdom, he was led to the same conclusion which St. Paul expressed in different language, so long ago—that "The wisdom of man is foolishness in the sight of God." In one of his hymns which is not in common use, he says:

The schoolmen can teach thee far less about heaven,
 Of the height of God's power, or the depth of his love,
 Than the fire in thy heart when thy sin was forgiven,
 Or the light that one mercy brings down from above.

In the fourth stanza of his hymn, beginning;

"I worship Thee, sweet will of God,"

Faber could say:

I have no cares, O blessed will!
 For all my cares are Thine;
 I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

But he could not always live on this mount of perfect trust and triumph. There were times when he could not rise above the plane of common experiences, and the plaintive notes of some of his hymns prove his fellowship with our common humanity. In the hymn beginning:

O it is hard to work with God,
 To rise and take his part
 Upon this battlefield of earth,
 And not sometimes lose heart!

we find notes of doubt and discouragement, but reassurance in the closing stanza:

But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Among his other plaintive hymns are:

“O for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,”

and

“Why, dearest Lord, can I not pray,
And why am I not free?”

In closing the preface to the edition of his hymns published in 1862 the author says: “It is an immense mercy of God to allow anyone to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Him. Each man feels for himself the peculiar wonder of that mercy in his own case. That our blessed Lord has permitted these hymns to be of some trifling good to souls, and so in a very humble way to contribute to His glory, is to the author a source of profitable confusion as well as of unmerited consolation.” By this “immense mercy of God,” for which Faber was so humbly grateful, millions of souls have been brought nearer to Him, and the “consolation and profitable confusion” of the author must have been changed to songs of thanksgiving, in which a great multitude in this world would gladly join, if he has been permitted to know how much his hymns have contributed to the glory of our Blessed Lord.

Among the other hymns by Faber in common use is the one beginning:

“Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,”

which is “As lofty as the love of God, and wide as are the wants of man;” his evening hymn:—

“Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;”
“Oh, come and mourn with me a while;”
“Dear Jesus, ever at my side;”
“O Paradise, O Paradise;”
“Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children;”
“O how the love of God attracts;”
“Think well how Jesus trusts Himself.”

Nearly all of Faber’s hymns have undergone abridgment and verbal alterations, and thus it happens that the hymn beginning in some hymnals with

“Was there ever kinder shepherd,”

in other hymnals begins with

“Souls of men, why will ye scatter;”

and other stanzas are found in different hymns.

Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D. (1815-1881).

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born at Alderley, England. At the age of fifteen he became a pupil under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, and he is said to have been the original of “Arthur” in the classic “Tom Brown’s School Days.” His career at Rugby and Oxford was exceptionally brilliant, and he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History there in 1856. In 1864 he became Dean of Westminster, and is said to have been “the ideal Dean of that famous minster where England buries and commemorates her illustrious dead.” He was a man of broad and liberal Christian views, and of such personal fascination that he was loved by all who knew him, even by those who most differed from him in their theological opinions. He was one of England’s most eminent authors, his prose works including valuable works on the Holy Land, the Jewish and Eastern churches, the Cathedral of Canterbury, of which he was once a canon, and on the Abbey of Westminster, “Life of Dr. Arnold,” etc.

As a writer of verse, he does not reach the high standard of lyric and poetical excellence required by modern critics, hence he has been assigned a small place among the hymnists; but his hymns are full of “sweetness and light,” and when not viewed with the purist’s eye, may be said to be among the most helpful and valuable of the many hymns written by eminent authors. One of his most popular hymns is the one on the Ascension of Christ:

He is gone: a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heav’n, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel’s ken,
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold Him as before.
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

During Dean Stanley's visit to the Holy Land in 1853, he, along with other modern authorities, located the scene of the Transfiguration on Mount Hermon. His contemplation of that scene on the "holy mount" inspired one of the best hymns we have on that subject. The first line of this hymn in most hymnals is "O, Master, it is good to be," but in the author's final revision, he altered it to "Lord, it is good for us to be." Following are the first and second stanzas of this hymn:

Lord, it is good for us to be
 High on the mountain here with Thee,
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 The great old saints of other days,
 Who once received from Horeb's height,
 The eternal laws of truth and right,
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

Lord, it is good for us to be
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful three,
 Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
 Is nerved against temptation's shock;
 Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
 The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move
 With Him whose last, best creed is love.

Very excellent is his hymn, beginning:

The Lord is come! In Him we trace
 The fulness of God's truth and grace;

and closing with the stanza:—

The Lord is come! In every heart
 Where truth and mercy claim a part,
 In every land where Right is Might,
 And deeds of darkness shun the light,
 In every church where faith and love
 Lift earthward thoughts to things above,
 In every holy, happy home,—
 We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou art come.

Rev. John Ernest Bode (1816-1874).

Rev. J. E. Bode, a distinguished English clergyman, Rector of Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire, England, is the author of the popular hymn of consecration, which is specially suitable for occasions of Adult Baptism, and the reception of members into the fellowship of the Church. We quote the following stanzas:

O Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end;
 Be Thou for ever near me,
 My Master and my friend!
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway,
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
 To all who follow Thee,
 That where Thou art in glory,
 There shall Thy servant be;
 And Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end;
 Oh, give me grace to follow,
 My Master and my friend!

Rev. Henry Downton, M. A. (1818-1885).

Henry Downton, an English clergyman, for many years Chaplain of the English Church at Geneva, is the author of many original hymns and translations from the French, chiefly of Alexandre Vinet. He possessed the faculty for hymn composition in a very marked degree. One of his best known original productions is the Missionary Hymn, beginning with the stanza:

Lord, her watch Thy church is keeping;
 When shall earth Thy rule obey?
 When shall end the night of weeping?
 When shall break the promised day?
 See the whit'ning harvest languish,
 Waiting still the laborers' toil;
 Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
 Shall the strong retain the spoil?

Following are the first and last stanzas of another fine hymn, in which he sings of "mercy and judgment" in alternate verses:

My song shall be of mercy:
 To Thee, O Lord, I sing,
 Who all my life hast hid me
 Beneath Thy shelt'ring wing;
 Who still, in love most patient,
 This mortal journey through,
 Hast followed me with goodness,
 And blessings ever new.

My song shall be of judgment:
 Ye who His chastenings feel,
 Oh, faint not, nor be weary,
 He wounds that He may heal!

Yes, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

Probably the most popular of all his hymns in common use is his solemn and tender New Year's hymn, from which the following stanzas are quoted:

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

John Mason Neale, D. D. (1818-1866).

John Mason Neale, an eminent English clergyman, and the famous translator of Mediaeval hymns, was born in London; graduated at Cambridge in 1840; the following year entered the ministry, and was presented in 1842 to the small living of Crawley in Sussex, where, after six weeks, his health broke down, and he had to go to Madeira. Fortunately there was a fine library in connection with the cathedral there, whence he drew materials for the works for which in after years he became so renowned. On returning to England with health restored he received in 1846 an appointment as Warden of Sackville College, which he held until his death. This "College" was only an almshouse, and the Warden's salary averaged 27 pounds a year.

Dr. Neale received the degree of D. D. from America, but the Church of England gave him no preferment. Though he received little encouragement from the patrons of his own Church, his mind was unfettered, and he found opportunity in his humble position to become an industrious and voluminous writer both in prose and verse. He won the Cambridge Seatonian prize for sacred poetry eleven times, and he wrote many original hymns, especially for children, of much merit, but he was above all else a translator of genius, and his eminence in hymnody is chiefly due to the

exquisite way in which he translated and adapted the stores of hymnody buried in the books of the ancient churches, for the use of English-speaking people. He revealed to the world the treasures of Greek hymnody, having in this field "neither predecessor nor master." He knew twenty languages including Latin, of which he had an extraordinary mastery.

Archbishop Trench called him "the most profoundly learned hymnologist of our church." But he desired no monopoly, or copyright, of his productions. On the contrary, he held the view, that "a hymn, whether original, or translated, ought, the moment it is published, to become the common property of Christendom, the author retaining no private right in it whatever." Rev. Duncan Campbell says: "The full story of his life and work has not yet been given to the world. If it ever is, it will make plain that the Church of England in an age of strong men had few personalities of greater force, and none of more single-eyed devotion, than John Mason Neale."

His last work—much of it done on his death-bed—was a volume of original hymns which opens with a beautiful prologue "in dear memory of John Keble." When the end drew near, and he could no longer write, or compose, his friends sang to him the beautiful hymns of Bernard of Morlaix. At his funeral they sang his adaptation from St. Joseph the hymnographer, a special favorite with him, for the exquisite music of its words. Following is the first verse:—

Safe home, safe home in port!
 Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck;
 But oh! the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage-perils o'er.

On his coffin there was inscribed by his own direction, in Latin, the words which in English read: "J. M. Neale. Poor and unworthy priest resting under the sign of the Cross." His great work finished, he was found, in utter humility and self-abnegation in his last illness, "laying in the dust all his works and all his talents, and casting himself as a little child only on the atoning work of Jesus Christ."

Only a few of Dr. Neale's original hymns are in common use, but a large number of his translations are found in all modern hymnals. Among the former, those considered the best are his fine Evening hymn, from which we quote the following stanzas:

The day, O Lord, is spent;
 Abide with us, and rest;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now,
 Our day is almost o'er;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore!

and his excellent hymn for the laying of a corner-stone, beginning:—

O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
 The bounds of the eternal hills,
 And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
 To dwell in temples made with hands.

Among the best known of Dr. Neale's renderings from the Greek and Latin, are the following:—

“The day is past and over;”
 “The day of resurrection;”
 “Let our choir new anthems raise;”
 “Jerusalem the Golden;”
 “Brief life is here our portion;”
 “All glory, laud and honor;”
 “Those eternal bowers, man hath never trod.”

A striking example of the “diversity of gifts” is found in the fact that, although Dr. Neale was so richly endowed for his chosen work and was passionately fond of music, he was never able to sing any of his beautiful hymns, for “he had not a note in his voice.” It is also said that Dr. Horatius Bonar, “though delicately sensitive to the music of words, was no singer, and could distinguish only very familiar airs.” So, by defects, as well as woes, is the whole world kin.

CHAPTER XIII.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Lo, heaven and earth, and sea and air,
Their Maker's glory all declare!
And thou, my soul, awake and sing,—
To him thy praises also bring.

JOACHIM NEANDER.

Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819--).



THOMAS H. Gill was born in Birmingham, England, in 1819.

His parents belonged to the English Presbyterian families, which had become Unitarian in their doctrine. His hereditary Unitarianism prevented him from subscribing to the articles of the Church of England, without which he could not enter the University of Oxford, and he was constrained to lead the life of an isolated student, in which he gave himself chiefly to classical and historical studies. His life being singularly devoid of outward incident, all that can be chronicled is connected with the publication of his various works, and the almost unique influences which combined to form his character and determine his thinking. He came of a Puritan stock, but his immediate ancestors had fallen under the influence of Unitarianism, in which he was brought up. In after years he became an ardent admirer of the hymns and lyrics of Dr. Watts, and the contrast between their native force and fulness, and their dwindled presentation in Unitarian hymn-books began that estrangement from his hereditary faith which gradually became complete.

Mr. Gill has written several volumes of poetry and prose but the interest of his life gathers about his hymns, and the overmastering tides of thought and feeling which gave them birth. The late Dr. Freeman Clarke, of America, used to call him "a more intellectual Charles Wesley." He is without question a true poet, and brings a fresh mind to bear on the old themes of Christian truth and Christian experience. To his

Puritan ancestry may be traced the deep religiousness of his hymns; to his Unitarian training their ethical earnestness; and to his poetical temperament their freedom from conventionality. His hymns have great sweetness of melody, purity of diction, and happy adaption of metre and style to the subject of each hymn. Mr. Gill's hymns number about two hundred. Of these over eighty are in common use in Great Britain and America. Perhaps the most popular of his hymns is the one suggested by "The second man was the Lord from heaven," and "as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Following are the first two stanzas of this hymn:

O, mean may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Immanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
 This watch the Lord did keep,
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
 These tears the Lord did weep.

The closing verses, referring to the "image of the heavenly," are:—

O mighty grace, our life to live,
 To make our earth divine;
 O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine.

Yes, strange the gift and marvellous
 By Thee received and given!
 Thou tookest woe and death for us,
 And we receive Thy heaven.

One of his finest and most characteristic hymns begins with the stanza:

Our God! our God! Thou shinest here,
 Thine own this latter day:
 To us Thy radiant steps appear;
 We watch Thy glorious way.

The sweetness of subjection to Christ is delightfully set forth in the hymn beginning:

Dear Lord and Master mine,
 Thy happy servant see!
 My Conqueror! with what joy divine,
 Thy captive clings to thee!

Mr. Gill is a passionate lover of nature, as will be seen from his beautiful hymn on the "Divine Renewer," beginning:

The glory of the Spring, how sweet!
 The new born life, how glad!
 What joy the happy earth to greet,
 In new bright raiment clad.

Full of life and tenderness is his New Year's hymn:—

Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break!
 Melodious voices move!
 On, rolling time! Thou canst not make
 The Father cease to love.

Miss Anna Laetitia Waring (1820—).

The beautiful Christian lyrics of Anna Laetitia Waring of Neath Wales, are characterized by great simplicity, pure and elevated sentiment, and elegance of diction. Very little is known as to her personal history, but her hymns are universally admired for their spiritual beauty and earnest expression of Christian experience. Her tender and trustful lyrics are now included in a large number of church hymnals. The most popular is the widely known hymn, beginning with the stanzas:—

Father, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me;
 The changes that are sure to come,
 I do not fear to see:
 I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 To wipe the weeping eyes;
 A heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathize.

The familiar hymn, from which we quote the first verse, is remarkable for the spirit of simple and confiding faith and trust which breathes through it:—

In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar about me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

Quite equal, though less known, is the hymn beginning:

My heart is resting, O my God,
 I will give thanks and sing;

My heart is at the secret source
 Of every pleasant thing:
 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
 No hand but Thine shall fill;
 For the waters of this world have failed,
 And I am thirsty still.

Perhaps the most tenderly trustful of all is the one from which we quote the first and last stanzas:

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
 Whom all my times obey;
 Take from me anything Thou wilt,
 But go not Thou away;
 And let the storm that does Thy work
 Deal with me as it may.

There is no death for me to fear,
 For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
 There is no curse in this my pain,
 For He was crucified;
 And it is fellowship with Him
 That keeps me near His side.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877).

Henry Williams Baker was the eldest son of Admiral Sir Henry Loraine Baker. He was born in London, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Taking Holy Orders in 1844, he became in 1851, Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire. This benefice he held until his death. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1851. Sir Henry's name is intimately associated with Hymnody. He was a hymn-writer of distinction, and a hymnal editor of great ability, having been chiefly instrumental in giving to the Church that phenomenally successful collection, "Hymns Ancient and Modern." One of his earliest compositions was his very beautiful hymn, beginning:

Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
 Is earthly shame or loss?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be
 When we have borne the cross.

His hymns, including litanies and translations, number thirty-three in all. One of his best and most familiar translations is,—

"O sacred Head surrounded
 By crown of piercing thorn,"

by Bernard of Clairvaux. His original hymns are characterized by earnest-

ness of utterance, simplicity of language, and smoothness of rhythm. Only a few of his hymns are in a very jubilant strain; a few others are bright and cheerful, and the remainder are very tender, sometimes plaintive even to sadness—by their tone and spirit reminding one of the saintly Lyte. “This tender sadness, brightened by a soft, calm peace, was an epitome of his poetical life.” During Sir Henry’s last illness Frances Ridley Havergal sent him, in expression of sympathy, a hymn containing these lines:—

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand;
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

He made this hymn his farewell to his people, sending it from his death-bed to be printed in his parish magazine. Probably the most popular of all his hymns is his exquisite rendering of the twenty-third Psalm:

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

The last audible words that lingered on his dying lips were the third stanza of this hymn:

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

Among his more jubilant hymns are:—

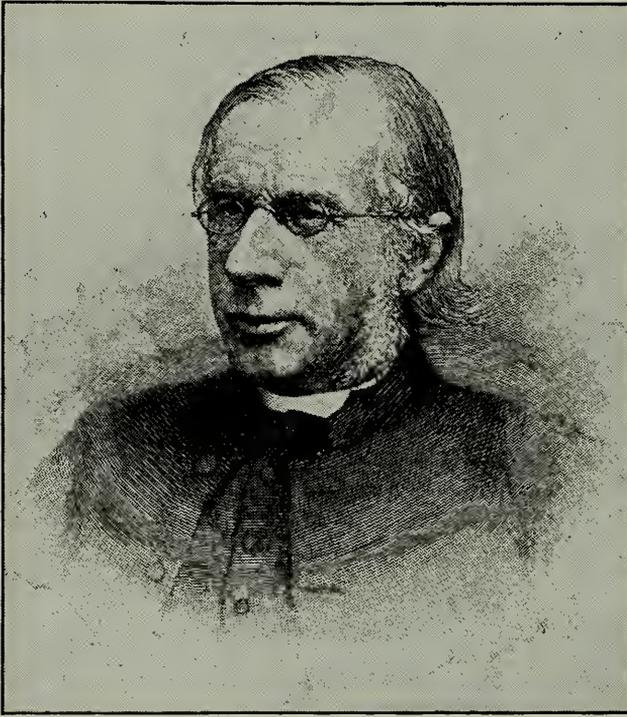
Praise, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

and his beautiful hymn, beginning,

O praise our God today,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath blessed us on our way,
And granted us success;

and closing with the stanza:

Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
“Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.”



EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D. D. (1821-1891).

Edward Hayes Plumptre was born in London, England; was graduated from Oxford as double first in 1844, and on taking Holy Orders in 1846 he rapidly attained to a foremost position as a Theologian and Preacher. His appointments were very numerous and important, his latest being that of Dean of Wells, 1881. His literary productions have been very numerous, and embrace the classics, history, divinity, biblical criticism, biography and poetry. As a writer of sacred poetry he ranks very high. His historical poems on Roger, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, and certain Scripture characters are scholarly and poetic biographical studies of great merit.

Dr. Plumptre visited America in 1879. While in this country he wrote a graceful and prophetic poem, expressing his generous appreciation of the "Church of the West." Though a digression, it seems admissible as a side-light on the character of this famous author and divine of the "Church of the East." The poem is dated, Albany, September 30, 1879.

"Church of the West in whom we gladly trace
 Our Herbert's glowing hope at last fulfilled,
 And note in passion calmed and discord stilled
 The varied likeness of a sister's face;
 For thee there stretches far and wide through space
 The fields of souls that are for harvest white,
 And 'tis thy task to call the sons of light
 To work as reapers of their dear Lord's grace.
 One faith is ours to keep from age to age,
 But ye in that old path have forward gone,
 And holding still that priceless heritage
 Have cleared the way of many a stumbling-stone.
 Ye learnt from us our wisdom old and new,
 We in our turn at last do well to learn from you."

Dr. Plumptre's hymns are fervent in spirit, elegant in style, and catholic in treatment. The rhythm of his verse is musical; its poetry has a special attraction for the cultured, and its stately simplicity, for the devout and earnest-minded. His translations from the Latin are also very good and musical. One of the finest and most lyric of his compositions is the hymn beginning with the stanzas

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King.

With all the angel-choirs,
 With all the saints on earth,
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
 True rapture, noblest mirth.

Equal in merit is his tender and beautiful hymn, of which the first two stanzas follow:

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
 Was strong to heal and save;
 It triumphed o'er disease and death,
 O'er darkness and the grave:
 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
 The palsied and the lame,
 The leper with his tainted life,
 The sick with fevered frame;

And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
 Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
 And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
 Owned Thee, the Lord of light.
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
 Almighty as of yore,
 In crowded street, by restless couch,
 As by Gennesareth's shore.

The author's earnest and devout spirit breathes through his hymn of prayer and praise, from which we quote the following stanzas:

O Light, whose beams illumine all
 From twilight dawn to perfect day,
 Shine Thou before the shadows fall
 That lead our wandering feet astray:
 At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
 That youth may love and age adore.

O Way, thro' whom our souls draw near
 To yon eternal home of peace,
 Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
 And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease;
 In strength or weakness may we see
 Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' Thee.

O Life, the well that ever flows
 To slake the thirst of those that faint,
 Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
 Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
 Be Thou our conqueror over death.

Mrs. Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander (1823-1895).

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander was born in Ireland, and was the second

daughter of the late Major John Humphreys. In 1850 she was married to the Rt. Rev. W. Alexander, D. D., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.

Mrs. Alexander's hymns and poems number about four hundred. They are mostly for children. A large number of them have "won their way to the hearts of the young and found a home there," and are in very extensive use, while several, not classified as Children's hymns, have been included in recent hymnals for general use. Her "Hymns for Little Children," which appeared in 1848 was, in 1897, in its sixty-ninth edition. John Keble, in the preface, expressed the opinion that the hymns contained in it would "win a high place for themselves in the estimation of all who know how to value true poetry and primitive devotion." This opinion has been fully justified by the high place her hymns have taken in the Church's estimate.

"But it is not by English-speaking Christians and children only they are valued and loved. The Bishop of Tasmania and missionary bishops in South Africa and India bear testimony to their usefulness in the mission fields as teaching in a form easily remembered the elements of Christianity."

Among Mrs. Alexander's hymns that have been adopted for general use are her beautiful hymn written to illustrate the clause "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified," beginning:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

The exquisite hymn on the Nativity:

Once in Royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

The one of almost equal simplicity and beauty on the Second Coming of Christ:—

He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He came before,
Wailing infant born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor;
But upon his cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

Her earnest call to more loyal love and service:—

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me.'

The one on the Ascension:—

"The eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;"

The beautiful hymn expressing the ardent longing of a weary soul for the life beyond, where "there are perfectness and peace, beyond our best desire," beginning:

"The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;"

and the hymn on "Forgiveness of Sins:—

"When wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound."

Rev. James Drummond Burns, M. A. (1823–1864).

Rev. James Drummond Burns of the Free Church of Scotland, and afterwards of the Presbytery of London, is numbered among the many sweet singers of the Church who "learned in suffering what they taught in song." He was richly gifted with poetic power, but was a sufferer for many years from illness. The spirit of resignation with which he bore his affliction is expressed in the following plaintive lines:

"I know that trial works for ends too high for sense to trace;
That oft in dark attire He sends some embassy of grace!
May none depart till I have gained the blessing which it bears;
And learn, though late, I entertained an angel unawares!
So shall I bless the hour that sent the mercy of the rod;
And build an altar by the tent where I have met with God!"

Mr. Burns was a man of rare refinement and saintly character. His hymns are among the most tender and pathetic of recent production, but as yet a small number of them have been included in modern hymnals. Among those which are worthy of a very high place are the one on the Love of God, of which the following are the first, fourth and fifth stanzas:

Thou, Lord, art Love—and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven Thy throne.

Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is
 The living voice they find;
 His love lights up the vast abyss
 Of the Eternal Mind.

Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
 They stamp the seal divine;
 And by a sweet compulsion keep
 Our spirits nearer Thine.

His hymn beginning:

Still with Thee, O my God,
 I would desire to be.
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 I would be still with Thee.

and

“O Thou whose tender feet have trod.”

His hymn on Samuel is one of the loveliest for children, in the language, deserving to rank with the best of Mrs. C. F. Alexander's. We quote the first and last stanzas:

Hushed was the evening hymn,
 The Temple courts were dark;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark;
 When suddenly a voice divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

O give me Samuel's mind,
 A sweet, un murmuring faith,
 Obedient and resigned
 To Thee in life and death;
 That I may read with child-like eyes
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-).

Godfrey Thring, son of Rev. J. G. D. Thring of Alford, Somerset, was an English clergyman; graduated from the Oxford University in 1846. “The Church of England Hymn Book,” edited by him, which reaches a higher literary and poetic standard than any other specially prepared for that church, contains fifty-nine hymns from his pen, most of which are of great merit. Dr. Julian is emphatic as to the excellence of Thring's compositions, eulogizing their “massive structure,” their “tender plaintiveness,” their “almost perfect rhythm.” “Their prominent features throughout are a clear vision, a firm faith, a positive reality,

and an exulting hopefulness." "In Excelsis" contains thirteen of his hymns, and they are largely represented in other modern hymnals. One of his finest is his "Evening Hymn," beginning:

The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe home at last.

His hymn on the "Holy Spirit" is both beautiful and original in conception:—

Hear us, Thou that broodest
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with thine.

Perhaps more familiar than either of those mentioned is his lyric hymn:—

Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

Among his other hymns in common use are:—

"Lord of power, Lord of might;"
"Jesus came, the heav'ns adoring;"
"Heal me, O my Saviours, heal;"
"Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals."

Rev. Henry Twells, M. A. (1823-1900).

Henry Twells was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Taking Holy Orders in 1849, he held several appointments as curate and rector, and became Honorary Canon of Peterborough Cathedral in 1884. Canon Twells wrote several hymns, but he is chiefly known by his beautiful evening hymn, which is one of the finest we possess. This hymn has been published in hymnals in all parts of the English-speaking world, and has been translated into Latin, Greek, German, French, Welsh and Irish. We read between the lines of the hymn much of the spiritual

insight of the author, and his compassionate yearning to heal and save the multitude by leading them to the Saviour, whom he implores in the closing words of the hymn to "hear,"

"And in Thy mercy heal us all."

We quote the following stanzas:

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near.
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou are here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide:

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall,
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

CHAPTER XIV.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

'Tis but one song I hear where'er I rove,
Though countless be the notes, that God is love!

THOMAS DAVIS.

Rev. William Walsham How, D. D. (1823–1897).



WILLIAM Walsham How, born in the year 1823, which saw the advent of several other famous authors whose names are found in the list of our modern hymn-writers—Mrs. C. F. Alexander, James Drummond Burns, Henry Twells, Thomas Hughes, Godfrey Thring—was a large contributor to the store of church song. He was for many years the devoted Bishop of Bedford, and afterwards occupied the see of Wakefield. As Bishop of Bedford he had the spiritual oversight of the teeming millions of East London, where he was known as the “Poor Man’s Bishop,” “The People’s Bishop,” “The Omnibus Bishop,” kindly titles denoting the love and esteem of the people to whom he ministered. He was the author of “Pastor in Parochia,” a much valued manual for ministers, and of many other theological works; but useful as his work has been in other directions, he will probably be longest remembered by the hymns he has contributed to the worship of the Church. In the Bishop’s view, “A good hymn is something like a good prayer—simple, real, earnest, and reverent.” His own certainly fulfill all these requirements; “but best of all it is to know that the hymns he gave us are the expression of a nature as lovable and trustful as it was robust, the echo of a self-sacrificing and devoted life that never grew weary in well doing.” His published volume, in which he collected his scattered hymns, contains fifty-four.

A large proportion of these have passed into general use. Only a few leading hymn-writers are represented by a larger number in our most recent hymnals. Some of his hymns are thrilling in their pathetic tenderness, as—

“O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door;”

Others are at once tender and jubilant, as—

“For all the saints who from their labors rest,”

a thanksgiving for departed saints.

We give Thee but thine own,
Whate'er that gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee,

is a fine hymn for use at the offertory.

The characteristics of a good hymn are certainly all to be found in the one beginning:

O one with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of light;

also in his hymn on the Holy Scriptures—

“O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high;”

and in his fine missionary hymn,—

Soldiers of the cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle you must fight.

Among his other hymns in common use are the following:

“Lord Jesus, when we stand afar;”
“Nearer, O God, to Thee;”
“Jesus, name of wondrous love;”
“To Thee, our God, we fly.”

Francis Turner Palgrave, M. A. (1824–1897).

Francis Turner Palgrave, eldest son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian, was born at Great Yarmouth, England, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford. In 1885 he was elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He is the author and editor of several works of prose and poetry, but is best known by his collection of English lyrics, which is a model of editing. This work appeared in 1867, and was followed by enlarged editions in 1868 and 1870. His hymns are marked by much originality of thought and beauty of diction, as well as great tenderness. His object was “to write hymns which should have more distinct matter for thought and feeling than many in our collections

offer, and so, perhaps, be of a little use and comfort to readers," and he has admirably succeeded in his object.

Perhaps the best known of his hymns are those for Morning and Evening; the former beginning,

Lord God of morning and of night,

and the latter,

O Light of life, O Saviour dear,

both concluding with the fine doxology—

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore;

and the hymn which so accurately and tenderly expresses the longing of our day for faith in the unseen Christ, from which the following stanzas are quoted:

Thou say'st "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me;"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

But O dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy Blessed face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee.

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can we follow Thee?

O heavy cross of faith
In what we cannot see:
As once of yore Thyself restore
And help to follow Thee!

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within thine own:—
Go, Lord! we follow Thee.

Mr. Garret Horder, who is a high authority on Hymnology, says; "Professor Palgrave's hymns deserve a place of high honor for their sobriety of thought, their fidelity to the actual feeling of the time, their refined and yet poetical expression." The following quotations from hymns that are not in general use are given as examples of the varied and distinctive styles of his hymns. From the hymn suggested by our Lord's saying, "For behold the kingdom of God is within you:"—

O Thou not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Not walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem.

Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go;
 Where in His steps we tread
 Who trod the way of woe;
 Where He is in the heart,
 City of God! thou art.

From "Lost and Found," in which the influence of sin is seen and traced out with rare insight:

Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
 From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
 Cold to Thee and all Thy kindness,
 Willful, reckless, or afraid;
 Through dim clouds that gather round us
 Thou hast sought, and thou hast found us.

From his exquisitely tender and picturesque description of the course of our Lord, in his "Litany to the name of Jesus":

Thrice-holy Name! that sweeter sounds
 Than streams which down the valley run,
 And tells of more than human love,
 And more than human power in one;
 First o'er the manger-cradle heard,
 Heard since through all the choirs on high;—
 O Child of Mary, Son of God,
 Eternal, hear Thy children's cry!
 While at Thy blessed name we bow,
 Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

Within our earth-dimmed souls call up
 The vision of Thy human years;
 The mount of the transfigured form;
 The garden of the bitter tears;
 The cross upreared in darkening skies;
 The thorn-wreathed head; the bleeding side;
 And whisper in the heart, "For you,
 For you I left the heavens and died."
 While at the blessed name we bow,
 Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

Adelaide Anne Proctor (1825–1864).

Adelaide Anne Proctor, was the daughter of Bryan Waller Proctor, the poet—better known as "Barry Cornwall." Her love of poetry was

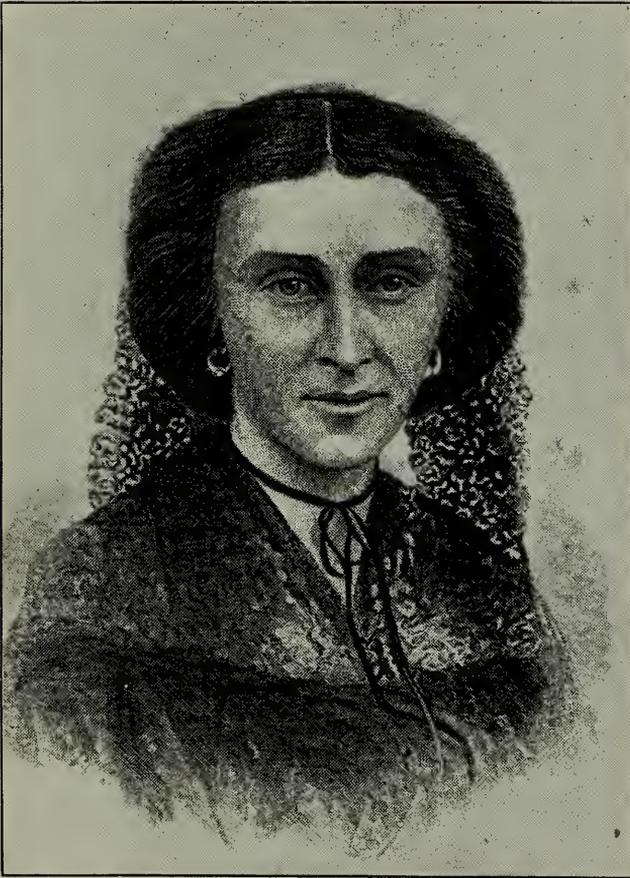
conspicuous at a very early age. Among the family memorials is a tiny album made of small note-paper, into which her favorite passages were copied by her mother before she herself could write. She soon displayed a remarkable memory, and great quickness of apprehension. In later years she was skilled in music and languages. She was the authoress of the well-known and delightful "Legends and Lyrics," to which, after her death, her friend Charles Dickens prefixed a beautiful sketch of her life, in which the following touching incident was recorded:

"In the spring of 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually seething through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel, Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen.

"This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas number, led *The Seven Poor Travelers*, was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as "Barry Cornwall," I took with me an early proof of that number and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer in its writer's presence, and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter—Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor."

As the reason for concealing her identity she had said at her home, "If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for Papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers." The delicacy and self-respect of this resolution was doubtless fully appreciated by Mr. Dickens.

Miss Proctor professed the Roman Catholic faith in 1851, but there



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

are very few references to the peculiar doctrines of that Church in her poems. In recent years many hymns have been drawn from her "Legends and Lyrics" which have acquired a great popularity, which is ever increasing; but perhaps she is best known as a writer of songs, some of which have achieved a phenomenal popularity, such as "The Lost Chord," and "Cleansing Fires." There is a vein of deep seriousness in all of her poems, indicating that the writer had a constant and vivid impression of the fact that "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." Her favorite themes are the blessings that come through trial—

"Bless the cleansing fire and the furnace of living pain.—"

and the strength and comfort of trust—

"Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best."

Among Miss Proctor's best-known hymns are the hymn which she calls "Thankfulness," of which the first, third and fourth stanzas follow:

Our God, we thank Thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright,
 So full of splendor and of joy,
 Beauty and light;
 So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right!

We thank Thee more that all our joy
 Is touched with pain;
 That shadows fall in brightest hours,
 That thorns remain;
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things!

Her "Prayer for Guidance," one of the most helpful and beautiful of modern hymns, from which we quote the first three stanzas:

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road;
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
 Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
 Lead me aright,
 Though strength should falter, and though heart should
 bleed,
 Through Peace to Light.

Her poem entitled "The Peace of God." beginning,—

We ask for Peace, O Lord!

of which the third stanza follows:

We ask Thy Peace, O Lord;
 Through storm, and fear, and strife,
 To light and guide us on,
 Through a long, struggling life;
 While no success or pain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve what the world calls
 Our wasted might,—
 Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

The beautiful Evening Hymn, beginning:

The shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the dark'ning sky;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie.

and the poem called "The Pilgrims," beginning:

The way is long and dreary,
 The path is bleak and bare.
 Our feet are worn and weary,
 But we will not despair;
 More heavy was Thy burden,
 More desolate Thy way,
 O Lamb of God! who takest
 The sin of the world away.

Mr. Dickens says of Miss Procter, "She was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. . . . Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers yielded to the burden and began to sink. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and she took to her bed. She lay upon her bed fifteen months.

In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered."

At length, at midnight on the 2nd of February, 1864, she turned down the leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up.

The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one: "Do you think I am dying, mamma?"

"I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear."

"Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up."

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: "It has come at last!" And with a bright and happy smile looked upward, and departed.

Well had she written:—

Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?

O what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

In her life, and in her death, Miss Procter exemplified the high ideal of faith, and love, and service, expressed in her beautiful lyrics. In her life of strenuous service we find the fulfilment of the words of her poem, "One by One":—

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

In her death we see how the Christian can die, who has the hope and assurance expressed in her words:

A little longer still—Patience, Beloved;
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal, and divine, that waits thy soul!

A little longer yet—and angel voices
 Shall ring in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
 Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;
 Beloved, can we bid thee linger here!

Edward Henry Bickersteth, D. D. (1825–).

Edward Henry Bickersteth, son of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, whose "Christian Psalmody" was the best evangelical collection of its day, was also most successful as an editor of hymnals. In 1855 he became Dean of Gloucester, and in the same year, Bishop of Exeter. As a poet, he is well known as the author of "Yesterday, Today and Forever" in which he treated the themes which inspired Milton and Dante. In the Preface to this remarkable work he says, "The design of the following poem has been laid up in my heart for more than twenty years. . . . If it may please God to awaken any minds to deeper thought on things unseen and eternal, by this humble effort to combine some of the pictorial teaching supplied by His most holy Word, it will be the answer to many prayers." Surely no one who has read the book can doubt that the author's prayers have been answered.

His reputation as a hymn-writer has also extended far and wide. About thirty of his hymns are in common use. Joined with a strong grasp of his subject, true poetic feeling, and a pure rhythm, there is a soothing plaintiveness and individuality in his hymns which give them a distinct character of their own.

His well known hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," is unrivaled as a hymn of consolation, and comes very near to "Lead Kindly Light" in combining "piety and poetry in the highest proportion."

It was written after the author had listened to a sermon on the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
 To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
 On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

From his beautiful Communion hymn, beginning:

Till He come: oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;

we quote the second and third stanzas:

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have our sorrows less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper—"Till He come."

William Whiting (1825-1878).

To William Whiting, choirmaster of Winchester, and author of several hymns, we are indebted for the most popular hymn for "those at sea." It has been wedded to a beautiful tune by Dr. Dykes, appropriately named "Melita" in commemoration of the shipwreck of St. Paul. When sung at sea, and in seaboard districts, in stormy weather, it "arrests and solemnizes a congregation in a very remarkable way." Following are the first and last stanzas:

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go.
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

CHAPTER XV.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

'Tis love leads nature's choir, nor leads it wrong.
Sweet and more sweet the grateful notes aspire:
All nature joins in one harmonious song,
And tells of love; for God has given the air.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett (1825-1897).



AWRENCE Tuttiett, son of John Tuttiett, a surgeon, was born at Cloyton, Devonshire, England. It was originally purposed that he should follow the medical profession, but abandoning it for the ministry, he took Holy Orders in 1848. For sixteen years he was vicar of Lea Marston, Warwickshire, and for twenty-eight years clergyman of St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland. He was the author of several devotional works, and many excellent hymns. His hymns are characterized by deep earnestness, distinctness of thought, simplicity of language and smoothness of rhythm. Those for special services and seasons are of great merit.

Very tender and beautiful is the hymn beginning:

O Jesus, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very name is music,
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wond'ring childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

His hymn on the coming of Christ the Judge, is a powerful and pathetic expression of the longing of many devout souls, through all the Christian era, for the second coming of Christ. Following are the first and second stanzas:

O quickly come, dread Judge of all;
 For awful though Thine Advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die in sight of Thee:
 O quickly come: for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all;
 Reign all around us, and within;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
 O quickly come: For Thou alone
 Canst make thy scattered people one.

One of his most popular hymns is that for the New Year, of which the first two stanzas follow:

Father, here we dedicate
 All our time to Thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wouldst have us be;
 Not from trouble, loss, or care
 Freedom would we claim;
 This alone shall be our prayer,
 "Glorify Thy Name."

Can a child pretend to choose
 Where or how to live?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 What is best to give?
 More Thou grantest every day
 Than the best can claim;
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 "Glorify Thy Name."

Very spiritual and inspiring is his earnest prayer for "light" expressed in the following stanzas:

O grant us light, that we may know
 The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
 That truth may guide where'er we go,
 And virtue bless where'er we live.

O grant us light that we may see
 Where error lurks in human lore,
 And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
 And love Thy simple word the more.

O grant us light in grief and pain
 To lift our burdened hearts above,
 And count the very cross a gain,
 And bless our Father's hidden love.

O grant us light, when soon or late
 All earthly scenes shall pass away,
 In Thee to find the open gate
 To deathless home and endless day.

There is a striking variety of subject and thought in Tuttiett's hymns, no two of those in common use being at all alike. Distinctly different from all the others is his rousing hymn, beginning:

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath His banner true;
 The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all Thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

Rev. John Ellerton, M. A. (1826-1893).

John Ellerton, M. A., vicar of White Rothering, was a devoted clergyman of the Church of England. He was a man of wide culture and winning personality, "always making the best of and doing the best for others, never thinking of himself." He is the author of several prose works. It is however, as a hymnologist, editor, hymn-writer and translator, that he is most widely known. Matthew Arnold termed him "the greatest of living hymnologists." If not the "greatest," he is certainly one of the very greatest of modern hymnists. He was joint editor of an annotated edition of "Church Hymns," published in 1881, for which he prepared an admirable series of notes and illustrations. His original hymns number about fifty, and his translations from the Latin, ten or more. Nearly every one of these is in common use. He had at his command a variety of subject and style; the thought is clear and plainly stated; the rhythm is good; the diction simple and elegant; the tone elevated and devotional in spirit.

The best known of his hymns is that for Sunday evening, beginning:

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

The grandest of his hymns is the one on the Crucifixion, beginning with the stanza:

Throned upon the awful tree,
 King of grief, I watch with Thee;
 Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
 None its lines of woe can trace,
 None can tell what pangs unknown
 Hold thee silent and alone.

His fine hymn on "All live unto Him" is a powerful protest against the unworthy ideas of death and the future state, so widely prevalent and an assertion of the fact that life follows at once, and not after a long interval of sleep. Following are the first two stanzas:

God of the living, in whose eyes,
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Very stirring and beautiful is his Sunday morning hymn:—

This is the day of Light!
Let there be light today!
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

The assertion of the continuance of worship, linking together East and West in sacred song, is exceedingly fine in the hymn beginning,

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,

from which we quote the last three stanzas:

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

One of the great funeral hymns of the Church is his hymn, beginning,—

Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Among Ellerton's other hymns in common use are:

"The hours of day are over;"
 "When the day of toil is done;"
 "Again the morn of gladness;"
 "Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness!"

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles (1828-1897).

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles was the daughter of John Rundle, M. P. Her husband was Andrew Paton Charles, Barrister at Law.

Mrs. Charles has enriched our sacred literature with many productions in prose and verse. She is the authoress of "The Schonberg Cotta Family," and many other stories of a religious historical type. She has also made valuable contributions to Hymnology, including original hymns and translations from the Latin and German. These are given in her book, "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," and her volume of poems, "The Three Awakings." In her rendering of one of the hymns of the Venerable Bede—

"A hymn of glory let us sing,"

we have an example of her admirable translations. Her original hymns are not widely known, but their style and character may be inferred from the following poem, which, though not in the strictest sense a hymn, "is so rousing, so full of a large sympathy," that both Bishop Bickersteth and W. Garrett Horder "could not resist the temptation to include it" in hymnals which they compiled:—

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it with another,
 And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy
 brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
 Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
 Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burdens; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst
the snow?

Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal
thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power? self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane (1828-1897).

Elizabeth C. Clephane, daughter of Andrew Clephane, sheriff of Fife, was a member of the Church of Scotland. She had a vivid imagination, from her childhood was always fond of poetry, and commenced writing at an early age. Her first hymns, including "The Ninety and Nine," were written for "The Children's Hour," and in 1872-74 were republished along with several others in the "Family Treasury," then edited by the Rev. William Arnot, under the title "Breathings on the Border." The following introduction was written for them by Rev. Mr. Arnot:

"These lines express the experience, the hopes and the longings of a young Christian lately released. Written on the very edge of this life, with the border land fully in the view of faith, they seem to us footsteps printed on the sands of Time, where these sands touch the ocean of Eternity. These footprints of one whom the Good Shepherd led through the wilderness into rest, may, with God's blessing, contribute to comfort and direct succeeding pilgrims."

Miss Clephane's little poem, which was first popularized as a hymn by Mr. Sankey, beginning:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;"

will be readily recalled without further quotation. Six years after this poem first appeared in the "Children's Hour," it was copied into the "Christian Age" of London, in the columns of which Mr. Ira D. Sankey first saw it, while in the train on his way to Edinburgh to attend a gospel meeting, in 1874. The paper in which he found it had been left on the seat by some former passenger. The subject of the meeting to be held that evening was "The Good Shepherd," and Mr. Sankey was searching

for an appropriate hymn. When he came across "The Ninety and Nine," he was so delighted with the poem that he resolved to sing it that evening, though he knew he would be obliged to improvise a tune for it. He sang it at the close of an impressive service, the tune coming to him as he went on. At the end of the meeting Mr. Moody said to him, "Wherever did you get that hymn?" "I got it in answer to prayer," was the reply.

Miss Clephane died a short time after her little poem appeared in print. She never lived to hear it sung as a hymn, or to receive the thanks of the hundreds who have been led to Christ under the singing of it by Mr. Sankey.

Following are the first and last stanzas of another beautiful hymn by Miss Clephane:

Beneath the Cross of Jesus,
 I fain would take my stand,
 The shadow of a mighty Rock
 Within a weary land;
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noon-tide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
 For my abiding-place:
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the Cross.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834—).

Sabine Baring-Gould was born at Exeter, England, in 1834; was graduated from Clare College, Cambridge, in 1854; was ordained and became curate of Horbury in 1864; and from 1867 was incumbent of Dalton, until Mr. Gladstone appointed him rector of East Mersea, in 1871. On the death of his father in 1872 he succeeded to his estate at Lew-Trenchard, Devonshire, which has been the family seat for over three hundred years. The rectorate of Lew-Trenchard is what in England is called a family living and upon the death of its incumbent in 1881, Mr. Baring-Gould, who was squire, and Lord of the Manor, became also rector of the parish by his own appointment. He is an exceedingly versatile and prolific author, with a variety of gifts and accomplishments, and is

“not only squire and rector, but also theologian, historian, antiquarian novelist and poet.” He has written many volumes of sermons, and other works on religious subjects of a more learned character. Of these, the best known, perhaps, are “The Lives of the Saints,” in fifteen volumes, and “The Origin and Development of Religious Belief,” in two. He is also the author of many volumes dealing with manners and customs, legendary and folk lore, antiquities and out-of-the-way information, requiring wide research. Of these, probably the most widely known is his “Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.” In England he is, also, one of the most popular of living novelists.

✕ His hymn writing is small in quantity, in comparison with the great volume of his other achievements, but he has written many carols, and a number of hymns which are of a very high order. ✓ His fine rendering of the Danish hymn by Ingemann, beginning with the stanza:

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night;

is one of his three popular hymns which are found in nearly all modern hymnals. Probably no evening hymn is oftener sung, at the present time, than his lovely hymn for children, beginning:

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

✕ But the most popular and often-used hymn is, undoubtedly, the stirring processional:—

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

This hymn was written in 1865, and gradually worked its way into use by being included in several hymnals during the next ten years. A

most effective means of securing its continued general use was the appearance in the "Musical Times" for December, 1871, of the stirring tune written for it by Arthur S. Sullivan, to which it has been wedded ever since.

Henry M. Stanley, in his "Through the Dark Continent," gives a touching illustration of the influence of song when the mind is troubled and depressed.

When Mr. Stanley started on his long and perilous journey he was accompanied by three brave young Englishmen—Francis Pocock, his brother, and a friend of theirs. Of the former, Mr. Stanley says: "Frank Pocock was seldom idle, and while he was at work his fine voice broke out into song, or some hymn such as he was accustomed to sing in Rochester church. Joyous and light-hearted as a linnet, Frank indulged forever in song, raising his sweet voice in melody, lightening my heart and for the time dispelling my anxieties. In my troubles his face was my cheer; his English voice recalled me to my aims, and out of his brave, bold heart, he uttered, in my own language, words of comfort to my thirsty ears."

Frank's brother died of the deadly typhus, January 18, 1875, and not long afterward their friend and companion succumbed to the pestilential region through which they were traveling. "On January 28, 1877," Mr. Stanley says, "after a period of twenty-two days of desperate labors, during the nights and days of which we had been beset by the perverse cannibals and insensate savages, who made the islands amid the cataracts their fastnesses, and having passed the last of the Stanley falls, we are once again upon a magnificent stream (The Livingstone river) whose broad and grey-brown waters woo us with their mystery. I thought even Frank was half affected by the sudden cessation of trouble—giving the party thinking time to reflect upon their situation—for his voice was heard in a dolorous, sad strain, of which the words of the first two stanzas were as follows:"

"The home land, the fair land,
Refuge for all distressed,
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.

"The homeland! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes, and weary feet,
Rest on that happy shore."

“Frank, my dear fellow, you will make everybody cry with such tunes as those; choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire, and drive our canoes down stream as though they were driven by steam.”

“All right sir,” he replied, with a bright, cheerful face, and sang the following!

“Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

“Journeying o’er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our homeward way. ”

“Ah, Frank, it is not the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way, for that is the way I pray to be permitted to lead you.”

“How do you like this,” he asked (and he sang Charlotte Elliott’s hymn beginning):

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life’s rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

“Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song.”

He replied by singing:—

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Those who have read “Through the Dark Continent” will doubtless recall the pathetic story of Frank’s death, and the unutterable grief of Stanley from the loss of this dear friend, leaving him alone with his sorrowing and disheartened dark-skinned companions. Frank’s grave was in the dark waters of the Livingstone, but the voice which had so often cheered his companions in “Darkest Africa” was thenceforth to join in the songs of “the happy band” in the “homeland,”

“Where pain and sin ne’er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.”

Mr. Baring-Gould is so many-sided a man, and has done so much

work of so many different kinds, achieving enough to establish the fame of at least two distinguished men, there seems to be an amusing fitness in his compound name, and in the fact that he is sometimes indexed among the B's for Baring, and sometimes among the G's for Gould.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, M. A. (1835—).

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint of Bath, England, was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, graduating with classical honors in 1871. He is the author of several hymns, but is best known by his delightful hymn of thankfulness, beginning:

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

CHAPTER XVI.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Wake, wake your harps to sweetest songs!
In praise of Him to whom belongs
All praise; join hearts and voices.
Forevermore, O Christ in Thee,—
Thee, all in all of love to me,—
My grateful heart rejoices.

REV. PHILIP NICOLAI, D. D.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836–1879).



IN THE quiet inland village of Astley, Worcestershire, England, William Henry Havergal, poet and musician, as well as priest, faithfully ministered to his small rural congregation for more than twenty years; and in the adjacent rectory, pleasantly sequestered amid vines and flowers and overshadowing trees, he wrote sermons, hymns and music, and reared six active, clever children, the youngest of whom was Frances Ridley Havergal, born December 14th, 1836. As remembered by loving friends, she was a child of rare grace and beauty; fair-complexioned, sunny-haired, with an expression at once sweet and vivacious, and a child of extreme mental precocity, as shown in reading easy books at three years old, and beginning her first manuscript verses at seven.

In 1845, Mr. Havergal, having received an appointment to the Rectory of St. Nicholas, and become a canon of the Cathedral, removed to the city of Worcester. Here, Frances, when scarcely ten years old, began the charitable and missionary labors with which so large a space of her after life was filled, by teaching a Sunday School class of still younger children, and organizing herself and a favorite playmate into a "Flannel Petticoat Society." The story of this period of her life is pleasantly told in "The Four Happy Days," one of her few published books for children.

She was educated at a boarding school, first in England, afterward in Germany. At the former, without attempting to fix any date of conversion, she began to "have conscious faith and hope in Christ." After leaving school she threw herself enthusiastically into an advanced course of study, and through all her after life she strove to slake her thirst for knowledge at every available fount within reach. She studied—in most cases mastered—French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. She taught herself harmonics by reading a chapter from a "Treatise," at night, and mentally working out the exercises on her pillow.

From her father, who declined the chair of music at Oxford, Miss Havergal inherited such decided musical talent that she at one time thought of making it her life-vocation, being encouraged thereto by Hiller, whose judgment she sought upon her works.

She was an acceptable solo singer, her voice having that sweet and sympathetic quality which satisfies both the critical and the uncultured ear; she wrote songs and hymn-tunes, adapted to her own words and those of others; she acted as organist, at need; she assisted in the editing of the hymnal, "Songs of Grace and Glory;" and, after her father's death, she took up his unfinished work, preparing "Havergal's Psalmody" for the press, and contributing to its contents. She could play from memory all of Handel's music, and much of Mendelssohn's and Beethoven's. Her rendering of the "Moonlight Sonata" was pronounced "perfect":—how she attained to such perfection is told in her poem of the same name, which, like all her works, is largely biographical. In her first consciousness of the power to create melody and harmony, as well as to interpret them, she says that she forgot the Giver, and found such delight in the gift that "other things paled before it." She also alludes to the "delicious delusion" of public applause; but in better moments she prays that the gift of song may be withdrawn if it is really a snare and a hindrance, that she "may be made white at any cost." In good time the prayer was answered, not by withdrawing the gift, but by enabling her so to consecrate it to the Master's service that she could write:

"Literal 'singing for Jesus' is to me, somehow, the most personal and direct commission I hold from my beloved Master, and my opportunities for it are often most curious, and have been greatly blessed; every line in my little poem 'Singing for Jesus,' is from personal experience."

Her first formal debut as a poetess was about 1860, in the columns of "Good Words"; thenceforward she went on, adding grace to grace

and strength to strength of poetic skill and fervor till capable of the sustained flight of "The Thoughts of God," and the varied melody and deep insight of "Loyal Responses." Many of the latter have become household words not only in human homes, but in sacred temples; more than once their author knew the awed blissfulness of hearing her own hymns and tunes sung to the praise of Him who inhabiteth eternity.

Her works are so well known, it is scarcely necessary to say that she wrote with extraordinary ease and fluency; but the secret of her success is best told in her own words:

"I have a curious vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty in general being given me, but also of every separate poem or hymn, nay every line, being given. . . . I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come. Just now there is silence."

At one time there was a long silence—about five years. But the power returned as suddenly as it went; one night a poem shot into her mind, "Minerva fashion, full-grown." "All my best poems have come in that way," she says. Few have more faithfully acted out the aspiration she expressed in one of her hymns, "Always, only for the King." Her writings in prose have a large circulation, but she will be best and longest known by her poems. Their power to soften, to soothe, to inspire, to warn, to uplift, is acknowledged by thousands of loving readers, who will give them a high place in the religious poetry of the age.

But her greatest achievement, and her best legacy, is her consecrated life and character, wrought out by experiences which fitted her for the work, of which she says:

"And the songs that echo longest,
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,
With your life blood you must write."

Her widely known "Consecration Hymn":

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,"

was written in an outburst of joy at having been permitted to be instrumental in the conversion of dear friends.

"Tell it out among the heathen,"

was written, both words and music, one Sunday morning, when she was

unable to go to church. "Her friends left her in bed, but found her at the piano, singing her new possession in a brisk, ringing time, that was really electrifying."

The hymn beginning:

I gave my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave my life for thee;
 What hast thou given for Me?

was founded upon a motto placed under a picture of Christ, in the study of a German divine, "This I did for thee, what doest thou for Me?" It is said Zinzendorf was first taught love to the Saviour by reading this motto. In answer to inquiries regarding this hymn, she wrote:

"I scribbled it in pencil on the back of a circular, in a few minutes, and then read it over and thought, 'Well, this is not poetry, anyhow! I won't trouble to copy this out.' So I reached out my hand to put it in the fire! a sudden impulse made me draw it back; I put it, crumpled and singed, into my pocket. Soon after I went to see a dear old woman in an alms house. She began talking to me, as she always did, about her dear Saviour, and I thought I would see if she, a simple old woman, would care for my verses, which I felt sure nobody else would care to read. So I read them to her, and she was so delighted with them that, when I went back, I copied them out, and kept them, and now the Master has sent them out in all directions. I have seen tears while they have been sung at mission services, and have heard of them being really blessed to many."

Referring to this hymn, she says, "It was, I think, the very first thing I ever wrote which could be called a hymn" (written in 1859). From this humble beginning she continued her "Ministry of Song,"—

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
 Telling His love and His marvellous grace;
 Love from eternity, love without end,
 Love for the loveless, the sinful, the base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
 Many to love Him, and join in the song;
 Calling the weary and wandering in,
 Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
 Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;

Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

Singing for Jesus, Oh, singing for joy!
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus forever above.

After a life of abundant and exhausting labors Miss Havergal was called to "brighter employ" at the age of forty-three. When told of the serious nature of her illness, she answered, "If I am really going, it is too good to be true." She was often heard murmuring, "So beautiful to go." At the last she tried to sing; but after one sweet, high note, her voice failed; soon to join in the grand chorus of the redeemed,—

"Singing for Jesus forever above."

Among Miss Havergal's other beautiful and helpful hymns in common use are the following:

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak;"
"Jesus, Master, whose I am;"
"True-hearted, whole-hearted;"
"Who is on the Lord's side?"
"Thou art coming, O my Saviour."

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898).

William Chatterton Dix was a highly gifted hymn-writer. His contributions to hymnody are numerous, and many of his compositions rank high among modern hymns. He was for more than thirty years a writer of sacred verse, and among English laymen of his generation there are none whose contributions are so well known and so valuable. The most popular is his beautiful Epiphany hymn, beginning:

As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

One of the most perfect and melodious of hymns is his musical Harvest hymn. We quote the whole hymn, as it seems too perfect for abridgment:

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise

With shouts of exultation;
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
 The hills with joy are ringing,
 The valleys stand so thick with corn
 That even they are singing.

And now, on this our festal day,
 Thy bounteous Hand confessing,
 Upon Thine altars, Lord, we lay
 The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
 By thee the souls of men are fed
 With gifts of grace supernal,
 Thou, who dost give us earthly bread,
 Give us the Bread Eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary;
 But labor ends with sunset ray,
 And rest comes for the weary;
 May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 Christ's golden sheaves forevermore
 To garners bright elected.

Oh, blessed is that land of God,
 Where saints abide forever;
 Where golden fields spread far and broad,
 Where flows the crystal river:
 The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours today are blending;
 Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
 Which never hath an ending.

Very earnest and tender in his hymn of invitation, worthy to be ranked with Bonar's "I heard the voice of Jesus say":—

"Come unto Me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest,"
 O blessed voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to hearts oppressed.
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.

' And whosoever cometh
 I will not cast him out."
 O patient love of Jesus,
 Which drives away our doubt;
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

Among Mr. Dix's other hymns in common use are:
 "O Thou, the eternal Son of God;"
 "Alleluia! sing to Jesus."

Rev. Samuel John Stone, M. A. (1839-1901).

Samuel John Stone, son of the Rev. William Stone, M. A., was born at Whitmore, Staffordshire, England. His poetical works are numerous and he is the author of about fifty hymns and translations. Several of his hymns have a wide popularity. In 1866 Mr. Stone published a small volume entitled "Lyra Fidelium, Twelve Hymns on the Apostles' Creed." The hymn by which he is best known is the one on Article X, "The Forgiveness of Sins." Following are four of the eight verses of this pathetic hymn of penitence and confession:

Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me 'Come.'

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Mr. Stone's hymn on Article IX of the Creed—"The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints"—is the familiar hymn, beginning:

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

His earnest desire for strength, and the "Saviour's armor," for the Christ-like work of "seeking and saving the lost," is beautifully expressed in the hymn, beginning:

O Thou before whose presence
Naught evil may come in,
Yet who dost look in mercy

Down on this world of sin;
 O give us noble purpose
 To set the sin-bound free,
 And Christ-like tender pity
 To seek the lost for Thee.

Equal in merit, though not so familiar, is his rousing hymn on the closing of the year, beginning:

The old year's long campaign is o'er,
 Behold a new begun;
 Not yet is closed the holy war,
 Not yet the triumph won.
 Out of his still and deep repose
 We hear the old year say:
 "Go forth again to meet your foes,
 Ye children of the day!"

The author's kinship with all tried and tempted souls is disclosed in his pathetic hymn, in which the "shadows" persistently "vanish at the dawning ray" of hope. Following are three stanzas of this hymn:

Dark is the night that overhangs my soul,
 The mists are thick that through the valley roll,
 But as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,
 "When the day breaks the shadows flee away."

I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
 Burning and shining must it ever be,
 And I must tend it till the night decay,—
 "Till the day break, and shadows flee away."

He will be with me in the awful hour
 When the last foe shall come in blackest power;
 And He will hear me when at last I pray—
 "Let the day break, the shadows flee away."

Rev. George Matheson, D. D.

George Matheson was born in Glasgow in 1842, and although deprived of his eyesight in his youth he passed a brilliant course at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated M. A. in 1862. In 1868 he became the parish minister at Innellan; and subsequently at St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, where he was known and esteemed by the people as their most original preacher. His poetical works were collected and published in 1890 as "Sacred Songs." He is also the author of several important prose works but he is most widely known as author of the favorite hymn from which we quote the first and last two stanzas:

O love that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul on Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

The hymn was "the fruit of the most severe mental suffering" endured by the author, and was truly an inspiration, the whole having been written and completed in about five minutes, and never retouched or corrected by the author.

CHAPTER XVII.

American Hymns.

Then let me sing, while yet I may, like him God loved,—the sweet-toned Psalmist,
Who found in harp and holy lay the charm that keeps the spirit calmest.

REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.



THROUGHOUT the Middle Ages, the Bible was, as a whole, except to the clergy, a sealed book. But the Psalms were permitted to be in the hands of laymen. The Psalms in Latin were consecrated by centuries of use in public worship, but they were chanted by priests or choristers, and to the people they were for the most part unintelligible. The first version of the Psalter in prose was made by Tyndall and Coverdale. This version, corrected by Cranmer and his colleagues, was put forth in the Bishop's Bible of 1541. Translated into the vernacular language, the Psalms seemed to gain their full power, answering every need, adapting themselves to all spiritual conditions.

During the period of the Reformation, as the fierce battle between Roman Catholic and Protestant swayed backwards and forwards, the note of encouragement, comfort, or deliverance sounds clear and high for combatants on either side, in the verses of the Psalms. In the strength of the Psalms, martyrs went to the stake, mounted the scaffold, or endured the rack. Men, women, and children, dragged to gaol, sang Psalms along the road, and, as in the days of Paul and Silas, dungeons resounded with earnest praise of God, clothed in the sublime yet familiar language of the Psalms. From Jerome's cave at Bethlehem to Raleigh's dungeon in the Tower their influence passes without breach of continuity, although, in the lapse of twelve centuries, scarcely any aspect of human life remained unchanged—except that human nature to which they remain eternally true.

The earliest of the metrical versions of the Psalms in the popular tongue was the celebrated one into French, of Clement Marot, who translated fifty Psalms, two being added by Calvin, and the rest by Theodore Beza. Goudimel, the first musician of his age set these to music, drawing the airs from the popular songs of that time. This became the book of song in all French speaking countries, and aided greatly in the spread of the doctrines of the Reformation. The Psalms were identified with the everyday life of the Huguenots. On the battlefield, and in the discipline of the camp, the Psalms held their place. With a Psalm they repelled the charge or delivered the assault. In vain was the chanting of the Psalms proscribed. Equally in vain was it to burn the books by the hands of executioners, or to thrust the pages into the gaping wounds of the dying. Colporteurs risked their lives in carrying to the remotest corners of Protestant France copies of Marot's version of the Psalms, printed so small that they could be readily concealed in the clothes of refugees.

The meetings of the proscribed and persecuted Huguenots were summoned by the singing of a Psalm; in woods and caverns, in dungeons, in exile in America, the Psalms still sounded from the lips of the sturdy Protestants. The Psalms sustained the courage of the martyrs in the midst of torture, and of those who were condemned to the living death of the galleys.

To the Puritans of the seventeenth century, the Psalter was the book of books. Its words were fixed in the memories and rooted in the hearts of the people. To gain liberty of worship and of Psalm-singing, men and women crossed the seas, seeking in the New World the freedom that was denied them in the Old.

To the singing of Psalms the sails of the Mayflower were set to catch the winds that wafted the Pilgrim Fathers to the white sandbanks of Cape Cod.

“Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

“Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
 The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home!"

To the music of Psalms were laid the foundations of the United States. In the language of the Psalms the early progress of the first colony is recorded. In 1787, it was to the first verse of the 127th Psalm that Benjamin Franklin appealed, when speaking before the Convention assembled to frame a Constitution for the United States of America. In his address, as recorded, occurs this passage;

"I have lived for a long time (81 years), and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writing, that 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. I therefore beg leave to move that, henceforth, prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

For many centuries "The hopes and fears of all the years," the penitence, prayers, and praise of the Church found their truest and noblest expression in the Scriptural, or metrical, versions of the Psalms.

"In Salem also is his tabernacle" (Ps. 76:2) were the words which suggested to John Endicott's company the name of their first settlement. At the Sabbath services, both in Salem and Plymouth, the Psalms were sung without music, from the version of Henry Ainsworth of Amsterdam. But it was not long before the Puritan divines had prepared their own version, and the third book printed in America was the Bay Psalm Book, published by Stephen Day (1630-40). Till the end of the eighteenth century the Psalms were exclusively sung in the churches and chapels of America.

The first period of psalmody—from the landing of the Puritans to the Revolution—may be called the rude age of psalmody, in which the version of the psalms was in the words as they were given by Puritan writers, and which were sung to a few heavy, monotonous English chords, such as that sect preferred to use, without the aid of instruments, and

without the help of female voices, for the most part. After the revolution choirs became common. They were formed as the custom of "lining out" the psalm, or "deaconing out," as some called it, was done away with. This custom, which was established in England in 1644 for the benefit of those unable to read, was practiced in churches in New England for many years, and was not discontinued without some severe and protracted struggles. About 1790 this practice had been pretty generally discontinued.

The first collection of metrical Psalms in use in America was the celebrated "Bay Psalm Book," or "New England version," published in 1640. This was revised in 1757 by Thomas Prince, but was soon superseded by "Tate and Brady's Version." A few years later a supplement of hymns, chiefly Watts', was added to this version, and between 1750 and 1800 many editions of "Tate and Brady's Version with Supplement of Hymns" were printed at Boston. Towards the end of the 18th century many editions of Dr. Watts' "Psalms and Hymns" were published, in some of which the Psalms were amended by Joel Barlow in 1785, and by Timothy Dwight in 1800. After this time the Metrical Psalms were issued, with hymns appended. But as time went on, the Psalms fell more and more into the background, and hymns became prominent.

At the end of the seventeenth century hymn-singing was almost unknown in England, and not until a century later did hymns come into general use in the churches of America. Thus has the heritage of American hymnody come to the people of this country, freighted with many associations with human history—the priceless, sacred fruitage of all the ages.

The hymns used in America have been chiefly drawn from the great store of English hymns, hardly a tenth part being of native origin. Of the one hundred hymns, by known authors, in W. T. Stead's recent book "Hymns that have Helped," only ten are by American writers. But the number of American hymns is constantly increasing, and their quality is accredited by the fact that many American hymns are now included in English collections.

Dr. John Julian, in his synopsis of American hymn-writers, gives the names of 212 authors. Only the most prominent among them will be introduced in this series, and they may be most conveniently grouped under the denominations to which they belong. As the earliest author mentioned was a Congregationalist, that church should be first in order.

Rev. Mather Byles, D. D. (1706–1788).

The first American hymn-writer appears to have been Mather Byles, D. D. He was educated at Harvard, became an eminent Congregational minister of Boston, and for his time and place, an accomplished scholar. He corresponded with the wits and literati of England, and his sympathies were with the Tories in the Revolution. His Toryism brought him into trouble, causing him, in his own words, to be “guarded, regarded, and disregarded.” His Sermons and Poems were published at various dates. His “Judgment” hymn:

When wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise;—

Safe in my Saviour’s love I’ll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue,

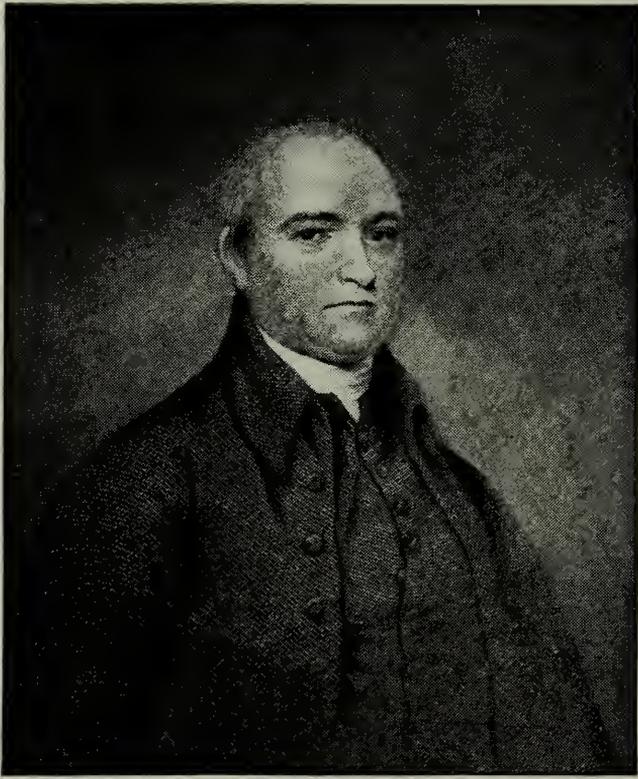
is included in the “Plymouth Collection” and several other older collections, but is not found in recent hymnals.

Rev. Nathan Strong (1748–1816).

Nathan Strong was born in Coventry, Conn., in 1748. He took the valedictory at Yale in 1769, over a future president of the college, Timothy Dwight. He was a tutor in the college in 1772, and in 1773 he accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., where he continued to labor until his death on Christmas-day, 1816. His services to American Hymnody, as the principal editor of the “Hartford Selection,” 1799, have been very great. As in that selection the authors’ names were not given, his numerous contributions thereto cannot be identified. One of the best known of his certified hymns is the one entitled, “A Thanksgiving Hymn,” of which the first two stanzas follow:

Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

Blessings from his lib’ral hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by Him no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.



TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D. (1752-1817).

Timothy Dwight was born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. His mother was a daughter of Jonathan Edwards. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, graduated four years later, and was a tutor there from 1771 to 1777, when he resigned to become a chaplain in the Revolutionary army. He next became a pastor at Greenfield, Conn., where he also taught in an academy, till his appointment in 1795 as President of Yale College, which position he held until his death, Jan. 11, 1817. He was one of the greatest theologians of his generation. His "System of Theology" had a wide circulation in Great Britain as well as in America. He was a man of vast acquirements, though for nearly forty years, owing to defective eye-sight, the result of smallpox, he was unable to read consecutively for more than fifteen minutes out of the twenty-four hours, and this effort caused him intense pain. For this reason he was obliged to employ an amanuensis for many years. In 1800 he prepared and published a revised edition of "Watts' Psalms," which was approved and adopted by the General Association of Connecticut (Congregational). This volume contained several hymns from various sources, some of which were written by himself. Although best known for many years as a theologian, he will doubtless be longest remembered, both in Great Britain and America, as the author of the familiar hymn:

"I love Thy kingdom, Lord."

His love for

"The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood,"

and the consecration and devotion of all his powers to the service of that Church, are expressed in the following stanzas of this hymn:

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways—
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Such "love" of the Church, if realized as well as sung, would solve the problem of nonattendance, and all the other difficulties with which the Church has to contend in these later days.

Mrs. Phoebe Hinsdale Brown (1783-1861).

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, the author of the favorite evening hymn, beginning:

I love to steal a while away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

was born in Canaan, N. Y. in 1783. She was left an orphan when two years old. At the age of nine she fell into the hands of a relative who kept a country gaol. In the family of this relative she was obliged to spend nine years of intense and cruel suffering. "The tale of her early life which she has left her children," says her son, "is a narrative of such deprivations, cruel treatment, and toil, as it breaks my heart to read." Escaping from this bondage at eighteen, she was sought by kind people, and sent to a common school at Claverack, N. Y., where she learned to write, and soon began to compose verses, and write original articles in prose. While at Claverack she made profession of her faith in Christ, and joined the Congregational church. In 1805 she was married to Timothy H. Brown, a painter, and subsequently lived at East Windsor and Ellington, Conn., Monson, Mass., and at Marshall, Ill. She died at the last named place, Oct. 10, 1861. Most of her hymns were written at Monson. Through a life of poverty and trial, she was "a most devoted wife, mother, and Christian." Her son, the Rev. S. R. Brown, became one of the first American missionaries to Japan. He was one of the four pioneer missionaries who translated the New Testament into the Japanese language. Some of the ablest Christian ministers and some of the prominent officials of the Empire were among the pupils in Dr. Brown's school at Yokahama, the first English school in Japan.

Few hymns have a more interesting history than Mrs. Brown's "Twilight Hymn." It was not originally written as a hymn. The authoress having no place or opportunity for retirement in her humble little house, crowded, as it was, with four little children, and a sick sister in the only finished room, was accustomed at the twilight hour to retire to a quiet, shady retreat nearby,

“Where none but God was near,”

for meditation and prayer. Her regular visits to this spot drew the attention of a wealthy neighbor, who, in the presence of others, censured her, intimating that, instead of rambling out evenings, she had better be at home with her children. Mrs. Brown, stinging under the unjust criticism, went home and wrote her poem, entitled, “An Apology for My Twilight Rambles, Addressed to a Lady.” In Mrs. Brown’s account of the origin of the hymn, she says: “I went home and that evening was left alone. After my children were all in bed, except my baby, I sat down in the kitchen, with my child in my arms, when the grief of my heart burst forth in a flood of tears.” She then took her pen and gave vent to her oppressed heart in her beautiful and pathetic “Apology.” The poem was written in Ellington, Conn., and originally consisted of nine stanzas. The original first stanza was:

I love to steal a while away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

Dr. Nettleton first discovered the value of the lyric, and included it in its abridged form, in his “Village Hymns.”

We are told that Mrs. Brown was self-taught as to human knowledge, but she was no inapt scholar in the school of Christ, and her life and work are a striking illustration of 1 Cor. 1:27, “But God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

American Hymns.

Now let the heavens be joyful; let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph, and all that is therein!
Invisible or visible, their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen, our joy that hath no end!
ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS.

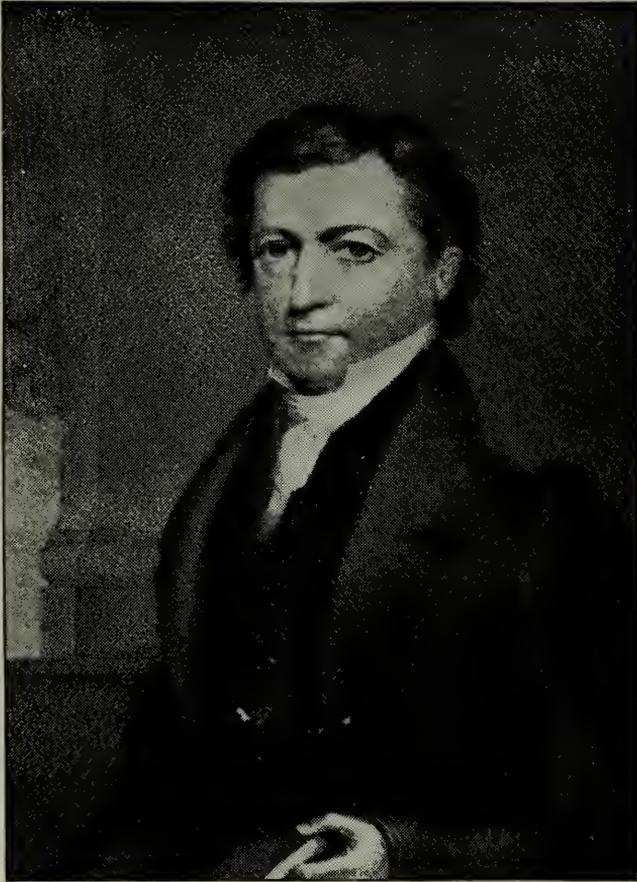
Rev. William Allen, D. D.



WILLIAM Allen was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on the 2nd of January, 1784. He came of a family long known in Massachusetts history. His father, the Rev. Thomas Allen, was the first minister of the town of Pittsfield, and for nearly half a century he wielded a powerful influence in religious, civil, and political affairs in the western part of the state.

Thomas Allen was born in Northampton, and was a descendant of Samuel, one of the first settlers. His grandfather, named also Samuel, was a firm friend of Jonathan Edwards, and a deacon in his church. He graduated at Harvard in 1762 in a distinguished class; was ordained as pastor of the First Congregational Church at Pittsfield, April 18, 1764, and passed here the remainder of his life. He died, after a ministry of forty-five years, Feb. 11, 1810, aged sixty-seven years.

At the time of Mr. Allen's settlement in Pittsfield there were in the town but six houses not built of logs. The "meeting-house" in which he preached, the first erected in the town, was raised in the summer of 1861 but was not finished until 1770. He was settled over a church of only eight members, and a parish containing sixty families, at a salary of £80 yearly, supplemented by forty cords of wood. The meeting-house stood immediately in front of the present location of the First Congregational Church. It was a plain angular building, forty-five feet long by thirty-five feet wide. "On three sides of the building was a widely cleared space not then free from stumps and stones, while in front, directly before the south door, stood that tall and noble elm for generations the pride of



WILLIAM ALLEN.

the town. (A sun-dial in the park, erected by the local D. A. R. Society now marks the site of the historic elm.) In this house Mr. Allen preached the sermons and imparted the instruction the influence of which remains to this day, and from him the young men of the town learned the lessons of patriotism which bore their rich fruitage in the War of Independence."

Mr. Allen was one of the most zealous patriots of the Revolution, and by the vigorous use of his musket, as well as his pen and his voice, he won the soubriquet of "The Fighting Parson." He served as a chaplain in the army, and on one occasion he played the part of the soldier. He marched August 15, 1777, with a company of his own people in a three days' campaign to Bennington to check the advance of Burgoyne:—the next day he shared in the assault and the victory;—and the third day he returned home to preach the gospel to his rejoicing people.

Mr. Allen was a man of deep convictions and earnest actions in years when convictions and actions divided the people into strongly and bitterly opposed parties. He was one of the most devoted of Mr. Jefferson's admirers. He regarded him as the champion of civil liberty, whose cause he considered to be identical with that of Protestant Christianity. His pulpit denunciation of Toryism added to the acrimony of party spirit at that time and caused dissensions in his church which led to a separation in 1808, when a number withdrew and were incorporated by the legislature into a separate parish. Mr. Allen remained pastor of the "Democratic" church until 1810, when he was succeeded by his son, William Allen. After seven very unfruitful years of separation, both parishes were united under the ministry of Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D.

"Fighting Parson Allen" had to pay the penalty which most men suffer who live in advance of their time, but his spirit has been marching on, and the large family of children whom he reared and educated in those strenuous years have been worthy descendants of their illustrious father.

"Parson" Allen was as devoted and exemplary in his domestic relations as he was patriotic and conscientious in his political and ministerial duties. A most beautiful token of his parental affection, which has kept his memory green for his children and grandchildren, and many of their towns-people, is still standing in front of the palatial mansion located on the site of the old parsonage in which he spent so many years. On the occasion of the arrival of twins in his family he gave expression to his fatherly joy and pride, not in the modern way—perish the thought!—but by planting two sapling elms in front of his residence, and twining

them together so closely that they grew together as twin trees, united as compactly as the sisterhood of States in whose defense he fought so bravely. The old trees, "one and inseparable" till death shall part them, only showing by the seams on the aged trunk where the two were united, are a fitting emblem of the conjugal fidelity and devotion, and the vital and wide-spreading influence of the good man who planted them.

Rev. Thomas Allen's twelve children—nine sons and three daughters—were all of marked character, and some of them of decided talent. The best known to the general public was Rev. William Allen, who succeeded his father in the Pittsfield pastorate, and afterwards became President of Bowdoin College, and an author of note. Having spent his early years in his native place, he entered Harvard College at the age of fourteen and graduated in 1802. In 1804 he was licensed to preach by the Berkshire Association, of which his father was a member. From 1805 to 1810 he was connected with Harvard College as Assistant Librarian, and as Regent. During this period he published his well known "Biographical Dictionary," which has passed through several editions, and was and is justly regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as an invaluable contribution to our American literature. From 1816 to 1819 he was President of Dartmouth University, and from 1820 to 1839 he was President of Bowdoin College. The remaining years of his life were spent at Northampton.

Dr. Allen's greatest and best known work is his "American Biographical Dictionary," but many other highly creditable productions of his pen have appeared in print, scattered over nearly the whole of his public life, showing the learning and wide research of their eminent author.

One of the latest of his publications was a small volume of devotional poems entitled "A Book of Christian Sonnets." The book contains one hundred sonnets, on a great variety of subjects, written amidst great bodily infirmity, but breathing a spirit that seemed ripe for heaven. Following is a quotation from his sonnet addressed "To My Native Town":

"Pittsfield, my native town, how changed thou art,
 Since first, in childhood's years, thy streets I trod,
 And in thy single temple worshipped God;
 My father then thine only teacher! Now
 On every side the rival temples grow,
 As though upspringing from prolific sod,
 With tower or spire high-tapering to a rod;
 And num'rous teachers now heaven's pathway show;
 But truth is one, unchanged, always the same,—

Its sempiternal source with God on high.

May all thy pastors guide their flocks aright,
And lead them to the heavenly pastures bright."

The following fine tribute is given in his sonnet, "On my Father, Rev. Thomas Allen":

"I give Thee thanks and praise, Great God above!
That though one half a hundred years be fled
Since my dear earthly father joined the dead,
He lives within my heart. His faith, his love,
His zeal for right, the thoughts that him did move
The foes of truth t'encounter without dread,—
All foes of Him who on the cross once bled,—
Such things for him a web of honor wove.
My years are more than his: O, could I say,
My virtues are but equal; and that when
I reach the closing hour of my life's day,
My God would give me his strong faith; for then,
As told he could not live, he made reply—
'I'm going to live forever in the sky.'"

Dr. Allen's character was eminently symmetrical and attractive. With incorruptible integrity he united a kindliness of spirit, and he was free from even the semblance of ostentation. All the Christian graces beautifully and richly blended in his character. His life was rounded out by a beautiful old age. In his closing years his time was employed in hymning the praises of his God and Saviour. Day after day he meditated upon the glorious realities of his faith, and poured forth his adoration in sacred hymn, or sonnet, saying, like the Psalmist of Israel, "Thy statutes are my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Among the many acquirements of Dr. Allen's busy and versatile mind was a knowledge of hymnology. After a diligent study of the psalmody and hymnody of his time he was convinced that a new lyrical version of the Psalms was needed, and he undertook the task of supplementing the more than fifty versions, which had already been produced by a version of his own. In 1835 he published a volume, entitled "Allen's Psalms and Hymns," which contained 1243 lyrical pieces; of these 660 were Psalms and 583 were hymns. Of the Psalms 400 were original; of the hymns 200. This book was very carefully prepared for use in "Public Worship," and is very quaint and interesting, but the lyrical versions of the Psalms are no longer in use, and but few of Allen's hymns are included in our modern hymnals. One of his hymns, in an amended form, is found in the "Plymouth Collection." Following are the first two stanzas:

Hear the heralds of the gospel
 News from Zion's King proclaim:—
 'To each rebel sinner pardon;
 Free forgiveness in His name:
 Oh, what mercy!
 'Free forgiveness in His name.'

Sinners, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, O how tender!
 Every line is full of love:
 Listen to it;
 Every line is full of love.

Dr. Allen was an earnest advocate of temperance, anti-slavery, and all the other reforms that were being agitated in his day. One of his hymns on Slavery, entitled "Hymn (for a future day) for the release of all Slaves," contains a remarkable prophecy:—

Now on the gladden'd sight
 There bursts the glorious light
 Of liberty!
 Within our country's bound
 No wretched thrall is found;
 Each slave is now unbound,—
 And all are free!

This now is freedom's home!
 Beneath her temple's dome
 No clanking chain,
 No sale of human throngs,
 No scourge with cruel thongs,
 No secret, dreadful wrongs
 Shall shock again!

The work, O God! is thine!—
 And may thy love divine
 Do greater things;—
 Break every link of sin,
 Which binds the soul within!
 Let all heav'n's freedom win,
 O King of Kings!

In substance and spirit Dr. Allen's hymns are unexcelled by any modern collection, and in form they probably come as near to the present day standard of compilers as our most modern hymnals will to the prevailing standards half a century hence.

It is pleasant to linger in such good company, but we must take leave of this friend whom we have learned to admire because of the lovely graces of his character, and his farewell to us will be in the words of a note appended to his "Book of Christian Sonnets," written January first, 1860:

“My thoughts here expressed, although in verse, are utterances in the sincerity of faith and the honesty of truth: and so I bid the reader farewell, wishing him ‘a happy New Year’ and a blessed eternity.”

Dr. Allen died in 1868, aged 84, and was buried in the beautiful cemetery, of which he wrote in one of his “notes”: “The grave-yard of Northampton, laid out in 1661, is one of peculiar beauty and rich in the deposit of the dead disciples of Christ, among whom were my own ancestors of several generations.”

Rev. William Bingham Tappan (1794–1849).

William Bingham Tappan was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1794. In 1810 he was apprenticed to a clockmaker at Boston. In 1815 he removed to Philadelphia, where he engaged in teaching school for a time. From 1826 till the time of his death, he was in the employ of the American Sunday School Union as manager and superintendent. In 1841 he obtained license to preach as a Congregational minister, but not having any pastoral charge he was never ordained. He died suddenly, of cholera, in West Needham, Massachusetts, June 18, 1849. He wrote and published sacred and miscellaneous poetry amounting in all to ten volumes. He is most widely known as the author of the familiar hymn, beginning:

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
’Tis found above, in heaven.

Another well known hymn, by this author, is the one beginning with the stanza:

’Tis midnight; and on Olive’s brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
’Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suff’ring Saviour prays alone.

This hymn first appeared in the author’s “Poems,” 1822, under the title “Gethsemane.”

Mrs. Abigail Bradley Hyde (1799–1872).

Mrs. Abigail Bradley Hyde was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, Sept. 28, 1799. At the age of nineteen she was married to the Rev. Lavius Hyde, of Salisbury, Massachusetts. She died at Andover, April 7, 1872. Asahel Nettleton included forty-three of her hymns in the two

editions of his "Village Hymns." Several of these hymns are still in common use. The hymn beginning with the stanza:

And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love Divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

has appeared in a great number of American collections and a few in Great Britain. Her "Prayer in Behalf of Children," beginning:

Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

and her "Exhortation to Repentance,"—

Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whipered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

have also been widely used.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D. (1802–1881).

Leonard Bacon was born at Detroit (where his father was a missionary to the Indians) February 19, 1802, and educated at Yale College, and at Andover. In 1825 he was ordained pastor of the Centre Church, New Haven, and retained that charge till 1866, when he was appointed Professor of Theology in Yale Divinity School. He resigned this professorship in 1871; but till his death, in 1881, he was lecturer on Church Polity. Dr. Bacon rendered important services to hymnology both as writer and compiler. Probably the most popular of his hymns is the favorite American Anniversary hymn, beginning:

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayers and psalm they worshipped Thee.

This hymn was abbreviated and altered from a hymn which he wrote for the Bicentenary of New Haven, 1833.

He is the author of a fine missionary hymn, beginning:

Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now has come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

His evening hymn seems to be the expression of his own sweet spirit of devotion, trust and hope. Following are two stanzas from this hymn:

Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To Him who heareth prayer.

Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west:
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

The prayer expressed in the closing lines of the last stanza was answered, when Dr. Bacon entered into that "glorious rest," December 23, 1881.

CHAPTER XIX.

American Hymns.

The soul, reposing on assured belief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labors as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

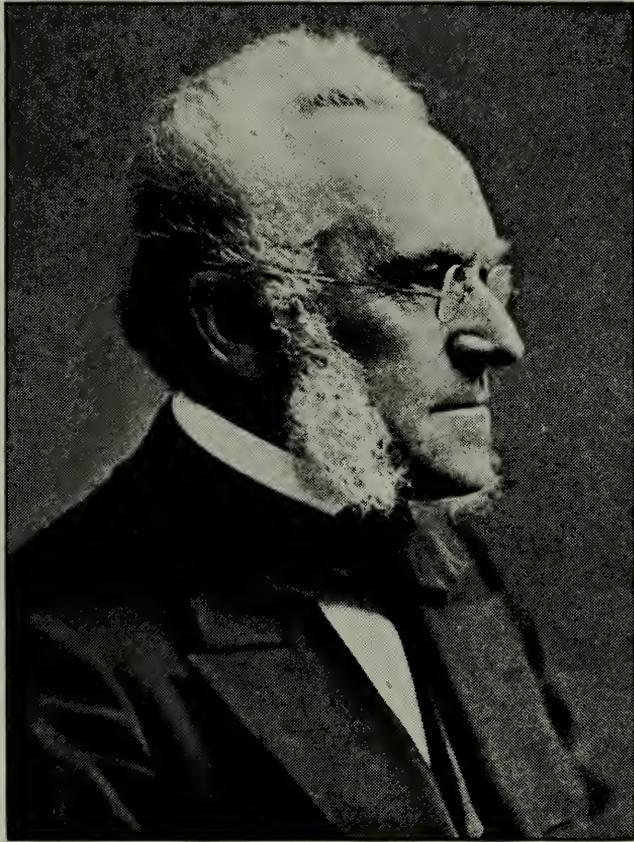
WILLIAM COWPER.

Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D. (1808–1887).



RAY Palmer was the third son of the Hon. Thomas Palmer of Little Compton, Rhode Island, and was born at that place on November 12th, 1808. His parents were both of the Pilgrim stock—of the same [name, being third cousins. His father was one of the leading men of the community; the village magistrate; the County Judge; well-read in Law, in the best English Literature, and especially in the Poets. His mother Susanna Palmer, was a woman of rare grace and force of character. The father's love of poetry and high poetic susceptibility, and the mother's profound piety and strong affections seemed to find their full development in the son.

In his thirteenth year, Ray Palmer was sent to Boston to reside with an uncle, who was a merchant, and attend the public schools in that city. After six or eight months of study, his uncle's influence obtained for him a position as clerk in a dry goods store; but the boy's promise, and his deep longing for a liberal education enlisted the attention and sympathy of other friends, and after eighteen months of business, he entered Phillips Academy in Andover, passed from there to Yale College in 1826, and graduated with the class of 1830, at the age of twenty-two. He joined Park St. Church in Boston in 1823, and at Yale was the Deacon of his class. Early in his senior year his health became seriously impaired, and he was obliged to return to his home, but after a long illness he rallied and returned in time to take his degree, while still much enfeebled. At



RAY PALMER.

the end of the summer he went to New York to be a subordinate teacher in a Boarding School for Young Ladies. After a year of service in this school, he returned to New Haven to take the position of assistant in Prof. E. A. Andrews' School for higher education of young women. The next year "The Institute"—as it was called—passed into his hands. But, although very successful in his school, his old bent for the ministry was too strong for him, and he availed himself of the opportunities for Theological study afforded by Yale Divinity School.

In May, 1835, he was ordained pastor of a church in Bath, Maine. Here he labored for fifteen and a half years, during which period was built a beautiful sanctuary, that still adorns the city. In 1850 he was called to the First Congregational Church of Albany, New York, where he labored another fifteen and a half years. In 1867 he removed to New York to become the Secretary of the American Congregational Union. In this capacity he served the churches for twelve years, and then retired to Newark, N. J., there to spend the evening of his life, largely in literary work, and there to enter into rest March 29, 1887, in his seventy-ninth year.

During the forty-three years of his service as pastor he was heartily trusted and greatly beloved by the people to whom he ministered. He was a man of high attainments in scholarship, familiar with the best Literature of his own tongue, versed in French, German and Italian and the author of a number of books in prose, and verse, but he is more widely known to the world at large as a Hymnist. Fifty or sixty of his hymns have passed into the hymnals of the Church, and many of them by their combination of thought, poetry and devotion have won great acceptance, both in America and Great Britain. To the number of his original hymns must be added his translations of mediaeval hymns, in which he was especially successful. His first hymn—

"My faith looks up to Thee,"

is the one by which he is most widely known. The story of this hymn is an illustration of the couplet—

"The gems of thought most highly prized
Are tears of sorrow crystallized,"

which finds its counterpart in the origin of many of the most highly prized lyric songs of the Church. The hymn was written in New York shortly after his graduation, while he was a "subordinate teacher" in a Ladies'

School. He had entered the great city "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown." With large aspirations and slender opportunities; his health still infirm, and his future extremely uncertain, it was not strange that, in spite of his sanguine temperament, he was sometimes despondent. It was the struggle of his Christian faith out of one of the seasons of depression that found a place in his life which gave to the world the hymn. Dr. Palmer says: "I gave form to what I felt by writing, with little effort, the stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears." The manuscript was then placed in a pocket-book, where it remained a year and a half, or more, and was then discovered by Dr. Lowell Mason, who asked young Palmer if he had not some hymn or hymns to contribute to his new book. The pocket-book was then produced and the little hymn was brought to light. Dr. Mason wrote for it the tune "Olivet," and it entered into the life of the world. It has had a wonderful history. Hardly a Hymnal of the English-speaking peoples is without it. It has been translated into many foreign languages, and is found wherever American missionaries have rendered into native tongues the hymns familiar to their home churches. It voices a universal religious experience, and will doubtless find its way wherever the Bible will penetrate, until the Gospel shall be preached to all nations, and the vision, by faith, of the "Lamb of Calvary," shall be changed to sight for all who love His appearing. Equally good, though less pathetic in expression, is the hymn beginning with the stanzas:

Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb
 To search the starry vault profound;
 In vain would wing her flight sublime,
 To find creation's utmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
 To search thy great eternal plan,
 Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
 Long ages ere the world began.

His more familiar hymn, beginning with the stanza:

Jesus, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of Thine;
 The veil of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessed face and mine.

is as truly the expression of his faith and love in his maturer years, as the song "born in his heart" in the stress of his early manhood voiced his ardent faith and devotion as he stood upon the threshold of life. His

last audible words, as the rending "veil of sense" began to reveal to him "That radiant form," were the closing stanza of this hymn:

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart;
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art!

Dr. Palmer's son tells us that "his love of hymns grew upon him in his declining years. They became not only his psalms of adoration, but his songs of hope and gladness, his voices of sorrow and comfort, his petitions, his litanies, and his intercessions. They were the occupation of his latest hours." At last he entered Heaven with song, and it is his abiding recompense, as a hymnist, that through the world-wide chorus of his hymns, he is permitted to continue his participation in the worship on earth.

Quite equal in merit to his best original hymns are some of his translations—from Robert II of France,

"Come, Holy Ghost, in love;"

From St. Bernard of Clairvaux,

"Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts."

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D. D. (1813-1886).

Samuel Wolcott was born at South Windsor, Connecticut, July 2, 1813, and educated at Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary. From 1840 to 1842 he was a missionary in Syria. On his return to America he was successively pastor of several Congregational churches in different sections of the country, and was also for some time Secretary of the Ohio Home Missionary society. He died at Longmeadow, Massachusetts, Feb. 24, 1883. He was the author of more than two hundred hymns, many of which are still in manuscript. His most popular hymn now in common use is his missionary hymn, from which we quote the first stanza:

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

The origin of the hymn is thus recorded by the author: "The Young

Men's Christian Associations of Ohio met in one of our Churches, with their motto, in evergreen letters, over the pulpit, 'Christ for the World and the World for Christ.' This suggested the hymn, 'Christ for the World we sing,'

JUST AS THOU ART.

BY ADDISON BALLARD, D. D.

The editor of this book takes great pleasure in presenting the following hymn for the first time to the general public. Selected stanzas of this designedly companion hymn and of Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am" were sung responsively and with marked impressiveness by the choir and congregation of "The Old First" (Presbyterian) Church of New York City; as later also by the choir and congregation of "The First Congregational" Church, Pittsfield, Mass.

JUST AS THOU ART.

Just as Thou art, to me, a child,
Self-banished and unreconciled,
To win by patient mercy mild,
Thou Comest, Father, unto me.

Just as Thou art, without delay,
Although to rescue me, thy way
Grows dark with Calvary's bloody day,
Thou comest, Jesus, unto me.

Just as Thou art; my guilty soul,
Beyond my struggling will's control,
To cleanse from sin and make me whole,
Thou comest, Spirit, unto me.

Just as Thou art, blest Three in One,
Accepting, as it were my own,
The praise for what is Thine alone,
Thou comest, Love Divine, to me.

Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D. LL. D. (1836-).

Washington Gladden was born at Pottsgrove, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1836, son of Solomon and Amanda (Daniels) Gladden. His father was a native of Massachusetts, and was teacher of a school in Pennsylvania at the time of his son's birth. The first ancestor in America came from England to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1640. Washington Gladden began his life on a farm near Owego, New York, and received his early education at a country district school. He graduated at Williams College in the class of 1859. His theological studies were cut short by necessity; but he was licensed to preach in 1860, and was ordained pastor of the

State Street Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the same year. He was pastor of a church in Morrisania, N. Y., from 1861 to 1866, and at North Adams, Mass., 1866 to 1871, when he removed to New York City and was connected with the editorial staff of the "New York Independent," 1871-1875. He was pastor of the North Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., 1875-1882, meanwhile editing, for a time, the "Sunday Afternoon," a successful magazine published in Springfield. He became pastor of the First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio, in 1882. He has acquired a wide reputation as a preacher, as an editor and contributor to periodicals, as a public lecturer and reformer, and as an author.

Dr. Gladden's work as a poet and hymn-writer appears to have been his chosen avocation through which he sought relief from the pressure of the more serious cares and labors of his ordinary vocation, but, although his poems are few in number, they are very choice in quality, and we can but wish and hope that in the later years he will find time to add many more to their number. His hymn of "Trial and Conflict" voices the experience of many a doubting heart, and points to "pardoning love" as the only hope of forgiveness and assurance. Following are the first and last stanzas:

Forgive, O Lord, the doubts that break
 Thy promises to me;
 Forgive me that I fail to take
 My pardon full and free.
 I sought to put my sins away,
 I strove to do thy will,
 And yet, whene'er I tried to pray,
 My heart was doubting still.

Forgive, O Father, this my sin,
 This jealous, doubting heart;
 For when men seek thy love to win,
 And choose the better part,
 I know that, swifter than the light
 Leaps earthward from the sun,
 Thy pardoning love, Thy rescuing might,
 Speed down to every one.

The prayer for wisdom and grace sufficient for his many and varied duties, so beautifully expressed in his well-known hymn, beginning;

O Master, let me walk with Thee
 In lowly paths of service free;
 Tell me Thy secret, let me bear
 The strain of toil, the fret of care;

seems to have been fully answered.

His beautiful poem, entitled "The Pastor's Reverie," very aptly describes his own long experience as pastor. Following are the last two stanzas:

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
 Are the days that are no more:
 So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float
 With the winds from a far off shore;
 For the pastor has learned what meaneth the word
 That is given to him to keep,—
 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
 And weep with them that weep.'

It is not in vain that he has trod
 This lonely and toilsome way;
 It is not in vain that he has wrought
 In the vineyard all the day;
 For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
 And bearing another's load
 Doth lighten our own, and shorten the way,
 And brighten the homeward road.

Rev. Samuel Davies, M. A. (1723-1761).

The Presbyterian section of the Church, in common with the Congregationalists, for a long time used Watts' version chiefly. Their first official "Psalms and Hymns" appeared in 1828-1829. One of the earliest American hymn-writers of this Church was Rev. Samuel Davies, who was born at Newcastle, Delaware, in 1723, and educated under the Rev. Samuel Blair of Chester County, Pennsylvania. After visiting England in 1753, on behalf of the New Jersey College, and having received the degree of M. A., he was appointed President of Princeton College in succession to Jonathan Edwards. He died in 1761, at the early age of thirty-seven. Five volumes of sermons from his manuscripts, and sixteen of his hymns were published by Dr. Thomas Gibbons. His sermons show him to have been a man of great intellectual vigor, and fervent piety. They have been frequently reprinted. As a hymn-writer he followed the lines laid down by Watts. There are few hymns of consecration which are finer than his hymn, beginning with the stanza:

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent thine would I be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

His striking hymn,

"Great God of wonders, all Thy ways,"

which used to be very popular, is said by Horder to be "somewhat fading in popularity on account of its very strong expressions concerning sinners."

Rev. Samson Occum (1723--1792).

Contemporary with Samuel Davies—born the same year—was a remarkable personage whose career is a striking illustration of the fact that the Sacred Muse is no respecter of persons. The blind bard of Scotland, who wrote—

“Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator’s praise;”

the Hindoo Indian, Krishna Pal, and the American Indian, Occum; the shepherd King of Israel and the Poet-laureate of England, were all alike inspired by the divine verities of our religion to “attempt the great Creator’s praise” in “sacred lays” of lyric song.

Samson Occum a converted Indian, and a minister of the Presbyterian Church, was born in 1723 at Mohegan, Conn., and educated at Wheelock’s school in Lebanon. He was licensed to preach in 1750 and became a most useful minister, and one of the most noted men his race has ever produced. He was converted under the preaching of Whitefield in America. In 1766 he visited England to raise funds for an Indian school. Being the first Indian preacher that had visited England, he attracted wide-spread attention, and was received with great favor, as is shown by the fact that he secured fifty thousand dollars for his school, which afterward became Dartmouth College. After his return he settled in Oneida County, N. Y., where he preached successfully among his own people until his death in 1792. His well-known hymn, beginning with the stanza:

Awaked by Sinai’s awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
“The sinner must be born again,”
Or sink to endless woe;

was written in 1760, and is said to have been in common use in England as early as 1809. In its original form it began with “Waked by the gospel’s joyful sound;” but the Indian’s work was marred and robbed of its rightful meaning by the white man’s criticism. The hymn was translated into Welsh in 1814, and has since been widely and usefully employed in revival services.

Thomas Hastings, Mus. D. (1784–1872).

Thomas Hastings, an eminent Doctor of Music, was born at Washington, Conn., Oct. 15, 1784. He was distinguished both as poet and musician, and the Church is greatly indebted to him for the improvement of psalmody and Church music in America. From 1824 to 1832 he gave currency to his views on the improvement of church music in a journal—

the "Recorder"—which he conducted in Utica, N. Y., and from this resulted an invitation from twelve New York churches to come to the metropolis to carry out his theories. Here, in connection with William B. Bradbury, he became practically the leader of Church music in America. For years he devoted himself to this work with marked success. He composed many of our most popular church tunes, and edited a large number of music books. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and a devout Christian. He died at New York City in 1872, at the age of eighty-eight. He is the author of some six hundred hymns, many of which are still in common use. Perhaps the most familiar of his hymns are:

"Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning; "

and

"Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears."

His tender, appealing hymn of Invitation:—

"Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee,"

is in common use in Great Britain.

His beautiful and pathetic hymn, entitled "Thy Will be Done," has been widely used as a funeral hymn. Following are the first two stanzas:

Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

Among his other hymns in common use are his fine Resurrection hymn,—

"How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb; "

the familiar hymn, sung to his own tune, "Arcadia,"

"In time of fear, when trouble's near,
I look to thine abode; "

his fine missionary hymn,—

"Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd; "

the Sabbath hymn,—

“The rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain’s brow;”

and his hymn of prayer for guidance and renewed consecration, beginning:

Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child:
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline.

Dr. Hastings is the author of the popular tune “Zion,” (“On the mountain-top appearing,”) of “Toplady,” the favorite tune for “Rock of Ages,” and of numerous other sweet and popular tunes.

Rev. James Waddell Alexander, D. D. (1804–1859).

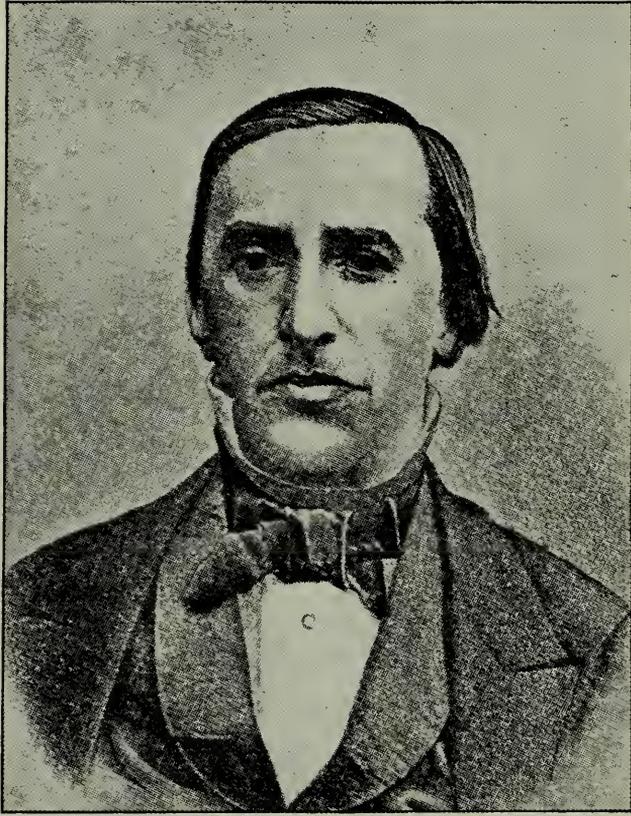
James Waddell Alexander was born at Hopewell, Virginia, in 1804. He was the son of the distinguished divine, Rev. Archibald Alexander, D. D. He graduated at Princeton, 1820, and was successively pastor in Charlotte Co., Va., and Trenton, New Jersey; Professor of Rhetoric at Princeton, 1833; pastor of Duane Street Presbyterian Church, New York, 1844; Professor of Church history, Princeton, 1849, and pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York, 1851. He is one of the best translators of German hymns. His translations were collected and published at New York, in 1871, under the title, “The Breaking Crucible and other Translations.” In the seventeenth century Paul Gerhardt published a German version of a hymn by Bernard of Clairvaux beginning “Salve caput cruentatum,” which has ever since been a great favorite in Germany. In 1830 Dr. Alexander translated Gerhardt’s German into English. Following is the first stanza of the English version of Bernard’s pathetic hymn:

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, tho’ despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

Dr. Philip Schaff says: “This classical hymn has shown in three tongues, Latin, German, and English, and in three Confessions, Roman, Lutheran, and Reformed, with equal effect, the dying love of our Saviour and our boundless indebtedness to Him.”

Dr. Alexander is also the author of the most popular English translation of the celebrated Latin hymn, the "Stabat Mater," of Jacopone da Todi, a Franciscan monk. This hymn has been translated seventy-eight times into German, and many times into other languages. Many noted musicians have composed accompaniments for it. It is this hymn which has inspired the several paintings of the masters, titled "Mater Dolorosa." It dates in its present form from about 1150, and has always held a very high place in the Catholic Church. The original has ten stanzas, but several, containing addresses and allusions to the Virgin Mary, are omitted in our Protestant hymnals. Following is the first stanza:

Near the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone.



GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

CHAPTER XX.

American Hymns.

“For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing—and that they love.”

Rev. George Duffield, Jr., D.D. (1818–1888).



GEORGE Duffield, Jr., was born at Carlisle, Penn., in 1818. He was the son of Rev. George Duffield, D. D. “the Patriarch of Michigan,” and the father of the late Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, D. D., of Bloomfield, N. J., author of “English hymns,” “Latin Hymn Writers and Hymns,” etc. He was graduated at Yale College in 1837, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1840. In the same year he was ordained, and installed pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he remained seven years. After leaving Brooklyn he was pastor of the First Church of Bloomfield, New Jersey, for four years. In 1851 he accepted a call to the Central Presbyterian Church of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, Pa., where he remained about ten years. His subsequent pastorates were at Adrian, Michigan, Galesburg, Illinois, and Saginaw City, Michigan. He was the author of several hymns, but is chiefly known by his very familiar and popular hymn,—

“Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross.”

This hymn was founded on the dying message of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng to those assembled at the Young Men’s Christian Association prayer-meeting at Philadelphia,—“Tell them to stand up for Jesus.” Mr. Tyng, whom the author of the hymn described as “one of the noblest, bravest, manliest men I ever met,” was a leader in the great revival of 1857–58, which centered about the noonday prayer-meetings under the charge of the Young Men’s Christian Association. Mr. Tyng was assisted in the work by his friend, Dr. Duffield, and a band of ministers of various denominations. On the Sunday before his death Mr. Tyng preached in

Jayne's Hall a sermon of such spiritual power that out of five thousand present at the delivery, at least a thousand are believed to have been converted. In the midst of this remarkable work and fellowship came the tragic interruption of Mr. Tyng's death.

On Tuesday, April 13th, 1853, Mr. Tyng left his study for a moment and went to a barn where a mule was at work on a horse-power, shelling corn. As he patted the animal on the neck the sleeve of his study-gown became caught in the cogs of the wheel, and his arm was lacerated from the neck down, in a dreadful manner. Amputation, performed on the Saturday following, only postponed the end, and Mr. Tyng died on Monday, April 19th, at the early age of thirty years.

Early that morning, it being perceived that he was sinking, he was asked if he had any message to send to the band of clergymen, and others so devoted to him and the work. He responded with the words: "Tell them, 'let us all stand up for Jesus'"; then, after a pause, he said to those about him, "Sing! Sing! can you not sing?" Bishop MacIlvaine and the Rev. John Chambers quoted the words, "Stand up for Jesus," at the funeral, as their friend's dying message. The words were quoted by Rev. Thomas H. Stockton in a poem which he read at one of the Jayne's Hall meetings. The Rev. Kingston Goddard, preaching to a great assembly on the day after Mr. Tyng's death, remarked, "I conceive that the whole of my brother's teaching is contained in that grand and noble expression of heroism and devotion that fell from his lips in his dying hour—'Stand up for Jesus!'"

Dr. Duffield, who had been present at these services, on the Sunday following preached to his own people from Ephesians 6:14, and read as the concluding exhortation of the sermon the verses of his now famous hymn, into which he had wrought the message of his friend. They were printed on a fly-leaf for the Sunday school scholars, by the superintendent; thence they found their way into religious papers, and afterwards passed, either in English or translated forms, all over the world. The hymn became the favorite song of the Christian soldiers during the Civil War. Thus did Dr. Duffield fulfill the last request of his friend, "Sing! Can you not sing?" in a way which he did not expect, and "the trumpet call" of the dying message of this brave and noble "soldier of the cross" will continue to be heard in rhythmic song, calling multitudes in the future, as in the past,

“Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day”:

and

“From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.”

Dr. Duffield was himself a good “soldier of the cross,” and his active labors covered more than forty years. His son, himself a poet, always recalled with pride that his hand had made the first “fair copy” of his father’s hymn for the press. Dr. Duffield died at Bloomfield on July 6th, 1838, and his remains were buried in Detroit.

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss (1818-1878).

Elizabeth Payson was the daughter of Rev. Edward Payson, of Portland, Maine, where she was born in 1818. She became a contributor of both prose and poetry to the “Youth’s Companion” as early as her sixteenth year. She taught in schools in Portland, Ipswich, Mass., and in Richmond, Va. She was married in 1845 to Rev. George L. Prentiss, D. D., an eminent Presbyterian divine and Professor in Union Theological Seminary of New York City. She was an author of great and deserved popularity as a writer of religious tales. Her “Stepping Heavenward” had an enormous circulation in all English-speaking countries, and was translated into many foreign languages. In spite of almost continual ill-health in later years, she was always busy with literary or religious work, finding in “incessant work a substitute for rest and solace for want of it.” The secret of her success is expressed in the following lines from one of her poems:

“Complete in Him! no word of mine is needed, Lord, to perfect Thine:
Wise Master Builder, let Thy hand fashion the fabric Thou hast planned.
Complete in Him! I nothing bring,—am an imperfect, useless thing;
But human eyes shall joy to see what God’s dear hand shall add to me.”

Mrs. Prentiss is the author of many beautiful and touching poems and hymns. Among them, the most popular hymn is the one beginning with the stanza:

More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;

This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Mrs. Prentiss said: "I write in verse whenever I am deeply stirred, because, though as full of tears as other people, I cannot shed them." So it is true of this sweet singer, also, that her songs

"Are tears of sorrow crystallized."

Her hymn,

"More love to Thee, O Christ,"

has been translated into Arabic, and is sung in the far East, the very birthplace of Christianity. Mrs. Prentiss died at Dorset, Vermont, August 13th, 1878, and the cry of her heart expressed in the closing stanza of her hymn was doubtless fully answered:

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Francis Scott Key (1779-1843).

Francis Scott Key, well known as the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and first in date among the Episcopal group of hymn-writers was the son of John Ross Key, and was born on his father's estate in Frederick County, Maryland, on August 1st, 1779. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and commenced the practice of law at Frederick in 1801. A few years later he moved to Georgetown, D. C. and for three terms was district attorney for the District of Columbia. His poetical pieces, which were printed in various works, were collected and published as "Poems" in 1857. His ability as an attorney, and his ardent patriotism are too well-known to require any comment. He is also distinguished as the author of a hymn which in the opinion of Rev. Frederick M. Bird, a competent judge, is as memorable a piece of work as his "Star Spangled Banner." This popular hymn begins with the stanza:

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows: .
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;

This dull soul to rapture raise:
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.

Mr. Key was a man of eminent attainments and exemplary piety and the key to his earnest and useful life is found in the closing lines of his hymn:

Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Though heavily burdened with professional duties, "he found much time to visit the sick, to comfort the mourning, to confer with the enquiring, to warn the careless: and he stood ever ready, at a moment's warning, to lift his voice in behalf of any of the great public charities of the day." His faith in God, as well as his love of the banner of "the heaven-rescued land," shines forth in the closing lines of his famous song:

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Mr. Key died in Baltimore, January 11th, 1843.

"Over the grave of Francis Scott Key, at Frederick Maryland, there was placed in 1898 an impressive monument. His figure in bronze stands on a granite base. He is represented at the moment of discovery that 'our flag was still there,' his right arm extended toward it, and the left waving aloft his hat in an exultant salute." A statue of him also stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, provided by the will of James Lick, the California millionaire.

Following is the story of his famous song: Toward the end of the War of 1812 he learned that a friend and neighbor had been taken from his home by the British forces and was held as a prisoner on board the admiral's ship. He at once determined to intercede for his friend's release, and secured from the government the papers necessary for his purpose. He visited the squadron of the British on the Potomac under a flag of truce, but was detained under guard, for an attack on Baltimore was about to begin. Anxiously he paced the deck through the long night of the bombardment, until he saw the dawn's early light on the flag still waving over Fort McHenry. The attack had failed. He was released,

and most of his song was roughly drafted on the back of a letter, before he reached the shore. The next day it was printed on handbills, and so it entered upon its career as one of the most popular of all the stirring battle hymns that inspired and sustained the vast army of the Potomac during the civil war, until the banner

“Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight”
had led on to the blood-bought victory, at last, and the “star-spangled banner” was “gallantly streaming”

“O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!”

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenburg, D. D. (1796–1877).

William Augustus Muhlenberg was born in Philadelphia, September 16th, 1796, and came of distinguished stock. His great-grandfather was founder of the Lutheran Church in America. His grandfather (Frederick A.) was speaker of the House of Representatives in the First and Second Congresses during Washington's first administration. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1814, and entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church in 1817. In 1820 he became rector of St. James' Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In 1826 he established a school at Flushing, Long Island, under church auspices, intending that education at this “Institute” should be distinctly religious. Here he labored enthusiastically for fifteen years. In 1846 he became rector of a church in New York City, founded by his sister, which he developed into a “free” church. Here he organized the first Protestant sisterhood, and established St. Luke's Hospital, in which, as pastor, he spent the last twenty years of his life, ministering to the suffering. He also established the religious industrial community of St. Johnland on Long Island. In the early years of his ministry he began his labors for a better church hymnody by publishing his “Church Poetry,” and he was the first to introduce large choirs of male voices in a New York church.

Dr. Muhlenberg is the author of several excellent hymns which have long been in common use in the churches. Probably the most popular of these has been the one beginning:

I would not live away; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

The lyric in its original form was comprised in six eight-line stanzas, and was written, impromptu, in a lady's album. It first appeared in the "Episcopal Recorder" in 1826. From the paper, in which it was printed anonymously, it was adopted by a sub-committee among the hymns to be passed upon by the whole committee which then (1826) was engaged in preparing a hymnal for the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was at first rejected by the whole committee, of which Dr. Muhlenberg was a member, the author voting against himself, but it was afterwards restored through the influence of Dr. Onderdonk. It was copied into other books and soon became one of the most popular of American hymns. In 1833 Mr. George Kingsley composed for it the melodious tune, "Frederick," and it was printed as sheet music in that year. All attempts to put a newer tune in place of Mr. Kingsley's have been rejected, and the tune and hymn are likely to "live alway" in sweet and undisturbed accord. The hymn was written when the author was in his twenties, and on account of the vein of melancholy running through it, there is a tradition that it was occasioned by a great personal disappointment similar to that experienced by Watts, when he wrote

"How vain are all things here below!"

and by John Wesley, who wrote

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!"

But the story that "I would not live alway" had its origin in a "private grief" of the author has not been fully corroborated, though the fact that he never married, and the testimony of some of his friends, furnish circumstantial evidence of a romantic origin of the hymn. He came to dislike the hymn in his later years, because of its "other-worldliness," and its impatient longing for the joys of heaven, feeling that it did not truly represent the joys and opportunities of the earthly life. He tried to "evangelize" the hymn by writing several new versions of it, but none of them would replace the earlier text in the popular favor and the hymn will long continue to voice the hopes and longings of tried and tempted souls who feel that "to depart, and to be with Christ, is far better."

Dr. Muhlenberg's lovely personality, his saintliness, and his utter abnegation of selfish interests caused him to be greatly revered and beloved by all who knew him. In his efforts for the Christianizing of education, and the bettering of the lot of the poor, he spent all his private fortune, and left behind less than enough to bury him. "His long life

was one stream of blessed charity," and in his self-denying labors he found "the joy of the Lord" for which he was longing when he sang,—

O give me, oh give me the wings of a dove,
To adore Him, be near Him, enwrapt with His love.

There is no minor note in the hymn, of which the first stanza follows:

Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

His hymn beginning:

Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

is one of the most beautiful and widely known baptismal hymns. Following are the first two stanzas of another well-known hymn by this author:

Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found,—

O cease my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Dr. Muhlenberg died at St. Luke's Hospital, April 8th, 1877, in his eighty-first year, and was buried at St. Johnland. The rapturous vision of heavenly joys, which inspired the song of his early life, was at last realized:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D. (1799–1859).

George Washington Doane, for twenty-seven years Bishop of New Jersey, was born at Trenton, N. J., May 27th, 1799, and was educated at Union College. He entered the ministry in 1821, and filled various

important charges. He was rector of Trinity Church, Boston, when he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey in 1832. His exceptional talents, learning, and force of character made him one of the great prelates of his time. His warmth of heart secured devoted friends who were loyal to him in the many severe trials through which he passed, and long continued to cherish his memory with reverence and affection. He published several works on Theology, and a volume of poems, entitled "Songs by the Way." A few of his lyrics are among the best. He is the author of one of the most admirable and useful hymns in the English language. It is in most extensive use in the United States, and in England it ranks with the most popular of the great English hymns. We quote the entire hymn:

Thou art the way:—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth:—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell can harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop Doane is the author of the beautiful evening hymn, beginning:

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

One of our best Missionary hymns is also by this author. Following is the first stanza of this hymn:

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

His long and useful ministry was closed by his death, at Burlington, New Jersey, April 27, 1859.

Rev. William Crosswell, D. D. (1804–1851).

William Crosswell was born at Hudson, New York, son of Harry Crosswell, an able rector of Trinity Church, New Haven. He was graduated at Yale College in 1822; and with an elder brother established a select school in New Haven. In 1826 he entered Hartford College as a Theological student; was admitted to the priesthood in 1828, and after holding several minor pastorates, removed to Boston in 1844 to become rector of the Church of the Advent. Whilst at Hartford he assisted, during 1827–28, in editing "The Watchman," and contributed to it many of his poetical pieces. He wrote several beautiful sacred lyrics, which, like those of Bishop Coxe, are exquisitely brilliant, musical, and stirring. His "Poems," collected by his father and edited by Bishop Coxe, were published in 1860. As a hymnist he is chiefly known as the author of a hymn written in 1831 for the Howard Benevolent Society of Boston. It is one of the best American hymns for benevolent occasions:

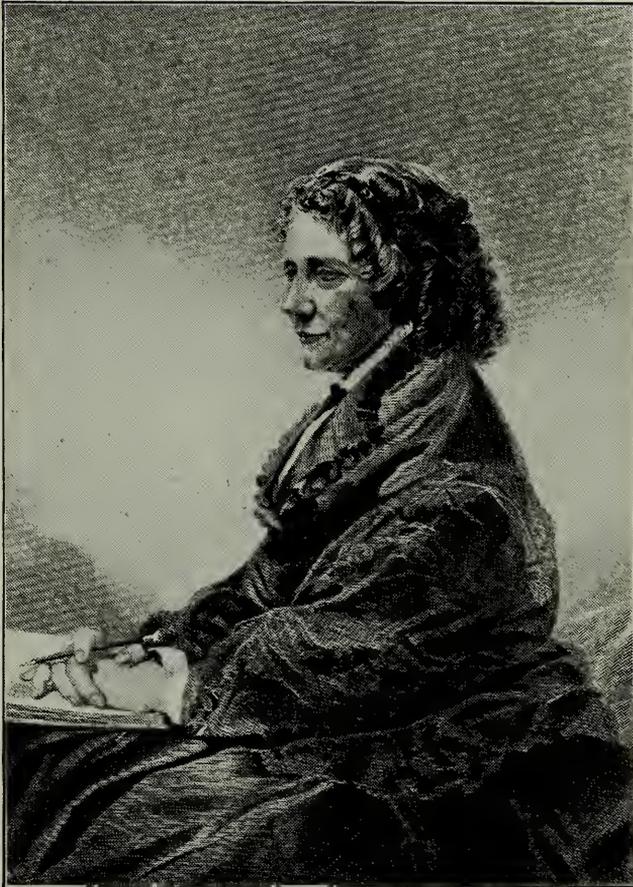
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let love's treasure still be spent,
 Like His, upon the poor.

Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.

For Thou hast placed us side by side,
 In this wide world of ill,
 And, that Thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.

Mean are all offerings we can make,
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

Dr. Crosswell died suddenly at Boston, Nov. 9, 1851. While engaged in the public Sabbath afternoon service, at the conclusion of the last collect, instead of rising from his knees, he sank upon the floor, and shortly afterward expired.



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXI.

American Hymns.

The lark is in the sky, and his morning note is pouring:
He hath a wing to fly, so he's soaring, Christian, soaring!
His nest is on the ground, but only in the night;
For he loves the matin-sound, and the highest heaven's height.
Hark, Christian, hark! at heaven-door he sings!
And be thou like the lark, with thy soaring spirit-wings!

BISHOP A. C. COXE.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (1812-1896).



ARRIET Beecher Stowe, daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 15, 1812. She attended Litchfield Academy 1817 to 1824, and it was here that, at the age of twelve, she wrote her precocious essay entitled, "Can Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" In 1824 she entered the school taught by her sister Catherine at Hartford, and taught there for six years. In 1832 her father having been appointed President of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, she removed there with the family, and in 1836 was married to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D. D., Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature in the same Institution. Her high reputation as an author is well known, both in Europe and America. The immense success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which first appeared in the *National Era* in 1852, ensures her a lasting reputation. She has also written other well-known works. Her poetical pieces were published in her "Religious Poems," in 1867. She was the sister of Henry Ward Beecher, of whom, after hearing in London most of the chief preachers, she exclaimed, "Oh, for half an hour with my brother Henry!" Three of her best known hymns appeared in the "Plymouth Collection," edited by her brother Henry, in 1855. Mr. Garrett Horder, in commenting on her hymns, says: "they are very beautiful, and are greatly prized in churches which

do not regard poetry in hymns as a fatal disqualification for their use in public worship." Probably the most widely used of her hymns is the one from which the following stanzas are quoted:

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born:
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Equally beautiful is her hymn entitled "Abide in me." Following are three stanzas of this hymn:

That mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord!
 Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
 Weary with striving, and with longing faint,
 I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love,
 Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
 Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
 And keep my soul as Thine—calm and divine.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
 Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine;
 Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords;
 Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Following are three stanzas from another of her hymns, in which poetry and devotion are happily combined:

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said, far down, beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
 There is a temple, sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

O Rest of rests! O Peace, serene, eternal!
 Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
 Fullness of joy forever and forever.

The familiar hymn,

“Knocking, knocking, who is there?”

was adapted from one of Mrs. Stowe's poems. In her poem entitled “The Other World,” we find the following lines:

“It lies around us like a cloud,—a world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye may bring us there to be.

How lovely, and how sweet a pass, the hour of death may be,—
To close the eye, and close the ear, wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms, to swoon to that from this.”

Mrs. Stowe entered the “dark valley,” which had no shadows for her, at the age of eighty-four, and we may be sure that she found, in that hour,

“How lovely, and how sweet a pass, the hour of death may be.”

She died at Hartford, Connecticut, July 1, 1896.

Rev. Charles William Everest, M. A. (1814–1877).

Charles William Everest, an Episcopal clergyman, was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, May 27, 1814; graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1838; was ordained in 1842 and at once became rector of the parish of Hamden, near New Haven, Conn., where he remained for thirty-one years. In 1833 he published a volume entitled “Visions of Death and Other Poems.” From this work was taken a hymn which has been very widely used, and is even more popular in England than in America. The third verse, which has been badly marred by compilers, is quoted below in its proper form:

“Take up thy cross,” the Saviour said,
“If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.”

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

Take up thy cross, and follow on,
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

The author of the hymn was permitted to lay down his cross, and enter into rest, at Waterbury, Conn., Jan. 11, 1877.

Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D., LL. D. (1818-1896)

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, who became one of the most distinguished of American prelates, was the son of an eminent Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Samuel Coxe, D. D. He was born at Mendham, New Jersey, May 10, 1818; graduated at the University of New York in 1838, and taking Holy Orders in 1841, he became rector of St. John's, Hartford, Conn., in the following year. In 1851 he visited England, and on his return was elected rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, 1854, and Calvary, New York, 1863. His consecration as Bishop of the Western Diocese of New York took place in 1865.

Bishop Coxe is the author of numerous works in prose and verse. His poetical works were mostly written in early life. Some of his hymns are found in the collections of nearly every religious body in America, except the official collections of the Episcopal Church. He was a member of the Hymnal Committee in 1869-71, and because of his scrupulous modesty, he refused to permit the insertion of his own lyrics. He was a gifted poet, and his volume of "Christian Ballads" contains many pieces of great beauty. He is the author of one of the finest of our Missionary hymns. This hymn was "begun on Good Friday, 1850, and completed 1851, in the grounds of Magdalen College, Oxford." Following are part of the first, and all of the second stanzas:

Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
 By Thy pains and consolations
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest,
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain;
 Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee as Man for sinners slain.

From his fine poem, entitled "Hymn to the Redeemer," two shorter hymns have been compiled—one beginning with the stanza:

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine;
That lit Thy lonely pathway trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God;

The other commencing with the lines,—

Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Light of light,
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

Bishop Coxe is author of the familiar hymn, beginning:

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;

and the one from which the following stanzas are quoted:

O, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

Having done much to increase the volume of the Church's song on earth, Bishop Coxe, at the age of seventy-eight, was permitted to join in the chorus

"Of her unending song,"

in the world where there is perennial youth, and "joy without sorrow."

Miss Eliza Scudder (1821-1896).

Eliza Scudder, niece of Dr. Edmund Henry Sears, was born at Boston, Nov. 14, 1821. She was formerly a Unitarian, but severed her connection with that Church to join the Episcopal Church at Salem, Massachusetts. She possessed a rare poetic gift, and some of her hymns are among the very finest of modern times. Like Mrs. Stowe's, they are a little in advance of the present Hymnal standard, but are doubtless destined to find a place in many collections in the future. Probably her best known hymn is the one on "The Love of God." Following are the first four stanzas:

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
 A shoreless, boundless sea,
 Wherein at last our souls must fall;
 O love of God most free.

When over dizzy heights we go,
 A soft hand blinds our eyes,
 And we are guided safe and slow;
 O Love of God most wise.

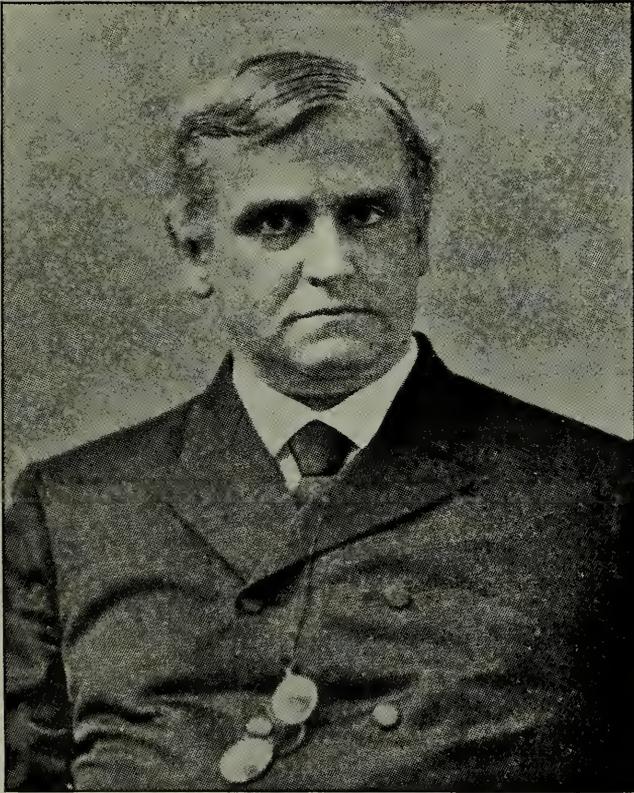
And though we turn us from Thy face,
 And wander wide and long,
 Thou holds't us still in kind embrace;
 O Love of God most strong.

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
 The toil-worn frame and mind,
 Alike confess Thy sweet control,
 O Love of God most kind.

Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D. (1835-1893).

Phillips Brooks was born in Boston, December 13th, 1835. He was descended from Puritan clergymen on both the paternal and maternal side:—from Rev. John Cotton on his father's side, and from the Phillips family, the founders of the two Phillips Academies, on his mother's. His father was for forty years a hardware merchant in Boston. He was one of four brothers who were ordained to the Episcopal ministry. After a preparatory course in the Latin School, he entered Harvard College from which he graduated in 1855. He was for a few months a teacher in the Latin School, but soon decided to enter the ministry, and studied at Alexandria Seminary, in Virginia. In 1859 he became rector of a small church in Philadelphia. Here his sermons attracted much attention, and in 1861, he was called to be rector of the Holy Trinity in the same city. In that position he remained until 1869, when the urgency of repeated calls, and his own desire to return to his native town, led him to accept the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston. The great church in the Back Bay was built for him, at the cost of a million dollars, and there he preached to the largest congregation gathered in any single church in Boston. His ministry at Trinity church lasted for twenty years, during which he proved a true pastor, caring for and serving the lowliest among his people.

During his vacations he traveled both in England and on the continent, and he spent one winter in India. In England, where he became



PHILLIPS BROOKS.

a close friend of Dean Stanley, he made a very deep impression, preaching many times in different churches, and once before the Queen. Dr. L. F. Benson says of him: "He was great in his physical proportions, great in his endowment of genius, great in the power to work, extraordinarily great in his personal influence over men, greatest of all in the moral elevation of his character, and his ever deepening spirit of consecration to Christ's service." But he was lonely in his greatness, and the opposition he had to meet from officials of his own Church on account of his "broad views in church matters," doubtless added much to the weight of the cross he had to bear. In 1891 he was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts; but this position he was not to hold for long, for the strain of the great work he had been doing had undermined even his giant strength, and after a short sickness he passed away on January 23rd, 1893, at the age of fifty-eight.

In his memorable sermon on Abraham Lincoln preached in Philadelphia when the body of the murdered President was lying in state in that city, he said: "The more we see of events the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character." Though the recipient of many honors and emoluments, it is the "destiny of character" by which he is chiefly remembered. Many beautiful anecdotes are told of his tender ministries and his love for the little children. The following appeared in the "British Weekly":—

"A little girl of five who had been a favorite with Phillips Brooks made a striking remark on his death. When the Bishop died her mother came into the room where the child was playing, and holding the bright little face between her hands, said tearfully, 'Bishop Brooks has gone to heaven.' 'Oh, mamma,' was the reply, 'how happy the angels will be!'"

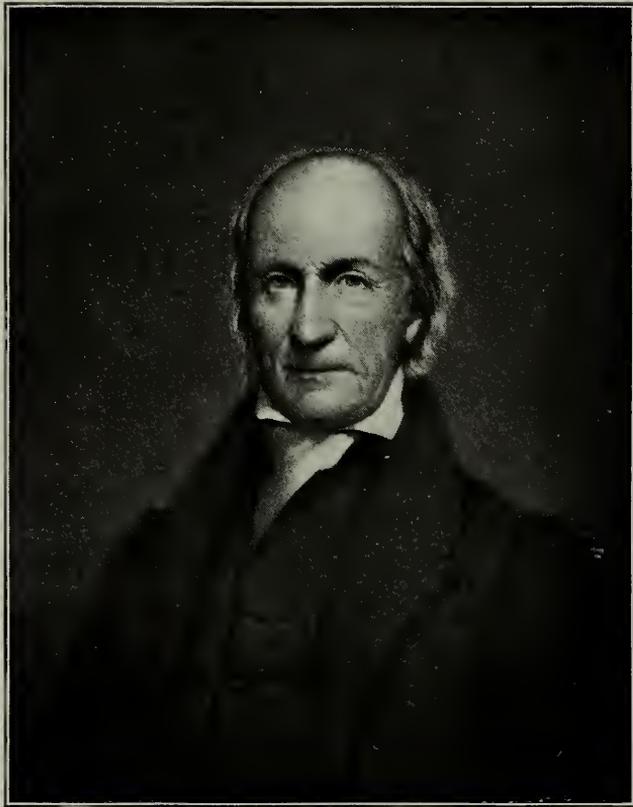
Dr. Allen, Bishop Brooks' biographer, says: "In one of the letters, the father 'regrets that Phillips could not have been with the family on the last Sunday evening when the boys recited hymns.' This was a beautiful custom which called from each one of the children the learning of a new hymn every Sunday, and its recital before the assembled family. When Phillips went to college there were some two hundred he could repeat. They constituted part of his religious furniture, or the soil whence grew much that cannot now be traced. He never forgot them." His published works include many sermons, lectures and essays, and "Letters of Travel." He had the true poetic element in his genius, but the arduous labors and responsibilities of his position left him little

time for its exercise. As a hymnist he is known as the author of a few carols for children. His beautiful hymn on the Nativity was written in 1868 for the Christmas Sunday School service of his own church. The music for it was written by Lewis H. Redner, the organist of the church. In 1892 Bishop Brooks' carol was given a place as a church hymn in the official hymnal of his own denomination. It is now included in many hymnals of other denominations. Following are three stanzas of this hymn:

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.



JOHN LELAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

American Hymns.

God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

Rev. John Leland (1754-1841).



WHILE Rev. Thomas Allen was engaged in fighting the battle for religious and political liberty by his forensic eloquence in the First Congregational Church of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a Baptist minister, in the neighboring town of Cheshire, was forging his thunder-bolts for the ranks of the "Federalists,"—and they were bolts of no common mould, for they were as original and peculiar as the mind of the man who wielded them with such telling effect.

Elder John Leland was born at Grafton, Mass., on May 15th, 1754. He received his early education at a school taught by a "village dame," and thereafter continued the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, unaided by schools or tutors. He planned to make a career for himself by becoming a lawyer, but after he was converted, he accepted "the call from the skies," and ardently began and continued his labors for the conversion of those around him with such enthusiasm and God-given power that he swayed and carried with him great congregations as well as individuals. He was one of the most remarkable preachers of those stirring times, and his influence is said to have been equalled by his peculiarities. He commenced preaching in Culpepper County, Virginia, at the age of twenty. The "poor whites" of his parish were morally demoralized and ignorant at that time, and to fix their attention upon religious truth or serious subjects of reflection, was a most arduous undertaking. To

get their attention he had to resort to very eccentric anecdotes and illustrations, in which he managed to convey some religious instruction. What was at first a necessity became at length a habit, and his pulpit stories, and his odd, but impressive manner of telling them, soon attracted large congregations, and made him famous as a preacher throughout the State. He made an intimate acquaintance with the scholarly Jefferson, and by his burning words for liberty and his ability to sway the minds of men he became a powerful factor in the political fortunes of his time.

During the year 1792 Elder Leland left Virginia and went to Cheshire, Mass., and ever after that year his name was interwoven with the history of the town. In 1793 he was associated with Elder Nathan Mason in the care of his new church, and he threw his whole soul into the religious and political efforts of the time. As the result of his labors there was a wonderful growth in the church, both in numbers and influence. In 1789, when it first seceded from the "Church of the Six Principles," there were forty-four members. Eleven years later—in 1800—the membership was 394. In 1819 Elder Leland was called by the Baptist church of Pittsfield to become their pastor; but preferring a broader field and feeling conscientiously that his work in the church was that of an evangelist rather than a pastor, he declined the call, and remained among his friends of long years standing. For more than forty-eight years he preached the Gospel in Cheshire and the neighboring towns, and when on the 14th of January, 1841, "he fell asleep," at the age of eighty-seven, he left a name ever to be revered, and he will long be remembered by the people of Cheshire as a wise patriot, tender friend, and eloquent preacher of the Word.

Elder Leland was sometimes sorely tried because the hard-working people of his flock were so unresponsive to his earnest appeals, and they, in turn, had to make allowances for his many eccentricities. The following episode shows their need of mutual forbearance.

Grieved by the faults and short comings of some of his people, in August, 1797, he decided to leave Cheshire for an evangelistic tour in the South. Appointments were made for a long distance ahead, but becoming more and more impressed regarding the people he had left behind, he finally cancelled his engagements and returned, declaring that he could not preach to Virginia with the sins of Cheshire on his back. The throng of his admirers who had bidden him a tearful goodbye gladly

welcomed him back, and his work went on; but never, after his return, would he break bread with his people at the Lord's table, and it was necessary for the members to send every second month to adjoining towns for an "administrator" to conduct the Communion service. The discipline of the church had been strong, and the people could not submit to such conduct on the part of their pastor without a protest. But so firm was Elder Leland in the conviction that he was justified in the course he had taken that he was willing to submit to excommunication, if need be, rather than comply with the request of the "Ten Aggrieved Brethren." The matter was finally settled by a vote of the church that the hand of fellowship shall not be withdrawn from any member excepting for immorality—a remarkable concession for that time—and Elder Leland continued to preach, pray, and baptize among the people, as formerly.

Many anecdotes, in which Elder Leland figures, are told, but the most famous of them all is the story of the great "Cheshire Cheese." We quote from Elihu Burritt's admirable version of the story. Referring to the election of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency, he says: "No man had done more to bring about this result than Elder John Leland, of the little hill town of Cheshire in Massachusetts. Besides influencing thousands of outsiders in the same direction, he had brought up his whole congregation and parish to vote for the father of American Democracy. He now resolved to set the seal of Cheshire to the election in a way to make the nation know there was such a town in the Republican Israel. He had only to propose the method to command the unanimous approbation and endorsement of his people. And he did propose it from his pulpit to a full congregation on the Sabbath. With a few earnest words he invited every man and woman who owned a cow, to bring every quart of milk given on a certain day, or all the curd it would make, to a great cider-mill belonging to their brave townsman, Captain John Brown. No Federal cow was allowed to contribute a drop of milk to the offering, lest it should leaven the whole lump with a distasteful savor. With their best Sunday clothes, under their white tow frocks, came the men and boys of the town, down from the hills and up from the valleys, with their contingents to the great offering in pails and tubs. Mothers, wives, and all the rosy maidens of the rural homes, came in their white aprons and best calico dresses, to the sound of the church bell that called young and old, and rich and poor, to the great co-operative fabrication.

“An enormous hoop had been prepared and placed upon the bed of the cider-press, which had been well purified for the work. A committee of arrangement met the contributors as they arrived, and conducted them to the great, shallow vat, into which they poured their proportions of curd, from the large tubs of the well-to-do dairyman to the six-quart pail of the poor owner of a single cow. When the last contribution was given in, a select committee of the most experienced dairy matrons of the town addressed themselves to the nice and delicate task of mixing, flavoring, and tinting such a mass of curd as was never brought to press before or since. The stoutest young farmers manned the long levers. The machinery worked to a charm. It was a complete success. All the congregation stood in a compact circle around the great press. Then Elder Leland, standing upon a block of wood, and looking steadfastly with open eyes, heavenward, as if to see the pathway of his thanksgiving to God, and the return blessing on its descent, offered up the gladness and gratitude of his flock for the one earnest mind that had inspired them to that day’s deed, and invoked the Divine favor upon it and the nation’s ruler for whom it was designed. Then followed a service as unique and impressive as any company of the Scotch Covenanters ever performed in their open-air conventicles in the Highland glens. ‘Let us further worship God,’ he said, ‘in a hymn suitable to the occasion.’ What that hymn was, could now hardly be ascertained. But, as was then the custom, the Elder lined it off with his grave, sonorous voice. The tune was *Mear*, which was so common in New England worship that wherever and whenever public prayer was wont to be made, in church, schoolhouse or private dwelling, this was sure to be sung. It is a sober, staid but brave tune, fitted for a slow march on the up hill road of Christian life and duty, as the good people of New England found it in their experience. The Elder then dismissed his flock with the benediction, and they all filed away to their homes as decorously and thoughtfully as if they had attended religious service.”

The date of this unique event was July 10th, 1801, and the weight of the cheese one month from the day of its making was 1,235 pounds. In the early fall the cheese was carefully packed and in the care and escort of Elder Leland and Darius Brown, it was drawn to Hudson, and there shipped by water to Washington. Upon arriving at the White House, Elder Leland presented his people’s gift to President Jefferson in an

admirable speech, and the President responded with deep and earnest feeling to this remarkable gift, receiving it as a token of his fidelity to the equal and inalienable rights of individual men and States, and of the loyalty and devotion of the sturdy New England people, who, by their individual offerings, had made the greatest gift, of its kind, ever presented to royal or democratic ruler.

Elder Leland wrote his own Epitaph, and in the village cemetery, at Cheshire, upon a shaft of blue marble, it is engraved:

“Here lies the body of John Leland, who labored sixty-eight years to promote piety, and vindicate the civil and religious rights of all men.”

As a hymnist, Elder Leland is chiefly known by the familiar hymn, which has been in universal use in America, beginning with the stanza:—

The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

He was the author of some other valuable pieces of poetry, and about thirty pamphlets, but the great work of his life was that of a preacher and evangelist. During the sixty-eight years of his ministry he stated in his diary that he had traveled about 75,000 miles, preached about 8,000 sermons, and baptized 1524 persons. He preached in 436 meeting-houses, several capitols and various other kinds of buildings, as well as in the streets and groves. His perseverance, expressed in the following lines from one of his hymns, which was a favorite among the people many years ago, at last received its reward:

Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die:
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

Oliver Holden (1765-1844).

Oliver Holden, author of “Coronation” and other popular tunes, was born at Shirley, Mass., in 1765. He was originally a carpenter by trade, but became a teacher, composer, and publisher of music at Charlestown, Mass. His music-books were most useful in their day. Hezekiah Butterworth, referring to the grand old tune of “Coronation,” in his “Story of the Hymns,” says: “I recently saw at Mrs. Tyler’s, in Boston, the little mleodeon on which the tune was composed (in 1792) and I could

not but regard the instrument and its associations with devout interest. Perronet's words are inspiring, but they would have been wingless without the tune." Mr. Holden died at Charlestown, Mass., in 1844. He was the author of several original hymns, but is chiefly known as author of the familiar hymn on "Secret Prayer," beginning:

They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D. (1788-1850).

Adoniram Judson, the apostolic missionary to the Burmese, was born at Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788, where his father was pastor of a Baptist Church. He graduated at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, in 1807, and was one of the five consecrated young men, namely, Judson, Nott, Newell, Hall, and Rice, who, on February 6, 1812, were ordained, and appointed missionaries to labor under the direction and support of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions among the benighted people of Asia. On the 19th of the same month, Messrs. Newell and Judson, with their wives, sailed from Salem "amidst the prayers and benedictions of multitudes," and on the 17th of June they arrived at Calcutta. During the voyage Mr. and Mrs. Judson renounced their former opinions on the subject of baptism, and by so doing they became the pioneers of the noble band of missionaries who have been sent to the Foreign field by the Baptist denomination of America.

By the hostilities of the East India company towards missionaries they were driven to the Isle of France, and afterward to Rangoon, where they arrived in July, 1813, and entered upon their life work in the Burmese mission. After the breaking out of the Burmese war with the British in 1824, Dr. Judson was violently cast into prison by the natives, and was kept in captivity until the Burmese capitulated to the British in 1826. During the eighteen months of his imprisonment his sufferings were so intense that he probably could not have survived the ordeal, had it not been for the ministries and intercessions of his devoted and heroic wife, Ann Hasseltine Judson.

In 1823 he printed a Burmese translation of the New Testament, and in 1824 he completed a Burmese translation of the whole Bible. He also constructed a Burmese and English Dictionary. After spending thirty-

seven years of arduous and self-denying labor in his adopted field of Burmah, he died after a long and painful illness, at sea, April 12, 1850, aged sixty two years, and was buried in the deep. The thrilling story of his life and labors given in his *Memoirs*, by Francis Wayland, and others, is one of the most interesting of all the biographies of famous missionaries.

During Dr. Judson's painful incarceration by the natives, in the Burmese war, like Paul and Silas, St. Theodulph, and Madame Guyon, he solaced his hours with Christian songs. It was during this period that he composed his exquisite versification of the Lord's prayer, which is dated by the author, "Prison, Ava, March, 1825." It is comprised in fewer words than the original Greek, and in only two more than the common English version. It has been in common use in England, as well as America. We give it in full:—

Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
 All hallowed be Thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
 In heaven and earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread;
 And as we those forgive
 Who sin against us, so may we
 Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not;
 From evil set us free;
 And thine the kingdom, Thine the power
 And glory, ever be.

Dr. Judson is also the author of two hymns for Holy Baptism, which are found in Baptist hymnals, one beginning,

"Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,"

and

"Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine."

Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney (1791-1865).

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1791. She conducted a school in the same town from 1810 to 1814, when she removed to Hartford, where she continued her work as a teacher. In 1819 she married Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Hartford, who died in 1854. Most of her subsequent life was spent at Hartford, and she died there, June 10, 1865. She was a woman of lovely Christian character and superior intellectual and poetic gifts. She was the most distinguished of the female

poets of America a century ago. Her first publication was "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," 1815. This was followed by fifty-eight additional works. Many of her hymns have been used in the older collections. Her fine Missionary hymn,—

"Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the Gospel's banner high;"

is in common use in Great Britain, and

"Laborers of Christ, arise,"

for Home missions, has been widely used. The beautiful poem from which the following is quoted, has also been in use as a hymn:

Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and meek and mild,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

CHAPTER XXIII.

American Hymns.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

GEORGE HERBERT.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D. (1808–1895).



At a reunion of the famous class of 1829, of Harvard College, Dr. O. W. Holmes referred to his classmate, S. F. Smith, in these lines:—

“And there’s a nice fellow of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.”

In vain “Fate tried to conceal him,” for he has gained a world-wide reputation, and conferred great honor upon his family name, by writing America’s national hymn, and several other highly-prized hymns.

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston in 1808, graduated from Andover Seminary in 1832, the same year in which he wrote his famous hymn, and for eighteen months was editor of the “Baptist Missionary Magazine.” In 1834 he was ordained, and became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine. He continued as pastor there for eight years, serving also as Professor of Modern Languages in Waterville College, now Colby University. In 1842 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Newton, Massachusetts. He was pastor there for twelve years and a half, and then Secretary of the Missionary Union for fifteen years, two of which he spent abroad visiting missionary stations. From 1842 to 1848 he was editor of the “Christian Review,” and he was one of the editors of “The Psalmist,” a valuable collection of hymns which

has had a wide circulation among the Baptist churches of America. He was also the author of several other meritorious works.

Dr. Smith had a gift for acquiring languages, and during his life he became familiar with no less than fifteen. In his eighty-sixth year he was looking for a suitable text-book with which to commence the study of the Russian language. He lived to be eighty-seven years old, active and busy until the evening of November 16, 1895. On that evening he took the train for Readville, near Boston, where he was to preach the next day. Just as he entered the car, turning to speak to a friend, he gasped for breath, and fell backward in death. Thus suddenly translated from the scene of his earthly labors to the world where there is "work without weariness," and time shall dispel the joys of kindred spirits, "Never, no, never!" we cannot doubt that he entered upon the realization of his wish expressed in the following stanza of his familiar hymn, "When shall we meet again?"

Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joy dispel
Never, no, never!

The history of Dr. Smith's famous hymn,

"My Country, 'tis of thee,"

is said to be as follows: Dr. Lowell Mason, who could not read German, placed a number of music-books brought from Germany by Mr. William C. Woodbridge, of which the words were all in German, in the hands of Dr. Smith, asking him to look them over to see if he could find any hymns or songs suitable for children, or any music for which he could compose hymns or songs of his own. In Dr. Smith's story of the hymn written for the "Outlook," and printed in the number for November 23rd, 1895, he says:

"One dismal day in February, 1832, about half an hour before sunset, I was turning over the leaves of one of the music-books, when my eyes rested on the tune that is now known as "America." I liked the spirited movement of it, not knowing it at that time to be "God Save the King." I glanced at the German words and saw that they were patriotic, and instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own, adapted

to the tune. Picking up a scrap of waste paper which lay near me, I wrote at once, probably within half an hour, the hymn "America," as it is known everywhere. The whole hymn stands today as it stood on the bit of waste paper, five or six inches long and two and a half wide."

Soon afterward he gave the song, with some others, to Dr. Mason. On the Fourth of July of that same year it was first sung publicly, at a children's celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston. From there it soon found its way into the public schools of Boston, and then into other schools, and into patriotic celebrations everywhere, and finally into the hymn-books of the various denominations. Today it is called the national hymn, not by any ceremonial of adoption, but because the people love it, and have accepted it as the most fitting expression of their own patriotic fervor.

Dr. Smith is also the author of the well-known Missionary hymn, beginning:

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;

The beautiful hymn beginning with the stanza:

Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day,
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run;

and all but the first stanza of the hymn—

"When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?"

Lydia Baxter (1809–1874).

Lydia Baxter was born at Petersburg, New York, Sept. 2, 1809. Upon her marriage to Col. John C. Baxter she moved to New York City, where she continued to reside until her death in 1874. She was a woman of extraordinary piety, cheerfulness and usefulness. Through her religious zeal a Baptist church was organized in her native town, in which she became an active and successful Sunday-school teacher. In 1855 she published "Gems by the Wayside," a volume of Christian poetry, which had a large sale. She also contributed many hymns to collections for Sunday-schools and evangelistic services, which have attained great popu-

larity. She was an invalid for nearly thirty years, and often a great sufferer, yet she exhibited a spirit of resignation and cheerfulness not often seen in people who are blessed with health and prosperity. The secret of this constant sunshine of spirit is revealed in her beautiful hymn, beginning:

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

Her hymn,

“There is a gate that stands ajar,”

has cheered many a weary pilgrim on the way to that “city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God”—the goal of Mrs. Baxter’s life of patient toil and suffering:

Beyond the river’s brink we’ll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

The stirring hymn,

“Go work in my vineyard,”

has also been very useful and popular.

Rev. Joseph Henry Gilmore, M. A. (1834-).

Joseph Henry Gilmore was born at Boston, April 29, 1834. He was Professor of Hebrew in the Newton Theological Institution in 1861-62, and in 1868 he was appointed Professor of Logic in Rochester University, New York. For some time he held a Baptist ministerial charge at Fishersville, New Hampshire, and at Rochester, but he is most widely known as the author of the familiar hymn,

“He leadeth me! O blessed thought!”

This is one of the many “Gospel Hymns” sung by Mr. Sankey, while he was associated with Mr. Moody in evangelistic work, which have been even more popular in Great Britain than in America, and have been translated into many languages for the use of missionaries in all parts of the world. The spirit of trust expressed in the stanza:

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me,

finds a universal response in the hearts of all sincere Christians, of whatever class or condition.

The hymn was written in 1859, at the close of a lecture by the author on the twenty-third Psalm delivered in the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia. While the subject was being developed a little farther in Deacon Watson's parlor, Mr. Gilmore jotted the hymn down in pencil precisely as it now stands—save that the refrain was afterwards added by another hand—and passed the paper to his wife, who sent it without his knowledge to the "Watchman and Reflector," where it first appeared in print. Mr. Bradbury, finding the hymn in a Christian periodical, composed for it the tune with which it has ever since been associated.

CHAPTER XXIV.

American Hymns.

He is faithfu' that hath promised; he'll surely come again:
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

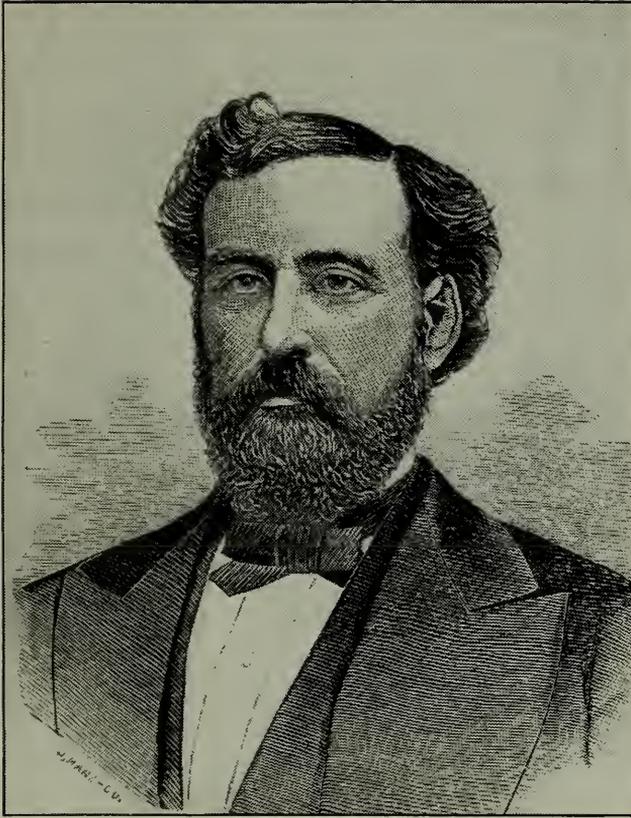
MRS. MARY LEE DEMAREST.

Philip Paul Bliss.



PHILIP Paul Bliss was born in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, July 9th, 1838. His ancestry has been traced to John Bliss, who came from Wales, and married a daughter of Governor Arnold in 1670. They were early settlers of Connecticut. His grandfather, the third John Bliss, moved to Greenfield, Saratoga County, N. Y., and purchased a farm of one hundred acres; there being at that time but one log hut at Saratoga Springs, situated about seven miles from his house. In February, 1801, he walked from Greenfield to Newport, Rhode Island, for the purpose of submitting to the ordinance of baptism. He had sixteen children, twelve of whom were sons. Isaac Bliss, father of Philip Bliss, was one of twins. He was a man of devoted piety, of simplicity and tenderness of nature. "He lived in continual communion with his Saviour; always happy, always trusting, always singing." His character and example had much to do in moulding the character of his son. This father died at Rome, Penn., in the home of Philip. In after years, when Mr. Bliss sang his beautiful song entitled "My Grandfather's Bible," he usually prefaced it by saying, very devoutly, "I thank God for a Godly ancestry."

At the time of Philip's birth, his parents were living in the usual log home occupied by the early settlers of the mountain and forest region of Northern Pennsylvania. During his boyhood he had few advantages in the way of schooling. Five years, from the age of eleven to sixteen, were



PHILIP PAUL BLISS.

passed on the farm and in the lumberyard, toiling for his daily bread. A portion of the seasons during this period was spent in school, and every opportunity for improvement was eagerly utilized. In 1850, while at school near Elk Run, a revival commenced among the scholars, conducted by a Baptist minister, and he at that time made his first profession of faith in Christ, and united with the Baptist church near the school.

In the winter of 1858, Mr. Bliss taught in the Academy at Rome, Penn., where he became acquainted with the family of Mr. O. F. Young, a thrifty farmer and a devout Christian man. Among his pupils were the children of Mr. Young. The eldest daughter, Lucy, was then about eighteen years of age. During the winter the spelling class, the singing school, and the choir meetings went on, as was customary in country villages at that time, and Mr. Bliss and Lucy "kept company." Ere long they naturally found they were necessary to each other's happiness. So, on June 1st, 1859, they were married, and during the following eighteen years they were most happily united in all the joys, sorrows, and activities of their lives. At the time of her marriage, Mrs. Bliss was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Rome, and Mr. Bliss soon became connected with the same church and labored efficiently with them in church work.

Mr. Bliss was passionately fond of music from boyhood, and he eagerly sought and improved every opportunity, which his limited means would allow, for instruction in vocal music, and the development of his native talent in harmony. In 1860 he took up the business of a professional music teacher, and at the age of twenty-six he wrote his first song. In 1863 or '64 he first met Mr. George F. Root, of Chicago. The acquaintance then formed was one of the links in the chain of providences that finally led him into the place which God was preparing him for, of a Gospel singer. From this time for eight years his occupation was the holding of musical conventions and the giving of concerts and private instruction in music in towns through the Northwest, and the writing of Sunday-school songs and tunes, and songs for sheet music published by Root & Cady. Mrs. Bliss accompanied him on his travels, and assisted him in his concert and convention work. In July, 1870, Mr. Bliss became leader of the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, of Chicago, and a few months later, the Superintendent of the Sabbath school. He continued to hold both of these positions until he entered upon his work as

a singing evangelist. Dr. Goodwin, the pastor, said of him: "He was a gifted, sympathizing and efficient helper in all the work of the church. The highest devotional character marked all his selections, all his rehearsals, all his leadership in the Lord's house. It was his invariable custom to open his rehearsals with prayer. He believed that the spiritual idea should be the all controlling one, and one never to be forgotten by those who were to lead the praises of the congregation. He was a royal helper and leader in the Sunday school and in all the gatherings for prayer. All through his songs and his words of witness breathed the spirit of absorbing devotion. During the last two years while engaged as an evangelist, he was rarely present in the prayer-meetings of the church; but whenever he was there, almost invariably before he spoke or sang, he gave expression to the feeling that possibly he might be witnessing for the last time. To him the coming of the Lord was a Scripture truth, and he felt that the Bridegroom might come at any moment." In that dreadful moment, when the summons came to him so suddenly, we know that it found him watching, with his lamp trimmed and burning, ready to enter into the joy of the Lord whose praises would be the unbroken continuation of the chosen occupation of his earthly life. He was greatly beloved by his pastor, and among the many tributes to his memory given in his "Memoirs," by D. W. Whittle, none is more touching and eloquent than the one written by Dr. Goodwin.

In the summer of 1869 Mr. Moody held a series of Gospel services in Wood's museum, Chicago. Mr. Bliss frequently attended these meetings, and Mr. Moody soon discovered his remarkable gift as a singer, and was greatly assisted by him in the service of song. In 1874, through the urgent and persistent solicitation of Mr. Moody, Mr. Bliss and Mr. D. W. Whittle were persuaded to enter upon the evangelistic work in which they were so very successful until Mr. Bliss' death. Mr. Bliss willingly gave up a lucrative position with fair prospects of advancement and affluence, and consecrated all his gifts, as poet, musician, singer, and preacher, to the work of winning souls, "Till He come." After holding services in a number of leading cities and towns of the South and West, Mr. Bliss and Major Whittle were engaged to take up the work in Chicago, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1876, and after the Lord was through with them there, they were to go to England. They had been assisted by Mrs. Bliss, who had a sweet and cultivated voice, and it was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Bliss

should spend the Christmas holidays with their children at the home in Rome. After a few days of happiness with their family, and of earnest warning and entreaty to the unsaved among the townspeople, they bade their children an affectionate farewell, and started for Chicago on the train which bore them to their death in the Ashtabula horror in which 160 passengers were precipitated to the bottom of a ravine by the breaking of a bridge, some eighty persons being killed. The tragedy occurred on the evening of December 29, 1876. "It was the wildest winter night of the year. No element of horror was wanting. First came the crash of the bridge and the plunge of the eleven laden cars to the icy river-bed; then the fire which came to devour all that had been left alive by the crash; then the water which gurgled up from under the broken ice and offered another form of death; and finally, the biting blast filled with snow which froze and benumbed those who had escaped water and fire." Mr. and Mrs. Bliss perished in the awful wreck, and no vestige of their remains, or anything that belonged to them, was ever identified. After the shocking news of their death became known to the public, there were many feeling and glowing tributes, in poetry and prose, from editors, clergymen, singers, and friends, to the memory of the departed song writer and his devoted wife. "None knew them but to love them; none spoke but to praise them." The editorial columns of the "Inter-Ocean" contained a glowing tribute, from which the following is quoted:

"Mr. Bliss was the song writer of the Church and Sabbath School. He stood prominent among the earnest workers who have invested Sabbath School music with cheerfulness, lightness, brightness, and briskness that were wanting in the old hymns, and who have added to them new pathos and tenderness. In words and music his compositions were adapted to the longings and wants of those he desired to reach. The illustrations were familiar, the methods were striking, the sentiment was an echo of the feeling in his own heart. He seized quickly upon incident or figure, or story, and turned it to good account. The relation of an army incident suggested 'Hold the Fort.' It was written on the impulse of the moment, and it has traveled the world over. It has been translated into not only nearly all the European languages, but into Chinese and the native languages of India. And with it travel others almost as popular: 'What will the Harvest be?' 'Almost Persuaded,' 'Only an Armour Bearer,' etc., etc."

From an article by R. W. Morgan, editor of "The Christian," published in London, England, while the writer was in America, the following is quoted:

"'And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentations over him.' Something of that kind has been repeated here. The lamentation is over two of the sweetest singers in Israel—Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Bliss—without even the mournful satisfaction of carrying them to their burial. I scarcely know how to write the sorrowful tidings which I have to send today.

"I had gone to Canada for Christmas week, and returned on Saturday night, (Dec. 30) to meet these friends in Jesus, and make some final arrangements as to their coming to England with Major Whittle in the spring. But on arriving in Chicago I was appalled to hear that they had perished on the previous night. Mr. Bliss was a saint, indeed, and his wife a true helpmate to him. 'A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel,' and of him and his sweet wife it may well be added, 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' Their bodies have probably been burned to ashes, but they are themselves transfigured, and to us the hymns are transfigured also. We have been saying one to another that, read in the light of this fiery translation, they seem all changed to prophecies. How differently shall we now sing:

'I know not the hour when my Lord shall come,
To take me away to his own dear home,
But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

'I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear;
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.'

How much more tenderly shall we now sing that childlike carol which was the one that took the earliest hold of us at home—

'I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has given.
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest—that Jesus loves me.'

"To us here it seems as if his patient and truthful voice was singing out of the darkness and terror of that wintry storm—

'Brightly beams our Father's mercy,
From His lighthouse evermore;

But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore;

and that he appeals with outstretched hands, on behalf of others—

‘Let the lower lights be burning,
Send the gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.’

And now that he is gone how inspiring will be the war-song, as we think how, trusting in the living God, he held the fort in death!—

‘Ho, my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky;
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.’

“A story was told yesterday of a missionary in South Africa going into a kraal to rest, and the first sounds he heard were from a Zulu singing this tune. So these stirring strains go round the world.”

In the eloquent address of Dr. Goodwin given at the memorial meeting held in Rome, the home of Mr. Bliss, he said:

“At the farewell meeting in London, after the labors of Brother Moody and Brother Sankey were closed in that city, Lord Shaftesbury said that, ‘if Mr. Sankey had done no more than teach the people to sing “Hold the Fort,” he would have conferred an inestimable blessing on the British Empire.’ Mr. Sankey bears witness that these songs laid hold of the English people with wonderful power. Major Cole says, ‘the ragged children of London, children who are largely street waifs, living in the utmost ignorance and degradation, flocked to hear and sing these songs till they had ten thousand of them at a gathering. And to this day, they are to be heard on the streets, in the courtyards, stables, shops, factories, homes, everywhere. Mothers rock their babies to sleep with them alike among the rich and the poor. Nobility and peasantry find common inspiration in them, and to the suffering and dying of every rank they minister inexpressible blessing. But their grandest work, at home and abroad has been in preaching the Gospel and winning souls. I believe, with Mr. Moody, that God raised up Philip Bliss as truly as Charles Wesley to save men by singing the Gospel.”

Mr. Moody had engaged Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and Mr. Whittle to continue a series of meetings which he and Mr. Sankey had been holding in Chicago, and he had expected to be present at their first meeting, on

Sunday, Dec. 30. But on that day Mr. Moody was obliged to take Mr. Whittle's place, in leading an inexpressibly sad and impressive memorial meeting,—the first of a number of such meetings that were held in Chicago and other cities. It was supposed, at that time, the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss had perished with them, but they had been left at Rome, with their grandmother. Selections from Mr. Bliss' hymns were sung at all the meetings and many eloquent and touching tributes were given by clergymen who appreciated the character and the work of Mr. Bliss. On the 5th of January, a song-service was held in the Tabernacle, at Chicago, at which 12,000 people were present, four thousand of whom were obliged to remain on the outside. At this meeting Mr. Moody gave brief introductions to the hymns, which were sung by Mr. Sankey, with choruses by the congregation.

In Mr. Moody's tributes, he said:

“Once after the wreck of the steamer at Cleveland, I was speaking of the circumstance that the lower lights were out, and the next time we met he sang this hymn for me. 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 thirty-eight years old—but his hymns are sung around the world. Only a little while ago we received a copy of these hymns translated into the Chinese language.”

Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, of whose church Mr. Bliss had long been a loved and honored member, in his address given at the memorial meeting in Rome, said:

“I think I might safely call him the most joyous Christian I have ever known. There seemed always to be an open door between his soul and the city of light. As might be expected his hymns and music are full of hope and exultation. Almost invariably both songs and music swell and grow jubilant as they move on. Hallelujahs ring all through them. And not a few, however they begin, land us in the glory of the better country before they close. When the sweet singer put his magnificent voice into the rendering, charged with the fervor of his sympathetic soul, as it was his delight to do, they that listened had a hint of what the joy of the Upper Presence will be. Another trait of our brother's character was his thorough unselfishness. Some of the facts respecting this

unselfishness are very significant as showing how completely this spirit ruled him. Take that grand tribute paid him by Mr. Moody in the Tabernacle at Chicago last Sabbath morning. He stated that the royalty on the Gospel Songs and Hymns amounted to \$60,000. He proposed to Mr. Bliss that he should take \$5,000 of this sum and provide himself with a home. Mr. Bliss promptly declined the offer. They had agreed, as he felt, that whatever income was derived from the books should be devoted to benevolent uses. And he added, that if his Master was able to go without a home, he was sure he could, until some other way was opened to secure it.

In his closing remarks, Dr. Goodwin said:

"I name as a final characteristic that our brother was preeminently a singer of the Gospel. Taking both songs and music into the estimate, I think I may safely call him the Gospel singer of the age. Certainly I know of no one in the whole range of hymnology that has put Gospel truth into song with the clearness, and fullness and power which stamps the compositions of P. P. Bliss. Many of his songs, especially his later ones, are little else than Scripture versified and set to music. Take, for example:

'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,'
'Free from the law,'
'Look and live,'
'Whosoever will may come,'
'Hear ye the glad Good News from Heaven?'
'Almost persuaded,'
'Seeking to save.'

There is Gospel enough in almost any one of them to lead a troubled soul to Christ. This is why, as Mr. Moody testifies, no songs so lay hold of people's hearts. In words and music they are surcharged with the very spirit of the Gospel. And herein lies the power which they are destined to wield in after years."

Soon after the death of Mr. Bliss, Mr. Moody gave notice that penny contributions would be received from all the Sunday schools of America for the purpose of maintaining and educating the children of Mr. Bliss, and also for the erection of a monument to his memory. Contributions came in so fast that it was very soon announced that money enough had been raised. The whole amount of contributions received was \$11,633.83. One little mission school in India sent \$13, and the prisoners at St. Augustine sent \$26. The scholars of a Sunday school in Edinburgh, where they

loved Mr. Bliss' songs, sent \$53. The number of contributing Sunday schools was 3063. \$1,000 was appropriated for a monument, which was erected at Mr. Bliss' late home in Rome, and dedicated with very impressive services, on July 10, 1877.

Among Mr. Bliss' popular songs, not previously mentioned are:

“When Jesus comes,”
“Through the valley of the shadow I must go,”
“Over yonder, over yonder,”
“Down life's dark vale we wander,”
“The Light of the World is Jesus,”
“Hallelujah! 'tis done,”
“Have you on the Lord believed?”
“Standing by a purpose true.”

Several popular hymns written by other authors have been set to music by Mr. Bliss. Among these are “Eternity,” “What shall the harvest be?” “Arise and shine,” “Precious Promise,” “What hast thou done for Me?” “It is well with my soul.”

CHAPTER XXV.

American Hymns.

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

JOHN STEWART BLACKIE.



IN OUR survey of the hymnody of the Methodist Church we find that the abundant provision made by Charles Wesley was so excellent and satisfying, both in quality and quantity, that very few writers of note, of that denomination, have attempted to contribute to the volume of song, which, like a perennial stream, still flows on for the refreshment and inspiration of the great body of the church, which can never cease to realize the measureless debt it owes to the illustrious founders of Methodism—the Wesleys.

The recent official hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the M. E. Church, South, issued in 1905, contains one hundred and twenty-one hymns by Charles Wesley. Many of his hymns are also included in the recent collections of other denominations.

Rev. William Hunter, D. D. (1811–1877).

William Hunter was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1811. He removed to America in 1817, and entered Madison College in 1830. For some time he edited the "Conference Journal," and the "Christian Advocate." In 1855 he was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Alleghany College, which position he held for several years. He died in 1877. He was the author of a number of hymns, which appeared in his "Select Melodies" (1838-51); "Minstrel of Zion" (1845); and "Songs

of Devotion" (1860). Several of his hymns are still in common use. Among these are:

"The Great Physician now is near;"
"Joyfully, joyfully onward we move;"

and the hymn beginning with the stanza;

My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

"On January 10, 1860, the Pemberton Mill, a large cotton factory at Lawrence, Mass., suddenly fell in ruins, burying the operatives in the debris. Some were rescued alive; others would have been, but a broken lantern set the ruins on fire, and the rescuers were driven from their work. As they turned away, it is said that they distinctly heard some imprisoned girls, who had been brought up in Sunday-school, singing the refrain of this hymn:

"I'm going home to die no more."

Mrs. Fanny J. (Crosby) Van Alstyne (1823-).

The only Methodist writer who has added any considerable number of hymns to the store already provided by Wesley is Mrs. Fanny J. Van Alstyne, who, though handicapped by blindness from infancy, is the author of more than five thousand hymns—quite as marvelous an achievement as Wesley's six thousand five hundred.

Fanny Jane Crosby was born in Putnam County, New York, in 1823. When six weeks old she lost her eyesight through maltreatment for some slight affection of the eyes. At the age of fifteen she entered the Institution for the Blind in New York City. On completing her training she became a teacher in the same Institution from 1847 to 1858. While engaged in teaching she wrote many songs which were set to music by George F. Root, the well known composer. Among the most popular of these songs were "Rosalie the Prairie Flower;" "The Hazel Dell," and "There's Music in the Air." In 1864, at the request of William B. Bradbury, composer of sacred music, she began to write Sunday School hymns, and in this occupation she found her real life work. After the death of Mr. Bradbury she was regularly employed by Biglow and Main to write "three hymns a week, the year round." She has also frequently

written verses for special occasions, reciting them herself with great spirit. Once she recited a poem before the Senate and House of Representatives to demonstrate the results of systematic instruction of the blind, being the first woman to speak in the Senate Chamber in a public capacity.

Miss Crosby's facility in poetic composition amounted almost to improvisation. She said, "They sing themselves to me, and I cannot rest till I put them down." She had a remarkable memory, and was a proficient performer on the guitar and the piano.

In 1858 Miss Crosby was married to Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne, who, like herself, was blind, and was possessed of a rare musical talent. Mr. Van Alstyne died in 1902.

Mrs. Van Alstyne's hymns have been published mainly in several of the popular American Sunday School collections and I. D. Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos." Dr. W. H. Doane did some of his most successful work as writer of music for Mrs. Van Alstyne's hymns. At his request, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was written in fifteen minutes, to the melody with which it is inseparably associated.

We are indebted to the New York "Evangelist" for the following interesting picture of Miss Crosby and her work:

"Miss Crosby says of all the hymns she has written, 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' is her favorite. To be

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,'

must be to her, as she tries to feel her way through the darkness and amid danger, a sweet protecting rest to look forward to. To many a sorrowing soul whose eye of faith has become dim by the mysterious going away of some loved one, has this hymn brought comfort and life. To feel that our loved ones are 'safe in the arms of Jesus' is indeed a precious thought. Walking through a village cemetery a few months since, I heard some sweet voice singing a hymn. It was beside a baby's new-made grave. Just as the young mother was turning away with tearful eyes from the resting-place of her little one, these sweet words burst upon her ear. Out of her own loving arms, but safe in the arms of Jesus. How many other hearts have found comfort in the assurance, and in the thought that by-and-by—

'There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.'

“You would naturally suppose that such a person must be very unhappy and gloomy, but Fanny Crosby is one of the most cheerful, happy persons in the world. When we saw her she was knitting an intricate piece of lace, which, on examination, was found not to have a misplaced stitch in it. Her fingers moved busily while she talked in a modest way of the talent God had given her, and what a comfort it had been to her that she had been enabled to write words that had helped other souls on to heaven. Her whole face was illumined with a light reflected from His face (so we thought) as she told us the story of ‘Rescue the perishing,’ and the satisfaction it gave her to know it had been the means of bringing many wandering ones home to God. In a mission meeting she attended one evening the hymn was sung and at its close a young man arose and said that that hymn brought him to Jesus. Then he told of his wanderings, and how he had wasted his time and money in drink and those other vices that are sure to follow; but passing along the street one night without a cent in his pocket, ragged, cold, and hungry, he heard some voices singing:

‘Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity
From sin and the grave.’

He followed the sound of the voices until he came to a building where there was a mission meeting. He went in and sat down in the back seat and listened to the words of that hymn, ‘I was just ready to perish that night,’ he said, ‘but that hymn by the grace of God, saved me.’ Loving hands ministered to him in Jesus’ name after he had told them that he wanted to leave the evil life and become a good man. The workers for Christ ‘wept o’er the erring one, lifted the fallen, and told him of Jesus, the mighty to save.’

“When the young man finished his story he said that he had a great desire to meet the writer of that hymn and tell her what it had done for his soul. It was a singular coincidence that his wish was to be gratified that very night, and what a joy must have filled the author’s heart when she was led up to the speaker and could take his hand and say, ‘I wrote that hymn.’

“After a day’s jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, when Miss Crosby returned to her quiet room it is not strange

that she poured forth her soul in song. It was at such times as those that she wrote

‘All the way the Saviour leads me,’

‘Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to Thee,’

and

‘Through this changing world below
Lead me gently as I go.’”

While it is doubtless true of Miss Crosby’s hymns that “Their popularity is largely due to the melodies to which they have been wedded,” yet through this happy union of melody and song they are entitled to a high place among the many sweet Gospel songs, whose power over the hearts and lives of multitudes of people in all countries where the Gospel has been preached by minister or missionary can never be estimated.

In a recent book by the Rev. A. W. Halsey, entitled “A visit to the West Africa Mission,” he says: “One of the pleasantest features of the boat travel was the singing by the Christian men who composed the boat’s crew. One familiar tune after another would float out on the night air as we made our way past Evune and Ubenji toward Batanga. This singing is a characteristic feature of the African Christian. The Bulu carriers who were with us much in the interior were singing constantly as we journeyed through the long day and they always assisted at the evening meetings with their songs. The Gospel song seems to have driven out the heathen song entirely in the life of the believer. At Elat we heard the scholars sing part songs admirably, their singing reflecting great credit on the faithful teaching of the missionary and evidencing what a mighty factor in evangelization is ‘the Gospel in song.’”

In Mr. Halsey’s touching story of a blind native preacher, belonging to the Fang tribe, named Robbie Boardman, he says: “Robbie has a very kindly face. I wish you could see him as he sings or prays or preaches. His favorite hymn is

“Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And on Thy bosom rest.”

“Robbie repeated these words to me in English, and they never seemed so beautiful. He will see no faces in this world, but in the many mansioned home he will one day see ‘Him face to face.’ Even now he

joyfully sings with us 'I shall see Him face to face, and tell the story, saved by grace.' He knows nearly all the New Testament by heart. We have a little hymn book in the Fang language. Robbie knows all the verses of the hymns and the numbers as well. He needs no book to lead a meeting. The hymns are the same as we sing at home, only the words are in the Fang language. One of the hymns we sang was 'He leadeth me.'"

The blind preacher in the land

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,"

and the blind hymn-writer of America can join in the chorus of "Saved by Grace," and in

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!"

Thus with the persistent "Macedonian cry" which comes from "Darkest Africa," and from all other lands where the dawning light of the Gospel is revealing the darkness and the need, is also heard in joyful notes the song of the redeemed who have been gathered from "the mountains wild and bare" into "the shelter of the fold,"

"And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

Surely the great multitude, whom no man can number, who are now able to join in the refrain:

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love,

should put to silence the criticisms of the learned and cultured leaders in the Church who would discard the "Gospel hymns," and compel "His little ones" to sing the stately hymns of the Church, which, though "meat" for the wise and strong, are not adapted for those who "long for the spiritual milk," that they "may grow thereby unto salvation."

Many of Miss Crosby's hymns have been translated into foreign languages, and about sixty have come into common use in Great Britain. Among the most notable hymns are the following:

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;"
"I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice;"

“Jesus, keep me near the cross;”
“Pass me not, O gentle Saviour;”
“Say, where is your refuge, my brother?”
“Thou my everlasting portion.”

The fascinating narrative entitled “Fanny Crosby’s Life Story, Written by Herself”—at the age of eighty-three—is quite as remarkable an achievement as her poetical work, and the readers of the above sketch are referred to this work for a more intimate acquaintance with Fanny Crosby’s wonderful personality.

CHAPTER XXVI.

American Hymns.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,—
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878).



THE Unitarian Church has never been dominated by the hymns of such a voluminous writer as Watts, or Wesley, and there has been a more open field in its midst for those who possessed the poetic gifts.

Dr. Washington Gladden is responsible for the statement that “the largest number of the best hymns written within the past twenty-five years have been written by Unitarians.” This is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that the great majority of the more noteworthy poets of America belong to this Church—William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Jones Very—and that all of these have been drawn into the ranks of the hymnists. Henry Ward Beecher has well said:—

“There is almost no heresy in the hymn book. In hymns and psalms we have a universal ritual. It is the theology of the heart that unites men.”

In the hymnals of the Unitarian Church are found hymns by all the best writers of other denominations, those of both Watts, and Wesley, being more numerous than those by any Unitarian writer, while many hymns by Unitarian authors are sung in the churches of other denominations. The Rev. Duncan Campbell, B. D., in the introduction to his “Hymns and Hymn Makers,” very aptly says:

“It would indeed be a most instructive object lesson on unity in diversity if we could bring together the hymn-writers represented in almost any modern hymnal to sing their hymns together. Fancy a choir including within it Toplady, staunchest of Calvinists; Wesley, staunchest of Arminians; Presbyterian Bonar and Anglican Keble; Luther who left Rome and Faber who went over to it; Mediaeval monks and Charles Kingsley; Heber and Xavier; Watts, the Independent; Montgomery, the Moravian; Barton, the Quaker; Sears, the Unitarian; Newman, the Cardinal, singing side by side! Set these men to discuss problems in theology or questions of church ritual and government, what discord there would be! But singing together when not the intellect but the heart and spirit speak, they would make one music, for singing together men forget the non-essentials on which they differ, and remember only the passion for holiness, the enthusiasm for righteousness, the gratitude for mercy, the love for their Lord in which they all agree.”

In the sublime music of the universal choir, which will one day sing “the new song before the throne,” the voices of all the saints, of whatever name or sign they may have been, will join in the one grand *Te Deum* of praise.

Rev. E. C. Davis, an able Unitarian pastor, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in a recent paper on “Unitarian Hymn Writers,” says: “The true poets who have given us the great hymns, are the ones who have come into the real presence of God, and forgetting all the limitations of sectarianism, and religious provincialism, have uttered the great truths of life and the great aspirations of the human soul in the outflowings of simple, everyday language and symbolism. It has been the great duty of a few of the poets of our body to rise above the plains onto the mount of transfiguration, and in the midst of the glories of the spiritual life, to express in simple hymns the highest aspirations of the human soul.”

Among the great American poets whose hymns are sung today by many people among all religious bodies, the first in order of time is William Cullen Bryant, who was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3rd, 1794. He entered Williams College in 1810, was admitted to the bar in 1815, but soon turned from the practice of law to literature. In 1826 he became editor of the New York “*Evening Post*,” continuing in this position as one of the editors and proprietors for more than fifty years. Few authors have commenced writing at so early an age, and

continued writing so long. As early as his thirteenth year he wrote poetry that attracted public attention and received high praise. His last poem was written at the age of eighty-three. "Thanatopsis," his most popular poem, was composed when he was nineteen. His reputation as a poet, a citizen and a patriot is too well known in America to call for any eulogistic comments. His poetry was first introduced to the British public by Washington Irving, and the following appreciative estimate of its merit is given by an eminent English authority, of a recent date:

"There is no poet more essentially American, whose genius is more especially the product of native thought and culture than Bryant. He is the American Wordsworth; and his name has done for the rolling prairies and boundless savannahs of that great continent what Wordsworth did for his beloved lake country."

Bryant's hymns were included in a little book published in 1864 which contained only nineteen hymns. Though few in number, they possess the poetic qualities characteristic of the genius of their author and they have been widely used. Perhaps the one best known in America is the hymn from which the following stanzas are quoted:

Deem not that they are blessed alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

The beautiful hymn written for the dedication of a church in New York is the best known of his hymns in England. Following are the first and last two stanzas:

O Thou whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray!

May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
 And pure devotion rise,
 While round these hallowed walls the storm
 Of earth-born passion dies!

The hymn beginning with the following stanzas is one of the finest we have for Home Missions:

Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
 O God of mercy and of might;
 In pity look on those who stray
 Benighted in this land of light.

Among the other hymns by Bryant in common use are the following:

“O North, with all thy vales of green;”
 “As shadows cast by cloud and sun;”
 “When doomed to death, th’ apostle lay.”

“Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

William Cullen Bryant fell asleep June 12, 1878, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, from the effects of a fall, after exposure during the delivery of an oration in Central Park, New York.

Henry Ware, D. D. (1794-1843).

Henry Ware, junior, eldest son of Dr. Henry Ware, pastor of the Unitarian congregation at Hingham, Massachusetts, and afterwards Hollis Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was born at Hingham, April 21, 1794. He graduated at Harvard with high honors in 1812. He was ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian church of Boston in 1817. In 1829, in consequence of ill health he received the assistance of a colleague in the person of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In the same year he was appointed Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care in the Cambridge Theological School, a post which he held from 1829 to 1842, and exhausted by his arduous labors, retired to Framingham, where he died in 1843. His publications were numerous and on a variety of topics. Dr. Ware was a hymnist of a very high order. With American Unitarians he ranks very high, and by them his hymns are widely used. Perhaps the finest is his Easter Anthem, which is found in numerous hymn-books. The first line of this hymn is

“Lift your glad voices in triumph on high.”

We quote the second stanza.

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
 The being he gave us death cannot destroy;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus has risen, and man shall not die.

One of our finest hymns of praise is the one beginning with the following stanza:

All nature's works His praise declare,
 To whom they all belong;
 There is a voice in every star,
 In every breeze a song.
 Sweet music fills the world abroad
 With strains of love and power;
 The stormy sea sings praise to God,
 The thunder and the shower.

This hymn is probably the best we possess for the opening of an organ. Among Dr. Ware's other fine hymns is one suitable for family gatherings, beginning:

In this glad hour when children meet,
 And home with them their children bring,
 Our hearts with one affection beat,
 One song of praise our voices sing;

and his hymn of "Supplication," beginning,

"Great God, the followers of Thy Son,
 We bow before Thy mercy-seat."

Rev. John Pierpont (1785-1866).

John Pierpont was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785. He graduated at Yale College in 1804, and after spending some years as a teacher, lawyer and merchant, he entered the Cambridge Divinity School, where he graduated in 1818, and until 1859 was engaged in the regular ministry over various Unitarian churches. When the civil war broke out in 1861, he became chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment, but his increasing infirmities compelled him to retire, and the rest of his life was spent in the Government employment at Washington. He died suddenly at Medford, August 27, 1866, at the age of eighty-one. He has attained to a prominent position in American hymnody. The hymn by which he is best known both in England and America was written for the

opening of the Congregational Church in Bartin Square, Salem, Massachusetts, Dec. 7th, 1824. We quote the following stanzas:

O Thou, to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung:
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

Not now on Zion's height alone,
 Thy favored worshippers may dwell,
 Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
 Sat weary, by the patriarch's well:

From every place below the skies
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 The incense of the heart, may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty, bend the knee;
 And childhood lisp with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

His beautiful hymn on the "Garden of Gethsemane" begins with the stanza:

O'er Kedron's stream and Salem's height,
 And Olivet's brown steep,
 Moves the majestic queen of night,
 And throws from heaven her silver light,
 And sees the world asleep.

William Henry Furness, D. D. (1802-1896).

William Henry Furness was born in Boston, April 20, 1802. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1820, and from the Harvard divinity school in 1823. He entered the Unitarian ministry and from 1825 for more than half a century was pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian church in Philadelphia, Pa. He was a voluminous and able writer on many subjects, and an eloquent and fearless advocate of freedom and peace. To a volume of prayers, called "Domestic Worship," he appended six hymns, one of which for Evening is one of the most beautiful and suggestive we possess:

Slowly by thy hand unfurled,
 Down around the weary world
 Falls the darkness; O how still
 Is the working of Thy will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
 Work in me as silently;
 Veil the day's distracting sights,
 Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
 Countless stars—a wondrous birth!
 So may gleams of glory start
 From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought
 In the boundless realms of thought.
 High and infinite desires,
 Flaming like those upper fires!

Holy truth, Eternal Right—
 Let them break upon my sight;
 Let them shine serenely still,
 And with light my being fill.

The author's spirit of consecration which breathes through all his hymns is tersely expressed in the following stanzas:

I feel within a want
 Forever burning there;
 What I so thirst for, grant,
 O Thou who hearest prayer!

This is the thing I crave,—
 A likeness to thy Son;
 This would I rather have
 Than all the world my own.

'Tis my most fervent prayer;
 Be it more fervent still:
 Be it my highest care,
 Be it my settled will.

Among Dr. Furness' other fine hymns are the one for Morning beginning:

In the morning I will pray
 For God's blessing on the day;
 What this day shall be my lot,
 Light, or darkness, know I not.

The one on "The Soul," beginning:

What is this that stirs within,
 Loving goodness, hating sin,
 Always craving to be blest,
 Finding here below no rest?

and those indicated by the following lines:

“Father in heaven, to Thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer;”

“Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?”

Dr. Furness' fervent wish expressed in his lines—

“What have I then below,
Or what but Thee on high!
Thee, Thee, O Father would I know,
And in Thee live and die”—

was realized during his long life of usefulness, and in his death, which occurred in Philadelphia, Jan. 30, 1896, at the age of ninety-four.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, LL. D. (1803-1882).

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the well known poet and philosopher, was born in Boston, Mass. May 25, 1803. He was the son of a Unitarian minister, and for eight generations there had been a minister among his ancestors, on one side or the other. His father died when he was but eight years old, so that his mother and his aunt, Miss Mary Emerson, were the guiding influences of his early life. They were both women of superior character, and they set their stamp upon the life of the orphan boy, in his early years. He was trained in an atmosphere of “plain living and high thinking,” and when he entered Harvard college at the age of fourteen, in 1817, he became “President's freshman,” as the position was then called, doing official errands for compensation. During his college career he won prizes for essays and declamation, and was Class Poet. In 1823 he began to study for the ministry, and in 1826 was “duly appointed” to preach. After filling some temporary engagements in small parishes, he was ordained in 1829, as colleague to the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., of the Second Unitarian Society in Boston. Here he remained for three years, earnestly and faithfully discharging his professional duties while Rev. Mr. Ware was absent in Europe, or unfitted for his duties by ill health. In 1832 he resigned his position as a minister of the Unitarian Church on account of his conscientious scruples against the further observance of the so-called “Lord's Supper.” During the rest of his life he devoted himself to lecturing and literature. He gained a high reputation as an essayist, and lectured in forty successive seasons before a single “lyceum”—that of Salem, Mass. By his numerous books and pamphlets

he filled a large place in American literature, and exercised a deep influence on religious thought both in America and Europe. He is the author of a book entitled "May Day and other Poems," but his hymns are not numerous. The following hymn, which is found in many English and American Hymnals, is very distinctive and beautiful.

We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God:—
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
That filled their homes again;

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
But here their children pray,
And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
To find the narrow way.

Mr. Emerson was permitted to join the "fathers," in whose memory this hymn was written, April 27, 1882, at Concord, Mass.

CHAPTER XXVII.

American Hymns.

“We hail the Church, built high o’er all
The heathen’s rage and scoff,—
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
‘The Lamb the light thereof.’”

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Rev. Frederick Henry Hedge, D. D. (1805–1890).



FREDERICK Henry Hedge was born in Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12, 1805, and was the son of Levi Hedge, LL. D., who from 1800 was a teacher at Harvard College for thirty-two years, having served successively as Tutor and Professor. Frederick’s mother was a grand-daughter of Edward Holyoke, President of Harvard College from 1737 to 1769. In 1818 he accompanied George Bancroft to Germany. After spending several years of study in that country he returned to America and graduated at Harvard, as class-poet, in 1825. Three years later he graduated at the Theological School at Cambridge, and became pastor of the Congregational Church at West Cambridge, now Arlington, in 1829. In 1835 he became the minister of the Unitarian Church at Bangor, Me. In 1850 he accepted a call to the Westminster Church in Providence, R. I., and six years later took charge of the parish in Brookline of which his father-in-law had long been the well known and venerated minister. While still pastor of the church at Brookline, he added to his parochial labors, from 1857, for some years, the duties of Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Cambridge Theological School. From 1872 to 1881 he was Professor of German in Harvard University. He died August 21st, 1890, at the age of eighty-five.

Dr. Hedge was a most learned and industrious writer and author. In 1848 he published a large volume, “The Prose Writers of Germany,”

which became a standard work, while the books, sermons, orations, essays, reviews, etc., which extend through a period of forty years, are too numerous to be mentioned here in detail. All these numerous productions are marked by the great ability, the vast erudition, and profound thought which distinguish this author, preacher, and lecturer.

In conjunction with Rev. Dr., afterward Bishop, Huntington, he prepared and published, in 1853, "Hymns for the Church," a very successful hymnal for use in Unitarian Churches, where most of his own hymns are to be found. One of the most striking of his original hymns, which has found its way into many English and American hymnals is the one from which the following stanzas are quoted:

"It is finished!" Man of sorrows!
 From thy cross our frailty borrows
 Strength to bear and conquer thus.
 While extended there we view thee,
 Mighty Sufferer! draw us to thee,—
 Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
 May that sacred emblem be;
 Lifted high above the ages,
 Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
 May it guide us still to thee!

The hymn on "The Anvil of Affliction" is one of the best by this author. We quote the following stanzas:

Beneath thy hammer, Lord, I lie
 With contrite spirit prone:
 Oh, mould me till to self I die,
 And live to thee alone!

With frequent disappointments sore
 And many a bitter pain,
 Thou laborest at my being's core
 Till I be formed again.

Smite, till, from all its idols free,
 And filled with love divine,
 My heart shall know no good but thee,
 And have no will but thine.

Dr. Hedge's several years of study in Germany, and his sympathy with German thought fitted him for his most successful and effective work, as a translator. His fine rendering of Luther's famous hymn, "Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," among all the many versions of this

hymn, is the one accepted in America, while Carlyle's version is the one most commonly sung in England. Dr. Hedge's version:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing,"

is too familiar to require quotation.

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, D. D. (1809-1870).

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch was born in Boston, June 18, 1809, and was the son of Charles Bulfinch, a well known architect, who was the designer of the National Capitol at Washington, whither he removed with his family in 1818. The son graduated at Columbia College, in that city, in 1827, and at the Theological School in Cambridge in 1830. He soon entered upon the work of an evangelist at Augusta, Ga., and was ordained to the ministry in 1831. Subsequently he was pastor of various Unitarian societies,—at Washington, D. C., 1838; Nashua, N. H., 1845; Dorchester, Mass., 1852; East Cambridge, Mass., 1865. He died suddenly, at the last-named place, October 12, 1870. Said the "Boston Transcript," in a fitting tribute to his worth: "Of a beautiful spirit, earnest convictions, sympathetic and devout nature, he won the respect and love of the people wherever he served, and was known by them all for his pure and blameless life, and his conscientious and Christian fidelity in all professional and personal relations."

Dr. Bulfinch was a good classical scholar and a most diligent writer, and he enriched the Christian literature of the religious body to which he belonged with many volumes of his prose and poetry, and many excellent published discourses and magazine articles. As a writer of hymns, Dr. Bulfinch has had few superiors in the communion to which he belonged. Most of his poetry is of a deeply religious character, and is marked throughout by an unusual purity and beauty of diction and a high degree of spiritual fervor. Most of his sacred hymns and poems appeared in "Lays of the Gospel," 1845. Many of his hymns are now to be found in numerous compilations. The best known of his hymns is the one for "The Sabbath Day," which is in extensive use both in Great Britain and America. Following are four stanzas of this hymn, which in some hymnals begins with the second stanza:

Hail to the Sabbath day,
The day divinely given,

When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend;
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When crowds adore their God.

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of vast Eternity.

Among his other widely-known hymns are the one on "The Voice of God in the Heart," beginning:

Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier Power?

The beautiful and pathetic hymn on "Christ the Sufferer," beginning:

O Suffering Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on Thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

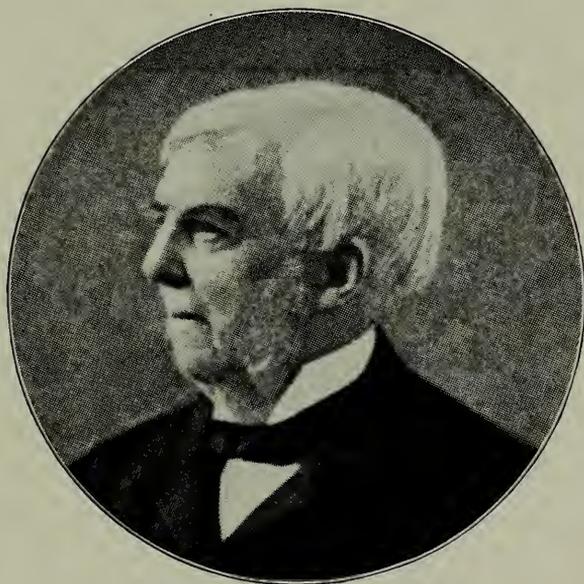
and the one on "Bearing the Cross," from which we quote the first two stanzas:

Burden of shame and woe!
How does the heart o'erflow
At thought of Him the bitter cross who bore!
But we have each our own,
To others oft unknown,
Which we must bear till life shall be no more.

And shall we fear to tread
The path where Jesus led,
The Pure and Holy One, for man who died?
Or shall we shrink from shame,
Endured for Jesus' name,
Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified?

Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., LL. D. (1809-1894).

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. His father was Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., a distinguished clergyman and author of that city. His mother was Sarah, daughter of Hon.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell of Boston. The son received his early education at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He began the study of law, but abandoned that profession for the study of medicine. For the more successful prosecution of the latter, he went abroad in 1832, spending several years of study and practice in the hospitals of Paris and other cities. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and in 1847 he was elected Professor in the same department in Harvard College, which position he held until 1882, when he became "Emeritus" professor. He was the writer of various works in connection with his profession, and the author of several well-known and very popular volumes of prose, but he is best and most widely known as a poet. His poems began to attract attention during his college life, and in subsequent years he frequently delivered original poems on anniversary, and other special, occasions. The first collected edition of his poems was published in 1836. Enlarged editions appeared from time to time and were republished in England, and during his long life of eighty-five years he became one of the most widely known of American authors. He was also distinguished as a popular lecturer. His writings excel in humor and pathos, and he stands in the front rank as a writer of songs and lyrics. His style is remarkable for its terseness, purity and point, and for an exquisite grace and finish. Although not strictly speaking a hymn-writer, a few of his hymns are in extensive use, both in America and Great Britain. The familiar hymn beginning:—

Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near,

appeared as a "Sunday Hymn" at the close of the last chapter of the "Professor at the Breakfast Table." Equally beautiful, and even more tender, is his "Hymn of Trust," which was written in 1848, and was also first published in the "Professor at the Breakfast Table." (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1859.)

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain when Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, forever dear,
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near!

The impotency of human skill to save the nearest and dearest of friends, when the last summons comes to them and bids them depart, was illustrated by the bitter experience of Dr. Holmes in his later years. Within the space of a few years his only daughter, his son, Edward, and his wife, who had been his beloved companion for many years, were removed by death. Six years after the death of his wife, the time of his own departure came, and he died at Boston, Mass., October 7, 1894. The patience and cheerfulness with which he bore his "burdening woe," until the last, was evidence of the indwelling of that "Love Divine, forever dear," which alone can cheer the stricken soul and make us

"Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near!"

James Freeman Clarke, D. D. (1810-1888).

James Freeman Clarke was born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810. At the age of ten he was sent to the Boston Latin School, and at fifteen he entered Harvard College and was graduated in the famous class of 1829, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes, Samuel Francis Smith, and several other now noted men were members. He graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833, and was pastor of the Unitarian society in Louisville, Ky., 1833-40, when he resigned his pastorate, and in 1841 removed to Boston, and founded the "Church of the Disciples," which charge he held until 1850, and after an interval of three years resumed the charge, and continued in that relation through the remainder of his life. Dr. Clarke was an overseer of Harvard College from 1863 to 1888; Professor of Natural Religions and Christian Doctrine in the Cambridge Divinity School 1867-71; and Lecturer on Ethnic Religions 1876-77.

Harvard conferred on him the degree of S. T. D. in 1863. He is the author of a large number of important works, some of which have passed through several editions, and have exerted a wide and powerful influence in moulding the theological views and opinions of the day. Through his many contributions to the literature of his time, he gained the reputation, both at home and abroad, of being "one of the most erudite and popular authors of America." He had a catholic appreciation of all that was good in persons and institutions, which disarmed hostility, and was prominent in all the reform movements of his time. The text of his first sermon was 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' and he determined to adopt this text as his rule of conduct through life. He possessed a gift for poetry, and wrote several religious poems, besides a volume of translations of French, German and Latin poetry, "Exotics," 1876. He also compiled a service and hymn book for his own congregation, in 1844, to which he added several original hymns. In this "Service Book" "Nearer my God to Thee," and other favorite hymns of Sarah Flower Adams, were first introduced to Americans. One of the best hymns of this author is taken from his remarkable poem entitled "Hymn and Prayer," beginning:

Infinite Spirit! who art round us ever,
 In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
 May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
 Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Following are two stanzas of the hymn as it usually appears in our hymnals:

Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify Thy name;

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
 That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
 O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
 Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

Probably the most popular of Dr. Clarke's hymns is his pathetic appeal entitled "The Prodigal:"—

Brother, hast thou wandered far
 From thy Father's happy home,
 With thyself and God at war?
 Turn thee, brother: homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
 God for noble uses gave;
 Squandered life's most golden hours?
 Turn thee, brother: God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
 In thy heart and in thy soul?
 Discontent upon thy brow?
 Turn thee: God will make thee whole.

Fall before Him on the ground,
 Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
 Seek him while he may be found,
 Call upon him,—He is near.

The hymn by this author which is most widely used in England is the one beginning:

Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
 Whose gracious word benign,
 Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
 Change water into wine,—

Come visit us, and when dull work
 Grows weary, line on line,
 Revive our souls, and make us see
 Life's water glow as wine.

He is also the author of two beautiful hymns for the baptism of children.

Dr. Clarke died in Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, D. D. (1810–1876).

Edmund Hamilton Sears was born at Sandisfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, April 6, 1810. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1834, and at the Theological School at Cambridge, in 1837. In 1838 he became pastor of the Unitarian church at Wayland, Mass.; then at Lancaster in the same state, in 1840; removed to his former charge in Wayland, in 1847, where he remained until 1865, when he assumed the pastoral care of the Unitarian society at Weston, Mass. He was one of the ablest and most spiritual teachers of the American Unitarian Church, and his works have been much read and admired in other Christian communions. He received the degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater in 1871. In 1873 he visited England, where his writings, especially his most important work, "The Heart of Christ," secured for him much attention in religious circles. As a hymnist he is widely known

as the author of two Christmas hymns which rank among the best for that holy season in the English language. The first of these beginning,

“Calm on the listening ear of night,”

was described by Dr. O. W. Holmes as “one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written.” The second, beginning with the stanza,—

It came upon the midnight clear,—
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold:
 “Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven’s all gracious King!”
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing,

is the most popular in England, and is thought by many to be even better than the first. Dr. Morrison, of Milton, England, says of this hymn: “I always feel that however poor my Christmas sermon may be, the reading and singing of this hymn are enough to make up for all deficiencies.” Dr. Sears was permitted to join in the song

“Which now the angels sing,”

when his death occurred at Weston, Mass., Jan. 14, 1876.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

American Hymns.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871).



WILLIAM Henry Burleigh was born in Woodstock, Conn., Feb. 2, 1812. His father, Rinaldo Burleigh, was a graduate of Yale College and a successful classical teacher. On his mother's side he was a lineal descendant of Governor William Bradford, of the Mayflower. He grew up on his father's farm at Plainfield, Conn., whither the family removed, and here he became enured to hard labor, went to the district school, and early cultivated his love of nature and his taste for poetry. He early espoused the anti-slavery cause and the temperance reform, and through all his subsequent life was actively and prominently identified with them both, while at the same time he pursued with marked success his literary labors. He removed to Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1837, where he published the "Christian Witness," and afterward the "Temperance Banner." In 1843 he removed to Hartford, Conn., and edited an anti-slavery paper, "The Christian Freeman," which subsequently received the name of "Charter Oak." Going to Syracuse, N. Y., in 1849, he served for five years as the agent of the New York State Temperance Society, acting as editor, lecturer, and secretary. While here, he received an appointment as Harbor Master of New York. He accepted the position, fixing his residence at Brooklyn, where he died, March 18, 1871.

Mr. Burleigh was a man of superior intellectual and moral power, an able and eloquent writer and speaker, and a supporter of all moral reforms.

His poetical pieces were contributed to various periodicals and journals. After his death his widow collected his poems in a memorial volume. His poems are rich with noble thought and refined sentiment, and are musical in their rhythm and glowing in their expression. He wrote many hymns, through which there runs a mingled strain of confidence and tenderness which is very beautiful. It is said that "Dr. Burleigh's productions are more widely known outside of his own denomination than by his own people"; also that "his hymns are more extensively used in England than at home." If this is true, it is perhaps because his fearless championship of movements which were unpopular in America has proved prejudicial to his reputation as a writer. Doubtless he will ere long receive the meed of appreciation which he so richly deserves from his own church and country. From one of his most popular hymns, entitled "Still will we Trust," we quote the following stanzas:

Still will we trust, though earth seems dark and dreary,
 And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
 Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
 Still will we trust in God.

Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
 Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed:
 Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is unerring,
 And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on: in patient self-denial
 Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
 Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
 Our crown beyond the cross.

"A Prayer for Guidance" is said to rank next to "Still will we Trust," with English compilers. Following are two stanzas of this hymn:

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
 Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
 And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
 Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.

Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
 However rough and steep the path may be,
 Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
 Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

The hymn entitled "Faith's Repose" is also of great merit. Following are three stanzas of this hymn:

Father, beneath thy sheltering wing
 In sweet security we rest,
 And fear no evil earth can bring,
 In life, in death, supremely blest.

And good it is to bear the cross,
 And so Thy perfect peace to win;
 And naught is ill, nor brings us loss,
 Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
 But trust the love that saves to guide—
 The grace that yields so rich a store,
 Will grant us all we need beside.

His Morning Hymn beginning with the following stanza, is one of the finest we possess for that season:

For the dear love that kept us through the night,
 And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway—
 For the new miracle of dawning light
 Flushing the east with prophecies of day,
 We thank Thee, O our God!

while his prayer for "Needed Blessings," beginning:

We ask not that our path be always bright,
 But for Thy aid to walk therein aright;
 That Thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
 Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
 For this we pray.

is most devout and beautiful.

In Dr. Burleigh's brave and busy life we find a full and sufficient answer to the pleading call of his poem, entitled "The Harvest Call. From this poem of ten stanzas the following hymn is taken:

Abide not in the realm of dreams,
 O man, however fair it seems;
 But with clear eye the present scan,
 And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
 Forgetful of thy Lord's commands:
 From duty's claims no life is free,—
 Behold, today hath need of thee!

The present hour allots thy task:
 For present strength and patience ask,
 And trust His love whose sure supplies
 Meet all thy needs as they arise.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
 Full soon the night will bring its rest;
 And, duty done, that rest shall be
 Full of beatitudes to thee.

Rev. Jones Very (1813-1880).

Jones Very was born at Salem, Massachusetts, August 28, 1813, his father, Jones Very, being a shipmaster. He graduated at Harvard College in 1836, and served as Greek tutor in that institution for the two following years. He entered the Unitarian ministry in 1843, and continued in that vocation, though without a pastoral charge, a great part of his time being devoted to literary pursuits. In 1839 he published a volume of "Essays and Poems." From this work, and his poetical contributions to various periodicals, have been taken his hymns, which, with certain alterations made by him or by the compilers, have been introduced into the Collections. In many of his poems there is the unmistakable element or master-touch which belongs to the higher order of genius, and there are those who consider him one of the foremost poets of America. His hymns are characterized by great ease and simplicity of style and remarkable purity and delicacy of thought, while they breathe a spirit of sweet and loving trust. The following exquisitely beautiful hymn has passed into various Collections:

Wilt Thou not visit me?
 The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
 Each blade of grass I see
 From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
 Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
 And every hill and tree
 Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come! for I need Thy love,
 More than the flower, the dew, or grass the rain;
 Come, like thy holy dove,
 And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;
 Nor plant nor tree Thy eye delights so well,
 As when, from sin set free,
 Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell!

Very beautiful also is his hymn on "The Spirit Land," from which the following stanzas are quoted:

Father! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

Open our eyes that we that world may see!
 Open our ears that we that voice may hear!
 And in the spirit-land may ever be,
 And feel Thy presence with us always near.

“The Coming of the Lord,” of which he wrote in his hymn beginning with the following stanza, was realized by him on May 8, 1880:

Come suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come,
 I wait Thy will, Thy servant ready is;
 Thou hast prepared thy follower a home,
 The heaven in which Thou dwellest too is his.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, M. A. (1819–1892).

Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, Henry W. Longfellow, was born in Portland, Me., June 18, 1819. His father was a greatly respected lawyer there, and surrounded his family with comfort and refinement. The younger brother, Samuel, graduated from Harvard College, in 1839, and, after a few years spent in study and teaching, entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, being graduated in 1846, in the same class with O. B. Frothingham and Samuel Johnson. He was first settled over the Unitarian church at Fall River, in 1848. His next pastorate was that of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He resigned this charge in 1860 for the purpose of seeking rest and opportunity for study abroad, and in 1878 began his last pastorate at the Unitarian Church of Germantown, a Philadelphia suburb. Resigning this charge in 1882, he took up his residence in the famous “Craigie House,” in Cambridge, that had been the home of his brother, the poet, devoting his closing years to the work of writing his brother’s biography. Mr. Longfellow died October 3rd, 1892, and was buried from the old home at Portland.

While a theological student, Samuel Longfellow and his friend and fellow student, Samuel Johnson, undertook to compile a new hymn book for Unitarian Churches. The book appeared in 1846, under the name of “A Book of Hymns;” though Theodore Parker, who was one of the first to use it in his services, was wont to call it “The Book of Sams.” The book broke away from the old tradition of dull and heavy hymns, and included many fresh and beautiful songs of praise and trust that have since been admitted into other Collections. Among these were “Lead kindly Light,” and many of the hymns of Whittier and of other American authors. In 1864 Mr. Longfellow was again associated with Mr. Johnson

in the publication of "Hymns of the Spirit." In this Collection many of the hymns appear in an altered form, and numerous other changes are made from the book which was issued in 1846, witnessing to the growing theistic views and sympathies which both these friends had come to entertain, and which at length led them to hold to a pure Theism, and to decline to take any denominational or sectarian name.

While Mr. Longfellow's distinguished brother wrote but few hymns adapted in form to general use in our churches, he himself has employed his rare gift of song in this particular service quite exclusively, and many of his hymns are found in Unitarian Collections, while a number are widely used by other denominations. From a few of those which are well known in England, as well as America, the following stanzas are quoted:

"A New Commandment":

Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

"Prayer for Inspiration":

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine:
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love Divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!

“Vesper Hymn”:

Now on sea and land descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound;
 Let our vesper-hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
 Telling still the ancient story,—
 Their Creator’s changeless love.

And “The Church Universal”:

One holy Church of God appears
 Through every age and race,
 Unwasted by the lapse of years,
 Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores
 Beneath the pine and palm,
 One unseen Presence she adores,
 With silence or with psalm.

O living Church, thine errand speed,
 Fulfil thy task sublime;
 With bread of life earth’s hunger feed;
 Redeem the evil time!

Rev. Samuel Johnson, M. A. (1822–1882).

Samuel Johnson was born at Salem, Massachusetts, March 10, 1822; received his early education in the private schools in that city, and graduated at Harvard College in 1842, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1846. In 1853 he established at Lynn, Mass., an Independent Religious Society on a Free Church basis, and remained its pastor to 1870. Although never directly connected with any religious denomination, he has been mainly associated in the public mind with the Unitarians. He is classed among the writers of the “Liberal Faith,” and is one of the best known authors among those who are commonly known as Theists. He was the author of many sermons, essays, and contributions to various journals, on religious, moral and aesthetic subjects, as well as other more extended works. As has been previously stated, he assisted Rev. Samuel Longfellow in compiling the “Book of Hymns,” in 1846, and the “Hymns of the Spirit” in 1864. His contributions to these collections were less numerous than those of Mr. Longfellow but not less meritorious. Among his most highly prized hymns are those from which the following stanzas are quoted:

“The Conflict of Life”:

Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

By their trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
Oh, for their sakes, press thou on!

“Inspiration”:

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet’s word
And the people’s liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

And “The City of God”:

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

In vain the surge’s angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm’d upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

The “One steadfast high intent” of Mr. Johnson’s life having been for the upbuilding of the “City of God” on earth, we cannot doubt that he was permitted to join in the “harvest song” amid the glory and beauty of the “Eternal City” above, when, on February 19, 1882, he died at North Andover, Massachusetts.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, M. A. (1823-).

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 22, 1823. He is a descendant of the Rev. Francis Higginson, the Puritan minister who came from England in 1629, and preached to the congregation of the first settlers in Salem. He was educated at Harvard; and was a pastor of the First Congregational Society in Newburyport from 1847 to 1850, and of the Free Church at Worcester from 1852 to 1858. He was ever an active and ardent friend of the colored race, and not only ready to advocate their rights by voice and pen, but to lay down his life, if need be, in the great anti-slavery conflict. He was wounded in an attempt to rescue Anthony Burns in Boston in 1854, and was indicted with Parker, Phillips, and others, who were implicated in the same affair. He aided in the colonization of Kansas in 1856, and was a brigadier-general in the military forces raised to repel the aggressions of the slave power in that State. Having retired from the clerical profession before the civil war broke out, he accepted an appointment as colonel of the first regiment of colored troops raised in South Carolina. In October, 1864, he was discharged in consequence of disability caused by a wound which he received in an engagement on the Edisto River. His later years have been devoted to literary pursuits. He has long been known as a prominent contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly," and other leading periodicals, and is the author of several popular works. The hymns and poems which he has composed are few in number, but they are marked by rare freshness and vigor of thought, and the purity and beauty of their style. Can anything finer be found on the subject of "The Mystery of God," than the hymn from which the following stanzas are quoted?

No human eyes Thy face may see;
 No human thought Thy form may know;
 But all creation dwells in Thee,
 And Thy great life through all doth flow.

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
 Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
 And every heart with sorrow fraught
 To seek Thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
 Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
 And vain the intellectual dream,
 To see and know th' Eternal Mind;

Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
 Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
 But would give up all reason's pride
 To know their hearts approved by Thine.

And Thine unceasing love gave birth
 To our dear Lord, Thy holy Son,
 Who left a perfect proof on earth,
 That Duty, Love, and Trust are one.

So though we faint on life's dark hill,
 And thought grow weak and knowledge flee,
 Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
 And love shall guide us on to Thee.

Very beautiful, also, is his hymn on "I will arise and go to my Father":

To Thine eternal arms, O God,
 Take us, Thine erring children, in;
 From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
 From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childhood's ways,
 A guard through helpless years to be;
 O leave not our maturer days,
 We still are helpless without Thee!

We trusted hope and pride and strength;
 Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
 Our dreams have faded all at length—
 We come to Thee, O Lord, again!

A guide to trembling steps yet be!
 Give us of Thine eternal power!
 So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
 And life still smile, like childhood's hour.

The celebration of Mr. Higginson's eighty-second birthday was a notable event, and it was evident to his many friends, on that occasion, that the prayer expressed in the hymn just quoted had been fully and sweetly answered. May the "eternal arms"

"A guide to trembling steps yet be!"
 "And life still smile like childhood's hour."

CHAPTER XXIX.

American Hymns.

How beautiful is genius, when combined
With holiness,—O, how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp whose chords are touched
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
Upon Religion's shrine!

PROF. J. WILSON.

Rev. John White Chadwick (1840-1904).



JOHN White Chadwick was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, October 19, 1840. Leaving school at thirteen, he was employed for some months in a dry-goods store, and afterwards engaged in shoe-making until 1857, when he went to the Bridgewater State Normal School from which he graduated in 1859. Shortly after, he went to the Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire; next continued his studies for a year with a private tutor, and then entered the Cambridge Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1864, and in December of this year was ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. He contributed many papers, book reviews and poems to leading American periodicals. His poems are characterized by rare beauty and tenderness, and his hymns are among those most highly prized by the Communion to which he belonged. His long and faithful pastorate of forty years in the Brooklyn church was closed by his death on December 11, 1904. One of his finest hymns is the following, on "The Unity of the Spirit":

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee!

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
 One in the power that makes Thy children free
 To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

Very tender and impressive is the hymn from which the following stanzas are quoted:

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call.
 They throng the silence of the breast;
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God for evermore.

Very beautiful also is the following hymn:

Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not
 From earnest hearts and true:
 The glory of Thy perfectness
 Shines all its texture through.
 And on its flowing hem we read,
 As Thou dost linger near,
 The message of a love more deep
 Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
 For miracle and sign;
 Thy order and Thy faithfulness
 Are all in all divine.
 These are Thy revelations vast
 From earliest days of yore,
 These are our confidence and peace:
 We cannot wish for more.

Rev. William Channing Gannett (1840—).

William Channing Gannett was born in Boston, March 13, 1840. His father, Rev. Ezra Styles Gannett, D. D., was long the honored pastor of the Federal Street, afterward the Arlington Street, Church, Boston. The son graduated at Harvard College in 1860; taught a year at Newport,

R. I., spent six months in the Divinity School at Cambridge, and devoted three and a half years, during the war, to work among the freedmen. After the war was over he passed a year in Europe, and after his return, two years more in the Theological School at Cambridge, graduating from that institution in 1868. He entered the Unitarian ministry, and was pastor at Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., Rochester, N. Y., and other places. He is the author of several religious works, and various contributions to leading magazines. He is also the author of some very fine poems, and hymns. Where shall we look for a sweeter, or more beautiful gem of a hymn than the following, entitled "God Ever Near?"

God hides Himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by Him possessed.
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find Him not by seeking long,
We lose Him not, unsought.

The spiritual insight of this author, which enabled him to see the hand, and mind and heart of the Creator in all His works, is manifest in all his poems, and in none more clearly than in the one on "The Secret Place of the Most High," from which the following hymn has been taken:

He hides within the lily,
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth, born atoms
To glory of the air.
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With Him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily!
Thy touch is in the Man;
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open;
The blossom vaster shows;
We hear Thy wide worlds echo,
'See how the lily grows.'

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).

John G. Whittier, who has been pronounced by an English critic, "the most poetic of American poets," belonged to the Society of Friends. His writings, pathetically beautiful beyond those of any other poet of America, have exerted an immense influence on the thought and feeling both of England and America, and are admired wherever the English language is spoken.

His long life of eighty-five years, aided by numerous biographies, have made the principal facts of his life well known to the public. His first American ancestor came to Massachusetts in 1638, and the conversion to Quakerism took place in the second generation of the family, at a time when that sect was sternly persecuted. He was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. His boyhood was spent in the simple rural surroundings of a country home, where he did his share of the many rough tasks incident to farm life, incurring, when about seventeen years of age, injuries from overwork, which resulted in permanent debility.

Books were scarce in his home, and he received his first literary impulse from the poems of Burns, lent him by his schoolmaster, when he was fourteen, and in his father's meadow the truth that "the pen is mightier than the sword"—or the scythe—began to dawn upon him with its compelling power. In a reminiscence of this prophetic impulse he says:

"How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow;
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow."

Encouraged by his elder sister, he began to write verses, some of which she sent to William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the Newburyport "Free Press," who was so struck by their quality that he quickly made the acquaintance of his young contributor—an acquaintance which ripened into firm friendship and led to Whittier's adopting Journalism as a profession. Though laboring under the disadvantage of a meagre education, and a victim of ill-health, he became the successful journalist, editor, and poet of world-wide fame.

He was an ardent abolitionist, and by his pen did much to promote the anti-slavery crusade, which brought him no little persecution; but in his last years he was able to see and enjoy the abundant fruitage of his arduous and faithful labors in behalf of suffering and oppressed humanity.

Phoebe Cary writes of the impression made upon his contemporaries by the poet's character—

“But not thy strains with courage rife,
Nor holiest hymns, shall rank above
The rhythmic beauty of thy life,
Itself a canticle of love.”

Whittier was a poet of the people. Though fitted, himself, to associate with the learned and cultured people of his day, he was always able to remain in full sympathy with the least cultivated, and those in the humblest station.

Notwithstanding the extensive use of Mr. Whittier's poems as hymns for congregational use, he modestly says concerning himself: “I am really not a hymn-writer, for the good reason that I know nothing of music. Only a very few of my pieces were written for singing. A good hymn is the best use to which poetry can be devoted, but I do not claim that I have succeeded in composing one.” “However,” John Julian adds, “these pieces are characterized by rich poetic beauty, sweet tenderness, and deep sympathy with human kind.”

Whittier's greatest hymn is one extending to thirty-nine verses, called “Our Master,” from which many contributions have been taken. One of the most beautiful and widely used of his hymns is the one beginning with the stanza:

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

Among others that are now in common use are his prayer, beginning:

“Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.”

The hymn beginning with the stanza:—

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

His beautiful “Almsgiving” hymn, from which we quote the first two stanzas:

Thine are all the gifts, O God!
Thine the broken bread;

Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

And his fine hymn on "Submission":

All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

In a stanza of his hymn, beginning:

I bow my forehead in the dust,
I veil my eyes for shame,
And urge in trembling self-distrust
A prayer without a claim.

Whittier could say, as he looked forward to the future, after many years of strenuous labor and patient endurance:

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

On Sept. 7, 1892, the "muffled oar," for which he had waited so long, bore him over the "silent sea," to the other shore, and in that last hour he must have realized in his own experience that death is "but a covered way which opens into light."

He died in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, but the last years of his life were spent quietly with his cousins at "Oak Knoll," Danvers, Mass.

Miss Phoebe Cary (1824-1871).

Phoebe Cary was the younger of two gifted sisters, the fame of whose literary works is known both at home and abroad. As poets they were

nearly of equal merit. The story of their courageous move from their rural western home in Ohio to New York; their life in the metropolis; their mutual affection, and attractive personality won for them the admiring and sympathetic interest of a large circle of friends. Phoebe Cary died at Newport, within six months after the death of her sister. Her works include "Poems and Parodies," 1854, and "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love," 1868. Her poem:—

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home to-day am I
Than ever I've been before,

though not intended for public use, has won universal acceptance and popularity, as a hymn. She says "It was written in the little, back third story bed-room, one Sabbath morning in 1852," on her return from Church.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|--|------|
| Adams, Sarah Flower..... | 85 | Edmeston, James..... | 73 |
| Addison, Joseph..... | 23 | Ellerton, John..... | 146 |
| Alexander, Mrs. Cecil (Humphrey).. | 128 | Elliott, Miss Charlotte..... | 70 |
| Alexander, James Waddell..... | 189 | Emerson, Ralph Waldo..... | 245 |
| Alford, Henry..... | 102 | Everest, Charles William..... | 203 |
| Allen, William..... | 172 | | |
| Ambrose, St..... | 3 | Faber, Frederick William..... | 111 |
| Anatolius, St..... | 4 | Fawcett, John..... | 51 |
| Andrew, St. of Crete..... | 5 | Fortunatus, V. H. C..... | 5 |
| Aquinas, St. Thomas..... | 12 | Furness, William Henry..... | 243 |
| Auber, Harriet..... | 62 | | |
| Bacon, Leonard..... | 178 | Gannett, William Channing..... | 267 |
| Baker, Sir Henry Williams..... | 125 | Gerhardt, Paul..... | 19 |
| Bakewell, John..... | 41 | Gill, Thomas Hornblower..... | 122 |
| Ballard, Addison..... | 184 | Gilmore, Joseph Henry..... | 220 |
| Barbauld, Mrs. Anna Letitia..... | 54 | Gladden, Washington..... | 184 |
| Barton, Bernard..... | 67 | Gould, Sabine-Baring (See Baring- Gould)..... | 150 |
| Baring-Gould..... | 150 | Grant, Sir Robert..... | 67 |
| Baxter, Lydia..... | 219 | Grigg, Joseph..... | 41 |
| Bede, The Venerable..... | 6 | Gurney, John Hampden..... | 83 |
| Beddome, Benjamin..... | 37 | Guyon, Madame..... | 21 |
| Bernard, of Clairvaux..... | 10 | | |
| Bernard, of Cluny..... | 11 | Hastings, Thomas..... | 187 |
| Bickersteth, Edward Henry..... | 142 | Havergal, Frances Ridley Miss..... | 155 |
| Bliss, Philip Paul..... | 222 | Haweis, Thomas..... | 49 |
| Bode, John Ernest..... | 117 | Heber, Reginald..... | 65 |
| Bonar, Horatius..... | 94 | Hedge, Frederick Henry..... | 247 |
| Borthwick, Jane..... | 108 | Hemans, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea..... | 78 |
| Bowring, Sir John..... | 77 | Higginson, Thomas Wentworth..... | 264 |
| Brewer, Dr. E. C..... | 93 | Holden, Oliver..... | 213 |
| Bridges, Matthew..... | 81 | Holmes, Oliver Wendell..... | 250 |
| Brooks, Phillips..... | 206 | How, William Walsham..... | 134 |
| Brown, Phoebe Hinsdale..... | 170 | Hunter, William..... | 231 |
| Browning, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett.. | 97 | Huntingdon, Lady..... | 32 |
| Bryant, William Cullen..... | 238 | Hyde, Abigail Bradley..... | 177 |
| Bulfinch, Stephen Greenleaf..... | 249 | | |
| Burleigh, William Henry..... | 256 | Irons, William Josiah..... | 106 |
| Burns, James Drummond..... | 130 | | |
| Byles, Mather..... | 168 | John, St. of Damascus..... | 6 |
| | | Johnson, Samuel..... | 262 |
| Cary, Phoebe Miss..... | 271 | Joseph St., the Hymnographer..... | 7 |
| Cawood, John..... | 63 | Judson, Adoniram..... | 214 |
| Cennick, John..... | 40 | | |
| Chadwick, John White..... | 666 | Keble, John..... | 75 |
| Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth..... | 148 | Kelly, Thomas..... | 56 |
| Clarke, James Freeman..... | 252 | Ken, Thomas..... | 20 |
| Clement, of Alexandria..... | 1 | Key, Francis Scott..... | 194 |
| Clephane, Miss Elizabeth Cecilia.. | 149 | | |
| Conder, Josiah..... | 72 | Leland, John..... | 209 |
| Cowper, William..... | 47 | Longfellow, Samuel..... | 260 |
| Coxe, Arthur Cleveland..... | 204 | Luke, Mrs. Jemima..... | 109 |
| Crewdson, Mrs. Jane..... | 101 | Luther, Martin..... | 14 |
| Crosswell, William..... | 200 | Lyte, Henry Francis..... | 79 |
| | | | |
| Dayman, Edward Arthur..... | 91 | Mant, Richard..... | 63 |
| Davies, Samuel..... | 186 | Matheson, George..... | 162 |
| Deck, James George..... | 84 | McCheyne, Robert Murray..... | 107 |
| Dickson, David..... | 17 | Medley, Samuel..... | 50 |
| Dix, William Chatterton..... | 159 | Milman, Henry Hart..... | 73 |
| Doane, George Washington..... | 198 | Moore, Thomas..... | 64 |
| Doddridge, Philip..... | 29 | Monsell, John Samuel Bewley..... | 104 |
| Downton, Henry..... | 118 | Montgomery, James..... | 59 |
| Duffield, George..... | 191 | Muhlenberg, William Augustus..... | 196 |
| Dwight, Timothy..... | 169 | | |

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|-------|------------------------------------|------|
| Neale, John Mason..... | 1,119 | Strong, Nathan..... | 168 |
| Newman, John Henry..... | 81 | Swan, Joseph..... | 55 |
| Newton, John..... | 43 | | |
| | | Tappan, William Bingham..... | 177 |
| Occum, Samson..... | 187 | Tate, Nahum..... | 22 |
| Olivers, Thomas..... | 42 | Tennyson, Alfred..... | 98 |
| | | Tersteegen, Gerhardt..... | 27 |
| Palgrave, Francis Turner..... | 135 | Theodulph St., of Orleans..... | 7 |
| Palmer, Ray..... | 180 | Thomas, of Celano..... | 13 |
| Perronet, Edward..... | 45 | Thring, Godfrey..... | 131 |
| Pierpoint, Folliott Sandford..... | 154 | Toplady, Augustus Montague..... | 53 |
| Pierpont, John..... | 242 | Trench, Richard Chenevix..... | 91 |
| Plumptre, Edward Hayes..... | 127 | Tuttielt, Lawrence..... | 144 |
| Pope, Alexander..... | 26 | Twells, Henry..... | 132 |
| Prentiss, Elizabeth Payson..... | 193 | | |
| Procter, Anne Adelaide..... | 137 | Van Alstyne, Fanny J. (Crosby).... | 232 |
| Prudentius, Aurelius C..... | 3 | Very, Jones..... | 259 |
| | | | |
| Rawson, George..... | 90 | Ware, Henry..... | 241 |
| Robert II, of France..... | 9 | Waring, Miss Anna Letitia..... | 124 |
| Robinson, Robert..... | 50 | Watts, Isaac..... | 24 |
| Ryland, John..... | 55 | The Wesleys..... | 30 |
| | | Wesley, Charles..... | 34 |
| Saxby, Mrs. Jane Euphemia..... | 105 | Wesley, John..... | 31 |
| Schmolck, Benjamin..... | 23 | White, Henry Kirk..... | 69 |
| Scudder, Miss Eliza..... | 205 | Whiting, William..... | 143 |
| Sears Edward Hamilton..... | 254 | Whittier, John Greenleaf..... | 269 |
| Sigourney, Lydia Huntley..... | 215 | Williams, Miss Helen Maria..... | 56 |
| Smith, Samuel Francis..... | 217 | Williams, William..... | 39 |
| Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn..... | 116 | Wolcott, Samuel..... | 183 |
| Steele, Miss Anne..... | 35 | Wordsworth, Christopher..... | 87 |
| Stennett, Samuel..... | 46 | | |
| Stone, Samuel John..... | 161 | Xavier, Francis..... | 15 |
| Stowe, Harriet Beecher..... | 201 | Young, Andrew..... | 92 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|---------|---|------|
| A charge to keep I have..... | 35 | Christ, the Lord, is risen today.... | 35 |
| A hymn of glory let us sing..... | 6 | Christian, dost thou see them..... | 5 |
| A mighty fortress is our God..... | 15, 249 | Christian, seek not yet repose..... | 72 |
| A pilgrim and a stranger..... | 19 | City of God, how broad and far.... | 263 |
| Abide not in the realm of dreams.. | 258 | Come, every pious heart..... | 46 |
| Abide with me: fast falls the even- tide..... | 80 | Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... | 183 |
| According to Thy gracious word... | 62 | Come, Holy Spirit, come..... | 38 |
| Again the morn of gladness..... | 148 | Come, Holy Spirit, dove divine.... | 215 |
| All as God wills! who wisely heeds. | 271 | Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . | 26 |
| All glory, land and honor..... | 7 | Come, labor on..... | 108 |
| All hail the power of Jesus name... | 46 | Come, Lord, and tarry not..... | 97 |
| All nature's works His praise declare | 242 | Come, my soul, thy suit prepare... | 45 |
| All the way the Saviour leads me.. | 235 | Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.... | 54 |
| Alleluia! Alleluia..... | 89 | Come, see the place where Jesus lay | 58 |
| Alleluia! sing to Jesus..... | 160 | Come suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come..... | 260 |
| Almighty Father, heaven and earth | 91 | Come Thou Almighty King..... | 35 |
| Almighty God Thy word is cast.... | 63 | Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints | 37 |
| Almost Persuaded..... | 229 | Come, Thou Fount of every blessing | 50 |
| Amazing grace—how sweet the sound | 45 | Come, Thou long expected Jesus... | 35 |
| And canst thou, sinner, slight..... | 178 | Come to our poor nature's night... | 91 |
| Angels from the realms of glory... | 62 | Come unto Me, ye weary..... | 160 |
| Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat. | 45 | Come, we who love the Lord..... | 26 |
| Arm these Thy Soldiers, mighty Lord | 89 | Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish..... | 64 |
| As oft with worn and weary feet... | 73 | Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted.... | 55 |
| As shadows cast by cloud and sun.. | 241 | Come, ye thankful people, come.... | 103 |
| As with gladness men of old..... | 159 | Come, ye that love the Saviour's name..... | 37 |
| At even, ere the sun was set..... | 133 | Crown Him with many crowns..... | 81 |
| Awake, my soul, and with the sun.. | 21 | Dark is the night that overhangs my soul..... | 162 |
| Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.... | 51 | Daughter of Zion, from the dust... | 61 |
| Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes. | 54 | Day by day the manna fell..... | 72 |
| Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve | 30 | Dear Friend, whose presence in the house..... | 254 |
| Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.... | 187 | Dear Jesus, ever at my side..... | 115 |
| Before Jehovah's awful throne.... | 26 | Dear Lord and Father of mankind.. | 270 |
| Behold a stranger at the door..... | 41 | Dear Lord and Master mine..... | 123 |
| Behold the glories of the Lamb..... | 25 | Dear refuge of my weary soul..... | 37 |
| Beneath the cross of Jesus..... | 150 | Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray..... | 178 |
| Beneath the shadow of the cross... | 261 | Deem not that they are blessed alone | 240 |
| Beneath Thy hammer, Lord, I lie.. | 248 | Depth of mercy, can there be..... | 35 |
| Bethlehem, not the least of cities.. | 4 | Do not I love thee, O my Lord.... | 30 |
| Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine... | 236 | Down life's dark vale we wander... | 23 |
| Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain..... | 97 | Earth below is teeming..... | 105 |
| Blest are the pure in heart..... | 77 | Eternal Father! strong to save.... | 143 |
| Blest be the tie that binds..... | 52 | Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round | 266 |
| Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... | 54 | Ever patient, gentle, meek..... | 72 |
| Bound upon the accursed tree... | 75 | Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.. | 48 |
| Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed.. | 73 | Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing | 257 |
| Bread of the world, in mercy broken | 66 | Father, here we dedicate..... | 145 |
| Break, new born year, on glad eyes break..... | 124 | Father, I know that all my life.... | 124 |
| Brief life is here our portion..... | 12 | Father in heaven, to Thee my heart | 245 |
| Brightest and best of the sons of the morning..... | 66 | Father of all, from land and sea... | 89 |
| Brightly beams our Father's mercy.. | 226 | Father of love, our guide and friend | 107 |
| Brother, hast thou wandered far.... | 253 | Father of mercies! in Thy word... | 37 |
| Burden of shame and woe..... | 250 | Father Thy wonders do not singly stand..... | 259 |
| By cool Siloam's shady rill..... | 66 | | |
| Calm on the bosom of thy God.... | 78 | | |
| Calm on the listening ear of night.. | 255 | | |
| Children of the heavenly King..... | 41 | | |
| Christ for the world we sing..... | 183 | | |

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|---|------|
| Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling..... | 253 | He has come! the Christ of God.... | 97 |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss... | 37 | He hides within the lily..... | 268 |
| Feeble, helpless, how shall I..... | 245 | He is coming, He is coming..... | 129 |
| Fierce was the wild billow..... | 4 | He is gone; a cloud of light..... | 116 |
| Fight the good fight with all thy might..... | 105 | He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed..... | 78 |
| Fling out the banner, let it float... | 199 | He leadeth me! O blessed thought.. | 220 |
| For all the saints who from their labors rest..... | 135 | He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower | 86 |
| For all Thy saints, O Lord..... | 63 | Heal me, O my Saviour, heal..... | 132 |
| For the beauty of the earth..... | 154 | Hear the heralds of the Gospel..... | 176 |
| For the dear love that kept us through the night..... | 258 | Hear us, Thou that broodest..... | 132 |
| For thee, O dear, dear country..... | 12 | Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken..... | 49 |
| For Thy mercy and Thy grace..... | 119 | Hear ye the glad good news from Heaven..... | 229 |
| Forever with the Lord..... | 62 | Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face..... | 97 |
| Forgive, O Lord, the doubts that break..... | 185 | Ho, my comrades, see the signal... | 227 |
| Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go.. | 35 | Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children..... | 115 |
| Forward! be our watchword..... | 103 | Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty..... | 65 |
| Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free | 73 | Holy offerings, rich and rare..... | 105 |
| Free from the law..... | 229 | Holy Spirit, Lord of light..... | 10 |
| Friend after friend departs..... | 62 | Holy Spirit, Truth Divine..... | 261 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains... | 66 | Hosanna to the living Lord..... | 66 |
| From the cross uplifted high..... | 49 | How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord..... | 23 |
| Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.... | 188 | How beautiful were the marks divine..... | 205 |
| Give to the winds thy fears..... | 19 | How blest the righteous when he dies..... | 54 |
| Glory to Thee, my God, this night... | 20 | How blest the sacred tie that binds | 54 |
| Glorious things of Thee are spoken. | 44 | How blest Thy creature is, O God.. | 48 |
| Go forward, Christian soldier..... | 146 | How calm and beautiful the morn.. | 188 |
| Go, labor on, spend and be spent... | 97 | How gentle God's commands..... | 30 |
| Go not far from me, O my strength | 125 | How happy is the pilgrim's lot.... | 31 |
| Go to thy rest, fair child..... | 216 | How precious is the Book divine... | 52 |
| Go work in my vineyard..... | 220 | How shall I follow Him I serve.... | 73 |
| God calling yet—and shall I never hearken..... | 28 | How sweet, how heavenly is the sight..... | 55 |
| God hides Himself within the love.. | 268 | How sweet the name of Jesus sounds | 44 |
| God in the Gospel of His Son..... | 38 | How sweetly flowed the gospel sound..... | 78 |
| God is love, his mercy brightens... | 78 | How tedious and tasteless the hours | 45 |
| God is the refuge of His saints | 26 | How vain are all things here below. | 25 |
| God moves in a mysterious way | 48 | Hushed was the evening hymn..... | 131 |
| God of the living, in whose eyes.... | 147 | I am so glad that our Father in heaven..... | 226 |
| God of my life, to Thee I call..... | 49 | I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice..... | 236 |
| God the Lord a King remaineth.... | 77 | I bow my forehead in the dust..... | 271 |
| Grace, 'tis a charming sound..... | 30 | I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be..... | 139 |
| Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost..... | 88 | I feel within a want..... | 244 |
| Great God of wonders, all Thy ways | 186 | I gave my life for thee..... | 158 |
| Great God, the followers of Thy Son | 242 | I heard the voice of Jesus say..... | 96 |
| Great King of nations, hear our prayer..... | 84 | I know not the hour when my Lord shall come..... | 226 |
| Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.. | 40 | I know that my Redeemer lives | 35 |
| Hail, all hail the joyful morn..... | 62 | I lay my sins on Jesus..... | 95 |
| Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord..... | 46 | I love Thy kingdom, Lord..... | 169 |
| Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.... | 42 | I love to steal a while away..... | 170 |
| Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning..... | 188 | I think, when I read that sweet story of old..... | 110 |
| Hail to the Lord's Anointed..... | 61 | I was a wandering sheep..... | 96 |
| Hail to the Sabbath day..... | 249 | I worship Thee, sweet will of God.. | 114 |
| Hail, tranquil hour of closing day.. | 179 | I would not live alway; I ask not to stay..... | 196 |
| Hallelujah! 'tis done..... | 230 | I'll praise my Maker while I've breath..... | 26 |
| Hark! Hark! my soul! Angelic songs are swelling..... | 113 | Immortal Love, forever full..... | 270 |
| Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals. | 132 | | |
| Hark, my soul, it is the Lord..... | 49 | | |
| Hark! ten thousand harps and voices | 58 | | |
| Hark! the song of Jubilee..... | 61 | | |
| Hark! the sound of holy voices.... | 89 | | |
| Hark! what mean those holy voices. | 63 | | |
| Hath not thy heart within thee burned..... | 250 | | |
| Have you on the Lord believed.... | 230 | | |

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|--|------|
| In heavenly love abiding..... | 124 | Lord, it is good for us to be..... | 117 |
| In the cross of Christ I glory..... | 77 | Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee.. | 85 |
| In the dark and cloudy day..... | 90 | Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.... | 135 |
| In the morning I will pray..... | 244 | Lord, lead the way the Saviour went | 200 |
| In this glad hour when children meet | 242 | Lord, my weak faith in vain would | |
| In time of fear, when trouble's near | 188 | climb..... | 182 |
| Inspirer and hearer of prayer..... | 54 | Lord of all being, throned afar..... | 251 |
| Is not this our King and Prophet.. | 107 | Lord of mercy and of might..... | 66 |
| Is thy cruse of comfort wasting.... | 148 | Lord of morning and of night..... | 136 |
| It came upon the midnight clear... | 255 | Lord of power, Lord of might..... | 132 |
| It is finished! Man of sorrows..... | 248 | Lord, speak to me, that I may speak | 159 |
| It singeth low in every heart..... | 267 | Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven.... | 63 |
| | | Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise | |
| Jerusalem the golden..... | 12 | Thee..... | 194 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever be..... | 41 | Love divine, all love excelling..... | 35 |
| Jesus calls us o'er the tumult..... | 130 | Lowly and solemn be..... | 78 |
| Jesus came, the heav'ns adoring... | 132 | | |
| Jesus, engrave it on my heart..... | 51 | Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.. | 46 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken..... | 80 | Make channels for the streams of | |
| Jesus, keep me near the cross..... | 237 | love..... | 92 |
| Jesus, lover of my soul..... | 35 | May the grace of Christ, our Saviour | 45 |
| Jesus, Master, whose I am..... | 159 | Mercy, O Thou Son of David..... | 45 |
| Jesus, merciful and mild..... | 189 | Mighty God, while angels bless Thee | 50 |
| Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.... | 41 | More love to Thee, O Christ..... | 193 |
| Jesus, my Saviour, look on me..... | 72 | Mortals, awake! with angels join.... | 51 |
| Jesus, name of wondrous love..... | 135 | My Country! 'tis of Thee..... | 218 |
| Jesus of Nazareth passeth by..... | 229 | My faith looks up to Thee..... | 181 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.. | 25 | My Father's house on high..... | 60 |
| Jesus, the very thought of Thee.... | 11 | My God, accept my heart this day.. | 81 |
| Jesus, these eyes have never seen.. | 182 | My God, how wonderful Thou art... 114 | |
| Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts... 183 | | My God, is any hour so sweet..... 72 | |
| Jesus, Thy name I love..... | 85 | My God, my Father, while I stray... 71 | |
| Jesus, where'er Thy people meet... 49 | | My heart is resting, O my God..... 124 | |
| Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding 188 | | My heavenly home is bright and fair 232 | |
| Joy to the world! the Lord is come. 26 | | My Jesus, as Thou wilt..... | 24 |
| Joyfully, joyfully onward we move. 232 | | My sins, my sins, my Saviour..... 105 | |
| Just as I am, without one plea.... 71 | | My song shall be of mercy..... | 118 |
| Just as Thou art; to me, a child... 184 | | My times of sorrow and of joy.... 38 | |
| | | | |
| Knocking, knocking, who is there.. 203 | | Near the cross was Mary weeping.. 190 | |
| | | Nearer, my God, to Thee..... | 86 |
| Laborers of Christ, arise..... | 216 | Nearer, O God, to Thee..... | 135 |
| Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace 67 | | New every morning is the love.... 76 | |
| Late, late, so late! and dark the | | No human eyes Thy face may see.. 264 | |
| night, and chill..... | 100 | Now be the gospel banner..... | 188 |
| Lead, kindly Light, amid the encir- 82 | | Now on sea and land descending... 262 | |
| cling gloom..... | | Now on the gladden'd sight..... | 176 |
| Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.. 73 | | Now the day is over..... | 151 |
| Lead us, O Father, in the paths of 257 | | Now the laborer's task is o'er..... 147 | |
| peace..... | | | |
| Lead us with Thy gentle sway.... 78 | | O, come and mourn with me a while 115 | |
| Let our choir new anthems raise... 87 | | O, could I speak the matchless worth 51 | |
| Let party names no more..... | 38 | O day of rest and gladness..... | 88 |
| Let saints on earth in concert sing. 35 | | O, for a closer walk with God..... 48 | |
| Life of Ages, richly poured..... | 263 | O for a thousand tongues to sing... 35 | |
| Lift your glad voices in triumph on 241 | | O for the happy days gone by.... 115 | |
| high..... | | O grant me Lord that sweet content 46 | |
| Light of those whose dreary dwelling 54 | | O grant us light, that we may know 145 | |
| Light of light, enlighten me..... | 24 | O gift of gifts! O grace of faith... 113 | |
| Like Noah's weary dove..... | 198 | O God, beneath Thy guiding hand. 178 | |
| Little drops of water..... | 94 | O God of Jacob (Bethel) by whose | |
| Lo! on a narrow neck of land..... | 35 | hand..... | 30 |
| Look and live..... | 229 | O God! Thy power is wonderful... 114 | |
| Look from Thy sphere of endless 241 | | O God! our God! Thou shinest here 123 | |
| day..... | | O happy day that fixed my choice. 30 | |
| Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious 57 | | O help us, Lord; each hour of need. 74 | |
| Lord, as to Thy dear cross I flee... 84 | | O, it is hard to work with God.... 114 | |
| Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing. 52 | | O holy, holy, holy Lord..... | 73 |
| Lord God of morning and of night.. 136 | | O holy Saviour, Friend unseen.... 72 | |
| Lord, her watch Thy Church is keep- 118 | | O how the love of God attracts... 115 | |
| ing..... | | O Jesus, ever present..... | 144 |
| Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine... 186 | | O Jesus, I have promised..... | 118 |
| Lord, in this sacred hour..... | 250 | O Jesus, King most wonderful..... 11 | |

| | PAGE |
|--|---------|
| O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace . . . | 3 |
| O Jesus, Thou art standing | 134 |
| O Light of life, O Saviour dear | 136 |
| O Light, whose beams illumine all . . | 128 |
| O little town of Bethlehem | 208 |
| O Lord be with us when we sail | 91 |
| O Lord, I would delight in Thee | 55 |
| O Lord, my best desires fulfill | 49 |
| O Lord of heaven and earth and sea . . | 88 |
| O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills . . | 121 |
| O Love divine, that stooped to share . . | 251 |
| O love of God, how strong and true . . | 96 |
| O love that will not let me go | 162 |
| O Master, let me walk with Thee . . . | 185 |
| O, mean may seem this house of clay | 123 |
| O mother dear, Jerusalem | 17 |
| O Northl with all thy vales of green . . | 241 |
| O one with God, the Father | 135 |
| O Paradise, O Paradise | 115 |
| O praise our God today | 126 |
| O quickly come, dread Judge of all . . | 145 |
| O sacred Head, now wounded | 11, 189 |
| O sacred Head, surrounded | 125 |
| O saving victim opening wide | 13 |
| O Spirit of the living God | 61, 106 |
| O suffering Friend of human kind . . . | 250 |
| O Thou, before whose presence | 161 |
| O Thou, by long experience tried . . . | 22 |
| O Thou, from whom all goodness flows | 49 |
| O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight | 55 |
| O Thou not made with hands | 137 |
| O Thou, the eternal Son of God | 160 |
| O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend . . | 72 |
| O Thou, to whom in ancient time . . . | 243 |
| O Thou, who dri'st the mourner's tear | 64 |
| O Thou, whose bounty fills my cup . . . | 102 |
| O Thou whose tender feet have trod . . | 131 |
| O Thou whose own vast temple stands | 240 |
| O timely happy, timely wise | 76 |
| O what, if we are Christ's | 125 |
| O where are kings and empires now . . | 205 |
| O where shall rest be found | 62 |
| O who like Thee, so calm, so bright . . | 205 |
| O Word of God incarnate | 135 |
| O worship the King all glorious above | 67 |
| O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . . . | 39 |
| O'er Kedron's stream and Salem's height | 243 |
| Of all the thoughts of God that are . . | 98 |
| Oft (or much) in sorrow, oft in woe . . | 70 |
| On our way rejoicing | 105 |
| On the mountains' top appearing | 58 |
| One in Royal David's city | 129 |
| One holy Church of God appears | 262 |
| One sweetly solemn thought | 272 |
| One there is above all others | 44 |
| Onward, Christian soldiers | 151 |
| Onward, Christian, though the region . . | 263 |
| Onward, onward, men of heaven | 216 |
| Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed . . | 62 |
| Our country is Immanuel's ground . . . | 54 |
| Our Father, God, who art in heaven . . | 215 |
| Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord | 270 |
| Our God! our God! Thou shinest here . . | 123 |
| Our God, we thank Thee, who hast made | 139 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave | 215 |
| Over yonder, over yonder | 230 |
| Pass me not, O gentle Saviour | 237 |
| Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin | 142 |
| People of the living God | 62 |
| Praise God from whom all blessings flow | 20 |
| Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits . . | 80 |
| Praise, my soul, the King of heaven . . | 80 |
| Praise, O praise our God and King . . . | 126 |
| Praise the Lord, His glories show . . . | 80 |
| Praise to God, immortal praise | 54 |
| Praise to the holiest in the height . . . | 83 |
| Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator . . . | 52 |
| Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . . | 61 |
| Quiet, Lord, my froward heart | 45 |
| Rejoice, ye pure in heart | 127 |
| Rescue the perishing | 234 |
| Return, O wanderer, to thy home | 188 |
| Ride on, ride on in majesty | 74 |
| Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise | 27 |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for me | 53 |
| Roll on, thou mighty ocean | 73 |
| Round the Lord, in glory seated | 63 |
| Safe home, safe home in port | 120 |
| Safe in the arms of Jesus | 233 |
| Safely through another week | 45 |
| Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise | 146 |
| Saviour, blessed Saviour | 132 |
| Saviour, breathe an evening blessing . . | 73 |
| Saviour, more than life to me | 235 |
| Saviour, sprinkle many nations | 204 |
| Saviour, when in dust to Thee | 67 |
| Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding . . . | 198 |
| Say, sinner! hath a voice within | 178 |
| Say, where is your refuge, my brother | 237 |
| See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand . . . | 30 |
| See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph | 89 |
| Seeking to save | 229 |
| Servant of God, well done | 60 |
| Shepherd of tender youth | 2 |
| Show me the way, O Lord | 106 |
| Sing of Jesus, sing forever | 58 |
| Sing to the Lord a joyful song | 104 |
| Sing to the Lord our might | 80 |
| Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness! . . | 148 |
| Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend | 158 |
| Sinners, turn! why will ye die | 35 |
| Slowly by Thy hand unfurled | 243 |
| Softly fades the twilight ray | 219 |
| Softly now the light of day | 199 |
| Soldiers of the cross, arise | 135 |
| Sometimes a light surprises | 49 |
| Son of God, to Thee I cry | 63 |
| Songs of thankfulness and praise | 89 |
| Souls of men, why will ye scatter . . . | 116 |
| Sow in the morn thy seed | 62 |
| Stand up and bless the Lord | 61 |
| Stand up! stand up for Jesus | 191 |
| Standing by a purpose true | 230 |
| Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh | 202 |

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| Still will we trust, though earth seems dark and dreary..... | 257 | Thou art the way: to Thee alone... | 199 |
| Still with Thee, O my God..... | 131 | Thou Grace Divine, encircling all... | 206 |
| Stop, poor sinner, stop and think.. | 45 | Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow..... | 109 |
| Strong Son of God, immortal Love. | 100 | Thou, Lord, art love—and every- where..... | 130 |
| Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear. | 76 | Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me.. | 16 |
| Sunset and evening star..... | 99 | Thou say'st Take up thy cross..... | 136 |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my King | 26 | Thou my everlasting portion..... | 237 |
| Sweet is the work, O Lord..... | 62 | Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness..... | 137 |
| Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord..... | 105 | Thrice holy Name! that sweeter sounds..... | 137 |
| Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.. | 115 | Throned upon the awful tree..... | 146 |
| Swell the anthem, raise the song... 168 | | Through the day Thy love has spared us..... | 58 |
| Take my life and let it be..... | 157 | Through the night of doubt and sorrow..... | 151 |
| Take the name of Jesus with you.. | 220 | Through the valley of the shadow I must go..... | 230 |
| Take up thy cross, the Saviour said | 203 | Through this changing world below. | 235 |
| Tell it out among the heathen.... | 157 | Thus far the Lord hath led me on.. | 52 |
| Ten thousand times ten thousand.. | 103 | Thy home is with the humble, Lord | 113 |
| That mystic word of Thine, O Sov- ereign Lord..... | 202 | Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not | 267 |
| The chariot! the chariot: its wheels roll in fire..... | 75 | Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... | 96 |
| The Church's one foundation..... | 161 | Till He come: O, let the words.... | 143 |
| The day is gently sinking to a close. | 89 | 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow. | 177 |
| The day is past and gone..... | 213 | 'Tis my happiness below..... | 49 |
| The day is past and over..... | 4 | To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour.... | 105 |
| The day of resurrection..... | 7 | To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise | 159 |
| The day of wrath! that dreadful day | 14 | To Thee, my God and Saviour.... | 49 |
| The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended | 147 | To Thee, our God, we fly..... | 135 |
| The day, O Lord, is spent..... | 121 | To Thine eternal arms, O God.... | 265 |
| The eternal gates lift up their heads | 130 | To our Redeemer's glorious name.. | 37 |
| The glory of the spring how sweet.. | 124 | Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.... | 30 |
| The hours of day are over..... | 148 | True-hearted, whole-hearted..... | 159 |
| The God of Abraham praise..... | 43 | Upward where the stars are burning | 97 |
| The Great Physician now is near... 232 | | Vainly thro' night's weary hours... 62 | |
| The Head that once was crowned with thorns..... | 58 | Vital spark of heavenly flame..... 26 | |
| The King of love my Shepherd is... 126 | | Wake the song of Jubilee..... 178 | |
| The Light of the world is Jesus... 230 | | Walk in the light, so shalt thou know..... | 67 |
| The Lord is come! in Him we trace. | 117 | Was there ever kindest shepherd... 113 | |
| The Lord is King, lift up thy voice. | 72 | Watchman, tell us of the night.... 77 | |
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare. | 23 | We are living, we are dwelling.... 205 | |
| The Lord my Shepherd is..... | 26 | We ask for peace, O Lord..... 140 | |
| The morning light is breaking..... 219 | | We ask not that our path be always bright..... | 258 |
| The old year's long campaign is o'er | 162 | We give Thee but Thine own.... 135 | |
| The radiant morn hath passed away | 132 | We love the venerable house..... 246 | |
| The roseate hues of early dawn... 130 | | We saw Thee not when Thou didst come..... | 84 |
| The rosy light is dawning..... | 189 | We sing the praise of Him who died | 58 |
| The shadows of the evening hours.. 140 | | Weary of earth and laden with my sin..... | 161 |
| The Son of God goes forth to war... 66 | | Welcome happy morning, age to age shall say..... | 5 |
| The spacious firmament on high... 23 | | We've no abiding city here..... 58 | |
| The voice that breathed o'er Eden. | 77 | What is this that stirs within.... 244 | |
| The way is long and dreary..... | 140 | What various hindrances we meet.. 49 | |
| There is a book who runs may read.. 77 | | When all Thy mercies, O my God.. 23 | |
| There is a fountain filled with blood | 49 | When cold our hearts, and far from Thee..... | 105 |
| There is a gate that stands ajar.... 220 | | When doomed to death th' apostle lay..... | 241 |
| There is a green hill far away..... 129 | | When gathering clouds around I view..... | 67 |
| There is a happy land..... | 92 | When God of old came down from heaven..... | 77 |
| There is a land of pure delight.... 26 | | When Jesus comes..... | 230 |
| There is a safe and secret place... 80 | | | |
| There is an hour of peaceful rest... 177 | | | |
| There is no sorrow, Lord, too light. | 102 | | |
| There were ninety and nine that safely lay..... | 149 | | |
| They who seek the throne of grace.. 214 | | | |
| Thine are all the gifts, O God..... 270 | | | |
| Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.. 128 | | | |
| Think well how Jesus trusts Himself | 115 | | |
| This is the day of Light..... | 147 | | |
| Those eternal bowers..... | 6 | | |
| Thou art coming, O my Saviour... 159 | | | |
| Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee..... | 66 | | |
| Thou art, O God, the life and light. | 64 | | |

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| When marshaled on the nightly plain..... | 70 | While Thee I seek, protecting Power | 56 |
| When on Sinai's top I see..... | 62 | While with ceaseless course the sun. | 45 |
| When our heads are bowed with woe | 74 | Who are these in bright array..... | 62 |
| When shall we meet again..... | 219 | Who is on the Lord's side..... | 159 |
| When the day of toil is done..... | 148 | Whosoever will may come..... | 229 |
| When the weary, seeking rest..... | 96 | Why, dearest Lord, can I not pray. | 115 |
| When this passing world is done... | 108 | Wilt Thou not visit me..... | 259 |
| When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come..... | 34 | With joy we hail the sacred day... | 62 |
| When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming..... | 66 | Workman of God, O lose not heart. | 115 |
| When wild confusion wrecks the air | 168 | Wouldst thou learn the depth of sin | 105 |
| When winds are raging o'er the up- per ocean..... | 202 | Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears..... | 38 |
| When wounded sore, the stricken soul..... | 130 | Yes, for me, for me He careth..... | 97 |
| While shepherds watched their flocks by night..... | 22 | Your harps ye trembling saints.... | 54 |
| | | Zion stands with hills surrounded .. | 58 |
| | | Zion, the marvellous story be telling | 198 |

