HYMNS
THAT ARE
IMMORTAL

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HYMNS THAT ARE IMMORTAL

With some account of their
Authorship, Origin,
History and
Influence

BY

WILSON T. HOGUE, Ph. D.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Colossians 3:16.

SECOND EDITION

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DEDICATED

TO MY

WIFE AND DAUGHTERS

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PREFACE

The preparation of HYMNS THAT ARE IMMORTAL was undertaken as a result of studies pursued by the author in the fulfilment of duties imposed upon him by his appointment to serve on a committee on hymn-book revision, and also from a conviction that there is a field for its circulation within which it will accomplish much good.

The compilation of the hymns it contains, and of the historical, biographical, explanatory and illustrative information regarding them, should be of interest to all Christians, and of particular interest and helpfulness to pastors, evangelists, lay preachers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and gospel workers in general. One special aim in the production of the work has been that of making it practically helpful to these classes.

The book has not been written, however, for the foregoing classes exclusively or chiefly. In its entire preparation the author has had an equal regard to making it a volume of interesting and valuable reading matter

for the Home Circle, and especially for Sabbath perusal.

While some thirty or forty volumes have been consulted in the preparation of the work, and due credit has generally been given for borrowed matter where it appears in the following pages, the author desires to make special acknowledgement of aid received from the following works: "A Dictionary of Hymnology," by the Rev. John Julian, M. A., a monumental work of more than sixteen hundred closely printed double-column pages, with sketches of about five thousand authors and translators of hymns, whose productions number about thirty thousand; "The Methodist Hymn Book [British], Illustrated with Biography, History, Incident and Anecdote," by George John Stevenson, M. A., the world's leading authority on Methodist hymnology; "English Hymns, Their Authors and History," by the Rev. Samuel Duffield, perhaps the best American work on the subject; "Annotations Upon Popular Hymns," by Charles Seymour Robinson, D. D., an illustrated volume of five hundred eighty-one double-column pages, closely printed, based on the "New Laudes Domini;" "Historical Sketches of Hymns," by Joseph Belcher, D. D.; "Hymn Studies," by the Rev.

Charles S. Nutter, D. D; "Hymns Historically Famous," by Colonel Nicholas Smith; "The Story of the Hymns," by Hezekiah Butterworth; "Studies in Familiar Hymns," by the Rev. Louis F. Benson, D. D.; and "Hymns That Have Helped," by Mr. W. T. Stead.

The writing of the book was mostly done during a season of confinement from public duties occasioned by a broken arm. Under these conditions the writer had an excellent opportunity to test the value of the hymns appearing in this volume, and to ascertain their helpfulness in seasons of disappointment and affliction. If their publication shall in any degree bring to others such delight and comfort as preparing them for publication in their present form afforded him, God shall have the praise. W. T. H.

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INTRODUCTORY

"I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter!"

The hymnody of the Christian Church is deserving of much more attention than it generally receives from the Christian public. Its influence in the past has been incalculable, and it is to-day one of the most powerful instrumentalities in use for the diffusion of Christian truth and for the culture of the spiritual life.

God's people have always been a singing people, and the singing of the saints has ever been a mighty inspiration to the Church in the fierce conflicts she has encountered in attempting to propagate the gospel and evangelize the world. Hebrew psalmody was thoroughly interwoven with the whole development of the Hebrew nation, and Hebrew poetry and song are the forms in which many of the most valuable portions of the inspired Scriptures have come down to us.

The early Christians in particular were singing saints. The Master Himself led them in the use of devotional song. Both Matthew and Mark have told us of how, after He had instituted the Lord's Supper, Jesus and His chosen few "sang an hymn"—probably the Jewish Hallel of Psalms 113 and 118—as a fitting conclusion to the solemn service, and then "went out into the Mount of Olives."

Saint Paul also is an authority in reference to singing as having formed an important part of early Christian worship. He both recognizes the custom and emphasizes its value when, to the Colossian Christians, he writes: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord" (Col. 3:16). Numerous rythmical passages in his epistles are also fragments of primitive hymns, suggesting both the doctrinal and devotional value of singing in the early Church. His marvelous climax relative to the great "mystery of godliness" (1 Tim. 3:16), which most beautifully summarizes the fundamental items in the Christology of the primitive Church, is a striking example.

"Tertullian [born before A. D. 160, died after A. D. 220] records that at the love

feasts, after water was furnished for the hands and the lights lit, according as any could remember Scripture or compose, * * * he was invited to sing praises to God for the general good;" and Pliny's declaration, that "the Christians are wont on a fixed day, before dawn, to meet and sing a hymn in alternate responses to Christ as God," is generally familiar.

Throughout all subsequent ages Christian hymnody has increased in volume, richness and effectiveness. Some estimate of the important part it has wrought in the making of Christian history may be formed from considering the voluminous amount of hymnic literature now extant. The total number of distinctively Christian hymns in existence is not less than 400,000 and Mr. W. T. Stead, in his valuable little volume on "Hymns That Have Helped," gives the aggregate number as 500,000. German composers have produced nearly 100,000. English composers have produced the next largest number. Dr. Watts alone wrote between five and six thousand, and Charles Wesley upwards of six thousand five hundred. It is estimated that the hymns of Watts, Wesley, Browne, Doddridge, Newton, Beddome, Kelly and Montgomery now in use number about 6,500; and "Mr. Sedgwick,

an English writer on hymns, published in 1861 a catalogue of 618 authors who are represented in the various English hymn-books."

There can be no reasonable doubt that those hymns, and tunes as well, which have stood the tests of time and criticism, and have won their way to general recognition as classic productions, are best suited on the whole to producing reverence, devotion, spirituality, and general soundness in the faith. This being true, the growing tendency, arising largely from the prevalence of a widespread but shallow and sensational revivalism, to relegate these noble productions to the shades of forgetfulness, and to substitute therefor a class of undignified and shallow ditties, and too often of wretched doggerel and mere jingling "rag-time" melodies, is an evil omen, and greatly to be lamented.

Christians should learn to distinguish between good hymns and mere sentimental jingles; between hymns that can be sung by the soul, and those which are sung chiefly by the feet. According to Earl Nelson, as quoted by Hezekiah Butterworth, the marks of a good hymn are the following: "1. It must be full of Scripture. 2. Full of individual life and reality. 3. It must have the acceptance of the use of the church. 4. It

must be pure in its English, its rhyme and its rythm." The same eminent authority also adds: "A hymn coming from a deep communion with God, and from the special experience of the human heart, at once fulfils, and only can fulfil, the tests I have ventured to lay down."

In his "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons" Dr. John A. Broadus sets forth the qualities of a good hymn more at length, and from his presentation of the subject we give the following summary: "A good hymn must be: "(a) Correct in sentiment. (b) Devotional in spirit. (c) Poetical in imagery and diction. (d) Rythmical; being correct as to meter, animated and varied in movement, and yet not rugged or halting, but truly melodious. (e) Symmetrical; the verses exhibiting a regular progress in thought, and forming a complete and harmonious whole."

A collection of hymns conformed to the foregoing standards is of immeasurable worth as an inspiration in public worship, an aid to private devotion, and a means of conserving and propagating sound doctrine. The hymns of such a collection "have been culled from the sacred poetry of all ages, and so rich and abundant is the material that only the best lyrics of the best poets can find a per-

manent place among them." Such hymns were never written as a pastime, nor as an experimentation in the art of poesy; but, like the productions of the Hebrew Psalter, they have as a rule been born of experiences so profound, varied and pathetic, that they voice the universal emotions of humanity, thereby enshrining themselves forever in the favor of mankind.

As a rule the standard hymns have had an origin and history the knowledge of which serves to exalt them in public appreciation, and to increase their value as aids to both public and private devotion; and it is the object of this volume to contribute in some degree to a wider intelligence than now prevails regarding the authorship, origin, history and influence of a few of the great hymns of the church.

The hymns considered in the following pages are all far above commonplace—hymns universally recognized as classics and masterpieces of their kind. They are productions with which every one who speaks the English language should be familiar, and which the author urges young people especially to commit thoroughly to memory. Thus treasured in the mind they will not only serve as powerful aids in the building up of character, but,

through the coming years, will also afford delightful companionships along the rugged highway of life, and be found invaluable sources of light, inspiration and comfort in times of darkness and depression, and amid the gathering shadows of life's declining years.

Praise

I

THE TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

What is generally considered the sublimest and most regal of all Christian hymns is one that has come down to us through thirteen centuries and more, bearing the title, Te Deum Laudamus, from the opening words of the Latin text, Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur—"We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." Its majestic and inspiring strains have for ages been among the most familiar rythmical expressions of devotion in every great cathedral of the world, and its lofty sentiments of adoring reverence have evoked responsive echoes throughout all Christendom.

Three great Christian hymns have come down to us from antiquity—the Trisagion, or Thrice Holy, the Gloria in Excelsis, and the Te Deum—"which belong peculiarly and exclusively to no sect or section of the Church, but equally to the whole Church. Neither Churchman nor Romanist can claim exclusive proprietorship in them; but, like the Bi-

ble itself, of which they are so evidently the offspring, they belong to all who 'profess and call themselves Christians,' of every tongue and clime."

The Te Deum is exceedingly valuable as a summary of orthodox Christian beliefs, as well as for its adaptation to the loftiest purposes of holy song among great assemblies of worshipers. Although partaking more the character of "measured prose" than of exact meter, it is nevertheless poetic in conception and spirit, and also in its lofty reach and measured and majestic sweep. Rendered as we once heard it at one of the Sabbath services of a great eastern university there is a power in it sufficient to lift one well nigh to the third heaven. The following is the English text:

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 the 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 the Martyrs praise Thee.
The holy Church throughout the whole world doth
acknowledge Thee;
The Father of an Infinite Majesty:
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a
virgin.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all
believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory
of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants whom
Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in
glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage.
Govern them, and lift them up for ever.
Day by day we magnify Thee;
And we worship Thy name ever, world without
end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our
trust is in Thee.
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be
confounded.

Dr. Philip Schaff has characterized this as

a "magnificent anthem, * * * which is worthy of a place among David's Psalms of thanksgiving."

Mrs. Rundle Charles, author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family," says: "It is at once a hymn, a creed and a prayer. It is a creed taking wing and soaring heavenward; it is Faith seized with a sudden joy as she counts her treasures, and laying 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."

Colonel Nicholas Smith, in his "Hymns Historically Famous," pronounces it "the kingliest of all the songs which have come down to us from antiquity," and further says, "In universality of use no ascription of praise in modern times compares with it, except Bishop Ken's doxology."

Dr. W. R. Huntington, of New York, is quoted as saying: "Other hymns may surpass the Te Deum in exhibition of this or that state of feeling, but there is none other that combines, as this combines, all the elements that enter into a Christian's conception of religion. The Te Deum is an orches-

tra in which no single instrument is lacking; first or last, every chord is struck, every note sounded. The soul listens and is satisfied; not one of her large demands has been dishonored."

The authorship of this ancient production is involved in obscurity. It has been popularly but uncritically ascribed to St. Ambrose, or, more accurately speaking, to Saints Ambrose and Augustine conjointly. A picturesque and popular tradition relates how Ambrose, as he led Augustine up from his baptism, under a sudden inspiration from above broke out in singing.

"We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;"

whereupon Augustine, under the power of a like inspiration responded,

"All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting:"

and that the whole hymn was produced in this manner, Ambrose, and Augustine each responsively producing and singing verse after verse.

This account must be regarded as chiefly symbolical and legendary, however, inasmuch as no mention is made of either the circumstance or the hymn in the works of the distin-

guished fathers to whose joint authorship it is ascribed. Nor has the most thorough research found any mention of the hymn as employed in public worship before the beginning of the sixth century, when St. Caesarius Arles ordered it to be sung in the Sunday morning services. It is generally believed among scholars to have originated, like the Apostles' Creed, in a growth covering a considerable period of time. Dr. Schaff informs us that several lines of the hymn, as it finally appeared at the beginning of the sixth century, "can be traced to an older Greek original," and the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge regards it as "a translation, in part, probably by Ambrose, of an older Greek hymn." From its popular ascription to St. Ambrose it is known as "the Ambrosian hymn."

The Te Deum has been associated with a greater variety of celebrated events in history than any other hymn of the Church. It is commonly sung on all great occasions of deliverance and triumph, and at the coronation of kings and queens. "Its strains have leaped the barriers of thirteen centuries, having been chanted at the baptism of Clovis, at Paris, in 496, sung at the coronation of Nicholas II., of Russia, 1894, and in 1897 it

was the song of rejoicing at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria." It is said to have been sung by order of Frederick the Great to commemorate the battle of Prague in 1774, to the setting by Graun, generally regarded as the most famous musical rendering of the hymn on the Continent. It was also sung to celebrate the recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1872, and as a hymn of thanksgiving for the safety of Napoleon III., in 1854. Naturally enough in view of its celebrity, it is "a theme upon which the most celebrated composers have exercised their musical genius."

This hymn was largely instrumental in the conversion of Thomas Olivers, a very wicked and profligate youth, who finally became a Wesleyan preacher of great power, and who wrote the hymn beginning,—

> "The God of Abrah'm praise,
> Who reigns enthroned above,"

which has won highest praise from poets and scholars generally. Olivers became one of Wesley's most valued preachers, and was considered by Wesley as fully a match for Toplady in the doctrinal discussions incident to the great Calvinistic controversy of the time. After thirty-six years of faithful and effi-

cient work he passed peacefully to his reward in 1799.

The following narrative, calling to mind a bit of thrilling and comparatively recent history with which the Te Deum was and ever will be associated, is quoted from Colonel Smith's "Hymns Historically Famous:"

"The universality of the Te Deum is illustrated in this incident: On the first Sunday in September, 1900, a solemn high mass was celebrated in the Cathedral of Peking. It was a thanksgiving service in which the people joined in expressing gratitude that the armies of the allied powers had so promptly and successfully marched to the city at the trumpet call of humanity.

"There were two special features associated with that solemn, yet inspiring occasion. On the façade and spires of the Cathedral, that had suffered much from the shot and shell of the Boxers, waved in triumph the flags of America, Austria, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan and Russia. Among the worshipers on that day were ministers representing many governments, and missionaries of all creeds. The climax of interest was reached when the organ and choir broke forth into that universal ascription of praise—the Te Deum Laudamus. It seemed

REGINALD HEBER.

He traveled two years after leaving the university, and then, after his ordination in 1807, became rector at Hodnet, the family living of that parish having been given him by his brother. For sixteen years he labored faithfully among the people of Hodnet, to whom he became greatly endeared. He was appointed Missionary Bishop to Calcutta in 1823, after having on two former occasions declined the appointment on account of his wife and child. His deep interest in missions, however, and particularly his fondness for India, finally led him to accept the appointment; and, on June 16th, 1823, he turned from his delightful home at Hodnet toward his new field on "India's coral strand," never again to revisit the scenes from which he so reluctantly and yet courageously turned away.

Bishop Heber entered upon the work of his vast field, which included all India, Ceylon, the Mauritius, and Australasia, with great zeal and courage; and his admirable spirit, great abilities and energetic devotion to the welfare of India's millions left a deep and imperishable impression for good upon his extensive diocese. But the good man's administration was destined to be brief. Returning from a service at Trichinopoly, April 3rd,

1826, where he had confirmed a large class of natives, he retired for the purpose of taking a cold bath, and half an hour later was found dead in his room by his servant, a stroke of apoplexy having taken him off instantly.

Bishop Heber wrote fifty-seven hymns of rare merit, all of which are supposed to have been written during his ministry at Hodnet, and all of which are said to be in common use. He will always be particularly and delightfully remembered in connection with and as the author of that stirring missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountain,"

considered elsewhere in this volume, and which alone would have been sufficient to immortalize his name. But the sublimest and divinest of all his sacred lyrics is Trinity-Sunday Hymn, of which the following is the original form:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

HEBER'S TRINITY-SUNDAY HYMN

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, in purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and
sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

TUNE—"NICEA."

"This grand hymn has been sung into great popularity," says Mr. G. J. Stevenson, "among Churchmen whose music is in keeping with their ritual; but the spiritless level of their monotonous chant has been utterly unsuited to the words themselves. Sung on Sabbath morning as an anthem, as it now is every Sunday in some Methodist churches, to the tune 'Trinity,' by A. Stone, it goes with exhilarating force. The words and music harmonizing, raise the singer to the highest point of hallowed praise. It thus becomes a kindling and exultant melody."

While "Trinity" may be the tune most acceptable to English Methodists, "Nicea," in the composition of which for this particular hymn in adoration of the Holy Trinity no less a master than Dykes "reached the zenith

of his musical genius," is generally regarded as better suited to the character of the hymn than any other ever written. The tune was happily named from Nice, in Asia Minor, where, in A. D. 325, the first Christian Ecumenical Council was held, which determined that the Eternal Sonship of Christ and his equality with the Father should constitute a part of the creed of the Church. The great popularity of the hymn is chiefly due to its association with this majestic tune, to which it is usually sung throughout the English-speaking world.

"Holy, holy, holy," was first published among Bishop Heber's posthumous hymns, in 1827, according to Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology." It was soon adopted by hymn-book compilers generally, and at length became the best known and most widely used of all the author's hymns. It is a magnificent metrical paraphrase of Revelation 4:8-11: "And they rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come," etc. Nor could the spirit of the whole chapter be better expressed in metrical form than Heber has expressed it in this incomparable anthem.

III

CORONATION: THE ENGLISH TE DEUM

No loftier hymn of praise to Jesus Christ has ever been written in any language than Perronet's

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

"If the Te Deum be the Hymn of Praise set apart by the Universal Church as the supreme expression of gratitude and adoration," says Mr. W. T. Stead, "the hymn which serves the same purpose in English congregations is 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' name.' It is one of the ten hymns most used in English-speaking lands." It was written in 1779, and was first published anonymously in the *Gospel Magazine* the following year. In 1785 it appeared in a collection of "Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred," which, though anonymous, was generally known to be Mr. Perronet's production. It is the only hymn of the author which has found its way into standard hymnals, "but one needs to write

only one such hymn to gain an enviable immortality in the Christian Church."

Edward Perronet, son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, "an excellent English clergyman of the old school, who was vicar at Shoreham for fifty years," and at one time a confidential friend of John Wesley, was a man of very unassuming character. His life was one of trying and changeful vicissitudes, amidst which he was ever sustained by a strong and unwavering faith. Though a member of the English Church he was for some time a Methodist itinerant preacher under John Wesley, with whom he endured many hardships, as, for instance, when at Bolton he "was thrown down and rolled in mud and mire," while at the chapel "stones were hurled and windows broken." He was one of the preachers appointed under the patronage of the Countess of Huntington, in which position his ardent zeal, coupled with his deep humility and his broad and tender sympathy, made him a shining success.

At heart, however, Mr. Perronet was decidedly hostile to the union of Church and State, and this hostility finally found outward expression in the production of an anonymous poem entitled, "The Mitre," which was devoted to keenly satirizing the Estab-

lished Church. This brought upon him the strong disapprobation of the Countess, and finally occasioned his withdrawal from the position held under her patronage. Later he became pastor of a small congregation of Dissenters, to whom he ministered acceptably until summoned from earthly labor to his heavenly reward, in January, 1792.

The death of Perronet is described as a most triumphant one. His last utterances, well worthy the author of that matchless hymn which has been an inspiration to so many millions, added much to the sublimity and impressiveness of the occasion:

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

In its original form "All hail the power of Jesus' name" contained eight stanzas. It has undergone so many changes that we reproduce it here as originally written:

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

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall

Before His face who tunes their choir,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
  Who fixed this floating ball:
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

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

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

Hail Him, ye heirs of Jacob's line,
  Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every tribe and every tongue
  That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

TUNE—"CORONATION."

Most of the alterations found in the hymn as we now sing it are improvements. Some

of them, however, have been the subjects of unfavorable criticism, but, owing to their having been so long accepted, it seems likely that the hymn in its present form will remain unchanged.

The last stanza of the hymn as it now appears in all the hymnals was not written by Mr. Perronet, but by some unknown hand. Colonel Nicholas Smith in "Hymns Historically Famous" says, upon what authority we do not know, that it was "written by Dr. Rippon, of London, in 1787." For more than a century it has constituted a part of the hymn, and so fitting a climax does it form that it appears to have been inspired for the purpose.

An incident in the experience of Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, as related by Mr. William Reynolds, a gentleman of wide reputation in Sunday-school circles, illustrates the power of this hymn and tune over the worst and most dangerous of heathen tribes. He had gone, against the remonstrances of his friends, to take the gospel to one of the island tribes noted for their savage and murderous proclivities. No sooner had he arrived than he was met by a dozen pointed spears, and instant death appeared inevitable. While they paused a moment he

drew out his violin, with which he always accompanied his sacred songs, and, closing his eyes, began to play Coronation and sing a translation of this hymn which those about him could all understand. "When he had finished he opened his eyes to witness, as he thought, his own death at the point of their spears; but to his joy he found that the spears had fallen and his murderers were all in tears. This song had saved him from death, and opened an effectual door for the preaching of the gospel to the tribe." It is said that he remained with them many years, doing a great work for them and surrounding tribes, and finally died among them, beloved and venerated by all.

During the year 1860 one of the greatest revivals of the last century occurred in Ireland. Mr. White, a general missionary, whose position and observation enabled him to write intelligently regarding the great work, in a report of the same originally published in the *American and Foreign Christian Union Magazine*, of Dublin, in 1860, and republished the same year in the *Earnest Christian*, of Buffalo, New York, gave the following description of the services of one particularly memorable Sabbath:

"At our morning service, at ten o'clock, we

had a down-pour of heavenly blessings. The congregation was very large, almost entirely composed of those who were happy in God. How easy it was to preach to them! How good was it to be there! At four o'clock in the afternoon we had an open-air service in the field, where the former meeting was held. Between four and five thousand were there. Brother Wilson opened the meeting with praise and prayer. Mr. Johnson, Wesleyan minister, read the scriptures and prayed. Then Mr. Wiley, from Belfast, a Presbyterian, addressed the meeting with great power. After this I preached a short sermon on the sufferings of Christ for sinners and the service was concluded with a short prayer-meeting. It was a very solemn time. Many wept silently; others groaned in distress, one was stricken, and all seemed conscious that God was there.

"It was a beautiful, calm summer evening. It seemed as if God had hushed the winds, arrested the rain and curtained the sun with clouds, so that we worshiped with great comfort. It was announced that our chapel, the Presbyterian church, and the Wesleyan chapel, were to be opened for prayer-meetings, when the people retired from the field. As they moved down the slope of the beauti-

ful hill leading to the town, a few friends commenced singing—

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

"The mutitude joined with much earnestness in singing this beautiful hymn; and seldom did such music float on the evening air. I have read of the glorious march of the armies after a victory, as they entered the capitol of their country with martial music, amidst the plaudits of the populace, and felt the blood course more quickly through my veins as I read of the glorious spectacle: but what is such a pageant when compared with such a spectacle as this—four thousand men and women, from different parts of the country, of different denominations, many of whom had never seen each other before, and all singing—

'Crown Him Lord of all!'

"It was doubtless music that angels bent down from their seats of glory to listen to."

It was estimated that not less than 80,000 souls had been converted to God up to the time when Mr. White's report was written.

and still the good work was moving on with unabated interest.

A pious man lay dying. Just before the end came he turned to his daughter, bent lovingly over his bed, and said: "Bring—" but could go no further, for the power of utterance failed him. The grief-stricken daughter looked with earnest gaze into his face and said: "What shall I bring, my father?" "Bring—," he gasped, and again his voice failed him. His child was now in an agony of desire to know her dying father's last request, and she said: "Dear, precious father, do try to tell me what you want. I will do anything you wish me to do." The dying man then rallied all his strength and murmured:

> "Bring—forth—the royal—diadem,
> And crown Him Lord of all!"

And with these words he sank to rest and spoke no more.

IV

MEDLEY'S HYMN TO CHRIST OUR KING

One of the sublimest of all hymns in celebration of the Kingship of Jesus Christ—a lyric worthy to be coupled with Perronet's "All hail the power of Jesus' name"—is Samuel Medley's

> "O could I speak the matchless worth,
> O could I sound the glories forth,
> Which in my Savior shine!"

It first appeared in the Author's "Hymns," in 1789, with eight six-line stanzas. The original was entitled, "Christ Our King." The four stanzas of which it is composed as found in most modern hymnals are the second, fifth, sixth and eighth stanzas of the original.

The hymn was fully reprinted in the *Lyra Britannica*, beginning with the line,

> "Not of terrestrial mortal themes."

It never became popular until Dr. Lowell

Mason, in 1836, wedded it to Mozart's "Ariel," so altered as to adapt it to the purpose. Then, "like Aaron's rod that budded, the splendid old song took new life, and is now laid up in the ark of our Christian hymnody." The text of the hymn, as now generally published, is as follows:

Oh could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would through everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,

A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

TUNE—"ARIEL."

The hymn is one of lofty sweep and sentiment, every way suited to the exalted theme of which it treats, and admirably adapted for use in public worship. Well rendered it is powerful in its effect upon the worshipers, and, judging from the writer's own experience, is equally helpful as an inspiration for preaching.

Samuel Medley, the author of the hymn, was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1738. He was reared in a godly home, and by devoted Christian parents. Notwithstanding this, he became a reckless and wicked youth, joined the navy, and, in his soldier life, went farther and farther away from God. He became a midshipman and is said to have fought bravely under some of old William Pitt's stout admirals. Being severely wounded in the service in 1759, he was allowed to return home, where, through the efforts of his pious grandfather, who read to him Isaac Watts's sermon on Isaiah 42:6, 7, he was soundly converted to God.

Following his conversion Medley abandoned his sea-faring life, taught school for a number of years, and then, as Dr. Cuyler

puts it, "entered the army of Christ's ministers, serving in the Baptist 'corps' with remarkable zeal and success."

For many years he served as pastor of a Baptist church in Liverpool, where he attracted large numbers of seamen to his chapel. While serving in this capacity he wrote two hundred and thirty hymns, which, the year after his death, were published in a volume entitled, "Hymns. The Public Worship and Private Devotions of True Christians Assisted, in some thoughts in verse, Principally drawn from Select Passages in the Word of God. By Samuel Medley." The hymn we are considering quite appropriately stood first in this published collection of his sacred lyrics.

Although a settled pastor Medley went out at times on missionary tours, and preached the gospel, as did the early Methodists, in whatever places were accessible. On one of these tours he was preaching in a barn from the text, "cast down, but not destroyed." During the discourse the rude pulpit on which he stood gave way, throwing him to the floor. Unhurt he leaped to his feet and humorously exclaimed: "Well, friends, you see we too are 'cast down, but not destroyed.'"

"Like Perronet, Samuel Medley died shouting," says Dr. Cuyler in his "Hymns of Honor to Christ." "On his dying bed he seemed to be watching the points of a compass, and kept saying, 'One point more; now only one point more.' Then he shouted, 'How sweet will be the port after the storm! Dying is sweet work! Home, home, hallelujah! Glory! *Home, home!*' And so the glorious old mariner passed in, with sails set, to 'the desired haven'."

Then began with Samuel Medley the realization of that exalted hope and glorious anticipation expressed, when in the last stanza of the hymn, he wrote:

"Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend.
Triumphant in His grace."

Forgiven much, he loved much, and wrote, "O could I speak the matchless worth," as an expression of that love, and in exaltation of the Christ who, from the very depths of sin and ruin, had redeemed and saved him.

V

BISHOP KEN'S SUBLIME DOXOLOGY

Preëminently above all other metrical ascriptions of praise in its popularity and in its approach to universality is Bishop Ken's sublime Doxology:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
> Praise Him, all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
>
> TUNE—"OLD HUNDRED."

Originally forming the closing stanza of the author's Morning Hymn,

> "Awake, my soul, and with the sun
> Thy daily stage of duty run."

he derived so much benefit from its use in his morning worship that he also added it to his now equally popular Evening Hymn,

> "Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
> For all the blessings of the light."

So greatly was the good Bishop in love

with his own sacred lyrics that he believed, should he gain heaven and be permitted to hear the singing of his songs by the saints on earth, it would add much to his enjoyment in that celestial world. The thought was thus expressed:

"And should the well-meant song I leave behind,
With Jesus' lovers some acceptance find,
'Twill heighten e'en the joys of heaven to know
That, in my verse, saints sing God's praise below."

If such a privilege as that for which he hoped be granted to the saints in heaven, then surely Bishop Ken's joy must be immeasurably great, since no other stanza ever written is sung so often and so widely among Christians of all denominations as his grand Doxology.

Thomas Ken, a Bishop of the Church of England, was born at Little Berkhampstead, in Berkshire, England, in 1657. After his ordination he was made Chaplain to the Princess of Orange, and later to Charles II. In 1684 he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. By order of James II, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, with six other bishops, for his refusal to sign the Declaration of Indulgence, their release being secured by popular feeling, however, after

their trial. "At the Revolution he declined to swear allegiance to William III., and retired into private life, spending his remaining days in the magnificent mansion of an endeared friend, at Longleat, Wilts, where he died in March, 1710."

The good Bishop was the author of three immortal compositions—his Morning, Evening and Midnight Hymns—first published in 1675 at the end of a "Manual of Prayers" for the use of boys in Winchester School, where Ken himself had been educated. Referring to these three productions James Montgomery said, as quoted by Stevenson, "Had the Bishop endowed three hospitals, he might have been less a benefactor to posterity."

Bishop Ken was a sweet singer as well as a skilful composer, and found great delight in rendering the songs of Zion, especially when called to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "It was the habit of this saintly sufferer," says Mr. Stead, "to accompany his ever cheerful voice with the lute which penetrated beyond his prison walls; and the oft-repeated song of praise, which was soon taken up by his religious sympathizers listening without, has gone on singing itself into the hearts of Christians

until the fragment has very nearly approached the hymn universal."

"Old hundred," the tune with which this magnificent Doxology is almost invariably associated, was composed by Wilhelm Franc, a German musician, whose work in this case is thought by some authorities to have been revised by Martin Luther.

Bishop Ken's Doxology is alike adapted to expressing the gratitude of living saints in their most enraptured moments, and the trust, comfort and hope of dying pilgrims as they bid farewell to earthly scenes and go "sweeping through the gates" into the golden City of God. It is sung with tremendous effect in great assemblies met to celebrate national deliverances and victories.

It was sung under decidedly peculiar circumstances in New York City on October 15th, 1884. A vast concourse of people awaited till late at night in front of the Republican headquarters the returns from an important Ohio election. It was two o'clock in the morning before the last bulletin appeared. A short time previous to its appearance a multitude of voices were singing "We won't go home till morning;" but the moment the last message was displayed the steropticon flashed out the line—"Praise

THOMAS KEN.

God from whom all blessings flow. Good night."—whereupon, according to one of the newspaper reports, "A deep-voiced man in the throng pitched the Doxology, and a mighty volume of song swept upward, the lights went out, and the happy watchers departed to their homes."

The strains of this sublime stanza are oft-repeated in every great revival season, sometimes, as in one of Billy Dawson's meetings where it was repeated thirty-five times in a single evening, being sung after every new conversion. "A twelve miles' walk, through the midnight hours, and in the snow of a cold February," says Mr. Stevenson in relating this last occurrence, "did not dissipate the blessedness of the memories of that day, and they are fresh and fragrant on the mind of the writer after the lapse of nearly fifty years."

Hundreds of departing saints have also uttered or attempted to utter its lofty strains with their expiring breath, as expressive of their joy in the consciousness of victory over the last enemy.

"Glory be to God, I am come to the mount! I am filled with the glory of God!" exclaimed John West, an English Methodist who had joined the church in times of persecution and

had been faithful in all things, as he was about to make passage to the heavenly home. Then followed an effort to sing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below;"

after which he said to those about him, "Tell the friends, Jesus is a precious Savior," closed his eyes, and went to be "forever with the Lord."

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," exclaimed Elizabeth Hudson, converted at twenty and thereafter made instrumental in building up two strong and flourishing Methodist societies, as she found her day of earthly service closing. Shortly afterward she was taken with a fatal fever, and, when apprised of the situation, was filled with joy at knowing she was so near the "desired haven." To a friend who asked, "Are you happy?" she replied, "Oh, yes; I feel more than I can express." In the evening, waving her hand, she exclaimed:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Then declaring, "Christ is precious, and I long to be with Him," she passed within the vail, there, in accordance with her longing, to "see the King in His beauty," and abide in His palace forever.

In his book on "The King's Stewards" Dr. Louis Albert Banks relates the following story, which also strikingly illustrates the power of this old Doxology:

A man who was for a long time shut up in Libby Prison says that they used to console themselves frequently by singing the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Day after day they saw comrades passing away, and their numbers increasing by fresh living recruits for the grave. One night, about ten o'clock, through the stillness and the darkness they heard the tramp of coming feet that soon stopped before the prison door until arrangements could be made inside. In the company was a young Baptist minister, whose heart almost fainted as he looked on those cold walls and thought of the suffering inside. Tired and weary, he sat down, put his face in his hands and wept. Just then a lone voice of deep, sweet pathos sung out from an upper window,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

and a dozen manly voices joined in the second line,

"Praise Him, all creatures here below;"

then by the time the third was reached more than a score of hearts were full, and joined to send the words on high,

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;"

by this time the prison was all alive and seemed to quiver with the sacred song, as from every room and cell those brave men sang—

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

As the song died out on the still night that enveloped in darkness the doomed city of Richmond, the young man arose and happily began himself to sing:

"And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

Prayer

VI

MONTGOMERY'S LYRIC ON PRAYER

Nearly every hymn-book we have ever examined contains James Montgomery's hymn on the nature of prayer, beginning—

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Uttered, or unexpressed."

it was written in 1818 at the request of the Rev. E. Bickersteth, for that distinguished clergyman's "Treatise on Prayer," and was published under the title, "What is Prayer?"

The first five stanzas are wholly didactic, or suited to purposes of instruction rather than of devotion, and the sixth stanza, which contains a fervent prayer, is the only one having the qualities of a genuine hymn. As the spirit of this stanza pervades those preceding it, however, and as the first five stanzas, containing the finest metrical setting forth of the nature of true prayer ever written, prepare the way for the more fervent breathing of the sentiment expressed in the last stanza, the production has not only won its way to

general recognition as a hymn, but also to a popularity greater than any other its highly gifted author ever wrote.

The following is the full text of the hymn, which every Christian, old and young, should thoroughly know by heart:

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

LYRIC ON PRAYER

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

TUNE—"NAOMI" OR "MARLOW."

The author of these remarkable lines once said he had received directly and indirectly more testimonials to the appreciation of them than of any other hymn he had written, which shows two things, namely, the almost universal interest of men and women in the subject of prayer, and their keen perception of and profound satisfaction in a hymn that expresses the heart of that subject. Besides having found its way into most hymnals of our time it is worthy of note that Dr. Adam Clarke regarded this hymn as of sufficient merit to occupy a place in his great Commentary on the Holy Scriptures.

Nothing ever written on the subject more beautifully sets forth the simplicity and dignity of a true supplicant's act of devotion as he bends before the mercy-seat in prayer than this noble lyric. None but a man of devout spirit and accustomed to communion with his Maker at the throne of grace could have given us such a production. To the fact of its having been born of experience in the holy art of supplication it chiefly owes its popular-

ity. As long as human aspiration Godward seeks expression in prayer and supplication this simple but glowing lyric will live and retain its popularity in the hymnody of the church.

Montgomery never dreamed when writing this the most popular of all his hymns that there was anything in it prophetic of his own death, yet the peculiar circumstances of his departure show such to have been the case. One evening in 1854, he conducted family worship, as he was wont to do, but with unusual fervency in his devotions; and this was the last of his earthly services and utterances. He retired for the night apparently well, but was found on the floor in the morning in an unconscious state from which he never rallied. He lingered some hours, but never spoke again. In a literal sense, and in fulfilment of his own unconsciously prophetic words,

"He entered heaven with prayer."

VII

THE MERCY-SEAT

Another sacred poem which has been greatly blessed to the good of individual souls for many years, and also to the edification of the church at large, and which, because of these facts, has won for its author world-wide and imperishable fame and affection, is the Rev. Hugh Stowell's sweet and tender lyric, beginning,

"From every stormy wind that blows."

It was originally contributed to a European illustrated annual known as *Winter's Wreath*, in 1827, from which it was copied into *Littell's Religious Magazine* (Philadelphia) in 1828. The author republished it, with some slight revisions, in his "Pleasures of Religion and Other Poems," in 1832. The hymn originally contained six stanzas, now generally appearing as follows:

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still;
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

TUNE—"RETREAT."

The Rev. Hugh Stowell, who wrote this hymn, was a clergyman of high repute in the Church of England. He was born in Douglas, Isle of Man, December 3rd, 1799. His father was also a clergyman, rector of Ballaugh,

near Ramsey. The son was educated at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, graduating in 1822. He took Holy Orders in 1823, and, first as curate in Yorkshire, then as incumbent of St. Stephen's Church, Salford, he drew such throngs to hear his plain and earnest preaching that the people were moved to give liberally and cheerfully for the erection of an elegant structure known as Christ Church, Salford; and therein thousands attended upon his ministry with great delight and profit. In 1845 he was promoted to the position of Honorary Canon of Chester, and later was made Rural Dean of Salford. He was an Evangelical Churchman, but had no sympathy with High Church principles, and vigorously opposed the Tractarian or High Church movement. He finished his earthly course October 8th, 1865.

Canon Stowell's death, according to the account of it given by the Rev. Thomas Alfred Stowell, his son, beautifully illustrated the sentiment expressed in his remarkable and popular hymn. We quote from Duffield's "English Hymns:"

"My father's last utterances abundantly showed his love of, and delight in, prayer. Almost every word was prayer, couched for the most part in the language of the Holy

Scriptures or of the Book of Common Prayer; and these utterances were characterized by the deepest humility and most entire self-distrust.

"Equally apparent was his simple and firm reliance on his Savior. To the question, 'Is Jesus with you and precious to you?" the answer was, 'Yes, so that He is all in all to me.'

"During his waking moments he frequently exclaimed, 'Very much peace,' and sometimes, 'No fear,' 'Abundance of joy,' 'A very present help in time of trouble.' The morning of his death the only articulate words that we could catch, uttered two or three hours before his decease, were 'Amen! Amen!'

'His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.'"

Around the world he had taught, in the stanzas of his beautiful hymn, the preciousness of the mercy-seat as the meeting-place of God with man, and there it was that, not only in his life but even more abundantly in his death,

"Heaven came down his soul to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy-seat."

VIII

WRESTLING JACOB

Unique and matchless among all sacred poetry having importunity in prayer as its theme is Charles Wesley's lyrical drama, based on the story of Jacob wrestling with the angel, and beginning,

> "Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
> Whom still I hold, but cannot see."

Its illustrious author, whom many regard as the foremost hymn-writer of the ages, was born in the Epworth rectory, England, of which his father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, was incumbent, in 1707. Susanna Wesley, his mother, was one of the most intelligent and devoted of Christian women, and to the training she gave her sons the world will ever be largely indebted, since no other single factor figured more largely in the making of those remarkable men.

Charles Wesley took his degree from Oxford in 1728, where his brother John, himself and a few others, for their devoted manner of

life, were first nicknamed "The Holy Club," and later, because of their methodical division and use of their time, were contemptuously called "Methodists." In 1735 he received Holy Orders from the Church of England, and immediately sailed with his brother John for Georgia, as a missionary. He soon returned, however, encountering a most terrific storm on the passage, from which the ship's company escaped almost as by miracle. Not until later (1738) did he experience that change of heart which made him ever afterward a flame of fire for the spread of evangelical holiness. With this new experience also began that career of hymn-writing which made him the chief singer of Methodism. He coöperated with his brother John in his great work of reformation to the close of his long life, and died in peace in 1788.

The hymn on "Wrestling Jacob" first appeared in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," in 1742, and contained fourteen six-line stanzas. The break in its uniformity by dividing it into several briefer hymns was made by the editors of the 1797 edition. To divide it thus was to mar it, since its full beauty and force can neither be perceived nor appreciated except by considering it as an undivided whole. Its length, however, seems to have made divis-

CHARLES WESLEY.

ion necessary in order better to adapt it to use in the church hymnals. When printed in two or three successive hymns, as is quite commonly done, the connection and unity can be readily discerned, and still, to read or sing the hymn in part only is to miss much of its beauty and worth.

The scriptural narrative on which the hymn is based is recorded in Genesis 32:24-31, and must be known in order that the hymn may be understood and appreciated. The hymn is now seldom if ever printed in full in the church hymnals, two of its original stanzas being omitted wherever we have found it. Restored to its original completeness and order, it reads as follows:

Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am:
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free:
I never will unloose my hold!

Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art:
To me, to all Thy bowels move,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Savior, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end:
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;

I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home:
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

TUNE—"ROCKAWAY."

Commendations of this remarkable hymn from the pens of able critics are numerous and forcibly expressed. A few of them will suffice to show the esteem in which it has ever been held.

In the obituary of Charles Wesley, published in the conference minutes, John Wesley says: "His least praise was his talent for poetry; although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say, that the single poem, 'Wrestling Jacob,' was worth all the verses he himself had written."

James Montgomery regarded the production as "among Charles Wesley's highest achievements," "in which, with consummate art, he has carried on the action of a lyrical drama: every turn in the conflict with the mysterious Being against whom he wrestles all night being marked with precision by the various language of the speaker, accompanied by intense, increasing interest, till the rapturous moment of discovery, when he prevails, and exclaims, 'I know Thee, Savior, who Thou art.'"

Mr. Stevenson quotes the Rev. John Kirk as writing of "its wonderful conciseness, yet perfect and finished picturing of the scene on the Transjordanic hills, beyond the deep defile where the Jabbok, as its name implies, wrestles with the mountains through which it descends to the Jordan. The dramatic form, so singular in hymnic composition, shadowing forth the action of the conversation; the great force of its thoroughly English expression; its straightforward ease, without any mere straining at elegance; and the minuteness and beauty of its general application of the narrative, have won the commendation of all competent critics."

The late Hugh Price Hughes regarded "Wrestling Jacob" as one of Charles Wesley's greatest hymns, and Dean Stanley is said to have quoted it with remarkable effect at the unveiling of the Wesley memorial in Westminster Abbey.

The narrative suggesting the hymn was not only a source of poetic but also of homiletic inspiration to Charles Wesley. It was one of his favorite pulpit themes. He preached from it before the hymn was published, as appears from his Journal, and records at least six times when he preached from it after the hymn appeared, describing the remarkable ef-

fects in some of the instances. These instances of preaching from the passage are all cited by Mr. Stevenson, in his "Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated," who also adds: "To have heard the poet's sermon on this mighty wrestling, with all the play of fine fancy arranging the eminently evangelical topics in glowing colors before a crowded assembly, and then to have closed that discourse with the singing of that grand hymn, must have been a privilege of surpassing interest and delight."

The historical associations of the hymn are numerous and thrilling. It was one of John Wesley's special favorites, and its use by him a short time after his brother's death, as related by Tyerman in his "Life and Times of Wesley," is peculiarly pathetic. "Wesley had no disposition to tell the deep sorrows of his heart," says Mr. Tyerman; "but that he severely felt the departure of his brother, there can be no question. A fortnight afterwards, when at Bolton, he attempted to give out, as his second hymn, the one beginning with the words, 'Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,' but when he came to the lines,—

> 'My company before is gone,
> And I am left alone with Thee,'

the bereaved old man sunk beneath emotion

which was uncontrollable, burst into a flood of tears, sat down in the pulpit, and hid his face with his hands. The crowded congregation well knew the cause of his speechless excitement; singing ceased; and the chapel became a Bochim. At length, Wesley recovered himself, rose again, and went through a service which was never forgotten by those who were present."

This hymn, sung with seekers in revival services, has been remarkably blessed in helping struggling souls out of darkness into the marvelous light of God, and in leading true believers into full redemption. On many such occasions we have witnessed scenes that thrilled and awed all present, and must have occasioned great demonstrations of joy in heaven. One verse of it sung in the Spirit at such a time is worth a score of the shallow ditties too commonly characteristic of modern revivalism.

Not only in life but also in the trying experience of a dying hour has "Wrestling Jacob" often proved a comforting, inspiring and helpful hymn, as the following instances, the first two condensed from Mr. Stevenson's narration will show:

It is recorded of Solomon Burrall, of Tuckingmill, England, who for forty-five

years "was a member of the Methodist Society, and a useful worker in the Lord's vineyard, living in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the perfect love of God," that the evening before he passed within the vail he summoned all his strength and sang the lines,—

"Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

After this he spoke no more, except to declare his strong confidence in God, but soon passed to join the song of the redeemed in heaven.

The Rev. Edward Hare, an able and useful English Methodist preacher, amid great physical sufferings through which he passed shortly before his death, called for the reading of "Wrestling Jacob," and directed particular attention to the following stanza:

"What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then am I strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail."

He then gave his dying testimony, and shortly after entered into rest.

Mrs. Dora Burdick, of Central New York, was awakened and thoroughly converted under the labors of President Finney some time during the fifties, and later, in a Methodist church of Syracuse was led into "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." She was a deeply spiritual woman, who spent much time alone with God in prayer. Her life is said to have been remarkable for the spirit and power she had in coming to the throne of grace. It seemed at times that three worlds were being moved as she wrestled with God, Jacob-like. She knew that God heard prayer, and her language was,

"In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I *never* will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know."

At length her health failed, and the time of her departure was at hand. Her theme remained the same, however, and, if there was no one present in her sick room who could sing "Wrestling Jacob," she would often ask

to hear the hymn read. It was like "angels' food" to her hungry soul, and braced, strengthened and comforted her many a time as she passed through the valley of the death-shade. In faith and prayer she wrestled on amid her suffering until, "more than conqueror" over "the last enemy," she received an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of her Redeemer.

IX

JOHN KEBLE'S EVENING HYMN

No English hymn ever written is better entitled to a place in classic hymnody than John Keble's

"Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear."

Nothing equal to it has ever been written as an evening hymn. It combines the rarest beauty, sweetness, tenderness, love, trust and devotion with deepest spirituality and most fervent breathing after God. Its sentiment and spirit are all that could be desired, and in true poetic excellence it is unsurpassed.

"The Christian Year," of which it forms a part, "has gone through one hundred editions," "the last of which placed the bulk of it before one hundred thousand readers;" but "this hymn is known, not to thousands, but to millions, and the music of its verse is familiar in every nook and corner of the English-speaking world."

It is a significant circumstance that the author of this universally popular lyric wrote

it with no intention of its becoming a hymn. "The Christian Year," in which it originally appeared, was a collection of "Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays Throughout the Year." The title-page bore the motto, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." It was first published at Oxford, England, in 1827, in two thin 16mo volumes. It was put forth anonymously at first, the secret of its authorship being shared by a number of the poet's friends to whom he had submitted the manuscript, and from whom, little by little, it leaked out. The work, like Gray's elegy, was the product of long and painstaking labor, which was amply rewarded, however, by the remarkable popularity it won, the ninety-sixth edition having been revised by Keble's own hand, and, as already suggested, the hundreth edition having since been given to the public.

The hymn as it appears in the various hymnals is composed of the third, seventh, eighth and last three stanzas of the original poem, which contains fourteen stanzas. To whom belongs the honor of having discovered the elements of so remarkable a hymn imbedded in the poem from which they were extracted is a problem not yet solved with absolute certainty. According to Dr. Ben-

son the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, brother of Charlotte Elliott, put a selection of four stanzas from Keble's poem into his "Psalms and Hymns," beginning with "Sun of my soul," etc., and "other editors followed his example, some of them using additional verses. This is the earliest appearance of the hymn, in anything like its present form, yet discovered; and, unless some instance of its earlier publication shall come to light, Mr. Elliott will be credited with the original discovery of the hymn as imbedded in the larger poetical production from which its various stanzas were collected" ("Studies of familiar Hymns").

As generally published in the hymnals of the present time the hymn appears in six stanzas, as follows:

Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:

Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy bounteous store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

TUNE—"HURSLEY."

Two other stanzas are included in the hymn as sometimes published, constituting respectively, when included, stanzas one and five. We reproduce them herewith as follows, and leave the reader to judge for himself as to whether their exclusion improves or lessens the beauty and worth of the hymn:

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:

KEBLE'S EVENING HYMN

Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

John Keble, the distinguished author of "The Christian Year," was born at Fairford, England, in 1792, his father being an honored clergyman of the Established Church. He was educated at Oxford, graduating in 1810, with double first class honors. He was admitted to Orders in the Established Church in 1816. Twelve years later appeared his "Christian Year," embodying in its various poems for the Sundays and holidays of the year a number of what are now regarded as among the choicest hymns of the Church, "Sun of my soul" being chiefest of them all. In 1831 he was elected professor of poetry at Oxford, which position he occupied for ten years. In 1833 he preached his famous Assize Sermon at Oxford, on "National Apostasy," which Cardinal Newman, then within the English Church, subsequently declared gave rise to the High Church or Oxford Movement—a Movement which "transformed the Church of England," and of which "Keble, Newman and Dr. Pusey were the leading spirits."

The Oxford or "Tractarian Movement" finally landed Newman in the Roman Catholic Church, where his distinguished ability and

his devotion to the Church at last secured him a place in the College of Cardinals. Keble, who remained a firm adherent of the Church of England, grieved greatly over Newman's secession. His attitude of attachment to Anglican traditions was expressed in his publication of "The Christian Year," which also had the effect of confirming thousands of others in a similar attitude. He was a prolific writer of both prose and poetry for many years, and the various productions of his pen did much to influence and mold the national affairs of his time.

After the death of his father in 1835 Keble married and became Vicar of Hursley, where, for the rest of his days he remained, contentedly "leading the life of a retired scholar and faithful country pastor." His church was always open for morning and evening prayers. "Night and day he was unwearied in his ministrations to the sick, the poor, the afflicted. On many a dark evening he was seen, lantern in hand, wending his way to some distant cottage, with words of cheer. Though a man of fine scholarly tastes and culture, he was so meek and unassuming, that the poor looked up to him as their best friend."

His death occurred at Bournemouth, in

March, 1866. His wife survived him but six weeks, and both are buried, side by side, in Hursley church-yard. Immediately following his death a movement was originated to provide for him a suitable monument, which finally resulted in the founding of Keble College, Oxford, in 1870, "by subscription in memory of the Rev. John Keble, Vicar of Hursley, sometime fellow and tutor of Oriel College, professor of poetry in the University, and author of 'The Christian Year.'"

As sung to the tune "Hursley," Keble's "Sun of my soul" is a favorite hymn in most Christian congregations of the English-speaking world. Its tender melody, its pleasing rhythm, its soft and mellow strains, together with the fervor and confidence of its breathing after God, adapt it to inspiring the faith, calming the agitations, assuaging the griefs and quickening and brightening the hopes of believers amid all the changeful vicissitudes of their earthly pilgrimage. As illustrative of its value in the foregoing directions, and also as a fitting conclusion to our consideration of its origin, character and history, we subjoin the following pathetic narrative, as related by the Rev. Dr. Tillett in "Our Hymns and Their Authors:"

"A young lady of lovely Christian charac-

ter lay seriously ill in her chamber. Her mother and loved ones were about her. The room seemed to her to be growing dark. She asked them to raise the curtains and let in the light. But, alas, the curtains were already raised, and it was broad-open daylight. It was the night of death that had come, and she knew it not. As she kept asking them to let in the light they had to tell her the nature of the darkness that was gathering about her. But she was not dismayed. With a sweet, quiet, plaintive voice she began singing her favorite hymn:

'Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O let no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.'

"The eyes of all in the room suffused with tears as the sweet singer's tremulous voice continued:

'When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Savior's breast!'

"She had often sung this hymn to the delight of the home-circle, but now it seemed like the song of the dying swan, the sweetest

she had ever sung. Her countenance lighted up with a beauty and a radiance that came not from earth as she sang once more in feebler but more heavenly strains:

> 'Abide with me from morn till eve,
> For without Thee I cannot live:
> Abide with me when night is nigh,
> For without Thee I dare not die.'

And with these fitting words the sweet voice was hushed in death which ceased not to sing,

> 'Till, in the ocean of God's love,
> She lost herself in heaven above.'"

X

A WOMAN'S HYMN ON TWILIGHT DEVOTION

From time immemorial the fields and groves have been favorite resorts and twilight has been a favorite season with godly men and women for private meditation and prayer. There is much in both season and surroundings favorable to concentration upon the object in view, and adapted to lifting the soul to loftiest contemplations of and most enrapturing communion with the Majesty on High.

One of the finest and most popular little poems expressive of delight in twilight devotion—a lyric which, though not intended as a hymn, has won its way into many of the church hymnals through first having won its way into the hearts of praying men and women—is one beginning, as usually printed,

> "I love to steal awhile away
> From every cumbering care."

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, its author, was born in Canaan, New York, in 1783, and

died in Henry, Illinois, in 1861. She was a devout Christian mother, in humble circumstances, burdened with many a "cumbering care," and daily, toward nightfall, was accustomed to retire to a solitary place a little distant from her home for meditation and secret prayer. Observed in this daily retirement by a wealthy neighbor who severely criticised her, and even impugned her motives, she was deeply wounded, and, to relieve her burdened heart, went to her home and wrote the following:

AN APOLOGY FOR MY TWILIGHT RAMBLES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

(Ellington, August, 1818.)

Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,
And night with banners gray,
Steals silently the glades along
In twilight's soft array.

I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In gratitude and prayer.

I love to feast on Nature's scenes
When falls the evening dew,
And dwell upon the silent themes,
Forever rich and new.

I love in solitude to shed
  The penitential tear,
And all God's promises to plead
  Where none can see or hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
  And future ones implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
  On Him whom I adore.

I love to meditate on death!
  When shall His message come,
With friendly smiles to steal my breath,
  And take an exile home?

I love by faith to take a view
  Of blissful scenes in Heaven:
The sight doth all my strength renew
  While here by storms I'm driven.

I love this silent twilight hour
  Far better than the rest;
It is of all the twenty-four,
  The happiest and best.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
  May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
  And lead to endless day.

TUNE—"ARLINGTON."

Although written in 1818 the first adoption of these lines as a hymn appears to have been in Nettleton's "Village Hymns," in

1825. Strictly speaking the production is a poem and not a hymn. Its author wrote it merely to ease her troubled heart when stung by the groundless accusations already mentioned, and with no thought of its ever going into print, to say nothing of its finding a permanent place in the hymnody of the Church. Her own version of its origin, which has been quite widely circulated for years, will bear repetition in each new volume devoted to the story of the Church's hymns.

"It was in Ellington that I wrote the 'Twilight Hymn,'" she says. "My baby daughter was in my arms when I wrote it. I had been out on a visit to Dr. Hyde's and several were present. After tea one of my neighbors, who I had always felt was my superior in every way, came and sat down near me, chatting with another lady, without noticing me. Just as I was rising to go home, she turned suddenly upon me and said: 'Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in? If you want anything, why don't you come in and ask for it? I could not think who it was, and sent my girl down to the garden to see; and she said it was you—that you came to the fence, but, seeing her, turned quickly away, muttering something to yourself.'

"There was something in her manner, more than her words, that grieved me. I went home, and that evening was left alone. After my children were all in bed, except my baby, I sat down in the kitchen, with my child in my arms, when the grief in 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.' It will be found in its original form in an old manuscript among my papers. In preparing it (some years after) for Nettleton's 'Village Hymns' some three or four verses were suppressed and a few expressions altered. In the original of what is now the first stanza was:

> 'I love to steal awhile away
> From *little ones and care*,'

[instead of "From *every cumbering* care" introduced later].

"This was strictly true. I had four little children; a small unfinished house; a sick sister in the only finished room; and there was not a place above or below, where I could retire for devotion, without a liability to be interrupted. There was no retired room, rock, or grove where I could go as in former days; but there was no dwelling be-

tween our house and the one where that lady lived. Her garden extended a good way below her house, which stood on a beautiful eminence. The garden was highly cultivated, with fruits and flowers. I loved to smell the fragrance of both (though I could not see them). When I could do so without neglecting my duty, I used to steal away from all within doors, and, going out of our gate, stroll along under the elms that were planted for shade on each side of the road; and as there was seldom any one passing that way after dark, I felt quite retired and alone with God.

"I often walked quite up to that beautiful garden, and snuffed the fragrance of the peach, the grape, and the ripening apple, if not the flowers. I never saw any one in the garden, and I felt that I could have the privilege of that walk and those few moments of uninterrupted communion with God without encroaching upon any one; but, after once knowing that my steps were watched and made the subject of remark and censure, I never could enjoy it as I had done. I have often thought Satan had tried his best to prevent me from prayer by depriving me of a place to pray."

One of those "little ones" referred to in

the original form of the second stanza of this hymn became the Rev. S. R. Brown, D. D., and went as the first Christian missionary to Japan, possibly in answer to some of the many prayers breathed by that holy mother in her favorite place of twilight meditation.

The hymn as now generally printed omits the first, third, sixth and eighth stanzas of the original, which improves it and renders it more suitable for use in the hymnals.

Consecration

XI

WATTS'S HYMN ON THE CRUCIFIXION

In the year 1707, when he was but thirty-three years of age, Isaac Watts published a volume of "Hymns and Sacred Songs," intended to be used as a church hymn-book, every hymn of which was his own composition. The first edition of this work contained two hundred and ten hymns, supposed to have been mostly written before he was twenty-five years of age and while he was living in his father's home making preparation for beginning his public ministry. That these hymns were of a high order is evident from the general favor with which the book was at once received, as also from the fact that they were instrumental in producing a new epoch in church hymnody.

By far the most popular of all the hymns in this collection, as also of all the hymns Watts ever composed, is the one beginning,

> "When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of glory died."

In the first edition of "Hymns and Spiritual

Songs," and also in the enlarged edition of 1709, this hymn appeared under the title of "Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ. Gal. 6:14." The Scripture passage on which it is based reads: "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." No nobler hymn has ever been written on the crucifixion than this. "In popularity and use, in its original or slightly altered form," says Dr. Julian, "this hymn is one of the four which stand at the head of all hymns in the English language."

Dr. Watts, who has had no peer as a hymn-writer, except it be Charles Wesley, was born in Southampton, England, in 1674. His father was a deacon in the Congregational Church. Young Watts received a fair education in the schools of his native town, after which certain well-to-do parties, because of his extraordinary brightness and promise, proposed to give him a university education. But English universities were then closed against Dissenters, and young Watts chose rather to suffer affliction among his Dissenting brethren than to enjoy the advantages of an English university for a season.

He entered the academy of Rev. Thomas

Rowe at Stoke Newington, and in 1693 became a member of Mr. Rowe's church. On finishing his course he returned to the home of his father, where the next two years were spent in special preparation for the ministry. In 1696 he became a tutor to Sir John Hartopp's children, in Newington, for a time, for whom he composed many of his hymns for children which afterward became so popular.

He began preaching in 1698 at Mark Lane, near the Tower, in London. Not long after this he was seized with a physical infirmity which left him practically an invalid for life. He continued to hold his pastorate, but was compelled to rely largely upon an assistant to perform the duties of his charge, giving himself chiefly to the writing and publishing of hymns. He was never married.

In 1713 he accepted an invitation to spend a little time at the house of Sir Thomas Abney, which was the occasion of Mr. Abney's residence becoming his permanent home. Many years later he wrote the Countess of Huntingdon: "This day thirty years I came hither to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to exactly the length of thirty years."

He published his metrical version of the Psalms of David in 1719. He also published many volumes in prose as well as in verse, his publications numbering fifty-two volumes in all. He died in peace in 1748, and was long held in precious memory "as a patriarch among the Dissenting clergy."

"When I survey * * * * can hardly be said to have had a special history," says Dr. Benson, "apart from the others in Watts's epoch-making book. But there are several things that single out this hymn from among the rest. One is its extraordinary excellence. It is not only the best of all Watts's hymns, but it is placed by common consent among the greatest hymns in the language. Another is the wideness of its use. The greater part of Watts's hymns are left behind; this is sung in every branch of the English-speaking Church.

"Judged by the number of church hymnals containing it, only one hymn is used more widely—Toplady's 'Rock of Ages.' Its greatest glory, however, is the part it has had in the experience of Christians. Only God can know how many living eyes it has inspired with the ideal of the cross of renunciation, how many dying eyes it has comforted with the vision of the cross of hope."

ISAAC WATTS.

ON THE CRUCIFIXION

The following is the complete original text of the hymn:

When I survey the wondrous cross
  Where the young Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
  Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
  I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe
  Spreads o'er His body on the tree:
Then I am dead to all the globe,
  And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.

TUNE—"EUCHARIST."

Modern hymnals generally omit the fourth stanza, and that wisely in our opinion. The hymn is complete without it, and a superfluous stanza always detracts from the beauty and worth of a hymn. Then the word

"globe" is unfortunately introduced for the sake of rhyme, where *world* is the sense intended—not the world as a planet, but the morally corrupt order of things surrounding and continually appealing to us in the present state of being. This does violence to the Scripture passage which forms the basis of the hymn. Moreover, the simile contained in the first couplet seems far-fetched and unnatural, while the last couplet expresses as a sequence what does not naturally or necessarily follow from the fact the first couplet was intended to express. That Dr. Watts himself attached less importance to this stanza than to the rest of the hymn is evident from the fact that, in the second edition of his "Hymns and Songs," he placed it within brackets, as the stanza to be omitted if any part were to be left out in the singing of the hymn.

"Our hymns have never had a critic so severe as Matthew Arnold," says Dr. Benson in "Studies of Familiar Hymns." "But on the last day of his life he attended the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, of which Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) is pastor. The hymn, 'When I survey the wondrous cross,' was sung. Coming down, afterward, from his bedroom in his brother-in-law's house

to luncheon, Mr. Arnold was heard softly repeating to himself the opening lines. At luncheon he spoke of it as the greatest hymn in the language. Afterward he went out, and in ten minutes was dead. Does not such an incident (attested by Dr. Watson) show the importance of literary merit in hymns? It recalls the appeal of John Wesley for hymns 'such as would sooner provoke a critic to turn Christian than a Christian to turn critic.'"

This hymn should be sung in the spirit of that true, practical consecration which it breathes, or not sung at all. To sing,

> "Love so amazing, so Divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

and then go on living to one's self, withholding tithes from the Lord's treasury, unmoved by the most powerful appeals for aid on behalf of the sick, the poor and the unfortunate —or, if giving at all, giving stintedly and grudgingly—is naught but hollow mockery, a wicked profanation of divine worship.

After the taking of a collection, in a church in London, the congregation led by the choir, sang this beautiful hymn of the cross. When the echo of the last word had died away the pastor slowly repeated the last line,—

"Demands my soul, my life, my all,"

and added: "Well I *am* surprised to hear you sing that. Do you know that altogether you only put fifteen shillings into the bag this morning?"

In a certain charity sermon the preacher dwelt on the inconsistency of singing this hymn without making the practise of one's life correspond with its sentiments of consecration and self-sacrifice. A parsimonious old brother, nearly deaf, was much moved by the remarks and unconsciously talked out the struggle which was going on within his heart. The periodical which reported the occurrence said that he "sat under the pulpit with his ear-trumpet directed upward toward the preacher. * * * * At one time he said to himself—'I'll give ten dollars;' again he said, 'I'll give fifteen.' At the close of the appeal he was very much moved and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now, the boxes were passed. As they moved along, his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. 'Yet,' said he, 'this won't do—I'm in a bad fix. This covetousness will be my ruin.'

"The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was now upon him. What

should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know that he was heard. In agony of the final moment he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it,—'*Now squirm, old natur.*'"

Self-crucifixion is the spirit of the hymn, and the old brother described in the foregoing paragraph finally acted upon the principle of self-crucifixion. Would that many others who need to achieve a similar victory would go and do likewise.

XII

WESLEY'S HYMN ON THE LIVING SACRIFICE

In Romans 12:1 Saint Paul, turning to a powerful application of the truths discussed in the preceding chapters of his epistle, says: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." No sacred lyrist has ever more completely and concisely embodied the sentiment of this exhortation in verse than Charles Wesley, in the following famous consecration hymn:

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
  Let Thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

Vilest of the sinful race,
  Lo! I answer to Thy call:
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
  (Grace divinely free for all),
Lo! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

ON THE LIVING SACRIFICE

If so poor a worm as I
  May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
  All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

Take my soul and body's powers;
  Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
  All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart; but make it new.

Now, my God, Thine own I am,
  Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
  Consecrate to Thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if Thine I die.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
  Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

TUNE—"ALETTA."

This appears as No. 155 in Charles Wesley's collection of "Hymns on the Lord's Supper," dated 1745. It is eminently appropriate for use as a closing hymn on a sacramental occasion, and equally appropriate for use as a consecration hymn in revival ser-

vices, as also for use in one's daily personal dedication of himself to God. He who daily lives in the spirit of this thoroughly evangelical hymn will ever be "more than conqueror" over hell, earth and sin while life's battle rages, and will also be gloriously triumphant at last over the mortal foe.

"Directed by his own choice to the medical profession, Daniel M'Allum was subsequently called by the great Head of the Church to minister in holy things. In obedience to this call, he exercised his ministry among the [English] Wesleyans until (by a mysterious dispensation of Providence) he was removed, in the midst of his years and his usefulness, from his labors on earth to his reward in heaven. * * * * When, in 1819, he asked the consent of the conference to be relieved from the law which prohibits the marriage of probationers, he was successful, and made the following entry in his Journal on the occasion: 'As it respects temporal things, my desire is to live honestly in the sight of all men; and my prayer is that which Agur offered up. As it regards heavenly things, my wish is expressed in the following lines:

'If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,

All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive.'"

His last testimony was, 'My labors are done, but I build only on the merits of my Savior. I feel that Jesus died for me.'"

XIII

RAY PALMER'S HYMN OF FULL SURRENDER

If "Nearer, my God, to Thee," is the most popular of all American hymns, the next most popular sacred lyric produced on American soil is Dr. Ray Palmer's

> "My faith looks up to Thee,
> Thou Lamb of Calvary,
> Savior divine."

In fact, some, like the venerable Dr. Cuyler, assign to the latter hymn the chief place in American hymnic literature. The Doctor declares it "by far the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnology of the Christian Church." Perhaps if we distinguish properly between the words "precious" and "popular" his judgment is a just one. The former hymn being chiefly theistic and the latter distinctively evangelical, the one has in it the elements of a wider popularity and the other the elements of more distinctively Christian value.

"My faith looks up to Thee" was written

in 1830, and was entitled, "Self-Consecration." Dr. Palmer was then a young man, but twenty-two years of age, and was teaching in a young ladies' school in New York City. He had recently graduated from Yale College. His health was poor, and he was prosecuting his work under many discouragements. In this condition he came, not by chance, but providentially, upon a German poetic description, in two stanzas only, of "A Suppliant Before the Cross," and was so deeply touched by the tender beauty of the lines that he at once translated them into English verse. He then added four stanzas of his own composition, setting forth what the suppliant was saying, and those four stanzas make up the hymn as it now appears.

When asked on one occasion for an account of the origin of the hymn, the author made the following statement as to the mood in which it was composed: "I gave form to what I felt by writing, with little effort, these stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears. I composed them with a deep consciousness of my own needs, without the slightest thought of writing for another eye, and least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship." After the hymn had attained its

great popularity Dr. Palmer expressed it as his opinion that the production brought comfort to the hearts of Christians "chiefly because it expresses in a simple way that act which is the most central in all true Christian life—the act of trust in the atoning Lamb."

The hymn originally appeared in the following form:

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
  Savior divine.
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
  Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
  My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
  A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
  Be Thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
  From Thee aside.

RAY PALMER.

HYMN OF FULL SURRENDER

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

TUNE—"OLIVET."

About two years after the hymn was written Dr. Lowell Mason met the author on one of the streets of Boston. After they had exchanged greetings the famous composer informed Mr. Palmer that he and Dr. Hastings were compiling a church music-book, and requested a contribution for its pages. Mr. Palmer remembered the verses he had written two years before, drew them from his pocket, made a copy of them and submitted it for approval. Dr. Mason, after he had taken time to examine them was peculiarly impressed by the verses, and predicted that they would yet be sung around the world. He proceeded at once to set them to appropriate music, composing the tune "Olivet" as the most suitable means of rendering them in song. Assuredly there was a divine providence in the wedding of this hymn and tune; "and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The next time Dr. Mason met Mr. Palmer after receiving the hymn he said to him: 'Mr.

Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My faith looks up to Thee.'" That was a true prophecy, although Mr. Palmer wrote many other hymns of rare merit, and himself regarded

> "Jesus, these eyes have never seen
> That radiant form of Thine,"

as his best production.

After filling pastorates acceptably in Bath, Maine, and Albany, New York, he was made Corresponding Secretary of the Congregational Union in 1865. He continued in this position until 1878, when ill health compelled him to resign. He then settled in Newark, New Jersey, where he finished his course in 1887. It is said that on the day before his death he was heard faintly murmuring to himself the lines,

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

In his "Recollections of a Long Life" Dr. Cuyler says: "Dr. Palmer preached several times in my Brooklyn pulpit. He was once with us on a sacramental Sabbath. While

the deacons were passing the sacred elements among the congregation the dear old man broke out in a tremulous voice and sang his own heavenly lines:

'My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine.'

It was like listening to a rehearsal for the heavenly choir, and the whole assembly was most deeply moved."

While not as old as many of the hymns in general use among English-speaking Christians, "My faith looks up to Thee" has won for itself as imperishable a place in the hearts of true believers as any of those which have been longer on trial. It is hallowed by associations most touching and sacred, and by a history which is full of interest and significance. Perhaps there is no Christian home in English-speaking Christendom where its plaintive strains have not inspired faith, quickened hope, and imparted consolation in hours of distracting trouble, bewildering temptation and heart-crushing sorrow. To how many it has brought the ministry of light, peace and comfort as they passed "through the valley of the shadow of death," God only knows. Such a hymn is a boon of priceless worth.

"In connection with the spiritual use of the hymn," says Colonel Smith, "this story though old, is still interesting. Mrs. Layath Baraket, a native of Syria, who was educated in the mission schools at Beirut, went as a teacher to Egypt, where she made much use of 'My faith looks up to Thee.' By the insurrection of Arabi Pasha in 1882, she was driven out of that country, and with her husband and child came to the United States. 'Her history is a strange illustration of God's providential care, as they were without any friends in Philadelphia, where they landed.' During her visit in America Mrs. Baraket made many public addresses and attracted large audiences. Her talks on missionary efforts in Syria and Egypt were rich in practical and interesting incidents and illustrations. She had been permitted to see her whole family, who were Maronites of Mount Lebanon, converted to Christianity. Her mother, at the age of sixty-two, was taught to sing an Arabic translation of Dr. Palmer's hymn; and in 1884, when she received the news that her daughter had reached the United States in safety and was kindly received, she responded by simply repeating the words of this hymn.

"In the evening before one of the terrible

battles of the Wilderness during the Civil War, eight young men who were warmly attached to each other by the ties of Christian comradeship, held a prayer-meeting. A great battle was imminent, and it seemed improbable that all of them would survive the conflict. Before separating for the night, they wrote an expression of their feelings on a sheet of paper. It was, in fact, a death pledge; and was to remain as an evidence of their Christian faith should they fall in battle. The words to which all the young men subscribed their names were those of the hymn,

'My faith looks up to Thee.'

The battle went hard with the regiment to which these eight soldiers of the Cross and Union belonged, and seven of them fell before the blazing discharge of shot and shell of the enemy."

In the composition of this hymn Dr. Palmer wrote his own heart's experience and expressed his faith and hope for the future. In doing this he wrote the experience and expressed the faith and hope of all true Christians. This is what gives vitality and popularity to the hymn and will cause it to sing its way on to latest generations.

XIV

MISS HAVERGAL'S GREAT CONSECRATION HYMN

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal was evidently designed by Providence for extraordinary achievements in the interests of Christ's Church and kingdom, and that particularly in the realm of holy song. The daughter of a devout English clergyman, the Rev. William Henry Havergal, who was himself the author of much valuable church music, including such tunes as "Evan," "Zoan," and "Patmos," and baptized by another hymn-writer of distinction, the Rev. John Cawood, author of "Hark! what mean those holy voices?" it will be seen that she was reared amid the most favorable religious surroundings and "in an atmosphere of hymns."

She was a precocious child, too, and the story of her early development, though well authenticated, reads quite like fiction. "A study of her short life reminds us that she could read at three; that she wrote verses at seven with remarkable fluency; that in her

girlhood days she knew the whole of the New Testament, the Psalms, and Isaiah by heart, and afterward memorized the Minor Prophets; that when fourteen years old she had a glowing spiritual enthusiasm; that she early acquired the French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages; that she daily read the Old and New Testaments in the original; that she could play through Handel and much of Mendelssohn and Beethoven without notes; that she had a sweet singing voice and was a reputable composer; and that, in her school days, though having a frail constitution, she climbed the Swiss mountains that she might revel in the scene of perpetual snow."

Such in early years was she whom the Lord, by providential discipline and through the bestowal of extraordinary grace, prepared for that exalted ministry in the realm of hallowed song which reached its culmination in the composition of the Consecration Hymn beginning,

> "Take my life, and let it be
> Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

The hymn was written as the expression of her own entire and irrevocable devotement of herself to God's service, and was born of

an inspiration which came to its author on her reception of the sanctifying fulness of the Holy Spirit. She had been awakened to an unquenchable longing for "unreached attainments" in the divine life through the reading of a little book on the subject which came into her hands in 1873. Yielding herself up fully to God she soon received "the blessing" and entered upon a new era in her Christian history. Previously inclined to depression of spirits, such as drove Cowper to madness, she now lived in a realm of perennial sunshine, and shed the light of holy gladness on all around her.

"It was on Advent Sunday, December 2nd, 1873," she says in a letter to her sister, "I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you *see*, you can never *un*see. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other." That "full surrender" which is the only and the sure way into "full blessedness" Miss Havergal had most definitely and consciously reached; and, what it then meant to her and must ever mean to all who intelligently make it, she has expressed with remarkable clearness and great poetic beauty in the hymn which follows:

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

HYMN OF CONSECRATION

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in endless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

TUNE—"HENDON" or "PATMOS."

Miss Havergal wrote this hymn February 4th, 1874, and has herself given us an account of its origin in the following words: "Per-

haps you will be interested to know the origin of the Consecration Hymn, 'Take My Life.' I went for a little visit of five days to the Arely House. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted, but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' And He just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another till they finished with, "Ever, only, ALL for Thee."

The hymn has been translated into several languages, in all of which it is accomplishing a blessed ministry.

The life of the talented and holy woman who wrote this Consecration Hymn was not protracted long on earth. She first saw light in Astley rectory, December 14th, 1836, and closed her eyes to earthly scenes June 3rd, 1879. Her last days were spent at Caswell Bay, Swansea, South Wales, whither she had gone in quest of renewed strength. On learning that her end was very near she rejoiced at the tidings as "too good to be true." She died

in peace and holy triumph, and was buried in the Astley churchyard beside her father and near the home of her early years. On her tombstone appears, carved by her own direction, her favorite text of scripture—

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN."

SALVATION

XV

MOST HELPFUL HYMN FOR SEEKERS

No hymn in the English tongue more correctly indicates the way in which a penitent sinner may find pardon or is better adapted to leading him to the very heart of the Savior, than Charlotte Elliott's

> "Just as I am without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me."

It is probable that no other hymn has ever been instrumental in leading so many penitents through the successive steps of self-renunciation, self-surrender, and appropriating faith in Christ, out into "the measureless depths of His love" as this. Its very great popularity and its translation into nearly all languages of the civilized world indicate that, judged by the measure of its use and influence, it deserves to be classed among the foremost hymns of the Christian Church.

Miss Elliott, the author of the hymn, was born in Clapham, England, March 18, 1789. She was reared in the Established Church,

and grew to womanhood amid advantages of the most favorable kind. Bred in a home not only of piety, but of culture and refinement, where poetry and music continually exercised their elevating, inspiring and ennobling influence upon her, she was early molded, both mentally and spiritually, for the invaluable service she rendered to the Church of God as a hymn-writer in her maturer years.

When about thirty-two years of age she suffered from a serious illness which left her an invalid for life. This appears to have been another of the peculiar providences by which she was prepared for that ministry of song through which she was made a blessing to the Church and to the world for all generations. Songs like hers seldom emanate from any but hearts which have been broken by sorrow or chastened and mellowed by affliction.

In 1832 Miss Elliott first became acquainted with Dr. Cæsar Malan, a devout and distinguished Swiss preacher, on the occasion of a visit which he made at her father's home in Clapham. He soon recognized her superior talents and possibilities, and appreciated them; and it is said to have been chiefly through him that she was led to abandon secular pursuits and devote her talents wholly

to the cause of Christ. Dr. Malan was also instrumental in putting that spiritual impress upon her life and character which has so beautifully expressed itself in the hymns she wrote, the number of which considerably exceeds one hundred.

The hymn by which, more than by any or all others, she has immortalized herself is the one now under consideration, the original of which is as follows:

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!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

TUNE—"WOODWORTH."

The last of the foregoing stanzas is generally omitted in the hymnals. There is some difference of opinion as to whether its omission is wise or otherwise. Its poetry does not flow quite as smoothly as that of the other stanzas, but the sentiment is fine and forms a final climax of thought which is both natural and scriptural, and without which the hymn is less complete than it is with the stanza retained.

This beautiful Christian lyric has had a marvelous history of association with the conversion of sinners. Said the Rev. H. V. Elliott, brother of Charlotte, "In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel far more has been done by a single hymn

of my sister's." He referred to "Just as I Am."

There are before the author as he writes a considerable number of published instances of the influence of this hymn upon the hearts and lives of saints and sinners. From among them the following are presented in condensed form:

On one occasion the Epworth League of the Lenox Road church, Brooklyn, at its exercises previous to the Sunday evening preaching service, sang, "Just as I Am," and then at the regular hour of public service the same hymn was announced and sung again. It being a sultry evening the windows of the church were open during the service. A few doors away lived a young lawyer, who, lying in his room with his windows raised, could distinctly hear the words of the hymn. He had become hardened and skeptical regarding religious matters. All gracious influences had been resisted, and he had come to regard himself as too far gone for reformation. But "Just as I Am," sung by the two different congregations the same evening, produced a deep impression upon his mind, and led him to a change of heart. The next day he sent for the pastor of the church and related to him with deep and strong emotion the cir-

cumstances of his conversion. Fortunate indeed was it for him that he experienced this change when he did, since failing health soon compelled him to go South for a change of climate, where death claimed him as its victim a few months later.

The Rev. Dr. McCook, during his pastorate in St. Louis, was sent for on one occasion to visit a young woman who was slowly dying of consumption. She had been attending a normal school, and from one of her teachers had imbibed infidel sentiments. Her keen intellect quickly warded off every effort to induce her to acknowledge the claims of the gospel. After the man of God had exhausted all his arguments she still remained unshaken in her skepticism, while he was perplexed to know what more he could do toward securing the conversion of the dying girl. So adverse was she to hearing more on the subject of religion that she turned her face to the wall and declined giving him further attention. After a time the minister said to her, "Lucy, I have not come to argue with you another word, but before leaving you to meet the issues of eternity I wish to recite a hymn." With much earnestness and emphasis he then repeated,

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

and kindly bade her adieu. She gave him no recognition and no response. He sadly left her, and went his way debating whether, after such a determined refusal of all his tender efforts to do her good, it would be best to visit her again. Realizing the gravity of her situation, however, he decided to make one more effort to reach her obdurate heart. Calling again he took his seat by her side, whereupon she slowly turned toward her visitor. Unwonted luster beamed from her sunken eyes as she placed her emaciated hand in his and slowly, but with deep emotion, said:

"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!"

and then added: *"O Sir, I've come! I've come!"* The hymn had done what argument and persuasion had failed to do—determined the dying girl to the choice of Jesus Christ, and of eternal life in Him. The end, which came not long afterward, was one of such peace as Christ alone can give.

In the year 1860 *The Examiner* published the following interesting account: "A few weeks ago a little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and holding up a dirty,

worn-out bit of printed paper, said: 'Please sir, father sent me to get a *clean* paper like that.' Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing that precious lyrical epitome of the gospel, of which the first stanza is as follows:

'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!'

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

"This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath-school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find it, we may hope, the gospel of her salvation."

Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, was so charmed

with Miss Elliott's lyrical masterpiece that he had it printed on cards for use in one of his conventions, and said: "I have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as my hymn, always to be sung on such occasions, and always to the same tune. * * * * That hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. When I am gone I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn. I wish that my ministry may be associated with

> '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!'

Dying some years later in Florence, Italy, he sent last, loving messages to his Ohio friends, and then said to those about him: "Read to me three hymns—'Just as I am,' 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' and 'Rock of Ages.'" The hymns were read; and, "filled with joy and peace," the good man closed his eyes on earth to open them in heaven.

XVI

THE GREATEST HYMN OF THE CROSS

Toplady's "Rock of Ages" contends stoutly with Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" for the most popular recognition of any hymn in the English language. It is almost universally used. It has even been adopted by the Roman Catholics, in England. A London paper, *Sunday at Home*, asked 3,500 of its readers to name twenty of the greatest hymns, and 3,215 placed "Rock of Ages" first. Nor is its influence restricted to English-speaking countries, since the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone translated it into Latin, Greek and Italian.

"Rock of Ages" is certainly one of the brightest gems in the hymnody of the Church, and has become so inwrought with the deepest and holiest experiences of Anglo-Saxon Christianity as have few things else outside the word of God.

In palace and cottage alike it has ministered its inspiration and consolation to the tempted, the disconsolate, the sick and the

dying. The late Prince Consort, "Albert the Good," quoted it just before passing within the vail, as expressing his own experience of faith and hope, and as affording him most precious consolation while earthly things were dissolving from his view forever. In many a humble cot and cabin, as well as in the palace of the prince, its sublime and tender strains have been a divine benediction to the dying, inspiring faith, enkindling hope, assuaging grief and quelling fear; while to almost innumerable thousands it has been as a sovereign balm for the wounded spirit in times of deep distress and amid various distracting and bewildering experiences. It is a hymn that will live forever.

Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," was born at Farnham, Surrey, England, in 1740. His father fought and fell in the battle of Carthagena, and Augustus was thereafter reared by his devout and holy mother. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He was converted at the age of sixteen, in a barn, at an obscure place called Codymain, Ireland, whither he had gone to hear an illiterate layman preach. The impression made upon him by the sermon was most unexpected, and so powerful that it led to his immediate conver-

sion. He has recorded the following account of the event:

"That sweet text, 'Ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul. It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God. Under the ministry of that dear messenger, under that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756.

"Strange that I, who had been so long under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could scarcely spell his name. The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of men."

Toplady became a minister of the Established Church, and, while studying for the ministry, was made a high Calvinist by attending Dr. Manton's lectures on the Seventeenth Chapter of John. When the discussion over Calvinism arose in connection with the Wesleyan reformation he naturally took sides with the Calvinists, and preached and wrote in opposition to the Wesleys and their views with most intemperate zeal. It is much

to be regretted that one of so lofty a spirit, and of a character in all other respects so exemplary, should have been betrayed into such fierce vituperation as characterizes his controversial writings. His intemperate language and his intolerance in controversy are the only blemishes on his exalted character.

In 1775 Toplady's health began to fail. The fiery ardor with which he applied himself to the duties of his calling was more than the earthern vessel could endure. His physician sent him to London. A new field opened to him here, in the pastorate of the French Calvinistic Church, the duties of which he assumed and performed with great faithfulness. Some time during the year of his settlement in London he produced that sublime hymn, which, had he never achieved anything else of distinction, would have immortalized his name.

The hymn first apeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, a periodical of which Toplady was then editor. He published an article on "The National Debt," in which, along with other things, he adverted to the debt of sin, discoursing on the multitudinous sins of humanity, and, by numerical calculations, exhibited the enormity of the indebtedness of the redeemed to Christ for having cancelled

their sins, thereby setting forth the transcendent love of God and the measureless value of Christ's atonement. Exalted to the realm of such inspiring contemplations and of visions thus glowing and ecstatic, he concluded with this matchless "hymn of the cross:"

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death;
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

TUNE—"TOPLADY."

The foregoing is the hymn in its original form, from which it will be readily seen that numerous and important changes have been made in giving it the form in which it is now generally used.

Neither in the article in connection with which the hymn was first given to the public, nor in Toplady's hymn-book published the same year, is his authorship of the hymn directly given. This fact led to some mistaken views as to its authorship in the earlier period of its history. "In a letter in the *Wesleyan Magazine*, as late as 1832," says Dr. Tillett, "Richard Watson erroneously attributes it to Charles Wesley. The early Methodists would have welcomed proof that Wesley was the author: for the most unpleasant controversy that John Wesley was ever drawn into was that which he had with the author of this hymn over doctrinal points, Toplady being a pronounced Calvinist."

It adds to the interest and impressiveness of the hymn to know that it was written near the close of Toplady's life, when he was sensible that the day of his dissolution was drawing near, and when his feet were already

standing on Pisgah's height, from which visions of celestial glory were vouchsafed to his redeemed spirit. About two years after the first appearance of the hymn its author, at the age of thirty-eight, came to the time of his departure from earth, a victim of consumption; and, in that supremely trying hour he realized in blessed fulfilment the prayer breathed in the last stanza of his immortal hymn.

"Rock of Ages" was originally entitled, "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believers in the World." Although the hymn was written by one of John Wesley's bitterest opponents and given a title which was itself a sneer at the Wesleyan doctrine of perfection, Methodists everywhere have adopted it as orthodox, and in a high degree spiritually helpful. Comparatively few of them know, or ever stop to consider if they do know, that it had its origin in the midst of the heated controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians which was incidental to the rise of Methodism, and was perhaps written more or less under the influence of controversial bias. Whatever of human imperfection may have been associated with its production, the hymn, in its intrinsic merit, true sublimity and historic associations, has be-

come so entirely dissociated from all trace and remembrance of those imperfections as to suffer no depreciation therefrom.

The historic associations which enhance its interest and value are too numerous for rehearsal here. The following are simply samples: "A translation of it was sung by a company of Armenians while they were being massacred in Constantinople. General J. E. B. Stuart, the cavalry leader of the Confederacy, sang it as he was dying from wounds received in battle. When the ship 'London' sank in the Bay of Biscay in 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel, was the voice of the passengers singing, 'Rock of Ages.'"

Toplady wrote various other hymns of merit, but his reputation as a hymn-writer will always be associated with "Rock of Ages," the sublimest and most popular of all his productions.

XVII

NOBLEST HEART HYMN EVER WRITTEN

Notwithstanding all that was said and quoted in a former chapter in praise of Toplady's famous hymn, the writer believes that Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," is the most popular Christian lyric in the English language.

Dr. Duffield, author of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," wrote of it as follows: "One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had long hung on the willows, that I could *sing* again; that a new song was put in my mouth; and when, ere ever I was aware, I was singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' If there is anything in Christian experience of joy and sorrow, of affliction and prosperity, of life and death—that hymn is *the* hymn of the ages."

Henry Ward Beecher referred to it in the following terms of praise: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's,—

> 'Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,'

than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will die. He *is* dead and does not know it. He will pass, after a little while, out of men's thoughts. What will there be to speak of him? What will he have done that will stop trouble or encourage hope? His money will go to his heirs, and they will divide it. It is like a stream divided and growing narrower by division. And they will die, and it will go to their heirs. In three or four generations everything comes to the ground again for redistribution. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

The hymn was written in 1739, within six months after the founding of the first Methodist society. It appeared in "Hymns and Sacred Poems" in 1740, entitled, "In Temptation." It originally contained five stanzas, the third being now generally omitted. The complete text of the hymn, as Charles Wesley wrote it, is as follows:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
  Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
  All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
  Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
  Lo, on Thee I cast my care:
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
  While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and, behold, I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
  I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin:

Let the healing streams abound.
Make and keep me pure within,
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

TUNE—"MARTYN" OR "REFUGE."

Various accounts of how the hymn came to be written have gained more or less currency, but none of them can be regarded as authentic. Dr. Nutter in his "Hymn Studies" says, "The original title ('In Temptation') gives us some light, and the omitted stanza, especially in connection with the first verse, shows that some of the imagery and language of this hymn was borrowed from the story of Peter's attempt to walk on the Sea of Galilee, Matt. 14:28-31. The author's genius and his rough experience on the Atlantic account for the rest."

Mr. Stevenson, in his "Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated," gives the following estimate of this popular hymn: "The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is 'Rock of Ages,' and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's 'God moves in a mysterious way,' and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther's 'A mighty fort-

ress is our God,' then it may be said that the noblest *heart-hymn* ever written, the queen of all the lays of holy love, is this immortal song. It is at once a confession and a prayer in meter. The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another we see a timid, tearful child nestling in its mother's arm."

The solacing power of this hymn in times of sorrow is marvelous; and there are comparatively few among English-speaking Christians who have not had occasion to praise God and bless the memory of Charles Wesley for its wondrous ministry of comfort in some of their own dark hours and heart-breaking experiences.

"Two lines of the hymn have been breathed fervently and often out of bleeding hearts," says Dr. T. L. Cuyler. "When we were in the valley of death-shade, with one beautiful child in the new-made grave, and others threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we said oftener than this:

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

We do not doubt that tens of thousands of other bereaved and wounded hearts have ut-

tered this piercing cry, out of the depths, 'Still support and comfort me.'"

It is said of the late President Charles G. Finney, of Oberlin, Ohio, that, as he was walking about his grounds not long before his death, in the church where he had preached for forty years the evening service had just begun. Presently the strains of holy song arose from the assembly, and, floating to him on the breeze, he heard the words of this imperishable hymn. His soul was touched, and taking up the strains, he sang with the invisible worshipers, uniting in their praises to the end. Before morning he had joined the choir invisible within the vail.

It was in the "Young Reaper," if we remember correctly, a Baptist Sunday-school paper with which we were familiar in early years, that we once read an account of two young women who were sisters, being left to their fate on the deck of a sinking ship, the vessel having been abandoned by the captain and his crew. The only passenger on the ship besides themselves was a gentleman, who, after vainly appealing to the captain to undertake their rescue, threw a small hatch into the water, plunged in himself, seized the hatch, clung to it, and floated until rescue

reached him. His little raft remained near enough to the sinking ship for him to see the end. According to his report, as the steamer was gradually sinking with the setting of the sun, he saw the sisters standing on the deck, their arms about each other, and their voices mingled in singing,

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Listening, as their song continued, he heard at last the words,

"Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing,"

and in a moment all was over; the ship had made its final plunge, and with it those two sisters sank to rise no more.

"The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Savior." It is adapted alike to the needs of the penitent, in quest of pardoning mercy; to the tried and tempest-tossed believer, in his daily burden-bearing and warfare against sin and Satan; to the bereaved and heart-broken of all classes; to the saint whose lot it is to suffer long under the wasting of slow and

painful disease; and to those who, in early years, in the midst of their days, or "in age and feebleness extreme," must pass "through the valley of the shadow of death."

Precious hymn! May its ministry of heavenly inspiration and holy comfort never cease until distracting care, deferred hope, depressing sorrow and heart-rending grief shall be known on earth no more.

XVIII

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Another hymn which, for general acceptance and extensive use, can scarcely be regarded as of inferior rank to those already considered is

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

No hymn-book of to-day is complete without it. It is a favorite with Christian worshipers of all classes. Romanists and Protestants, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Conformists and Independents, Calvinists and Arminians, all alike express their yearnings for greater nearness to the Divine in the singing of its plaintive but exalted strains. Nor is it popular with English-speaking people alone, as appears from the fact that "it has been translated into many languages, and has followed the triumphs of the gospel in heathen lands."

"It is the best metrical expression of the desire for a more intimate spiritual acquaintance with God, and the riches of His grace," says Mr. Butterworth, "that we have in mod-

ern psalmnody. It is a fresh and touching expression of the same yearning aspirations toward God that we prize in Cowper's 'Oh, for a closer walk with God,' which it succeeds in popular favor. It expresses a willingness to know God through the discipline of affliction; to descend into the valleys in the ascent of that spiritual mountain whose summit is everlasting light."

Sarah Flower Adams, the author, was born at Harlow, in Essex, England, February 22, 1805. Her father, Benjamin Flower, was editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, an influential weekly publication devoted to the support of radical principles. "Accused of libeling the Bishop of Llandaff, whose political conduct he had censured," says Dr. Benson, "he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Newgate with a fine of £100. He was visited in prison by Miss Eliza Gould, a lady who is said to have suffered for her own liberal principles, and shortly after his release he married her. They settled at Harlow in Essex, where Mr. Flower became a printer and where Mrs. Flower died in 1810. Sarah's mother is described as a lady of talent, as was also her sister Eliza, a few years older than herself, and likewise an authoress.

In 1834 Miss Flower was married to Wil-

liam Bridges Adams, an eminent engineer, and also a contributor to several of the leading newspapers and magazines of the time.

In 1847 she was sorely shocked by the death of her sister Eliza, who had been steadily declining, from pulmonary trouble, for some time, and to whom she most tenderly ministered during the whole period of the gathering shadows. From this time her own health gradually declined, while her religious aspirations, always strong, grew more vigorous, until, two years after her sister's departure, she too, fell asleep in Christ. Her end was quite in keeping with her life of faith and hope, "almost her last breath bursting into unconscious song, illustrating the stanza,

"Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'"

The story of the hymn, is as follows: After the death of their father the sisters settled in a suburb of London, where they united with a religious society having for its pastor the Rev. William Johnson Fox, "a man who, though classed among Unitarians, was neither

a rationalist nor a sympathizer with Channing or Martineau." Mr. Fox prepared a collection of "Hymns and Anthems" for use in his own congregation, for which, at his request, Mrs. Adams wrote thirteen original hymns and a few translations. Among these contributions was "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The hymn first appeared in the second part of Mr. Fox's collection, with the title, "Nearness to God Desired," in 1841.

This hymn has had to win its way against more prejudice and hostile criticism, perhaps, than any other that ever approximated to the same degree of popularity. This is due to the fact that the author was a Unitarian, and that the hymn makes no direct mention of Christ. It should be remembered, however, that her piety "was gauged by devotional feeling and high religious attainments, rather than by denominational requirements or sectarian views." God often leads sincere souls to the mount of spiritual vision and into heart experiences of grace in spite of errors in intellectual belief. Martin Luther is a remarkable illustration of this. It will be well to remember too that "Nearer, my God, to Thee" is by no means the only hymn of devotion in our hymnals that fails to make direct mention of the name of Christ. No one objects to Addison's

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,"

because it makes no mention of the second Person in the Trinity.

The Rev. Dr. Tillett has well said, "Christians will never consent to give up those sweetest and tenderest hymns, 'O Thou who driest the mourner's tears,' and 'Come, ye disconsolate,' because the gifted author, Thomas Moore, was far from being a Christian. Balaam and Saul were among the prophets."

The original text of the hymn, which, notwithstanding the many efforts made to improve it by alterations and additions, remains in most hymnals substantially unchanged, is as follows:

Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

There let the way appear,
  Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou send'st to me
  In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts,
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

TUNE—"BETHANY."

About half a dozen persons, most of them of some distinction, have tried the experiment of adding to the original a stanza that expresses dependence on Christ for salvation, but none of them have been regarded as improvements by the Church generally, or are likely to be so regarded. What was originally the product of an inspiration can not

well be improved by alterations made in the interest of doctrinal or sectarian prejudice.

This hymn has been peculiarly endeared to the writer through a circumstance which occurred in connection with his own devoted mother's final illness. It was his privilege to minister to her most of the time the last two weeks before she passed to her heavenly home. During one of her paroxysms of suffering she turned her face suddenly toward him, and exclaimed: "Oh, Wilson, sing! I do believe if you would sing it would ease my pain!" To the question, "Mother, what shall I sing?" she replied, with great fervor, "Sing 'Nearer, my God to Thee.'"

Struggling with emotion we sang the hymn as best we could, the sufferer in the meantime becoming more at ease. At the conclusion of the singing she exclaimed, with much emphasis, "*You didn't sing it all!*" When told that one stanza had been forgotten, recalling a part of it herself, she said, with increased emphasis, "Sing

> 'So by my woes to be
> Nearer, my God to Thee.'"

Then we sang, greatly to her satisfaction, the stanza that had been forgotten:

"Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

With as clear a voice as she was able to command in her best days she joined in singing the entire stanza—the last she ever sang until she joined in the music of the skies.

"In the battle of Fort Donnelson a brave little drummer boy had his arm taken off by a cannon ball. One who visited the field after the battle was over found him dying of exhaustion through loss of blood; but he was heard singing, even while his life-blood ebbed away.

'There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'"

It would hardly be suitable to dismiss our consideration of this hymn without recalling its association with the tragic death of the late President McKinley. As reported by Dr.

Matthew D. Mann, the distinguished sufferer's attending physician, his last utterances were,

> "'Nearer, my God to Thee,
> E'en though it be a cross,'

has been my constant prayer."

Nor will the present generation ever forget how, in memory of their illustrious dead and as expressive of the general yearning for a sense of divine nearness and consolation, Christian assemblies over all the land sang this hymn in their churches and memorial services the Sabbath following the announcement of his death. Then came the day of his funeral, with that solemn "five minutes," during which, from east to west and from north to south, business of every kind was suspended, the whirr of machinery hushed, street cars, steamboats and railway trains were halted in their courses and telegraph instruments and telephone bells were silenced, while practically the whole nation, with bowed heads and breaking hearts, joined in singing their fallen chieftain's favorite hymn and dying prayer,—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

It was indeed an unprecedented occasion

of public sorrow—a marvelous demonstration of the religious sentiment which, however largely subordinated to the prevalent commercialism and competition of the age, is natural to our humanity, and will, in times of great stress and calamity at least, assert itself with emphasis. It was an equally unprecedented testimonial to the value and popularity of the hymn we have been considering.

XIX

GREATEST HYMN ON PURITY OF HEART

Among the finest of Charles Wesley's lyrical productions and the greatest lyric ever written on the subject of heart-purity is the hymn beginning,

"O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free."

It is based on Psalm 51:10: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me;" and was published in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1742. The saintly John Fletcher, of Madeley, commenting on it, once said: "Here is undoubtedly an evangelical prayer for the love which restores the soul to a state of sinless rest and scriptural perfection."

As originally written the hymn contained eight stanzas, but as now generally published what were formerly the fifth, sixth and seventh stanzas are omitted, the hymn being quite complete without them, as will be seen from the following commonly used text:

HYMN ON PURITY OF HEART

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

TUNE—"ARLINGTON."

That the omitted stanzas are unnecessary to the completeness of the hymn, and, if retained, would impair rather than improve it, will be evident, we think, to all who compare the text as rendered above with the way it would read were the following stanzas inserted immediately after stanza three:

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesus, for Thee, distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know.

My heart, Thou knowest, can never rest
Till Thou create my peace;
Till, of my *Eden* re-possessed,
From self and sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Charles Wesley was a master poet and John Wesley a master critic of poetry. As a critic John put many a finishing touch on his brother's productions without which they would have exhibited more imperfections than now characterize them. The foregoing hymn is an instance of this kind. Charles wrote, "O for *an* heart," and used the expression "*an* heart" throughout the hymn. John changed it to "*a* heart" throughout. Charles wrote, "O for an humble, lowly heart," which John altered so as to read, "O for a lowly, contrite heart." Charles wrote "*dear* Redeemer's throne," in line two of stanza two, and "*dearest* Lord impart," in line one of the last stanza, which John changed respectively to

JOHN WESLEY.

"*great* Redeemer's throne" and "*gracious* Lord impart." These alterations were made by John Wesley in preparing the hymn for his "Collection" published in 1789.

The singing of this hymn in the Spirit has been the means of leading many a soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness into "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Its precious and deeply significant words have also dwelt on the lips of many a dying believer, inspiring faith, quickening hope, and enabling him to shout in glorious triumph over "the last enemy." It is one of the hymns destined to live as long as the cry for inward purity finds place in human hearts and seeks expression on human lips.

XX

A MATCHLESS HYMN ON PERFECT LOVE

Of the six thousand five hundred hymns produced by Charles Wesley, the princely singer of early Methodism, none exceeds in poetic worth or in the depth and richness of its spirituality and in genuine helpfulness his lofty and glowing lyric on perfect love, beginning,

"Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!"

It was first given to the public in his "Hymns for those that Seek, and those that have Redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ," 1747. It soon became popular among the Methodist societies, and finally, by genuine merit alone, won its way to almost universal favor throughout the English-speaking world.

"It is one of the most popular and helpful hymns," says Mr. Stead, "which, originating in Methodist hymnody, have found an honored place in the hymn-books of almost every other denomination." The late Rev. Charles

S. Robinson, D. D., who was one of the foremost hymnologists of this country, declared it "one of the noblest of all the compositions of Rev. Charles Wesley;" Dr. Nutter regards it as "one of the most valuable hymns the author ever wrote;" and the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher cherished it as a special favorite. It is said that no one who ever heard the great congregation in Plymouth Church sing "Love Divine" is likely to forget the soul-stirring effect. "This is one of the hymns of Charles Wesley," says Mr. Stead again, "which enabled Methodism to sing itself into the heart of the world."

The hymn as published in many hymnals is considerably altered from its original form, some compilers having omitted the second stanza, and others having changed various expressions in other stanzas, in both cases the alterations having been made to suit the hymn to the doctrinal bias of those who made them. The following is the full text of the hymn:

Love divine all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation:
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

TUNE—"BEECHER."

The English Methodist Hymn-Book omits the second stanza, "arising probably," says Mr. Stevenson, "from two lines which are thought to be defective in doctrinal accuracy." Those lines are the fourth and fifth, the fourth line reading, "Let us find that *sec-*

ond rest," and the fifth line, as originally written, "Take away our *power* of sinning." American Methodists generally retain this stanza, with the expression, "power of sinning," in line 5 changed to "bent to sinning." This is quite in accord with the suggestion of the Rev. John Fletcher, a very judicious critic in his day, who justified the expression "second rest," but took exceptions to the line, "Take away our power of sinning," as too strong. His words respecting "that second rest" are as follows: "Mr. Wesley says *second rest*, because an imperfect believer enjoys a first inferior rest; if he did not, he would be no believer." Regarding "Take away our power of sinning" he says: "Is not this expression too strong? Would it not be better to soften it by saying, 'Take away the love of sinning?' Can God take away from us our *power of sinning* without taking away our power of free obedience?"

The late Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D., an eminent Presbyterian divine, in his "Annotations Upon Popular Hymns," offers some instructive, just and interesting observations regarding the line, "Let us find that second rest," which has been an offense to so many. We give our readers the benefit of the same in the three following paragraphs:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matthew 11:28, 29. What strikes us so strangely in reading over these verses is the discovery that Christ says in the beginning, "I will *give* you rest," and at the end says, "Ye shall *find* rest." With the one offer the rest seems to be free; with the other it is evidently somewhat severely conditioned. Moreover, the figures employed seem paradoxical. To propose to relieve a man who labors by putting on him a yoke, or to help a man who is heavy laden by imposing upon him a burden, gives chance for a cavil.

The explanation is found by assuming that in Christian experience there are *two* rests, and not just one only. The first of these is a gift, the other is an acquisition. These differ quite elementally. They do not arrive in the same moment. They are not precisely of the same character. They certainly do not come in anything like the same way. The second one is never attained till the first has preceded it. The first may be reached years before the other is made perfect, so that it

might happen that the spiritual distance between them shall be sorrowfully wide.

In the second stanza of the hymn now before us* is the line, "Let us find thy promised rest." This is singularly unfortunate, for a fine allusion is lost. But singers insisted that they did not know what the original line meant. Charles Wesley wrote quite scripturally, but we miss the point. For he said, "Let us find *that second* rest." He was singing of what this verse [of Scripture] puts second. No one can appreciate accurately the significance of these figures who prefers to sing it. "Let us find Thy promised rest." The yoke comes before the doctrine: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Therein lies our duty. The rest still waits. Yoke-bearing leads to it. Jesus offers His hand to you. Repent of all your sins; put your simple trust in Him. Then comes a new endeavor. Submit at once to Christ's will. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." The doing is ahead of even the doctrine. Make one simple resolve in dependence on divine aid: "Here I give myself to Thee! I put on the yoke, I go joyfully under the burden!"

This hymn has often been used with great

*As found in Laudes Domini.

effectiveness in revival services, at camp-meetings and in various conventions and associations. The writer recalls instances of this kind in which the singing of the hymn has been accompanied with manifestations of the divine presence, reminding one of the scenes on the day of Pentecost.

Various portions of the hymn have also been greatly blessed to the comfort and inspiration of dying saints. A devout Methodist woman of England who, in accordance with strong presentiments, had lost several relatives and was herself nearing the grave, when asked by her sorrowing husband, "Is Jesus precious?" remained silent for a little, and then, summoning all her strength, sang:

"Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart."

After this she continued praising God and singing her notes of triumph until the pearly gates opened and her ransomed spirit passed into the Celestial City.

Another holy woman as she came to the crossing of Jordan testified, saying,

"Angels now are hovering round us."

and then sang, as her last note of triumph on earth,

"Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise."

How beautiful to pass from the singing of such a victorious strain on earth to the singing of the "new song" before the throne of God in heaven!

Resignation

XXI

THE CROSS-BEARER'S HYMN

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me" (Luke 9:23), are the words in which the Son of God announced for all time the terms of Christian discipleship. Nor has any hymn of the Christian Church ever embodied more fully the spirit of that announcement than Henry Francis Lyte's

> "Jesus, I my cross have taken,
> All to leave, and follow Thee."

Mr. Lyte, the author of the hymn, was born near Kelso, Scotland, in 1793. His father was a captain in the English army, and both the father and mother died while Henry was a child. Friends took charge of his education, and he was finally sent to Trinity College, Dublin, from which he was graduated in 1814. He had purposed to devote himself to the practice of medicine, and studied with that end in view for a time. In 1815, however, he changed his plans, decided to preach the

gospel, and was ordained to the ministry of the Church of England. "A dreary Irish curacy" was the field of his earliest ministerial labors, in which he served as faithfully and efficiently as could be expected of one who, although sincere, had never known by experience the regenerating power of the gospel of Christ.

In 1818 Mr. Lyte was the subject of a remarkable spiritual change, brought about through an equally remarkable providence. A brother clergyman who was near the gates of death desired Mr. Lyte's counsel in spiritual matters, and sent for him. The sick man, according to Mr. Lyte's account, was a minister of exalted standing, whose life had abounded in benevolence, good sense and Christian virtues. Still, the approach of death convinced him that he was not at heart a Christian—that he was without that experimental knowledge of Christ which alone gives peace, hope and victory in a dying hour. He insisted upon their examining, in the light of the New Testament, the grounds of Christian faith and hope, and the means by which sinful men may be prepared for the bliss of heaven.

"My blood almost curdled," wrote Mr. Lyte, as quoted by his daughter, Mrs. Hogg, "to

hear the dying man declare and prove, with irrefutable clearness, that both he and I had been utterly mistaken in the means we had adopted for ourselves, and recommended to others, if the explanatory epistles of St. Paul were to be taken in their plain and literal sense. You can hardly, perhaps, conceive the effects of all this, proceeding from such a man, in such a situation." As a result of their conference the dying minister found "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and the living minister went forth a renewed man, having experienced a change akin to that wrought upon Isaiah the prophet when by seraphic ministry his lips were touched with hallowed fire. This, according to one account, was the occasion which led to the writing of "Jesus, I my cross have taken," the original motto of which was the words of St. Peter to his Master, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee."

The following is the full text of the hymn, which is one of the Church's noblest lyrics, and should be thoroughly memorized by all Christians, especially by those who are young:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee:

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:

THE CROSS-BEARER'S HYMN

Joy to find in every station
  Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
  Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
  Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
  Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
  God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
  Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
  Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

TUNE—"DISCIPLE."

This hymn has been a great source of inspiration and strength in hundreds of cases to those who were oppressed and persecuted for their adherence to Christ, His truth, and His cause. The writer recalls with much vividness instances in which, during his early years, it was sung in his hearing during such circumstances, his own godly parents sometimes being among the oppressed but victorious singers. He owes much, too, to the influence of this noble production in the direction of strengthening and developing his own faith while little more than a child in years and Christian experience. Much as he esteemed it then, however, its sentiments have become

more precious with the passing years, and to-day its value is appreciated more than ever. It is expressive of that rugged type of Christianity exhibited by the glorious company of the apostles and the noble army of the martyrs, whose self-denial, resignation, purity of character, and unswerving loyalty to truth and duty challenge our emulation.

We read some years ago an account of an intelligent young woman, the daughter of a notorious infidel, who, in a revival meeting near her father's home, gave her heart to God and became soundly converted. On being apprised of her action the father called her to account for it, whereupon she "witnessed a good profession," and, with much courage and great blessing, declared what God had done for her soul. The father, unable to dissuade her from her well-chosen course by gentler means, at length became enraged and informed her that, unless she would give up her profession of Christ and her relation with His people, she must leave his home forever.

Terrible as was the situation now confronting her, she remembered how her divine Master had said, "Whoso loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," and, instead of weakening, her faith grew stronger and her purpose more firm. The time soon

passed within which her father demanded a final decision, and when the critical moment came she made no hesitation, but, assuring her father of her love and respect for him, assured him also of her supreme love for the Christ who had redeemed her, and of her purpose to cleave to Him at all hazards. This was a signal for the culmination of the father's wrath. She was unceremoniously commanded to leave the home she held so dear, and to darken its doors no more. This only seemed to nerve her for more heroic devotion to the Christ she loved above all others. Gathering up such of her effects as it was convenient to take with her, she tenderly and through tears bade her father and the rest of the family farewell, and started out, like Abraham, when he set out upon his pilgrimage "not knowing whither he went."

The sun was going down, and, as the shadows of night began to thicken around her, she turned aside into a grove, not far from the home she had left, to pray for divine grace and guidance. God came to her heart in great blessing, and so confident did she become that He would make all her trouble work for her good that she soon found herself singing:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own."

As she sang on amid the gathering shades, little thinking that any but God was listening to her heartfelt strains, the gentle breeze wafted the voice of the singer toward the home she had left, where it fell upon the ear of the father who had so inhumanly banished her from beneath his roof. As he listened the voice of the singer was soon recognized, the words of the hymn became distinguishable, strange emotions struggled for expression, and soon his feet were bearing him in the direction from whence came those notes of holy but pathetic song. In a short time the banished daughter was in the tender embrace of the relenting father, who, amid tears and sobs, withdrew the ban he had pronounced, entreated her forgiveness, led her back to the home she had left, pledged her full liberty to serve and worship God as she might please, besought her prayers, and was soon himself rejoicing in a Savior's pardoning love.

XXII

SCHMOLCK'S HYMN OF RESIGNATION

One of the tenderest and sweetest of all hymns of submission to the divine will was originally written in the German by Pastor Benjamin Schmolck, of Schweidnitz, about 1704, under the title, "Mein Jesu, wie du Willst," and has been beautifully rendered into English by Miss Jane Borthwick, of Scotland, her translation beginning,

> "My Jesus, as Thou wilt.
> Oh, may Thy will be mine."

It is founded upon Mark 14:36: "And He said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto Thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt." The hymn is thoroughly saturated with the spirit of these remarkable utterances, called forth from our Lord by His agony in Gethsemane, and so is marvelous in its adaptation to expressing "the fellowship of His sufferings."

"The thought is this," says Dr. Robinson:

"We are to bend our wills in simple submission to Jesus, as Jesus bent His to that of the Father, and so settle the restive inquisitiveness of our wounded sensibility. There is no other way of dealing with such a question as this. We must take the testimony of those who have had experience of trouble. Four eminent men there have been whose history in this particular is before us. Aaron was terribly bereaved when his sons were struck dead; but 'he held his peace.' That was well, but Eli took higher ground; he spoke; he said: 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good in His sight.' But Job reached a step higher than either; he spoke not only in the language of submission, but of thankfulness: 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' And then, from a far more serene and elevated summit of satisfaction, Paul, that grand old Apostle of the New Testament, declared, 'I take pleasure in my distresses.' This ought to be enough for us."

The hymn in the German and also in its translated form contains seven stanzas, of which only the first, fourth and last usually appear in the hymnals. The translation is from "Hymns from the Land of Luther," a volume of translations from the German, produced and published by Miss Borthwick and

her sister, Mrs. Eric J. Findlater. The following are the stanzas comprising the hymn as now generally sung in English-speaking churches:

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."

My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
  Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
  Grow dim and disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
  And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
  My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
  All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
  I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
  I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
  "My Lord, Thy will be done."

TUNE—"JEWETT."

Benjamin Schmolck, the author of these

pathetic and beautiful lines, was a Silesian, born in Brauchitschdorf, December 21, 1672, and was one of the most popular hymn-writers of Germany. He graduated at Leipsic in 1697; became pastor of Schweidnitz in 1702; remained faithful to the numerous and grave responsibilities of this position until 1737, when, upon the anniversary of his wedding, February twelfth, he entered into final rest. The Schweidnitz parish was large, and Schmolck's responsible and laborious position was rendered the more difficult by the machinations of the Jesuits, who secretly sought to counterwork his efforts. It is said, however, that the earnestness of his labors and the sweetness of his disposition not only won for him the hearts of his parishioners, but disarmed the Jesuits as well.

"That pious German pastor, Benjamin Schmolck is an example of how a hymn is written," says Dr. Arthur T. Pierson. "A fire raged over his parish and laid in ruins his church and the homes of his people. Then God's Angel of Death took wife and children, and only graves were left. Then disease [paralysis] smote him and laid him prostrate; then blindness took the light of his eyes away,—and under all this avalanche of ills Schmolck dictated these words." His be-

reavements appear to have suggested the words,

"Into Thy hand of love
I would *my all* resign;"

his blindness to have called out the expressions,

"Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,"

and

"Let not my star of hope
Grow dim and disappear!"

while the breaking up of his home and the palsying of his body seem to have suggested the stanza,

"Then to *my home* above
I *travel* calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
'My Lord, Thy will be done!'"

As suggested by Mr. Pierson the italicised words refer to his various afflictions. The foregoing facts regarding the circumstances out of which this remarkable hymn grew help us the better to understand and appreciate its significance. It is preëminently a hymn for those experiencing the disappointments and adversities of life; for seasons of bewildering calamity and distress; for times of

bereavement and desolation of spirit; for the sick room, and the hour when the shadows of death are gathering.

Dr. Duffield, in his "English Hymns," refers to the fact of this hymn having been a favorite with the late Dr. T. H. Skinner, as follows: "'As the olive did not yield its oil before it was bruised,' so, say the rabbis, 'Israel never produced the fruits of righteousness before the affliction of God came upon them.' Perhaps it was from some such sense of the nature of the divine discipline that this hymn was so great a favorite with the late Dr. T. H. Skinner, of Union Theological Seminary."

The hymn certainly breathes the spirit enjoined by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews when he says, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

XXIII

THY WILL BE DONE

Another beautiful and widely used hymn breathing quite the same spirit of meek and trustful submission to the divine will as Schmolck's pathetic hymn of resignation is Charlotte Elliott's "Thy Will be Done," which appears in most hymnals, but, unfortunately, with two stanzas omitted. The following is the hymn in full:

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

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends I loved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,

I have but yielded what was Thine
Thy will be done.

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
Father divine, I still would say,
Thy will be done.

If but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

TUNE—"HERBERT."

Commenting on this hymn Mr. Stevenson says: "The pious author, during her long life of more than fourscore years, outlived most of her friends. Her own brother Henry, she had hoped would have survived her, and ministered to her in her last hours, but when in 1865 he died before her, her gentle spirit quailed under the bereavement. She often said his removal changed the aspect of her life, yet she meekly submitted to the heavy stroke from her loving Father's hand, and she sang in the language of the two omitted verses of this hymn:—

'What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

'Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine.
I have but yielded what was Thine.
Thy will be done.'

It was not justice to the author to omit these verses."

In some collections the latter of these stanzas is retained, but altered slightly with a view to adapting it better to general use. The altered form is,

"*If Thou shouldest call* me to resign,"

in line one, and in line three,

"*I only yield Thee* what is Thine."

These alterations in no material degree change the sense, while they relieve the stanza of expressions rather too personal for public use. The hymn is a gem with which all Christians should be familiar, and which, with its usually omitted stanzas, is worthy of a place in every collection of Christian hymns.

Guidance

XXIV

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldest lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

TUNE—"LUX BENIGNA."

It may be safely asserted that no lyric ever written expressing the yearning of a soul perplexed and troubled for divine illumination and guidance surpasses the foregoing in gen-

uine pathos and poetic worth. Although never intended by its author for use as a hymn, and subject as it is on some accounts to criticism when admitted to a place in the hymnody of the church, still it possesses other elements which so highly recommend it as a lyric for devotional use that it has won its way into the foremost hymnals of our time and to a popularity not exceeded by any other hymn of its class.

The hymn is commonly spoken of as having been written by Cardinal Newman, and therefore as a Roman Catholic production, which, with a certain class, is a sufficient ground for its condemnation. If it were true that a Roman Catholic produced it, that of itself should be no barrier to its admission into the hymnody of Protestant churches, providing its intrinsic merits entitle it to such recognition and use. Most Protestant hymnals of our day include productions from such writers as Bernard of Clairvaux, Bernard of Cluny, Maurus Rabanus, Thomas of Celano, Francis Xavier, Madame Guion and Frederick William Faber, all of whom were Roman Catholics; yet those hymns are among the choicest portions of devotional literature which have come to us from bygone generations.

But "Lead, Kindly Light," was not written by a Roman Catholic. Nor was it written by Cardinal Newman, but by John Henry Newman, of the Church of England, some dozen years before he became a Romanist, and more than thirty years before he was made a Cardinal. He declares emphatically in his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, which is a history of his religious opinions, that at the time of writing the hymn he had no thought of leaving the Church of England. Moreover, in his later years he declared that the hymn did not represent his feelings as a Roman Catholic, adding, with a quaint and quiet smile, "For we Catholics believe we have found the light."

John Henry Newman was born in London, England, February 21, 1801. When less than sixteen years of age he entered Trinity College, Oxford, where he won a scholarship two years later, and took his degree in 1820. In 1822 he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, at that time the highest distinction of Oxford scholarship. This advancement brought him into touch with many of the most distinguished men of the time. Among them was Edward Bouverie Pusey, then also a fellow at Oriel, with whom Newman was later to be most closely associated in originating and promoting the famous Oxford Movement. In

1824 he took Deacon's Orders and continued with his college duties the curacy of St. Clement's church. In 1828 he became vicar of St. Mary's, where he exercised a powerful influence over the young men of the University in favor of High Church principles. He took a leading part in the Tractarian or Oxford Movement. Of the ninety tracts written in furtherance of the Movement, twenty-nine, including the famous "No. 90," which closed the series, were the products of his pen. The publication of this Tract brought on a fierce controversy between Newman and his friends among the dignitaries of the Church. They finally requested him to retract its contents. He refused to do this, but consented to discontinue its circulation. His prestige began to decline, various events took place which tended to alienate him from the Church in which he had risen to such high distinction, and, four years after the writing of Tract Ninety, he connected himself with the Church of Rome—driven to this extremity, according to those critics who sympathized with his action, "by the narrowness of English Churchmen." The Romish ecclesiastics gave him enthusiastic welcome, advanced him from one position to another, and finally in 1879 gave him a Cardinal's hat. He died in 1890.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

"Lead, kindly Light" was written June 16, 1833, while the author was en route from Palermo to Marseilles, on board an orange boat becalmed for a week in the Straits of Bonifacio. He has given a full account of those conditions in the Church at home which oppressed and troubled him, and of his own weakness, loneliness, agitation and grave perplexity, at the time he wrote these immortal lines, in his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua,* pages 32-35, American edition of 1893, with a further reference to the same event on pages 118 and 119. This account is intensely interesting, but too long for reproduction here in full. We give the following brief extracts only:

"At this time I was disengaged from college duties * * * and was easily persuaded to join Hurrell Froude and his father, who were going to the south of Europe for the health of the former. * * * I went down at once to Sicily, * * * struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever in Leonforte. My servant thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished; but I said, 'I shall not die.' I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.' I have never been able quite to make out what I meant. * * * I got to

Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I left for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. * * * I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. * * * At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which have since become well known."

The circumstances under which it was written help to explain the signification of the hymn. Newman's heart, overshadowed, oppressed, and deeply agitated by conditions at home, affecting both Church and State, was yearning intensely for light, rest, and assurance, such as all his High Church principles had failed to give him; and out of that intense heart-yearning gushed the utterances of "Lead, Kindly Light."

Still, he was endeavoring to work out the problem on intellectual lines. Committed as he had been for years to High Church and Sacramentarian views, and making these the fundamental principles of his reasoning, all his rationalizing had led him straight toward Rome, although he seems to have known it not. He had already practically renounced the right of private judgment, and, although he tells us that, at the time of writing the

hymn, the thought of leaving the Anglican Church "had never crossed his imagination," he was even then "a Romanist in all but a few points on which he inconsistently continued to hold independent opinions for about a dozen years."

The hymn was the cry of the author's *heart* for illumination and guidance; and, as such, answers to the experience of many a perplexed, bewildered and oppressed pilgrim on the highway of life. But Newman's error lay in the direction of seeking the illumination and guidance he had failed to find in High Ecclesiasticism of one form in High Ecclesiasticism of another, a corrupter, and a more superstitious form. May not this explain why the eminent ecclesiastic who breathed so fervently the prayer, "Lead, Kindly Light," went groping on "amid the encircling gloom," until, wearied with his wanderings "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," he settled down to rest in the quagmire of Romish superstition and idolatry, mistaking the phosphorescent gleams arising from a swamp for illumination from the celestial hills?

Three things have given this production its place in the hymnody of the church—its poetry, its pathos, and the music to which it has been wedded. To the music more than to

anything else is it indebted for its great popularity as a hymn. An Anglican divine once said to Cardinal Newman, "It must be a great pleasure to you to know that you have written a hymn treasured wherever English-speaking Christians are to be found." After a brief silence the Cardinal answered, with deep emotion, "Yes; deeply thankful, and more than thankful." Then, after another pause, he continued: "But you see it is not the hymn but the tune that has gained the popularity. The tune is by Dykes, and Dykes was a great master."

The universal character of this hymn is illustrated in the fact that, "when the Parliament of Religions met at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and could all sing 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"

The hymn was a great favorite with Mr. Gladstone, and also with the late President McKinley. In Union and Madison Squares, New York, on the day of the latter's burial, at Canton, Ohio, immense throngs were gathered reverently to observe the occasion. A period of solemn silence passed, after which the bands played "Nearer, my God, to Thee"

—the President's prayer upon his death bed—and then, "Lead, Kindly Light," another of the dead President's favorites, every head remaining uncovered during the solemn and pathetic service.

The following story, told by Dr. Louis Albert Banks in his "Anecdotes and Morals," will close our consideration of this hymn: "A little girl of four, with her nurse, was walking at the seaside. They came to an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across, believing that by so doing she would shorten the walk home. When the boat reached the opposite side, she put the child ashore, thinking she was but a little distance from home, and rowed the borrowed boat back. The distance was not great, but was very rough and difficult for a child so small. She struggled on through the coarse grass and heavy sand, until at last her mother saw her coming, and hurried to meet her. The mother exclaimed: 'Were you frightened, my sweet?' 'I felt very lost,' was the reply, 'but I sang, "Lead, Kindly Light" to myself all the way.'

"This sweet little story," continues Dr. Banks, "suggests to our thought the multitude of children who have grown taller, who are pressing their way through the hard thickets of life and the heavy sand of the sea-

shores of mystery, to whom the Easter hope is the 'Lead, Kindly Light' that is nerving their souls and inspiring their courage to press forward—

'O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which they have loved long since, and lost awhile.'"

XXV

A NOBLE HYMN BY A WELSH COMPOSER

Judging from the extent to which it is sung throughout all Christendom, as also from the length of time it has been used and tested, the hymn beginning,

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah."

is entitled to rank among those lyrics of the Church which will never be relegated to a bygone age. For a hundred and sixty-five years or more it has been singing itself around the world, and to-day it has a wider popularity than ever. Its author, in producing it, left to the Church of Christ a legacy of incalculable worth.

The hymn was written by the Rev. William Williams, a celebrated preacher and poet of Wales, although it has sometimes been mistakenly attributed to Thomas Olivers, who composed the music for it soon after it was written. Olivers was a musician, as well as a preacher and poet, and was also himself a Welshman by birth. Having com-

posed the music to which the hymn was originally sung, it is not altogether strange that in time, his name became associated with these beautiful stanzas as their author.

Mr. Williams was born at Cefncoed, Carmarthenshire, Wales, in 1717. He studied medicine, and acquired a good educational equipment for his chosen profession. Under the influence of a powerful sermon from the lips of Howell Harris, in Talgarth churchyard, he was soundly converted, and with his conversion came that call to the Christian ministry which changed the whole course of his life. At the age of twenty-three he was ordained Deacon in the Established Church. He was never advanced to "full orders" in the Establishment—probably because of his affinity for and his inclination toward the Methodists. Encouraged by Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon he finally became a Methodist itinerant preacher, at thirty-two years of age. "He possessed the warm heart and glowing imagination of a true Welshman, and his sermons abounded with vivid picturing, and, always radiant with the presence of his divine Master, they produced an extraordinary effect on susceptible Welshmen."

Associated with such men as Harris and Rowlands, ardent and incessant in all his

labors, and endowed in a high degree with Welsh eloquence, poetic genius and the choicest gift of song, he very naturally became popular with his countrymen and exerted a powerful influence over them. During half a century he inured himself to the toils, trials, disappointments, sacrifices and hardships of an itinerant ministry, his ardor never abating nor his zeal flagging, until, in 1791, he passed to be with his adorable Master forever. He is said to have traveled "on an average two thousand two hundred thirty miles a year, for forty-three years, when there were no railroads and few stage coaches."

As a hymn-writer Williams did for Wales what Watts and Wesley did for England and what Luther did for Germany—inaugurated a new era in religious hymnody and in the Church's devotional song.

The time of his departure found him fully prepared to go. His end was a peaceful and blessed realization of what he had prayed for as he wrote,

> "When I tread the verge of Jordan
> Bid my anxious fears subside."

The hymn was written in or about the year 1745. At any rate it was first published that year, at Bristol, in a hymn-book published by

Mr. Williams under the title of "Alleluia." It was originally written in the Welsh language, with five verses of six lines each. The following is a copy of the hymn in its original tongue, for which we are indebted to Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology:"

North i fyned trwy'r Anialwch.

Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anilwch
Fi bererin gwael ei wedd,
Nad oes ynof north na bywyd,
Fel yn gorwedd yn y bedd:
Hollalluog
Ydyw'r un a'm cywd i'r lan.

Colofn dan rho'r nos i'm harwain,
A rho'r golofn miol y dydd;
Dal fi pan bwy'n teithio'r manan
Geirwon yn fy ffordd y sydd:
Rho imi fanna,
Fel na bwyff yn llwfrhan.

Agor y ffynnonau melus
Sydd yn tarddu o'r Graig i maes;
'Rhyd yr anial mowr caulyned
Afon iachawdwrineth gras:
Rho imi hyny;
Dim i mi ond dy fwynhau.

Pan bwy'n myned trwy'r Iorddonen—
Angeu creulon yn ei rym,
Fi est trwiddi gynt dy lunan,
P'am yr ofnaf bellach ddim?
Buddugoliaeth,
Gwna imi waeddi yn y llif!

Ymddiriedof yn dy allu,
Mawr gw'r gwaith a wnest erioed:
Fi gest angau, ti gest uffern,
Fi gest Satan dan dy droed:
Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'm cof.

From the authority above quoted we also learn that the hymn was first translated (in part only) into English by Peter Williams, also a Welsh minister, and printed for him at Carmarthen, 1771, as follows:

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open Thou the pleasant fountains,
Where the living waters flow;
Let the river of salvation
Follow all the desert thro':
May Thy presence
Always lead and comfort me.

Lord, I trust Thy mighty power,
Wondrous are Thy works of old;
Thou deliver'st Thine from thraldom,
Who for nought themselves had sold:
Thou didst conquer
Sin and Satan and the grave.

These stanzas are translations of stanzas 1, 3 and 5 of the original. William Williams himself adopted the translation of verse 1, translated 3 and 4 (and added another) into English, and then printed the whole in leaflet form, as follows:

A FAVOURITE HYMN

Sung By

Lady Huntingdon's Young Collegians

Printed by the desire of many Christian friends

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me by Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Guide me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my heart with holy longing;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee.

TUNE—"GUIDE."

In this form the hymn appeared in Lady Huntingdon's Collection, 1772, in George Whitefield's "Psalms and Hymns," 1773, in Conyer's Collection, 1774, and in others, of almost every communion, until, changed into the form in which it is now generally sung, it has become one of the most extensively used hymns of Christendom. Speaking of the change in the third line of the third stanza from "Death of deaths, and hell's destruction" to "Bear me through the swelling current," Mr. Butterworth justly deprecates it as producing "an inferior picture for the singer, whatever it may be to the rhetorician."

The hymn, in one form or another, has been translated into many languages, but always from the English. "These translations include the Rev. R. Bingham's rendering of it into Latin, under the title, *Magne tu, Jehovah.*"

In Paxton Hood's "Christmas Evans, the Preacher of Wild Wales," various specimens

of Mr. Evans's allegorical sermonizing are given, among which are extracts from his sermon on "Satan Walking in Dry Places." The object of the discourse seems to have been that of showing how a mind preoccupied with holy thoughts and aspirations is fortified against the intrusion of evil suggestions from the Prince of Darkness. After describing Satan as a vast, invisible, and wicked spirit, moving about in the realm of moral darkness and seeking opportunity to insinuate himself, through the avenues of sense, into some unsuspecting soul and lure it to destruction, he sees him fix his fiery but invisible glance upon a lad, in the rosy blush of health and innocence, as he sits upon the box of his cart driving to the quarries for slate or lime.

"'There he is,' said Satan; 'his veins are full of blood, his bones are full of marrow. I will cast my sparks into his bosom, and set all his passions on fire; I will lead him on, and he shall rob his master, and lose his place, and find another, and rob again, and do worse; and he shall go on from worse to worse, and then his soul shall sink, never to rise again, into the lake of fire.' But just then as he was about to dart a fiery temptation into the heart of the youth, the evil one heard him sing,

HYMN BY A WELSH COMPOSER

'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me by Thy powerful hand;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.'

'Oh, but this is a dry place,' said the fiery dragon as he fled away."

It was allegory indeed, but allegory true to the experience of thousands who have, through the singing of this precious hymn, been safeguarded from the cruel wiles and fiery darts of the wicked one.

A minister's wife lay dying in England in 1883. From her eighteenth year she had been a devoted Christian, and, since her marriage, had also been a faithful helper of her husband in his work. "I am not afraid to die," she said, as the end drew near, "but, if it pleases our heavenly Father, I should like to have greater joy. Pray for me that I may feel very happy." The hymn we are considering had been sung not long before by an audience from a screen on which it had been thrown by a magic lantern. The last three days of her illness she was greatly comforted and helped by the words of the last stanza, which were much upon her mind:

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee."

Thus, through the ministry of Mr. Williams's immortal lyric, her desire was granted, and in great happiness she passed from earthly scenes to mansions in the skies.

XXVI

THE SHEPHERD PSALM IN METER

No other hymn of the Church is so generally and deeply engraven on the hearts of the Scottish people as Rous's metrical version of the twenty-third Psalm, of which the following is a reproduction:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

TUNE—"EVAN."

"Its author is said to be Francis Rous, once the Lord of Halton Hall, near the banks of the Tamar, Cornwall, and he is described as 'legislator, divine, privy councilman, one of Cromwell's triers of clerical candidates, Provost of Eton, member of Cromwell's Upper House and author of the "Metrical Version of the Psalms" authorized to be used by the Scotch Presbyterians.' To one acquainted with the lovely varieties of scenery around his Cornish home, it would seem as though the river-side verdure, the meadows, gardens, all helped to inspire his muse as expressed in the first verse" (Stevenson).

For many generations this touching and beautiful lyric has been dear to Scotia's virile sons, wherever their lot has fallen or whatever their circumstances may have been. It has ever "accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number the rod and staff of which it speaks, to guide and guard them in dark valleys, and at last through the darkest."

In his early manhood the writer was employed by a devout old Scotchman who, during the latter part of this time, was slowly wasting away from a lingering and painful disease. Although devout, as we have said, and an honored member of the "kirk" from early years, yet the old gentleman was much troubled in those trying days over the fact that he had never had any assurance of his acceptance with God, as also in remembering that he had been far too worldly—or, as he forcibly expressed it, even when on his knees in prayer had too oft allowed his heart to be awa' after its covetousness.

For some weeks it was his custom to request us to spend an hour each day after dinner conversing on spiritual things, reading the Scriptures, and singing from the metrical version of the Psalms. His favorite was the Shepherd Psalm,—

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

He was always melted to tears during the singing of the Psalm, and would express the comfort he derived from the exercise in strong and pathetic terms. At last the light of God came to his heart with "full assur-

ance," and he was able to sing, with an appreciation he never realized before,

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

Cheered by this sweet assurance he finally passed through the valley of shadows without a fear, in holy peace, and with the further assurance expressed in the last couplet of the hymn,

"And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be."

The Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) relates a story which also beautifully illustrates the attachment of the Scottish people to this particular hymn. It is of an old Scot who, in his illness, had demanded of his physician the truth concerning his condition, and was informed that recovery was impossible. On pressing the matter further and demanding to know when the end would come, the doctor expressed the opinion that it would be early the next morning.

"Aboot daybreak," said the pious Scot, in a tone expressing willingness to die and particular satisfaction at the prospect of passing to the better land with the rising of the sun.

During the afternoon a godly English woman, having learned of the old man's illness and loneliness, called on him in the hospital, offered her sympathy, and suggested that possibly the singing of a few verses from some hymn like "Rock of Ages" might afford him comfort. But the dear old man, true to the tradition of his fathers, had stoutly opposed the singing in worship of anything but the Psalms of David all his life, and, though, politely thanking the good woman for her kindness, said:

"A' ma days hev I been protestin' against the use o' human hymns in the praise o' God; a've left three kirks on that account and raised me testimony in public places, and noo wud ye send me into eternity wi' the sough o' a hymn in ma ears?"

Then he declared his willingness, so long as strength remained, to argue with the good woman concerning the lawfulness of singing human hymns. Too wise to enter disputation with a dying man, she suggested that they talk not about things wherein they differed, told him she was ignorant of how the Scots regarded the singing of uninspired hymns, and then mentioned to him a visit she had made to the Highlands where she heard the singing of the Psalms and was moved to tears

by the grave, sweet melody which poured from the hearts of a strong and pious people. "I can understand," she said, "how you love the Psalms and how dear to you is your metrical version."

"As she spoke the old hard Scot's face began to soften, and one hand which was lying outside the bed-clothes repeated the time of a Scot's psalm tune. He was again in the country church of his boyhood and saw his father and mother going into the table seats and heard them singing:

> 'O thou my soul, bless God the Lord,
> And all that in me is
> Be stirred up his holy name
> To magnify and bless.'

"More than that, I know some of your psalm tunes and I have the words in my hymn-book; perhaps I have one of the Psalms which you would like to hear.'

"'Did ye think ye cud sing the twenty-third Psalm,

> "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want"?

for I wud count it verra comfortin.'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I can, and it will please me very much to sing it, for I think I love that Psalm more than any hymn.'

"'It never runs dry,' murmured the Scot.

"So she sang it from beginning to end in a low, sweet voice, slowly and reverently, as she heard it sung in Scotland. He joined in no word, but ever he kept time with his hand and with his heart, while his eyes looked into the things that were far away.

"After she ceased, he repeated to himself the last two lines:

> 'And in God's house forevermore
> My dwelling-place shall be.'

"'Thank ye, thank ye,' he said, after a little pause, and then both were silent for a few minutes, because she saw that he was in his own country, and did not wish to bring him back again by her foreign accent.

"'Mem, ye've dune me the greatest kindness ony Christian cud do for anither as he stands on the banks of the Jordan.'

"For a minute he was silent again, and then he said:

"'A'm gaein' to tell ye somethin', and a' think ye'll understand. Ma wife and me was married thirty-five years, and ilka nicht of oor married life we sang a Psalm afore we gaed to rest. She took the air and a' took the bass, and we sang the Psalms through frae beginning to end twa times. She was

taken frae me ten years ago, and the nicht afore she dee'd we sang the twenty-third Psalm. A've never sung the Psalm since, and I didna join wi' ye when ye sang it, for a'm waitin' to sing it wi' her new in oor Father's hoose the mornin's mornin' whar there'll be nae nicht nor partin' evermore."

"And this is how one English woman found out that the Scot is at once the dourest and the tenderest of men."

Mr. Stead regards the most impressive instance of this hymn's helpfulness in times of crisis as that contained in the story of Marian Harvey, a servant lass of twenty, who, with Isabel Alison, was executed at Edinburgh for having attended the preaching of Donald Cargill, and for aiding in his escape. "As the brave lassies were being led to the scaffold, a curate pestered them with his prayers. 'Come, Isabel,' said Marian, 'let us sing the twenty-third Psalm.' And sing it they did, a thrilling duet on their pilgrimage to the gallows tree. It was rough on the Covenanters in those days, and their paths did not exactly, to outward seeming, lead them by the green pastures and still waters. But they got there somehow, the twenty-third Psalm helping them no little."

TRUST

XXVII

THE FIRM FOUNDATION

Among modern hymns of highest rank and widest popularity few hold a more exalted place than

> "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
> Is laid for your faith in His excellent word."

It is "one of the noblest lyrics and richest possessions of the Christian Church" in this country.

The origin of the hymn is involved in much obscurity. It has been variously ascribed to Kirkham, Keith and Keene. As originally published, in Rippon's Collection, 1787, the only signature appended to it was "K——." Thomas Kirkham published a collection of hymns in 1788, but that work is said not to contain this hymn; nor has any reliable evidence ever been furnished, so far as we can find, in support of Kirkham's authorship. Keith's authorship was originally suggested by Daniel Sedgwick, a second-hand book-seller of London, and a hymnologist of high re-

pute in his time; but, although his opinion carried sufficient authority to become an established tradition, it appears to have been a mere guess, based on the fact that Keith was a London book-seller, K was the initial of his name, and an old woman in an almshouse had made a statement to Mr. Sedgwick affirming Keith's authorship.

To the late H. L. Hastings, of Boston, a well known editor and publisher of anti-infidel literature, and compiler of a large hymnal known as "Songs of Pilgrimage," belongs the credit of having wrought out the most rational solution of this problem. The story of his effort is too long to be repeated here. The sum of it all is as follows: While preparing "Songs of Pilgrimage" he examined not only Rippon's hymn-book, but his tune-book as well. He noticed that in the hymn-book the tune "Geard" was given as that to which the hymn in question should be sung, and that in the tune-book the tune "Geard" was credited to R. Keene. This suggested the thought that possibly Keene was also author of the hymn. Comparing the hymn and tune they seemed as if made for each other, and the evidence seemed to point so conclusively to Keene's authorship that he inserted the hymn in "Songs of Pilgrimage"

with the original tune, placing under it the signature, "R. Keene(?)."

Visiting London in 1886, Mr. Hastings, in an interview with the venerable Charles Gordelier, gathered from his recollections that Keene was once Dr. Rippon's precentor, and also other facts which seemed to be sufficient confirmation of the conclusion reached from his own previous research. "In view of all the facts," said Mr. Hastings, "we think we may consider the question settled, and definitely assign the authorship of the hymn to R. Keene, a precentor in Dr. Rippon's church, the author of the tune 'Geard,' to which it was sung."

Dr. Julian, in preparing his "Dictionary of Hymnology," came upon other evidence which appears to be confirmatory of Mr. Hastings's solution. In Dr. Fletcher's Baptist Collection of 1882 he found the "K——" of Rippon's Collection having the form of "Kn," and, in the edition of 1835, still further extended to "Keen;" "while in the preface Dr. Fletcher stated that he was greatly assisted by Thomas Walker, and acknowledged his extensive acquaintance with sacred poetry." Walker is said to have been Dr. Rippon's precentor, and also editor of his tune-book containing the tune "Geard." In view of all these

things Dr. Julian considers that Dr. Walker based his ascription upon actual knowledge of the facts, and gives it as his verdict that "we are justified in concluding that the ascription of this hymn must be that of an unknown person of the name of Keen."

The following is the text of the hymn, which was originally entitled, "Precious Promises:"

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home or abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

"Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;

The flame shall hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

TUNE—"PORTUGUESE HYMN."

The hymn is based upon several passages of scripture. The first is 2 Peter 1:4: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises," etc. The next is Isaiah 41:10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Another is Isaiah 43:2: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior." The last is Isaiah 46:4: "And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoary hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry and deliver you."

The thorough scripturalness of the production, and also its preëminent adaptation to ministering inspiration and comfort to tried and tempted souls in all the successive stages and amid all the changeful vicissitudes of the Christian pilgrimage, are undoubtedly the chief elements of its extensive popularity.

From the "Western Sketch-book," by James Gallagher, who mentions therein a visit to General Jackson in the Hermitage in September 1843, Dr. Duffield quotes the following in his "English Hymns:"

"The old hero," says Dr. Gallagher, "was then very frail, and had the appearance of extreme old age; but he was reposing with calmness and confidence on the promise and covenant of God. He had now been a member of the church for several years. During the conversation which took place General Jackson turned to Mr. Gallagher and remarked: 'There is a beautiful hymn on the subject of the exceeding great and precious promises of God to His people. It was a favorite hymn with my dear wife, till the day of her death. It commences thus:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

I wish you could sing it now.' So the little company sang the entire hymn in its seven stanzas."

Thus was the magnificent lyric we have been considering made to minister comfort and hope to the distinguished soldier and statesman "in age and feebleness extreme."

The following incident was related in the *Sunday-school Times* of December 7, 1891, by Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., late Inspector-general of the Seventh Army Corps, and is reproduced in "Studies of Familiar Hymns:"

"The corps was encamped along the hills of Quemados, near New Havana, Cuba. On Christmas eve of 1898 Colonel Guild sat before his tent in the balmy tropical night, chatting with a fellow officer of Christmas and home. Suddenly from the camp of the Forty-ninth Iowa rang a sentinel's call, 'Number ten; twelve o'clock, and all's well!'

"'It was Christmas morning. Scarcely had the cry of the sentinel died away, when from the bandsmen's tent of that same regiment rose the music of an old, familiar hymn, and one clear barytone voice led the chorus that quickly ran along those moonlit fields:

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!'

Another voice joined in, and another, and another, and in a moment the whole regiment joined in with the Fourth Virginia, and all

the rest, till there, on the long ridge above the great city whence Spanish tyranny once went forth to enslave the New World, a whole American corps was singing:

'Fear not; I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.'

"'The northern soldier knew the hymn as one he had learned beside his mother's knee. To the southern soldier it was that and something more; it was the favorite hymn of General Robert E. Lee, and was sung at that great commander's funeral.

"'Protestant and Catholic, South and North, singing together on Christmas day in the morning,—that's an American army!'"

After rehearsing the foregoing incident Dr. Benson appropriately adds: "If any one has felt a sense of impropriety in divorcing the old Christmas music from its proper words, surely he may feel that it came to its own again that morning. Such an incident, and what it implies, inclines rather to the hope that 'How firm a foundation' may never cease to be sung among us, and that it may never be set to any other tune."

XXVIII

REMARKABLE HYMN ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE

Had William Cowper never achieved anything else of distinction his production of the hymn beginning,

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

would have rendered his name familiar in every Christian household of the English speaking world to latest generations. It holds the highest rank of all the hymns of its illustrious author, although "There is a fountain filled with blood" is more generally known and more popularly used in public worship. The hymn is not only elevated, finished, and charming in itself, but, as Montgomery has said, is "rendered awfully interesting by the circumstances under which it was written—the twilight of departing reason."

The author of the hymn was born at Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, in 1731. His father was the Rev. John Cowper, at one time chaplain to King George II. His moth-

er, who traced her pedigree back to King Henry III., died when he was but six years old. Being naturally very delicate and sensitive, his bereavement weighed upon him to such an extent that, as a mere boy, he became deeply melancholy. This condition was so aggravated that his after life was deeply shadowed in consequence and through unpleasant experiences endured for some years in school at Westminster. The sorrow occasioned by his mother's death never ceased to weigh upon him, and years after the sad occurrence, in viewing one of her pictures, he recalled the anguish his young heart experienced when that sore bereavement fell upon him and beautifully expressed the same in verse:

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away!
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu."

While in Westminster he acquired considerable classical education, and in addition to his school requirements, translated the whole

of Homer's "Iliad and Odyssey." On leaving Westminster he was apprenticed to an attorney for three years. This was not his own but his father's choice, and the profession of the law not being to his liking he was not as attentive to it as he might have been to something more congenial to his tastes and inclinations.

Some years after the conclusion of his law course he was eligible to the position of clerk to the House of Lords, which had been secured for him through family influence. He was expected to qualify for the position by taking an examination, but the shrinking of his timid and sensitive nature from the ordeal of a formal examination so agitated and depressed him that he fell into a state of mental disorder and failed to appear. His depression was so great that he even attempted suicide, in which act of desperation he failed for lack of courage. From this time on to the close of his life Cowper was subject to seasons of terrible despondency and despair, at times regarding himself as having committed the unpardonable sin and believing himself as hopelessly lost as though in hell already.

After his first attack he was placed in a retreat conducted by Dr. Cotton, a poet and

philanthropist, under whose judicious treatment and advice he was not only delivered from his mental disorder, but was also led to find peace with God through Jesus Christ. He was ever afterward a devout and earnest Christian, and, except during his intervals of mental aberration, was bright, cheerful and companionable, and withal an eager student and an earnest and fruitful worker in the cause of Christ. In devoutness he was not surpassed by Wesley, although the latter's naturally cheerful temperament and his own constitutional tendency to melancholy places Cowper at a disadvantage in such a comparison.

Cowper was not merely a religious hymn-writer but a poet of the highest rank in his day, and an able prose writer as well. He in England and Burns in Scotland are credited with having inaugurated that epoch in English literature in which poetry was recalled from Artificialism to Naturalism. Cowper's poetry is always "eminently healthy, natural and unaffected." Besides being eminent as a poet he has also been characterized as "the most delightful letter-writer in the English language, the charm of whose epistles nothing can surpass—full of humor, gentle sarcasm, anecdote, acute remark, and a tender

shadow of melancholy thrown over and toning down the whole."

In 1767 Cowper took up his residence in Olney, where a most intimate friendship sprang up between him and the Rev. John Newton, the curate of that place. Cowper was a constant attendant at the services in Mr. Newton's church, and was especially faithful in attending the cottage prayer-meetings, for which most of his hymns are said to have been written. The collection commonly known as the "Olney Hymns" was their joint production, seventy-eight of them coming from Cowper's pen. "He also translated many of the hymns of Madame Guion."

Cowper's last contributions to the "Olney Hymns" was "God moves in a mysterious way." It is said that in one of his melancholy moods he determined to end his life by drowning, and hired a post-chaise to take him to a certain place on the river Ouse where the desperate deed was to be accomplished. By some unaccountable providence the driver missed his way, and so the poor man returned to his home without having carried out his purpose, whereupon he wrote this remarkable hymn. Probably this account is more or less legendary, although the hymn doubtless celebrates some remarkable interposition of

providence on behalf of its author. Following is the full text of the hymn:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

TUNE—"DUNDEE."

Literary critics generally regard this as

the sublimest hymn ever written in celebration of divine providence. The late Thomas James Field, an eminent authority on English literature, said of it: "To be the author of such a hymn as 'God moves in a mysterious way' is an achievement that angels themselves might envy." Montgomery characterized it as "a lyric of high tone and character." "Classable with the best of sacred songs" and "the sublimest of all hymns on Divine Providence" are Colonel Smith's characterizations of the production.

Strangely enough, however, the hymn encountered not only a critic but a hypercritic in the late Dr. Richard Watson, the eminent theologian, who, in his "Life of Wesley," (page 277), mercilessly deals with the fifth stanza. He says: "This is a figure, not only not found in sacred inspired poetry, but which has too much *prettiness* to be the vehicle of a divine thought, and the verse has moreover the fault of an absurd antithesis, as well as of false rhyme." Sound as Dr. Watson generally was in matters of criticism, he seems to have erred seriously here. At least he has not been sustained in his verdict by those best competent to judge in such matters since his day. "The rhyme is allowable," says Dr. Tillett, "and the figure of the

bitter-tasting bud and the sweet-smelling flower is not only true to nature, but admirably adapted to expressing, in fine poetic sentiment, the thought in the mind of the poet: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'" The hymn would certainly be incomplete without this stanza, and it has secured altogether too strong a hold upon the Christian world to be surrendered because of any hypercritical attacks that may be made upon it.

In 1777 this hymn appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, erroneously credited to "Miss Ussington, late of Islington, who died May 1776," and with the following stanza added:

> "When midnight shades are all withdrawn,
> The opening day shall rise,
> Whose ever calm and cloudless morn
> Shall know no low'ring skies."

Who was responsible for the error will probably never be known. The lady referred to may have composed the added stanza, and this may have led to the entire hymn being unintentionally ascribed to her. The added stanza is no improvement of the hymn.

Various singular and suggestive incidents and associations cluster around this popular Christian lyric which serve to illustrate its

power and value. "It was often sung during the cotton famine" [in England, in 1865, following the Civil War in the United States], says Mr. Stead, "and there are few persons who can not recall times and seasons when its comforting assurances helped to give fortitude and tranquillity to the soul." During the cotton famine referred to one of the Lancashire mill owners called his employes together and informed them that he must close the mills. To close them meant his own financial ruin, and much suffering from poverty to the operatives. The situation was such a painful one, when the announcement came, that none could speak, and for a time silence reigned. At last, however, there rose out of the oppressive stillness the clear voice of a girl—a teacher in the Sunday-school—and as she sang in faith and hope,

> "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head,"

the oppressive spell was broken, and new inspiration and hope took possession of all hearts.

The late Dr. Charles Cullis, founder of the Faith Cure Consumptives' Home in Boston,

was on one occasion in great financial straits in the midst of his extensive enterprises. He spread the matter before the Lord, and his prayer was answered in a remarkable way. One man sent him a four and one-half per cent United States bond for $1,000 and a four per cent United States bond for $500, $1,500 in all, saying this would cover his subscription, which, by the way, was for $400 only; and in the same mail came a letter from another man, a stranger to Mr. Cullis, enclosing $1.00 to cancel his subscription, and saying that, although the amount was small, the Lord could multiply it a thousand fold. This letter proved to have been written before the one enclosing the larger amount. The Lord did indeed multiply the smaller offering a thousand fold. In recording this remarkable divine interposition Dr. Cullis concluded with the words,

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

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, in his Life of Charles H. Spurgeon relates the story of how Richard Knill, a devout minister, on visiting at the Spurgeon home when Charles was a lad, took such an interest in the boy as left an indelible impress upon his after life,

and how he also predicted the boy's future greatness as a preacher, the hymn we are considering figuring conspicuously in the account. Mr. Knill, it is said, took the lad with him for quiet walks repeatedly, talked with him seriously but tenderly on the subject of religion, knelt and prayed with him, and in various ways exhibited a passionate desire to win him for Christ. Taking the lad upon his knee one day he said: "I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and that God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this that when he preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing,

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

Mr. Knill desired young Spurgeon to learn the hymn by heart, regarding it as applicable to the things God would work out for him and through him in his future career. It is said to have been predicted by Mr. Knill that the lad in whom he took so deep an interest would one day speak in the largest church in the world—a prophecy which was literally fulfilled.

Is it not strange indeed that a hymn which has cheered so many thousands of troubled and despairing hearts should have been the production of one who was by nature melancholy and a goodly portion of whose life was spent in dejection and under the horror of hopeless despair? But so it is, and this very circumstance is both a corroboration and an illustration of the truth expressed in the first couplet of the hymn. Poor Cowper! Thou didst teach us to sing,

> "God is His own interpreter,
> And He will make it plain:"

and we doubt not that he has long ere this made forever plain to thee the mystery of all those years of darkness and despair through which thine earthly pathway led.

The following stanzas from Mrs. Browning's touching and beautiful elegy on "Cowper's Grave" are appropriate in closing:

"It is a place where poets crowned may feed the heart's decaying.
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

HYMN ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE

"O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned only while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

"With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him:
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him."

XXIX

GERHARDT'S NOBLE HYMN OF TRUST

Among the numerous hymns inciting to steadfast trust in Divine Providence probably none has been more extensively blessed to the encouragement and inspiration of tried and tempted souls than Paul Gerhardt's hymn, beginning, as rendered into English by John Wesley,

> "Commit thou all thy griefs
> And ways into His hands."

It is given in two parts in the Hymn-Book, the second part beginning with the lines,

> "Give to the winds thy fears,
> Hope, and be undismayed."

The hymn is based on Psalm 37:5: "Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Gerhardt composed it, in German, in 1659, and Wesley translated it into English in 1739.

The full text of Part First is as follows:

GERHARDT'S HYMN OF TRUST

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on,
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thine everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove:
And whatso'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of Kings!
What's Thine unerring wisdom's choice,
Thy power to being brings!

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thine every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want, Thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

TUNE—"GOLDEN HILL."

"The origin of the hymn is in itself such a remarkable proof of the blessing of trusting in Providence, * * * that it can not be omitted in this place. Paul Gerhardt was a preacher in Brandenburg, 1659, and he loved to preach from his heart what he believed. The Great Elector admonished him, and threatened his banishment if he would not preach as the Elector desired. Gerhardt returned a message to his sovereign that it would be hard to leave his home, his people, his country and his livelihood; but he would only preach what he found in the word of God. So into banishment he was sent, with his wife and children.

"At the end of the first day's journey, they rested at a little inn for the night. The little ones were crying and clinging to their mother, and she also, overcome with fatigue, could not restrain her tears. The sad sight gave Gerhardt a very heavy heart, so he went alone into the dark wood to commend the whole to God. Whilst there his mind was comforted with the text, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' 'Yes,' he said, 'though banished from house and home, and not knowing where to take my wife and children on the morrow, yet God sees me in the dark

wood; now is the time to trust Him.' He was so happy that he had remembered the text, and so thankful to God that He made the text, in connection with his saddening lot, into a hymn, as he paced to and fro among the trees. Every verse begins with a word or two from the text, so that if you would read the first words of each verse in the German, you just read the text.

"When he returned into the house, he told his wife about the text, and repeated to her his hymn. She soon dried up her tears (the children having gone to sleep), and became as hopeful and trustful in God as her husband. They had scarcely retired to rest when a loud knocking was heard at the door. The landlord, on opening the door, found a messenger on horseback, who said aloud, 'I come from Duke Christian of Meresburg, and am in search of Paul Gerhardt; has he passed this way?' 'Yes,' said the landlord, 'he is in my house.' 'Let me see him instantly,' said the Duke's messenger. A large sealed letter was at once handed to the banished pastor from the good Duke Christian, who said in it, 'Come into my country, Paul Gerhardt, and you shall have church, people, house, home, and livelihood, and liberty to preach the gospel as your heart may prompt you.' So the Lord took care of His servant."

What a remarkable verification of the promise contained in the text so powerfully impressed upon the banished preacher in his dire extremity! What a remarkable illustration also of the sentiment expressed in the entire hymn! "They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded."

Part Second, which we regard as in some respects superior to Part First, breathes the same sweet spirit of submission and trust, and leads on our faith step by step, and from one degree of strength to another, until all doubt, and fear, and "self-consuming care" are banished, and over all the trusting soul is "more than conqueror." The text is as follows:

Give to the winds thy fears;
  Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears:
  God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
  He gently clears the way:
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
  Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
  Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
  And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not;
  Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,

Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Numerous are the instances in which this sturdy yet tender hymn has allayed fear, banished anxiety, alleviated suffering, consoled grief, inspired faith and kindled hope in seasons of extremity and in the hour of death.

William Dawson, the farmer Methodist preacher of Barnbow, Leeds, England, after a useful career of nearly seventy years, was suddenly prostrated with a fatal illness. His last utterances were the closing words of this admirable hymn,—

> "Let us in life, in death,
> Thy steadfast truth declare."

He attempted to repeat the closing couplet—

"And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care."

but the power of utterance failed him, and, with his hands crossed upon his breast in peace, he closed his eyes on earth to open them in heaven.

The Rev. Isaac Bradnack, a Wesleyan missionary, born near Birmingham, England, in 1774, after years of usefulness in a foreign field, spent the last few years of life in his native land. During his final illness, when his strength failed, he saw his daughter at his bedside weeping. Suddenly turning to her he said, with earnest look, "My dear Betsy, why are you weeping?

'Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.'"

After this he conversed with her on the subject of sanctification, emphasizing "*purify—purify.*" Then, with much energy, he repeated—

"The fire our graces shall refine,"

and soon afterward entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The following "legend of the raven" is also related by Mr. Stevens in his "Methodist Hymn-Book Illustrated": "In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobry. Without remedy he had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to evict him. It was winter. Thrice he appealed for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned out into the snow. Dobry kneeled down in the midst of his family. After prayer they sang—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

As they came to the verse, in German,

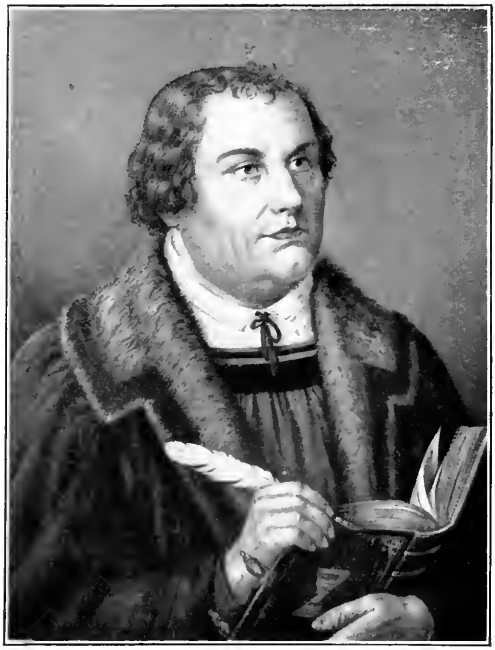
"Wenn Thou wouldst all our needs supply,
Who, who, shall stay Thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window close by, where he knelt, and opening it Dobry was met by a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. It its bill was a ring, set with precious stones. This he took to his minister, who said at once that it belonged to the King, Stanislaus, to whom he took it, and related the story. The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him, so that

he had no need, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall. Over the house door, on an iron tablet, there is carved a raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath this address to Divine Providence:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

Warfare



MARTIN LUTHER.

XXX

LUTHER'S BATTLE-HYMN

To Martin Luther, the great reformer, belongs the honor of having produced the greatest battle-hymn of the Christian Church—

"Ein feste Burg, ist unser Gott,"

the common English rendering of which is,

"A mighty fortress is our God."

It was called forth by the troubled and exciting times through which its author and his fellow-workers passed in the midst of the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, and has been appropriately characterized by Heinrich Heine as "the Marsellaise of the Reformation."

Numerous translations of this hymn into English have been attempted, but those best competent to judge affirm that but two really successful renderings have appeared, the first by Thomas Carlyle, printed in his "Luther's Psalm," in 1831, and the other by the Rev.

Frederick Henry Hedge, a Unitarian clergyman of the United States, in 1852, which appeared in the second edition of Dr. Furness's "Gems of German Verse." In 1853 Dr. Hedge included it in his "Hymns for the Church of Christ" in the form in which it now appears in various church hymnals. Although Carlyle's translation is in several respects the best English rendering, yet Dr. Hedge's is the more commonly found in English and American hymn-books, being the better adapted for use in the song services of the Church. This translation is as follows:

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

Did we in our own strength confide,
  Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
  The Man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
  And He must win the battle.

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

That word above all earthly powers,
  No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
  Through Him who with us aideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
  His kingdom is for ever.

TUNE—"EIN FESTE BURG."

The traditional account of the origin of this hymnic masterpiece gives Luther's journey to the Diet of Worms as the occasion of its composition. It was on this journey that Luther, warned by a messenger from Spalatin not to enter the city, sent back by the same messenger the reply, "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, I would go and not be afraid. If Huss was burnt to ashes, the truth was not burnt with him." The same sentiment occurring in the third stanza of the hymn seems to have given currency to the

popularly received account of its origin. Strong as the temptation is, however, to associate the composition of the hymn with the momentous occasion referred to, it is improbable that it originated on that occasion, since the hymn does not appear among Luther's earlier hymns as published in 1524, three years after the convocation of the assembly known as the Diet of Worms.

In his "History of the Reformation" J. Merle d'Aubigné with much assurance gives the journey to the Diet of Augsburg in 1530 as the occasion on which the hymn was composed. In Book XIV. of the single volume edition of that remarkable work, on page 474, its brilliant author tells us that Luther, in company with John the Elector of Saxony, was on his way to the Augsburg assembly when he wrote the hymn, and describes the scene in detail as follows: "John began his journey on the third of April, with one hundred and sixty horsemen, clad in rich scarlet cloaks, embroidered with gold. Every man was aware of the dangers that threatened the Elector, and hence many in his escort marched with downcast eyes and sinking hearts. But Luther, full of faith, revived the courage of his friends, by composing and singing with his fine voice that beautiful hymn, since become so famous:

Our God is a strong tower. Never did soul that knew its own weakness, but which, looking to God, despises every fear, find such noble accents."

Deeply interesting as this account is, and much as we may dislike to think of the renowned and usually accurate D'Aubigné as in error in the foregoing description, it is true nevertheless that the facts do not, upon close investigation, warrant the account given. In the first place the very character of the hymn, as also Luther's painstaking efforts in all his lyrical compositions, forbid our belief that this matchless masterpiece was an impromptu production. Another consideration fatal to the foregoing account is the fact, established by the investigation of hymnologists, that before the date of the Diet of Augsburg Luther's immortal battle-hymn had already appeared in print. That Luther sang it to revive the courage of his friends on their way to the Diet of Augsburg is every way probable, but that he composed it on that occasion is equally incredible. From the fact of its having been sung under the foregoing circumstances, and also in view of its not then being in as common use as it was later, it is not strange that its composition came

to be popularly ascribed to the same occasion. Another account quite generally accepted by hymnologists says that "Luther composed it for the Diet of Spires, when, on April 20, 1529, the German princes made their formal protest against the revocation of their liberties, and so became known as Protestants."

"Various monographs have been published," says Dr. Benson in his "Studies of Familiar Hymns," "advocating other dates and occasions. Undeterred by these, Scherer, the recent historian of German Literature, states with entire confidence that the hymn was written in October, 1527, at the approach of the plague. Luther's biographer, Julius Köstlin, in the later editions of the *Life*, accepts that date as probably correct. And with that probability we must rest."

While this seems to settle the matter satisfactorily to Dr. Benson, we must insist that internal evidences seem to indicate that the hymn was written in anticipation or on the occasion of some great crisis connected with the progress of the Reformation. There are many expressions in the hymn that lose in significance when interpreted on any other ground, and there is little that can be regarded as applicable to the visitation of the plague without torturing it out of its most

natural meaning. We are still inclined to think the second Diet of Spires was the occasion which called it forth.

For the benefit of those readers who, being familiar with the German tongue, will appreciate the hymn much more in the original than in any of its translated forms, the German text will here be presented, as found in Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology":

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
ein gute wehr und waffen.
Er hilfft unns frey aus aller not
die uns ytzt hat betroffen.
Der alt böse feind
mit ernst ers ytzt meint,
gros macht und viel list
sein grausam rüstung ist,
auf erd ist nicht seins gleichen.

Mit unser macht ist nichts gethan,
wir sind gar bald verloren;
Es streit fur uns der rechte man,
den Gott hat selbs erkoren.
Fragstu, wer der ist?
er heist Jhesu Christ
der Herr zebaoth,
und ist kein ander Gott,
das felt uns er behalten.

Und wen die welt vol Teuffell wehr
und wolt uns gar verschlingen

So fürchten wir uns nicht zu sehr
es sol uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser welt,
wie sawr er sich stellt,
thut er unns doch nicht,
das macht, er ist gericht,
ein wörtlin kan yhn fellen.

Das wort sie sollen lassen stahn
und kein danck dazu haben.
Er ist bey unns wol auff dem plan
mit seinem geist und gaben.
Nemen sie den, leib,
gut, ehr, kindt unnd weib
las faren dahin,
sie habens kein gewin,
das reich mus uns doch bleiben.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century marks an entirely new era in Christian hymnody—an era richer and more influential in its lyrical productions than any other in the history of Christianity. Luther was the chief inspiration of this new era, in its earlier years, as he was the leading spirit and the chief inspiration of the great Reformation itself. "It is my intention, after the example of the Fathers," he said in writing to Georg Spalatin, his friend and fellow-laborer, "to make German Psalms for the people; that is to say, spiritual songs, whereby the word of God may be kept alive among them by sing-

ing. We seek, therefore, everywhere for poets. Now as you are such a master of the German language, and are so mighty and eloquent therein, I entreat you to join hands with us in this work, and to turn one of the Psalms into a hymn according to the pattern (*i. e.*, an attempt of my own), that I send you. But I desire that all new-fangled words from the court be left out; that the words may be quite plain and common, such as common people may understand, yet pure and skilfully handled; and next that the meaning should be given clearly and graciously, according to the sense of the Psalm itself" ("Hymns Historically Famous").

As Luther was the chief inspirer of this new era in Christian hymnody, so his "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" was the climax of his own lyrical contributions to the literature of the Reformation period. He is generally believed to have composed the majestic tune to which the hymn has ever since been sung, and both hymn and tune seem to have been especially inspired for strengthening the faith and stimulating the courage of the reformers during the long, fierce conflict they endured in defense and promulgation of those essential truths which the Reformation represented. Being a fine singer and a skilful

composer, and possessing a high degree of magnetic enthusiasm in urging congregational singing upon the people, he gave remarkable zest to the singing of the German nation, and, in a corresponding degree, called forth and enlisted in the cause he represented the best hymn-making talent of the country. "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" became the battle-song, however, of those dark and troubled times, and exerted an influence upon the German people beyond all computation.

"In the life and death struggle that followed [the protestation of the German princes against the revocation of their liberties at the second Diet of Spires], it was a clarion summoning all faithful souls to do battle, without fear, against the insulting foe. Luther sang it to the lute every day. It was the spiritual and national tonic of Germany, administered in those dolorous times as doctors administer quinine to sojourners in fever-haunted marshes. Every one sang it, old and young, children in the street, soldiers on the battlefield. The more heavily hit they were, the more tenaciously did they cherish the song that assured them of ultimate victory. When Melancthon and his friends, after Luther's death, were sent

into banishment, they were marvelously cheered as they entered Weimar on hearing a girl sing Luther's hymn in the street. 'Sing on, dear daughter mine,' said Melancthon; 'thou knowest not what comfort thou bringest to our heart'" (Stead).

Luther sang it often as an expression and inspiration of his faith during the protracted session of the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, and it soon became a favorite psalm with the German people, the strains of which daily ascended up to heaven alike from the palaces of princes and humbler dwellings of the poor. "It was sung by poor Protestant emigrants on their way into exile, and by martyrs at their death. It is woven into the web of the history of Reformation times, and it became the true national hymn of Protestant Germany."

The associations of this hymn, during its subsequent history are full of interest and serve to illustrate its remarkable influence and incomparable value. In 1631, more than a hundred years after its composition, Gustavus Adolphus, on the eve of his great and decisive victory over the Roman Catholic forces at Leipsic, requested his soldiers to sing this hymn of the great reformer; and after the gaining of the victory he thank-

ed God for having made good the promise expressed in the words, "The field he will maintain it." On the field of that same battle the hymn was repeated, more than two hundred years later, by the multitude assembled at the jubilee of the Gustavus Adolphus Association. "Again," says Dr. Benson, "it was the battle hymn of his army at Lützen, in 1632, in which the king was slain, but his army won the victory. It has had a part in countless celebrations commemorating the men and events of the Reformation; and its first line is engraved on the base of Luther's monument at Wittenburg. And it is still dear to the German people; one of the hymns lodged in their memories and hearts, ready for the occasion. An imperishable hymn! not polished and artistically wrought, but rugged and strong like Luther himself, whose very words seem like deeds."

David Nitschmann, a Moravian bishop, was one of the passengers on board the ship in which John Wesley sailed for Georgia in 1735. He was then about sixty years of age. "In 1720," says Tyerman, in his "Life and Times of Wesley," "a remarkable revival of religion took place in the town where David lived; but, by the intervention of the Jesuits, the meetings of the new converts were pro-

hibited, and many who attended them were imprisoned in stables, cellars and other offensive places. A police officer entered Nitschmann's house, where one hundred and fifty of these godly people were assembled, and seized all the books within his reach. The congregation at once struck up a stanza of one of Luther's hymns [Ein feste Burg']:

> 'If the whole world with devils swarmed,
> That threatened us to swallow,
> We will not fear, for we are armed,
> And victory will follow.'

Twenty persons, including David, all heads of respectable families, were arrested and sent to jail. For three days David was deprived of food, and was so cruelly ironed that the blood spurted from his nose and mouth, and oozed from his very pores. After some time he escaped from his horrid dungeon, and fled to his friends at Hernhutt."

A hymn that can brace and sustain faith and make it triumphant in such conditions must have in it the element of a divine inspiration that will make it live forever.

XXXI

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

Wherever the English tongue is a medium for the worship of God there old and young alike and together sing, with an enthusiasm that kindles to an ever intenser glow as the music moves toward its culmination, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's grand Processional Hymn, of which the following is the text:

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory:

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

Hell's foundations quiver
  At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
  Loud your anthem raise.
    Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
  Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
  Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
  All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
  One in charity.
    Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst the Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.
    Onward, etc.

Onward then, ye people,
  Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
  Unto Christ, the King;
This through countless ages
  Men and angels sing.
    Onward, etc.

TUNE—"ST. GERTRUDE."

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, author of the hymn, is a prominent clergyman of the Church of England. He was born at Exeter, in 1834; graduated, as Master of Arts, at Clare College, Oxford, in 1856; ordained as Deacon in 1864 and as Priest in 1865; made incumbent at Dalton in 1866, and rector at East Mersea in 1871. At the death of his father, Edward Baring-Gould, in 1872, he succeeded to the family estate at Lew-Trenchard, Devonshire, which has been the family seat for over three hundred years. He became rector at Lew-Trenchard in 1881. He is a prolific writer, having published more than a score of volumes from his own pen. He is a master in the realm of "legendary and folk lore, antiquities and out-of-the-way information, of which he is himself a living encyclopedia." His "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" is one of his most widely known productions. It has been his custom for some time to produce a new work of fiction every year, and his works are said to have greater popularity in England than any others of their class. He has published several volumes of sermons, which are well received, and is also the author of a number of excellent hymns, of which "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is the most popular.

Mr. Baring-Gould has given the following account of how his popular Processional Hymn came into existence: "It was written in a very simple fashion, without a thought of publication. Whitmonday is a great day for school festivities in Yorkshire, and one Whitmonday it was arranged that our school should join its forces with that of a neighboring village. I wanted the children to sing when marching from one village to another, but couldn't think of anything quite suitable, so I sat up at night resolved to write something myself. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' was the result. It was written in great haste, and I am afraid some of the rhymes are faulty. Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its great popularity."

A processional hymn is one suited to a marching movement, and Mr. Baring-Gould's vigorous and inspiring stanzas most admirably meet the demand for such a hymn. Hence its almost universal use, and its great popularity with Americans in particular. "It has been taken up all the world over," says Dr. Robinson, "and with either Haydn's or Sullivan's music set to it, it constitutes the best marching hymn for children or adults known to this generation. It meets the American ideal, mechanically speaking, in that it is

simple, rythmical, lyric, and has a refrain at the end of each stanza. That has given to it an extensive popularity and use."

The hymn was written in 1865, and, in its original form, contained six stanzas, what was then the fourth being now generally omitted. The omitted stanza runs as follows:

"What the saints established
That I hold for true,
What the saints believed
That believe I too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that faith will hold,—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled."

Its poetry scarcely compares with that of the other stanzas, and this may be what the author had in mind when expressing his own fears that some of the rhymes were faulty. The hymn seems quite complete without it, and its omission therefore is not only excusable but wise. The hymn has obtained a popularity which seems to make for its immortality. "If it should ever drop out of use," says Dr. Benson, "that result would probably come about through sheer weariness caused by over-repetition."

Missions

XXXII

THE PRINCE OF MISSIONARY HYMNS

Of all hymns ever written in the interest of foreign missions the chief place must be given to Bishop Heber's princely lyric,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Eternity alone will reveal the extent to which the cause of world-wide evangelization has been furthered by the instrumentality of this noble production. Oft as the story of its origin has been related it will bear another repetition here.

Early in the year 1819 a royal letter was issued authorizing special collections to be taken in every church and chapel of Great Britain for the aid of foreign missions. Whitsunday of that year fell on the 30th of May, and on that occasion Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was to take the offering for missions in the parish church of Wrexham, of which he was the vicar. He had also arranged for a course of Sunday evening lectures in his church to begin on the evening of that day,

and his son-in-law, the Rev. Reginald Heber, then rector at Hodnet, and later Bishop of Calcutta, was present to deliver the opening lecture.

Sometime during the previous day the Dean, his son-in-law, and a few others were together in the vicarage, when the Dean asked Heber to write "something for them to sing in the morning." He retired at once to another part of the room and seated himself to his task. After a short time the Dean inquired, "What have you written?" Having written the first three stanzas of the hymn, Heber read them over. "There, that will do," said the Dean. "No, no," replied Heber, "the sense is not complete," and proceeded to add the fourth stanza. He would have written more had not the Dean been inexorable to his repeated request of "Let me add another, O let me add another." So with the fourth stanza he completed the hymn which has since become so widely and justly celebrated. It was sung the next morning in the Wrexham church, tradition says to an old ballad tune, "'Twas when the seas were roaring," and that was the beginning of its marvelous history.

The following is the text of the hymn, altered but slightly from its original form:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

TUNE—"MISSIONARY HYMN."

The tune to which this great hymn is now generally sung has had much to do with the usefulness of the hymn, and it has a history in interest equal to that of the hymn itself. In February, 1823, the hymn found its way to this country and appeared in the *Christian Observer*. Through this circumstance it fell under the eye of Miss Mary W. Howard, a lady living in Savannah, Georgia, who saw in it great possibilities, and eagerly desired to have it sung in worship. She could find no tune for it, however, that seemed appropriate. Finally she called to mind a young bank clerk in the city who had some local reputation as a composer of church music. To him she sent a copy of the hymn with a note requesting him to furnish for it an appropriate tune. In response he composed for it, within half an hour, as the story goes, the now famous tune "Missionary Hymn," which he had printed as sheet music, bearing the inscription, "Composed for and Dedicated to Miss Mary W. Howard, of Savannah, Georgia." That young bank clerk was Lowell Mason, then a little past thirty years of age, who was destined to become the foremost composer of sacred music ever produced in this country. The hymn and tune, having been most fortunately wedded, have ever help-

ed to popularize each other. They have sung themselves around the world repeatedly, and the appropriateness of their union is to-day more widely recognized than ever. Both appear to have been born of a sudden inspiration, and each as the counterpart of the other.

As interest in foreign missionary work increases throughout Christendom Bishop Heber's hymn has an ever widening sphere of influence, and an ever growing popularity. As an incitement to self-sacrificing endeavor in the interest of world-wide evangelization it is without an equal. The last stanza in particular is "a glorious bugle blast which rings like the *reveille* of the millennial morning;" and the whole hymn has been most aptly characterized by Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler as "the marching music to which Christ's hosts keep step as they advance to the conquest of the world."

It is said that during the great revival of 1858-59 a number of converted sailors on board the steamship North Carolina were conferring together regarding the various lands in which they were born. When it was discovered that they represented ten different countries, and that the last one who had spoken was born in Greenland, unable longer

to restrain their emotions, one of them led and the rest simultaneously joined in singing,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

We can easily imagine with what a joyous fervor those hardy seamen, hailing from so many widely separated parts of the world, so recently rescued from their lives of sin, and now filled with the peace and joy of divine acceptance, made the strains of this grand old hymn ring out over the waters on which they sailed.

In the year 1852 Bishop Andrew, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sent out from the South Carolina conference two preachers to represent and establish the work of his denomination on the Pacific Coast. Not alone the native population, but also the multitudes then flocking from all parts of the world to California, the land of gold, were in great need of missionary efforts; and the polyglottal gathering there of people from every land made it a particularly opportune

season for the establishment and spread of Methodism in that region. A mission to California in those days involved about as much of self-denial, sacrifice, hardship and peril as an appointment to a foreign field would mean to-day. In the midst of their loneliness one of the missionaries wrote home regarding the progress of the work. His letter contained an account of the joy it gave him one Sunday afternoon in 1853, while traveling in the Santa Clara Valley, to hear a man and his wife from South Carolina singing in front of their tent,—

> Waft, waft, ye winds His story,
> And you, ye waters, roll,
> Till like a sea of glory,
> It spreads from pole to pole:
> Till o'er our ransomed nature,
> The Lamb for sinners slain,
> Redeemer, King, Creator,
> Shall come in bliss to reign."

There was a melody in the hymn on that occasion to be appreciated fully only by such as may have heard it sung under similar circumstances. Not all the natural beauty of the country, with its sunny skies, its enamoring landscapes, and its luxuriance of flowers, foliage and fruit, on which their senses had feasted for months, had ever once regaled

them as did the echoing strains of that sweet song under those conditions. It was to them the breath of a new life with which to prosecute their self-denying labors for the salvation of their fellow men.

XXXIII

MESSIAH'S UNIVERSAL REIGN

Next to Heber's royal missionary hymn Dr. Isaac Watts's lyrical rehearsal of the blessings which are to attend Messiah's universal reign upon earth has probably done more than any other in aid of foreign missionary work. It is sung in missionary meetings the wide world over, and always with inspiring effect. The following is the text:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth His successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

The hymn is based on and breathes the spirit of the Seventy-second Psalm. It was the author's custom to translate the more evangelical of the Old Testament Psalms into metrical hymns suited to the spirit and needs of the New Testament dispensation and of the varied departments of the Church's work. He was no better pleased with Francis Rous's metrical version of the Psalms for use in worship than with those hymns of his time which were finally supplanted by his own. He regarded them as rude in construction and altogether Judaic in their coloring. He believed he could give them a metrical rendering which would conserve their original fervor and fire and at the same time adapt them to the sunnier worship and service of the New Testament age and render them more singable than they had yet been render-

ed. He said: "I have expressed as I suppose David would have done, had he lived in the days of Christianity. I have entirely omitted some whole Psalms and large pieces of many others, and have chosen out of them such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to Christian affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel. I have chosen rather to imitate than to translate, and thus to compose a psalm-book for Christians after the manner of the Jewish Psalter."

The hymn was first published in 1719, and contained eight stanzas. The second stanza as now sung is made up of portions of stanzas two and three as originally written. Watts's eighth stanza, now generally unknown, read as follows:

"Let every nation rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen."

The fulness and completeness of Christ's redemptive work is beautifully set forth in this hymn, particularly in the stanza,

"Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:

In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost."

This stanza, however, is one of those omitted by some compilers, possibly because it is thought to be too strong. Nevertheless it is one of the most beautiful, forceful, and, as we think, scriptural portions of the hymn, and so necessary to its completeness that its omission is an injustice alike to the work of Dr. Watts and to the Christian public.

"Perhaps one of the most interesting occasions on which this hymn was used," says Mr. Stevenson, "was that on which King George, the sable, of the South Sea Islands, but of blessed memory, gave a new Constitution to his people, exchanging a heathen for a Christian form of government. Under the spreading branches of the banyan-trees sat some five thousand natives from Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa, on Whitsunday, 1862, assembled for divine worship. Foremost among them all sat King George himself. Around him were seated old chiefs and warriors who had shared with him the dangers and fortunes of many a battle,—men whose eyes were dim, and whose powerful frames were bowed down with the weight of years. But old and young alike rejoiced together in the joys of that day, their faces most of them radiant

with Christian joy, love and hope. It would be impossible to describe the deep feeling manifested when the solemn service began, by the entire audience singing—

> 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth His successive journeys run:
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
> Till suns shall rise and set no more.'

Who, so much as they, could understand the full meaning of the poet's words? for they had been rescued from the darkness of heathenism and cannibalism; and they were that day met for the first time under a Christian Constitution, under a Christian king, and with Christ Himself reigning in the hearts of most of those present!"

The more recent establishment of Christian government in Madagascar, and the marvelous triumphs of Christianity in the New Hebrides, Hawaii, Micronesia, Oceanica, and the Philippine Islands, as also its onward march in India, Africa, China and Japan, are so many tokens that the day is drawing near for the complete realization of the prophetic vision expressed in this glorious hymn. Then shall

> "Angels descend with songs again
> And earth repeat the loud Amen."

XXXIV

HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED

One of the finest metrical renderings of Hebrew psalmody into the English tongue with which the Church has ever been favored is James Montgomery's ode, beginning,

> "Hail to the Lord's anointed,
> Great David's greater Son!"

It is a free paraphrase of those portions of the Seventy-second Psalm which foretell the glory of Messiah's final advent and universal reign upon the earth. Its author appears to have been accustomed to repeating, when lecturing on literature or poetry, choice selections for the purpose of illustration. On a certain occasion in 1822 he was present and spoke at a Wesleyan missionary association in Liverpool over which the venerable Dr. Adam Clarke was moderator. When the climax of the poet's address was reached he concluded with the recitation of his own fresh rendering of Psalm LXXII. into English meter. Dr. Clarke was so captivated by the

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

poem that he at once requested the manuscript with permission to insert the paraphrase complete in the Commentary on the Bible he was then preparing. His request was granted, and the original eight stanzas, unaltered, appear at the close of Dr. Clarke's comments on the Psalm referred to, occupying the larger portion of a quarto page, and preceded by the following remarks:

"The following poetical version of some of the principal passages of the foregoing Psalm was made and kindly given me by my much respected friend, James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield. I need not tell the intelligent reader that he has seized the spirit, and exhibited some of the principal beauties of the Hebrew bard; though, to use his own words in his letter to me, his 'hand trembled to touch the harp of Zion.' I take the liberty here to register a wish, which I have strongly expressed to myself, that he would favor the Church of God with a metrical version of the whole book."

Then follows the hymn, originally entitled "The Reign of Christ," which we here reproduce without abridgment:

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 let the captive free.
To take away transgression,
  And reign in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
  To those who suffer wrong:
To help the poor and needy,
  And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
  Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, in misery dying,
  Were precious in His sight.

By such He shall be feared
  While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, adored, revered,
  For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
  With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
  And moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
  Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
  Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
  From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
  To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see:

With offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
  Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
  And daily vows ascend:
His kingdom still increasing,—
  A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
  A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
  And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,—
  All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever,
  His name—what is it? Love.

TUNE—"WEBB."

It is an interesting coincidence that both this hymn and Dr. Watts's

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
  Doth His successive journeys run,"

are paraphrases of the same portion of Hebrew psalmody. We have seen the suggestion somewhere in our reading that Montgomery's production is probably an unconscious imitation of Dr. Watts's hymn. Such a suggestion appears to us without warrant, and a gross injustice to Mr. Montgomery. The inspiration for the writing of both hymns was borrowed from the same source, and both are occupied with paraphrasing the same piece of Hebrew literature into English meter; but there is enough of distinct individuality displayed in each to indicate the fullest originality in the later as well as in the earlier hymn produced. The coincidence in the production of these two hymns, so similar and yet so dissimilar, from the same original source is a striking illustration of the wonderful fountain of inspiration for their muses Christian poets have ever found in the Holy Scriptures.

As now generally published in the church hymnals Montgomery's hymn appears with but four stanzas—the first, second, fourth and seventh of the original. In this abridged form it makes an admirable hymn for devotional use, and is peculiarly adapted to awakening missionary enthusiasm, and also to expressing the Church's hope for her Lord's return.

Our Country

XXXV

NATIONAL HYMN

The people of the United States have and yet have not a national hymn. The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith's "My country, 'tis of thee" has so long been regarded as such by common consent that few ever stop to consider that neither this nor any other production has ever been authoritatively designated as the national hymn. It holds the same place in the hearts of the American people, however, as does "God save the king" in the hearts of the English, or the "Marsellaise" in the hearts of the French people; and it has been so long hallowed by universal use that authoritative enactment to make it the national hymn would be superfluous. Following is the text:

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain-side
  Let Freedom ring!

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like those above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Defend us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.

TUNE—"AMERICA."

The author of this inspiring and widely known hymn was a Baptist minister of New England. He was born in Boston in 1808, and was educated at Harvard and Andover. He filled various important pastorates and occupied other responsible positions in the denomination to which he belonged, during his long and highly useful ministry, the later years of which were spent at Newton, Massachusetts. He also wrote several valuable

books and numerous hymns and poems. His stirring missionary hymn, "The morning light is breaking," is one of his best known and most useful lyrical productions. He was one of the editors of "The Psalmist," a Baptist hymn-book published in Boston in 1843. "My country, 'tis of thee" and also several other hymns of his own composing, were contributed to that valuable collection. His national hymn has come down to us without alteration. Dr. Smith died November 16th, 1895, full of years and ripe for the kingdom.

The story of the hymn has been told briefly by its author, who says it "was written in 1832. I found the tune in a German music-book brought to this country by the late William C. Woodbridge, and put into my hands by Lowell Mason, because (so he said) I could read German books and he could not. It is, however, not a translation, but the expression of my thought at the moment of glancing at the tune."

The origin of the tune to which this hymn is generally sung in this country ["America"] is involved in uncertainty. It is used in Great Britain as "God Save the King," which is considered the national song. "The name 'America' was added by Lowell Mason," says Dr. Robinson, "who arranged it for use in

this country." Some consider it as an amendment made by Henry Cary, near the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, from Dr. John Bull, who died in 1622. The tune was first published in England in honor of George II. But French critics claim that the original music was composed by Lulli, and that it was sung by 300 young ladies before Louis XIV. at St. Cyr, where Handel found it in 1721. They even go so far as to insist that the words ["God save the king"] were composed by Madame de Brinon, the Mother Superior, beginning, *'Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi.'*"

The following anonymous verses, though not submitted for their poetic merit, pay high and deserved tribute to Dr. Smith's hymn:

PASSING THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

"Again each morning as we pass
The city's streets along,
We hear the voices of the class
Ring out the nation's song.

"The small boy's treble piping clear,
The bigger boys' low growl,
And from the boy who has no ear
A wierd, discordant howl.

"With swelling hearts we hear them sing
'My country! 'tis of thee—'
From childish throats the accents ring,
'Sweet land of liberty.'

"Their little hearts aglow with pride,
Each with exultant tongue
Proclaims: 'From every mountain-side
Let freedom's song be sung.'

"Let him who'd criticise the time,
Or scout the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime—
No patriot is he!

"From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall e'er be strong,
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with freedom's song."

The hymn is usually sung on all national and patriotic occasions. Americans would feel sadly at a loss in an Independence Day or a Thanksgiving Day exercise without the inspiration of its stirring strains. It is also the hymn that voices the feelings of Americans on first sighting their own shores after a period of foreign travel. It has always had a warmer place in the writer's heart since the 20th of June, 1895, when, returning from a three months' tour abroad, as the steamship St. Louis brought us within sight of the home-land the voices of all Americans on board joined, almost simultaneously, and with genuine fervor, in singing,

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

XXXVI

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

It is strange indeed, but no less strange than true, that the greatest Battle-Hymn ever written gushed from the gentle and sympathetic heart of a woman. Agitated intensely and wrought up to the highest pitch of sympathy and patriotic emotion over the scenes she had witnessed in a visit to the Army of the Potomac, soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whose name will ever be a synonym for all that goes to make up the noblest type of womanhood, poured out the pent-up inspiration of her soul in the composition of the following inspiring and popular hymn:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burning rows of steel—
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant my feet,—
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

Probably no other patriotic hymn is better known or oftener sung throughout the length and breadth of our country than this; and surely none is better adapted to inspiring

optimistic enthusiasm for the country's weal, or serene confidence regarding the issue of every great crisis through which the nation passes. In its production our modern Miriam has exquisitely expressed, and also marvelously intensified, the spirit of our nation, on the lips of whose sons and daughters the words of her matchless song will live

"Till the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel."

The *Independent* published at some length the story of this remarkable hymn a few years ago, of which the following is a part, as quoted by Col. Nicholas Smith in "Hymns Historically Famous:"

"It was in December, 1861, that Mrs. Howe, in company with her husband, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and other friends, visited Washington, itself almost in the condition of an armed camp. On the journey thither, the watchfires of a hundred circling camps gleamed in the darkness, the railroad being patrolled by pickets. Mrs. Howe has told of the martial sights and sounds in the national capitol, and of her drive to a distance of several miles from the city to see a review of our troops. An attack from the enemy interrupted the program, and the re-

turn drive was made through files of soldiers who occupied almost the entire road. To beguile the tedium of their slow progress, Mrs. Howe and her friends sang army songs, among others, 'John Brown's Body.' This seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded them like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the interval crying, 'Good for you.' Our poet had often wished to write words to be sung to this tune, and now, indeed, had she

> 'Read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel.'"

Her visit to the army of the Potomac gave Mrs. Howe such a conception of war as she could have obtained in no other way—of the wild commotion, the wholesale and horrible slaughter, the widespread and terrible desolation, the awful strain upon the nation's life, and the almost universal gloom and horror with which it fills the land. Her heart was stirred with emotions deep and strong, and made to beat in sympathetic response to her country's agony and peril. In the midst of all these depressing and deplorable conditions, however, the inspiration of the prophet and the vision of the seer were hers, and, during the night following her visit to the seat

of war, she stole from her bed and gave vent to her pent-up spirit of prophetic song in the immortal lines of the foregoing hymn.

Some time after its composition the poem was shown to Mr. James T. Fields, then editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, who to some extent recognized its merit, suggested as a fitting title for it, "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," and published it in his magazine in February, 1862, with no signature attached. Mrs. Howe is said to have received the trifling sum of five dollars for this immortal production. But the imperishable honor it has brought her, and the invaluable service it has rendered to the country she so ardently loves, are rewards with which no amount of monied renumeration is to be compared.

"When James Russell Lowell was editor of *The Atlantic*," writes Colonel Smith, "he declined to publish a poem written by Julia Ward Howe, and gave as his reason therefor that no woman could write a poem, and said that 'Mrs. Browning's efforts were a conspicuous illustration of this fact.' But Mrs. Howe did write a poem which *The Atlantic* did accept, and, athough Mr. Lowell wrote many verses which will live long in our literature, he has written nothing that will touch the popular heart as deeply as the glorious anthem—

JULIA WARD HOWE.

'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.'"

As an illustration of the popularity and power of the air to this noble and stirring hymn the following, from the pen of John Habberton, who served in the Civil War and afterward did editorial work on several important periodicals and wrote books on various topics, and who wrote it long after the struggle was all over, will be in place:

"The old air has a wonderful influence over me. I heard it in Western camp-meetings and negro cabins when I was a boy. I saw the 22nd Massachusetts march down Broadway singing the same air during a rush to the front in the early days of the war; I have heard it sung by warrior tongues in nearly every Southern State; my old brigade sang it softly, but with a swing that was terrible in its earnestness, as they lay behind their stacks of arms just before going into action; I have heard it played over the grave of many a dead comrade; the semi-mutinous ——th cavalry became peaceful and patriotic again as their bandmaster played the old air, after having asked permission to try his hand on them; it is the tune that burst forth spontaneously in our barracks on that glorious morning when he learned that the war was

over, and it was sung with words adapted to the occasion by some good rebel friends of mine on our first social meeting after the war."

Julia Ward Howe still lives. Her years are many, she having recently passed her eighty-fourth birthday. She is not old, however, since those who live under the spell of such inspiring and enchanting visions as heaven vouchsafed to her never grow old. "At the end of a beautiful life, she now looks toward the great lights of eternity that beckon the faithful workers and believers to an honorable rest, and to the hope of renewed work in the universe after rest." She is a great woman in all that makes for great and noble womanhood. She has expressed the greatness of her heart and character in the production of a great hymn. Regarding that production the writer would say, in the language of another: "Read it; teach it to your children; and, above all, understand it. See what she saw—Justice that will not be denied in the end, Progress that cannot be stopped, and Truth that must triumph."

Death

XXXVII

ABIDE WITH ME

Of all hymns written under the shadow of that ineffable mystery called Death none is more deservedly popular than the tender, hopeful and beautiful swan-song of Henry Francis Lyte, beginning,

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

The hymn has quite commonly and yet as mistakenly been classified as an Evening Hymn. In the popular conception the deepening darkness mentioned in the second line means the gathering gloom of night; whereas the author had no reference to evening shades whatever, but to the gathering shades of death's long sleep. The pathos of the hymn becomes much more impressive when this fact is understood, and also when we remember that the poet was already enveloped in the fringe of those darkening shadows when his soul poured forth this sweet and hallowed lyric. To appreciate the value of the hymn

we should regard it as a voice wafted back to us from one just entering within the vail that separates between time and eternity, and who cheered his own passage through the deepening shades with this song of marvelous beauty, love and trust.

For a sketch of Mr. Lyte's earlier history the reader is referred to Chapter XXI. of this volume.

After various shiftings of fortune in his case, he "entered [in 1823] upon the perpetual curacy of the Lower Brixham, Devonshire, England, which he held until his death, twenty-five years later. It was a strange and uncongenial field for a man of Mr. Lyte's culture, refinement and literary tastes, the place being described as a fishing town, composed of "a poor, rough, sea-faring population." Here he labored in the spirit of his divine Master, however, with affectionate tenderness and self-consuming zeal, and remarkable success crowned his efforts. Here also he wrote his sadly tender yet remarkably beautiful Christian lyrics found in nearly all modern hymnals.

Always delicate in health, Mr. Lyte's labors on the rude English coast were too much for his strength, and year by year he steadily declined until he was compelled at last to

seek recuperation in travel and in rest from public duties. He saw that the lamp of his life was surely burning out, and, although prepared to die, he longed to live until he should accomplish more of enduring value than seemed to have resulted from his labors. This yearning found expression in the following lines:

"Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart;
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart,

"Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod;
Might I thus live to bless my fellow men,
Or glorify my God."

Mr. Lyte had returned home to spend the summer of 1847 with his people in Lower Brixham. His health so rapidly declined, however, that his only hope of life was in getting off as early as possible for the warmer climate of Southern Europe. The fourth of September was to be his last Sabbath with the people of his parish. To the surprise of his friends, who saw that he was on the very brink of the grave, he announced his determination to preach once more to the people he so ardently loved. He carried out his pur-

pose, and, feeble as he was, delivered a most affecting farewell sermon, after which he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Much exhausted, but full of strong emotion, he went to his home, and, in accordance with his own poetic prayer—

"And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die,"—

composed both words and music of his last and sweetest hymn, "Abide With Me," of which the following is the original form:

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens, Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

ABIDE WITH ME

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile:
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and darkness, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

TUNE—"EVENTIDE."

The hymn now usually appears with stanzas 3, 4 and 5 omitted. It may be wise that this abridgment is made, the hymn being quite complete without the omitted stanzas, and the length of the lines, the number of stanzas and the slowness of the movement rendering the full hymn too long for use in public worship. "The darkness thickens," in line 2 of stanza 1, was early changed to "the darkness deepens," "no doubt by Mr. Lyte himself." Later, "Hold then Thy cross" was wisely changed to "Hold Thou Thy cross,"

this form appearing in the author's later poems.

Mr. Lyte on leaving England intended to go to Rome. His rapid decline, however, compelled him to halt at Nice, in France, where, November 20, 1847, "the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken," and the good man's spirit passed to be "forever with the Lord." In passing a smile transfigured his face, and, in subdued but triumphant tones he uttered the words—"Joy! Peace!"

Two instances illustrative of the inspiring and consoling power of the hymn will be adduced in closing this sketch.

The first of these was connected with the closing of Jennie O'Neill Potter's life, and is reproduced from Col. Nicholas Smith's "Hymns Historically Famous."

"When that gifted elocutionist and reader lay dying in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, in 1900, the closing of her young and brilliant life by an incurable disease did not disturb her soul. The physicians told her that her remaining days were about ninety; and she began a patient waiting for the inevitable hour. The nurses wondered how the frail little woman could be so happy. She would sing to herself all day long, and as the evening fell over the big building upon the hill

not far from General Grant's tomb, a delightful melody, with some pathetic words, would come from Miss Potter's room. Physicians and nurses could not restrain their tears of sympathy while they listened with breathless attention as she softly crooned the tender lines,

'Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.'

In the mortal struggle with disease when 'other helpers failed,' when all around was dark, this hymn was Miss Potter's comfort to the very hour when she realized the full meaning of the triumphant line,

'Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.'"

The other instance is that of Louise Butler, who, in alighting from a railway train in Chicago, fell under the wheels of the moving train and was "horribly mangled." Reporting the accident the Chicago *Record-Herald*, as quoted by the *Commoner*, stated that after the accident Miss Butler was placed on the train from which she had fallen to be conveyed to a hospital five miles away. Reviving in spite of her terrible injuries, she began singing softly:

"Abide with me. Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.
When others helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

She sang the hymn through, the report continues, even as her hands clenched in her agony, and the last line was reached as the train stopped and she was lifted from it.

Again when she was placed on the operating table the girl sang the prayer, only ceasing when her mother and father reached her, to beg them not to grieve.

Turning from them to her pastor, Miss Butler asked him to comfort her parents, and requested him to pray. As the prayer was finished she took up another hymn:

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine.
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine."

Her voice faltering on the last line, she whispered: "Do not grieve. Tell them I am not afraid to die," and became unconscious. She died thirty minutes afterward.

XXXVIII

ASLEEP IN JESUS

Sooner or later Death forces his way into every home, and, with inexorable summons, calls for one after another of the family circle to leave it and follow him to those deep shades from which none evermore return. How dark the pall of gloom that settles upon those from whom loved ones are thus ruthlessly severed none can ever know until called themselves to follow the lifeless forms of those they have tenderly loved to their final resting place. Christian hymnody is replete with lyrics peculiarly adapted to ministering consolation to those who are thus called to bury their dead out of their sight, but none among them all is characterized by greater sweetness, beauty and consolatory power than Mrs. Margaret Mackay's hymn entitled, "Sleeping in Jesus," of which the following is a reproduction:

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death hath lost its venomed sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding place;"
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

TUNE—"REST."

Mrs. Mackay, author of the hymn, was born near Inverness, Scotland, in 1802. Her father was Captain Robert Mackay, of the British army, and her husband Colonel William Mackay, of the Sixty-Eighth Light Infantry, to whom she was married in 1820. In addition to several prose works she wrote between seventy and eighty hymns, the best

known among them being "Asleep in Jesus." On January 5, 1887, after a long life of devotion to the Master's service, she entered that "calm and undisturbed repose" of which she wrote so beautifully in the foregoing hymn.

The hymn first appeared in *The Amethyst, or Christian Annual,* for the year 1832, and was introduced as follows: "Sleeping in Jesus. By Mrs. Mackay, of Hedgefield. This simple but expressive sentence is inscribed on a tombstone in a rural burying-ground in Devonshire, and gave rise to the following verses."

Mrs. Mackay reprinted it in her "Thoughts Redeemed," 1854, and in connection therewith said: "The burying-ground meant is that of Pennycross Chapel. Distant only a few miles from a bustling and crowded seaport town, reached through a succession of those lovely green lanes for which Devonshire is so remarkable, the quiet aspect of Pennycross comes soothingly over the mind. 'Sleeping in Jesus' seems in keeping with all around."

The hymn has won much favor among all English-speaking peoples, and will doubtless continue its ministry of consolation to the bereaved and sorrowing until the coming of that day when it will be said, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

XXXIX

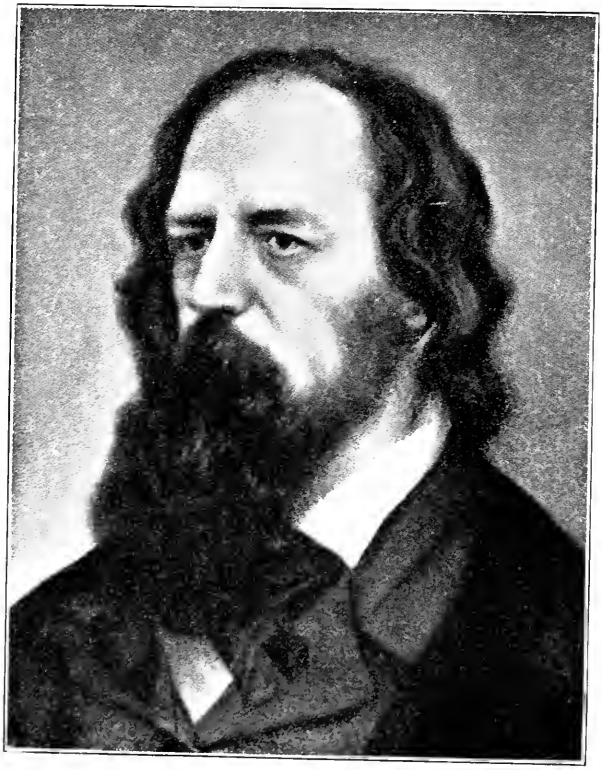
CROSSING THE BAR

"Nothing that Tennyson has ever written," declares Dr. Henry van Dyke, as quoted by Mr. Sutherland in *The Delineator*, for December, 1905, "is more beautiful in body and soul than 'Crossing the Bar.' It is perfect poetry—simple even to the verge of austerity, yet rich with all the suggestions of wide ocean and waning light and vesper bells; easy to understand and full of music, yet opening inward to a truth which has no words, and pointing onward to a vision which transcends all forms; it is a delight and a consolation, a song for mortal ears, and a prelude to the larger music of immortality."

The text of this beautiful lyric is as follows:

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

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

CROSSING THE BAR

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

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

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

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, wrote these lines in 1889, and they at once struck such a chord of popular sympathy as soon won for them a place in church hymnody. In producing them their author had no thought of writing a hymn, however, and possibly a strict adherence to his own ideal of what a good hymn should be would exclude them from the realm of church hymnody altogether.

"A good hymn," he tells us, "is the most difficult thing in the world to write. In a good hymn you have to be commonplace and poetical. The moment you cease to be commonplace, and put in any expression at all out of the common, it ceases to be a hymn."

"Crossing the Bar" will always appeal successfully to popular favor because of the

genuine poetry which breathes in its utterances, but is there not too much "out of the common" in it, and also too much irregularity in its meter, to admit of its ever becoming popular as a hymn? However this may be, the poem has found its way into some prominent church hymnals on both sides of the Atlantic, and, as a lyric for devotional use on occasions important but somewhat rare, it is likely to hold its place and enlarge its sphere of influence.

The story of its origin is related in Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir" of his father (Volume II., pp. 366, 367) as follows: "'Crossing the Bar' was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the Moaning of the Bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out.

"I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work.' He answered, 'It came in a moment.' He explained the 'Pilot' as 'that Divine Unseen who is always guiding us.'"

Mr. Hallam Tennyson also says, in the same connection, "A few days before my father's death he said to me: 'Mind you put "Crossing the Bar" at the end of all editions of my poems.'"

Space is lacking for even a brief sketch of the illustrious poet's life who wrote this exquisite swan-song, the breathings of which were remarkably fulfilled in the closing of his mortal career. One of his physicians, Sir Andrew Clark, declared Lord Tennyson's the most glorious death he had ever witnessed. "The tide of his life ebbed peacefully out into the great ocean of eternity, and so calmly did he respond to the beckoning hand of the death angel that those who stood about his bed scarcely knew when the end came. * * * There could not have been a gentler passing of a soul to its Creator."

"Crossing the Bar" was published the same year it was written, in "Demeter and other Poems," and at once became popular. The first use of it as a hymn was at Lord Tennyson's funeral in Westminster Abbey, October 12, 1892. The occasion itself was one of extraordinary impressiveness and of world-wide interest, and the scene at the interment of the body in Westminster Abbey has been preserved in a graphic pen picture drawn by the daughter of the Dean as follows: "As the procession slowly passed up the nave and paused beneath the lantern, where the coffin was placed during the first part of the burial service, the sun lit up the dark scene, and

touched the red-and-blue union jack upon the coffin with brilliant light, filtered through the painted panes of Chaucer's window on the cleared purple space by the open grave, and lighting up the beautiful bust of Dryden, the massive head of Longfellow, the gray tomb of Chaucer, and the innumerable wreaths heaped upon it. In the intense and solemn silence which followed the reading of the lesson were heard the voices of the choir singing in subdued and tender tones Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar'—those beautiful words in which the poet, as it were, foretold his calm and peaceful deathbed. In the second line the clear, thrilling notes of a boy's voice sounded like a silver trumpet call among the arches, and it was only at intervals that one distinguished Dr. Bridge's beautiful organ accompaniment, which swelled gradually from a subdued murmur, as of the moaning tide, into a triumphant burst from the voices, so blended together were words and music."

The Presbyterians were the first to give "Crossing the Bar" a place among the hymns of the Church. "A committee of the Free Church of Scotland engaged Sir Joseph Barnby to set it to music, and printed it in their 'Home and School Hymnal' of 1893. In this

country also the Presbyterians were the first to include it among their hymns, it appearing in 'The Hymnal' of 1895. It has since appeared in 'The Church Hymnary' of the Scottish churches in several independent collections."

Mr. Edward Lushington made a translation of "Crossing the Bar" into Greek which Lord Tennyson regarded as the finest translation he had ever read, and which Hallam Tennyson reproduces in a foot-note connected with his account of the poem as given above.

"Sunset and Evening Star" was a favorite of Dr. George Yardley Taylor, the brilliant young physician who gave up his life so heroically at Paotingfu, China, in the massacre of June, 1900. During the days preceding the tragedy, the little circle of men, women and children, who were so soon to seal their faith with their blood, frequently gathered about the organ in the compound and sang the songs of the home-land, now doubly dear and consoling to them because of their helplessness and need; and with pathetic prescience Tennyson's beautiful sunset hymn was always included. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which existed between the peaceful surroundings of the gifted author when he "crossed

the bar" in the early autumn morning and the wild tumult through which these brave young missionaries went to their martyrdom; but we doubt not that the same gentle Pilot who stood in the quiet moonlit chamber, while "the casement slowly grew a glimmering square," was also "keeping watch above His own" at the awful carnage, and that after the "twilight and evening bell" He tenderly guided them all—poet and martyrs—to their desired haven, to be with Him forever in "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Future Life

XL

JOYOUS PROSPECT OF IMMORTALITY

No production within the whole compass of church hymnody more vigorously and beautifully sets forth the joyous prospect of immortality to which believers are begotten through the gospel than the following from the pen of Charles Wesley:

And let this feeble body fail
  And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
  And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
  And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants
  In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown
  I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
  And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
  Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
  And take His exile home.

O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there:
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

TUNE—"ROBERTS."

This is one of Wesley's "Funeral Hymns," published in 1759. The original contained nine stanzas. The foregoing abridgment comprises stanzas one and two, the first half of stanzas five and six, and stanza nine of the original, with a few slight but important alterations which first appeared, according to Dr. Nutter, in the "York Pocket Hymn-Book" in 1786.

This noble lyric has been greatly blessed to thousands of God's dear saints in life and in the hour of death. It was a great favorite with the writer's father, and often did the good man cheer his own heart and brighten

his own hope in seasons of trial by the singing of its exalted and inspiring strains. All who were intimately acquainted with the late Rev. B. T. Roberts will also remember it as a hymn that was often on his lips, and that to the inspiration and comfort of both himself and those about him.

The singing of the stanza beginning,

"O what hath Jesus bought for me!"

by a pious young lady who was ill, about half a century ago, resulted in the conversion of her brother, sitting by her side as she sang. He was led to ask himself, "Has Jesus bought nothing for me?" Following this awakening he sought and found pardon, and, not long after, both the brother and sister, accompanied by another brother, left their native country to labor as missionaries in the island of Ceylon.

"Thousands of pious souls have been cheered by the words of this hymn," says Mr. Stevenson, "while passing through the dark valley. There is not a verse of it but has been made a blessing to some pilgrim." It is a hymn, too, that will live to be made a blessing to thousands more as the successive generations of mankind appear and pass away.

XLI

THE LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

There is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
  And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
  Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
  While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
  To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
  And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
  These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
  With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
  Should fright us from that shore.

TUNE—"VARINA."

Dr. Isaac Watts composed this beautiful hymn of faith and hope while yet a young man, and published it under the peculiar title, "A Prospect of Heaven Makes Death Easy." It is a "familiar song of the ages now, one of the 'folk-songs' of the American people at least." During upwards of thirty years of ministerial life, in which he has traveled quite extensively, the writer has found no place where the hymn is not familiar.

Dr. Watts wrote this hymn "at his native home in Southampton, while sitting at the window of a parlor which overlooks the river Itchen, and in full view of the Isle of Wight. The landscape there is very beautiful, and forms an enchanting model for a poet when describing the Paradise above."

The hymn is sweet, beautiful, and inspiring, breathing the atmosphere of hope and aspiration with regard to life beyond the tomb, and yet is expressive of a hope that trembles and shrinks because of the unclearness of its vision. In this respect it is less exultant than the hymns of Dr. Stennett and Charles Wesley written on similar themes. Dr. Stennett wrote the hymn beginning, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," in which he exultingly exclaims,—

"Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away;"

and Charles Wesley, in his hymn on "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," sings in loftiest strains of holy triumph,—

"The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality."

This hymn has ever had peculiar attractions for the suffering and the dying, and also for the bereaved and sorrowing. Its charm for these classes is due chiefly to the sweet and full assurance with which its first stanza speaks of the celestial Canaan and the enchanting imagery in which it describes the virtues of that heavenly country. Pages could be filled with instances in which the hymn has been a solace and an inspiration to weary pilgrims at the fording of Jordan, and to those who, at the brink of the river, have watched as their loved ones embarked, and then have turned away to linger yet a little in loneliness and sorrow before being permitted to join them in their celestial home, but our space is too limited for the in-

troduction of these interesting narratives here. May the vision which is the burden of this charming lyric and the hope which it inspires afford both the writer and his readers support and cheer in the hour of their farewell to earthly scenes and relationships.

XLII

FOREVER WITH THE LORD

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

FOREVER WITH THE LORD

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

TUNE—"NEARER HOME."

This is another of James Montgomery's invaluable contributions to Christian hymnody. He first published it in 1827, in two parts, the first containing nine stanzas and the second thirteen. The hymn as here given comprises stanzas one, two, fourteen, sixteen, seventeen and twenty-two, of the original, unaltered. Referring to the favor the production received in his time from the Christian public the author once said, "I received directly and indirectly more testimonials of approbation in reference to these verses, than perhaps any others I have written of the same class, with the exception of those on prayer."

Mr. Stevenson in commenting on the hymn aptly says, "This is one of those strains of sacred thought, which, having once taken hold of the public mind, will live in the service of song to the end of time. * * * The hymn remained unsung and unnoticed for a quarter of a century, when it was introduced to the public with a tune which was so well fitted to exhibit the force and beauty of the

words that the tune has recommended the hymn. * * * In Yorkshire, in which country it was written, the hymn is a great favorite, and it has frequently been used by dying Christians who had before them the bright reality of being—

'Forever with the Lord.'

"At one of the conferences of the Methodist Free Church held in Leeds, soon after the hymn was first introduced to Methodist readers, it was sung, and such a depth of spiritual power fell upon the assembly, that the Rev. James Everett, then an octogenarian, overwhelmed with emotion, fell prostrate in devout adoration as the singing progressed. This was witnessed by the conference, and the members knew the intense affection which existed between Montgomery and Everett." It is no wonder that all were powerfully moved at beholding this spectacle.

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