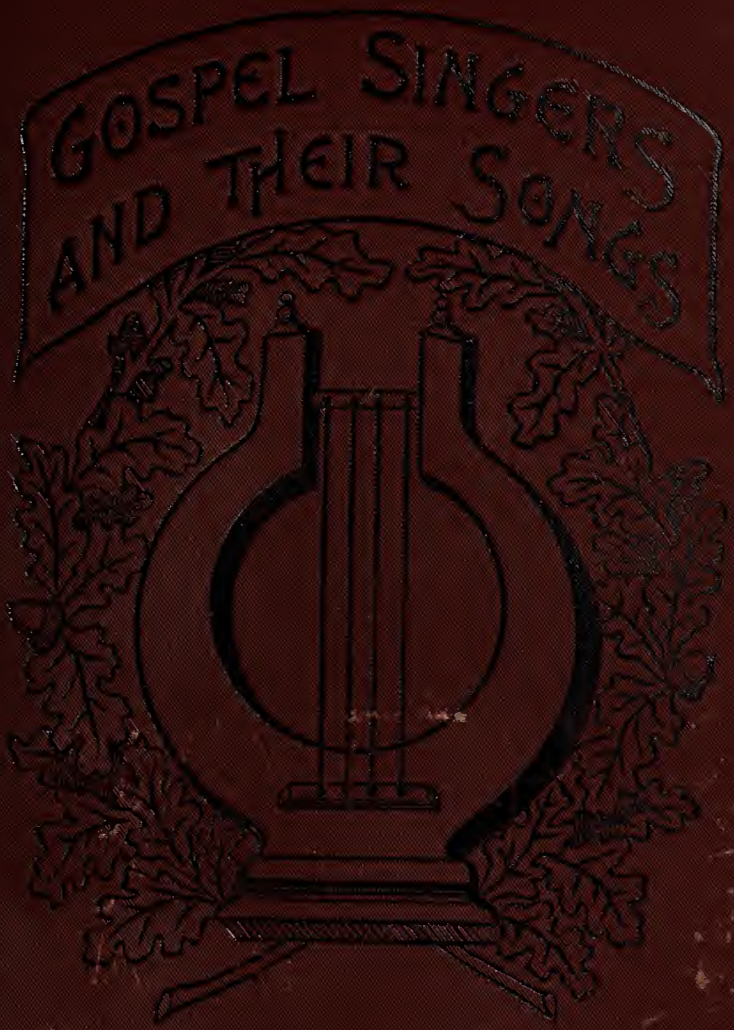
GOSPEL SINGERS
AND THEIR SONGS

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BY

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Theology and music unite and move on, hand in hand, through time, and will continue eternally to illustrate, embellish and enforce, impress, and fix in the attentive mind the grand and important truths of Christianity.—ANDREW LAW.

It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord.—2 CHRON. v, 13.

NOTE.

THE substance of this volume appeared in more extended form in the "Life and Select Writings" of the late Professor Hemenway, of Garrett Biblical Institute. The abridgment was supervised by Rev. Charles M. Stuart, who edited the original work and who is also responsible for the added chapters on the hymns of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. For the matter contained in these additional chapters free use was made of Nutter's *Hymn Studies*, Tillett's *Annotated Hymn-Book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South*, Duffield's *English Hymns*, Hatfield's *The Poets of the Church*, and "Hymn Notes," contributed by Professor F. M. Bird to *The Independent*, for which acknowledgments are here made.

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GOSPEL SINGERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

AS we turn our attention to lyric poetry in general, the first thing which impresses us is its *antiquity*. The oldest human literature has come to us in this form. The most ancient books of the Hindus, and, as many think, the most ancient of all human books, are the famous Vedic hymns, which, by the most moderate calculation, are nearly three thousand years old. The entire number of these is one thousand and twenty-eight; and as early as 600 B. C. their verses, words, and syllables had been carefully enumerated. The oldest of the Chinese sacred books is the third of the ante-Confucian classics —called by them the Book of Odes—fragments of which are seen scattered over tea-chests and other articles of Chinese manu-

facture. As to the relative antiquity of the Vedas in Hindu literature and the Book of Odes in Chinese literature there is no difference of opinion ; but it is impossible to determine with certainty, or even a high degree of probability, the absolute age of either. The general estimate of those most competent to form an opinion on the subject is that both may date from one thousand to twelve hundred years before Christ ; thus, in the matter of age, ranking with the Davidic psalms.

Coming to Christian lyric poetry, we are at once struck with its vast extent and incomparable wealth. It is estimated that in the German language alone there are eighty thousand Christian hymns,[1] and in the English forty thousand. Even as early as 1751, says Kurtz, in his Church History, J. Jacob V. Moser collected a list of fifty thousand printed hymns in the German language.

Not only is the gross amount so considerable, its diffusion is still more to be noted. Next to the Christian sacred books, nothing in literature has been so multiplied as copies of Christian hymns. Copies of some of these

may be counted literally by the million. They rival the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in their hold on human memories. There are not a few into whose memories verses of hymns came earlier than verses of Scripture, and they will be more likely to speak them with their dying breath.

A hymn is the most subtle and spiritual thing which a man can create. It must be in *fact*, if not in *form*, a transcript of his highest and holiest experiences; for the distinguishing characteristic of lyric poetry is the stamp it bears of the personal consciousness. The most perfect expressions of the Christian creed and life are found in the hymns of the Church. As influences for good they are at once subtle and powerful, swaying our natures as nothing else can. "What care I," says Falstaff, "for the bulk and big assemblage of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow, give me the spirit." Now, the spirit of humanity and of the Christian Church, in a sense infinitely higher than Shakespeare's hero could understand, is found in lyric poetry as nowhere else. The subtle essence, the delicate

hues, the delicious fragrance, and ethereal beauty of spiritual character are here most variously and beautifully exhibited.

Bishop Wordsworth, in the somewhat elaborate essay on Christian hymns prefixed to his *Holy Year*, complains that while the ancient hymns are distinguished by self-forgetfulness, the modern are characterized by self-consciousness. As illustrative examples he cites the following: "When I can read my title clear," "When I survey the wondrous cross," "I hold the sacred book of God," "My God, the spring of all my joys;" and he also quotes, as illustrating not only this egotistical character, but also a certain reprehensible self-assurance, and a familiar and even amatory style of address,

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,"

which he says he has heard "given out to be sung by every member of a large, mixed congregation, in a dissolute part of a populous and irreligious city."

Seldom were words ever written which betray a more absolute want of comprehension

of the whole subject of lyric poetry. Its one grand, distinguishing characteristic is the fact that we see here, as nowhere else, the glory of individual life and experience. It must be confessed that there are hymns which illustrate some of the objectionable tendencies pointed out by the distinguished prelate; but certainly the hymns he specifies show very clearly how a hymn can be a genuine lyric, reflecting most clearly and vividly the individual consciousness and yet be thoroughly free from obtrusive egotism. The most perfect and most universally intelligible model of religious poetry holds such language as the following: "The Lord is *my* shepherd; *I* shall not want. He maketh *me* to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth *me* beside the still waters." Wiser was Luther, who used to thank God for these same little words—these words of personal confession and appropriation. It is comparatively unimportant whether the hymn stand in the singular or plural number; the one thing essential is that it be a crystallization of personal thought and experience. The great hymns of the Church—the hymns of the ages

—hymns which stand pre-eminent as expressions of the life of God in the soul of man—are almost uniformly such as come most directly out of the experience of the writer. Charles Wesley's hymns are eminently autobiographic. That grand hymn which has so long held the place of honor in both English and American Methodist hymn-books, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," was written on the first anniversary of Mr. Wesley's spiritual birth. Equally evident is it that his holiest aspirations and his most blissful experiences are given voice in such hymns as "O love divine, how sweet thou art;" "Love divine, all loves excelling;" "Vain, delusive world, adieu." Two of his hymns, very familiar to Methodists, were addressed to his wife on her birthday:

> "Come away to the skies, my beloved, arise,
> And rejoice in the day thou wast born."
>
> "Come, let us ascend, my companion and friend,
> To a taste of the banquet above."[2]

The connection of the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way" with Cowper's personal history is well known.[3] John Newton's most

characteristic, though by no means most famous or most beautiful, hymn is a mere transcript of his spiritual autobiography: "I saw one hanging on the tree."[4] The hymn of Anne Steele which is most universally known and most frequently used, "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss," is beyond question the simple outbreathing of her personal trust and submission beneath the heavy burdens of sorrow which she, more than others, was called to bear.[5] Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am" is the expression of the experience into which she herself had come after long and painful preparation. John Keble's most frequently used hymn, "Sun of my soul," exhibits the very characteristic which is so offensive to Bishop Wordsworth.[6] And, as we look through the whole range of hymnology, and consider the hymns which all agree to understand, to love, and to use, we shall find the great majority of them to be couched in the language of personal confession and appropriation, such as shows them to be the outpouring of the most sacred and most spiritual experiences.

As a *means of Christian influence* hymns are

most serviceable, and sometimes well-nigh irresistible. The pure waters of holy song will sometimes make their way into places dark and deathful, which no other influence from heaven can reach. A few years since a little party of American travelers, happening to be in Montreal, took occasion to visit the celebrated Grey Nunnery, one of the wealthiest religious houses on this continent. As we were being conducted through the establishment we came to the school-room containing the orphan children, kept there as one branch of their charities. For our entertainment the children were set to singing. What was our surprise and delight to hear them sing our common Protestant Sunday-school hymns, such as "I have a Father in the promised land," "I want to be an angel," "There is a happy land!" What other form of evangelical influence could have made its way so successfully through the bolts and bars of that convent?

There is a familiar incident connected with one of Phœbe Cary's hymns which may well be taken as representative of a very large class

of similar instances showing the power of sacred song. A few years since two men, Americans—one middle-aged, the other a young man—met in a gambling-house in Canton, China. They had been engaged in play together during the evening, and the young man had lost heavily. While the older one was shuffling the cards for a new deal, his companion leaned back in his chair and began mechanically to sing a fragment of Miss Cary's exquisite hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought." As these words, so tender and so beautiful, fell on the ear of the man hardened in sin, dead memories in his heart came to life again. He sprang up excitedly, exclaiming: "Where did you learn that hymn? I can't stay here!" And, in spite of the taunts of his companion, he hurried him away, and confessed to him the story of his long wanderings from a happy Christian home. At the same time he expressed his determination to lead a better life, and urged his companion in sin to join him. The resolution was kept, the man was reclaimed, and the story of his recovery came back to bless Miss Cary before she died.

This hymn, God's invisible angel, had gone with the man through all those weary years of sin, and finally led him back to purity and salvation.

An oft-repeated incident connected with one of the best hymns of Charles Wesley well illustrates the power of this means of influence. The only daughter of a wealthy and worldly nobleman was awakened and converted at a Methodist meeting in London. This was to her father an occasion of bitter grief and disappointment, and he at once set about winning her back to her former associations. Having vainly tried other means to draw her away from her newly found faith, he at last formed a plan the object of which was to bring to bear upon her the combined influence of her former most intimate associates and friends, and that, too, under such conditions that she would be unable to resist it. He arranged to invite to his own home a number of her gay and worldly associates, hoping by their influence to entangle her again in the meshes of fashionable dissipation. The company assembled, and all in high spirits

entered upon the pleasures of the evening. According to the plan preconcerted, several of the party took their turn in singing a song, of course selecting such as comported with the gayety and worldliness of the occasion. Then the young lady herself, being an accomplished musician, was called upon. She distinctly saw that the critical hour had come. Pale, but composed, she took her seat at the piano, and, after running her fingers over the keys, sang these verses of Charles Wesley's incomparable hymn:

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

"No matter which my thoughts employ
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;

How make mine own election sure;
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

"Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace." [1]

She had conquered. Truths so solemn and weighty, borne on soul-moving music, and illustrated by the humility and heroism of her who now sat in her own father's house, in the midst of this joyous company, alone with God, could not be resisted. The father wept aloud, and afterward himself became a trophy of his daughter's courage and fidelity.

As an *instrument of expression* song is equally serviceable. It gathers up into itself our sweetest, saddest, most heroic, and most spiritual experiences. When the soul comes to its divinest heights song is sure to be there. If it is not already in waiting the inspired soul at once creates it, as did Mary the "Magnificat" and Simeon the "Nunc Dimittis." Rarely was there ever witnessed a scene of more thrilling

interest than that of the reunion of the Old and New School divisions of the Presbyterian Church, which took place in Pittsburg in May, 1869. On the day appointed the two bodies met in their respective places, and then, having formed in the street in parallel columns, joined ranks, one of each assembly arm in arm with one of the other, and so marched to the place where the services were to be held. As the head of the column entered the church, already crowded, save the seats reserved for the delegates, the audience struck up the hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and when all were in their places, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" After the reading of the Scriptures came the hymn of Watts, "Blest are the sons of peace." The interest of the occasion culminated when Dr. Fowler, the moderator of the New School Assembly, at the close of his remarks, turned to Dr. Jacobus, the moderator of the Old School Assembly, and said: "My dear brother moderator, may we not, before I take my seat, perform a single act symbolical of the union which has taken place between the two

branches of the Church? Let us clasp hands!" This challenge was immediately responded to, when all joined in singing the grand old doxology of Bishop Ken, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" And at the conclusion of Dr. Jacobus's remarks, amid flowing tears and with swelling hearts, the thousands present joined in singing the precious hymn, written just about a century before, by that grand and tuneful Baptist minister, John Fawcett, himself a convert of George Whitefield, "Blest be the tie that binds." Little did those happy Presbyterians think or care that two of the hymns for this hour of their supreme gladness were furnished by Methodists, one by a Congregationalist, one by an Episcopalian bishop, and one by a Baptist.

And so do hymns bear interesting and conclusive testimony to the catholicity of Christianity and the essential unity of the Church. In them we see what is essential and permanent as contrasted with that which is merely formal and ephemeral. They do, indeed, reflect the surface of the Christian consciousness, whose phenomena are continually changing;

but the hymns which have a life so permanent as to be accounted the "hymns of the ages" come out of the very depths of that consciousness. For the most part, such hymns do not so much illustrate the variety and separations of the Church as its oneness. Christianity is simply the one life of Jesus Christ, and, however multitudinous may be the channels through which it flows, it is every-where and always one. And so our hymnody is a visible evangelical alliance, where Catholic and Protestant, Oriental and Occidental, the ancient and the modern, Calvinist and Arminian, Unitarian and Evangelical, blend indistinguishably in the one grand and universal song. One of the best illustrations of this is furnished in the history of a hymn which all Protestant Christians agree to place in the very front rank of hymns, "Rock of ages, cleft for me." Its author, Mr. Toplady, was one of the best and bitterest of Mr. Wesley's opponents, the points of difference between them being mainly such as were involved in the Calvinistic controversy. Especially was he disgusted at the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection as being, in his

view, inconsistent with the doctrines of grace; and so he wrote this hymn, which expresses the utter nothingness of human merit, and represents the soul as finding its only refuge in the merit of Christ, giving to it this controversial title: "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." The hymn was at once caught up by Christian people, and by none more eagerly than by the Methodists, against whom it was written, and who to-day sing it as heartily as they do the hymns of Charles Wesley himself. Thus did Mr. Toplady the hymn-writer demonstrate his oneness with the very people against whom Mr. Toplady the polemic had leveled his keenest shafts.

CHAPTER II.

HYMNS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

IN our attempts to illustrate this subject of hymnology we must labor under one embarrassment. Many of the most notable hymns were written in other languages than ours, and a lyric poem never bears translation well. That adjustment of sound to sense, of rhyme and meter to thought, which makes a poem perfect in one language, if once it be disturbed for purposes of translation, can never be perfectly restored. When these beautiful crystals of thought and feeling are broken, their high and peculiar value is gone. At the best we can only use the fragments, in each of which may be seen some gleam of the original glory, to help us to conceive what that glory really was. Some of the best and most eminent hymns, whose names are as household words, have never been known, and can never be known by us in their true and proper character. We do

not see them face to face; and that image of them which is reflected in the best translation is more or less distorted and imperfect. They have lost in great measure their distinctive poetic character—the music of numbers, the nice adjustment of epithets, the delicate hues of spiritual beauty, and many of those gleams of personal life and experience which constitute the peculiar charm of lyric poetry.

The oldest hymn of the Christian Church outside of the Bible is that known as the "Trisagion," or, more commonly, by its Latin name, "Tersanctus"—"Thrice holy." It is the earliest of the many echoes which the song of the seraphim, as heard by Isaiah, has awakened in Christian literature. Neither its precise date nor author, nor the circumstances of its origin, can now be ascertained.[8] All we are quite certain of is that it goes back to the second century of Christian history—to that age which touched upon the work of the apostles themselves—and that it has from the first held its place in the holy of holies of Christian worship; for it is found in all the ante-Nicene liturgies as well as in the principal ones of later times.

With the exception of one or two brief doxologies, it contains the oldest uninspired words of Christian praise in any language. It runs through the Christian centuries like a thread of gold, joining in one the praises of devout hearts in every age and clime. Even in the words of translation in which we know it its simplicity and beauty, its strength and majesty, are most evident:

"It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, holy Father, almighty, everlasting God. Therefore with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high!"

With this hymn should be mentioned another not unlike it in spirit and history. It also originated probably in the second century, though if we give much place to internal evidence we must assign to it an origin somewhat later than the "Tersanctus." From the earliest times these have been associated together, both having held a place in the communion service. We refer to the "Gloria in

Excelsis,"[9] a longer hymn than the "Tersanctus" and more emotional; of wider scope and burning utterances, "with whose ringing accents of praise mingles the *miserere* of conscious sin." It begins among the angels, taking up the strains of angelic rapture which once it was permitted to mortal ears to hear, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men;" but speedily does it come down into this mortal and sinful life, taking up with solemn iteration the one prayer of guilty humanity, "Have mercy upon us." We are told that the early martyrs were wont to sing this hymn on their way to their death; and yet, like the blessed Christ, whose nature and offices are in it so distinctly reflected, it is equally suited to all who dwell in this mortal body:

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will to men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father."

There is still another hymn which is in many regards more notable than either of those already mentioned. It is at once a hymn and a creed; or, rather, as Mrs. Charles beautifully says, "It is a creed taking wing and soaring heavenward; it is Faith seized with a sudden joy as she counts her treasures, and lays them at the feet of Jesus in a song; it is the incense of prayer rising so near the rainbow round about the throne as to catch its light and become radiant as well as fragrant—a cloud of incense illumined into a cloud of glory." We refer to the "Te Deum Laudamus,"[10] perhaps the grandest anthem of Christian praise ever written. It is not necessary to give it in full in this place, for scarcely any thing in Christian literature is more familiar; but we will not forego the satisfaction of transcribing a few of its grand sentences—sentences which have been heard in every great cathedral in the world, and wakened the echoes of every clime beneath the sun:

"We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting. To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. The glorious company of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee. The noble army of martyrs praise thee. The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee. . . . Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy name ever, world without end."

These three great anonymous hymns of the early Church never assumed a perfect metrical form, but only that of measured prose, in this regard resembling the songs and snatches or fragments of song which are found in the New Testament itself. But what is wanting in poetical structure is more than made up in dignity, simplicity, and universal intelligibleness. With little loss they have been translated into many of the languages into which the Bible itself has gone; and every-where they stand to express the catholicity of Christianity and the unity of believers. They belong peculiarly and exclusively to no sect or section of the Church, but equally to the entire Church. Neither Churchman nor Romanist can claim

exclusive proprietorship in them, but, like the Bible itself, of which they are so evidently the offspring, they belong to all who "profess and call themselves Christians," of every tongue and clime.

We may not leave these earliest Christian hymns without reflecting upon the grand and sacred mission they have fulfilled. They have lifted heavenward the worship of countless millions. They have gone through the world like sweet-voiced angels, leading our discordant natures into harmony. In the cathedral, the humble village church, the cell of the monk, the palace of the king, the tent of the nomad; in the catacombs, by the martyr's stake; beneath arctic skies and torrid suns; in Asia, Africa, Europe, America, the islands of the sea; wherever the angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach has gone there have this blessed trio gone too. And in the supreme hour of mortal life they have been uttered by the bedside of the dying, lifting the soul into heavenly rapture even from the depths of mortal agony. So it is that men are—

"Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above."

The oldest uninspired Christian hymn which can with certainty be traced to its author was written by Clement of Alexandria, who died not later than 220 A. D. Of his personal history we know comparatively little; but as to his intellectual and spiritual life we have better information. He represents the famous city of Alexandria, which, more than any other, was the meeting-place between the life of the East and the West. Here was originated the Hellenistic dialect of the Greek language, which has for its precious contents the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, the writings of Philo and Josephus, and the books of the New Testament. One of his teachers came from Ionia, the birthplace of the grandest poem in all literature; another from Cœle-Syria, the vigor and glory of whose civilization is to-day most eloquently attested by the wonderful ruins at Baalbec; another still came from Assyria, a name suggestive of all that is venerable in antiquity and illustrious in achievement; while yet another came from Italy, but

originally from Egypt. He became familiar with Jewish lore at the school of Tiberias, and he learned Christianity from Pantænus, who stood at the head of the Academy in Alexandria. When Pantænus left this position to enter upon a mission to the heathen of India and the East Clement became his successor, and he in turn was succeeded by his own disciple, Origen, the most eminent and learned of all the Christian fathers of the third century. It is probable that the persecution under Septimius Severus, A. D. 202, compelled Clement to flee from Alexandria, and we hear of him about ten years later visiting Jerusalem, and from thence to Antioch, commended to the Antiochans by the Bishop of Jerusalem as "a virtuous and tried man, and one not altogether unknown to them."

There is a special interest connected with Clement's hymn as being the earliest *versified* Christian hymn, and so the distinguished leader of a shining host. It has been very justly described as "a collection of images interwoven like a stained window, of which the eye loses the design in the complication of

colors, upon which may be traced, as in quaint old letters on a scroll, winding through all the mosaic of tints, Christ all in all." There are several metrical versions accessible to the English reader, but the strictly literal rendering of Mrs. Charles will give a more just idea of its substance, though none at all of its poetic structure and beauty:

" Mouth of babes who cannot speak,
Wing of nestlings who cannot fly,
Sure guide of babes,
Shepherd of royal sheep,
Gather thine own artless children
To praise in holiness,
To sing in guilelessness,
With blameless lips,
Thee, O Christ! Guide of children.
* * * * *
Lead, O Shepherd
Of reasoning sheep!
Holy One, lead,
King of speechless children!
The footsteps of Christ
Are the heavenly way!
Ever-flowing word,
Infinite age,
Perpetual light,
Fountain of mercy,
Worker of virtue,
Holy sustenance

Of those who praise God, Christ Jesus—
The heavenly milk
Of the sweet breasts
Of the bride of graces
Pressed out of thy wisdom!
These babes
With tender lips nourished—
By the dew of the Spirit replenished—
Their artless praises,
Their true hymns,
O Christ, our King!
Sacred rewards
Of the doctrine of life,
We hymn together;
We hymn in simplicity,
The mighty child,
The chorus of peace,
The kindred of Christ,
The race of the temperate;
We will praise together the God of peace."[11]

The eminent biblical scholar Rev. E. H. Plumptre has made an excellent metrical version, which may be helpful in bringing us face to face with the original. We transcribe two stanzas:

"Shepherd of sheep, that own
Their Master on the throne,
Stir up thy children meek
With guileless lips to speak,
In hymn and soul, thy praise.

O King of saints, O Lord!
Mighty, all-conquering Word;
Son of the highest God,
Wielding his wisdom's rod;
Our stay when cares annoy,
Giver of endless joy;
Of all; our mortal race—
Saviour of boundless grace—
O Jesus, hear!
* * * *
Lead us, O Shepherd true!
Thy mystic sheep, we sue.
Lead us, O holy Lord,
Who from thy sons dost ward,
With all-prevailing charm,
Peril and curse and harm;
O path where Christ hath trod;
O way that leads to God;
O word, abiding aye;
O endless light on high,
Mercy's fresh-springing flood,
Worker of all things good;
O glorious life of all
That on their Master call-
Christ Jesus, hear."

But that version of the hymn which is most distinctly lyrical in its character, though it departs very widely from the archaic simplicity of the original, is the one commencing

Shepherd of tender youth. [12]

It was made by the late H. M. Dexter, D.D.,

editor of *The Congregationalist* newspaper, published in Boston. This version is now very widely used, and is met with in most of the leading hymnals both of America and Great Britain. It is of special interest and significance that this oldest of our versified hymns is so full of Christ, and, at the same time, so clear in its recognition of his relation to children. May the singing of it by the churches in this latter day bring us into more perfect sympathy with that Saviour who pronounced upon childhood the benediction which carries in its bosom all blessed possibilities: "Of such is the kingdom of God!"

But the most conspicuous figure in ancient hymnody is that of Ambrose, the famous bishop of Milan and pastor of Monica, the the mother of Augustine. He was a man of unusual breadth and energy of character, and it was given him to achieve a remarkable history. The son of a prominent civil officer, he was himself governor of the province of Milan, and as such was present to keep the peace in a large popular assembly convened to consider the matter of electing a bishop, when, by the

voice of a child, he was himself designated for the office. After what was doubtless a sincere but ineffectual attempt to resist the will of the people in this regard, he was baptized, distributed his property to the poor, and eight days after was inducted into the episcopal office. He performed the duties of this high office with zeal truly apostolic, asserting, as no man had ever done before him, the loving intolerance of Christianity as against heathen religions. Over more than one emperor he exerted a strong, if not absolutely commanding, influence. Theodosius the Great venerated him as father, and openly declared that he was the only bishop worthy of the title. When, in a fit of passion, this same Theodosius inflicted terrible cruelties upon the rebellious Thessalonians, Ambrose refused to admit him to the altar until he had done public penance.

A special interest attaches to Ambrose because of his connection with the personal history of the distinguished Augustine, one of the greatest men of his time or of any time. For thirteen years had Monica carried on her heart the great burden of a wayward son, waiting

upon God in faith and prayer, and ministering to him with maternal patience and tenderness. The stubbornness and rebellion of the young man seemed to mock all her hopes, and she sought refuge and strength in the sympathy of the good Ambrose. With bitter weeping, she poured her solicitude and sorrow into his ear. "Wait," said the man of God, "wait patiently; the child of these tears cannot perish." The event justified the prophecy; for before Monica's star went down the sun of Augustine rose.

Of all the men of the ancient Church the impress of Ambrose upon her hymnody is deepest. Though the tradition which connects his name with the "Te Deum Laudamus" is not to be trusted, yet to him must be accorded the higher honor of having introduced the singing of psalms, and especially antiphonal and responsive singing, in the Western Church. There are about a dozen hymns extant which the Benedictine editors ascribe to Ambrose, besides a very considerable number of the same general character which are designated Ambrosian. They are all remarkable for dig-

nity and simplicity, both in style and structure, and the permanence of their life and wide extent of their influence would seem to indicate that a hymn "when unadorned is adorned the most." Born in the midst of theologic strife, these hymns have served not only as instruments of devotion, but as weapons against heresy, and for fifteen hundred years have been counted among the choice treasures of Christian literature. Among the best of these hymns of Ambrose, in their most approved English translations, are:

Now doth the sun ascend the sky,

translated from the Latin original, which Daniel calls Ambrosian, by the Rev. Edward Caswall; this hymn was chanted by the priesthood, in full choir, at the death-bed of William the Conqueror in A. D. 1087; and

The morning kindles all the sky,[13]

translated by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, the author of the *Schonberg-Cotta Family*. Another version, by Rev. Dr. A. R. Thompson, begins:

The morning purples all the sky.

A third Ambrosian hymn of importance is,

Redeemer of the nations, come.[14]

It is difficult for us fully to appreciate the mission and influence of these ancient hymns. They served not only as channels of devotion, but as witnesses for the truth and as safeguards against error. The testimony which Augustine himself gives as to the influence of the church music on his heart may well be taken as truthfully illustrative of the value of this feature of public religious service. "The hymns and songs of thy Church moved my soul intensely. Thy truth was distilled by them into my heart. The flame of piety was kindled, and my tears flowed for joy."[15] This practice of singing had been of no long standing at Milan. It began about the year when Justina persecuted Ambrose (A. D. 386). The pious people watched in the church, prepared to die with their pastor. Augustine's mother sustained an eminent part in watching and praying. Then hymns and psalms, after the manner of the East, were sung with a view of preserving the people from weariness; and thence the custom spread through the Christian churches.[16]

CHAPTER III.

EARLIER MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

FROM the testimony of Augustine, quoted at the close of the preceding chapter, we are led to understand that hymns and music were all the time coming into greater prominence in the services of the Church. As was therefore to be expected, the number of hymns representing the mediæval period of Christian history, which, in round numbers, may be taken as extending from the close of the fifth century to the close of the fifteenth (500–1500), is many times greater than those representing the ancient Church. At the beginning of the sixth century it is doubtful if there were in all one hundred Christian hymns in addition to the Jewish psalms, which were then doubtless widely used. When Luther arose it is estimated that there were at least one thousand. As compared with those of the ancient Church mediæval hymns are less extensive but more intensive. They comprehend less, but ex-

press more, and so are more likely to be used with loving interest. As was to be expected, the development of church life continually tended to more elaborate and impressive ceremonial, and hence church music seems to have undergone a process of rapid development. Hymns began to appear in greater numbers, and were appropriated to a greater variety of ecclesiastical uses. But they came very widely to be regarded as intended mainly for public service, the exclusive property of the church and choir. Hence, instead of simple lyrical effusions, as were many of the Jewish psalms, suited to the individual, the family, and childhood, we recognize a tendency to make the hymn a stately and formal matter, fitted to hold a place in grand and impressive church ceremonials. In the earlier part of this mediæval period we find the hymns clustering about the person and offices of Jesus Christ and of the Holy Ghost; but in the latter part of this period some of the most famous—such, for instance, as the "Celestial Country" and the "Dies Iræ"—look forward to the second advent and the future life, though others were

devoted to the praise of saints and the celebration of relics. But in all this period, as well as in the preceding, the hymns which have become universal and permanent are those which express, in directest and simplest manner, the deep aspirations of the devout heart for salvation and life through the offices of the Saviour and the power of the Holy Ghost. Bernard's "O sacred head, now wounded," Gregory's "Veni, Creator Spiritus," King Robert's "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," and the "Veni, Redemptor Gentium" of Ambrose are illustrations in point.

The earliest of these mediæval hymns which have come to a wide celebrity were written by Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian gentleman, scholar, priest, and finally bishop, who was born about A. D. 530, and died A. D. 609. As in many other instances, these songs are more famous than the singer. Indeed, it is not probable that his name would have come down to these later Christian centuries had it not been made illustrious by his justly celebrated hymns. That hymn of his called from its opening words "Vexilla Regis Prodeunt"

has been pronounced by Dr. John Mason Neale "one of the grandest in the treasury of the Latin Church." It was composed to celebrate the reception of certain relics by his patroness and friend Queen Radegund, and Gregory, Bishop of Tours, previous to the consecration of the church at Poictiers. It came at once to be used as a processional hymn, and, from the character of the theme, in those services of the Church devoted to the memory of our Saviour's passion and death.[17] Several English versions of this hymn have been made, among the best of which is one by Rev. John Chandler:

The royal banner is unfurled;

and one by Dr. John Mason Neale:

The royal banners forward go.

Of these the first is best suited for general use as a hymn, though the second represents the original more faithfully and vividly.

There is another hymn of Fortunatus—"Salve Festa Dies"—some of the associations of which are still more notable. It was the most widely used of all the processional hymns

during the Middle Ages. It was sung by Jerome of Prague in the midst of his dying agonies. Cranmer translated it into English, and wrote a letter to King Henry VIII. requesting its formal authorization for use in the churches, together with other similar hymns and litanies. This translation of Cranmer has been lost, but the letter is still preserved among the state papers of Great Britain. Several English versions of this hymn have been made, one of the best of which is that commencing

Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.[18]

Contemporary with Fortunatus was Gregory the Great, born of a noble family in Rome about 550, and dying 604—a man equaled by no other of his time and by very few of any time. A monument of his relation to church music is the Gregorian chant, which places him not by the side of Ambrose in this regard, but clearly above him. This was intended for the choir and the people to sing in unison. It is one of the many interesting facts connecting the name of Gregory with Great Britain that the first attempt to intro-

duce this chant into the churches resulted in a tumult in which many lives were lost.

Another of the most interesting associations of Gregory with English-speaking peoples is through the great hymn which is prevailingly ascribed to him, "Veni, Creator Spiritus." By many this hymn has been attributed to Charlemagne, but by most, and with better reason, to Gregory.[19] No other hymn has had more honorable recognition in the services of both the Catholic and Protestant divisions of the Church. It has been used at the coronation of kings, the creation of popes, the consecration of bishops, the opening of synods and conferences, and the ordination of ministers. After the Reformation it was one of the first hymns translated into both German and English, and has doubtless in these versions come to its best and most spiritual uses. Bishop Cosin's English version was introduced into the Book of Common Prayer in 1662, and later into the Methodist Discipline, the ordinal of which was taken substantially from the English prayer-book. At no point in the services of either the Episcopal

or Methodist Church is the effect more impressive than when, after the solemn hush of silent prayer, the bishop and clergy take up responsively,

> "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
> *And lighten with celestial fire*," etc.

On account of a slight irregularity in the meter of the last two lines this version of Bishop Cosin is not found in many of the hymn-books, though it has very properly been given a place in the Methodist Hymnal. Many other versions of this hymn into English have been made, most of them within the last half century. One of the best is that commencing

> O come, Creator, Spirit blest!

Still another hymn of Gregory, translated by Ray Palmer, is found in recent collections:

> O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord!

With Gregory's "Veni, Creator Spiritus" should be associated one of somewhat later date, but almost equally notable in character and history; namely, the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," which has been pronounced by an emi-

nent authority "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin poetry." Its author was Robert II., King of France, who was born 972, came to the throne 997, and died in 1031. We know little of his life; but it has been well said that if we knew nothing the hymn itself gives evidence of having been composed by one "acquainted with many sorrows and also with many consolations." Of the former, the history of the troublous times in which the king lived is sufficient proof; of the latter, the hymn is sweetly expressive. The king was a great lover of music, and used sometimes to go to the church of St. Denis and take direction of the choir at matins and vespers, and sing with the monks. It is said by Dean Trench that some of his musical as well as hymnic compositions still hold their place in the services of the Catholic Church. The extraordinary perfection of the hymn "Veni, Sancte Spiritus" has made it exceedingly difficult to produce a satisfactory version.

Of the many excellent versions of this precious hymn, that of Ray Palmer is one of the

best and most musical, though it departs from the very simple measure of the original:

Come, Holy Ghost, in love.[20]

Two hymnists of lesser note stand about midway between Gregory the Great and King Robert; namely, Andrew of Crete, who was born about 660 and died in 732, and John of Damascus, who died about a half century later. Both were born in that oldest of cities, Damascus, which, from the time of Abraham, has stood forth, always with distinctness and sometimes with commanding influence, in the history of the world. The former, in his later years, was Archbishop of Crete. He participated in the monothelite controversy, which even then agitated the Church in some localities, at first giving his influence in favor of this heresy, but afterward strongly against it. One of the best known of the hymns from his pen which are still retained by the Churches is that commencing

Christian, dost thou see them?[21]

The original was written for use in the second week of the great fast of Lent, and this fact is

very clearly reflected in the hymn itself. The translation is by Dr. Neale. One other hymn of similar character, from this same author, has found a place in some modern hymn-books:

O the mystery passing wonder.

More interest attaches to the personal history of John of Damascus, as he is also more eminent as a hymn-writer. Born at Damascus, he was for some years a priest in Jerusalem, where he also held an important civil office under the caliph. He was an accomplished scholar, and entered into the theological controversies of his time with great zeal and eloquence. But as many another has done, he held "the unsheathed sword of controversy until its glittering point drew down the lightning." He retired from the lists, and spent the last years of his life in literary and religious exercises in a convent between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. He has been called the greatest poet among the Greek fathers, as he is also the last. His best known hymn,

The day of resurrection,[22]

was written as a hymn of victory, and was "sung at the first hour of Easter morning, when, amid general exultation, the people were shouting, 'Christ is risen.'" Its intrinsic excellence is only equaled by its appropriateness to the soul-stirring occasion. "Of the many hymns of the Church which celebrate the resurrection, perhaps no other one in common use was written so near the very spot where this crowning miracle of our holy religion actually occurred."

St. Joseph of the Studium, born in the island of Sicily 808, and dying 883, is represented in our modern collections by several hymns.

The most popular of his hymns is the one commencing

O happy band of pilgrims.

The version is by Dr. Neale, and is a general favorite—a bright and joyous Christian hymn. Joseph was early driven from his native island to Thessalonica, where he was first a monk and ultimately an archbishop; but in consequence of the fierce iconoclastic persecution, was

obliged to betake himself to the covert of the Western Church. Later he was taken by pirates, and enslaved in the island of Crete; but it is said of him that he "made use of his captivity to bring his captors in subjection to the faith." Afterward he betook himself to Rome, from which place he went into exile with his friend Photius. Recalled from this, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and wrote many hymns, most of which, however, being in praise of saints, are little known.

In this general period of Christian history lived that man who may rightly be designated the illustrious leader of the most of hymn-writers in our own language—the Venerable Bede. Few men of this period stand so fully commended to our attention and our admiration. Noble in character, profound in scholarship, unwearied in labors, wise and zealous in his devotion to the Church, he was a man to be both revered and loved. It is said of him that he took great delight in the singing of hymns, and in his last sickness, when his asthma prevented his sleeping, he was wont to solace himself in this way. Among the hymns for

which the modern Church is indebted to Bede are:

The great forerunner of the morn.

A hymn of glory let us sing.

A hymn for martyrs sweetly sing.

This last is perhaps the best known. It was inserted in the earlier editions of the *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, the version being changed from that of Dr. Neale. The original has stanzas of eight lines, each of which begins and ends with the same line. To illustrate, we transcribe two stanzas:

"Fear not, O little flock and blest,
The lion that your life oppressed;
To heavenly pastures ever new
The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you;
Who, dwelling now on Zion's hill,
The Lamb's dear footsteps follow still;
By tyrant there no more distressed,
Fear not, O little flock and blest.

* * * * *

And every tear is wiped away
By your dear Father's hand for aye;
Death hath no power to hurt you more
Whose own is life's eternal shore.

Who sow their seed, and sowing weep,
In everlasting joy shall reap,
What time they shine in heavenly day,
And every tear is wiped away."

Another of these hymns shows still more power of lyrical expression, and is not unsuited for use in the congregations:

"A hymn of glory let us sing;
New hymns throughout the world shall ring;
By a new way none ever trod
Christ mounted to the throne of God.

"The apostles on the mountain stand,
The mystic mount in holy land;
They, with the virgin mother, see
Jesus ascend in majesty.

"The angels say to the eleven,
Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
This is the Saviour, this is he;
Jesus hath triumphed gloriously.

"They said the Lord should come again,
As these beheld him rising then,
Calm, soaring through the radiant sky,
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

"May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee, reigning in the heavens, we own!"

CHAPTER IV.

LATER MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

IN a desolate region near the river Seine, in the north easterly part of France, is a wild valley inclosed by mountains, which in the eleventh century was a nest of robbers, and for that reason was called "The Valley of Wormwood;" but after the banditti were driven out it was called *Clairvaux*—"Clear Valley." Here, in 1115, was established a monastery of the Cistercian Order, with a young man of twenty-four as abbot, famous in history as Bernard of Clairvaux. So magical was his influence that speedily this sterile valley became one of the great centers of power for all Europe, rivaling even Rome itself. From it were sent out missionaries to all parts of France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, England, Ireland, Denmark, and Sweden for the establishment of new monasteries, or the reformation of old ones; so that at the time of Bernard's death, thirty-seven years later, there

were no less than one hundred and sixty monasteries which had been formed under his influence.

Bernard was born in a small town in Burgundy in the year 1091, and was educated at the University of Paris. His father was a knight, his mother a saint. To this superior woman, as to the mothers of Augustine and the Wesleys, must be attributed much of the strength of character exhibited by her remarkable son. She brought all her children—seven sons and a daughter—as soon as they saw the light, to the altar, that she might solemnly consecrate them to God; which consecration she followed up by wise, tender, patient, and loving instruction. As a result, strong religious impressions were early made upon the mind of Bernard, who was the third of her sons, and after his mother's death they matured into his taking the vows of monastic devotion.

Bernard was altogether the grandest man of this dark time. Luther calls him "the best monk that ever lived." In his personal influence he was mightier than kings or popes, and

was often the chosen and trusted counselor of both. He was repeatedly sought as bishop for influential centers in the Church, but steadily refused all ecclesiastical preferment.

What distinguished Bernard above all other men of his time, and most men of all time, was the union in his character of a piety singularly ardent and spiritual with transcendent administrative ability. Almost the only man fully worthy to be compared with him in this regard is John Wesley. He was both contemplative and practical. He felt the full power of the forces of the invisible world, and under their pressure he brought to bear upon the outward world a many-sided activity. He felt himself to be in the world on God's errand. "I must," he says, "whether willing or unwilling, live for him who has acquired a property in my life by giving up his own for me." "To whom am I more bound to live than to him whose death is the cause of my living? To whom can I devote my life with greater advantage than to him who promises me the life eternal? To whom with greater necessity than to him who threatens the everlasting fire?

But I serve him with freedom, since love brings freedom. To this, dear brethren, I invite you. Serve in that love which casteth out fear, feels no toils, thinks of no merit, asks no reward, and yet carries with it a mightier constraint than all things else." In such words as these do we see the secret of his wonderful and sublime life.

Seven poems from the pen of Bernard have been preserved; but most of his hymns which are in use are from one of these—different versions of different parts. The best known of these hymns are:

O sacred head now wounded.

Of Him who did salvation bring.

We sinners, Lord, with earnest heart.

Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts.

Jesus, the very thought of thee.

O Jesus, King most wonderful.

O Jesus, thou the beauty art.[23]

The first of these is the most famous, and indeed one of the most distinguished of all mediæval hymns. In its present form it is a

translation of a translation, and hence is, in a special sense, a monument of the unity of the Christian Church. Its first translator into German, and in some sense co-author, was that prince of German hymnists, Paul Gerhardt; while the translator into English was the distinguished American Presbyterian, Dr. James W. Alexander. In this version the hymn is adopted in most English hymnals of recent date; the only ones showing any disposition to pass it by being those of the so-called liberalistic faith, it being unacceptable in them because of the prominence it gives to the death of Christ. Dr. Philip Schaff says: "This classical hymn has shown an imperishable vitality in passing from the Latin into the German and from the German into the English, and proclaiming in three tongues, and in the name of three confessions—the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed—with equal effect, the dying love of our Saviour and our boundless indebtedness to him." It was this hymn which the missionary Schwartz sang, literally with his dying breath. Indeed he was thought to be already dead, and his friend and

fellow-laborer, Gericke, with several of the native Tamil converts, began to chant over his lifeless remains this hymn of Bernard, which had been translated in Tamil, and was a special favorite with Schwartz. The first verse was finished without any sign of recognition, or even of life, from the still form before them; but when the last clause was over, the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death took up the second stanza of the hymn, completed it with distinct and articulate utterance, and then was heard no more. His spirit had risen on this hymn into the society of angels and the presence of God.

By an eminent authority Adam of St. Victor is pronounced "the greatest of the Latin hymnologists of the Middle Ages." So little is known of his personal history that it is still a matter of uncertainty whether he was born in the island of Great Britain or in Brittany in France, though probably the latter. He pursued his studies at Paris, and his works show him to have been a man of thorough literary and theological culture. He was contemporary with Bernard of Clairvaux, but seems to have

outlived him by at least a quarter of a century. He was the most prolific as well as elegant hymn-writer of the mediæval period, leaving behind him about one hundred hymns, of which at least one half are of acknowledged excellence. As often happens, however, his hymns have a special charm and subtlety which seem almost indissolubly connected with the language in which they were written, and so have baffled the translators. Very few of them have come into our own language in a form which either does justice to the original, or is well suited for use in public worship. Miller, in his *Singers and Songs of the Church*, quotes two from the *People's Hymnal:*

> The Church on earth with answering love.
>
> The praises that the blessed know.

The famous hymns of this period are "The Celestial Country," the "Stabat Mater," and the "Dies Iræ;" which have been pronounced, and in the order given, the most beautiful, the most pathetic, and the most sublime of mediæval poems.

The author of the first was Bernard of

Cluny, of whom we know almost nothing save the name, and that he lived in the first half of the twelfth century. Even the place of his birth is a matter of uncertainty, most authorities placing it in Morlaix, in Bretagne; others in Morlas, in the Pyrenees Mountains, while one author gives his birthplace to England, and classes him with her illustrious writers.

Bernard's great poem—"De Contemptu Mundi"—contains three thousand lines, written in a meter so difficult as to give color to the claim of the author that he could never have written without the special help and inspiration of God. Each line in the original consists of three parts, the first two of which rhyme with each other, while the lines themselves are in couplets of double rhyme. The music of the original is easily recognized, even by those who are not familiar with the Latin tongue:

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima, sunt vigilemus
Ecce minaciter, imminet arbiter, ille supremus,
Imminet, imminet, et mala terminet æqua coronet
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet." [24]

A portion of this poem was translated a few

years since by Dr. Neale, and given to the public under this title—"The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country"—from which version have been taken the hymns in common use from Bernard. These are:

The world is very evil.

Brief life is here our portion.

For thee, O dear, dear country.

Jerusalem, the golden.

The editor of *The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church* calls this last poem "a description of the celestial land, more beautiful than ever before was wrought out in verse." "The hymn of this heavenly monk," says Christophers, "has found its way into the hearts of all Christians, and into the choirs and public services of all Christian churches." Perhaps no other hymns on heaven are more widely used, or more strictly ecumenical, than those which have been made from this poem. It may not be without interest to read the testimony of the author of the version as to the music to which these words should be sung:

"I have been so often asked to what tune the words of Bernard should be sung that I may here mention that of Mr. Ewing, the earliest written, the best known, and, with children, the most popular; that of my friend, the Rev. H. L. Jenner, perhaps the most ecclesiastical; and that of another friend, Mr. Edmund Sedding, which, to my mind, best expresses the meaning of the words." Of these the tune Ewing is in common use in the American churches, and is certainly fully deserving of the honor of being permanently associated with "Jerusalem, the golden."

The "Stabat Mater" was written a hundred years later by Jacobus de Benedictus, a man of a noble Italian family, and a jurist of eminent distinction. Broken-hearted at the death of his wife—who lost her life by an accident at a theater—he renounced the world to join the order of St. Francis, seeking by self-inflicted physical tortures to chastise his soul into submission and peace. It is also related, though this has been questioned, that his sorrows drove him to insanity and death.

The hymn is characterized in a pre-eminent

degree by tenderness and pathos; in these regards surpassing all other hymns of the Latin Church. One of the best translations of it is that made by our own distinguished scholar and statesman, the late General John A. Dix, ex-Governor of the State of New York.

We quote a few lines of this version, which is faithful and felicitous in diction and measure: [25]

"Near the cross the Saviour bearing
Stood the mother lone, despairing,
Bitter tears down-falling fast;
Wearied was her heart with grieving,
Worn her breast with sorrow heaving,
Through her soul the sword had passed.

"Ah! how sad and broken-hearted
Was that blessed mother, parted
From the God-begotten One;
How her loving heart did languish,
When she saw the mortal anguish
Which o'erwhelmed her peerless Son!

"Who could witness, without weeping,
Such a flood of sorrow sweeping
O'er the stricken mother's breast?
Who contemplate, without being
Moved to kindred grief by seeing,
Son and mother thus oppressed?

"For our sins she saw him bending,
And the cruel lash descending
On his body stripped and bare;
Saw her own dear Jesus dying,
Heard his spirit's last outcrying,
Sharp with anguish and despair.

"Gentle mother, love's pure fuuntain!
Cast, O cast on me the mountain
Of thy grief, that I may weep;
Let my heart, with ardor burning,
Christ's unbounded love returning,
His rich favor win and keep."

There is a companion hymn to this, written by the same author, which has but recently been brought to the attention of the Christian public.[26] It is called the "Mater Speciosa," as might the other be called the "Mater Dolorosa." From the oblivion of centuries it has been rescued by editors and translators of the present generation, Dr. Neale having given his English version of this hymn to the public in 1866. As the "Stabat Mater" represents Mary standing at the cross, the "Mater Speciosa" represents her by the manger. As, therefore, the first is a hymn for Good Friday, the latter is a Christmas hymn of singular del-

icacy, beauty, and warmth of feeling. We quote a part of Dr. Neale's version:

"Full of beauty stood the mother
By the manger, blest o'er other,
Where her little one she lays;
For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation,
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

"O! what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed mother, kneeling
By the sole-begotten One!
How, her heart with laughter bounding,
She beheld the work astounding,
Saw his birth—the glorious Son!

* * * * * *

"Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the stranger,
In the great joy-bearing part;
Stood the old man with the maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

"Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathize with thee;
Let me raise my heart's devotion
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be"

But the great hymn of this period, and of all

periods, is the "Dies Iræ." It is commonly attributed to a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century—Thomas of Celano—but the evidence as to the identity of the author is by no means conclusive. Thomas was a personal friend as well as pupil of St. Francis, and was selected by Pope Gregory to write his life. His native home was in a small town in the kingdom of Naples; but so little is known of him that not even the dates of his birth and death can be accurately given. In truth, then, this great hymn may be fitly characterized as "a solemn strain, sung by an invisible singer." "There is a hush in the great choral service of the universal Church, when suddenly, we scarcely know whence, a single voice, low and trembling, breaks the silence; so low and grave that it seems to deepen the stillness, yet so clear and deep that its softest tones are heard throughout Christendom and vibrate through every heart—grand and echoing as an organ, yet homely and human, as if the words were spoken rather than sung. And through the listening multitudes solemnly that melody flows on, sung not to the multi-

tudes, but 'to the Lord,' and therefore carrying with it the hearts of men, till the singer is no more solitary; but the self-same, tearful, solemn strain pours from the lips of the whole Church as if from one voice, and yet each one sings as if alone to God."

The hymn has been a force in the world of letters as well as that of religious thought and experience. It has passed into upward of two hundred translations, and has called forth the admiration of the most eminent scholars. The sturdy Dr. Johnson confessed, with Sir Walter Scott, that he could not recite it without tears. Mozart made it the basis of his celebrated requiem, and became so intensely excited by the theme as to hasten his own death. With what power do those few stanzas burst upon us in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel!"—

"Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead,
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song—

'Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla;'
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung:

"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, shriveling like a parchèd 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 wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

This version by Sir Walter Scott is not strictly a translation, nor yet an imitation, but rather one of the many echoes which the "Dies Iræ" has awakened in the literature of the world. It is, however, faithful to the spirit of the original, and of remarkable power. The hold which it had on the mind of its eminent author was shown by his frequent repetition of it in the delirium of his final illness.

As already stated, the versions of this hymn may be counted by the hundred. A single author collected about eighty versions into the German language alone. A large number of excellent versions have been made into our own language by Irons, Coles, Earl Roscommon, Crashaw, Stanley, General Dix, and others. Several of these are of marked excellence; but that of Dean Stanley has some advantages for being set to music, while it is at the same time very faithful as a translation. The opening line of this version is:

Day of wrath! O dreadful day!

The version of Dr. Irons will, however, be thought by many to represent more vividly the spirit of the original, though the meter is such as to make it very difficult to find music for it adapted to the ordinary use of a congregation. From this version we transcribe:

"Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See! once more the cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

"O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

"Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!

"Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

"Lo! the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded!

"What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

"Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion!"

About a century earlier dates the more joyous but less famous counterpart of the "Dies Iræ," known as the "Dies Illa." Its author is unknown. It is well represented in the excellent version of Mrs. Charles:

Lo! the day, the day of life!

CHAPTER V.

HYMNS FROM GERMAN AUTHORS.

"THE hymns of Germany have been her true national liturgy. In England the worship of the Reformed Church was linked to that of past ages by the Prayer-book; in Germany by the hymn-book." We can mark some connections between the hymns and music of the Middle Ages and the psalmody of the German Church, showing the steps by which the one passed over into the other.

The humble beginnings of German hymnology, which have come to a development so marvelously rich, were made in the ninth century. In the time of Charlemagne the only part which the people were allowed to take in the services of the church was to chant the "Kyrie Eleison" in the litany, and that only on extraordinary occasions, such as the great feasts, processions, and the consecration of churches. But in Germany during the following century short verses in the vernacular were introduced

at such times, of which the refrain was "Kyrie Eleison," and this was the beginning of hymnody in the German language. The oldest German Easter hymn dates from the twelfth century. The Latin hymn, "In the midst of life," one sentence of which stands in the English Prayer-book in the order for the burial of the dead, and is said actually to have been taken by Robert Hall as a text for the preparation of a sermon, under the impression that it was a sentence of holy Scripture, was written by Notker, a learned Benedictine, near the beginning of the tenth century. It was suggested to him as he was watching some workmen who were building the bridge of Martinsburg at the peril of their lives. The hymn attained to a wonderful celebrity, and was even used as a battle-song, until finally its use in this way was forbidden on account of its being supposed to exercise a magical influence. It was early translated into German, and this version formed a part of the service for the burial of the dead as early as the thirteenth century.

The Flagellant fanaticism exerted an impor-

tant influence in fostering and establishing the practice of singing hymns in the vernacular of the people. Processions of these pious pilgrims would go through the towns and cities singing hymns and chants which found ready access to the hearts of the people, and became a very influential factor in this extraordinary movement. The great Hussite movement, which stirred the Church more profoundly and interested some of the most cultured and spiritual men of the fifteenth century, gave new impetus and dignity to this tendency, so that really useful popular hymns were originated. In 1504 a considerable volume of hymns, which had been in use among the "Bohemian Brethren," was published by Lucas, one of their bishops. In the fifteenth century German hymns came to be used in special services and solemnities of the Church, and, in some cases, even at the principal service and at mass. Mixed hymns, half Latin and half German, also contributed their influence to breaking down the barrier between the learned clergy and the common people, and also between the Church and the home. Translations and adap-

tations of the old Latin hymns now begin to appear. In this later mediæval period, too, we mark for the first time a type of hymn which has too often since then re-appeared, and sometimes in forms peculiarly shocking and profane. Secular and love songs were, by slight changes, appropriated to religious uses, carrying the original melody with them into the service of religion.

But it was reserved for the Church of the Reformation to show the true office of the hymn and to illustrate its character. As the warmth of spring releases the streams from their icy fetters, and calls back again their rippling melodies, so did the light and warmth of the Reformation era bring back into the homes and hearts of the people their long-lost music. This is illustrated in the sudden and extraordinary multiplication of hymns, and the great variety of uses to which they were appropriated. When Luther arose there were not, so far as can now be told, more than one thousand hymns in the entire Church; now there are more than one hundred thousand. Then the hymn was something grand, formal,

artistic, suited for liturgical use, the peculiar and exclusive property of the priest, the choir, and the temple; now the Church is beginning to learn that the whole universe is set to music; that the echoes of the "morning stars" are always resounding in our air; that wherever there is a worshiper there may be, and ought to be, a hymn. As the earliest Christian hymn whose author can be identified is suited especially to childhood and the life of the home; as the "Magnificat" and the "Nunc Dimittis" were primarily private and personal rather than public and liturgical; as the psalms of the Jews touch upon all conditions of their life, many of them seeming to be for the household or the individual rather than the great assembly, so again hymns became the liturgy of the people, and the words of joyous, holy song shook the world.

Martin Luther was so passionately fond of music that it used to be said of him that his soul could find its fullest expression only through his flute amid tears. "Music," said he, "is one of the most beautiful and noble gifts of God. It is the best solace to a man in

sorrow; it quiets, quickens, and refreshes the heart. I give music the next place and the highest honor after theology." A similar testimony he bears also to poetry, confessing that he has been "more influenced and delighted by poetry than by the most eloquent oration of Cicero or Demosthenes." His enemies said of him that he did more harm by his hymns than by his sermons; and Coleridge says "he did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible." Thirty-seven of Luther's hymns have been preserved, some of them being versions of the Hebrew psalms, others versions of the old Latin hymns, while still others are original both as to form and subject-matter. The earliest of these is believed to be that one the English version of which commences,

Flung to the heedless winds,[27]

which was called forth by the martyrdom of two young Christian monks, who were burnt alive at Brussels. Interpreted by such an event, it is a sublime and characteristic testimony to the same faith which is so resplendent in Luther's entire history. But his great

hymn, and perhaps, taken all in all, his most characteristic production, is that commencing "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—"A strong tower is our God." Rough and rugged, full of strength, but with little beauty, it is eminently worthy of him whose very words were half battles. It was composed at the time when the evangelical princes delivered their protest at the second Diet of Spires, in 1529, from which event the name "Protestant" had its origin. The hymn at once became one of the watchwords of the Reformation, as it has since come to be regarded the national hymn of Germany. After Luther's death, one day Melanchthon was at Weimar, with his banished friends Jonas and Creuziger, and heard a little girl singing this hymn in the street. "Sing on, my little maid," said he; "you little know what famous people you comfort."

One of the very best of the many English versions of this hymn is that by Rev. Dr. Hedge, commencing

A mighty fortress is our God.[28]

Even more characteristic is Carlyle's version:

A safe stronghold our God is still.

This hymn has had a notable history. As its origin was coincident with the Protestant name, so it has ever been regarded as one of the great representative hymns of the Protestant Church. It was sung by that noble Christian hero Gustavus Adolphus on the morning of the day on which he sealed his fidelity to God with his blood.

The hymn of Gustavus Adolphus[29] is, in many regards, more perfect and better suited for ordinary use than that of Luther. It seems to have come from the royal author whose name it bears, but in what precise form cannot now be determined. It has, however, been conjectured that the substance of it, and perhaps much of the language, was written by Gustavus, and that his chaplain, Fabricius, threw it into its perfect metrical form; but it cannot now be determined whether the original was in Swedish or German, though, as representing the king himself, the former would seem to have special interest. There are few better hymns of Christian trust and courage than this. A community in our own land, on that terrible Monday when we learned of the

disastrous defeat at Bull Run, found in this old battle-hymn words adapted to the trying emergency:

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour."

The Hussite movement was represented in the fifteenth century by the "Bohemian Brethren," and among these Christians, even before Luther arose, a very considerable psalmody was developed. This was one important source of the hymnody of the Lutherans. Both in doctrine and life the Church of the Reformation was not a little indebted to such "reformers before the Reformation" as Huss and Jerome.

Rev. Michael Weisse (died 1540), a German minister in Bohemia, translated many of the Bohemian hymns and added some of his own. The first line of the hymn by which he is represented in many modern collections is,

Christ the Lord is risen again.

Rev. Bartholomew Ringwaldt was born at

Frankfort-on-the-Oder in 1530, spent his life as a Lutheran pastor at Langfeld, in Prussia, and died in 1598. Many of his hymns were born of the sufferings which he and his people endured from "famine, pestilence, fire, and floods." The hymn

Great God, what do I see and hear?

was suggested by that greatest of hymns the "Dies Iræ." It has marked power, though it must be confessed that the meter of the English version is not well suited to the dignity and solemnity of the theme.

Contemporary with Ringwaldt was the Rev. Martin Boehme (Behemb) (1537–1621), author of the very beautiful and comprehensive hymn which Miss Winkworth has translated, "Lord Jesus Christ, my life, my light."

Rev. George Weiszel (1590-1635), the author of the hymn translated by Miss Winkworth, "Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates," was born at Donnau, in Prussia, and spent the last year of his life as pastor at Königsberg. The hymn above mentioned exhibits rare felicity in lyric expression, and we are well prepared to believe that his influence may be traced in

the more numerous hymns of his junior contemporary in Königsberg, Professor Simon Bach (died 1658), who composed one hundred and fifty hymns and religious poems.

What Luther was among the singers of the Reformation era such was Paul Gerhardt (1606–1670) in the period of the Thirty Years' War. Indeed, as a writer of hymns he decidedly outranks his great master and leader. Luther is represented in the world of song by thirty-seven hymns. But very few of these are now used, especially outside of Germany. Gerhardt is represented by one hundred and twenty-three hymns, some of which are among the most spiritual and most ecumenical of modern hymns. Some of the choicest hymns of John Wesley are translated from this older master, who, in a higher sense than Wesley, "learned by suffering what he taught in song." Among the hymns in common use are:

O sacred head now wounded.

Extended on a cursed tree.

Here I can firmly rest.

Jesus, thy boundless love to me.

Commit thou all thy griefs.

Give to the winds thy fears.

Gerhardt has been called "the prince of German hymn-writers." His hymns have penetrated all ranks of society, and into the company of all classes of worshipers, and are eminently songs of the heart. The mother of the eminent German poet Schiller taught them to her child, and some of them continued to be favorites with him during his life. Doubtless these hymns must be recognized as one factor, and it may be a very important factor, in the education of him who has been pronounced, next to Goethe, the greatest poet of Germany.

The excellent hymn-version of the Creed,

We all believe in one true God,

one of the most perfect compositions of the kind ever written, and specially suited for use on sacramental occasions and fellowship and covenant meetings, was written by Rev. Tobiah Clausnitzer (1619–1684). He was educated at Leipsic, was sometime chaplain of the Swedish forces during the "Thirty Years'

War," and was finally settled as pastor in the Palatinate.

Few hymn-writers of the eighteenth century stand so eminent as scholar, preacher, and poet as Johann Andreas Rothe (1688–1758). For many years he was intimately associated with the famous Count Zinzendorf, and pastor at the scarcely less celebrated Herrnhut. He wrote a learned work on the Hebrew Bible. To his power as a preacher Count Zinzendorf bears most emphatic testimony: "The talents of Luther, Spener, Francke, and Schwedler were united in him." Some of the count's hymns were dedicated to him, and he dedicated to the count his own best-known hymn—

Now I have found the ground wherein.

This hymn is specially dear to Methodists, not only because of its superior merit, but also because of the wealth of associations which cluster about it. It represents the Moravians, who, under God, were instrumental in bringing the Wesleys into spiritual life and liberty. It was translated by John Wesley, whose best work in hymnology consisted in bringing the

precious spiritual hymns of the Germans into the English language, thus making them accessible to the multitudes of which he became the spiritual leader. Almost the last words of Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, were two lines from the second verse of this hymn:

> "While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
> Mercy—free, boundless mercy—cries."

Few hymns in any language are so full of devout and tender expression as those of Benjamin Schmolke (1672–1737). His father was a clergyman. Benevolent friends assisted him to enter upon his studies in the University of Leipsic, but he was soon able to do something toward defraying his own expenses by publishing some of his earlier poems. The whole number of hymns written by him was more than one thousand. As Rist said of himself, so might Schmolke say: "The dear cross has pressed many songs out of me." He was the subject of severe and extraordinary personal afflictions. A destructive conflagration, which destroyed half the town in which he lived, involving the people in great suffering, the loss of two of his children by

death, his own hopeless invalidism by paralysis, and finally his total blindness from the same cause, were the dark background with which contrasts the radiant glory of such words of resignation and trust as

"My Jesus, as thou wilt!
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done."

The best known hymns of Schmolke are:

Welcome, thou Victor in the strife.

My Jesus, as thou wilt.

The great poet in the Mystical School in German hymnology was Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1761). From Catherine Winkworth's *Christian Singers of Germany* we condense the following account of this most remarkable and interesting man. He was the son of a respectable tradesman, and after such education as he could get at the grammar-school of his native place, was apprenticed to his elder brother, a shopkeeper at Muelheim.

Here, under the influence of a tradesman, he was converted, and was led to devote himself to the service of God. As his days were occupied, he used sometimes to pass whole nights in prayer and fasting. That he might have more freedom for spiritual exercises, he left his brother, and took up the occupation of weaving silk ribbons, living for some years entirely alone in a cottage, except that in the day-time he had the company of the little girl who wound his silk for him. His relations—who seem to have been a thriving and money-getting set of people—were so ashamed of this poor and peculiar member of the family that they refused even to hear his name mentioned, and when he was sick he suffered great privations for want of care.

His spiritual experiences were at first marked by violent contrasts. Upon the peace and comfort of his early Christian life a season of darkness supervened, and for five years he was the subject of extreme and painful doubts. From this fearful dungeon in "Doubting Castle" he was suddenly and gloriously delivered, and in his gratitude wrote with his own blood

a new covenant of self-dedication. He began at once to devote himself to the spiritual welfare of those about him. Soon he found himself entirely occupied with a sort of unofficial ministry, which speedily took permanent form and became his life-work. Peremptorily declining all pecuniary assistance, he opened a dispensary for his support, making it a means of ministering to the souls as well as the bodies of men. So famous did he become in this double ministry that people came to him from other lands—England, Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland—so that he found his strength and resources taxed to their utmost. But amid it all he maintained an unvarying humility, affectionateness, devoutness, and simplicity.

From such a life none but the most spiritual hymns could come, and Tersteegen's are highly and justly prized. Among them are:

Lo! God is here! Let us adore.

God calling yet! Shall I not hear?

Thou hidden love of God, whose height.

O Thou to whose all-searching sight.

Though all the world my choice deride.

Two famous Moravians, both bishops, made very material contributions to the hymnology of this period—Count Zinzendorf and Bishop Spangenberg. The history of Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf (1700–1760) is too well known to require any sketch of it here. In an eminent sense he stands in church history and in hymnology as a representative Moravian, having renounced his civil honors and cares to devote himself to the religious work of the Moravian Brethren. The hymns[30] by which he is best known are all in versions made by John Wesley:

Eternal depth of love divine.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God.

The last of these is very familiar and very precious to all who look to Wesley as their spiritual father. The second was written on the island of Saint Eustatius on his return from visiting the Moravian missionaries in the West Indies.

Bishop Aug. Gottlieb Spangenberg (1704–1792) is second only to Count Zinzendorf him-

self in the history of the Moravian Church, and was greatly his superior in theological culture. In 1735 he became an assistant of Zinzendorf at Herrnhut, and acted as a kind of missionary bishop to the Moravian churches in England, the West Indies, and North America. In Georgia he came in contact with John Wesley, who had gone out with Oglethorpe as a missionary to the Aborigines. The meeting was a most memorable one for Wesley, and was one important means of bringing him to a realizing sense of his great want.

This good bishop is represented in English hymnology by John Wesley's version of one of his very choicest hymns, such as indeed a bishop might write:

High on his everlasting throne.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLIER ENGLISH HYMNS.

IN many important particulars English hymns are distinguished from those of every other language. Many of them are translations of the best and most famous hymns of other tongues. Nearly all the great hymns of the mediæval time are represented by English versions. This is true also of the most cherished and most spiritual of the French and German hymns. The great body of English hymns have been produced in the modern period of church history, and hence reflect the most recent phases of church life and work. As among English-speaking peoples evangelical movements have taken a greater variety of form, and have incorporated more various methods than have been employed elsewhere, so here the hymn has been appropriated to a greater variety of uses. In addition to the ordinary demands of public worship and the necessities of the individual life, which, though they do not

essentially change, are yet all the time becoming more perfectly interpreted and more adequately expressed, there are many institutions which have been called into existence by the life of the Church in this period. The modern prayer-meeting, revival meetings, conferences, conventions, synods, Sabbath-schools, and reform movements have all created a demand for a special type of religious service. Hence, in no other language is there so great a variety of hymns; in no other has the hymn been more perverted and degraded from its proper character, and in no other is the vast and varied wealth of hymnology more fully exhibited.

The oldest English hymn now in common use—"The Lord descended from above"[31]—is a translation of some verses of the eighteenth psalm, made by Thomas Sternhold, who died in 1549. He was "Groom of the Robes" to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. He made a metrical version of the first fifty-one psalms, which, with versions of the remainder made by John Hopkins, were attached to the Book of Common Prayer. As to the character of these men, as shown by this work, doubtless the

judgment of quaint old Thomas Fuller will be generally approved: "They were men whose piety was better than their poetry; and they had drunk more of Jordan than of Helicon." And yet the psalm above cited fully vindicates by its own intrinsic excellence the taste and judgment of those who have so long kept it in its seat of honor.

With this should be associated that translation of the one hundredth psalm made by William Kethe:

All people that on earth do dwell.[32]

Of its author we know almost nothing, not even the dates of his birth and death. He was a clergyman, was sometime a chaplain in the army, and shared the exile of Knox, in Geneva, in 1555. The psalm was first published in 1561, and is not only one of the oldest, but also one of the most ecumenical of English hymns.

The name of Bishop John Cosin (1594–1672) is deserving of most honorable mention, because of his translation of the "Veni, Creator Spiritus"—"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire." Few men of his time held a greater

variety of distinguished positions or received more flattering testimonials of personal popularity and influence. Though made to feel the virulent opposition of his Puritan enemies, and to suffer from their unjust charges of leaning toward popery, yet he stands in the history of the Church fully vindicated, and a noble example of a man true to the Church, and true also to his own convictions. He expended his emoluments and the profits arising from the sale of his works liberally for the cause of learning and religion, founding no less than eight scholarships at Cambridge. His one hymn has a higher place of honor than any other in our language, having for two centuries and a half maintained its place in the service for the ordination of elders. It is a most satisfactory instance of "poetic justice," in a sense much fuller and more perfect than that in which the phrase is ordinarily used, that the hymn of Gregory, who taught Britain her first lesson in practical Christianity, should be the only one which has been given a place in the ritual of the English Church.

Another bishop whose hymns have come to

almost equal honor, and in some regards even superior, is Thomas Ken (1637-1711). Early left an orphan—his mother dying when he was but five and his father when he was fourteen—he was brought up by his half-sister, the wife of the celebrated Izaak Walton. He was educated at Oxford; was first rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, and afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells. King Charles used to say: "I must go and hear Ken—he will tell me of my faults." He was one of the seven bishops imprisoned and brought to trial for resisting the tyranny of James II. His most enduring monument is his "Morning and Evening Hymns." Says one writer: "Had he endowed three hospitals he would have been less a benefactor to posterity." His grand old doxology in long meter is heard wherever the English language is spoken. It is almost as catholic as the English Bible itself. The following hymns are his:

Glory to thee, my God, this night.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Though the name of Nahum Tate (1652–1715) is eminent in English hymnology, yet the associations connected with it are not all grateful. His active life commenced as clergyman of a country parish in Suffolk, from which he subsequently removed to London. But intemperance and improvidence cast a blight over his life and a shadow upon his memory. In connection with Nicholas Brady he prepared the metrical version of the Psalms which is now printed in the Book of Common Prayer in place of the older one of Sternhold and Hopkins, which version Montgomery justly characterizes as being "nearly as inanimate as the former, though a little more refined." Nicholas Brady (1659–1726), his associate in this work, studied at Christ College, Oxford, and was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was afterward chaplain to a bishop and prebend to the Cathedral of Cork, and later in life taught a school in Richmond, Surrey.

The Psalter of Tate and Brady was first published in 1696, with tunes in 1698, and with a supplement of hymns in 1703. From this

work several hymns in common use have been taken, though it is impossible to determine which were written by Tate and which by Brady. Among them are the following:

O render thanks to God above.

O God, we praise thee, and confess.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

As pants the hart for cooling streams.

O Lord, our fathers oft have told.

Even at this day the thoughtful student can hardly take into his hands a book more suggestive or more stimulating than Mason's *Self-Knowledge*. In depth, solidity, clearness, and comprehensiveness it has few equals in our language. The young person who makes it the subject of constant and loving study is sure to be richly rewarded. John Mason, the hymn-writer (died 1694), was grandfather of the John Mason who was the author of this treatise. Little is known of his life, save that for twenty years he was rector of a parish in Buckinghamshire, where he was very highly esteemed for his piety and his devotion to his flock. Baxter called him "the glory of the Church of En-

gland." In 1683 he published his *Spiritual Songs*, to which were afterward added *Penitential Cries*, mainly from the pen of Rev. Thomas Shepherd. Many traces of these hymns of Mason are found in the later works of Watts, Pope, and the Wesleys. Of the one hymn of his which is most used, David Creamer says that it is "certainly one of the best specimens of devotional poetry in the English language." The hymn is:

Now from the altar of our hearts.

One hymn from the *Penitential Cries* of Thomas Shepherd (1665–1739) has been preserved in most of our modern hymn-books, though in a form so much changed from the original as almost to destroy its identity. Indeed, in most books the hymn is credited to Mr. G. N. Allen, who made the alterations, rather than to Mr. Shepherd, the original author. It begins—

Must Jesus bear the cross alone? [33]

The earliest of the considerable number of Baptists who have been eminent as English

hymn-writers is Joseph Stennett (1663–1713), who spent his life as pastor of a small congregation of Seventh-day Baptists in the city of London. He was also accustomed to preach to other congregations on the first day of the week, which makes it pretty certain that his sympathy with his people was as Baptists rather than as Sabbatarians. In addition to his duties as pastor he also, for some years, received young men into his house to be trained for the ministry. He died in his forty-ninth year, and among his last words were: "I rejoice in the God of my salvation, who is my strength and my God." He published two small collections of original hymns—*Hymns for the Lord's Supper* and *Hymns on the Believer's Baptism.* His familiar hymn,

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,

is one of the most frequently used of our Sabbath hymns.

There is one English hymn, dating probably from the sixteenth century, whose history is specially interesting. It comes from an old Latin hymn which Dean Trench assigns to the

eighth or ninth century. We refer to that dearest of all our hymns on heaven,

Jerusalem, my happy home. [34]

In a very old book of religious songs now kept in the British Museum it stands with this title: "A Song, Made by F. B. P., to the Tune of Diana." It has been conjectured—doubtfully by most, but confidently by some—that "F. B. P." is an alias for Francis Baker, Priest, who was for a long time confined as a prisoner in the Tower, so that this is one of the many hymns which have come up out of the depth of suffering and bitter wrong. A later and more beautiful form of this hymn—"O mother dear, Jerusalem"—was given to the public by David Dickson in the early part of the seventeenth century.

The hymn as it appears in our modern hymn-books is considerably altered from the text as found in the book in the British Museum. It is called by Miller "the hymn of hymns," and certainly holds a very warm place in the hearts of Christian worshipers in every communion. A young Scotchman on his

death-bed in the city of New Orleans several years ago was visited by a Presbyterian minister. He continued to shut himself up from the good man's efforts to reach his heart. Somewhat discouraged, at last the visitor turned away, and scarcely knowing why, began to sing, "Jerusalem, my happy home." A tender chord was touched in the heart of the young man. With tears he exclaimed: "My dear mother used to sing that hymn!" The tender memories awakened by the hymn opened his heart to religious truth. He was led through penitence into peace, and thus was made ready for the "happy home" whither his mother had already preceded him.

CHAPTER VII.

WATTS AND WESLEY.

ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748) is pronounced by Montgomery the "father of modern hymnody"—"almost the inventor of hymns in our language." He was son of a schoolmaster, and deacon of an Independent church in Southampton, England, a locality which is embalmed in the imagery of some of his hymns. So precocious in intellect was he that almost his earliest cry was for a book; and he actually commenced the study of Latin at four, of Greek at nine, of French at ten, and of Hebrew at fourteen, and this intellectual activity was continued through a long and most fruitful life. Says Dr. Johnson: "Few men have left behind such purity of character or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke." And the judgment of this extraordi-

nary critic in the matter of hymns is sufficiently indicated by such sentences as the following: "It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no one has done well." "His devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction."

Only as a writer of hymns is the fame of Dr. Watts pre-eminent. When, at the age of eighteen, on a certain Sabbath, he was complaining to one of his fellow-worshipers at the Independent chapel where his father was deacon of the character of the hymns sung there, the reply was: "Give us better, young man." He accepted the challenge, and the church was invited to close the evening service with a new hymn commencing:

> "Behold the glories of the Lamb
> Before his Father's throne;
> Prepare new honors for his name,
> And songs before unknown"[35]—

a hymn which is retained in many of our hymnbooks, and is still sung with reverence and de-

light. Such was the beginning of the most illustrious career as a hymn-writer which, with not more than a single exception, it has ever been given to mortal to fulfill. The author of that first hymn has made more material contributions to the apparatus of Christian worship in the English tongue than any other man, and his hymns are familiar and precious wherever that language is spoken. Less prolific and less versatile than some others, especially than Charles Wesley, with whom he is most frequently compared, with less of poetic genius and less of spiritual fervor and joy, his hymns are so devout, so scriptural, so catholic, and so simple, and, in the main, so correct in diction and in sentiment, that they meet a general want more perfectly than any other. Though Wesley wrote seven or eight thousand hymns, and Watts only six hundred and ninety-seven, yet it is probable that more of Watts's hymns are in common use than of Wesley's. A recent writer says: "Judging from the results of an examination of seven hundred and fifty hymn-books, it is safe to assign to Watts the authorship of two fifths of the hymns

which are used in public worship in the English-speaking world." In the *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, one of the best and most broadly representative of the hymn-books used by the Calvinistic churches of this country, Watts is represented by one hundred and ninety-one hymns and Charles Wesley by ninety nine; while in the Methodist Hymnal Watts has but seventy-eight and Wesley three hundred and seven. The facts as to actual use, however, may be considerably different from what would be indicated by these figures; and we need but to glance over the list of Watts's leading hymns to be convinced that they constitute a very large proportion of the staple hymns for public religious service. Among the most eminent of these are such as the following:

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.

Am I a soldier of the cross?

Before Jehovah's awful throne.

Blest are the sons of peace.

Come, sound his praise abroad.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs.

Come, ye that love the Lord.

Father, how wide thy glory shines.

From all that dwell below the skies.

Give me the wings of faith to rise.

He dies! the friend of sinners dies.

How vain are all things here below.

How beauteous are their feet.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.

Let every tongue thy goodness speak.

My God, the spring of all my joys!

O God, our help in ages past.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.

There is a land of pure delight.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.

When I can read my title clear.

When I survey the wondrous cross.

Why do we mourn for dying friends?

Why should we start and fear to die?

Some of these hymns are in a special sense autobiographic. Nearly all of them bear in a marked degree the stamp of the poet's personal experience. It has been alleged that the hymn,

How vain are all things here below,

was written on the occasion of the rejection of his offer of marriage to Elizabeth Singer.

To the character of the scenery about Southampton are doubtless due some of the most striking and beautiful passages of his hymns. It is situated on the south coast of England, at the head of Southampton Water, between the Itchen on the east and the Anton on the west, with the Isle of Wight in the distance, at the mouth of the bay. This island is separated from the main-land by an interval of from one to six miles, and serves as a vast natural breakwater, making this port one of the safest and most eligible in the United Kingdom. The scenery of the island is of remarkable beauty, and the climate so salubrious that in one part the death-rate is lower than in any other locality in the United Kingdom.

The tradition is that these conditions furnished the costume of expression for the hymn,

There is a land of pure delight.

Certain it is that the language is such as exactly suits them, and by their aid we feel its force and beauty.

There is little doubt that the imagery of one of the verses of another hymn may have been suggested by the same associations. Only one familar with the sea and accustomed to study its various moods would have been so felicitous in seizing upon and interpreting the most perfect symbol of rest which nature contains—water in repose:

"There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

The hymn in which this verse stands has been perhaps as often used as any of his hymns. It was sung on the field of Shiloh, the night after the battle, under circumstances of peculiar impressiveness. A Christian officer had been severely wounded, and, being

unable to help himself, lay all night on the field. Says he: "The stars shone out clear above the dark battle-field, and I began to think about God, who had given his Son to die for me, and that he was up above the glorious stars. I felt that I ought to praise him even while wounded on that battle-ground. I could not help singing:

'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

There was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain. Another, beyond him, heard and joined in, and still others too. We made the field of battle *ring* with the hymn of praise to God."

Many volumes might be filled with illustrative anecdotes bearing upon the use of some line, stanza, or whole hymn even, which Watts has written. The full history of his hymns, if it could be written, would be a great part, and a very interesting part, of the history of Protestant Christianity among English-speaking

peoples for the last hundred years. Scarcely another couplet in the entire range of hymnology has been so often quoted in the great crisis-hour of individual spiritual history as

> "Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'Tis all that I can do."

Few verses appropriate to the dying hour are so often quoted, and with such satisfying effect, as

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

And how often have the lines of the previous verse been the experience of God's children:

> "O would my Lord his servant meet,
> My soul would stretch her wings in haste!"

Dr. Doddridge wrote to Watts of the powerful effect produced by the singing of one of his hymns in his own congregation. He had preached from Heb. vi, 12: "Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises;" and at the close of the sermon gave out the hymn,

> "Give me the wings of faith to rise."

So perfectly suited were these words to the matter of the discourse, and so tender the associations awakened, that many could not sing for their emotion, and many sung amid tears.

It is an interesting fact that the last words which fell from the lips of John Wesley were written by Watts. When the supreme moment came he was struggling to repeat that grand hymn of gratitude and victory:

> "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
> And when my voice is lost in death
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

This hymn Wesley began on earth, but finished it, if he ever finished it at all, "before the throne of God."

Some of the very best of the hymns of Watts owe their present perfection and much of their usefulness to the finishing touches of John Wesley. The hymn "Before Jehovah's awful throne" is an instance in point. As at first written it commenced:

> "Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
> Let every land his name adore;
> The British isles shall scent the noise
> Across the ocean to the shore.

"Nations attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy," etc.

Wesley dropped the first verse altogether, and changed the first two lines of the second to read:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;"

thus making a suitable beginning for a hymn which is almost unequaled in our language for strength and majesty.

Many of the hymns of Watts are a part of the universal language of English-speaking Christians, and are almost as sure to be known as the Bible itself. But a few of them have been selected by the critics as entitled to special mention because of their rare perfection as lyric poems. The two most frequently mentioned with the highest praise are:

My God, the spring of all my joys.

When I survey the wondrous cross.

As examples of special felicity in versifying the Psalms the following have been quoted:

O God, our help in ages past.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.

The other great name in Christian hymnody is that of Charles Wesley (1708–1788). He wrote more hymns—and, we will add, more good hymns—than any other ten men who have written hymns in the English language. Watts wrote less than seven hundred, Doddridge less than four hundred, Montgomery less than two hundred, while Charles Wesley wrote from seven to eight thousand! Of course, some of these are such as not even his most ardent admirers can find much pleasure in reading, but others exhibit a wealth and beauty of lyrical expression truly marvelous. A prominent actor in the most important evangelical movement since the days of the apostles, his hymns have the rare merit of reflecting every significant phase of that movement; so that if the question be asked to-day, What is Methodism as a creed, an experience, a life? a more adequate answer can be found in these hymns than anywhere else, not excepting the Sermons of John Wesley or the Institutes of Richard Watson. No man can sing them heartily and habitually, "with the spirit and

the understanding also," without coming to a just and discriminating sense of the real genius of Methodism.

In unusual measure these hymns bear the stamp of the author's personal history and experience. Even his letters to her who afterward became his wife were often written in verse; and when we remember that he was at this time a clergyman, forty years of age, and leading a most active and laborious life, we shall realize how absolutely irrepressible his poetic proclivities must have been.

The Wesleyan Hymn-book of Great Britain contains six hundred and twenty-seven of his hymns, and many others are met with, scattered through the various hymnals of other denominations. Robert Southey says of them that they have been "more devoutly committed to memory" and "oftener repeated on a death-bed" than any others. But life is a more just and adequate test than death, and with even more emphasis may it be said that no hymns have ministered to the wants of the human soul, in the great crisis of spiritual history, more frequently or more helpfully than

these. We hear among them voices for all phases and grades of spiritual experience, and all forms of Christian work—awakening conviction, penitence, pardon, assurance; rejoicing in sins forgiven, in communion with God, in prospect of heaven; the closet, the family, the church; evangelistic work, charitable work, reform work, every thing which lies between the fearful ruin wrought by sin and the glorious consummation of the work of human recovery. Every condition in life, every occupation, and almost every event is here represented. Among his general captions we find: "Hymns for Watch-Nights," "New-Year's Day," "The Lord's Supper," "The Nativity of Our Lord," "Our Lord's Resurrection," "Hymns Occasioned by the Earthquake," "Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution," "Hymns for Methodist Preachers," "Hymns for the Use of Families," "Hymns for Children," "Prayers for Condemned Malefactors," "Hymns for the Nation," "Funeral Hymns," etc. Among the titles of individual hymns are such as these: "For a Family in Want," "To be Sung at Tea-table," "For a

Persecuting Husband," "At Sending a Child to a Boarding-school," "A Collier's Hymn," "For an Unconverted Wife," "For One Retired into the Country," "A Wedding-song," "On Going to Work;" and the more common captions, such as "For Sabbath," "Bereavement," "Sleep," "Morning and Evening." To many a devout Methodist these hymns have been, as indeed they are suited to be, "the key of the morning and the bolt of the night." Indeed, these hymns, beautiful and felicitous as they often are in the mere matter of expression, seldom seem like mere words, but like "a heart poured out into a heart—a child-like, dependent human heart into the great, infinite, tender heart of God."

One of the most notable of Charles Wesley's hymns is that known as "Wrestling Jacob," beginning, "Come, O thou Traveler unknown." Watts said of it: "I would rather be the author of that single poem than of all the hymns which I have ever written." John Wesley indicated his own estimate of this testimony by incorporating it into the biographical notice of his brother in the Minutes of

the Conference at the time of his death. Dean Trench says of it: "Though not eminently adapted for liturgic use, it is yet quite the noblest of Charles Wesley's hymns."[36] Considered as a poetical composition, this opinion might be generally acquiesced in; but considered as a hymn, this can by no means be true. It neither belongs to the highest class of Christian hymns, nor does it satisfy the highest conditions of utility. It is by no means from the mere accident of being without music well suited for popular use that it is so seldom heard, even in the social meetings, but because it is not well suited to answer the purpose of a hymn. But its eminent scripturalness, its deep spirituality, its felicity of style, its vividness, and its thoroughly sustained interest from beginning to end bear eloquent testimony to the wonderful genius of the author.

Robert Southey pronounces "Stand the omnipotent decree" "the finest lyric in the English language;" but if the judgment of those who have made much use of the Wesleyan hymns—and so have made up their

judgment by the test of experience rather than of literary taste—is of any value, there are many finer among the hymns of Mr. Wesley.

The hymn, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," which has from the first occupied the place of honor in the Methodist hymn-books of Great Britain and America, was written on the first anniversary of his spiritual birth, and so is, doubtless in an eminent degree, the outpouring of his own rapturous emotions.

> "Come away to the skies, my beloved, arise,
> And rejoice in the day thou wast born;"

and

> "Come, let us ascend, my companion and friend,
> To a taste of the banquet above,"

were both addressed to his wife on her birthday.[37]

But beyond question the most popular, if not the most famous, of Charles Wesley's hymns is "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Says Henry Ward Beecher: "I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. . . .

It will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel-band; and then, I think, will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God." "Two lines of this hymn," says Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, "have been breathed fervently and often out of bleeding hearts. When we were once in the valley of death-shade, with one beautiful child in the new-made grave and the other threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we said oftener than this:

> 'Leave, O leave me not alone!
> Still support and comfort me!'

We do not doubt that tens of thousands of other bereaved and wounded hearts have tried this piercing cry out of the depths." Of the origin of this hymn it is only certainly known that it was written in 1739 and appeared in a volume of *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1740) with the title, "In Temptation."

One of the most solemn and impressive of all these hymns of Charles Wesley reflects the scenery of Land's End even more vividly than do any of Watts's that of Southampton. The

second verse of the hymn "Thou God of glorious majesty" reads as follows:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell."

The hymn above mentioned as praised by Southey—"Stand the omnipotent decree"—doubtless derives much of its special interest and impressiveness in that it was written "For the Year 1756"—a time when men were appalled by the terrible calamity of the great Lisbon earthquake. Read in the light of this fearful catastrophe, the sublimity of its almost unequaled utterances is fully evident.

Come, let us join our friends above,

was a special favorite with John Wesley. It is the concluding part of what was originally a long poem of more than a hundred lines; which poem has been divided into four hymns, which, in the Methodist Hymnal, are made to follow each other in proper order. The part commencing,

Come, let us join our friends above,

is a tender and beautiful tribute to the memory of the pious dead. One of the most tender traditions of the later years of John Wesley is that which represents him as having, on one occasion, come to the chapel in City Road, where he was to preach that evening, and as the shades of the evening were gathering around him, standing with his head bowed on his hand, as if holding communion with the invisible world; and then giving out this hymn, in which he seemed to gather up the precious memories which bound him to the first band of heroic workers, of which he was then almost the sole survivor:

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joys celestial rise. . . .

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

"Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore."

CHAPTER VIII.

HYMNS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE service rendered to vital Christianity in the eighteenth century by the hymns of Watts and Wesley cannot be over-estimated. "As vestals in those dark days they kept the sacred flame alight; and when the Spirit of the Lord breathed upon the land they were the first songs of awakened Christianity. Warming cold devotions, rebuking lifeless orthodoxy, testifying against Arian error, they performed in the first century the real service which evangelical hymns have performed in other periods for the Church. In the very dawn of church history the Arian bishop, Paul of Samosata, banished from the churches the hymns which had been in use since the second century, because they were addressed 'to Christ as God,' and interfered with the progress of Arian error. As Frederick the Great and his clique found the Gesangbuch a bar to the progress of rationalist tenets, and sought

to tone down its rich evangelism to the neutral tint of a negative theology, so the Arianism of the eighteenth century, finding a formidable obstacle in the Trinitarian doxologies then attached to the Psalter, and an invincible foe in Watts's hymns, demanded that nothing should be sung in worship but the Psalms of David. Many independent congregations, it is believed, were preserved from the infection of Arian error by nothing else than the introduction of hymn-books."

The channel having been opened, there began at once to rise a tide of song which has not since gone down. It has widened and deepened until the whole earth has been blessed by its ministry. The hymn-book is now and every-where the companion of the Bible and prayer-book. If one wants to realize the power of hymnology as an aid to devotion let him conceive, if he can, the quality of a social religious service without song.

Among Watts's contemporaries none so nearly approaches the master singer as the saintly Philip Doddridge (1702–1751). He, like Watts, had an ancestry which had honorably

suffered persecution for conscience' sake, and his early training was largely in the hands of a devoted mother, eminent for intelligence and piety. Very beautiful is the tribute paid by Doddridge to his parents. "I was brought up," he says, "in the early knowledge of religion by my pious parents, who were in their character very worthy of their birth and education; and I well remember that my mother taught me the history of the Old and New Testaments, before I could read, by the assistance of some blue Dutch tiles in the chimney-place of the room where we commonly sat; and the wise and pious reflections she made upon those stories were the means of enforcing such good impressions on my heart as never wore out."

When the testing time came—and it came early—young Doddridge proved himself worthy of his lineage. Confronted with the problem of getting an education with slight means, he promptly declined the Duchess of Bedford's offer to see him through Cambridge University and comfortably settled in a living because it was conditioned upon his entering the ministry of the Established Church.

At twenty-one he accepted a call to Kibworth, in Leicestershire, the limitations of whose opportunities he sets forth as follows: "It is one of the most unpolite congregations I ever knew, consisting almost entirely of farmers and graziers, with their subalterns. I have not so much as a tea-table in my diocese, although above eight miles in extent, and but one hoop petticoat in the whole circuit; and were it not for talking to the cattle, admiring the poultry, and preaching twice every Sabbath I should certainly lose the organs of speech."

In 1729 he was called to minister to the Castle Hill congregation at Northampton, where his life-work was done and where he labored indefatigably for more than a score of years as pastor, teacher, and author. There he married Miss Mercy Maris in 1730, and here were produced his admirable commentary on the Scriptures and his learned lectures on divinity. *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* is a devotional classic, and has been singled out as the most useful book of its kind produced in the eighteenth century. It has

passed through numberless editions in our own language, and has been translated into a large number of other languages to the edification of thousands. To this work more than to any other the Church is indebted for Wilberforce and his scarcely less noted defense of Christianity; and multitudes of others from all conditions of life have been led to Christ for pardon and life through its searching and winning evangel.

As choice and useful as his justly famous prose classic, and appealing to an even wider constituency of readers, are some of Doddridge's hymns. Most of them were composed in connection with his sermons. They were intended to summarize in song the doctrine of the discourse which might thus find a hearing denied to it otherwise. In the striking figure of the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton: "If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared forever; but, at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout

emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother-tongue is spoken."

There are few hymns more closely identified with Methodist class and prayer meetings than the jubilant "O happy day, that fixed my choice," which was appended to a sermon on 2 Chron. xv, 15. Well might Montgomery say: "Blessed is the man who can take the words of this hymn and make them his own from a similar experience." There is no strain in heaven or on earth which charms the ear even of the spiritually dull as does the glowing rapture of a soul new born into the kingdom. His "Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes," which was written to be sung at the close of a Christmas sermon based upon Luke iv, 18, 19, is, in the judgment of many, his masterpiece. Lord Selborne denominates it "as sweet, vigorous, and perfect a composition as can any where be found." Other familiar hymns are: "Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows," written for a sermon on "the rest which remaineth for the people of God" (Heb. iv, 9); "How gentle God's commands,"

a fine example of his gentler manner, and his metrical conclusion of a sermon on 1 Pet. v, 7; "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," appended to a sermon on Eph. ii, 5; and "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," a paraphrase in stirring measure of the apostolic exhortation in Phil. iii, 12–14. One of his choicest compositions, beginning, "While on the verge of life I stand," was suggested by a dream in which the author seemed to meet with Christ, and receive from the Master words of commendation and blessing.

The closing scenes of Dr. Doddridge's life were a fitting crown to the beauty of its unfolding. Exposure brought on a serious trouble, to get rid of which he sailed to Lisbon, whence, as he said to a friend, he could as well go to heaven as from his own Northampton study. He steadily failed in body, but was more than compensated in the exaltation of his communings with God. Frequently he exclaimed to his wife: "Such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world as my Father is now indulging me with no words can express." Cure was not in the climate,

and soon after the arrival in Lisbon his saintly soul went home to God. The longings of the pure heart were fulfilled; the perfect joy was his at last.

> "Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
> It faints my much-loved Lord to see;
> Earth, twine no more about my heart,
> For 'tis far better to depart."

When Mr. Spurgeon, the famous English divine, was a child, he was brought under the influence of the Rev. Richard Knill, a preacher and missionary of rare unction and eminent personal qualities. One day at morning prayers Mr. Knill, taking the lad upon his knee, said, solemnly, in the presence of the family: "This child will one day preach the Gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill." He then gave the boy sixpence to learn the hymn:

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

And a promise was exacted that when, according to the prediction, he did preach in Row-

land Hill's chapel, that hymn should be sung. Years after, in an emergency, Mr. Spurgeon *was* invited to preach in Rowland Hill's chapel, and consented on condition that the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way" should be sung. The request was cheerfully acceded to and the invitation accepted. It would be impossible to describe the emotions of the preacher as he brought to mind the remarkable series of providences connecting his presence in that pulpit with the memorable scene of his childhood days.

The hymn sung under these extraordinary circumstances was written by William Cowper (1731–1800), "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers," as his biographer Southey declares. It is said to have been composed under circumstances no less extraordinary. According to one tradition, Cowper on a certain occasion thought he had been divinely ordered to a particular part of the River Ouse, there to drown himself. The driver of the carriage missed his way, and upon returning home the poet wrote this hymn. Another tradition is that it

was written during a solitary walk in the fields when the poet had a presentiment of returning insanity. Montgomery refers to it as a lyric of high tone and character, and rendered awfully interesting by the circumstances under which it was composed—in the twilight of departing reason. This hymn was the last contributed by Cowper to the Olney collection —that undying "monument to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship" between himself and the Rev. John Newton.

It is to Cowper also that we owe the hymn which, perhaps, more than any other is the favorite of the social prayer-meeting and camp-meeting, and which has aided thousands of inquiring hearts to the decision that brings spiritual light and life—"There is a fountain filled with blood." Literary criticism has had no friendly word for this hymn; but it has made its way to almost universal favor and use. A historian of the literature of the eighteenth century says: "This hymn still finds its place amid the familiar utterances of piety, but we cannot think, is often used by any congrega-

tion of worshiping people in these days." In this country it would be perfectly safe to say that it is one of the very few hymns known and loved by nearly every congregation of worshiping people. The history of its use in the general revivals in this land and in Britain would show that tens of thousands had sent up to God on the wings of this hymn the jubilant thought of their hearts as they recalled "the fountain filled with blood" which had "washed all their sins away." An interesting incident is related of its being sung by mill hands in a factory-room at Belfast, Ireland, with so much fervor that the manager—an unbeliever—was fain to withdraw lest he should dissolve his professed atheism in tears of contrition.

From Cowper, too, we have that most exquisite of aspirations, "O for a closer walk with God," which has gone into the hymnody of all Churches; "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee," which was inspired by witnessing the intense devotion of a fellow-worshiper in the church at Huntingdon; and "Jesus, where'er thy people meet," which was written for the opening of a social prayer-room at Olney.

The pathos and tragedy of Cowper's life are too well known to need rehearsing here. The mental malady to which he was predisposed from early youth took an aggravated form at three separate periods of his life, unseating reason and rendering work impossible; and "the poet who of all English artists has written the noblest hymns for depth of religious feeling and for loveliness of quiet style; whose life was blameless as the water-lilies which he loved and the way of life of which on silent streams he made his own; whose heart breathed the sweetest air of natural piety, and yet could sympathize with the supersensuous world in which Guyon lived, died in ghastly hopelessness, refusing comfort to the last."

"O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing;
O Christians, to your cross of hope a helpless hand is clinging.
O men, this man, in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly, while he taught you peace, and died while you were smiling."

Altogether different from the gentle Cowper was his friend, the Rev. John Newton

(1725–1807), at whose suggestion the Olney hymn-book was undertaken, and who contributed by far the larger proportion of the collection. He was a native of London, blessed with a pious mother whose influence was sadly counteracted by an indifferent father. The young Newton went to sea and abandoned himself to the most vicious practices. A copy of *The Imitation of Christ* was providentially brought under his notice. An impression was made which was re-enforced by exposure to imminent peril from shipwreck. The outcome was a happy conversion, and, as the epitaph which he wrote for himself records, "John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy." For some time after his conversion Newton was in the slave-trade, but subsequent enlightenment convinced him of its inhuman nature. He secured a position on shore, made his first attempt at preaching in 1758, and in 1764 became curate at Olney. In 1799 he

moved to London, where, eight years later, he died.

Newton's hymns, with few exceptions, are very ordinary. The exceptions, however, rank with the most popular and most widely used "How tedious and tasteless the hours," which has articulated the outpouring of many a saint who felt it to be the transcript of his own experience, has been in every edition of the Methodist Episcopal Hymn-Book from its first edition. "Safely through another week," a favorite hymn for Sabbath morning worship, was originally written as a hymn for Saturday evening and modified for use on the Lord's day. "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" is Newton's lyrical expression of the thought suggested by Sol. Song i, 3, "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." It is one of the choicest hymns in our language, and a worthy companion of that sweetest of mediæval strains from the lyre of Bernard of Clairvaux, "Jesus, Dulcis Memoria," of which it is said to be an echo. "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound," is manifestly autobiographic, and with his "In evil long I took delight" shows how

keen his contrition and thorough his repentance were. "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare," has had extended popularity as a favorite with Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who was wont to have his congregation sing it just before the prayer in public service. "Though troubles assail and dangers affright," a hymn especially dear to souls who have seen trouble, has a verse commonly omitted from the church collections for theological reasons, but which represents the superb trust of the writer :

"We may, like the ships,
By tempest be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost.

"Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide."

Such a thought was only natural to one who had been almost miraculously preserved from shipwreck, and transformed from a servant of slaves to a minister of Jesus Christ. Other favorites are the fine hymn of the Church, "Glorious things of thee are spoken," sug-

gested by the eighty-seventh Psalm; "Mary to the Saviour's tomb," based upon the narrative in John xx, 11–16; "'Tis a thing I long to know," which so strikingly sets forth the longing of many an honest follower of Jesus for assurances of acceptance; "While with ceaseless course the sun," one of our most effective New Year hymns; and "One there is above all others," the rhythmical setting of a thought which has cheered many an outcast and brought comfort to the friendless.

Detail has been allowed to Cowper and Newton which cannot here be given the other hymnists of this period. Their Olney collection, which, next to the productions of Watts and the Wesleys, ranks as the most important of the century, would justify this. The revival opened the fountains of melody in many hearts which in one way or another found their way into the general tide of church song.

From John Byrom (1691–1763), a Lancashire worthy of strong feeling, in whom faith burned like "a hidden flame," we have the fine Christmas hymn, "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn;" and from Robert Seagrave (born 1693),

whose zeal for the promotion of godliness in the Established Church was not fully appreciated by his superiors, the useful and popular "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

Joseph Grigg (1719–1768) was the author of some admirable lyrics, but chiefly remarkable for his "Jesus, and can it ever be?" which was written when the poet was ten years old.

William Hammond (1719–1783), a graduate of Cambridge University and a probable convert of Whitefield's, who subsequently became a minister in the Moravian Church, gave to the Church the vigorous and heart-stirring, "Awake, and sing the song," and that fine prayer-song, "Lord, we come before thee now."

Joseph Hart (1712–1768), who for the last eight years of his life was an eminently successful pastor, out of the depth of an extraordinary experience produced one of the tenderest invitation hymns ever written, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."

John Cennick (1717–1755), who, like Hammond, went from the Methodists to the Moravians, furnished "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone," and "Children of the heavenly King,"

which, however, owe much to editorial emendation. Cennick was also the author of the invocation and thanksgiving inscribed on John Wesley's family tea-pot, which is still preserved.

Benjamin Beddome (1717–1795) and Samuel Stennett (1727–1795) were Baptist preachers and sons of Baptist preachers. To the former we owe, "Witness, ye men and angels, now," and to the latter, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Robert Robinson (1735–1790) and John Fawcett (1739–1817), also Baptist ministers, were both converted under Whitefield, and became the authors of imperishable hymns. From the former we have, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," and from the latter, "Blest be the tie that binds," which latter was written upon his determination to stay with the humble Wainsgate parish after having received and accepted the call to an influential church in London.

The author of "Hail, thou once despised Jesus," was John Bakewell (1721–1819), one of John Wesley's most useful local preachers, and, according to the inscription on his tomb,

one who "adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached his glorious Gospel about seventy years." At Bakewell's home Thomas Olivers (1725–1799) composed that ode of singular power and beauty, "The God of Abraham praise," of which Montgomery says: "There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. It was written for a Jewish melody furnished by Signor Leoni, which had charmed Olivers.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name" has been denominated the Methodist "Te Deum." It was written by Edward Perronet (died 1792), a comrade of the Wesleys, until separated from them by doctrinal differences, and a son of Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, Kent, always the steadfast and ardent friend of the Wesley brothers.

Augustus M. Toplady (1740–1778) was the son of a British army officer and a native of Surrey, England. During a visit to Ireland he was converted under the preaching of a fervent but unlettered local preacher, and matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, to study

for the ministry. At eighteen his reading of Dr. Manton's sermons decided his bias toward Calvinism, and at twenty-two he was ordained a minister in the Established Church. He was an impressive preacher and popular, and his power as a controversialist was great. The acrimonious debate with Wesley has been already referred to. It was given to Toplady to write the hymn "Rock of ages," by some considered the finest hymn in our language, and one of the most widely useful in any language.

From Wales came the exquisite strains of William Williams (1717–1791), whose "O'er those gloomy hills of gladness" is a noble missionary hymn sung for years before missionary societies were founded; and whose "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," is a general favorite.

John Berridge (1716–1793) was a zealous minister of the Established Church, who itinerated extensively, despite the protest of his ecclesiastical caretakers, and who, a bachelor himself, wrote a marriage hymn, "Since Jesus freely did appear," which is found in several important collections.

A few hymns composed by women have come down to us from this period. "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss," was written by Anne Steele (1716–1778), of whom it has been said that "no woman, and but few men, have written so many hymns which have had general acceptance in the Church." She was reared in comfortable circumstances among the hills of Hampshire, near Southampton, England. An injury received while young involved many years of suffering, and the drowning of her intended husband on the day preceding the day set for their marriage added great sorrow of heart. Her tender and beneficent ministries among the villagers and her gracious disposition endeared her greatly to all. In death she uttered the triumphant testimony, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Selina Shirley (1707–1791), daughter of Washington, Earl of Ferrers, and wife of Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon who is credited with the hymn beginning in most collections with the line, "When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come," was one of the most remarkable women of her time. Her

piety and liberality were equally conspicuous, and in an age when it required courage to be religious at all, even in church circles, her religion was as ardent as it was sincere. Even George III. "wished there was a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in the kingdom," when a bishop complained of her zeal for godliness. Her house was the favorite resort for the leaders of the evangelical revival, and she was often their companion on preaching tours. She founded Trevecca College in South Wales, for the education of young men for the ministry, and before her death consented to the organization of the "Connection" which bears her name. Among her chaplains were Romaine and Whitefield, and with the latter she may be said to have founded the Calvinistic branch of Methodism. Dying at eighty-four, she could fairly say, "My work is done. I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

"How blest the righteous when he dies," a hymn much in use at funerals, was written by Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743–1825), who is, perhaps, more widely known by her "Ode to Life," which Wordsworth committed to

memory, and, though "not in the habit of grudging people their good things," wished "he had written these lines:"

"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.'"

CHAPTER IX.

HYMNS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE tide of hymn-writing which began to gather under the influence of the Wesleyan revival of the eighteenth century rose to a flood before the middle of this century, and shows no sign of abatement. "Every man hath a psalm," and in some way or other finds a publisher. Each denomination has its own collection, which incorporates material from every source, and becomes in turn a source by inviting special contributions. To attempt an enumeration of the hymn-writers of this century would be to defeat the purpose of this work, which is simply to give some account of the origin and history of familiar hymns.

It is a spring day in 1822. A missionary meeting is in progress at the Wesleyan Chapel in Liverpool. The learned and saintly Adam Clarke presides. The speaker is a man in middle life. He is of medium height, and has a thin, clear, intelligent countenance. His

suit of black is adorned with voluminous breast ruffles, after the fashion of an earlier day. The address which has touched his hearers to a lively interest in the absorbing theme is being concluded. The speaker becomes a seer. In clear vision he beholds the victorious progress of the Christian evangel and the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. His heart pours itself out in triumphant ascription:

> Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,
> Great David's greater Son!
> Hail, in the time appointed,
> His reign on earth begun!
> He comes to break oppression,
> To set the captive free;
> To take away transgression,
> And rule in equity."

The service is over; but Dr. Clarke, charmed with the poem which seizes the spirit and exhibits some of the principal beauties of the Hebrew bard, begs the manuscript and prints it with his commentary on the seventy-second Psalm, of which it is a versification. The speaker was James Montgomery (1771–1854), who has been called by some, but with manifest exaggeration, "the Cowper of the nine-

teenth century." He was the son of a Moravian clergyman, and received his early training under Moravian influences at the settlement in Fulneck, Yorkshire, England. As shop-boy he discovered his bent toward literature, which had free exercise when he became editor of the Sheffield *Iris* in 1794. This journal, as the *Register*, had been edited by Montgomery's employer, Mr. Gales, who sought refuge in America from government persecution for radical views. With these views Montgomery sympathized, and twice found himself in prison for their expression. To this imprisonment we owe some of his best hymns. The greater part of his life was spent in Sheffield, and among many beautiful ministries was his care for the sisters of his exiled employer. He seems to have been subject to occasional depressions, and from one of these moods we have the hymn beginning, "O where shall rest be found." In 1814 he formally associated himself with the United Brethren, which is supposed to have been the occasion of writing "People of the living God." His "Hark, the song of jubilee," was composed for a mission-

ary anniversary, and his "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire" was written at the request of Rev. E. Bickersteth for the latter's *Treatise on Prayer*. Of his "Angels from the realms of glory," it is said by a competent critic that "for comprehensiveness, appropriateness of expression, force, and elevation of sentiment it may challenge comparison with any hymn that was ever written in any language or country." Montgomery's achievements were not limited to hymn-writing. His critical work was not inconsiderable, either as to quantity or quality. His lectures on literature were received with great favor, and his literary services were recognized by the government which had twice imprisoned him with a place on the pension list yielding an income of £150 per annum. He died in 1854, and was honored with a public funeral.

It was an exciting day in Scotland, that memorable 18th of May, 1843. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church sat in Edinburgh, and citizens of every station were canvassing on street, in store, and at the hearthstone the probable outcome of the mo-

mentous session. Leaders in the Church had taken a stand against the abuse of patronage and the interference of the civil courts. Would they follow their convictions and leave the Established Church? The answer was decisive and dramatic. "Dr. Welsh, the moderator, took the chair, invoked the divine presence, and calmly said that the Assembly could not be properly constituted without violating the terms of union between Church and State. He read a protest against any further proceedings, bowed to the representative of the crown, stepped down into the aisle, and walked toward the door. To follow him was to forsake the old Church, its livings, salaries, manses, pulpits, and parishes. Dr. Chalmers had seemed like a lion in reverie, and all eyes were turned upon him. Would he give up his chair in theology? He seized his hat, took the new departure, and after him went more than four hundred other ministers with a host of elders. A cheer burst from the galleries. In the street the expectant crowd parted and admired the heroic procession as it passed. Lord Jeffrey was sitting in his room quietly reading when

some one rushed in, saying: 'What do you think? More than four hundred of them have gone out.' Springing to his feet, he exclaimed: 'I am proud of my country. There is not another land on earth where such a deed could have been done.'" Among the noble four hundred was Horatius Bonar, minister of the North Church at Kelso, then in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and sixth of his ministry. Of them all—and some of them, like Chalmers, Guthrie, and Candlish, are among the most gifted of any time—none comes nearer the heart of the Church at large than this sweet psalmist of our modern Israel. His work was monumental, and in its reach circled the earth. The "Kelso" tracts brought a message of mercy to thousands who never saw or heard the herald of the message; and his hymns of faith and hope have sung themselves into the deepest affections of the saints in all denominations. His life was rarely beautiful and other-worldly. He lived in an atmosphere of prayer. One of his children cherishes the remembrance of "the voice of prayer coming from the locked study, where he knelt or paced

up and down, sometimes for hours." A young servant in the house owed her conversion to this. She thought: "If he needs to pray so much, what will become of me if I do not pray?" It is impossible that from a heart thus turned to heavenly things aught but heavenly music should come. To him we owe that loveliest lyric of the heavenly land, "Beyond the smiling and weeping," and that most exquisite of personal testimonies, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," which the Anglican Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, declared to be "the finest hymn in the English language." When asked to designate his own favorite, Dr. Bonar selected the one beginning, "When the weary seeking rest," a beautiful poem constructed on the theme of Solomon's prayer in the temple, concluding each stanza with the refrain:

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

Perhaps the most general favorite in the Church, if we may judge by its distribution among the denominational collections, is the hymn, "I lay my sins on Jesus," which, pro-

ceeding in joyful triumph at the redemption in Christ, closes appropriately with an earnest longing for the ripeness of character which comes from a life fully consecrated to Christ. Other favorites are the "Pilgrim Song;" "A few more years shall roll;" "I was a wandering sheep," which has been used with telling emphasis in revival-meetings; and "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," a tender and trustful song of the heart. Dr. Bonar's hymns were composed under varied circumstances. "Sometimes," we are told, "they were timed by the numbers of the trickling brook that babbled near him; sometimes attuned to the ordered tramp of the ocean, whose crested waves broke on the beach by which he wandered; sometimes set to the rude music of the railway train that hurried him to the scene of duty; sometimes measured by the silent rhythm of the midnight stars that shone above him." The rich legacy bequeathed by this saint to the Church in his devotional poetry will become more and more apparent as it becomes better known. It is doubtful if the century will produce a singer whose tones are at once so rich and various,

and so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of praise.

Widely different in spirit and outcome from the movement in Edinburgh was the so-called Tractarian movement which agitated the English establishment during the third and fourth decades of this century. Like the Wesleyan movement, it began in Oxford University, and was in some measure a protest against the evangelicalism engendered by the spread of the Wesleyan spirit. The contention of its promoters was for a restoration of the very ecclesiasticism against which Wesley had rebelled, and which the most devoted and earnest part of the Church regarded as the deadliest foe to real spiritual life and activity. The outcome was as might have been expected. While some of its adherents remained in the Church of England, not a few went over to Rome. This movement had its singers, and it is with them we have to do. Earliest, and in some respects chiefest, among them was John Keble (1792–1866), whose *Christian Year*, issued in 1827, is, perhaps, the most popular book of devotional poetry (the

Psalms always excepted) in literature. From this work we have the beautiful morning and evening hymns, "New every morning is the love," and "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear," based respectively upon Lam. iii, 22, 23, and Luke xxiv, 29. The impression which this work made upon the public mind was almost revolutionary. It prepared the way for the rapid spread of Tractarianism, and, singularly enough, by its free handling of religious subjects, opened the path also for the advent of biblical criticism, than which Tractarianism dreaded nothing more. According to Dean Stanley, *The Christian Year* has taken its place next to the Authorized Version and Prayer-Book, far above the Homilies and Articles. "For one who would enforce an argument by quoting the eleventh article, or the homily on Charity," he says, "there are a hundred who would appeal to *The Christian Year*." Perhaps the most noticeable quality in Keble's hymns is the knowledge of Scripture displayed. The thought is lucid, the diction vivid, and there is a spiritual fervor which makes them universally acceptable.

The very year (1833) from which the Tractarian movement is commonly reckoned, a Church of England clergyman was impatiently waiting at a Mediterranean sea-port to take passage home. He was sick in body and anxious in mind. An orange boat was ready to sail. He secured passage, and the homeward voyage was begun. But the boat was becalmed and the impatient spirit sought solace in verse-making. Here, on June 16, was written the hymn, "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," which for beauty of suggestion and felicity of expression stands almost unrivaled in our tongue. The writer was John Henry Newman (1801–1890), then a presbyter in the Church of England, and, as the incumbent of St. Mary's, a teacher of almost unparalleled influence with Oxford students. He took his place in the current agitation, and became at once the most influential of its leaders. He entered the Roman communion in 1845 ; in 1879 he was designated a cardinal, and in 1890 he died.

Belonging to the same coterie was Frederick William Faber (1815–1863), whose hymns have

a sweetness and tender suggestion which endears them to all lovers of sacred poetry. He was, like Newman, a magician with words, and not a little of the spell which both exercise in their writings lies in the fascination of felicitous phrasing. There is, perhaps, no more winning interpretation of the heart's longing for heaven than his "O paradise, O paradise!" or no more enrapturing melody for a pilgrimage song than his "Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling." Many a discouraged worker has taken heart again by the ringing remembrance that

> "Right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win."

And, despite its alleged questionableness of doctrine and faultiness of figure, hosts of worshipers find comfort and inspiration in remembering that

> "There's a wideness in God's mercy,
> Like the wideness of the sea."

The Tractarian movement gave an impetus to the study of the Latin and Greek Church fathers which was not without its effect upon hymnody. The hymn-writers of the early

centuries were again made vocal in translations, and some of our most cherished lyrics are from these sources. Easily chief among all the workers in this field was John Mason Neale (1818–1866), whose "Jerusalem, the golden," has made known to us "the sweetest of all the New Jerusalem hymns of heavenly homesickness which have taken their inspiration from the last two chapters of Revelation." Dr. Neale's career reads like a romance. His championship of the extreme views advocated in the Tractarian movement subjected him to the cruelest persecution. Although his life was divided between stupendous toil and the most abounding labors of piety and benevolence, he was under the inhibition of his bishop for fourteen years, and was once burned in effigy. His work was of the hardest and his income a pittance. He wrote children's stories for bread, and was manifestly content to serve the Church he loved, though she heeded not his loyalty and regarded with suspicion his sincere and enthusiastic devotion. Next to Dr. Neale stands Edward Caswall (1814–1878), who has given us "Jesus, the very thought of

thee," the unapproachably fine translation of Bernard's famous "Jesu dulcis memoria," and "My God, I love thee not because I hope for heaven thereby," the scarcely less famous hymn of Francis Xavier. To John Chandler (1806–1876), whose service in this line entitles him to rank with Neale and Caswall, we are indebted for the hymn beginning, "The royal banner is unfurled," a rendering of "one of the grandest hymns in the treasury of the Latin Church," the Passion hymn of Venantius Fortunatus.

Contributions were also brought in from the German sources, the principal worker in this field being Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878), who rendered this service not so much to furnish specimens of German hymn-writing "as in the hope," as she herself says "that these utterances of Christian piety, which have comforted and strengthened the hearts of many true Christians in their native country, may speak to the hearts of some among us to help and cheer those who must strive and suffer, and to make us feel afresh what a deep and true communion of saints exists among all the chil-

dren of God in different Churches and lands." To Miss Jane Borthwick, a native of Scotland, who, with her sister, published a valuable selection from the *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, we owe the hymn, "My Jesus, as thou wilt," which has already had a wonderful history in bringing a message of comfort to hearts stricken with bereavement.

The services to hymnody rendered by Miss Winkworth and Miss Borthwick naturally suggest the further contributions to the service of song made by female writers. Harriet Auber (1773–1862) was born in London, and was a devout member of the Church of England. She had a fine literary taste, and her rendering of the Psalms ranks with the best produced in this century. Psa. lxxii becomes in her version the favorite missionary hymn, "Hasten, Lord, the glorious time;" and Psa. lxxxi the equally popular hymn of praise, "O God, our strength, to thee our song."

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans (1794–1835), in spite of the most discouraging circumstances, became one of the most popular poets of her day. That she undervalued her own work is manifest

from her expressed regret "that the necessities of providing for a family obliged her to waste her mind upon mere desultory effusions." Two verses of the hymn by which she is represented in most of our hymnals, "Calm on the bosom of thy God," are inscribed on her tomb in the church at Dublin, Ireland, where she is buried.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay (born 1801) is a Scotch story-writer and poet, who, from the quiet aspect of a Devonshire cemetery and the concordant inscription upon a headstone, "Sleeping in Jesus," received the suggestion which gave us that cherished hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep."

There is, perhaps, no more beautiful expression of devout faith and child-like trust than is found in the hymn, "Father, I know that all my life," by Anna Lætitia Waring (born 1820), a native of South Wales and a singer of unusual gifts.

That hymn, an especial favorite with children, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," was written in a stage-coach by Mrs. Jemima Luke (born 1813), wife of an Inde-

pendent minister in England, while on her way to a school festival.

Elizabeth Codner (born 1835), who writes, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," is also the wife of a clergyman living in London, and is favorably known for her benevolent activity. The hymn was born out of a heart anxious for the salvation of some young friends who had been greatly impressed with the recital of events connected with the revival in Ireland in 1860. While quietly communing with herself and longing to impress upon the young people an individual appeal "without effort," she says, "words seemed to be given me, and they took the form of this hymn." Few hymns have been more serviceable in evangelistic work.

Who that ever heard Mr. Ira D. Sankey sing "The ninety and nine" will ever forget the melting pathos and infinite tenderness of its loving suggestion? The tune was his own, and came into his mind during a service at which the topic presented was "The Good Shepherd." The hymn was written by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Clephane (1830–1869), of Melrose, Scotland, who wrote it for a periodical edited by Dr. Ar-

not, and who passed into the presence of the Good Shepherd a few years before her hymn was winged with music for its world-wide flight.

A city pastor was called to the bedside of a young woman dying of consumption. School associations had brought her under the influences of a teacher hostile to the Christian, and indifferent to any, religion. The girl was highly cultivated, and argued the claims of religion with the pastor as if the contest were not for life and death, but for dialectical supremacy. His importunity at length annoyed her. She declined to further discuss the topic, and upon allusion to it would turn her face to the wall. Finally, the pastor, addressing her by name, said earnestly: "I have not called to argue with you another word, but before leaving you to meet the issues of eternity I wish to recite a hymn." He then repeated with touching emphasis the hymn "Just as I am, without one plea," and left her. He thought it would not be worth while to call again, but the imminence of death and peril of soul were too great to be denied any help he might offer, and he went to her once more. She turned to face him. In

her sunken eyes was a gleaming radiance and upon her face an ineffable light. Placing her wasted hands in his, she said, with deep emotion:

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me,
> And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come! I come!"

"O, sir," she said, "*I've come, I've come!*" This is but one instance among hundreds in which this hymn has made an appeal denied to argument and the logician's skill, and brought the human soul and its divine Saviour into at-one-ment. The writer of the hymn was Charlotte Elliott (1789–1871), a native of Brighton, England, and blessed with an ancestry famous for intellectual and spiritual attainments. At twenty-two she became, and through her long life continued, an invalid. At thirty-three she was brought into a rich religious experience through the ministry of the saintly Cæsar Malan, of Switzerland, and annually kept the day on which it occurred as a sacred festival. Her now famous hymn appeared in 1836, and was written for the *Inva-*

lid's Hymn-Book, a work compiled by her, and to which, in its several editions, she contributed over a hundred hymns. In the furnace of much bodily pain and sorrow of heart were her exquisite hymns fashioned. Years of patient suffering went into their making, and not unlikely imparted that quality which makes them a store-house of consolation for God's chastened and chosen ones. From her pen also came that matchless petition for perfect loyalty in every dispensation, "My God, my Father, while I stray," which so pathetically hints of a brave heart suffering.

> "Then when on earth I breathe no more
> The prayers oft mixed with tears before,
> I'll sing upon a happier shore
> 'Thy will be done, thy will be done.'"

Of this and the hymn "Just as I am," Miss Frances R. Havergal says: "There is a beautiful fitness in the fact that these two far thrilling chords were struck by the same hand. For only the heart that said 'Just as I am' can truly say 'Thy will be done.'"

The Miss Havergal quoted above was herself a singer of verses as sweet and helpful as

her piety was deep and gracious. She was born at Astley, Worcestershire, England, December 14, 1836. Her father was an accomplished minister and musician, and the daughter early developed a passion for music and unusual gifts of composition. Fancying that her choice of the musician's vocation was a self-gratification, she even prayed that the gift might be withdrawn if a peril to her spiritual life. Her prayer was "to be white at any cost." The gift was consecrated to divine uses, and became a ministry of blessing to multitudes. Visiting at a friend's home, she asked God for the conversion of some unconverted inmates and a special blessing upon the others, and the prayer was signally granted. Her joy poured itself out in her well-known and searching consecration hymn, "Take my life, and let it be." Too ill to attend church on Sunday, the chiming bells called out from her heart the stirring response, "Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King." Miss Havergal died in 1879. Her life literally went out in song.

A hymn which has won wide and abiding

popularity is "Nearer, my God, to thee," the metrical rendering of Jacob's vision at Beth-el recorded in Gen. xxviii, 11–19. It was written by Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams (1805–1849), the gifted daughter of one of the founders of English journalism, and a member of the congregation organized by the eloquent William Johnson Fox, to whose collection the hymn was contributed. In some quarters its use has been objected to on the grounds that its author was a Unitarian, and that it contains no reference to Christ. This objection might with equal force be urged against large sections of the Old Testament. Allied "Christian" emendations have been tried upon the hymn, but have found no acceptance. If one may judge from poetical expression in a dramatic composition (not an absolute test, it is true), Mrs. Adams was as orthodox as the most sensitive could require. In a lovely hymn from her *Vivia Perpetua* she sings:

"Part in peace—Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in him;
Part in peace—Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in him;

Part in peace—Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease:
Brethren, sisters, part in peace."

Certain it is that her life was one of beautiful ministry, and her death was radiant with the spirit of resignation and hope.

Richly supplementing the songs of the sisterhood are the melodies of their brother singers. The hymnist who of all others in the early part of the century ranks next to Montgomery in the contribution of serviceable hymns for congregational worship is Thomas Kelly (1769–1855). He was a native of Ireland and a minister of the Established Church until his fervor led to differences with his superiors. Later, from conviction, he became a dissenter. He was a scholar, poet, musician, and evangelist. Having independent means, he gave unstintedly to every good cause, and after an extended term of blessedly diligent, laborious, and fruitful service he died at a ripe age. Among his best hymns are the missionary hymn, "On the mountain's top appearing," based upon Isa. lii, 7; the hymn of the Church, "Zion

stands with hills surrounded," based upon Psa. cxxv, 2; and "We sing the praise of him who died," based upon Gal. vi, 14, a hymn of which Sir Roundell Palmer says, "I doubt whether Montgomery ever wrote any thing quite equal to this."

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847) was a Church of England clergyman whose life is full of singularly noble and pathetic touches. After years of arduous and loving service among a rough, seafaring people on the Devon coast he is ordered to the Continent for a respite and in the hope of restoring shattered health. He goes and returns. The hope is futile. But he must go again. He insists upon preaching once more. His hardy fisher people and their little ones throng the church. He speaks to them of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour. They listen breathlessly as to a dying man. He bids them farewell and seeks his room. On the evening of the same day he places in the hands of a friend the words of that peerless evening hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," and soon after goes abroad to die.

Like Lyte in talents and devotion was Reginald Heber (1783–1826), who, after a brilliant university career, accepted the bishopric of Calcutta, and in three years wore out his life in unremitting toil. Three hymns, all eminent in their way, we owe to him. His "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," is perhaps the most perfect hymn of ascription in our language. The pre-eminent missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," was written in a few hours to meet the demand of his father-in-law for a hymn to be sung at a missionary service the next day. "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," although criticised as an "apostrophe to a star," is nevertheless one of our best Christmas hymns.

Bernard Barton (1784–1849), the "Quaker poet," sometimes restive under the routine of his duties as bank clerk, gave to the Church that noble testimony to its most convincing apology, "Walk in the light, so shalt thou know."

Henry Kirke White (1785–1806), the youth of promise who had Southey for his enthusiastic biographer and Lord Byron for his eulogist, and from whom,

"When life was in its spring,
And his young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away
Which else had sounded an immortal lay,"

gave us his experience in passing from doubt to assurance in the hymn, "When marshaled on the nightly plain."

James Edmeston (1791–1867), author of "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," was a London architect, and this favorite hymn was written, we are told, after reading in Salte's *Travels in Abyssinia* the words, "At night their short evening hymn, 'Jesus forgives us,' stole through the camp." For years this hymn was part of the evening service in the church where its author worshiped.

The general choir includes singers of almost every station in life and of almost every degree of culture. Sir Robert Grant (1785–1838), the accomplished Governor of Bombay, India, contributes the touching litany cry, "Saviour, when in dust to thee," and the joyous hymn of gratitude and praise, "O worship the King all glorious above."

Sir John Bowring (1792–1872), the distin-

guished scholar and diplomatist, writes that triumphant hymn of the cross, "In the cross of Christ I glory," which to some may seem an anomaly, since its author was a leader among the English Unitarians, whose creed has no place for the cross.

Sabine Baring-Gould, an Episcopal clergyman of varied culture and an industrious student, contributed "Onward, Christian soldiers," which ranks in the very front of our few good soldier songs.

Edward Mote (1797–1836), a Baptist minister in England, wrote "My hope is built on nothing less" when a layman, and the refrain,

> "On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
> All other ground is sinking sand,"

flowed into his mind while on his way to business.

George Keith, a London bookseller, is credited (upon evidence, however, which is by no means conclusive) with writing one of the noblest lyrics and richest possessions of the Christian Church, the hymn "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," which is

based upon the quartette of texts, 1 Pet. i, 4; Isa. xli, 10; xliii, 2; and xlvi, 4.

To Thomas Moore (1779–1852), poet, musician, and man of the world, we are indebted for the familiar "Come, ye disconsolate," the resounding song of Miriam, "Sound the loud timbrel," and that sweetest, tenderest, and most touching of lyrics, "O thou who driest the mourner's tear."

Hugh Stowell (1799–1865), a churchman of broad sympathies and strongly evangelical, gave us "From every stormy wind that blows," than which none is dearer to the hearts of devout people.

Dean Henry Alford (1810–1871), eminent in scholarship and in service to the universal Church of Christ, describes in thrilling lines his vision of the Church triumphant in the hymn "Ten thousand times ten thousand," and rang out the glorious call for the Church militant, "Forward be our watchword," written for an occasion which did not take place until after its author had passed away.

A hymn of the heavenly land, sung everywhere, and an especial favorite with children,

"There is a happy land," was written by a Scotch teacher, Andrew Young, who found himself charmed by an Indian tune and compelled to write a hymn for it.

The list of American hymn-writers, until within a quite recent date, was not large. But now in this country, as in England, the interest in psalmody and the demand for new collections are so great as to call out a multitude of singers, many of whose compositions find a more or less permanent place in the general church choir.

Of the early singers perhaps the most influential is Thomas Hastings (1784–1872), a Presbyterian layman whose services to church music cannot be overestimated. Of his hymns perhaps the most popular are: "Gently, Lord, O gently lead us," which appeared first in *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*" (1832), edited by Dr. Hastings and Lowell Mason (1792–1872); the missionary hymn, "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning," based upon Isa. lii, 7; and the funeral hymn, "Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding."

One of the happy illustrations that in a

hymn-book denominational differences are disregarded is found in the fact that the favorite Methodist hymn of consecration, "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine," was written by an eminent Presbyterian divine, Samuel Davies (1723–1761), who succeeded Jonathan Edwards as president of Princeton College. It was manifestly written as a communion hymn, its title being "Self-dedication at the table of the Lord."

A hymn endeared to many by its connection with the most sacred hours of sorrow is "I would not live alway," which was written by an Episcopalian clergyman and well-known philanthropist, W. A. Muhlenberg (1796–1877). The hymn, the authorship of which was then unknown, was presented for adoption by a committee of which Dr. Muhlenberg was one, and rejected as being "good, but sentimental." Dr. Muhlenberg himself voted for its exclusion. Dr. H. U. Onderdonk, who had presented it, secured its reconsideration and adoption. In after years Dr. Muhlenberg said of this composition, "I do not believe in the hymn at all; it does not express the feelings of the saint, and I should not write it now."

What is probably the most popular hymn of the Church, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," was written by a Congregationalist, Dr. Timothy Dwight (1752–1847), the eminent theologian and president of Yale College, whose life is one of the romances of scholarship.

The hymn-book further illustrates how a simple service may be multiplied and made indefinitely useful. There are several singers of just one song—that is, of just one song which has commanded the general suffrage for its incorporation in the standard collections. Such are some of our hymns of heaven.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter (1809–1874), a devout and active member of the Baptist Church, gave us "There is a gate that stands ajar," which has shown the way into the beautiful city for a host which else might have passed it unnoted.

S. Fillmore Bennett, a physician, wrote "There's a land that is fairer than day," and, it is said, dashed it off in fifteen minutes upon hearing the remark from a friend that things "would be all right by and by."

So also the favorites, "In the Christian's

home in glory," by Samuel Young Harmer, a Methodist minister; "My heavenly home is bright and fair," by William Hunter (1811–1877), also a Methodist minister; "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land," by Mrs. Helen Huntington Gates, a member of the Presbyterian Church and author of the song so much admired by President Lincoln, beginning "If you cannot cross the ocean;" and "O, think of the home over there," by D. W. C. Huntington, of Genesee Conference in the Methodist Church; and "Safe in the arms of Jesus," by Mrs. Francis Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne (born in 1823), the blind singer, who composed this hymn in fifteen minutes at the request of Mr. G. W. Doane, the musician, who furnished her the theme. Mrs. Van Alstyne, who writes as "Fanny Crosby," is the ready writer of over five thousand hymns, some of which have become widely popular in Sunday-school and social meetings.

To this category belong also some names cherished for hymns of Christian experience. Such are Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss (1818–1878), author of the devotional classic, *Step-*

ping Heavenward, who has given us the favorite prayer-song, "More love to thee, O Christ," and Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown (1783–1861), whose "I love to steal awhile away" was written under circumstances of touching interest. She was wont to seek the seclusion of a grove near her humble home that she might have an opportunity for religious meditation and prayer. Her visits there were misconstrued by a neighbor, who roughly told Mrs. Brown of her suspicions. "I went home," the latter says, "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. I took pen and paper and gave vent to my oppressed heart in what I called 'My apology for my twilight rambles. Addressed to a lady.'" When prepared for Nettleton's *Village Hymns* the poem was altered to its present form.

A few native hymns have been found worthy to rank among the first favorites in the universal Church. Such is the hymn "My faith looks up to thee," written by Ray Palmer

(1808–1887), a Congregational minister who served successful pastorates in the State of New York, and was for years Corresponding Secretary of the American Congregational Union. This hymn was composed when the author was twenty-two years old and a school teacher in New York city. "It was born in my heart," he says, "and demanded expression. There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship. I gave form to what I felt by writing the stanzas with little effort. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and penned the last line with tears." Another beautiful hymn by this writer is the one beginning, "Jesus these eyes have never seen." It was Dr. Palmer's favorite, and he passed away with the words of one verse upon his lips:

> "When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
> And still this throbbing heart,
> The rending veil shall thee reveal,
> All-glorious as thou art."

Another hymn which has had wide acceptance is "One sweetly solemn thought," written

by Phœbe Cary (1824–1871). The hymn appears in two forms. The original was written in 1852 after Sunday morning service in "the little back third-story bedroom" of a friend's house in New York. The revised form, which constitutes the basis of the hymnal versions, was written by her for a book of *Hymns for All Christians*, compiled by herself and her pastor, Dr. Deems. A familiar story of its blessed work is that a young man, thoughtlessly singing it in a gambling-house in China, aroused the conscience of a fellow-gambler, who subsequently became converted.

A hymn which is exceedingly and deservedly popular here, and which will steadily commend itself to an ever-enlarging audience, is the stirring soldier-song, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." It was written by George Duffield (1818–1883), a prominent Presbyterian minister, during the revival in Philadelphia in 1857. Called to the bedside of a dying fellow-worker, Dr. Duffield asked what message he should take to the association under whose auspices the revival was being carried forward. "Tell them," said the dying man, "to stand up

for Jesus." Dr. Duffield preached on the following Sunday from the words, "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth," etc., and read the verses as a concluding exhortation.

Our national hymn, one of the noblest and most inspiring ever written, was composed in 1832 by Samuel Francis Smith (born 1808), then a theological student, afterward a Baptist pastor of repute. It was suggested by the tune "America," which the author found in a German music-book given to him by Lowell Mason. The same author has given us one of our most popular missionary hymns, "The morning light is breaking," which was contributed to the *Psalmist* in 1843.

There is nothing more interesting in a review of hymnody than the disclosure that to reach the heart of humanity one must sing of redemption. The singer may, or may not, have his affiliations with the evangelical Church; but if his song is to live and to pass into the current of men's thought it must sing "The praise of Him who died," or of the hopes begotten in Him who died, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Thus our most exquisite Christmas hymn, "Calm on the listening ear of night," which Oliver Wendell Holmes pronounces "one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written," was composed by E. H. Sears (1810–1886), a leading minister in the Unitarian denomination. Another Christmas hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear," by the same author, is much and justly admired.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (born 1809) is another "singer of the liberal faith" who has contributed a hymn, "O love divine, that stooped to share," which for its pronounced and acceptable Christian sentiment has been incorporated into many denominational collections. There are few nobler lyrics of adoration than the same writer's "Lord of all being, throned afar."

William Cullen Bryant (1805–1886), one of America's greatest poets, is also classed with the Unitarians, which does not prevent his "Deem not that they are blest alone" from bringing its suggestion of comfort and consolation to men and women who are at the farthest remove from him theologically.

There is not in any collection a more exquisite and tenderly suggestive hymn of Christ's love than that given by John Greenleaf Whittier (born 1807) in his

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

Thus it has ever been. "From the day when Mary, the mother of Jesus, sang the first Christian hymn to the latest that has entered our modern hymn-books one name, which is above every name, has made all its music." And thus it will ever be.

"Christ, Son of God, and Christ, the Son of man,
Christ on the cross and Christ in kingly reign!
So sang the saints when first the song began;
So shall it rise, a never-ending strain."

NOTES.

[1] Dr. Schaff says that the number of German hymns cannot fall short of one hundred thousand. Dean George Ludvig von Hardenberg, of Halberstadt, in 1786 prepared a catalogue of first lines of seventy-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-three hymns, and the number, not completed then, has been greatly increased since.

[2] Of these two hymns the first was composed for his wife's twenty-ninth birthday, October 12, 1755; the second seems to have been generally "for Christian friends," and appeared in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It was of this latter hymn that the saintly Fletcher said: "When the triumphal chariot of perfect love gloriously carries you to the top of perfection's hill; when you are raised far above the common heights of the perfect; when you are almost translated into glory, like Elijah—then you may sing this hymn."

[3] Said to have been composed during a solitary walk in the field, when the poet was tortured by an apprehension of returning madness. It was the last he ever wrote for the famous Olney collection.

[4] Part of the hymn found in the Olney collection, entitled "Looking at the Cross," and beginning—

> "In evil long I took delight,
> Unawed by shame or fear,
> Till a new object struck my sight,
> And stopped my wild career."

[5] A selection from a poem of ten stanzas, entitled "Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness," the first stanza of which is—

"When I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers."

[6] From the "Evening Hymn" in the *Christian Year*. The original has fourteen stanzas, of which the third, seventh, eighth, and last three verses are usually given in hymn collections.

[7] This, one of Wesley's "Hymns for Children," is given entire in the Methodist Hymnal, No. 968, and begins: "And am I only born to die?" Two stanzas are here omitted.

[8] The "Trisagion" is said to have been first introduced into the Liturgy in the reign of the younger Theodosius (408–450), but it is probably much older. Tradition has it that it was supernaturally communicated to the terror-stricken population of Constantinople during an earthquake by St. Proclus (A. D. 434).

[9] The "Gloria" consisted originally of the few words in Luke ii, 14, to which subsequent additions were made—first in the Greek, then in the Latin Church—until in the fifth century it is found substantially in its present form.

[10] There is a legend to the effect that Ambrose composed and sang the "Te Deum" by inspiration when he baptized Augustine; also, that they sang it responsively. This latter suggestion has been poetically wrought out by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston in "The First Te Deum." See her *Colonial Ballads*, 1887. It is generally be-

lieved to be a composite of some Greek morning hymns and metrical renderings of scriptural passages.

[11] The best authorities doubt the genuineness of this hymn, claiming that while it is beautiful and interesting, it probably belongs to a later age.

[12] See Methodist Hymnal, No. 885.

[13] See Methodist Hymnal, No. 233.

[14] Dr. Schaff calls this the best of the Ambrosian hymns, full of faith, rugged vigor, austere simplicity, and bold contrasts. We subjoin the first and last stanzas (of seven) in Dr. Ray Palmer's translation :

> " O Thou, Redeemer of our race !
> Come, show the Virgin's Son to earth ;
> Let every age admire the grace ;
> Worthy a God thy human birth !
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> " With light divine thy manger streams
> That kindles darkness into day ;
> Dimmed by no night henceforth, its beams
> Shine through all time with changeless ray."

Trench calls the translation by John Franck one of the choicest treasures of the German hymn-book, and Bunsen says it is " even deeper and lovelier than the Latin." See *Lyra Germanica*, First Series, page 186.

[15] *Confessions*, ix, 6, " How greatly did I weep in thy hymns and canticles, deeply moved by the voices of thy sweet-speaking Church ! The voices flowed into mine ears, and the truth was poured forth into my heart, whence the agitation of my piety overflowed, and my tears ran over, and blessed was I therein."

[16] *Confessions*, ix, 7.

[17] The original is still in use in the Roman Church, being sung on Good Friday, during the procession in which the consecrated host is carried to the altar. This hymn is selected as one of "the seven great hymns of the mediæval Church," by the editor of a work bearing that name, and published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

[18] This famous hymn is said by Rev. John Ellerton, the translator, to be, with the same author's "Crux benedicta nitet," the earliest instance of elegiac verse in Christian song. The transfusion of Ellerton's, which finds a place in the hymn collections, is in a different measure from the original, which runs :

> "Salve festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo,
> Qua Deus infernum vicit, et as'ra tenet,
> Salve festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo."

Throughout the poem the first two lines of this verse form the third line of the other verses alternately. The festal day referred to is Easter.

[19] Besides Charlemagne and Gregory the authorship has been claimed for Rabanus, Archbishop of Mayence (776–856). Dryden's version in English has been commended by Warton as "a most elegant and beautiful little morsel, and one of his most correct compositions." It opens :

> "Creator Spirit, by whose aid
> The world's foundations first were laid,
> Come, visit every pious mind ;
> Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
> From sin and sorrow set us free,
> And make thy temples worthy thee."

[20] The translation by Ray Palmer is found in the Methodist Hymnal, No. 284. Miss Winkworth furnishes

a translation of this hymn from the German for the *Lyra Germanica*, which, according to competent authority, is a finer translation than any that profess to be from the Latin. We give the second and third stanzas:

"Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come, with thy gifts of precious worth;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

"Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
The heart where thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy laden rest."

[21] See Methodist Hymnal, No. 1047, where it has been considerably altered. Dr. Neale, the translator, thinks it "extremely pretty" as a song, but not intended for church use.

[22] Methodist Hymnal, No. 230. It is still in use in the Greek Church, and Neale, in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church* (page 92), quotes a graphic account of the celebration in which it is sung.

[23] The hymns of Bernard, cited here, are all in the Methodist Hymnal, the second and fourth being especial favorites with our people. "Of him who did salvation bring" was at one time credited to Charles Wesley; the matter and style of the poem betraying, as was thought, the Wesleyan genius. It was discovered afterward in a book of translations by A. W. Boehm (1673–1722), and has since been properly assigned. "Jesus, the very thought of thee," has been denominated "the sweetest and most evangelical (as the "Dies Iræ" is the grandest, and the "Stabat Mater" the most pathetic) hymn of the Middle Ages." Trench, selecting fifteen of the forty-eight or fifty quatrains for his "Latin Poetry," remarks: "Where all was beautiful, the task of selecting was a hard one."

[24] The late Rev. S. W. Duffield essayed a translation, preserving the original measure, thus:

"These are the latter times; these are not better times;
Let us stand waiting;
Lo! how, with awfulness, He first in lawfulness,
Comes arbitrating."

[25] Of the "Stabat Mater" (Dolorosa) Dr. Schaff says: "It is the most pathetic . . . hymn of the Middle Ages, and occupies second rank in Latin hymnology. Suggested by the incident related in John xix, 25, and the prophecy of Simeon (Luke ii, 35), it describes, with overpowering effect, the piercing agony of Mary at the cross, and the burning desire to be identified with her, by sympathy, in the intensity of her grief. It furnished the text for the noblest musical compositions of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, and others. . . . The soft, sad melody of its verse is untranslatable."

[26] The "Stabat Mater" (Speciosa) was brought to public notice through the researches of A. F. Ozanam (1852), and introduced more particularly to American readers by Dr. Philip Schaff in an article in *Hours at Home*, May, 1867. The question of authorship is not settled, and Dr. Coles argues a twofold authorship of the hymns from internal evidence.

[27] Methodist Hymnal, No. 911. The two martyrs referred to are Henry Voes and John Esch, whose martyrdom took place in 1523. After the fires were kindled they repeated the Apostles' Creed, sang the "Te Deum," and prayed in the flames: "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon us!" The original poem consists of twelve nine-line stanzas, and begins:

"Ein neues Lied wir heben an."

The tenth stanza is the basis of the hymn quoted. Professor Bayne, in his recent Life of Luther, speaks of it as a "ballad—rugged, indeed, and with little grace or ornament of composition, but tingling, every line of it, with sincerity and intensity." The meter is preserved in the following:

> "With joy they stepped into the flame,
> God's praises calmly singing.
> Strange pangs of rage, amazement, shame
> The sophists' hearts are wringing:
> For God they feel is here."

[28] Methodist Hymnal, No. 166. The imagery of the hymn is derived from the forty-sixth Psalm. The hymn has commonly been assigned to 1529; but the recent discovery of a print dating apparently from February, 1528, has led Köstlin to assign the hymn to 1527, the year of the pestilence, and of Luther's severest spiritual and physical trials. Dr. Bayne says of Luther's hymns: "It may be said generally that they are characterized by a rugged but fundamentally melodious rhythm, a piercing intensity and expressiveness, with tender, lovely, picturesque touches here and there. Above all, they are sincere. They seem to thrill with an intensity of feeling beyond their power of expression, like the glistening of stars whose silence speaks of God."

[29] Methodist Hymnal, No. 569. The authorship of this hymn was long ascribed to Altenburg, a pastor in Thuringia; but recent researches, according to Miss Winkworth, have made it clear that he only composed the chorale, and that the hymn itself was written down roughly by Gustavus himself, after his victory at Leipsic, and reduced to regular verse by his chaplain, Dr. Fabricius, for the use of the army.

[30] Zinzendorf was a prolific writer. He is said to have composed about two thousand hymns, many of which were produced extemporaneously. The Brethren took them down and preserved them. Zinzendorf says of them, in speaking of his services at Berlin: "After the discourse I generally announce another hymn appropriate. When I cannot find one, I compose one; I say, in the Saviour's name, what comes into my heart." Quoted by Josiah Miller.

[31] Methodist Hymnal, No. 152. The second verse of the hymn, as written by Sternhold, was:

"On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad."

Duffield says it is related of the learned Scaliger—whether father or son is not stated—that he would rather have been the author of this stanza than to have written his own works.

[32] Methodist Hymnal, No. 11. This was the first British composition to which the tune "Old Hundred" was united, and, as is seen, gave its own name to the tune. The authorship is contested, Duffield, in his *English Hymns*, assigning it to John Hopkins, who, with Sternhold, Kethe, and others, published a rendering of the Psalms.

[33] Methodist Hymnal, No. 666. The first verse originally stood:

"Shall Simon bear thy cross alone,
And other saints be free?
Each saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me."

[34] Methodist Hymnal, No. 1044. The hymn has been traced to the collection of "Williams and Boden" (1801), where it is credited to the *Eckington Collection*. Duffield conjectures that as Rev. James Boden, one of the editors, lived and died near Eckington, Yorkshire, this may have been his version of "F. P. B.'s" hymn. For a fine critical and historical sketch of this famous hymn see W. C. Prime's monograph, "O mother dear, Jerusalem" (New York, third edition, 1865). The Latin hymn referred to as given by Daniel (*Thesaurus Hymnologicus*) consists of forty-eight lines, and begins:

Urbs beata Ierusalem dicta pacis visio.

The "F. B. P." version, as given by Dr. Bonar, opens:

"Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?"

and contains twenty-six stanzas.

[35] It is only proper to state that the assignment of this hymn to that occasion is based upon a tradition which, according to Dr. E. F. Hatfield, an authority on the subject, "is probably founded on the fact that the hymn appears as No. 1 of his first book."

[36] Dean Stanley says of the same composition: "It is not only a hymn, but a philosophical poem, disfigured, indeed, in parts by the anatomical allusions to the shrunk sinew, but filled, on the whole, with a depth and pathos which might well excite Watts to say that 'it was worth all the verses he himself had written,' and induce Montgomery to compare it to the action of a lyrical drama."