

The Evolution
of
Our Christian Hymnology

By Francis B. Reeves





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THE EVOLUTION OF
OUR CHRISTIAN HYMNOLOGY

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BY ✓
FRANCIS B. REEVES



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY	9
SACREDNESS OF OUR HYMNOLOGY.....	13
SOME OF OUR OLD HYMN BOOKS	37
THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY.....	63
THEOLOGIC PROGRESSION	73
SOME UNCLASSIBLE HYMNS	77
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW	93
SOME HYMNS BY INSPIRED WOMEN	98
SOME VALUED HYMNS BY WATTS AND OTHER MEN.....	116
HYMNS OF PATRIOTISM	134
HYMNS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL	144
COMMENTS ON DOGGEREL RHYMES.....	155
HYMN-MENDING	161
CHRISTIAN UNIFICATION	174
ADDENDA	179
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	193

HYMNS WITH TUNES.

	PAGE
AND AM I ONLY BORN TO DIE	57
A BRIGHTER DAY	190
AH! LOVELY APPEARANCE OF DEATH	93
AWAY TO SCHOOL	146
AND AM I BORN TO DIE	151
BEHOLD THE MAN THREE SCORE AND TEN	95
CALL AND CONSECRATION	189
DOWN TO THE TOMB OUR BROTHER GOES.....	78
FALSE ARE THE MEN OF HIGH DEGREE.....	85
FAREWELL, FAREWELL, DEAR FRIENDS.....	89
FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF JOHN	188
HARK, FROM THE TOMBS	45
HEAVENLY FATHER, GOD OF NATIONS	137
HOW GLORIOUS ART THOU.....	187
JUDGMENT DAY IS COMING ON.....	59
LORD, WHAT A THOUGHTLESS WRETCH WAS I.....	55
MY SOUL, COME MEDITATE THE DAY.....	61
NEARER, STILL NEARER	112
O, THE LOVE OF GOD ALMIGHTY.....	130
SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN	144
SINGING SCHOOL	145

	PAGE
STOOP DOWN, MY THOUGHTS.....	96
STOP, POOR SINNER	58
THE EVENING BOAT	145
THE LORD HAS COME INTO HIS WORLD.....	129
THE RISING MORNING CAN'T ENSURE.....	94
WHITHER GOEST THOU, PILGRIM, STRANGER.....	83
WHO CAN DESCRIBE THE PAIN.....	78

INTRODUCTORY.

The writing of this treatise was in fulfillment of an engagement to discourse it at a banquet entertainment of the Presbyterian Social Union of Philadelphia, at the Bellevue-Stratford, the evening of April 24, 1911.

Prior to the hour of its delivery several important matters necessarily encroached upon the time required for it, so that a large part of the manuscript had to be omitted, as also the singing by the quartet choir and the assembly of a number of hymns that had been selected for illustration of the subject. Under these circumstances a motion was made and adopted by unanimous vote of the two hundred and forty men present, requesting me to have the address published in book form.

Acceding to this request, and being relieved from the time limitation of a spoken address, I have embraced the opportunity to elaborate upon my theme considerably, though without branching out far beyond the lines suggested by my announced topic.

It is not my purpose to make a disquisition on this great subject historically, from the dawn of the day when "The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy" down to our day and generation, but simply to direct our thoughts reminiscentially to what I may term the Evolution of our Christian Hymnology, a joyful forward movement that has been clearly perceptible to me during my life of three-quarters of a century and has been accelerating materially in the last few decades.

Nor am I making this paper biographical of Hymnists or of their distinguished music composers, although, incidentally, many of them must figure measurably in the narrative. These

phases of the subject have been admirably treated in recent years in several books and religious newspapers; but I have no knowledge of any publication as yet along the special line that I have above indicated as my present purpose,—comparisons between the hymnody of the earlier and later periods under review, with evidence as to the causes of its distinct, radical evolution.

While brief reference will be made to earlier religious lyrics, this review will chiefly embrace the period from about the time when the paraphrased psalms of Dr. Isaac Watts and the hymns of the Wesleys practically held sway in the Reformed Churches (eighteenth century) down to the twentieth century.

Realizing as I do that the lovers of Christian worship in song by whatever denominational name known are “giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace,” with brotherly kindness and charity, I am relying more upon this, and the inherent goodness and attractiveness of my subject, than upon myself. Should anyone think there is too frequent use of the first person singular through these pages, I would say that, being no adept at story-telling, I find it difficult to avoid it.

Wherever the plural personal pronoun appears, I hope it may be accepted as applying to the author and all of his dear readers.

Whatever interest may be awakened by my treatment of the subject, or however my selection of the old abandoned psalms and hymns and comments thereupon may fall short of the ideal, I am sure that the multitude of spiritually ennobling hymns themselves, if carefully and prayerfully read in their entirety, will make up for all deficiencies. Many of them, already engraved deeply upon our hearts, are worthy of being rehearsed again and again, until they may be spoken in the

darkness of the stilly night when slumber's chains are binding us.

If by this writing I may be able to strike a responsive chord around the broad and ever-expanding circle of worshipful people, all deeply interested in every phase of religious advancement, then may we be able to sing again for the thousandth time—"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," a blessed hymn that has been sung by millions of voices for more than a century and that will not fade away until "Rolling years shall cease to move."

F. B. R.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,

October 10, 1911.

CHAPTER I.

SACREDNESS OF OUR HYMNOLOGY.

For the beginning of the literature of Psalmody we turn the pages of its history back to the Song of Moses and the children of Israel with Miriam and a great company of women accompanying the song with timbrels and dances.

In the Book of Exodus (15th chapter) we find this great song, the first of record in our Bible; these are its opening words—“*Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.*” In the Book of Psalms we have—“*With my Song will I praise Him*”;—“*He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God*”;—“*I will praise the name of God with a song*”;—“*Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing*” and many other well-known calls to sing joyful praises to Jehovah. In 1st Chron. (6:31) following a long string of names of men, we read, “*And these are they whom David set over the Service of Song in the house of the Lord, * * * and they ministered before the dwelling place of the tabernacle of the congregation with singing, * * * for they were employed in that work day and night.*”

The Chronicler goes on to tell us that the “Sweet Psalmist of Israel” ordered a Choir to sing thanksgiving to God when the ark of God was brought into the midst of the tent, “*and he delivered to the Choir a psalm to thank the Lord.*”

And when David made Solomon his son King over Israel, we are told that four thousand praised the Lord with the instruments which, David said, “*I made to praise the Lord therewith.*” Another Choir, as recorded in the Chronicles, consisted of the children of Haman, fourteen sons and three daughters, who, quoting literally, “*Were under the hands of their father for song in the house of the Lord with cymbals, psalteries and*

harps for the service of the house of God." It is written that singers were added to this Choir until it numbered two hundred fourscore and eight. In David's 57th Psalm it is written: "*I will sing, yea I will sing praises. Awake up my glory; awake psaltery and harp * * * I will sing praises unto Thee among the nations."*

It is written in the Book of Ezra:—"And when the builders laid the foundation of the temple of Jehovah, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites, the sons of Asaph, with cymbals, to praise Jehovah after the order of David, King of Israel. And they sang one to another in praising and giving thanks unto Jehovah, saying—"For He is good, for his loving kindness endureth forever toward Israel.'"

In the New Testament, in MATTHEW'S GOSPEL, we read this, its first reference to Christian Song—"And when they had sung an hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives."

LUKE, writing of Paul and Silas in the prison, says—"At midnight they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them."

PAUL, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, said—"I will pray with the spirit and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also."

JAMES wrote—"Is any among you suffering? Let him pray. Is any cheerful? Let him sing praise."

Immediately after our Lord's ascension to heaven, it is said of His beloved disciples: "*They worshipped Him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God."*

In Revelation 14 we read—"I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of harpers with their harps; and they sing a new song before the throne * * * and no man could learn the song save the hundred and forty and four thousand which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

Special significance attaches to Col. 3: 16, where we find that the Apostle Paul believed that the singing of psalms and

hymns carried with it both instruction and warning as well as praise and prayer, when he wrote—“*Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.*” Note it must be with grace in our hearts; every word must be expressive of the heart’s sincere desire, and if we would have the singing of psalms and hymns to be acceptable to God and promotive of our spirituality, we must always take them to heart as an embodiment of adoration, thanksgiving and supplication, and not chiefly for the gratification of our musical taste. I quote the following from William Charles Braithwaite’s “Early Hymns:”

The singing of psalms had an important place in the Jewish worship, for example, the sequence of psalms from the 113th to the 118th was sung several times during the Passover week, and is probably alluded to in Matt. 26:30. The Christians very naturally kept up this Jewish custom and made use of hymns at their “feasts of love” and other meetings. The earliest of the Christian hymns were in Greek. “Early in the morning,” according to Pliny, “the Christians sing a hymn of praise to Christ as to a God.” This hymn, handed down from the second century, and known in the Latin form as the “Gloria in Excelsis,” is delightful in its simplicity. It begins with the angelic anthem, “Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth peace, Good-will towards men,” and continues in an outburst of prayer to Christ, “O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that bearest the sins of the world, supply our need. Thou who sittest on the right hand of the Father have mercy upon us. For Thou art alone holy, Thou Christ Jesus art alone Lord in the glory of God the Father.” It is a striking fact that the earliest Christian hymns set forth most clearly the divinity of our Lord.

Certainly no argument is required to make it clear that music, both vocal and instrumental, in the public worship of God is sanctioned by His Holy Word. I have imagined that our esteemed Quaker friends abstain from its use because they have thought otherwise, probably influenced by such isolated passages of Scripture as these: “*The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.*” “*They that worship Him must worship Him in spirit.*” “*Woe unto them that sing*

idle songs to the sound of the viol, that invent to themselves instruments of music like David," a woe pronounced, not against music, but "against a Godless dissipated people who, in profane mirth, with their new-fashioned instruments, mimicked the temple music and took pride in bantering it."

In recent conversations with prominent members of the Society of Friends, I was told that opposition to singing in meeting is dying away; that while its proscription was insisted upon for many years, it was because of the conviction that music in worship was a ceremony and formality to be avoided as something that would divert them from that state of silent waiting most favorable for the moving of God's Spirit within them, and that now there is a strong tendency in the Society to correct their mistake.

Edgar L. Requa, in a contribution to "The American Friend" four years ago, entitled "The Quaker Idea of Music in its Relation to Worship," said:

It is the Lord who moves us to speak, pray, sing or take any outward part in worship. * * * We read of musical instruments in Heaven. Since we find them in the God-ordained temple, which has passed away, and in Heaven, which is to last forever, and in our homes, who shall say they are not legitimate in our churches? * * * We are in the beginning of a revival of music. It is being felt everywhere. * * * We should be leaders and in the stillness of our silence, hear the voice and message of music and proclaim it to the world. * * * Music is pure and spiritual when it proceeds from and appeals to that which is pure and spiritual within. * * * The use of music in worship is twofold. First, to express the feelings of the heart. Second, to impress emotions or truths. Hence, in worship, the office of music is that of praise. The music should be of a nature that praises and extols the Lord. Such singing is worship. This does not conflict with Friends' theory of worship on the basis of silence or the leading of the Lord. Since, according to Barclay, "Worship consists in a holy dependence of the mind upon the Lord," what right have we to say the Lord does not lead to sing as well as to speak or to pray?

I thank God that in the interpretation of the Scriptures I have learned to compare Scripture with Scripture, nothing

daunted by seeming discrepancies, holding fast the golden chain that runs unbroken from Moses to John, the revelator, a chain upon the links of which I see words engraved—Love, Forgiveness, Truth, Praise, Peace, Devotion. The literature of our Christian hymns overflows with these noblest of all words.

Musical instruments of whatever kind in religious service should be regarded as only a means to an end, a help to congregational singing. The same may be said of the choir. The scriptural injunction is not Let the choir praise Thee, O God, but it is "*Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.*" So important a part of divine worship should not be rendered by proxy. The Church has made a great advance in this respect since our grandfathers' time, when, for lack of hymn books in the pews and total absence of books with tunes, the hymns were lined out by the minister, when the sermon and the "long prayer" absorbed an hour and a quarter, the high pulpit being then the alpha and omega of the service.

No musical instruments, whether harp, sackbut, psaltery, or pipe organ, can be too good for the sanctuary; and the more highly cultivated the choir singers the better for the service. It would be commendable if professing Christians who are patrons of grand opera would expend half the cost of such patronage upon their church music, thereby not only pleasing themselves, but also raising the standard of musical appreciation and providing enjoyment, combining spiritual uplifting for the many who cannot afford the luxury of the world's high art in opera.

A few thoughts arise here about the choir, sometimes a source of anxiety shared both by the congregation and the minister. It ought never to be other than a helpful auxiliary of the devotional exercise of united praise and worship. As a general thing the quartette is better than the large chorus; it is simpler and more easily trained in practice of the hymns and anthems. Four excellent singers are more readily acquired than are twenty. In either case, drilling beforehand by the leader is essentially necessary, to the end that all parts may be

in perfect unison, and especially that every word and every syllable of the hymn or anthem may be distinctly articulated. A too frequent palpable error is failure to pronounce the consonants, particular the "s" and "t." The printed anthem in the hands of worshipers is often absolutely essential to the understanding of the words being sung by the choir, and even this may emphasize the defects of the choir. As a fair example of this averment, I have often noticed that the old long-meter doxology, as rendered by choir and congregation, sounds like

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him all creatures here below:
 Praise Him above ye heavenly ho;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Go.

If we are to have a choir of any dimensions, and if our singing is to be honored with its proper place in the house of God, it should be in all respects as nearly perfect as our humanity can make it.

More than half our hymns are prayers in verse. Every one of us should know for what we are praying as we sing them.

It is with me a conviction, strengthened by long experience, that the leader of the song service, especially in the Sunday School, should impress it upon every soul that devout attention should be given to the words, the sentiments of the *hymn*; that, if it be a prayer-hymn, it should be regarded as truly a prayer as though offered to God with closed eyes on bended knees. We who are in touch with the song service of the church and Sunday School believe that it imparts a potent, evangelizing, comforting influence upon religious life and character, sometimes giving us "the wings of faith to rise within the veil"; to "rise from transitory things towards heaven, our native place."

The history of Church Hymnody of all lands, especially all English-speaking countries, proves that it has ever been so.

Fifteen hundred years ago, in his "Confessions," the great Augustine said:

How did I weep in thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet attuned church. The voices

flowed into my ears and the truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotion overflowed and tears ran down and happy was I therein. Not long had the Church of Milan to use this kind of consolation and exhortation, the brethren zealously joining with harmony of voice and hearts; for it was a year, or not much more, that Justina, mother to the Emperor Valentine, a child, persecuted thy servant Ambrose. . . . The devout people kept watch in the church, ready to die with their bishop. Then it was first instituted that after the manners of the Eastern Church, hymns and psalms should be sung, lest the people should wax faint through the tediousness of service. And from that day to this the custom is retained, almost all thy congregations throughout other parts of the world following therein.

St. Jerome relates of the place where he lived:

You could not go into the field, but you might hear the plowman at his hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vine-dresser singing David's Psalms.

Rev. Richard Baxter, seventeenth century, said:

There is no exercise that I had rather live and die in than singing praises to our Redeemer and Jehovah.

Wordsworth voiced our sentiments in these lines:

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., writes of the 85th Psalm, which is entitled "A Psalm of the Sons of Korah, for the Chief Musician:"

It is well to direct our attention to the power and blessing of singing and learning and repeating hymns. What we need is inspiration, uplift, a dwelling in the highest spiritual atmosphere of the best hymns and the most inspiring music.

We need to sing more enthusiastic songs of religion, and of our leader, Jesus Christ. In the struggles of the Huguenots for deeper religion, and for freedom of religious life, they sang the psalms with all the enthusiasm of their souls. In France the psalms set to popular music became one of the principal instruments in the success of the Reformed Church. Children learned

them. They were sung at every meal in the household of Prince Coligny. The psalms sustained the courage of the martyrs in their torture. Simple women went to their martyr death singing psalms; and virgins went to the scaffold singing psalms, as gaily as to their bridal. Brave men went to battle and to victory singing the psalms.

From an article by Rev. Francis Edward Marsten, D.D., Pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, New York City, in "The American Messenger," on "Music in the Sanctuary," I quote:

All symbolism in the service of God's house ought to be worship. Form does not make worship, nor does art, creed, prayer or sermon. Unless the form is filled with the Spirit of God, it is empty, void, dead. Dead things cannot make living spirituality. God, who is Spirit, must be approached in spirit and in truth.

Music in divine worship must be consecrated by the spirit and purpose of him whose expression of thought, feeling and adoration it is. Worship must be conducted by consecrated vessels through which the fire of the Holy Spirit speaks. We are exhorted to preach, to pray and to sing. The one function is as sacred as the other. It is the religious sentiment that stamps church music as sacred the world over. Those great oratorios, written by devout men, such as "The Messiah" and "Elijah," afford in their divine thought fitting expression for the movements of the musical composition. They are not simply aggregations of sweet sounds but musical thoughts, expressing elevated and spiritual conditions.

In a book entitled "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," written by William Law, A.M., the eighth edition of which was published in Dublin in 1779, there is something applicable to this theme that is very interesting. I quote:

There is one thing still remaining, that you must be required to observe, not only as fit and proper to be done, but such as cannot be neglected without great prejudice to your devotions. And that is, begin all your prayers with a psalm. This is so right, is so beneficial to devotion, has so much effect upon our hearts, that it may be insisted upon as a common rule for all persons. I do not mean that you should read over a psalm, but that you should chant it or sing it. For singing is as

much the proper use of a psalm as devout supplication is the proper use of a form of prayer. And a psalm that is only read is very much like a prayer that is only looked *over*. Now the method of chanting a psalm such as is used in the colleges and universities and in some churches is such as all persons are capable of. You are therefore to consider this chanting or singing of a song as something that is to awaken all that is good and holy within you, that is to call your spirits to their proper duty, and to tune all the powers of your soul to worship and adoration. For there is nothing that so clears a way for your prayers, nothing that so disperses dullness of heart, nothing that so purifies the soul from *poor* and *little* passions, nothing that so *opens* heaven or carries your heart so near it, as these *Songs of Praise*. They kindle a holy flame, they turn your heart into an altar, your prayers into incense, and carry them as a sweet-smelling savor to the throne of Grace.

Professor John Stuart Blackie, born in Glasgow, 1809; educated at the University of Edinburgh, and its Professor of Greek, 1852, issued in 1857 a volume of hymns and songs entitled "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece with Other Poems," from which I quote this:

I sometimes wish myself back in the Middle Ages, when the minstrel was the only teacher, and when singing was almost the only sermon. And I will tell you why; reading is a stupid, dull kind of thing, but singing stirs up the whole soul. In the best days of the world there was no reading and no books at all. Homer never saw a book, never could have seen a book. I think we see a great deal too many books. A great many people become mere reading machines, having no living functions at all. I would like some time to give you a lecture on the logic of education. It simply means that you must learn to use your legs, your hands, your ears, your tongues, and your throats—rather than to be crammed up with all sorts of things and then measured with red tape by a gentleman from London. Especially if you wish to be happy, cultivate song. I am rather a young old boy, and I am one of the happiest creatures under the sun at this moment; and my amusement is to sing songs. In railway coaches and other places I see a number smoking what they call tobacco. Well, whatever they may say about that, it is not an intellectual or a moral stimulant, and the flavor of it is not at all like the rose or any poetic thing I know. It is essentially a vulgar sort of amusement. My amusement is to sing songs. At home I am always singing Scotch songs; and abroad, when those

wretches are smoking, I hum to myself, "Scots wha hae," "A man's a man for a' that," and songs of that kind. I advise you to do the same. Your soul will become a singing bird, and then the devil won't get near it.

By permission I quote the following from Rev. Dr. William B. Bodine's superb work entitled "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers":

Henry Ward Beecher has well said: "Hymns are the exponents of the inmost piety of the Church. They are crystalline tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures. They are the jewels which the Church has won; the pearls, the diamonds and precious stones formed into amulets more potent against sorrow and sadness than the most famous charms of wizard or magician. And he who knows the way hymns flowed, knows where the blood of piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries to the very heart.

There are Crusaders' hymns, that rolled forth their truth upon the Oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time below and ten thousand palm leaves whispered and kept time above. Other hymns fulfilling the promise of God, that His saints should mount up with wings as eagles, have borne up the sorrows, the desires, and the aspirations of the poor, the oppressed and the persecuted, of Huguenots, of Covenanters, and of Puritans, and winged them to the bosom of God.

One hymn hath opened the morning in ten thousand families, and dear children, with sweet voices, have charmed the evening in a thousand places with the utterance of another. Nor do I know of any steps now left on earth by which one may so soon rise above trouble or weariness as the verses of a hymn and the notes of a tune. And if the angels that Jacob saw sang when they appeared, then I know that the ladder which he beheld was but the scale of divine music let down from heaven to earth."

CHAPTER II.

SOME ANCIENT HYMNS.

Before taking up for consideration the period of years that I have indicated, brief attention will be given, parenthetically, to a few notable hymns written centuries earlier, good combinations of poetry and piety, hymns that are yet, and ever will be, sacredly cherished by every devout soul in Christendom, sacred poems untouched by any evolutionary movement. As examples I will mention, first, one by CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, third century:

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

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

Another by ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, seventh century:

Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy Cross.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end the day.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Translated as we have it by Rev. John Mason Neale, of London, half a century ago, it was revived imperishably 1868 by John B. Dykes' wonderfully well adapted tune—*St. Andrew of Crete*.

Many of the grand old Latin and Greek hymns of the sixth to ninth centuries are sacredly cherished in the twentieth, and will ever be. There is in them, a simplicity and depth of humble, trustful piety that has never been surpassed by latter-day hymnists. Of their several translations into English, those of Dr. Neale are given priority.

The "Church Hymnal" (Episcopal), of 1899, contains twenty-three of Dr. Neale's translations, and the new hymnal of the Presbyterians about the same number. One that is in all our best collections is the following by an unknown author of the seventh century. Originally it comprised nine verses, the first beginning "Blessed City, Heavenly Salem." I quote the four that are generally selected by publishers. Its tune should always be Henry Smart's *Regent Square*.

Christ is made the sure foundation,	To this temple where we call Thee,
Christ the head and corner-stone,	Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,	With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Binding all the Church in one;	Hear Thy people as they pray;
Holy Zion's help forever,	And Thy fullest benediction
And her confidence alone.	Shed within its walls alway.

All that dedicated city,	Laud and honor to the Father,
Dearly loved of God on high,	Laud and honor to the Son,
In exultant jubilation	Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Pours perpetual melody;	Ever Three and ever One,
God the One in Three adoring,	Consubstantial, co-eternal,
In glad hymns eternally.	While unending ages run.

An ancient Greek hymn, translated 1864 by Rev. Gerard Moultrie, illustrating in verse the parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins (25th of Matthew), is as beautiful as it is true to its text. I quote it all:

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh in the
middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt,
whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the
Master shall surprise,
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and
with slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest
thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and
lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a
watchful eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy God, have
mercy upon us."

That day, the day of fear shall come;
my soul slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well,
and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may
sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes!
Arise!
Go forth to meet the Bride!"

Beware, my soul! take thou good
heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and
knock and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp un-
dimmed, and Christ shall gird
thee on
His own bright wedding robe of light,
—the glory of the Son.

Other pious poets coming later are JOHN OF DAMASCUS,
eighth century, author of:

"O day of resurrection, earth tell it out aloud"

and

"Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness."

ST. STEPHEN, eighth century, nephew of John of Damas-
cus, in a wilderness of distress near the brook Kedron, wrote
the immortal hymn:

"Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

Eleven hundred years later this precious hymn was freely
and beautifully transfused into English by Rev. John Mason
Neale. Its union with Sir Henry W. Baker's tune, *Stepha-
nos*, should never be broken, although Bullinger's *Geneva* is
a favorite with some.

ST. THEODULPH OF ORLEANS, ninth century, left the Chris-
tian Church a golden heritage in that grand Palm-Sunday
hymn:

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

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply.

To Thee before Thy passion
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.

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

Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.

Its own and only tune, *St. Theodulph*, was composed by Melchior Teschner in 1615.

The twelfth century, the great hymn known as the "Jewish Playne Song," was written, its authorship never having been revealed. As translated by Rev. John M. Neale we have it, beginning:

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, Thou Day-Spring, come
 and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine Advent here:
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to
 flight.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, Thou Rod of Jesse; free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Thou Lord of
 night!
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
 In ancient times didst give the law,
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

We are singing it yet to the oldest tune of record in the history of hymnody, known as *Jewish Playne Song*; and to C. Gounod's *Veni Emmanuel*. The meaning of "playne song" is given in Cranoner's report to Henry VIII upon the translation of the Liturgy into English: "The song made thereunto should not be so full of notes, but as near as may be for every syllable a note, that it may be sung distinctly and devoutly." It was not to be "the quavering operose music which is called figured."

Among the Christian centuries the twelfth gleams brightly with a name to live evermore for its glorious Christian hymns. It was then that Mary's thanksgiving song, in jubilant response to Elizabeth's salutation—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour," was set to the sweet strain known as *The Magnificat*. And it was then that ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY left the Church the priceless lyric known as "The Celestial Country," from which Rev. John M. Neale garnered the three hymns next following, which, like all of his perfect translations, have greatly enriched the treasury of our revered spiritual songs. These hymns are set in our best hymnals to several tunes, the favorites being *Erwing*, by Lieut. Col. Alexander Ewing; *O Bona Patria*, by Sullivan; *St. Alphege*, by Gauntlett, and *Urbs Beata*, by Le Jeune.

PART I.

Jerusalem, the golden!
 With milk and honey blest;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, O, I know not,
 What joys await me there!
 What radiancy of glory!
 What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

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

PART 2.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep:
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart,
 And none, O Peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz,
 Unite in thee their rays:
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethysts unpriced;
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

The cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise:
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They build thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

PART 3.

Brief life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there!
 O happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest,
 For mortals and for sinners,
 A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure;
 Such pleasure as below
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know;
 And after fleshly weakness,
 And after this world's night,
 And after storm and whirlwind,
 Are calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown;
 And He Whom now we trust in,
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see Him,
 Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day;
 Yes! God my King and portion,
 In fullness of His grace,
 We then shall see forever,
 And worship face to face.

The following, one of the most pathetic of the Latin hymns by the Clunian Saint, has survived seven hundred years, and is still in use by the Roman Catholic Church:

By the cross, sad vigil keeping,
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,
 While on it the Saviour hung;
 In that hour of deep distress,
 Pierced the sword of bitterness
 Thro' her heart with sorrow wrung.

Who's the man could view unmoved
 Christ's sweet mother, whom He loved
 In such dire extremity?
 Who his pitying tears withhold,
 Christ's sweet mother to behold,
 Sharing in his agony?

Oh, how sad—how woe-begone,
 Was that ever blessed one,
 Mother of the Son of God!
 Oh, what bitter tears she shed,
 Whilst before her Jesus bled,
 'Neath the Father's penal rod!

Ever with thee, at thy side,
 'Neath the Christ, the crucified,
 Mournful mother, let me be!
 By the cross, sad vigil keeping,
 Ever watchful, ever weeping,
 Thy companion constantly.

Another BERNARD, of the Convent of Clairvaux, known as the most learned and devout saint of the twelfth century, whom Luther avowed was the best monk who ever lived, was the author of many grand lyrics, the excellent translations of which seem to be immortalized. Among them are the following three, which I quote in part:

1.

O Sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down; Now scornfully surrounded With thorns Thine only crown;	What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered, Was all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain.
O Sacred Head, what glory, What bliss till now was Thine!	Lo, here I fall, my Saviour! 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.	Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

2.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee, With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.	O hope of every contrite heart, O joy of all the meek, To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find, A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name, The Saviour of mankind.	But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show; The love of Jesus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be:
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

3.

Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts! Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!	Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call;
From the best bliss that earth imparts We turn unfill'd to Thee again.	To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, all in all.

We taste Thee, O Thou living bread!	Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
And long to feast upon Thee still;	Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
We drink of Thee the Fountain Head,	Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
And thirst, from Thee our souls to fill.	Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay!
 Make all our moments calm and bright!
 Chase the dark night of sin away!
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

PETER ABELARD, twelfth century, composed, and Dr. J. M. Neale, in 1854, translated the splendid hymn of which I quote four verses:

O, what their joy and their glory must be,	Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see;	We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;	Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land, Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
God shall be All, and in all ever blest.	

We, where no trouble distraction can bring,	Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Safely the anthems of Zion shall sing;	Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise	Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son,
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.	Through whom, the Spirit, with these, ever One.

THOMAS OF CELANO, thirteenth century, wrote the splendid hymn of nineteen verses, "Dies Irae," "Day of Wrath, O, Day of Mourning," which, with Dykes' incomparable tune, is preserved intact in some of our higher-class hymnals.

The same author is responsible for the doleful hymn

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

It may still be found in a few of our church hymnals, set to its appropriate, depressing tune, *Windham*, composed by Daniel Read, A. D. 1785.

With heartfelt gratitude we recall and revere God's own MARTIN LUTHER, sixteenth century, for his thirty to forty courageous hymns, some versions of the Psalms, others of Latin renderings, and a few of original composing. Of his versions of the Psalms, that of the 46th, "Ein Feste Burg," has held firmest hold of us to this day.

Dr. Philip Schaff, great German-American scholar, in an article on German hymnody, in "Dr. Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology," says of Luther and this hymn: "The leader of the Reformation was also the first evangelical hymnist. To Luther belongs the extraordinary merit of having given to the German people in their own tongue the Bible, the Catechism and the Hymn Book, so that God might speak *directly* to them in His word, and that they might *directly* answer Him in their songs. Some of them are immortal; most of all, that triumphant war-cry of the Reformation which has so often been reproduced in other languages, and which resounds with mighty effects on great occasions—'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott'":

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

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

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.

That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

As written by Luther, this great hymn consisted of eight verses of nine lines each. The most highly regarded of its several translations from the German to English was made by Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., 1852, although some give precedence to Thomas Carlyle's, 1831. Dr. Hedge's is now generally adopted by publishers, although they all cut it down from eight to four verses. I quote the vigorous eighth verse as a sample of the four discarded ones:

God's word for all their craft and force
 One moment will not linger;
 But spite of hell shall have its course;
 'Tis written by His finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife;
 Yet is their profit small;
 These things may vanish all:
 The city of God remaineth.

This is one of the hymns that should never have been scissored. We know the regulation idea that, in church services, four or five verses of any hymn should suffice, but would it not be well to make exceptions, even at the cost of cutting five minutes off a weighty sermon? Don't hymns preach to us?

Another sixteenth century Christian poet is REV. WILLIAM KETHE, author of our ever-living "Old Hundredth."

<p>All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice.</p>	<p>O enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto; Praise, laud, and bless His name al- ways, For it is seemly so to do.</p>
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<p>Know that the Lord is God indeed; Without our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.</p>	<p>For why! the Lord our God is good, His mercy is forever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.</p>
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The tune composed for it in 1551, called *Old Hundred*, is found in the "Genevan Psalter" of that date, and is still honored with a place in all our good church hymn books.

The seventeenth century gave to the world the sacred poems of BISHOP THOMAS KEN, REV. RICHARD BAXTER, JOSEPH ADDISON, REV. JOHANN HEERMANN, REV. GEORGE HERBERT, REV. PAULUS GERHARDT. Paramount among them stands BISHOP KEN, whom, though we have seen him not, we revere for his gift to us of our immortalized universal "Doxology":

"Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,"

written in 1692. It is the closing verse of his soul-uplifting "Morning Hymn":

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

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

His inimitable "Evening Hymn" will endure forever. Its first verse is:

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and
Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous
make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,	O when shall I in endless day,
My soul with heavenly thoughts sup- ply;	Forever chase dark sleep away, And hymns divine with angels sing,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,	All praise to Thee, Eternal King?
No powers of darkness me molest.	

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Church has been singing it to Tallis's *Evening Hymn*, as the consecrated tune is named, for more than two centuries.

Rev. Dr. William B. Bodine, in his book, from which I have quoted, says of this wonderful doxology:

I had rather have written those words than anything else ever written by man, composed only of four brief lines. They seem fitting words to be sung by the myriad hosts of the redeemed, when in the great day of final reward they shall stand before the throne with palms in their hands and boundless rejoicing in their souls.

The poet Montgomery has well said, "Bishop Ken has laid the Church of Christ under abiding obligations by his three hymns, Morning, Evening and Midnight. Had he endowed three hospitals he might have been less a benefactor to humanity."

In JOHN WESLEY'S "Hymns for the People Called Methodists," 1779, this "Morning Hymn" contains these two verses not appearing in our present-day books, followed by the doxology:

Let all thy converse be sincere,	Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;	And with the angels, take thy part;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys	Who all night long unwearied sing,
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.	High glory to the eternal King.

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.

Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, in his "English Hymns," says: "There are thirty-two editions of Bishop Ken's 'Manual'

from 1674 to 1799. The present writer has also seen the 'Morning' and 'Evening' hymns, in ten syllable verses, in the famous 'Thumb Bible.' This is a small copy of the Word of God, prepared by Jeremy Taylor for the son of Princess Anne, who died in 1700. * * The prefixed motto speaks more for the editor's piety than for his grammar :

With care and pains, out of the Sacred Book,
This little abstract I for thee have took.

In the child's Bible the "Morning Hymn" is given thus :

Glory to Thee, my God, who safe hast kept,
And me refreshed, while I securely slept,
Lord, this day guard me, lest I may transgress;
And all my undertakings guide and bless.
And since to Thee, my vows I now renew,
Scatter my by-past sins as Morning Dew;
That so Thy glory may shine clear this day,
In all I either think, or do, or say: Amen.

Bishop Ken used to sing his "Morning Hymn" to his own accompaniment on the lute. He joined the "Choir Invisible" in 1711.

A spirit-rousing "Morning Hymn," written by F. R. VON CANITZ, late in the seventeenth century, treasured in the twentieth, is:

<p>Come my soul, thou must be waking! Now is breaking O'er the earth another day: Come to Him Who made this splen- dor, See thou render All thy feeble strength can pay.</p>	<p>Think that He thy ways beholdeth; He unfoldeth Every thought that lurks within; He the hidden shame glossed over Can discover And discern each deed of sin.</p>
<p>Pray that He may prosper ever Each endeavor, When thine aim is good and true! But that He may ever thwart thee; And convert thee, When thou evil would'st pursue.</p>	<p>Mayest thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow, Pass away in slumber sweet; And, released from death's dark sad- ness, Rise in gladness, That far brighter Sun to greet.</p>

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
 But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
 All things in unclouded day.

Two well-adapted tunes claim this hymn—*Haydn*, arranged from Joseph Haydn, eighteenth century, and *Lux Prima*, by Sir John Stainer, 1872.

CHAPTER III.

SOME OF OUR OLD HYMN BOOKS.

Reluctantly leaving these ante-eighteenth century hymnists, I will now give place to the psalms and hymns of the period already mapped out for this sketch, from the middle of the eighteenth, along through the nineteenth century, the years of our dear fathers and grandfathers, with whose memories we are still in loving touch. Of publications covering this period I have many faithfully used old psalm and hymn books, treasured family heirlooms, among which are—

John Wesley's Collection, 1779.

Wesley's Hymns, 1795.

"The Easy Instructor or Sacred Harmony," by William Little, 1798 and 1807.

"Dr. Timothy Dwight's Collection," 1800, "ordered by joint action of the General Association of the State of Connecticut and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A."

John Dobell's "New Selection of Seven Hundred Evangelical Hymns; Many Original," 1806.

"Maryland Sunday School Hymn Book," 1810.

"Watts' Psalms, Carefully Suited to Christian Worship," 4 x 2¼ x 1 inch, containing 353 versions of the Psalms and 366 hymns, 1813.

"Dobell's Enlarged New Edition," 1825.

"Village Hymns, Watts," 1825.

Dr. John Rippon's "Selection of Hymns," 1826.

"The Sunday School Hymn Book," published by the American S. S. Union, 370 hymns, 1826. It is ½ inch thick, 2½ inches wide, 4 inches long.

"The Psalms of David, Imitated in the Language of the New Testament," by Dr. Watts, 1828, with 225 versions of Psalms and 366 hymns, entitled "Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

"The Christian Lyre," unique, in that all its hymns are provided with tunes, 1833.

"Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts," arranged by Dr. Rippon, 1834, containing 1310 hymns, published by J. B. Lip-pincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Psalms and Hymns," approved by The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., 1838. Of its about 900 psalms and hymns, 548 are compositions of Isaac Watts. This was entered according to act of Congress by George Fleming, 1834.

"Psalms and Hymns" adapted to social, private and public worship in the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., etc., 1843. Five editions were published during the succeeding twenty years.

"Parish Psalmody," published by Perkins & Purvis, Philadelphia, 1844; and a magnificent large volume of same name, published by Henry Perkins in 1849. This book contains a perfect index of first lines of stanzas, 4270 in number.

"Methodist Hymns," 1849—a book $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long x $2\frac{1}{4}$ wide x 1 inch thick, containing 1046 hymns, chiefly by Watts and Charles Wesley.

The first book named in the foregoing list is entitled "A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists," by the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. At the date of its preface, October 20, 1779, John Wesley was in the 73d year of his age. It includes a supplement, dated 1830. This little book, $5\frac{1}{2}$ x $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and $\frac{3}{8}$ inches thick, contains 769 hymns with most elaborate indices, including index to every verse, 4000 in number, and 200 "Subjects" of hymns, beginning with Abraham and ending with Zerubbabel. Thirty-four of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament, and all the books of the New Testament are illustrated.

As its egoistic introduction throws a strong light on Wesley's peculiar characteristics and presents to us moderns an interesting study of the old hymn book business and of these ancient hymnals, I quote it without abridgement:

1. For many years I have been importuned to publish such a hymn-book as might be generally used in all our congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland. I have hitherto withstood the importunity, as I believed such a publication was needless, considering the various hymn-books which my brother and I have published within these forty years last past; so that it may be doubted whether any religious community in the world has a greater variety of them.

2. But it has been answered, "Such a publication is highly needful upon this very account; for the greater part of the people, being poor, are not able to purchase so many books; and those that have purchased them are, as it were, bewildered in the immense variety. A proper collection of hymns for general use, carefully made out of all these books, is therefore still wanting; and one comprised in so moderate a compass, as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive."

3. It has been replied, "You have such a collection already, (entitled 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs') which I extracted several years ago from a variety of hymn-books." But it is objected, "This is in the other extreme: it is far too small. It does not, it cannot, in so narrow a compass, contain variety enough; not so much as we want, among whom singing makes so considerable a part of the public service. What we want is a collection not too large, that it may be cheap and portable; nor too small that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions."

4. Such a hymn-book you have now before you. It is not so large as to be either cumbersome or expensive; and it is large enough to contain such a variety of hymns as will not soon be worn threadbare. It is large enough to contain all the most important truths of our most holy religion, whether speculative or practical; yea, to illustrate them all, and to prove them both by Scripture and reason; and this is done in regular order. The hymns are not carelessly jumbled together but carefully ranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Christians. So that this book is, in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

5. As but a small part of these hymns is of my own composing, I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare, that I am persuaded no such hymn-book as this has yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of scriptural Christianity? such a declaration of the heights and depths of religion, speculative and practical? so strong cautions against the most plausible errors; particularly those that are now most prevalent? and so clear directions for making your calling and election sure; for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

6. May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the poetry? Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence, 1. In these hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombast, on the one hand, or low and creeping, on the other. 3. Here are no cant expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us know not what they say. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no words but in a fixed and determinate sense. 4. Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge (these are the only competent judges) whether there be not in some of the following hymns the true spirit of poetry, such as cannot be acquired by art and labour, but must be the gift of nature. By labour a man may become a tolerable imitator of Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton, and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as "pale-eyed" "meek-eyed," and the like; but unless he be *born* a poet, he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry.

7. And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.

This entire preface of nearly 1000 words is printed on a single page of this tiny book.

The published hymns of John Wesley and his younger brother, Charles, outnumbered those of any others in ancient history, excepting only Dr. Watts. Some of John's, but many more of Charles', have continued in use to this day. As many of Dr. Watts' have survived as of the two Wesleys' combined. As these three, and others of their times, flooded the market

with thousands, some of them treasured to-day, and worthy of perpetuation, it is pertinent to ask why have the most of them been lost to sight and to memory? Why have they been abandoned? There's a reason! The evolutionary law of the survival of the fittest has been working for us. The pure air of our Christian assemblies will never more vibrate with such songs as these from which I shall now quote some verses. It will be observed that, while they sound a terrible warning to *all* sinners, many are addressed particularly to the rich, the princes, the high and mighty powers, "The powers that be," against whom fiery darts are hurled with dire threatenings of fearful vengeance and everlasting pains. It will also be observed that, while anathematizing these classes, the final verse of each generally gives utterance to a joyful assurance that the writer's soul is safe; that he and all his singers can read their title clear to mansions in the skies.

Very many of their unpoetic verses draw the dead line of classification most rigidly between saints and sinners in a way that conveys no encouragement for sinners to cross the line other than the fear of an awful avenging Deity. It brings to mind a certain Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men, or even as the poor publican, and we know which one went down to his house justified.

As in many of these ancient songs of praise, it will be observed that, in the few that I now quote, sinners are excoriated as the personal foes of the saints, who were at all times complacent in their assurance that these unfortunates, specially those of high degree, would be hurled headlong from their high places, when they, the saints, would rise, take their seats, and reign over them.

While the following three versifications of the 49th Psalm, by Watts, are in many of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century hymn books, there is cogent evidence that evolution's greatest work has been accomplished during the past half century in the fact that, although they appear with a hundred more of their companions, in the little book of "Psalms and Hymns"

that I carried every Sabbath to the old Tenth Presbyterian Church, at Twelfth and Walnut Streets, from 1854 to 1858, the hymn book then in general use by authority of the Presbyterian General Assembly, they are not to be found to-day in any later publication.

PART I.

Why doth the man of riches grow To insolence and pride, To see his wealth and honors flow With every rising tide?	Why doth he treat the poor with scorn, Made of the self-same clay, And boast as though his flesh were born Of better dust than they?
--	---

Omitting seven verses, I quote the tenth:

Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death triumphs o'er them there.
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep
And wakes them in despair.

PART 2.

Ye sons of pride that hate the just, And trample on the poor; When death has brought you down to dust Your pomp shall rise no more.	God will my naked soul receive, When separate from the flesh, And break the prison of the grave To raise my bones afresh.
The last great day shall change the scene; When will that hour appear? When shall the just revive and reign O'er all that scorned them here?	Heaven is my everlasting home, Th' inheritance is sure; Let men of pride their rage resume, But I'll repine no more.

PART 3.

THE SINNER'S DEATH AND SAINT'S RESURRECTION.

Why do the proud insult the poor, And boast the large estates they have? How vain are riches to secure Their haughty owners from the grave?	They can't redeem one hour from death, With all the wealth in which they trust; Nor give a dying brother breath When God commands him down to dust.
--	---

<p>There the dark earth and dismal shade, Shall clasp their naked bodies round; That flesh, so delicately fed, Lies cold and moulders in the ground.</p>	<p>His honors perish in the dust, And pomp and beauty, birth and blood; That glorious day exalts the just, To full dominion o'er the proud.</p>
--	---

<p>Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies, Laid in the grave for worms to eat; The Saints shall in the morning rise And find the oppressor at their feet.</p>	<p>My Saviour shall <i>my</i> life restore, And raise me from my dark abode; My flesh and soul shall part no more, But dwell forever near my God.</p>
---	---

“The Rich Man” is the topic of one in “Hymns and Spiritual Songs,” ISAAC WATTS, 1813, containing this verse:

See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine:
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
To allay the scorching of his pain.

Another shaft hurled against wealthy worldlings is this, entitled “The Rich Sinner Dying”:

<p>In vain the wealthy mortals toil, And heap their shining dust in vain, Look down and scorn the humble poor, And boast their lofty hills of gain.</p>	<p>Thence they are huddled to the grave, Where kings and slaves have equal thrones; Their bones without distinction, lie Amongst the heap of meaner bones.</p>
<p>Their golden cordials cannot ease, Their pained hearts or aching heads, Nor fright nor bribe approaching death From glittering roofs and downy beds.</p>	<p>There guilty ghosts of Adam's race, Shriek out and howl beneath Thy rod; Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace, But they incensed a dreadful God.</p>

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey the Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

John Wesley's collection of hymns contains this, headed "Describing Judgment." Of its six verses I quote the first two:

<p>The great Archangel's trump shall sound, While twice ten thousand thunders roar, Tear up the graves and cleave the ground, And make the greedy sea restore.</p>	<p>The greedy sea shall yield her dead, The earth no more her slain conceal; Sinners shall lift their guilty head, And shrink to see a yawning hell.</p>
--	--

The following three verses are part of a hymn in the same book, entitled "Describing Hell":

<p>Terrible thought, shall I alone, Who may be saved,—shall I— Of all alas! whom I have known, Through sin forever die?</p>	<p>While all my old companions dear, With whom I once did live, Joyful at God's right hand appear, A blessing to receive,</p>
---	---

Shall I—amidst a ghastly band,
 Dragged to the Judgment seat—
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

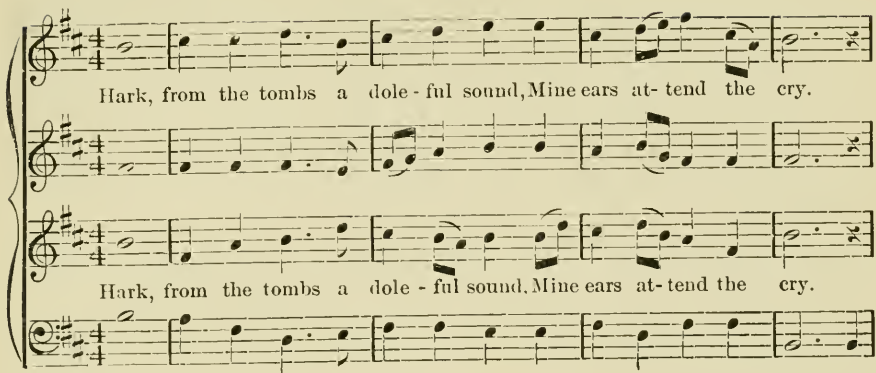
Here are five verses of one entitled "A Funeral Thought," by ISAAC WATTS:

<p>Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound Mine ears attend the cry; Ye living men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.</p>	<p>There endless crowds of sinners lie, And darkness makes their chains; Tortured with keen despair they cry, Yet wait for fiercer pains.</p>
<p>Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head Must lie as low as ours.</p>	<p>Great God, is this our certain doom? And are we still secure? Still walking downward to our tomb, And yet prepare no more?</p>

Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

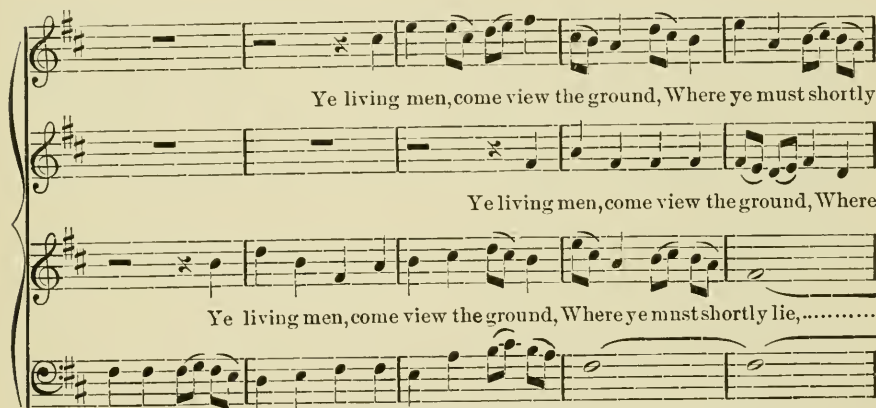
NEW DURHAM.

Dr. ISAAC WATTS.



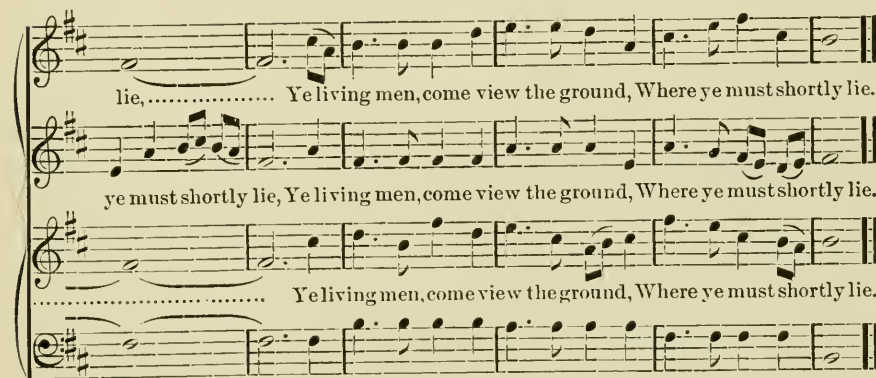
Hark, from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-tend the cry.

Ye



Ye living men, come view the ground, Where ye must shortly lie,.....

living men, come view the ground, Where ye must shortly lie,.....



lie,..... Ye living men, come view the ground, Where ye must shortly lie.
 ye must shortly lie, Ye living men, come view the ground, Where ye must shortly lie.
 Ye living men, come view the ground, Where ye must shortly lie.

IN DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT'S "Psalms of David," first published in 1802, these verses, based upon the 18th Psalm, "Victory over temporal enemies" being the heading, are typical:

When God, our Leader, shines in arms, What mortal heart can bear The thunder of his loud alarms? The light'ning of his spear?	He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke, Whole armies are dismayed; His voice, his frown, his angry look Strikes all their courage dead.
---	---

He rides upon the winged wind, And angels in array, In millions, wait to know his mind, And swift as flames obey.	He forms our generals for the field, With all their dreadful skill; Gives them his awful sword to wield, And makes their hearts of steel.
--	--

In this book, its title page bearing this inscription, "Psalms of David, imitated in the language of the New Testament," these two verses are a part of Dr. Watts' versification of the 139th Psalm:

My God, what inward grief I feel, When impious men transgress Thy will! I mourn to hear their lips profane, Take Thy tremendous Name in vain.	Does not my soul detest and hate, The sons of malice and deceit? Those that oppose Thy laws and Thee, I count them enemies to me.
---	---

I find it a hopeless task to reconcile the sentiments expressed in this and others of the foregoing selections with the life and doctrine of our Saviour and the preaching of His Apostles. Personal hatred of such of our brothers as violate God's laws is certainly not in harmony with these words of Jesus:

"And Jesus said—'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"—Luke 23: 34.

"Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies." (Read Matt. 5: 43-48.)

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

"In the world ye have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

“Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye that are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness, lest thou also be tempted.” (Gal. 6: 1.)

These venerated hymnists should not have forgotten, nor should we forget the word of God, as given in these Old Testament lines:

“Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious of the wicked.” (Prov. 24: 19.)

“Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. Cease from anger and forsake wrath. Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil doing.” (Psalm 37: 7, 8.)

“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith Jehovah.” (Isaiah 55: 7, 8.)

In the same collection is the following, entitled “The Death of a Sinner.” The use of the feminine pronoun in this and the one verse following is noticeable:

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,	Lingering about these mortal shores,
Damnation and the dead;	She makes a long delay;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,	Till like a flood, with rapid force,
Upon a dying bed.	Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable friends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.

This, in the “Christian Lyre,” on the same subject, is more hopeful of the poor, sinning woman and more cheering to us all:

Who is this stranger in distress,
 That travels through this wilderness?
 Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
 On her beloved Lord she leans.

This is from "Watts' Psalms, carefully suited to Christian Worship." It is also in "Hymns and Spiritual Songs, by I. Watts, D.D.," printed in Albany, N. Y., 1813:

Terrible God, that reign'st on high, How awful is Thy thundering hand; Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly, Nor can all earth or hell withstand.	Ye sons of pride that kindle coals With your own hands to warm your souls, Walk in the light of your own fire, Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.
---	---

This, Sodom felt and feels it still, And roars beneath the eternal load; With endless burnings who can dwell, Or bear the fury of a God.	And ye blest saints, that love Him too, With reverence bow before His name; Thus all His heavenly servants do, God is a bright and burning flame.
---	--

But vengeance and damnation lies,
 On rebels who refuse the Grace;
 Who God's eternal Son despise,
 The hottest hell shall be their place.

Another from the same book is entitled "Election Excludes Boasting":

But few among the carnal wise, But few of noble race, Obtain the favor of Thine eyes Almighty King of Grace.	He takes the men of meanest name For sons and heirs of God; And thus He pours abundant shame On honorable blood.
---	---

This book has also this, headed "Hell, or the Vengeance of God." Tune, *Duke Street* or *Windham*:

Far in the deep where darkness dwells, The land of horror and despair; Justice has built a dismal hell, And laid her stores of vengeance there.	There Satan, the first sinner, lies, And roars and bites his iron bands; In vain the rebel strives to rise, Crushed with the weight of both thine hands.
--	--

Eternal plagues and heavy chains, Tormenting racks and fiery coals, And darts t' inflict immortal pains, Dipped in the blood of damned souls.	The angry nations fret and roar, That they can slay the saints no more; On wings of vengeance flies our God, To pay the long arrears of blood.
---	--

This, in C. M., is set to old *Windsor*, by Kirbye:

But bloody hands and hearts unclean,	They shall be taken from my sight,
And all the lying race,	Bound fast in iron chains;
The faithless and the scoffing crew,	And headlong plunged into the lake,
That spurn at offered Grace,	Where fire and darkness reigns.

Not all their anguish and their blood	Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
For their old guilt atones;	Let stubborn sinners fear;
Nor the compassion of a God,	You must be driven from earth, and
Shall hearken to their groans.	dwell,
	A long forever there.

See how the pit gapes wide for you,
 And flashes in your face,
 And thou, my soul, look downward too,
 And *sing* recovering grace.

From "Village Hymns, 1825," on fly-leaf of which is my mother's name, written September 26, 1829, I copy these five sad verses by DODDRIDGE, entitled

THE SINNER WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

Raise, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;	Behold, the hand of God appears To trace in dreadful characters;
Behold God's balance lifted high!	"Sinner, thy soul is wanting found,
There shall his justice be displayed.	And wrath shall smite thee to the
And there thy hope and life be weighed.	ground."

See in one scale his perfect law;	Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Mark with what force its precepts draw:	Let horror change thy guilty face;
Would'st thou the awful test sustain?	Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll.
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!	Till deep repentance melt thy soul.

One only hope may yet prevail;—
 Christ hath a weight to turn the scale;
 Still doth the gospel publish peace,
 And show a Saviour's righteousness.

And the following, from same book, entitled "Christ, the Believers' Ark," by DODDRIDGE:

The deluge, at th' Almighty's call, In what impetuous streams it fell! Swallow'd the mountains in its rage, And swept a guilty world to hell.	Yet Noah, humble, happy saint! Surrounded with the chosen few, Sat in his ark, secure from fear, And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.
--	--

In vain the tallest sons of pride, Fled from the close pursuing wave; Nor could their mightiest tow'rs defend, Nor swift'ness 'scape nor courage save.	So I may, since, in Jesus safe, While storms of veng'ance round me fall; Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd, Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
---	--

How dire the wreck! how loud the roar! How shrill the universal cry Of millions, in the last despair, Re-echoed from the tow'ring sky!	Nor wreck nor storm above is seen; There not a wave of trouble rolls; But the bright rainbow round the throne, Seals endless life to all their souls.
---	--

And this, entitled "Summer, or the Great Harvest":

The summer harvest spreads the field, Mark—how the whitening hills are turned! Behold them to the reapers yield;— The wheat is saved—the tares are burned.	In sounds of glory hear him speak, Go search around the flaming world; Haste—call my saints to rise and take The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.
---	--

Thus the great Judge, with glory crowned, Descends to reap the ripened earth! Angelic guards attend him down, The same who sang his humble birth.	Go, burn the chaff in endless fire, In flames unquenched consume each tare; Sinners must feel my holy ire, And sink in guilt to deep despair.
--	--

Thus ends the harvest of the earth;—
Angels obey the awful voice;
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff;
And heaven approves the sov'reign choice.

The following lesson on "The Flood" is in "Village Hymns," also in "Dobell's Hymns," 1825:

When God from his throne did ven-	g'ance display,	Thus o'er the abyss, in safety they
That delug'd a world, and swept them	away;	Nor wonder at this, their pilot was
He caus'd it to slumber, nor could it	begin	God;
Till his little number "the Lord had	shut in."	When death and destruction without
		might be seen,
		This was their protection, "the Lord
		shut them in."

Shut in by decree, and council they	were;	When others are wreck'd, e'en then
Shut in by the oath which to them	he sware;	he will spare
From hell's condemnation, and wrath's	horrid din;	His own, the elect; their sonship is
O precious salvation! "the Lord shut	them in."	clear;
		Tho' sin may annoy them, his charge
		they have been,
		It ne'er shall destroy them, "the Lord
		shut them in."

The few that remain'd, not wreck'd	by the flood,	When judgment takes place, and
Prefigur'd to us the ransom'd by	blood;	world's in a flame,
In Jesus elected, not delug'd by sin,	But in him protected, "the Lord shut	The subjects of grace shall sup with
them in."		the lamb;
		And when on his bosom, they take
		their repose,
		The portals of glory shall finally
		close.

I reprint the following, by REV. SAMUEL DAVIES, 1758. It is also in "Psalms and Hymns Adapted to Public Worship," approved by the Presbyterian General Assembly, 1838:

How great, how terrible that God,	Who shakes creation with His nod!	In vain for mercy now they cry;
He frowns,—earth, sea, all nature's	frame,	In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
Sink in one universal flame.		There, on the flaming billows tost,
		Forever,—O, forever, lost.

Where now, O where, shall sinners	seek,	But saints, undaunted and serene,
For shelter in the general wreck?		Your eyes shall view the dreadful
Shall falling rocks be o'er them	thrown?	scene;
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.		Your Saviour lives, the worlds ex-
		pire,
		And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

The following, on "Day of Judgment," by DR. STENNETT, is from "Dr. Rippon's Selections * * for the Baptist Denomination," 1834:

He comes! He comes! to judge the world;	His head and hairs are white as snow, His eyes a fiery flame;
Aloud the archangel cries!	A radiant crown adorns His brow,
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies.	And Jesus is His name.

Th' affrighted nations hear the sound And upward lift their eyes;	Now He ascends the Judgment seat, And at His dread command,
The slumbering tenants of the ground In living armies rise.	Myriads of creatures round His feet, In solemn silence stand.

Amid the shouts of numerous friends Of hosts divinely bright,	Princes and peasants here expect Their last, their righteous doom,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends, Arrayed in robes of light.	The men who dared His grace reject, And they who dared presume.

Depart, ye sons of vice and sin!
The injured Jesus cries,
While the long kindling wrath within
Flashes from both His eyes!

The following, from which I will quote a few stanzas written by DR. WATTS, was inspired by the 1st chapter of the Book of Nahum, which book, we remember, is exclusively a descriptive prediction of the overthrow and destruction of Nineveh. Twenty-four centuries after Nahum wrote it, Dr. Watts thought it applicable to the people of the Christian world in general for use in their praise and prayer services:

Adore and tremble, for our God, Is a consuming fire;	Through the wide air the weighty rocks,
His jealous eyes, His wrath inflame, And raise His vengeance higher.	Are swift as hail-stones hurled; Who dares to meet His fiery rage, That shakes the solid world?

Almighty vengeance, how it burns! How bright His fury glows!	Yet, mighty God! Thy sovereign grace
Vast magazines of plagues and storms Lie treasured for His foes.	Sits regent on the throne, The refuge of Thy chosen race, When wrath comes rushing down.

Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
 A fiery tempest pour;
 While we beneath Thy sheltering wings,
 Thy righteous hand adore.

Another by DR. WATTS I copy from "Village Hymns for Social Worship." It is entitled "The Scoffer":

All ye who laugh and sport with death,	Then you'll confess, the frightful names
And say there is no hell;	Of plagues you scorned before,
The gasp of your expiring breath	No more shall look like idle dreams,
Will send you there to dwell.	Like foolish tales no more.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,	Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With strange surprise you'll find,	With flames upon your tongues,
Immortal vigor spring afresh,	When you exchanged your souls away
And tortures wake your mind!	For vanity and songs.

May I with those forever dwell
 Who here were my delight,
 While sinners banished down to hell
 No more offend my sight.

The following is in the same collection:

The trumpet sounds; hell trembles! heaven rejoices
 Lift up your heads ye saints, with cheerful voices;
 Here, saith the Lord, ye angels spread their thrones,
 And near me seat my favorites, and my sons.

This is a verse of one by WESLEY, entitled "A Sinner Out of Hell." After each of its five verses there is this chorus:

Tell it unto sinners, tell,
 I am, I am out of hell.

Lord, and am I yet alive,
 Not in torments, not in hell!
 Still doth the good Spirit strive,
 With the chief of sinners dwell!

The following, in Joshua Leavitt's collection, 1830, is anonymous:

O, must we bid you all farewell,
 We bound to heaven and you to hell?
 Still God may hear us while we pray
 And change you ere that burning day.
 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
 Obey the gospel's joyful sound.

Next I mention one from "The Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts," arranged by Dr. Rippon, 1827, printed for use in the Baptist Churches of America, containing 1310 hymns. Its heading is:

THE PROSPERITY OF SINNERS CURSED.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I To mourn and murmur and repine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of honor shine?	Now let them boast how tall they rise, I'll never envy them again; There they may stand with haughty eyes, Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
---	---

But oh, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so; On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.	Their fancied joys how fast they flee, Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain; Their songs of softest harmony, Are but a prelude to their pain.
---	--

Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
 Too dear to purchase with my blood;
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine,
 My life, my portion, and my God.

For tune, see page 55.

GREENWICH.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn....

..... and mur-mur and re - pine; To see the wick - ed placed on

high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

But oh, their end, their dreadful end Thy

But oh, their end, their dreadful end Thy sanct - - u -

sanct - u - a - ry taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks I

a - - ry taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks I

GREENWICH.—Concluded.

see them stand and fi - ry bil - lows roll be - low.

Here is one from "The Christian Lyre," 1830. Of its nine verses I quote four:

Ah, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression, What shall thy doom be, when arrayed in terror, God shall command thee, covered with pollution, Up to the judgment.	Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder, Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge in vengeance Hurl from His presence thine affrighted spirit, Swift to perdition.
Wilt thou escape from His omniscient notice? Fly to the caverns, court annihilation? Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph In thy destruction.	Where the worm dies not and the fire eternal Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror; There shall the sinner spend a long forever, Dying unpardoned.

The following verses, also in the "Christian Lyre," are part of a hymn entitled "Thought on Death." They are typical of the many admonitory hymns on death and the judgment that were much in favor early in the nineteenth century. Its tune is on next page:

And am I only born to die? And must I suddenly comply With nature's stern decree? What after death for me remains? Celestial joys or hellish pains To all eternity.	Long ere the sun has run its round, I may be buried under ground, And there in silence rot; Alas! one hour may close the scene, And ere twelve months shall intervene, My name be quite forgot.
--	--

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies!
 How make my own election sure,
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.

KENT. C. P. M.

ANON.

And am I on - ly born to die? And must I sud - den -

ly com-ply With na-ture's stern de - cree? What af - ter death for

me re-mains? Ce - les - tial joys or hell - ish pains,

To all e - ter - ni - ty? To all e - ter - ni - ty?

From "The Christian Lyre."—1834.

Another in this collection, set to tune *Warning Voice*, is:

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you farther go;—
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe?

Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 And waits the dread command,
 Soon to stop your sport and pride
 And sink you with the damned.

Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair.

WARNING VOICE. 7, 6.

Stop, poor sin-ner, stop..... and think, Be - fore you far ther go;

Stop, poor sin-ner, stop..... and think, Be - fore you far-ther go;

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves.

Will you sport up - on the brink Of ev - er - last - ing woe?

Will you sport up - on the brink of ev - er - last - ing woe?

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves.

CHORUS:—Be entreated now to stop
 Unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware you'll drop
 Into the burning lake.

—Anon.

From "Christian Lyre."—1833.

The following, in the same collection, is entitled "Judgment Hymn":

JUDGMENT HYMN.

Judg-ment day is com-ing on, Judg-ment day is com-ing on,

Judg-ment day is com-ing on, And we shall all be there. FINE.

Oh! there will be mourn-ing, Mourn-ing, mourn-ing, mourn-ing,

Oh! there will be mourn-ing, At the judg-ment seat of Christ. D. C.

Judgment day is coming on,
 Judgment day is coming on,
 Judgment day is coming on,
 And we must all be there.

O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
 O there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ.

Parents and children there will part,
 Parents and children there will part,
 Parents and children there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

O there will be mourning, etc.

Wives and husbands there will part,
 Wives and husbands there will part,
 Wives and husbands there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

O there will be mourning, etc.

Brothers and sisters there will part,
 Brothers and sisters there will part,
 Brothers and sisters there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

O there will be mourning, etc.

Friends and neighbors there will part,
 Friends and neighbors there will part,
 Friends and neighbors there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

O there will be mourning, etc.

Pastors and people there will part,
 Pastors and people there will part,
 Pastors and people there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

O there will be mourning, etc.

Devils and sinners there will meet,
 Devils and sinners there will meet,
 Devils and sinners there will meet,
 Will meet to part no more.

O there will be shouting, etc.

Saints and angels there will meet,
 Saints and angels there will meet,
 Saints and angels there will meet,
 Will meet to part no more.

O there will be shouting, etc.

The following, entitled "The Christian's Thoughts of Death and Glory," appears in "The Psalms of David (New Edition, 1817), by TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D." It is also in the sev-

eral editions of the Presbyterian "Psalms and Hymns," issued up to 1843:

My soul, come, meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of
 clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.

O! could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead;
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.

And you, my eyes, look down and
 view,
 The hollow, gaping tomb;
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.

Then should we see the saints above,
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should
 love,
 To dwell with mortal worms.

We should almost forsake our clay,
 Before the summons come;
 And pray and wish our souls away,
 To their eternal home.

Tune, Meditation, on next page.

MEDITATION. C. M.

Dr. ISAAC WATTS.

My soul come med - i - tate the day And think how near it stands,

My soul come med - i - tate the day And think how near it stands,

..... When thou must quit this house of clay And fly..... to

..... When thou must quit this house of clay And fly..... to

un-known lands, And fly..... to un - known lands.

un-known lands, And fly..... to un - known lands.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY.

Let us break the awful solemnity of the moment at this point by recalling the cheering, strengthening words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. Remembering that he was aforetime the cruel, wicked Saul of Tarsus, high and mighty, proud, vindictive, a persecutor of the saints, and that, suddenly, the mercy that endureth forever transformed him, the chief of sinners, into the chief of our blessed Lord's Apostles, may we not express our wonder and regret that in these so-called songs of praise there is line upon line evidence of an undervaluation of God's mercy and loving kindness? If the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made Paul free from the law of sin and death, is it for the Christian to judge and to condemn all such sinners as was he, as beyond the reach of hope and mercy? *"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."*

"Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but towards thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness; otherwise thou also shalt be cut off."—(Romans II: 22).

"And so, all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."—(Verse 26.)

"For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"—(Verses 32, 33.)

Naturally, we ask—whence came their inspiration, and

upon what foundation were these songs built? Clearly, in so far as the inspiration was divine, it was from the Old Testament. Their cry was, *"To the Law and to the Testimony"*—(Isaiah 8: 20). They failed to comprehend the true meaning of the new dispensation; they had not grasped the glorious significance of the declaration—*"The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ,"* who dedicated for us *"A new and living way,"* although seventeen centuries had gone since Jesus had said, *"The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand"; "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another";* and Paul had written, *"Old things have passed away; behold, they have become new";* and John had written in the Revelation, *"He that sitteth on the throne said, 'Behold, I make all things new.'"*

"These are my words which I spake unto you when I was yet with you that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and the prophets and the Psalms concerning me"—(Luke 24: 44).

*"Being therefore justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; through whom also we have had our access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and we rejoice in hope of the glory of God. * * * Where sin abounded, grace did abound more exceedingly"*—Romans, chapter 5).

The declaration of God to John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness, appears to point to the beginning of the end of the exclusively legal divine dispensation, *"As it is written in the book of the words of Isaiah, the prophet:*

*The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Make ye ready the way of the Lord,
Make his paths straight.
Every valley shall be filled,
And every mountain and hill shall be brought low.
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough ways smooth;
And all flesh shall see the salvation of God."*

Our Lord of Glory, Himself declared that, with His advent, the acceptable year of the Lord, prophesied by Isaiah, had come.

This was the prophecy, 61st chapter :

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.”

It is significant that when our blessed Saviour quoted this passage from Isaiah He ignored the words *“The day of vengeance of our God.”* I quote from the authorized version—Luke 4: 17-20:

“And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

“And he closed the book, and gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.”

O golden day, so long desired,
 Born of a darksome night,
 The waiting earth at last is fired,
 By Thy resplendent light;
 And hark! like Memnon's morning
 chord,
 Is heard from sea to sea—
 This song:—One Master, Christ the
 Lord;
 And brethren all are we.

The noises of the night shall cease,
 The storms no longer roar;
 The factious foes of God's own peace,
 Shall vex the church no more.
 A thousand thousand voices sing,
 The surging harmony:—
 One Master, Christ; one Saviour—
 King;
 And brethren all are we.

<p>Sing on, ye chorus of the morn, Your grand endeavor strain; Till Christian hearts, estranged and torn, Blend in the glad refrain; And all the Church, with all its powers, In loving loyalty, Shall sing: One Master, Christ, is ours, And brethren all are we.</p>	<p>O golden day, the ages' crown, Alight with heavenly love, Rare day in prophecy renown, On to thy zenith move; When all the world with one accord, In full voiced unity, Shall sing: One Master, Christ our Lord, And brethren all are we.</p>
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CHARLES A. DICKINSON—Tune, *Ellacombe. St. Gall's Coll.*

Let not the foregoing be considered as an implication that the New Testament has supplanted the Old. Christ came not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfil. Matthew 5: 17. He himself was its fulfilment. We praise God, both for the Old and the New, but most for the New, before which "the whole world was lost in the darkness of sin." We can honor Him forever in the *study* of the Psalms and prophesies, but it is only because of the New Testament that now we are worshiping and praising Him in the *singing* of:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee"
 "Abide with me"
 "Jesus, lover of my soul"
 "It came upon the midnight clear"
 "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning"
 "Christ for the world we sing"
 "Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin"
 "There is a green hill far away"
 "O Paradise, O Paradise"
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
 "All hail the power of Jesus' name"
 "O love that will not let me go"
 "O Jesus, Thou art standing"
 "Dear Lord and Father of mankind"
 "Immortal love forever full"

or any other energizing gospel hymn, thousands of which will be sung by millions of Christians, imparting consolation, peace, and cheer centuries to come, when "this poor, lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave."

Theodore Roosevelt, in a writing on "The Bible and the Life of the People," in "The Outlook," said:

All men who think deeply, even among non-Christians, have come to agree that the life of Christ, as set forth in the four Gospels, represents an infinitely higher and purer morality than is preached in any other book in the world. Occasional critics, taking sections of the Old Testament, are able to point out that the teachings are not in accordance with their own convictions and views of morality, and they ignore the prime truth that these deeds recorded in the Old Testament are not in accordance with our theories of morality because of the very fact that these theories are based upon the New Testament, because the New Testament represents not only in one sense the fulfilment of the Old, but in another sense the substitution of the New Testament for the Old in certain vital points of ethics. * * * The Old Testament did not carry Israel as far as the New Testament has carried us; but it advanced Israel far beyond the point any neighboring nation had then reached.

I disclaim any inference that the citing of the foregoing imprecatory hymns is intended as an adverse criticism of their authors, whose very names are held in reverence, but rather as a clearly-cut contrast between their times and ours; to indicate by true historic evidence the emergence of Christian Hymnody from the gloom of the tomb and the region of eternal despair to the sunlight of God's infinite love; out of the fathomless depths of the dead sea to "the sparkling waters of the river of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, where the tree of Life is blooming for the healing of the nations."

If Watts and his contemporaries could come back and join in the sacred song services of our brighter, better times they would be dumbfounded to find that the Church of God has not only ceased to sing the imprecatory Psalms, such as 58th, 59th, 63d and 109th, but that it seldom, if ever, even reads them in any religious service.

Dr. Watts, in the preface to one of his books, says: "Where the Psalmist uses sharp invective against his personal enemies I have endeavored to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, Sin, Satan and Temptation," but his Christian motive and good endeavors were, in a measure, frustrated.

Dreadful as was the wickedness of the idolatrous people of Judah in the times of the ancient prophets, and well deserved as were the punishments threatened and inflicted, it seems unaccountable that the saints, down to the middle of the eighteenth Christian century, as proven by their use of such Psalms in their praise services, failed to grasp this truth—that the firm foundation laid for our faith in God's excellent Word is the love of God (not the wrath of God) of which foundation Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone.

Besides from the Psalms, Dr. Watts sometimes found in the New Testament passages for his versification. The following is headed, "The Sovereignty of Grace."—(Luke 10: 21, 22.)

I thank Thy sovereign power and love
That crowns my doctrine with success,
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths and lengths of grace.

But all this glory lies concealed
From men of prudence and of wit;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

Father, 'tis thus because Thy will
Chose and ordained it should be so;
'Tis Thy delight to abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

MISS ANNE STEELE, a century and a half ago, inspired by the conviction that crimes and fears and frowns are to be dispelled in the light of love and mercy, wrote this hymn:

He lives; the great Redeemer lives!	Repeated crimes awake our fears,
What joy the blest assurance gives!	And justice, armed with frowns ap-
And now, before His Father, God,	pears;
Pleads the full merit of His blood.	But in the Saviour's lovely face,
	Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.

In every dark, distressful hour,	Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
When sin and Satan join their power,	On Him our humble hopes depend;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,	Our cause can never, never fail,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.	For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

“All Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness.”—(II Timothy 3: 16. R. V.) But not all is suitable for making melody in the heart unto the Lord; for examples, the 11th of Genesis, 2d of Ezra, 7th and 10th of Nehemiah, the poetic Song of Solomon, and certain Psalms.

The imprecatory Psalms are a lesson for the world, but whatever the lesson our God would have us learn from them, I find in His Word no evidence that they should be employed in the song service of His Church in any age of the world. On the contrary, from the Book of Exodus to the Revelation of St. John, there are exhortations to sing praises to God with joyful lips; to shew forth His mercy and His loving kindness, which endureth forever. Following are a few examples of a hundred like passages in the Book of the Psalms:

“Sing forth the glory of His name; make His praise glorious”;

“O let the nations be glad and sing for joy”;

“Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee”;

“My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing praises unto Thee”;

“Sing unto the Lord a new song and His praise in the assembly of the saints.”

And in Isaiah:

“Sing O heavens, and be joyful O earth and break forth into singing O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have compassion upon His anointed.”

I cannot find that anywhere, singing unto the Lord is enjoined in glorification of His terrible judgments and wrathful indignation.

The 23d, 65th, 103d, 133d Psalms, and others like them are perfectly adapted for any part of divine worship. David, mere man as he was, in varying moods at different times, must have been nearer to God when writing these than when inditing many others, such as were referred to by Dr. Watts in the preface to one of his hymn books, where, as I have before mentioned, he said plainly that the Psalmist used sharp invective against his personal enemies. Doubtless Watts was enjoying an unusual degree of inspiration when versifying the 23d Psalm in three meters. One verse of each of these follow:

1.

My shepherd is the living Lord:
 Now shall my wants be well supplied;
 His providence and holy word,
 Became my safety and my guide.

2.

My shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name;
 In pastures green He makes me feed
 Beside the living stream.

3.

The Lord my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

We do not doubt that Watts and the other grand old saints who wrote their terrorizing hymns were all afire with desire to glorify God and to save guilty souls from the perdition of ungodly men, and, remembering that theirs were days when the Christian religion was in its twilight; when the tide of iniquity was at its flood; when godless men ruled with a rod of iron, and the "people of God" were under their feet, perhaps we should not wonder so much.

Nevertheless one would think that it should have sufficed to proclaim from the pulpit in sermons rather than to tune in songs their direful appeals to men's fears of a terrible God, thundering His awful decree against the multitudinous hosts of sinners and opening the Kingdom of Heaven to His "chosen race," his "friends and favorites" as designated in Watts'

hymns. I fail to understand how any congregation could sing these songs, so void of comfort for sorrows, of encouragement or stimulus to missionary work, hymns without the electric spark to start the motive power of the love that endureth all things, the love that never faileth. Where in them, with the precious exceptions named, do we find the God who is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, our Good Shepherd, ready to lead us sinners in paths of righteousness, by quiet waters, where verdant pastures grow, where the table is prepared, the cup of blessing overflows, and His rod and staff are comforting? What living, growing branch of the Church of Christ is singing them now? Ask them to sing them and they would hang their harps upon the willows and weep. Unhappily, we must confess that the world is still very wicked. Sin abounds, but, under divine enlightenment, Christendom is coming into possession and enjoyment of a better and constantly growing better understanding of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as revealed in Jesus Christ. This is in fulfilment of the prophecy, (Daniel 12:4) that at the end of the days "*knowledge shall be increased.*"

God's truth is marching on.

Yet we know that there has never been an era when God was not revealing Himself, enlightening human souls in knowledge of Himself. So it is we gratefully record the truth that these eighteenth and nineteenth century hymnners, under occasional gleams of heavenly light, wrote some truly divine, heart-uplifting lyrics that can never be lost. Many of these are to follow in this review, bringing their authors into blessed fellowship with a greater number of gifted souls of a later period, men and women who, by inspiration, have taken the life worldly, wavering and sorrowing, leading it into the life that is hid with Christ in God, a practical, evangelical service for the conversion of the world to Christ by the law of attraction,—the Law of Love, which is the law of God, for "*God is Love.*" (I John 4:8.) "*Love never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away.*" (I Cor. 13:8).

Let this great truth be present, night and day;
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.
 Look round our world; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below and all above.

Pope's "Essay on Man."

"If we love one another, God abideth in us, and His love is perfected in us; hereby we know that we abide in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His spirit." (John 4: 12, 13.)

I read in the light of it all, that we have come to understand that salvation means to the world something more than a narrow escape from hell-fire; that it means the infusion of the Christ-life in human hearts in the present world; an engrafting into Christ; a sonship with the one Eternal God; the blossoming anew of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and the bringing forth from it the fruits of the spirit *here and now and forevermore.*

Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
 And all the midnight shadows flee;
 Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
 A beacon light hung out for thee.

Arise, arise the light breaks o'er thee,
 Thy name is graven on the throne;
 Thy home is in the world of glory
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Courage! cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee
 Bright as the summer's noontide ray;
 The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory
 Invite thy happy soul away.

Away, away, leave all for glory,
 Thy name is graven on the throne;
 Thy home is in that world of glory
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

CHAPTER V.

THEOLOGIC PROGRESSION.

As our faith looks up to the Lamb of Calvary and then back over the centuries, may we not see that the evolution of our Christian Hymnology is typical of an evolution in religion, under clear spiritual influences? In consonance with this thought, I quote from an article by Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D.D., in a recent number of "The Continent":

Religion is a century plant; yes, an æon plant. Its blossom in Jesus Christ came only after 1,500 years of Hebrew history. In the 1,900 years since, the growth of the plant has been slow, but the stalk has never ceased to climb upward toward a coming hour of lovely efflorescence. We have not come yet, not quite, to Beulah Land, but we can with clear vision see that Christian life in the nations of the world is on the long incline upward toward the realization of the dream of the ages. We are on the upward trend.

It is foreign to my purpose and my wish to treat our subject in the way of theologic criticism. The relationship between the two is so close as to prove it indubitable that the evolution of our hymnology is an effect of an involution of revised theologic tenets, and a more scriptural application of gospel truth to the world's greatest need. I think that the clergy of all denominations will almost unanimously confirm this statement.

Although we may entertain the thought that it is in line with the eternal decrees that the *whole* theology of these ancient hymnists and of Jonathan Edwards and John Calvin is not to be proclaimed unchangeably and forever, nevertheless we may be thankful for their foundation-work, hold their memories in reverence and heartily sing these grand nineteenth century verses.

This, by REV. FREDERICK W. FABER:

Faith of our fathers, living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
 O how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word,
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
 We will be true to Thee 'till death.

And this, by BISHOP W. W. HOW:

For all the saints who from their labors rest,	O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,	Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old;
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia! Alleluia!	And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;	O blest communion, fellowship, di- vine!
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well- fought fight;	We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!	Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

I note here that all the publications by authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America during the first half of the nineteenth century were named "Psalms and Hymns," and that there was at no time a change in versification of the Psalms, but subsequently to their 1839-1843 publication, they issued six editions, from 1850 to 1863, containing many new selections and eliminating as many old-timers. In 1866, and subsequently, revised editions were published, all under the new name "The Hymnal."

A most cogent evidence of a revolutionary movement is in the fact that, of the 882 psalms and hymns in their book of 1839-1843, only 124, or less than one seventh, are in their hymnal, authorized by the General Assembly, 1895.

Of course they could not prudently continue the printing of such of Watts' lyrics as these of which I quote the first line:

"Amidst Thy wrath, remember love."
"Are all the foes of Zion fools?"
"As new born babes desire the breast."
"Death! 'tis a melancholy day."
"Dread Sovereign, let my evening song."
"Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I."
"O what a stiff, rebellious house."
"Why do the proud insult the poor?"
"Why do the wealthy wicked boast?"
"Why should the haughty tyrant boast?"
"Ye sons of pride, that hate the just."
"And are we wretches yet alive?"
"Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews."
"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."
"How awful is Thy chastening rod."
"How great, how terrible that God."
"My thoughts on awful subjects roll."

Further cheering evidence of progressiveness is notable in the revised "Hymnal" just issued (1911) by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, from which over a hundred hymns that were in the 1895 collection have been dropped, while as many more, not in that edition, have been added. I quote the first line of a number of these, indicative of the betterment:

"Beneath the cross of Jesus."
"Breast the wave, Christian."
"Christian, dost thou see them?"
"Courage, brother, do not stumble."
"Day is dying in the west."
"Dear Lord and Father of Mankind."
"I am coming to the Cross."

"I hear Thy welcome voice."

"I know no life divided."

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

"Knocking! Knocking! who is there?"

"O happy day that fixed my choice."

"O what their joy and their glory must be."

"Purer yet and purer."

"Rescue the perishing."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

"Shout the glad tidings."

"Summer suns are glowing."

"There is no name so sweet on earth."

"We would see Jesus."

"What a friend we have in Jesus."

The Board, prior to the issue of the new book published this statement. It is significant.

In introducing new hymns, an earnest effort will be made to meet the urgent demand for the recognition of God's nearness to everyday living, of the coming of the Kingdom in the sphere of common life, of the spirit of brotherhood and manly and resolute Christian life and service, of social betterment, and of evangelistic work and services.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME UNCLASSIBLE HYMNS.

We will now look at some old psalms and hymns of peculiar structure on different subjects, mostly crude and unpoetic, but adduced here in further evidence of the achievement of a radical reform in our songs of devotion.

Several of these I take from the "Christian Lyre; a Collection of Hymns and Tunes Adapted for Social Worship, Prayer Meetings, and Revivals of Religion," by Joshua Leavitt—1833.

A signal instance of defect, to force a rhyme, is apparent in a hymn, entitled, "Expostulation"—beginning:

"Now the Saviour stands a pleading at the sinner's bolted heart."

Its seven verses are followed by this chorus:

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust Him from your arms?
Once He died for your behavior,
Now He calls you to His arms.

Another of questionable merit both as to sentiment and poetry, is a hymn bearing title—"The Ransomed Spirit."

The cherub near the viewless throne
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel-band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring;
Mute are its arches, when above,
The harps of heaven wake not to love.

Our impression has ever been that heaven's harps always wake to love,—infinite, eternal, unchangeable love.

For the comfort of pastors, the "Christian Lyre" contains the hymn entitled "Pastoral Cares," page 79; tune *Carmarthen*, page 78.

CARMARTHEN. H. M.

Who can de-scribe the pain, Which faith-ful preach-ers feel, }
Con-strained to preach in vain, to hearts as hard as steel? }

Or who can tell the pleas-ures felt, When stub-born hearts be-

gin to melt? When stub-born hearts be-gin to melt?

COLESHILL

Down to the tomb our broth-er goes, In its cold arms to rest,

As 'smit by sud-den storms the rose Sinks on the gar-den's breast.

PASTORAL CARES.

Who can describe the pain, Which faithful preachers feel, Constrained to preach in vain, To hearts as hard as steel? Or who can tell the pleasures felt, When stubborn hearts begin to melt?	If some small hope appear, They still are not content; But with a jealous fear, They watch for the event: Too oft they find their hopes de- ceived, Then how their inmost souls are grieved.
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The Saviour's dying love, The soul's amazing worth, Their warm affections move, And draw their efforts forth; They pray and strive—their rest de- parts, Till Christ be formed in sinners' hearts.	But when their pains succeed, And from the tender blade, The ripening ears proceed, Their toils are overpaid: No harvest joys can equal theirs, To find the fruit of all their cares.
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In the Wesley 1779 Collection, a single Bible verse, Genesis 3: 16, is made the subject of eight hymns. The text is "*I will put enmity between thee (Satan) and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; he shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel.*"

I quote one verse from each of four of the eight hymns:

First,

Awake, the woman's conquering seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head;
Tread down thy foes, with power control,
The beast and devil in thy soul.

Second,

Fruit of a virgin's womb
The promised blessings come;
Christ, the Father's hope of old
Christ, the woman's conquering seed,
Christ, the Saviour long foretold
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

Third,

Arise the woman's conquering seed
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head.

Fourth,

With thy spirit's two-edged sword
 The crooked serpent slay,
 Bare thine arm and give the blow
 Root out and kill the hellish seed
 And bruise the serpent's head.

When a boy I heard it charged against our grandfathers that some of them believed that, under the law of election and foreordination, countless numbers of infants were consigned to the abode of the eternally lost.

This verse may seem to partly confirm the charge. It is in "Watts and Rippon Collection" of 1834.

Adam, the sinner! at his fall
 Death like a conqueror seized us all;
 A thousand new-born babes are dead
 By fatal union to their head.

Another hymn a century old appears to have been written expressly to antagonize the allegation. Note that instead of a thousand lost, millions are saved. It is entitled: "Children Dying in Infancy Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But can't dissolve my love;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.

I have heard that once an eighteenth century preacher asked an anxious inquirer—"Are you willing even to be damned and to suffer eternal punishment if that be God's will concerning you?"

The following verse from one of these old hymn books seems to confirm the charge that such a sentiment was entertained at that period:

Still will I strive and labor still,
 With humble zeal to do Thy will,
 And trust in Thy defense;
 My soul into Thy hands I give;
 And, if he can obtain Thy leave,
 Let Satan pluck me thence.

The next hymn, copied from John Dobell's book, 1806, is headed "Breaker—Micah 2: 13."

Sing the dear Saviour's glorious fame, Who bears the Breaker's wond'rous name;	He breaks thro' ev'ry gloomy cloud, Which can my soul with darkness shroud;
Sweet name! and it becomes him well, Who breaks down sin, guilt, death and hell.	He breaks the bars of ev'ry snare, Which hellish foes for me prepare.

A mighty Breaker sure is He; He broke my chains and set me free;	He breaks the gates of harden'd brass,
A gracious Breaker to my soul; He breaks, and O, He makes me whole!	To bring His faithful word to pass; And tho' with pond'rous iron barr'd, The Breaker's love they can't retard.

Great Breaker, O, Thy love impart,
Daily to break my stony heart;
O, break it, Lord, and enter in
And break, O, break the pow'r of sin.

The following are two of four verses, for "Society Meetings," to tune *Corner-Stone*, in John Wesley's Collection:

Two are better far than one, For counsel or for fight; How can one be warm alone, Or serve his God aright?	Who of twain hath made us one, Maintains our unity; Jesus is the Corner-Stone, In Whom we all agree;
Join we then our hearts and hands; Each in love provoke his friend;	Servants of one common Lord, Sweetly of one heart and mind;
Run the way of His commands, And keep it to the end.	Who can break a threefold cord, Or part whom God hath joined?

From the "Christian Lyre" I copy two of six verses, entitled "Wedding Hymn":

Why hast thou cast our lot In the same age and place? And why together brought To see each other's face?	O let us ever bear, The blessed end in view, And join with mutual care, To fight our passage through,
To join with softest sympathy, And mix our friendly souls in Thee.	And kindly help each other on, Till all receive the starry crown.

From another wedding hymn I quote two verses:

As Isaac and Rebekah give	True helpers may they prove indeed,
A pattern chaste and kind;	In prayer and faith and hope;
So may this married couple live,	And see with joy a godly seed,
And die in friendship joined.	To build their household up.

I quote one more, interesting to prospective brides and grooms, set to tune *Spanish Melody*, in "Sacred Harmony," 1798.

See in yonder house of prayer,	'Tis not that she wishes now
Bridal lamps are burning;	From her love to sever:
View the joyous party there,	'Tis that should he break his vow,
Thro' the gateway turning;	She is lost forever:
See the happy bride appear,	Careless are thy fears, fair bride,
Yet her footsteps falter;	Vain the doubts that grieve thee,
Wherefore should she shed a tear	View him kneeling by thy side,
At the holy altar?	Think not he'll deceive thee.

Binding be his bridal oath,
 And his love encreasing,
 And may heaven bestow on both,
 Pleasures never ceasing.
 May that hand protect thee still,
 Thine now fondly pressing,
 And in every earthly ill,
 Be thy guard and blessing.

The following conversation with a female pilgrim is from the "Christian Lyre":

THE FEMALE PILGRIM.

Whither goest thou, pilgrim, stranger,	"Pilgrim," thou dost justly call me,
Wandering through this gloomy	Traveling through this lonely void;
vale?	But no ill shall e'er befall me,
Knows't thou not 'tis full of danger,	While I'm blest with such a guide.
And will not thy courage fail?	Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom,
No, I'm bound for the kingdom:	Will you go to glory with me?
Will you go to glory with me?	Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.	

THE FEMALE PILGRIM.

1. { Whith - er goest thou, pil - grim, stran - ger, Wand'ring through this
Know'st thou not 'tis full of dan - ger, And will not thy

gloom - y vale? } No! I'm bound for the king - dom; Will you
cour - age fail? }

go to glo - ry with me? Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

“Christian Lyre.”—1833.

“Such a Guide!” no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes:
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

Yes, “unseen;” but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

No; that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

While I gazed, with speed surprising,
 Down the vale she plunged from sight;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,
 Like an angel clothed in light!
 Oh, she's gone to the kingdom—
 Will you follow her to glory?
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

In the "Pocket Edition" of "Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts arranged by Dr. Rippon," 1836, containing 1314 hymns, and letters of recommendation by twenty-five Baptist ministers, hymn No. 1271 is here copied. It is also in Rippon's smaller book published 1826.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

Lord, when we see a saint of Thine, Lie gasping out his breath, With longing eyes, and looks divine, Smiling and pleased in death.	O! if my threatening sins were gone, And death had lost his sting, I could invite the angel on, And chide his lazy wing.
How we could e'en content to lay Our limbs upon that bed; We ask thine envoy to convey, Our spirits in his stead.	Away, these interposing days, And let the lovers meet; The angel has a cold embrace, But kind, and soft, and sweet.
Our souls are rising on the wing To venture in his place; For, when grim death has lost his sting, He has an angel's face.	I'd leap at once my seventy years, I'd rush into his arms, And lose my breath, and all my cares, Amid those heavenly charms.
Jesus, then purge my crimes away, 'Tis guilt creates my fears; 'Tis guilt gives death his fierce ar- ray, And all the arms he bears.	Joyful, I'd lay this body down, And leave this lifeless clay; Without a sigh, without a groan, And stretch and soar away.

Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays!
 And with the blissful throng
 Resound salvation, pow'r and praise,
 In everlasting song.

RUSSIA. L. M.

Anon.

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i -

ty. Laid in a bal - ance

ty. Laid in a bal - ance both ap -

ty. Laid in a balance both ap - pear Light as a puff of

ty. Laid in a balance both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - - ty

both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air. *D.S.* air.

pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air. *D.S.* air.

emp - ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air. *D.S.* air.

air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air. air.

Of the 101st psalm, Watts makes a versification entitled "The Magistrates' Psalm" adapted in our times for voicing the pledges of a pious candidate for mayoralty of a city, or governorship of a state. In Watts' time a magistrate was a public official exercising almost sovereign power. Here are some of its verses:

If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from Thy word;
Thy justice and Thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattery or malicious lies;
Nor while the innocent I guard
The bold offender shan't be spared.

I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth and trust;
The men that work Thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.

The impious crew (that factious
band)
Shall hide their heads or quit the
land;

And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be sup-
prest.

The following I copy from "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," by Isaac Watts, D.D., 1825. It is also in "Psalms and Hymns Approved by the General Assembly of The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America." 1838. This hymn is entitled: "The 58th Psalm: a Psalm of David."

WARNING TO MAGISTRATES.

Judges, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause
When vile oppression wastes the
land,

Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your
hand?

Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens His justice
reigns,

Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your
chains.

A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it
wounds;

You hear no counsels, cries, nor
tears;

So the deaf adder stops her ears,
Against the power of charming
sounds.

Break out their teeth, eternal God;
Those teeth of lions, dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust.
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds
rise,

Before the sweeping torrent flies,
So let their hopes and names be
lost.

Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run;
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their
 time,
 Vain births, that never see the sun.

Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord,
 Safety and joy to saints afford;
 And all that hear shall join and say,
 "Sure there's a God that reigns on
 high,
 A God that hears his children cry,
 And will their sufferings well re-
 pay."

The following—24 verses—is from "Dobell's Hymns,"
 1825; L. M., tune *Erskine*:

HEAVEN.

In heav'nly choirs a question rose,
 That stirr'd up strife will never close;
 What rank of all the ransom'd race,
 Owes highest praise to sov'reign
 grace?

"Stay,"—said a third,—"I deepest
 share
 "In owing praise beyond compare;
 "The chief of sinners you'll allow,
 "Must be the chief of singers now."

Babes thither caught from womb and
 breast,
 Claim'd right to sing above the rest;
 Because they found the happy shore
 They never saw nor sought before.

"Hold,"—said a fourth,—"I here pro-
 test,
 "My praises must outvie the best;
 "For I'm of all the human race,
 "The highest miracle of grace."

Those that arriv'd at riper age,
 Before they left the dusky stage.
 Thought grace deserv'd yet higher
 praise,
 That wash'd the blots of num'rous
 days.

"Stop,"—said a fifth,—"these notes
 forbear,
 "Lo! I'm the greatest wonder here;
 "For I, of all the race that fell,
 "Deserved the lowest place in hell."

Anon the war more close began,
 What praising harp should lead the
 van:
 And which of grace's heav'nly peers,
 Was deepest run in her arrears.

A soul, that higher yet aspir'd,
 With equal love to Jesus fir'd,
 "'Tis mine to sing the highest notes,
 "To love, that wash'd the foulest
 blots."

"'Tis I,"—said one,— "'bove all my
 race,
 "Am debtor chief to glorious grace";
 "No,"—said another—"Hark, I trow,
 "I'm more oblig'd to grace than you."

"Ho!"—cry'd a mate,—"'tis mine,
 I'll prove,
 "Who sinn'd in spite of life and love.
 "To sound his praise with loudest
 bell,
 "That sav'd me from the lowest hell."

"Come, come,"—said one,—“I'll hold
thy plea

“That highest praise is due by me;

“For mine, of all the sav'd by grace,

“Was the most dreadful, desperate
case.”

Another rising at his side,
As fond to praise, and free of pride,
Cry'd,—“pray give place, for I defy
“That thou should owe more praise
than I.”

“I'll yield to none in this debate;
“I'm run so deep in grace's debt;
“That sure I am, I boldly can,
“Compare with all the heav'nly clan.”

Quick o'er their head, a trump awoke,
“Your songs my very heart have
spoke;
“But ev'ry note you here propale,
“Belongs to me beyond you all.”

The list'ning millions round about
With sweet resentment loudly shout;
“What voice is this, comparing notes,
“That to their song chief place allots?

“We can't allow of such a sound,
“That you alone have highest ground
“To sing the royalties of grace;
“We claim the same adoring place.”

What! will no rival singer yield,
He has a match upon the field?
“Come then, and let us all agree,
“To praise upon the highest key.”

Then jointly all the harpers round,
In mind unite with solemn sound;
And strokes upon the highest string,
Made all the heav'nly arches ring.

Ring loud with hallelujahs high,
To him that sent his Son to die,
And to the worthy Lamb of God,
That lov'd and wash'd them in his
blood.

Free-grace, was sov'reign empress
crown'd
In pomp, with joyous shouts around;
Assisting angels clapp'd their wings,
And shouted grace on all their
strings.

The emulation round the throne
Made prostrate hosts, (who ev'ry one
The humblest place their right avow)
Strive who shall give the lowest bow.

The next contention without vice
Among the birds of paradise,
Made ev'ry glorious warbling throat,
Strive who should raise the highest
note.

Thus in sweet, holy, humble strife,
Along their endless, joyful life,
Of Jesus, all the harpers rove,
And sing the wonders of his love.

Their discord makes them all unite
In raptures most divinely sweet;
So great the song, so grave the bass,
Melodious music fills the place.

From “Hymns and Tunes for Prayer Meetings and Revivals of Religion,” 1833, I quote one verse of a hymn of five verses, with its tune, *Pilgrim's Farewell*:

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

Fare - well, fare - well, farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,

I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on,

Till I a bet - ter world do view, I'll march to Ca-naan's land,

I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures nev - er end, Where troub - les

come no more. Fare-well, fare - well, fare - well, my lov - ing friends, farewell.

Difficulties in the Way of Duty surmounted—"Hinder me not."—Gen. 24: 56. Tune *Devizes* and *Oxford*.

From "A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors; Intended to be an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, by John Rippon, D.D."

When Abr'ham's servant to procure A wife for Isaac, went, He met Rebekah—told his wish,— Her parents gave consent.	"Stay," Satan, my old master cries, "Or force shall thee detain"; "Hinder me not, I will begone, "My God has broke my chain."
Yet for ten days they urg'd the man, His journey to delay; "Hinder me not," he quick reply'd, "Since God hath crown'd my way."	In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pursue; Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints, For I must go with you.
'Twas thus I cry'd when Christ the Lord My soul to him did wed; "Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes, "Since God my way hath sped."	Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where he goes; Hinder me not, shall be my cry, Though earth and hell oppose.

Brief life was the portion of all such hymns as these. As early as 1840 half of them appear to have fallen by the way-side, and to-day only the age-worn books are left to tell the story of them. Forever abandoning them as unworthy a part in our services of religious worship, we surrender nothing of the truth of God, of the verities of human life, death, and the judgment; we sunder none of the cords of veneration that bind us to our sound Christian lineage and doctrine.

Every word spoken by our Lord as recorded in the gospels stands firm as of old. We remember how severely He condemned the scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites as recorded in the 23d chapter of Matthew's gospel: "*Ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?*" (Greek Gehenna—R. V.); and we can never doubt that in all time, all such characters, until they become repentant, deserve the pronouncement of just such a "*Woe unto You,*" and that their

punishment is as sure either in this world or in that which is to come, as it is sure that our Father who is in heaven "*maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.*" But, this twentieth century, we are more joyfully praising God with gospel hymns according to Matthew and John, Mark and Luke; hymns, the singing of which has constrained many a prodigal to say, "*I will arise and go to my father.*" It is simply a practical question,—have not the hymns the Church is now singing more power to turn a repentant son or daughter homeward, to warn and hearten sinners and to comfort saints,—hymns like these following?

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me;
And that Thou bid'st me come to
Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come, 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, 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, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve,
Because Thy promise, I believe,
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, Thy love now known
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and com-
ing,
Be at rest."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-
prints.
And His side."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, "Yes."

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encir- cling gloom,	I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Lead Thou me on!	Should'st lead me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,	I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!	Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see,	I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
The distant scene; one step enough for me.	Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest 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.

Evolution is working.

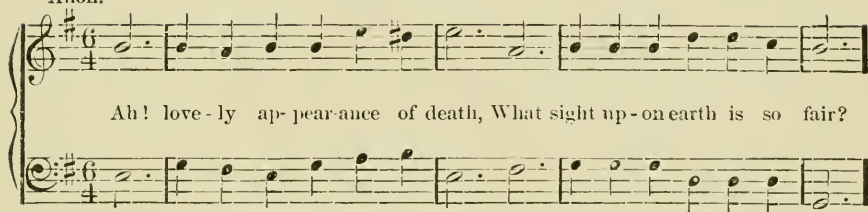
"You cannot read the news of my defeat,
 "The plot is changed and there is none to tell;
 "But you may hear the watchman now repeat.
 "The night is nearly past, and all is well."

CHAPTER VII.

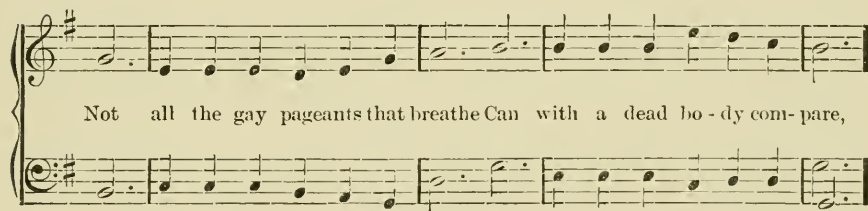
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

CORYDON. 8s.

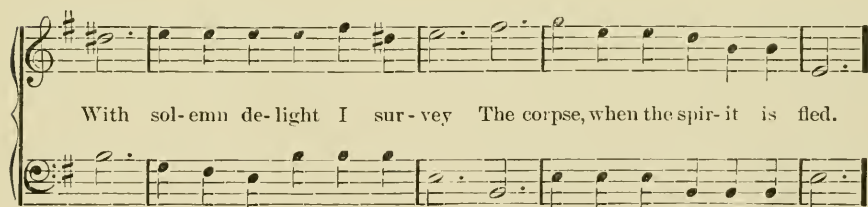
Anon.



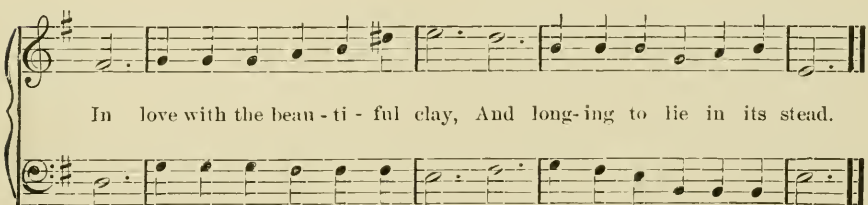
Ah! love-ly ap-pear-ance of death, What sight up-on earth is so fair?



Not all the gay pageants that breathe Can with a dead bo-dy com-pare,



With sol-enn de-light I sur-vey The corpse, when the spir-it is fled.



In love with the beau-ti-ful clay, And long-ing to lie in its stead.

From "Christian Lyre."—1833.

DEATH'S ALARM. C. M.

Anon.

The ris - ing morn - ing can't en - sure, That we shall end the day,.....

The ris - ing morn - ing can't en - sure, That we shall end the day,.....

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and common time (C). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time. The lyrics are: "The ris - ing morn - ing can't en - sure, That we shall end the day,.....". The music features a simple melody with a rising line and a final cadence.

For death stands waiting at the door, For death stands wait - ing at the

For death stands waiting at the door, For death stands wait - ing at the

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "For death stands waiting at the door, For death stands wait - ing at the". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a simple treble accompaniment.

door To snatch..... our lives a - way.....

door To snatch..... our lives a - way.....

door To snatch..... our lives a - - way.....

door To snatch..... our lives a - way.....

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "door To snatch..... our lives a - way.....". The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line.

SUTTON. C. M.

Be - hold the man three score..... and ten up -

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass clef staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the third measure.

on a dy - ing bed. Has run his race and got no grace,

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

An..... aw - - ful sight in - deed. Poor

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

man he lives in sore sur-prise And thus he doth com-plain No

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

grace I've got and I can - not re - call my time a - gain.

The fifth and final system of musical notation for this hymn, ending with a double bar line.

MORTALITY. C. M.

Stoop down my thoughts that used to rise, Con - verse a while with

Stoop down my thoughts that used to rise, Con - verse a while with

death; Think

Think how a gasp - ing

death; Think how a gasp - ing mor - tal lies and

Think how a gasp - ing mor - tal lies and pants.....

how a gasp - ing mor - tal lies and pants a - way his breath and

mor - tal lies and pants a - way his breath, Think how.....

pants a - way his breath and pants a - way his breath.

..... a - way his breath and pants..... a -

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME HYMNS BY INSPIRED WOMEN.

That we may ward off a spell of depression of spirits, and that I may not be suspected of inviting such an attack, I will now steal awhile away to the company of a group of consecrated woman hymnists, to whom we all will be happy to pay homage. Of the thousands of lyrics that have ennobled and enriched the music-service of the Church, a goodly proportion are the soul-inspirations of Godly women. Out of the tenderness of the woman-heart have flowed, as the clear waters of Avon, the sweetest melodies of the songs of Zion.

“Not she with trait’rous kiss her Saviour stung;
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue.
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.”

All hail to the good women for their immeasurable legacies to the Christian world. I shall quote a few of their glad, uplifting songs of praise, and so shall I hope that all through this representation will be heard the gospel keynote which always unites all parts and all hearts in perfect harmony, and I am sure that our spirits will be in tune as we make melody in our hearts with their hymns of devotion.

Let us start with the expression of our gratitude to Miss ANNE STEELE, author in 1760 of the blessed hymn:

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

Give me a calm, a thankful heart
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart
And make me live to Thee.

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

Lowell Mason's inspiration provided its sweet tune, *Naomi*. In his book, "English Hymns," Dr. Samuel W. Duffield said, "To sing this hymn to any other tune than *Naomi* would seem to the American churches almost like sacrilege." This hymn was first introduced by the Church of England in 1776, and from that time has been a true hymn-prayer of the Christian in every English-speaking land. It comes to me first, for of all the hymns in use in our churches I love it the most for the strength and cheer it has imparted to me in trouble. Anne Steele was the daughter of a Baptist minister of England.

In the course of her life of sixty-two years, mostly years of illness, Miss Steele wrote 144 hymns, which under the name of "Theodosia's Poems" were published in 1760 to 1769. Another of her heart winning hymns is:

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

Another is:

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song!
 O may His love, immortal flame,
 Tune every heart and tongue.

A fourth is a decision hymn kept alive to old *Rockingham*.

Now I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord;
 Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

Others are:

"Great God, to Thee my evening song."
 "The Saviour! O what endless charms."
 "He lives, the great Redeemer lives."
 "Thou lovely source of pure delight."

I mention only one more of hers, which also is one of the saved in many books :

Father of mercies, in Thy word,
What endless glory shines ;
Forever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

It seems best when sung to Rev. John B. Dykes' grand tune *Beatudo*.

Verily Anne Steele was "A ministering spirit sent forth to minister for them who should be heirs of salvation."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, whose angel-voice will be ever singing around the throne of light, and over earth's desert plains, was inspired in 1836 to write the precious hymn :

"Just As I Am Without One Plea."

Every line of its six verses will be to us a living gospel 'till our rolling years shall cease to move. The late good Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio said of it, "That hymn contains my religion, my theology and my hope." If the combined Protestant Christian congregations of the world were asked to name a few of their dearest hymns this surely would be one of them.

Another of Charlotte Elliott's hymns that appeals tenderly to all of us, when sung as it always should be to *Flemming*, composed early in nineteenth century, is :

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me
lean,
Help me throughout life's varying
scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful
prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

Oft when I seem to tread alone,
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-
grown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,	They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
We ask not, need not aught beside,	Since Thou art near, and strong to save,
How safe, how calm, how satisfied, The souls that cling to Thee!	Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave, Because they cling to Thee.

Another is:

My God, is any hour so sweet
 From blush of morn to evening star
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
 The hour of prayer.

Every one of its six verses blends poetry with prayer.

And another, beautifully set to Arthur Sullivan's tune *Hanford*, also to Troyte's Chant, is:

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

Each of its seven verses ends with "Thy will be done."

Forever and everywhere revered will be MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS for:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
 That raiseth me;

written 1841. And for its own tune, *Bethany*, composed 1859, Lowell Mason will ever be gratefully remembered. In numerous cases when Christian congregations have been asked to name ten or twelve of their choicest hymns this one, along with "Just as I am," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Rock of Ages," has been accorded first or second place by a good majority. No one would presume to issue a hymn book without it.

Other precious legacies of deeply religious poetry have

been left to the Church by CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, author of:

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me;"

written 1852, which should always be sung to Woodbury's beautiful appropriate tune *Dornance*. To Mrs. Alexander we are deeply indebted also for:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

which we cannot help thinking was written for William Horseley's tune written a few years earlier, and bearing his name. Mrs. Alexander was the author also of:

Once in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed;
Where a mother laid her baby,
In a manger for his bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ—her little child.—

which should never be divorced from Henry Gauntlett's tune—*Irby*.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD gave us:

"Come, said Jesus' sacred voice."
"How blest the righteous when he dies."
"Praise to God, immortal praise."

MRS. PHEBE H. BROWN, wrote this cherished hymn:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care.
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

MRS. JEMIMA T. LUKE, wife of a Congregational minister, wrote the beautiful hymn for children:

I think when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men.

ANNA SHIPTON gave us:

Call them in, the poor, the wretched
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold.

ANNA R. COUSIN, wife of a Scottish clergyman, 1857, wrote the following grand hymn of four double verses. Its perfect tune, *Rutherford*, was arranged from *Urhan* by E. F. Rimbault.

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

From an article by "The Wayfarer," in *The Continent*, of December 7th, 1911, I quote the following four stanzas said to be a part of the above beautiful hymn in its original form. The *Anwoth* of the poem was the little town in Galloway, Scotland, where Samuel Rutherford, for whom the hymn has been named, ministered to a little church from A. D. 1618 to 1627. While these verses are very interesting and poetical, it will be seen

that they are judiciously cut off from the good hymn as we prize it.

E'en Anwoth was not heaven,
 E'en preaching was not Christ
 And in my sea-girt prison
 My Lord and I held tryst.
 And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
 Was by a rainbow spanned,
 Caught from the glory dwelling
 In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Anwoth,
 I used to count them blest;
 Now beside happier altars
 I go to build my nest.
 O'er these there broods no silence,
 No graves around them stand;
 For glory deathless dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
 The moonlight and the dew;
 So Christ from one who loved it
 His shining oft withdrew.
 And then for cause of absence
 My troubled soul I scanned;
 But glory, shadeless, shineth
 In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
 To me thou still art dear!
 E'en from the verge of heaven
 I drop for thee a tear.
 Oh, if one soul from Anwoth
 Meet me at God's right hand,
 My heaven will be two heavens,
 In Immanuel's land.

KATE DOUGLASS WIGGIN wrote this "Child's Morning Hymn" of two verses:

Father, we thank Thee for the night,	Help us to do the things we should,
And for the pleasant morning light;	To be to others kind and good;
For rest and food and loving care,	In all we do, in work or play,
And all that makes the world so fair.	To love Thee better day by day.

MARY L. DUNCAN was author of the excellent hymn for children, most effective when sung to Dykes' tune—*Sylvester*.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night.

MARY MAPES DODGE wrote several beautiful hymns for the children,—one of them being:

Can a little child like me
 Thank the Father fittingly?
 Yes, O yes, be good and true,
 Patient, kind in all you do, etc.

MISS PHEBE CARY, looking heavenward, tells us comfortingly:

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

MISS ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE'S soul was very near the cross when she wrote about forty years ago:

<p>Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand; The shadow of a mighty rock Within a weary land, A home within the wilderness, A rest upon the way, From the burning of the noon-tide heat And the burden of the day.</p>	<p>Upon that cross of Jesus, Mine eyes at times can see, The very dying form of One, Who suffered there for me; And from my smitten heart with tears Two wonders I confess,— The wonders of His glorious love, And my own worthlessness.</p>
---	--

I take, O cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

The value to us of this tender hymn is enhanced by, and it should always be sung to Frederick C. Maker's composition—*St. Christopher*. Miss Clephane was the author also of:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,

for which Ira D. Sankey composed and sang effectively his well-fitting tune known as *The Ninety and Nine*.

EMILY ELIZABETH ELLIOTT, about a half century ago, wrote the good hymn:

"Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,"

which we love to sing to tune, *Margaret*, by Rev. T. R. Matthews.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS' hymn, 1786, a standard in our churches for more than a century, well set to Pleyel's *Brattle Street* and Dykes' *Beatudo*, must be included here:

While Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour,
With better hopes be filled.

We are impelled to offer a prayer of thanksgiving for one of HARRIET AUBER'S hymns, written in 1829:

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His tender, last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed, With us to dwell.	And His the gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each thought, that calms each fear, And speaks of Heaven.
--	---

He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious, willing Guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.	And every virtue we possess, And every victory won, And every thought of holiness Are His alone.
--	---

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see,
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place
And worthier Thee.

This hymn always brings to mind our Saviour's parting words, "*I will not leave you comfortless. It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you. But if I go I will send Him unto you.*"

For this hymn there is just one tune worthy of thought—*St. Cuthbert*, by Dr. J. B. Dykes.

What is God? Our Catechism answers splendidly—"God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." The Bible answers it in three words, "*God is Love.*" I John 4:8.

Dr. Watts' view was overcast by dark clouds when he wrote for the songs of Christian assemblies:

Adore and tremble, for our God,	Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
Is a consuming fire;	How bright His fury glows!
His jealous eyes, His wrath inflame	Vast magazines of plagues and storms
And raise His vengeance higher.	Lie treasured for his foes.

Contrast in your minds these views of our dear Lord and Father of mankind, with the loving thoughts just breathed in our song:

And His the gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

Yes! yes! we can thankfully sing—

There's a wideness in God's mercy	For the love of God is broader,
Like the wideness of the sea;	Than the measure of man's mind;
There's a kindness in His justice	And the heart of the Eternal,
That is more than liberty.	Is most wonderfully kind.

—*Rev. F. W. Faber, 1854.*

We remember the prophet Elijah, how he heard God's voice, not in the great, strong wind, not in the earthquake nor the fire, but in the still, small voice.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush	Not always thus, with outward sign
On Horeb's mount of fear,	Of fire or voice from Heaven,
Not always as the burning bush	The message of a truth divine,
To Midian's shepherd seer,	The call of God is given!
Nor as the awful voice which came	Awaking in the human heart
To Israel's prophet bards,	Love for the true and right,—
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,	Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Nor gift of fearful words,—	Strength for the Christian's fight.

Though heralded with naught of fear,
Of outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low!
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dewfall, heed it well,—
Thy Father's call of love!

—*Whittier.*

MRS. MARY DUNCAN, wife of a Scotch clergyman, in 1839 wrote and sang to her dear children, and our little ones love it too:

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me;
 Keep me safe till morning light.

Its one tune is *St. Sylvester* by Dykes.

MRS. URANIA L. BAILEY'S hymn, "The Open Door," beginning:

The mistakes of my life have been many,
 The sins of my heart have been more,

with its only tune, by Dr. Robert Lowry, a good, tender hymn for Sunday School and Prayer Meeting, appeared thirty to forty years ago, then disappeared. It now has place in the new "Mission Hymnal" of the Protestant Episcopal Church—1911.

ANNA B. WARNER wrote the hymn, impressive when sung to Lowell Mason's *Henley*:

"We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, during her brief life of forty-three years—1836-1879—wrote many very sweet, poetical, devotional hymns, among them being:

"Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather."

"Standing at the portal of the opening year."

"Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?"

"Thy life was given for me.
 What have I given for Thee?"

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

"Golden harps are sounding,
 Angel voices ring."

"Like a river glorious,
 Is God's perfect peace."

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In living echoes of Thy tone, As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring children lost and lone.	O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wandering and the wavering feet; O feed me, Lord, that I may feed, The hungering ones with manna sweet.
---	---

CAROLINE L. SMITH wrote this comforting, quieting hymn for which nine years later John B. Dykes composed its beautifully blending tune, *St. Sylvester*.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour! For the day is passing by; See! the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.	Let me hear Thy voice behind me, Calming all these wild alarms; Let me, underneath my weakness, Feel the everlasting arms.
--	---

Deeper, deeper, grow the shadows, Paler now the glowing west, Swift the night of death advances; Shall it be the night of rest?	Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying, Lord, I cast myself on Thee; Tarry with me through the darkness, While I sleep, still watch by me.
--	---

Lonely seems the vale of shadow; Sinks my heart with troubled fear; Give me faith for clearer vision, Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.	Tarry with me, O my Saviour! Lay my head upon Thy breast; Till the morning; then awake me! Morning of eternal rest.
--	--

Another helpful prayer-hymn is MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER'S, 1860, with its chorus, "Even Me."

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing."

Of this hymn there are six verses of beautiful prayer out of a sweet overflowing heart. Scores of her hymns are in many of our present-day collections.

MISS ANNA L. WARING gave us:

In heavenly love abiding
No change my heart shall fear.

And

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see.

Sweet contentment springs from ADELAIDE ANNA PROCTER'S verses :

<p>I do not ask, O God, that life may be A pleasant road ; I do not ask that Thou would'st take from me Aught of its load.</p>	<p>I do not ask that flowers should al- ways spring Beneath my feet ; I know too well the poison and the sting Of things too sweet.</p>
--	---

Its most appropriate tune, *Submission*, was composed by Albert L. Peace. Miss Procter has made the world brighter too by her cheery hymn :

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light,
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right.

There are six fine verses in this hymn, grandly set to F. C. Maker's tune—*Wentworth*.

She wrote also "The Shadows of the Evening Hours," one of the most widely cherished of our evening hymns. Its best tune is *St. Leonard* by Henry Hiles. I quote two of its four double verses :

<p>The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the darkening sky ; Upon the fragrance of the flowers, The dews of evening lie. Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven, We kneel at close of day ; Look on Thy children from on high And hear us while we pray.</p>	<p>Slowly the rays of daylight fade ; So fade within our hearts, The hopes in earthly love and joy, That one by one depart. Slowly the bright stars, one by one, Within the heavens shine ; Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things divine.</p>
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MISS ANNA L. COGHILL, of Canada, in 1860, gave us an inspiring one, regarded ever since by the best hymn publishers as indispensable :

"Work, for the night is coming,"

the admirably consonant music for which, named *Work Song*, was composed by Lowell Mason, in 1864.

The stimulating sentiment of this song followed by Horatius Bonar's "Go, labor on, spend and be spent, my joy to do the Master's will," sung to Kingsley's tune, *Williams*, will start any Christian army on the march lustily singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

MISS KATHARINE HANKEY is the esteemed author of

"Tell me the old, old story,"

the suitable tune for which was composed by Bishop Doane.

MISS HANKEY wrote also

"I love to tell the story,"

the ever-abiding tune for which was composed by William G. Fischer, of Philadelphia, who added the chorus:

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory, etc.

MISS EMILY T. OAKEY is author of

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,"

and P. P. Bliss supplied its suitable tune.

MRS. MARY F. MAUDE'S Confirmation Hymn:

"Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above,"

is in our best hymnals.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY wrote the treasured funeral hymn:

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;"

written in 1832. Bradbury's *Rest* is its most appropriate tune.

MARY A. LATHBURY was endowed by the Spirit to write that brief but strong hymn, appropriate at celebration of the Lord's Supper:—

"Break Thou the Bread of Life."

Its excellent tune is by W. F. Sherwin.

MISS LATHBURY wrote also the beautiful evening hymn:

"Day is dying in the west,"

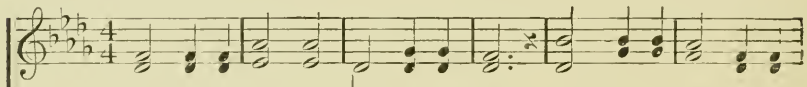
and Mr. Sherwin composed its admirable tune.

Mrs. C. M. MORRIS in 1900 wrote the following good, spiritual hymn and the tune for it, which is heart-touching,

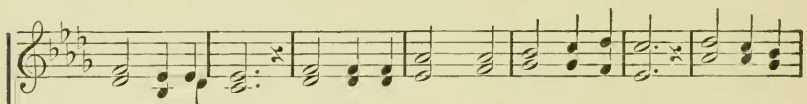
1 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

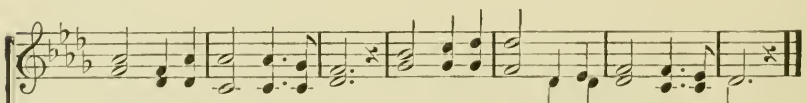
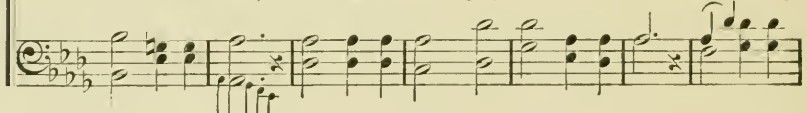
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



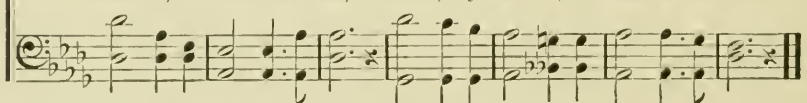
1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth- ing I bring, Naught as an offering to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my



precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my



safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Saviour, still nearer to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.



The name of ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS brings to mind:

More love to Thee, O Christ,
 More love to Thee.
 Hear Thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee.

And that of ANNIE S. HAWKES calls us to a helpful one that we all love to sing:

“I need Thee every hour,”

always to its own and only tune, *Need*, by Dr. Lowry.

But one other woman's name I must call to us, one that might well have been placed among the first—FANNY CROSBY—lately known as Fanny J. Crosby Van Alstyne, author of many such evangelical hymns as:

“’Tis the blessed hour of prayer.”

“Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.”

“Never be sad or desponding.”

“Rescue the perishing.”

“Only a step to Jesus.”

“Safe in the arms of Jesus.”

“I am Thine, O Lord.”

“Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine.”

“Praise Him, Praise Him, Jesus our blessed Redeemer.”

“Lord, at Thy mercy seat humbly I fall.”

“Speed away, speed away, on your mission of light.”

“Some day the silver cord will break.”

“Send the light, O send it quickly.”

“Jesus, keep me near the cross.”

“Saviour, more than life to me.”

She wrote many good hymns for children. Thirty-one of them are in "Bright Jewels for the Sunday School," issued by Bradbury & Lowry about fifty years ago.

Born in 1820, blind from infancy, Fanny Crosby has consecrated her long life to writing of sacred songs. She is now living in good health in her 93d year.

It has been said that her hymns number more than five thousand. A number of them have been more generally attractive to the best composers of gospel music than have those of any other writer of such hymns in our day, among them being Dr. William H. Doane, George F. Root, Ira D. Sankey, William Bradbury, William F. Sherwin, George C. Stebbins, Rev. Robert Lowry, H. P. Danks and Thomas E. Perkins. Her favorite of all her hymns, we are told, is,

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast;
 There by His love o'ershadowed,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the jasper sea.

It has three verses, all poetical and heart touching. At the funeral of General U. S. Grant, August 7, 1885, it was sung to a band accompaniment. It was a favorite of President McKinley.

Even now, in her great age, Fanny Crosby is writing hymns. In a letter written to me October 25, 1911, she says, "my publishers have been calling for new hymns, and my friends are calling me hither and yon." The secret of her long and happy life is revealed in such of her hymns as

"Never be sad or desponding."

"I will not be weary, tho' trials may come."

"Some day the silver cord will break, and I shall see Him
 face to face."

"They tell me of a land so fair."

Names enough have been mentioned to assure us that our hymnary would be sadly impaired if angel woman had never tuned her lyre to gospel song. As it is, it would seem that Jacob's ladder stands to-day as of old, firm as ever, with heaven's messengers ascending and descending on it.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME VALUED HYMNS BY WATTS AND OTHER MEN.

However pleasing the contrast between these heart-drawing woman lyrics and those of the men upon whose hymns I have animadverted, I would be sorry to leave the impression that those old Christian braves were never in a tender, full-salvation mood, or that, when writing their hymns, they never stretched their wings to sunnier flights nor tuned their harps to joyful lays. Superabundant as were their songs in sad, minor strains, sometimes, with God-given grace they penned living lyrics that all Christendom has loved to sing to this happy day.

The forsaking of such of their old hymns as are terror-striking or otherwise now unadapted to the purposes for which they were written has been in obedience to the apostolic injunction, "*Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*" It has been in recognition of radical changes of underlying characteristics, an unremitting devotional trend, a more heartening theology, a touching of a chord more in tune with the Infinite, in a word, it marks a spiritual evolution of our hymnology. The treasuring of many of their brighter old lyrics proves that these have a just claim to immortality, and are worth holding fast. Here follow some prominent typical examples that are so familiar we could sing them all without a book, on the giving out of their first lines only—I have chosen these because they have chosen us.

Following are twenty by DR. WATTS—all gladsome—and all highly regarded to this day:

"When I survey the wondrous cross."

"Raise your triumphant songs."

"Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear."

"Give me the wings of faith to rise."
 "My God, how endless is Thy love."
 "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove."
 "O God, our help in ages past."
 "When I can read my title clear."
 "There is a land of pure delight."
 "Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme."
 "Come, we that love the Lord."
 "The Lord my Shepherd is."
 "Joy to the world, the Lord is come."
 "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."
 "Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell."
 "Come, let us join our cheerful songs."
 "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."
 "How beauteous are their feet."
 "My dear Redeemer and my Lord."
 "Welcome, sweet day of rest."

Another, written by DR. WATTS, 1707, set to its own tune, *Avon*, sometimes called *Martyrdom*, of sacred memory to all who, like myself, have heard it from infancy, is:

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed!
 And did my Sovereign die!
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I!

The last line of this verse in latest hymnals reads:

For sinners such as I.

CHARLES WESLEY, brother of John Wesley, the greatest hymner of his time, in hours of transport wrote many wonderfully fine, spiritual hymns. Some of them were pronounced by Isaac Watts to be of greater value than any of his own. He

is on record as the author of over six thousand hymns. Of them I name a dozen familiar favorites:

"O could I speak the matchless worth."

"O for a thousand tongues to sing."

"Love divine, all love excelling."

"Christ, whose glory fills the skies."

"Come, Thou Almighty King."

"Hark! the herald angels sing."

"Depth of mercy, can there be."

"O for a heart to praise my God."

"A charge to keep I have."

"Soldiers of Christ, arise."

"Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim."

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Christians of every name and clime know and love every line of "Jesus, lover of my soul." In testimony of this I copy the following from "English Hymns," by Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Duffield, by permission of its publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, of New York:

Henry Ward Beecher once said, after a reference to his father's (Dr. Lyman Beecher) death, and his love for this hymn:

"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."

I quote the following also from Duffield's "English Hymns":

In the winter of 1872 Mr. Charles Trumbull White, being engaged in hospital work of a religious character, visited Bellevue Hospital, New York City. He was specially urged by the attendants to see an English sailor in one of the wards, who was near death. The man was found to be fast going, and unable to articulate. Mr. White, therefore, leaned down and repeated, so that he might hear them, the words of this hymn. To all appearance they were uttered to the "dull, cold ear of death," and he departed, feeling as though he had failed to secure the least response.

About midnight, however, of the same night this unknown sailor seemed to arouse. He sat up in his cot and, with a clearly audible voice, he spoke the words:

Jesu, 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 Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O, receive my soul at last,

and continued until he had repeated the entire hymn. He then added other verses of hymns for several minutes, but ceased suddenly, fell back, and was dead. Who can tell how great a bridge had been thrown by those familiar words across the gulf of memory, and how great a comfort they may have brought to his dying hour. The circumstances were precisely as we have given them, and no explanation was ever obtained.

REV. DR. GEORGE DUFFIELD (the author of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus") writes:

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 into 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!

One other of Charles Wesley's gems must be mentioned—with its perfect tune *Bradford*, by Handel, arr. 1741:

I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me; A token of His love He gives, A pledge of liberty.	He wills that I should holy be; Who can withstand His will? The counsel of His grace in me, He surely shall fulfil.
I find Him lifting up my head, He brings salvation near; His presence makes me free indeed, And He will soon appear.	Jesus, I hang upon Thy word, I steadfastly believe; Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord, And to Thyself receive.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1712, wrote the great stirring mission hymn:

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;	See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes;	Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,	See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.	While every land its joyous tribute brings.
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;	The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay;
See future sons, and daughters yet un- born;	Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies.	But fixed His word, His saving power remains; Thy realm shall last; Thy own Mes- siah reigns.

It is considered indispensable by all the best hymn book makers, and is universally set to the great tune *Moscow* or "Russian Hymn" by Alexis T. Lwoff—1833.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751, a close friend of Isaac Watts, though twenty-eight years younger, was author of many good hymns with staying qualities. We still sing in our churches:

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve."

"Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes."

"O happy day that fixed my choice."

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand."

"Triumphant Zion, lift thy head."

"My God, and is Thy table spread."

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands."

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

"How gentle God's commands."

REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1745, author of the indispensable hymn:

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,"

never could have imagined that it would be on millions of tongues after he had ended his pilgrimage through this barren land.

I now select a hymn or two of each of a number of gifted authors of long ago—world favorites:

"Come, Thou Almighty King, help us Thy name to sing."
(Anonymous, A. D. 1757; credited to CHARLES WESLEY.)

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," by REV. JAMES ALLEN, 1757.

"O for a closer walk with God," 1769, by WILLIAM COWPER.

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," 1768, by WILLIAM COWPER.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," 1776, by REV. A. M. TOP-LADY.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," by PERRONET, 1779.

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken," by REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," by REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1781.

"My soul, be on thy guard," by REV. GEORGE HEATH, 1784.

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." Published 1787; authorship uncertain.

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish," by THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high," by REV. HENRY WARE, JR., 1817.

"From Greenland's icy mountains," by BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill," by BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

"Bread of the world, in mercy broken," 1826, by BISHOP HEBER.

"The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears," by REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1833.

Of sacred morning hymns I would place the following, by REV. JOHN KEBLE, written in 1822, with its fine tune, *Melcombe*, composed by Samuel Webbe, 1782, at the head. There is a whole sermon in it.

New every morning is the love,	If on our daily course, our mind
Our waking and uprising prove;	Be set to hallow all we find,
Through sleep and darkness safely	New treasures still of countless price
brought,	God will provide for sacrifice.
Restored to life and power and	
thought.	

New mercies each returning day,	The trivial round, the common task,
Hover around us while we pray;	Will furnish all we ought to ask;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,	Room to deny ourselves, a road
New thoughts of God, new hopes of	To bring us daily nearer God.
heaven.	

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

And of evening hymns it is acknowledged that JOHN KEBLE again wins a high prize for "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," written 1820, and wedded to an eighteenth century tune, *Hursley*. It is too good to skip a single verse.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour 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 Saviour'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 wandering 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 boundless
 store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infants' 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.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854, left us many of our very best, among them:

"Angels from the realms of glory."

"Go to dark Gethsemane."

"In the hour of trial."

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

"O where shall rest be found?"

Following are two of a kind that appeal to our hearts tenderly, written, as they are, in the first person, singular. They are among the many loved hymns by REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1808-1889:

Yes, for me, for me He careth,
 With a brother's tender care;
 Yes, with me, with me He shareth,
 Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
 Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth,
 From the perils of the way.

Yes in me, in me He dwelleth,
 I in Him, and He in me!
 And my empty soul He filleth,
 Here and through eternity.

Thus I wait for His returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven;
 Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of even.

CONSECRATION.

Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God, In every part with praise; That my whole being may proclaim, Thy being and Thy ways.	Fill every part of me with praise; Let all my being speak Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord, Poor though I be and weak.
Not for the lip of praise alone, Nor e'en the praising heart, I ask, but for a life made up Of praise in every part.	So shall Thou, Lord, from me e'en me, Receive the glory due, And so shall I begin on earth The song forever new.
Praise in the common things of life, Its goings out and in, Praise in each duty and each deed, However small and mean.	So shall no part of day or night, From sacredness be free; But all my life, in every step, Be fellowship with Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

Other favorites by Dr. Bonar are:

"Go, labor on, spend and be spent."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

"A few more years shall roll."

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping."

"I lay my sins on Jesus."

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord."

"When the weary, seeking rest."

In one of our denominational church hymnals, there are twenty-two of Dr. Bonar's hymns; in others, ten to fifteen each.

One selected hymn of each of the following list of inspired men is enough to entitle them to have their names written in the book of life:

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1792-1872—"In the Cross of Christ I glory."

BISHOP DOANE, 1799-1859—"Softly now the light of day."

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872—"Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning."

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1794-1849—" 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow."

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1793-1847—"Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven."

WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885—"O day of rest and gladness."

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D., 1808-1887—"My faith looks up to Thee."

REV. F. W. FABER, 1814-1863—"O Paradise, O Paradise."

REV. EDWARD MOTE, 1797-1874—"My hope is built on nothing less."

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE, 1839—"The Church's one foundation."

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819-1892—"Again, as evening's shadow falls."

REV. ANDREW REED, 1787-1862—"Holy Ghost, with light divine."

REV. SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1821-1877—"The King of love my Shepherd is."

REV. S. BARING GOULD, 1865—"Now the day is over."

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893—"Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise."

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1807-1892—"Immortal love, forever full," the second verse of which begins with "We may not climb the heavenly steeps." As dear to us is the same poet's "Dear Lord and Father of mankind." Both these hymns may well be made our prayers.

The following beautiful hymn, most expressive of faith, hope and love, in deep humility, was written by Whittier, our consecrated Quaker poet, 1867:

I bow my forehead to the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame;
 And urge in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim.
 No offering of mine own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts he gave,
 And plead His love for love.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
 Or greater out of sight;
 And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
 His judgments too are right.
 And if my heart and flesh are weak,
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed He will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

<p>I know not what the future hath, Of marvel or surprise; Assured alone that life or death, His mercy underlies. And so beside the silent sea, I wait the muffled oar; No harm from Him can come to me, On ocean or on shore.</p>	<p>I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care. And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen Thy creatures as they be, Forgive me if too close I lean My human heart on Thee.</p>
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BISHOP W. W. HOW, 1867, gave the church this lovely hymn of three double verses, now in every worthy collection. The Episcopalians prize it so highly they give it three pages and three tunes in their hymnal, the first and best of which is *St. Edith*. I quote only the first verse:

O Jesus, Thou art standing,
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting,
 To pass the threshold o'er;
 Shame on us, Christian brothers,
 His name and sign who bear!
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there!

BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX, in 1840, gave his Church and country the stirring hymn, grand, when sung to Haydn's *Austria*:

We are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time,
 In an age of ages telling
 To be living is sublime.

REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S beautiful prayer-hymn:

O Master, let me walk with Thee
 In lowly paths of service free;

cannot be spared from any of our hymnals.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS, out of his holy inspiration, wrote, in 1880, the perfect Christmas hymn:

“O little town of Bethlehem,”

and for it, his friend and our friend, Lewis H. Redner, composed its tune.

Again, I quote from Dr. Bodine’s book, “Some Hymns and Hymn Writers”:

One stirring American hymn merits a word of attention. It was written by SAMUEL WOLCOTT, a Congregational clergyman, like so many others a graduate of Yale College and of Andover Theological Seminary. As he tells us, he had never put two lines together until he was fifty-five years old. He then tried a hymn, with a fairly successful result. Soon afterwards the Young Men’s Christian Association of Ohio met in Cleveland, where he was pastor of a church. He was attracted by some evergreen lettering over the pulpit, “Christ for the World and the World for Christ.” His heart immediately began to burn within him and, walking the streets, journeying homewards, the verses shaped themselves.

Christ for the world we sing!
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With loving zeal;
 The poor, and them that mourn,
 The faint and over-borne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing!
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer!
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing!
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing!
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
 The new-born souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

American thought is expansive. It readily takes in the ideas of universal evangelization. "Christ for the World." What better motto can American Christianity lift to the skies?

REV. GEORGE MATHESON, in 1882, wrote the next following hymn which has taken root deeply in the affections of every lover of good hymns. Its tune, *St. Margaret*, by Albert L. Peace, is a grandly fitting complement to the words,—

O Love that will not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee;
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain
 I cannot close my heart to Thee;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms
 red
 Life that shall endless be.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1862, wrote the tenderly cherished hymn of which I quote the first two verses:

Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord,
 Before Thy mercy seat,
 My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word,
 And owns Thy mercy sweet.

My need, and Thy desires,
 Are all in Christ complete;
 Thou hast the justice truth requires,
 And I Thy mercy sweet.

By permission of REV. BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, I include here two of his excellent hymns:

MEIRINGEN.

CHRISTIAN G. NEEFE, 1777.

1. The Lord has come un - to His world! Nay, nay, that can - not be: The

world is full of noisomeness, And all in - i - qui - ty; The Lord—thrice

ho - ly is His name—He can - not touch this thing of shame. A - men.

2 The Lord has come into His world!

“Ah, then, He comes in might,
The sword of fury in His hands,
With vengeance all bedight!
O wretched world! thine end draws near,
Prepare to meet thy God, in fear!”

3 The Lord has come into His world!

“What! in that baby sweet?
That broken man, acquaint with grief?
Those bleeding hands and feet?
He is the Lord of all the earth,
How can He stoop to human birth?”

4 The Lord has come into His world!

“A slaughtered Lamb I see,
A smoking altar, on which burns
A sacrifice for me!
He comes—He comes—O blessed day!—
He comes to take my sin away!”

THE LOVE OF GOD ALMIGHTY.

REV. BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D.

Rev. B. F. ALLEMAN, D. D.

Moderato.

O the love of God Al-might-y, O His cease-less love!

Pierc-ing thro' the depths be-neath us, Through the heights a-bove;

Wid-er than the bound-less spac-es, Where the stars do dwell;

Kind-ling heav-en with its bright-ness, Reach-ing down to hell;

Kind-ling heav-en with its bright-ness, Reach-ing down to hell.

Besides the goodly multitude already mentioned, every one of the following may be regarded as indispensable, whether for the church, the Sunday School, the prayer meeting or the family:

"Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nations," Crusaders' hymn; Old German Melody.

"Fight the good fight with all thy might," J. S. B. Moxsell. Tune by Wm. Boyd.

"For all the saints, who from their labors rest," Bishop How. Tune by Barnby.

"God be with you 'till we meet again," JEREMIAH E. RANKIN. Tune by W. G. Tomer.

"I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory," SAMUEL O. M. CLUFT. Tune by Ira D. Sankey.

"I lift my heart to Thee," CHARLES E. MUDIE. Tune by Thos. M. Mudie.

"It may not be on the mountain's heights," MARY BROWN. Tune by Carrie E. Rounsefell.

"In the fields with their flocks abiding," F. W. FARRAR. Tune by J. Farmer.

"Jesus, I am resting, resting," JEAN S. PIGGOTT. Tune by Rev. J. Mountain.

"Like a river glorious," FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Tune by Rev. J. Mountain.

"My days with sunshine shall be fraught," MRS. F. A. BRECK. Tune by G. C. Tullar.

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," JAMES EDMESTON. Tune by Geo. C. Stebbins.

"Sing them over again to me," PHILIP P. BLISS. Tune by same.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus," REV. GEO. DUFFIELD. Tune by Geo. J. Webb.

"Sweetly the holy hymn," REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Tune by Jos. E. Sweetser.

"Weary of earth, and laden with my sin," SAMUEL J. STONE. Tune by James Langran.

"We would see Jesus," E. ELLIS. Tune, *Visio Domini*, Dykes.

"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole," JAS. NICHOLSON. Tune by W. G. Fischer.

"Sweet hour of prayer," W. W. WALFORD. Tune, *Walford*.

"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone?" THOS. SHEPHERD. Tune, *Cross and Crown*, by G. N. Allen.

"Jesus, I my Cross have taken," H. F. LYTE, 1824. Tune, *Crucifix*, by H. Smart.

“Saviour, when in dust to Thee,” SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1815.
Tune, *Blumenthal*.

“’Tis midnight, and on Olive’s brow,” W. B. TAPPAN,
1822. Tune, *Olive’s Brow*, by Bradbury.

Tunes other than those indicated for the above twenty-four hymns will be found in various books. I have mentioned those I consider best.

It is because of the limitations imposed by my chief subject, our old and new hymns, that I have not given merited attention to the composers of their musical settings, to whom we are under everlasting obligations. But for them, it is probable that many of our cherished hymns would have gotten away from us. Certain of them have so endeared themselves to us as to entitle them to memorial tablets in our churches, along with the names of consecrated poets and preachers.

No disparagement of any is implied if I name as examples: Mendelssohn, Gounod, Brahms, Zeuner, Horsley, Spohr, Haydn, Warren, Dykes, Barnby, Sullivan, Danks, Mason, Monk, Root, Perkins, Reinecke, Batchellor, Matthews, Willis, Stainer, Smart, Maker, Doane, Bradbury, Elvey, Sankey, Hastings, Gilbert, Woodbury, Ritter, Bliss, Lowe, Bullinger, Gauntlett, Fischer, Lowry, Geibel, Hopkins, Gilmour, Gabriel, Sherwin, Towner, Holbrook, Calkin, Thompson, Allen, Holden, Main, Converse and McGranahan.

I have spoken of many hymns as connected inseparably with their own wedded tune, cases in which it has seemed to me that hymn and tune, spiritually united, have claimed and captured our enduring love. Of all such I say let them stand as life companions. Whenever the fitness and happiness of such a union is assured we are bound to say, “*What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.*”

God has taken nearly all of these good men and women hymnists from earth, to join theirs with the ever-singing angel voices round the throne of light; yet He has not left us com-

fortless. After Dr. Watts and the Wesleys were translated, God sent His Spirit to others. The mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha. In these latter days of grace and knowledge, ever increasing in fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy, others have been raised up to admonish sinners and comfort saints with poetic melodies sweet as ear ever heard, hymns that go to our hearts, and then go out to help and gladden others. I will mention but a few as examples, and if I quote only a single verse of each hymn, the rest will spring up in our minds, and their own tunes with them.

In the selections I have named but a few among the many that we may call our choice. There are hundreds more, written by these authors and other hundreds by unnamed hymnners, of which many may say, "They are just as good" and worthy of long life. Altogether, they may be regarded as a treasury abundant for all twentieth century requirements, but they have always been coming, and they will always come.

"The harvest is the end of the world." Matthew 13: 39.

I quote here a fine new one appearing in the 1911 Presbyterian Hymnal:

THE HYMN TO JOY.

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee	Thou art giving and forgiving,
God of glory, Lord of love;	Ever blessing, ever blest,
Hearts unfold like flowers before	Well-spring of the joy of living,
Thee,	Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Opening to the sun above.	Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness,	All who live in love are Thine;
Drive the dark of sin away;	Teach us how to love each other,
Giver of immortal gladness,	Lift us to the Joy Divine.
Fill us with the light of day.	
All Thy works with joy surround	Mortals, join the mighty chorus
Thee,	Which the morning stars began;
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays	Father-love is reigning o'er us,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,	Brother-love binds man to man.
Centre of unbroken praise.	Ever singing, march we onward,
Field and forest, vale and mountain,	Victors in the midst of strife,
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,	Joyful music leads us sunward,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,	In the triumph song of life.
Call us to rejoice in Thee.	<i>Rev. Henry Van Dyke, 1907.</i>

Tune, arr. from Beethoven.

CHAPTER X.

HYMNS OF PATRIOTISM.

Of our so-called national hymns, the best known and most popular is "My country, 'tis of thee," written by REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D., a Baptist minister, 1832. Its only tune, *America*, as we have named it, we have inherited from the eighteenth century.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has written two additional verses, so that, as thus enlarged, it reads:

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 that above.

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains.

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands,
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air,—
O land beyond compare,
Thee I love best.

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;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

This hymn was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Boston, and in their primary classes it was called into frequent service, the New England idea being that Patriotism is next to Godliness.

The *Boston Courier*, of September, 1885, printed these anonymous verses bearing on this phase of the subject:

Again each morning as we pass The city's streets along, We hear the voices of the class Ring out the nation's song.	Their little hearts aglow with pride, Each with exultant tongue Proclaims, "From every mountain- side Let Freedom's song be sung."
The small boys' treble piping clear, The bigger boys' low growl, And from the boy who has no ear A weird, discordant howl.	Let him who'd criticise the time, Or scout the harmony, Betake him to some other clime— No patriot is he!
With swelling hearts we hear them sing "My country, 'tis of thee" From childish throats the anthem ring, "Sweet land of liberty!"	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.

Next in order of our own national hymns of same metre, and usually sung to tune *America*, is in two verses, translated from an old author:

God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night: When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might.	For her our prayers shall rise To God above the skies; On Him we wait: Thou who art ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee aloud we cry, God save the State.
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The authorship of these verses is attributed to Rev. Charles T. Brooks and Rev. John L. Dwight. In the time of general anxiety and depression caused by our country's war with Spain, in 1898, it came upon me to write an addenda of two verses to this hymn. The thought occurred to me that in none of our national hymns has the world's Saviour been even named, and that it ought to be, at least when

these hymns are employed in our church services. Hence the following were written:

God give our President,
Congress and Cabinet
Light from above,
To do Thy holy will,
Thy counsel to fulfil;
Oh make all hearts to thrill
With heavenly love.

Come, Jesus, Prince of Peace,
Reign now and never cease
Us to defend.
Let all men everywhere,
Our glorious freedom share,
Grant, Father, this our prayer
World without end. Amen.

OUR FREE AND HAPPY LAND.

God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
Pleading at Thy throne we stand;
Save Thy people, bless our land.

Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

On our fields of grass and grain
Drop, O Lord, the kindly rain:
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.

Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained.

In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh.

In the same troublous days, the following hymn, "Heavenly Father, God of Nations," was written with the purpose of singing it in our Sunday School to tune *Austria*. It was also used at a banquet of the Presbyterian Social Union and by many Sunday Schools throughout the country.


In 1903 William G. Fischer composed for it the tune *Invocation*, for the book—"Our Hymns," compiled by Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, Dr. David D. Wood and others.

Heavenly Father, God of Nations.


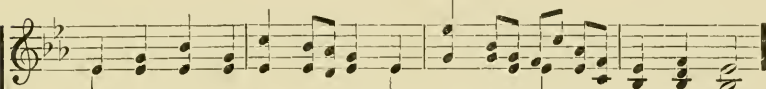
Invocation.

FRANCIS B. REEVES.



WM. G. FISCHER.



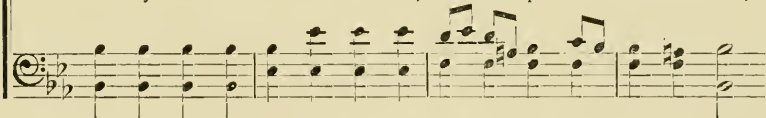
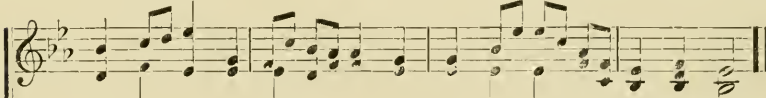
1. Heav'nly Fa-ther, God of na-tions, Thou hast bless'd our na-tive land,
2. Fa-ther, haste the day of prom-ise, When, in all the world a-round,
3. Light the torch of truth and free-dom O'er the na-tions near and far;

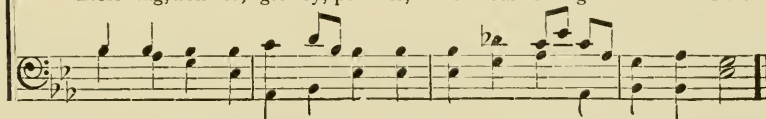
Show'ring fa vors with-out meas-ure From Thy ev-er gra-cious hand.
Wars shall cease; ye an-gels hear-ken! Hear the gos-pel trum-pet sound!
Bid the world's be-la-ted rul-ers Now pre-pare for Zi-on's war.

Oft be-side the qui-et wa-ters Thou hast led us; still lead on;
Wake the ech-o, Chri-stian na-tions! "Peace on earth," your watchword be,
Glo-ry be to God the Fa-ther, With the Spir-it and the Son;

Shield when dark'ning tempests threaten, Guard us 'till the storm has gone.
'Till Love's banner, all vic-to-rious, Floats o'er ev'ry land and sea.
Bless-ing, hon-or, glo-ry, pow-er, To our God great Three in One.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

While we can hardly consider this song suitable for Church services, it is worthy of mention as one of our National songs. Its authorship is uncertain. Its tune is the composition of Francis Scott Key. Of its four stanzas, the last is the only one containing a religious sentiment. This last verse is as follows:

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
 Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

GOD'S ETERNAL GUIDANCE.

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand Our exiled fathers crossed the sea; And when they trod the wintry strand, With prayer and psalm they wor- shipped Thee.	Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves; And, where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer: Thy blessing came; and still its power Shall onward, through all ages, bear The memory of that holy hour.	And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall adore, Till these eternal hills remove, And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1833

GREAT KING OF NATIONS, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

Great King of nations, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall, And humbly, with united cry, To Thee for mercy call.	The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, O turn us not away; But hear us from Thy lofty throne, And help us when we pray.
---	--

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
 And ours no less we own,
 Yet wondrously from age to age
 Thy goodness hath been shown.

With one consent we meekly bow
 Beneath Thy chastening hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land.

When dangers, like a stormy sea,
 Beset our country round,
 To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
 And help in Thee was found.

With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we lift our prayer;
 Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR PEACE.

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 In loud and happy chorus
 We praise Thy love and power,
 Whose goodness reigneth o'er us,
 To heav'n our song shall soar,
 Forever shall it be
 Resounding o'er and o'er,
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 For Thou our land defendest;
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,
 And strife and war Thou endest.
 Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land with one accord,
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,
 Yet still Thy anger spares,
 And still Thy mercy tries us;
 Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land;
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

Tune, Nun Danket.

J. Franck: Translated by Catherine Winkworth.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

O God of love, O King of peace,
 Make wars throughout the world
 to cease;
 The wrath of sinful man restrain;
 Give peace, O God, give peace
 again.

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O
 Lord,
 Where rest but on Thy faithful
 word;
 None ever called on Thee in vain;
 Give peace, O God, give peace
 again.

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
 The wonders that our fathers told;
 Remember not our sin's dark stain;
 Give peace, O God, give peace
 again.

Where saints and angels dwell above
 All hearts are knit in holy love;
 O bind us in that heavenly chain;
 Give peace, O God, give peace
 again.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

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 can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on!

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished 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 beauties 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!

Julia Ward Howe.

PRAYER FOR HELP IN WAR.

O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King, Behold the sacrifice we bring; To every arm Thy strength impart; Thy Spirit shed through every heart.	Be Thou a pillared flame to show The midnight snare, the silent foe; And when the battle thunders loud, Still guide us in its moving cloud.
--	--

Wake in our breasts the living fires; The holy faith that warmed our sires; Thy hand hath made our nation free; To die for her is serving Thee.	God of all nations, Sovereign Lord, In Thy dread name we draw the sword, We lift the starry flag on high, That fills with light our stormy sky.
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From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
 Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
 Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
 Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1861.

GOD THE ALL-MERCIFUL.

God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
 Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
 Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chast'ning
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
 Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening;
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So will Thy people with thankful devotion,
 Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
 Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
 Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

H. F. Chorley, 1842.

 NATIONAL HYMN.

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
 Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
 Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
 Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love Divine hath led us in the past;
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
 Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay;
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
 Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
 Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
 Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
 Lead us from night to never-ending day;
 Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
 And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, 1876.

Tune, National Hymn, George William Warren, 1892.

THE EVOLUTION OF OUR

PRAYER FOR DEFENCE.

From hands that would our land deflower,
 From selfish greed and grasping power,
 From wilful waste of freedom's dower,
 From pleasure's flooding wave;

From all unrest by envy bred,
 From all assaults by passion led,
 From anarchy with banners red,
 Good Lord, defend and save.

Let power and justice side by side
 Bring civil peace and civic pride;
 Still may the ancient order bide
 Of law and liberty.

Keep firm the bond of brotherhood,
 Keep green the memory of the good,
 Defend the ramparts, where they stood,
 With men who trust in Thee.

Rev. Louis F. Benson, 1910.

INTERNATIONAL HYMN.

Two empires by the sea,	What deeds our fathers wrought,
Two nations great and free,	What battles we have fought,
One anthem raise.	Let fame record.
One race of ancient fame,	Now, vengeful passion, cease.
One tongue, one faith we claim,	Come victories of peace;
One God whose glorious name	Nor hate, nor pride's caprice
We love and praise.	Unsheathe the sword.

Now, may our God above
 Guard the dear lands we love;
 Or East or West;
 Let love more fervent glow
 As peaceful ages go,
 And strength yet stronger grow,
 Blessing and blest.

Prof. George Huntington.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

God of our fathers, known of old—	The tumult and the shouting dies—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—	The captains and the kings depart,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold	Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
Dominion over palm and pine—	An humble and contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,	Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!	Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in
 awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen hearts that put their trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust.
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER XI.

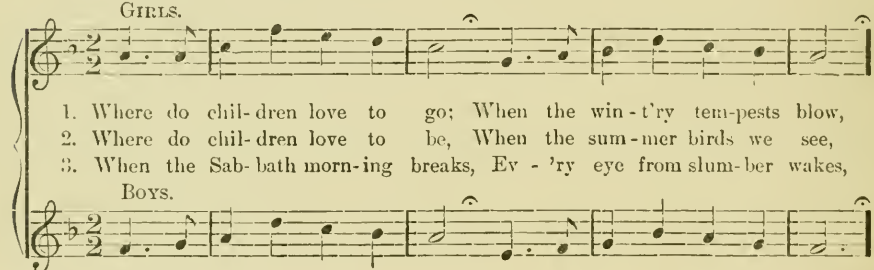
HYMNS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

No less evidential of the upward trend of our hymnology is the great change characterizing the hymns for Sunday Schools, which, a century ago, were regarded as schools for poor little children only, no one imagining then that the Sunday School would ever embrace, as now, a large percentage of adult scholars.

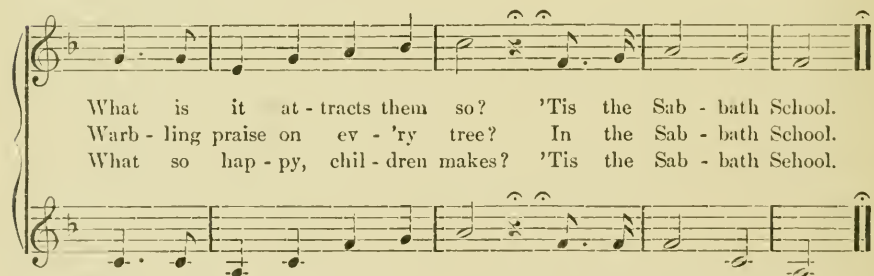
In "The Maryland Sunday School Singing Book," published 1812, are the following:

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

GIRLS.



1. Where do chil-dren love to go; When the win-t'ry tem-pests blow,
2. Where do chil-dren love to be, When the sum-mer birds we see,
3. When the Sab-bath morn-ing breaks, Ev-'ry eye from slum-ber wakes,
Boys.



What is it at-tracts them so? 'Tis the Sab-bath School.
Warb-ling praise on ev-'ry tree? In the Sab-bath School.
What so hap-py, chil-dren makes? 'Tis the Sab-bath School.

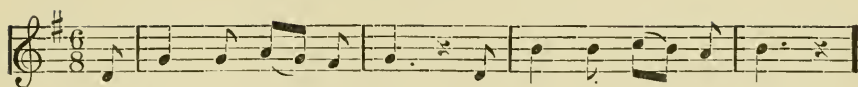
4 Where do pious teachers stay,
From their peaceful homes away,
On the precious Sabbath day?
In the Sabbath School.

5 Where are we so kindly taught,
God should rule in every thought,
What the blood of Christ has bought?
In the Sabbath School.

6 May we ever love this day,
May we learn Salvation's way;
Love to read, and sing, and pray,
In the Sabbath School.

From "Maryland Sunday School Singing Book."

SINGING SCHOOL.



1. O what a love - ly thing It is to learn to sing;
2. My heart doth here as - pire With ar - dent, warm de - sire,
3. My soul with - in doth burn, While I true vir - tue learn,

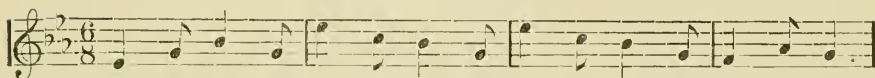


And chant our Sav - iour's praise; Our sweet en - joy - ment here,
To be like saints a - bove; Where ev - 'ry heart and voice,
And ten - der feel - ings gain; Then what a love - ly thing,

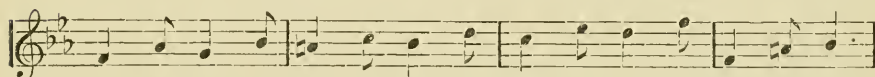


Makes ev - 'ry mo - ment dear. While learn - ing these sweet lays.
In sweet - est songs re - joice, And praise a Sav - iour's love.
It is to learn to sing, Where love and friendship reign.

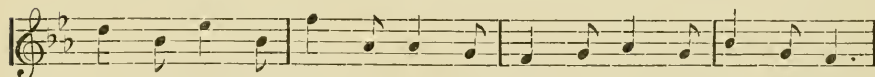
EVENING BOAT.



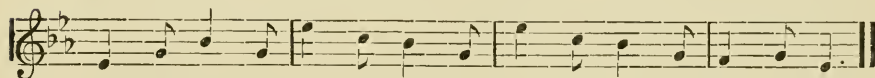
1. By the moon so bright - ly shin - ing O'er the calm un - ruf - fled tide:
2. While our lit - tle boat a rang - er, Through the mead - ows glides a - long,
3. Vain is all that gold can of - fer, Vain the scep - tre and the crown;



On its bos - om soft re - clin - ing, Gent - ly up and down we ride.
Free from fear and free from dang - er, Sing we now our lit - tle song.
False the hap - pi - ness they prof - fer, Fleet - ing all the joys they own.



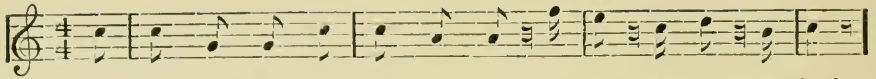
Lit - tle boat thou mov - est on - ward With - out sail and with - out mast,
O - cean's grandeur, o - cean's treas - ure, O - cean's beau - ty charm us not
With our hum - ble lot con - tent - ed, This is all the boon we crave;



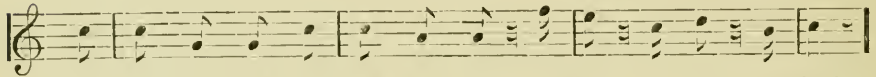
Lit - tle stream that flow - est down - ward, Bear - ing us up - on thy breast.
We are tast - ing sweet - er plea - sure, Float - ing on this lit - tle spot.
When life's voy - age shall be end - ed, Peace - ful rest be - yond the grave.

From "Maryland Sunday School Singing Book."

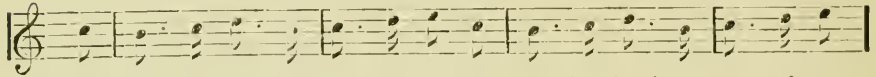
AWAY TO SCHOOL.



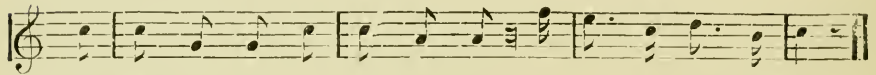
1. Our youth - ful hearts for learn - ing burn, A - way, a - way, to school;
 2. Be - hold! a hap - py band ap - pears, A - way, a - way, to school;
 3. No more we walk, no more we play, A - way, a - way, to school;



To sci - ence now our steps we turn, A - way, a - way, to school:
 The shout of joy now fills our ears, A - way, a - way, to school:
 In stu - dy now we spend the day, A - way, a - way, to school:



Fare - well to home, and all its charms, We break from love's pa - ter - nal arms,
 The voice - es ring, the hands they wave, Each heart rebounds with vig - our brave,
 U - nit - ed in a peace - ful band, We're join'd in heart and join'd in hand.



A - way to school, a - way to school, A - way, a - way to school.

From "Maryland Sunday School Singing Book."

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

(Amongst the watchmen in Germany, a singular custom prevails, of chanting devotional hymns, as well as songs of a national or amusing character, during the night. Of the former description of pieces, the following is a specimen, the several stanzas being chanted as the hours of the night are successively announced.)

CHORUS.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell.	Human watch from harm can't ward us,
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!	God will watch and God will guard us;
Ten are the holy commandments giv'n To man below from God in Heav'n.	He through His eternal might, Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell. Eleven now sounds on the belfry bell! Eleven apostles of holy mind, Taught the Gospel to mankind. Human watch, etc.	Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell. One has pealed on the belfry bell! One God above, one Lord indeed, Who bears us forth in hour of need. Human watch, etc.
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Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell. Twelve resounds from the belfry bell! Twelve disciples to Jesus came, Who suffer'd for their Saviour's name, Human watch, etc.	Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell. Two resounds from the belfry bell! Two paths before mankind are free, Neighbor choose the best for thee. Human watch, etc.
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Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell.
Three now sounds on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the heavenly Host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
Human watch, etc.

The three hymns next quoted are from John Dobell's book,
1806, all headed:

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First.

CONGREGATION.

Great God, accept our songs of praise,
Which we would to Thy honor raise;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

CHILDREN.

Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep His day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring
Our infant tongues Thy praise would
sing.

CHILDREN.

Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who did compassion shew;
In kindly pointing out the road,
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

CONGREGATION.

With these dear children, we'll unite;
Their songs inspire us with delight;
Lord, while on earth we sing Thy
love,
May angels join the notes above.

CONGREGATION.

We claim no merit of our own;
Great God, the work was Thine
alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline,
To carry on this great design.

CHILDREN.

Great God, our benefactors bless,

CONGREGATION.

And crown Thy work with great success;

BOTH.

O may we meet around Thy throne,
To sing Thy praise in strains unknown.

Second.

CONGREGATION.

O what a pleasure 'tis to see
Christians in harmony agree,
To teach the rising race to know
They're born in sin, expos'd to woe!

CHORUS.

To God let highest praise be giv'n;
Hark! how the echo sounds from heav'n.
Come, let us with the angels join.
Glory to God, good will to men.

CHILDREN.

O what a privilege is this,
That we obtain so rich a grace!
We're taught the path to endless day—
We're taught to read, to sing, and pray.

CONGREGATION.

Lord, Thou hast said, in sacred page.
That children are Thy heritage;
Accept them, bless them with Thy grace,
'Till they above behold Thy face.

CHILDREN.

Let blessings in abundance flow
On all around us here below;
May we our benefactors meet,
Around Jehovah's blissful seat.

Third.

Boys.

Once more we keep the sacred day,
That saw the Saviour rise;
Once more we tune our infant song
To Him that rules the skies.

GIRLS.

Our foolish hearts are prone to err;
Too oft we find it so;
O may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.

GIRLS.

What numbers vainly spend these hours,
That are to Jesus due;
Children and parents, how they live!
And how they perish too!

Boys.

Teach us the way, while here we learn
To read Thy Holy Word;
Bless all the kind instructions giv'n,
And make us Thine, O Lord.

Boys.

But we, a happier few, are taught
The ways of heav'nly truth!
We hail once more the plan of love
That pities wand'ring youth.

BOTH.

Praise to our God, and thanks to those,
Who thus the poor befriend;
While the rich benefit we reap,
On them Thy blessing send.

In all these songs prayer is offered for, and thanks are sung to their teachers, who are termed "Benefactors."

In "The Christian Lyre" is this, entitled "Funeral Hymn for a Sunday Scholar, to be sung by the Children." The tune set to it called *Coleshill*, is on page 78.

Down to the tomb our brother goes, In its cold arms to rest;	But if, in yon celestial sphere, Amid the glorious throng,
As, smit by sudden storms, the rose Sinks on the garden's breast.	He warbles to his Maker's ear, The everlasting song—

No more with us his tuneful voice The hymn of praise shall swell;	No more we'll mourn our buried friend;
No more his gentle heart rejoice To hear the Sabbath bell.	But lift the ardent prayer, And every thought and effort bend, To rise and join him there.

In a little book published by the American Sunday School Union, 1821, called "The New Sunday School Hymn Book," and another in 1826, 218 hymns in the first, and 365 in the second, are many solemn hymns, some written to voice the most serious religious sentiments of good boys and dutiful girls, and others admonitory of bad ones. We see in many of them the ruling thought that children must ever keep in mind that the slippery paths of youth lead only to the grave and the dread beyond; not so much a cheerful, devoted Christian life, as death and the judgment in view.

Following are a few sample verses from these songs for children, quoted as further illustration of practical, spiritual enlightenment, since the days when these books were regarded as standards:

On "Judgment":

How dreadful, Lord, will be the day, When all the tribes of dead shall rise;	The wicked child, who often heard, His pious teachers speak of Thee; And fled from every serious word, Shall not be able then to flee.
And those who dared to disobey Shall stand before Thy piercing eyes.	

On same subject is this verse of another :

Where shall a guilty child retire?
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In hell I meet the dreadful fire;
 In Heaven the glorious throne.

This is a verse of one entitled "Prayer":

We see, tho' you perceive it not,
 The approaching awful doom!
 O tremble at the solemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come.

I quote a verse "On the Death of a Teacher":

Unthinking mortals, ye must die;
 Behold the King of dread;
 Prepared to let his arrows fly
 Which ranks you with the dead!

Another on the same topic:

Only this frail and fleeting breath,	Then leaving all I loved below,
Preserves me from the jaws of death;	To God's tribunal I must go;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,	Must hear the judge pronounce my
And plunged into a world unknown.	fate
	And fix my everlasting state.

But could I bear to hear Him say,
 "Depart, ye cursed, far away;
 With Satan in the lowest hell,
 Thou art forever doomed to dwell?"

Another:

And am I born to die?	I must from God be driven
To lay this body down;	Or with my Saviour dwell;
And must my trembling spirit fly,	Must come at his command to heaven,
Into a world unknown?	Or else—depart to hell.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Anon.

And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down;

And must my trembling spir - it fly, In - to a world un-known!

Title, "Parting":

Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you;
 Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.
 Farewell, farewell, farewell.

Title, "Self-Examination":

Without such fruit as God expects,
 Knowledge will make our state the worse;
 The fruitless sinners He rejects,
 And soon will blast them with His curse.

These are enough of their kind. Others are unique in the expression of the children's love for the Sunday School; love declared to far surpass their love for home or for play. I quote a few on this and other topics of interest, which only good, truthful children could honestly sing:

I love to have the Sabbath come	The clock has struck, I cannot stay,
For then I rise and quit my home,	O let me rise and haste away;
And haste to school with cheerful air	I'll quit my bed and leave my home;
To meet my dearest teachers there.	The hour of school at length has come.

I love to join the joyful play,
 To sport beside the shady pool,
 To watch my kite soar far away,
 But more I love the Sunday School.

A PRAYER FOR OUR MINISTER.

Bless our good minister we pray	So when our lives are finished here,
Who loves to see a child attend;	And days and Sabbaths be no more,
And let us honor and obey,	May we along with him appear,
The words of such a holy friend.	To serve and love Thee evermore.

ON BEHAVIOUR AT CHURCH.

In God's own house for me to play	When angels bow before the Lord,
Where Christians meet to sing and	And devils tremble at His word,
pray,	Shall I, a feeble mortal dare
Is to profane His holy place,	To mock and sport and trifle there?
And tempt the Almighty to His face.	

Another bears the title "Dismission of an Incurable Scholar":

How painful 'tis to turn away,
 A scholar from his place;
 May you be careful every day
 For fear of such disgrace.

As in our time, so, then, some scholars were in the habit of coming late. Here are two verses on "Punctuality":

I would be there when prayer be-	O, shall my teachers wait in vain?
gins,	While my neglect must give them
To seek the pardon for my sins;	pain;
I'd ask the favor of the Lord	No, let me rather strive to be,
And pray to understand His word.	The first that in the class they see.

The following titles of others in these books give further indication of the solemnity of the Children's Songs early in the nineteenth century:

"Beset with snares."

"Time is winging us away."

"Death of a Christian."

"The fading lily."

"The liar's portion."

"Heaven and hell."

"Self-examination."

"Against swearing."

"Importance of religion."

"Wicked children."

Fifty-two of the hymns in the 1821 book are set to seven tunes; ten each to *Coronation*, *Medfield* and *Winter*.

First lines of others, selected ninety years ago by the A. A. S. Union for Children's Songs, are:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

"God moves in a mysterious way."

"A dread and solemn hour."

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast."

Where is there a twentieth century Sunday School book that contains a single one of these twenty-five hymns? Our schools and our prayer meetings, happily, are now singing praise and prayer-hymns like the following:

"Crown Him with many crowns," by MATTHEW BRIDGES.

"Abide with Me," by H. F. LYTE.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," by SARAH F. ADAMS.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," by T. BARING GOULD.

"Softly and Tenderly Jesus is calling," by WILL H. THOMPSON.

"When peace like a river attendeth my way," by H. G. SPAFFORD.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee," by FANNY CROSBY.

"Do you see the Saviour standing?" by MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

"I am thinking today of that beautiful land," by E. E. HEWITT.

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy," by P. P. BLISS.

"Wonderful words of life," by P. P. BLISS.

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine," by FANNY CROSBY.

"Almost persuaded," by P. P. BLISS.

"Beneath the Cross of Jesus," by ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

"Forward be our watchword," by HENRY ALFORD.

"Brightly gleams our banner," by REV. T. J. POTTER.

"Fling out the banner, let it float," by GEO. W. DOANE.

"Golden harps are sounding," by FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old," Anon.

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," by JOHN KEBLE.

"Jesus, tender Saviour, hear me," Anon.

"Tell me the Old, Old Story," by KATHARINE HANKEY.

"Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," by CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

"O Jesus, Thou art standing," by W. W. HOW.

"What a Friend we have in Jesus," by C. C. CONVERSE.

"O what can little hands do."

"Purer yet and purer, I would be in mind," by J. W. VON GOETHE.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."

"Welcome, happy morning, age to age shall say," by FORTUNATUS.

"The King of Love, my Shepherd is," by REV. HENRY W. BAKER.

"O love that will not let me go," by GEORGE MATHESON.

"Come to the Saviour now, He gently calleth thee," a most admirable hymn by JOHN M. WIGNER, inseparable from F. C. Maker's tune, *Invitation*, and hundreds more of standard, inspiring lyrics, equally adaptable to teachers and scholars, whether young or old; all these are now found in our best hymn-books. The advance in quality and fitness of our Sunday School Songs indicates more a revolution than an evolution.

CHAPTER XII.

COMMENTS ON DOGGEREL RHYMES.

“We learn by contrasts to enjoy the beauties that surround us.” We have learned by contrasts to enjoy our chosen, loved hymns and their tunes, hymns that we cherish because of their concurrence with our Christian convictions and the comfort they give us when our hearts are weary and downcast.

There is a contrast yet to be mentioned. It would be unfair to the memory of the ancients to convey the impression that, of our perennial supplies of new hymns and tunes *all* are worthy a place in our service of song. I am not a pioneer among critics of shallow, so-called revival hymns, intruders into association with our consecrated hymns and tunes, old and new, of the kind that will never wear out. I refer to the class described by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler as “Hymns that are no hymns”; and by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as “Worthless, heartless trash,” the modern matches for those designated by Wesley as “doggerel and botches,” some of the tunes accompanying which were described by Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt as “Tripping-diddle tunes.”

To particularize many here might hurt some worthy writer, yet a proper elucidation makes it necessary that at least one or two should be cited as examples, and I would suggest first, one entitled “The Old Time Religion,” which is included in a book lately issued. Two of its verses follow:

It was good for our mothers,	'Tis the old-time religion,
It was good for our mothers,	'Tis the old-time religion,
It was good for our mothers,	'Tis the old-time religion,
And it's good enough for me.	And it's good enough for me.

A congregation of Jews or Mohammedans could sing these verses as heartily as we; but it is doubtful if even they would ever indulge in such doggerel.

The title of another—“Take Time to be Holy”—conveys no

pleasant thought to me, for holiness cannot be acquired in haste, nor yet by appointing a day or hour for it. It is a *work* of God's grace, just as sanctification is defined in the Shorter Catechism—"A *work* of God's free grace whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin, and to live unto righteousness." Excepting this first line, "Take Time to be Holy," which is repeated with every verse, the hymn is excellent, as is its tune, by Stebbins.

"Pull for the shore, brother," may be mentioned as one of a kind that may well be dropped.

Another one that may be regarded as dispensable, published 1902, is entitled, "Somebody Must." Its first verse and chorus follow:

Someone must struggle that others may win;
 Someone the world's better day must bring in;
 Someone the work that is hardest must do—
 Somebody must, brother! Shall it be you?

CHORUS.

Somebody must! Somebody must!
 Do then your duty, in God be your trust;
 Somebody must! Somebody must!
 Live like a hero, for somebody must!

It must be said for the book containing this hymn that it abounds richly in our best standard hymns and tunes, but of its 340 hymns, a hundred might be omitted with advantage. The fact is, there are far too many hymns and tunes being ground out these days. From the aggregate of current publications, hundreds ought to be dropped.

Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., moderator of The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., in the course of a great sermon preached at the opening of the Assembly, May 21, 1911, said:

If there is anything we need in these days, it is a new emphasis on reverence. We sing our liting hymns and we go

out of church with smiles on our faces and say what a good time we had at the service. The world sees us smile and does not know whether we have been in a church or in a theatre. Surely, our prayers and our hymns should be more earnest and reverent. Bitter tears of repentance upon our faces would be more effective than the smile that follows some hymn sung to a miserable rag-time tune.

Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler said of "Let the lower lights be burning"—"it is unworthy," etc., and of another, entitled "More to follow"—"it is wish-wash." He said: "We should not be dragged down to doggerel suggested by secular events or watch-words such as holding forts or steering schooners into harbor," and, he added, "A wholesome reaction is setting in from this style of rhymes to genuine, great, solid, soul-lifting hymns," and he is about right. Let us watch and pray for it. Happily, the newcomers of the kind criticised have no staying qualities. Our fine standards have so elevated musical tastes and spiritual perceptions that this class of hymns and tunes will be as the early dew under a bright, rising sun.

Writing of what he terms "rag-time" songs, and quoting from an address by Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D.D., in "The Continent," says:

In the address the governor made an illustration of our caption. He displayed courage and sense in rebuking the nonsense embodied in some of the popular Sunday school hymns, one of which, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," had just been sung by the 6,000 people whom he was addressing in the armory at Trenton.

In a somewhat old-fashioned way, Governor Wilson advocated a more direct teaching of the Bible from the Bible, and a general use in singing in Sunday school of the old psalms. Apologizing for a course which might seem in bad taste in criticising the hymn which had just been sung, he said, "It illustrates many present-day hymns which contain neither poetry nor sense." * *

We take our place with Dr. Wilson. He is eminently right. We have never seen nor heard sung "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," but if the hymn is as essentially idiotic as its title, we can give ourselves gratulation. Of course the author was writing about heaven, but it is not an "isle of somewhere," or

nowhere, or anywhere. God's isles are scattered over the vast oceans and rivers, lakes and seas, but we have never heard that any of them were heavens. * * *

Where is the didactic value, the value as a spiritual appeal, in the following lines which were sung far and wide fifty years ago?

“Oh, won't you be a Christian while you're young?
 Oh, won't you be a Christian while you're young?
 Don't think it will be better
 To defer it until later,
 But remember your Creator
 While you're young.”

It is an irreverent attempt to put into jingle for Sunday school children to sing the great sentiment of Ecclesiastes 12:1; it is neither sense nor poetry, and its tune was not dignified enough to associate with some of our present-day “rag-time” songs.

From “The Continent” of December 14, 1911, I take the following two items by contributors:

MORE ABOUT THE HYMNS.

I have read with some amusement both the editorial “Sense Versus Nonsense” and the comment by D. W. Fahs on the song “Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.” As it happens I used as a Sunday school pupil to sing the song quoted by R. S. H., and of which he had forgotten the fourth line. He also omitted the chorus. I can supply that lacking fourth line and the chorus. Here it is:

“Oh, golden hereafter whose every bright rafter
 Shall shake with the thunder of sanctified song,
 And every swift angel proclaim an evangel
 To summon God's saints to the glorified throng.”

CHORUS.

“Oh, chorus of fire that shall burst from God's choir,
 When the loud Hallelujahs leap up from the soul,
 While the flowers on the hills and the waves in the rills
 Shall tremble with joy at the music's deep roll.”

Surely doggerel was never before dressed in such a Joseph's coat of verbiage as that.

And then about that "Isle of Somewhere." That is not scriptural if it is poetastical. The twenty-first chapter of the Revelation gives what purports to be a picture of the habitation of the blest hereafter, but it certainly is not an isle, nor on an island; for John says (R. V.), "And the sea is no more." How can heaven be a "beautiful isle of somewhere" if there is no sea?

CHARLES D. HILLIS.

SOME SONGS ODD OR UNTRUE.

Apropos of "Sense and Nonsense" I wish to add a word. Much was done for Sunday school music in the sixties, but there was a great deal of criticism of some of it. One of the songs for a penny collection was positively untrue:

"The mites have the blessing,
 The millions have naught.
 Our faith thus expressing
 Our gifts we have brought.
 Had we followed love's prompting,
 It might have been such
 As to forfeit the blessing
 By giving too much."

Two teachers confessed they could not understand some of the songs, and a critic cited this stanza as an instance of mixed metaphors:

"We are coming, we are coming,
 We are coming in our youth;
 We'll fill the vacant ranks,
 As we're battling for the truth.
 And stone after stone
 In the temple of the Lord,
 We will lay, while in glory
 They are reaping their reward."

One of our present songs, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," if sung feelingly and at a time when many are deciding for Christ, is all right; but when rattled off "lively" the chorus only needs "you bet" at the close to complete the sacrilege.

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord" is certainly in line with our vows, but I think it is one of the hymns that should be used sparingly. I myself always avoid singing "My lifted eye without a tear," etc., though it is part of a hymn we could not well spare.

We must have hymns for all occasions, some of which may be childish, catchy, uncultured, perhaps, but never untrue; as well as those for special occasions, when the Spirit of God is so manifestly present that our brightest aspirations can be voiced without being incongruous or sacrilegious.

A. S. L.

John B. McFerrins, the great commoner of Southern Methodism, on his deathbed, said: "Those little songs about 'Sweet by and by,' and 'Shall we know each other there?' may all be very nice, but don't you let any of them be sung at my funeral."

CHAPTER XIII.

HYMN-MENDING.

Another branch of the subject that, in any fair treatment of it, cannot be passed over without comment is:

ALTERATIONS OF THE ORIGINAL TEXT OF HYMNS.

To suit the whims of later compilers or publishers, and sometimes to make them coincide with the doctrinal sentiments of particular sects, and again with the view of improving the poetry or of correcting grammatical error, alterations of hymns have been going on from the day of Watts or earlier until now. We recall the remonstrance of John Wesley, in preface to his book (1779) demanding that if any future publisher should change a word of any of the Wesley hymns the original should be printed in a footnote. It does not appear that his demand has always been complied with. Dr. Timothy Dwight, of New Haven, in preface to his book of Watts' hymns (1800) wrote that in altering such passages as were defective, either in language or sentiment, he found two objects claiming his attention—the errors of the press and those of the writer. After complimenting Dr. Watts for his learning and piety, he said that he was not distinguished as a correct writer, and must be charged with some errors found in his psalm book.

Often alterations in the text of an author have been in the line of corrections of errors, either of an author or printer, or of improvement in the poetry or the sentiment, and in such cases may be considered justifiable, provided what is left of the hymn is worthy of esteem. In other cases alterations have been unjustifiable from any standpoint.

Among the many alterations by the hymn-mending publishers of our standard hymnals, I cite first:

“Safely through another week,” by NEWTON, 1779, now known as “Sabbath,” to Lowell Mason's tune. It was originally

named "Saturday Night." Those days, the Sabbath began at the setting of Saturday's sun, when the family gathered for prayer and singing, in preparation for the morrow. Its first verse then was:

Safely through another week
 God has brought us on our way:
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath day.

The last verse, referring to the ensuing morrow, was originally:

When the morn shall bid us rise
 May we feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in Thy house appear.
 There afford us Lord a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

From HENRY F. LYTE'S grand hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," the following two verses have been dropped by general assent:

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;	Thou on my head in early youth did smile,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;	And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,	Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!	On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

Many hundreds of altered hymns are found in our latter-day hymnals, but I will cite only a few notable examples, leaving it to the judgment of the reader whether or not such alterations are meritable.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."—This hymn, by MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS, has been severely criticised as the production of a Unitarian. One candid Trinitarian said: "It has been objected that it contains no word of Christ, as if the actual use of *the name*

of the Saviour was to be regarded as a proof of the infallible Christian spirit of a hymn; but to those who have Christ in their hearts it has ever been made a blessing."

The compilers of "The Baptist Hymn Book" were so ill-pleased with the omission of the name of Christ from this hymn that they secured the services of Rev. A. T. Russell to make the lyric "perfect" by verses of his own, and this is one of his substituted verses:

Christ alone beareth me
 When Thou dost shine;
 Joint heir He maketh me
 Of the Divine.
 In Christ my soul shall be
 Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Another, with the same intent, changed *A* cross to *The* cross, making the third line of first verse "E'en though it be *the* cross that raiseth me."

Another alters it to read:

Though by Thy bitter cross
 We raised be.

Another changes the fifth verse from

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly, etc.

making it:

And when on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Unto the Light of Lights
 Upward I fly.

Hundreds of good hymns have been altered without appreciable reason. Some have made changes in well-known hymns with succeeding editions of their own publications. As an example, I name the good old dismissal hymn, "Lord, Dismiss

us with Thy Blessing," which is included in the hymnals of all the principal denominations. Its authorship is ascribed to two, REV. ROBERT HAWKER, M.D., of Plymouth, England, and JOHN FAWCETT. It appeared first in 1774. Hawker wrote it evidently as follows. (I copy it from Dobell's Selections of 1806) :

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,	Fill each breast with consolation;
Bid us all depart in peace;	Up to Thee our voices raise;
Still on Gospel manna feeding,	When we reach Thy blissful station,
Pure, seraphic joys increase.	Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

CHORUS.

And sing Hallelujah
To God and the Lamb,
Forever and ever,
Hallelujah, Amen.

In "Parish Psalmody," 1844, it has three verses, as follows :

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,	Thanks we give and adoration
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;	For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
Let us each Thy love possessing,	May the fruits of Thy salvation
Triumph in redeeming grace;	In our hearts and lives abound;
Oh refresh us,	May Thy presence
Traveling through this wilderness.	With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

The Episcopal hymnal gives the first two verses same as the preceding, but changes the third verse, making it :

So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Fear of death shall not appall us,
Glad Thy summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

The "Endeavor Hymnal" has it:

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;	Fill each heart with consolation;
Bid us now depart in peace;	Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,	When we reach our blissful station,
Let our faith and love increase.	Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

The Presbyterian Hymnal, 1874, prints it the same as in "Parish Psalmody," 1844, excepting the last two lines of third verse, which they render:

We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

In this hymnal of 1895 they make further amendments. Instead of:

May thy presence
With us evermore be found (verse 2)

they give it:

Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

And they again change verse 3 to read as follows:

So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Let no fear of death appall us,
Glad the summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

These numerous alterations appear to be immaterial. Fortunately, enough of the hymn as originally composed remains for its identification.

While, as has been said, this book is no compendium of historical incidents in the lives of authors, yet the following story about this hymn, and its author, Dr. Hawker, is so interesting, I copy it, by consent of the publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, from "English Hymns," by Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Duffield.

The author was born at Exeter in 1753. He was an only child, and was educated to be a surgeon. At nineteen he mar-

ried and, being induced by his love of God's work to enter the ministry, he was ordained at Oxford in 1778. In May, 1784, he became the curate of Charles the Martyr's Church, and there continued to officiate until his death, which occurred in his seventy-fourth year, April 6, 1827. His funeral was attended by thousands of persons, for, in his lifetime he was renowned as a controversial writer of the high Calvinistic order, and as a distinguished commentator on the Scriptures.

Dr. Hawker was the grandfather of Robert Stephen Hawker, the eccentric "vicar of Morwenstow," whose oddities are so graphically described by Rev. S. Baring-Gould. In that entertaining and unique volume we have a story which, although it has been seriously questioned on the score of accuracy, is still too attractive to be allowed to escape notice.

In Charles Church the evening service always closed with the singing of the hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," composed by Dr. Hawker himself. His grandson did not know the authorship of the hymn; he came to the Doctor one day with a paper in his hand, and said: "Grandfather, I don't altogether like that hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing'; I think it might be improved in metre and language, and would be better if made somewhat longer."

"Oh, indeed!" said Dr. Hawker, getting red; "and pray, Robert, what emendations commend themselves to your precocious wisdom?" "This is my improved version," said the boy, and read as follows:

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 High and low and rich and poor;
 May we all, Thy fear possessing,
 Go in peace and sin no more!

Lord, requite not as we merit,
 Thy displeasure all must fear;
 As of old, so let Thy Spirit,
 Still the dove's resemblance bear.

May Thy Spirit dwell within us;
 May its love our refuge be;
 So shall no temptation win us
 From the path that leads to Thee.

So when these our lips shall wither,
 So when fails each earthly tone,
 May we sing once more together,
 Hymns of glory round the throne!

Then, Mr. Baring-Gould tells us that the audacious youngster actually read to his grandfather the original hymn, and added to his offences by the remark: "This one is crude and flat; don't you think so, grandfather?"

"Crude and flat, sir! Young puppy, it is mine! I wrote that hymn."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, grandfather, I did not know that. It is a very nice hymn, indeed; but—but—," and as he went out of the door—"mine is better."

REV. CHARLES WESLEY'S "O for a thousand tongues to sing," fourth verse, first line, originally

"He breaks the power of canceled sin,"

is now universally

"He breaks the power of reigning sin."

Five of its ten verses have been dropped.

In WATTS' hymn, "Come we that love the Lord," the line

"But servants of the Heavenly King"

is changed to

"But children of the Heavenly King."

REV. CHARLES WESLEY'S "Depth of mercy, can there be," is cut down from 48 lines to 16 lines, and this course of elimination has been applied to hundreds of the eighteenth century hymns, to their marked improvement, for congregational use.

Of the great old hymn beginning:

"Glory to God, whose sovereign grace."

we find no more this verse:

Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language filled our tongues;
We all Thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkards' songs.

A wholly justifiable alteration, now generally adopted, is in the first verse of REV. J. S. MONSELL'S hymn, "On our way rejoicing," a hymn found in almost every modern publication. As originally written, it was:

Is there grief or sadness?
Thine, it cannot be;
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee.

The error contained in the above is so palpable it could not be carried along by conscientious editors, so, now in our best books, we have worthy alterations of this verse of which I here quote two:

Is there grief or sadness?	Is there grief or sadness?
Firm our trust shall be;	Thou our joy shalt be;
Is our sky beclouded?	Is our sky beclouded?
Light shall come from Thee.	There is light in Thee.

Contrast the sentiment of the second and fourth lines of the original first verse of this hymn with the above two verses and with the third verse of REV. J. BURNS' admirable evening hymn that we are singing to *Aurclia*, beginning, "This night, O Lord, we bless Thee:"

What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from Thee.

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, in his precious hymn, "He leadeth me," sets forth the truth in these lines:

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES touches the truth that our God sends clouds and sorrows, bearing blessings, in this verse:

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of *sin* are thine.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1710, wrote, as printed in "Sacred Harmony," by William Little:

The lofty pillars of the sky	The unwearied sun from day to day,
And spacious concave raised on high,	Pours knowledge on his golden ray;
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,	And publishes to every land
Their great Original proclaim.	The work of an Almighty hand.

This has been well altered to read as follows:

The spacious firmament on high	The unwearied sun from day to day,
With all the blue ethereal sky,	Does his Creator's power display
And spangled heavens, a shining	And publishes to every land
frame,	The work of an Almighty hand.
Their great Original proclaim.	

The sixth verse of our dear old "Coronation" hymn was originally written:

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

The Episcopal hymnal prints it:

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall;
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Other hymnals generally give it:

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

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT'S grand hymn, "O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen," first verse, third line, generally reading:

"Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,"

appears in "In Excelsis," 1896 edition:

"The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean."

Whichever of these two is the original should be universally retained.

In a handsomely gotten-up hymnal published in Boston in 1909, primarily for Unitarians, replete in its four hundred selections of hymns and chants, there are many alterations made with the apparent purpose of ruling out certain doctrinal features.

BISHOP HEBER'S great hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," has been garbled to such extent as to confound the rhythm and entirely impair its adaptation to the tune. The last line of first verse, "God in three persons, blessed Trinity," ten syllables, is eliminated, and the second line of the fourth verse—"All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea,"—thirteen syllables, is substituted.

CHARLES WESLEY'S hymn, "O for a heart to praise my God," is changed by striking out, "A heart that always feels the blood so freely shed for me," and substituting, "A heart that always feels how good Thou, Lord, hast been to me." DR. MUHLENBERG'S hymn, "Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding," appears "*Father*, who Thy flock art feeding." "Jesus sought me when a stranger" is made to read, "*Thou* didst seek me," etc. MONTGOMERY'S perfect hymn-prayer, "In the hour of trial, Jesus plead for me" is altered to "In the hour of trial, Father strengthen me."

For obvious reasons the first verse of REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT'S hymn, "I love Thy Kingdom, Lord," is omitted entirely.

While in this book there are many such alterations, it would seem that a happy inconsistency is manifest in that it contains a great many of our choicest hymns in adoration of Jesus as Saviour and Son of God, of which the following are pertinent examples—none different from the generally accepted versions.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name."

"Art thou weary, art thou languid."

"Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell."

“Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.
O blessed voice of Jesus,
That comes to hearts opprest.”

“Hark, the herald angels sing.”

“Hark, hark, my soul.”

“I heard the voice of Jesus say.”

“In the cross of Christ I glory.”

“Jesus calls us o’er the tumult.”

“Jesus Christ is risen to-day.”

“Nearer, my God, to Thee.”

“Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs.”

“O Jesus, Thou art standing.”

“Onward, Christian soldiers.”

“O Sacred Head, now wounded.”

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire.”
(Its last verse is a prayer to Jesus.)

“Bread of the world in mercy broken.”

Besides all these familiar hymns there are in it some good ones, new to me, from which I will quote a few verses :

I believe the great good tidings,	How beauteous were the marks divine
Life of God in man revealed,	That in Thy meekness used to shine
Glorious in the life of Jesus,	That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod,
By His cross proclaimed and sealed.	In wondrous love, O Son of God.

One is entitled: “For Communicants,” to the good old tune,
Dundee.

Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,	The love which all His bosom fills
Who round His table draw,	Did all His actions guide;
Remember what His Spirit was,	Inspired by love, He lived and taught;
What His peculiar law.	Inspired by love, He died.

Let none who call themselves His friends,
Disgrace His honored name;
But, by a near resemblance prove,
The title which they claim.

From another good Eucharistic Hymn I quote two verses:

Still, the Sacred Table spread,	When my love for Christ grows weak,
The loving cup and broken bread,	When for stronger faith I seek,
With that parting word agree,	Hill of Calvary, I go,
"Drink and eat; remember Me."	To Thy scenes of fear and woe.

Another fine one in this book, and I have found it nowhere else until the issuance of the new (1911) Hymnal of the Presbyterians, where it is appropriately united to the tune *Serenity*, is by REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW:

Beneath the shadow of the cross,	O bond of union, strong and deep!
As earthly hopes remove,	O bond of perfect peace!
His new commandment Jesus gives	Not even the lifted cross can harm
His blessed word of love.	If we but hold to this.

Then Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice
And the sweet tasks of love!

Many hymns, definitely Christian, in "Orthodox" Trinitarian hymnals are the product of other gifted Unitarians; among them:

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, author of:

"O love divine, that stooped to share."
"Lord of all being, throned afar."
"O God of Hosts! Almighty King," et al.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT:

"O north with all thy vales of green."
"Thou whose unmeasured temple stands."

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS:

"Calm on the listening ear of night."
"It came upon the midnight clear."

HENRY WARE, JR.:

"O Thou in whom alone is found."
"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high."

SIR JOHN BOWRING:

“In the cross of Christ I glory.”

“Watchman, tell us of the night.”

“God is love, His mercy brightens.”

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH:

“Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.”

“Still will we trust though earth seems dark and dreary.”

ANNA L. BARBAULD:

“Praise to God, immortal praise.”

HELEN M. WILLIAMS:

“While Thee I seek, protecting power.”

In view of this apparent inconsistency, with a decided drift towards what we are wont to call orthodoxy in these hymns of worship and service, may we not indulge the hope that the dividing barrier between us, if not crumbling, is not altogether insurmountable, and may we not pray God and cherish the hope that the time may soon come when it shall be broken down; when all who call themselves Christians shall unitedly and sincerely sing:

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers 'round its head sublime.

JOHN DOBELL, in the preface to his “New Selection of Seven Hundred Evangelical Hymns,” dated March 1st, 1806, says:

I deem it unnecessary to make any apology for taking many of the following hymns from authors who differ in doctrinal sentiments from myself, and the churches with which I am connected. The hymns, themselves, superior in their kind, and on subjects in which all real Christians agree, must and will be their own apology.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTIAN UNIFICATION.

Happily, it has come to pass that doctrinal sentiments provocative of trouble among the brethren are no longer in evidence in our standard denominational hymnals. As regards our praise service, we all can sing:

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart McArthur, a prominent Baptist minister of New York, speaking of the unification of the Christian Church, regardless of sect, said:

The church is vastly more practical to-day than ever before. True churchmen realize that there is no interest of humanity regarding which the church can rightly be indifferent. The words of Terence, "I am a man and I deem nothing common to man foreign to me." The church now believes these words might have been spoken or written by the Apostle Paul; indeed, they are not unworthy the lips of the Great Teacher himself.

Never before was the church living up to this principle as to-day. It thus comes to pass that the church is interested in hospitals, orphanages, playgrounds, hours of labor for little children and the interests of working men of all classes. The church can never be indifferent to creeds, but it insists now, as never in the past, *that good creeds shall be translated into good deeds*. The right deed is the best proof of the right creed. The spirit of brotherhood is abroad as never before.

Rev. Wm. Budd Bodine, D.D., Episcopalian, writing of Charles Wesley, said:

The Methodists belong to our family. Reunion with them would help them greatly and it would greatly help us also. They need certain of the guiding and conservative qualities which we possess in large measure, and we need the strength of their numbers and their enthusiasm. May God speed the day when they

shall be one with us in outward, visible fellowship, as a step and a long step towards the reunion of all who profess and call themselves Christians.

When James Freeman Clark lay dying at Lakewood, he asked that there should be read to him HENRY FRANCIS LYTE'S great hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." Was that a "Unitarian" or an "Orthodox" request? It was both, inasmuch as it came from a man who was outwardly a Unitarian, but whose life-long inward fellowship had been with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ. He remembered his Master who had climbed the steep of Calvary, and so his spirit cried:

Hold Thou 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.

Let that be the cry of our spirits also, and for us "the valley of the shadow" will blaze with light.

Can we not see the morning light, or at least its glimmer, promising the breaking of the day when the people of all true religious creeds shall have discovered truth's kernel in a nutshell of divine revelation? In the Old Testament this, Micah 6:8:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

And this, from the New Testament, the Epistle of James 1:27:

"Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world?"

UNITY OF THE SPIRIT A BOND OF PEACE.

"Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even also as ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one

faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."—Ephesians 4: 3-6. R. V.

OUR SAVIOUR'S PRAYER.

*"Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are. * * * That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."*—John 17: 11, 21.

In these bright days of the Son of Man, era of great missionary achievements in lands that have long lain in darkness, but upon which now the sun of righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings; this time of international peace congresses presaging the early fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy—*"Nation shall not rise up against nation; they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and shall learn war no more"*; witnessing the desire of all Christian denominations for federation and co-operation in the spirit of Godly unity; these days of active, broadening work by Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, Christian Endeavor and other church societies, Brotherhoods and Sunday Schools; taking thought of this, that, while the Christian Church at large, comprising many scores of denominations, a multiplicity of methods of organization and workings, the millions of their members and attendants are a unit in their services of praise, all singing the same hymns and tunes, heart melodies, answering to the echoing voices of the harpers with their harps before the throne of God, may we not, listening, hear as did St. John, the great voices in heaven, saying—*"The kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ?"*

Closing this labor of love in the hope that it may be of some help to somebody, hymns, hymns and more hymns are

reverberating and making melody in my heart, but time and prudence counsel closing, which I do with the good words of others, in the singing of which I trust my readers will join me:

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

God be with you 'till we meet again,	God be with you 'till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,	Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep securely fold you,	Smite death's threatening wave before
God be with you 'till we meet again.	you,
	God be with you 'till we meet again.

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.

**Glory be to the Father,
And to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.**

ADDENDA.

A MEDITATION.

“I thank Thee, O Lord, that to Elijah and to me Thou hast revealed a new and better way. I thank Thee that the still, small voice has taken the place of the wind, the earthquake, and the fire. I used to think that law would redeem Thy world. I thought that stern penalties would repress the course of crime. I thought the thunders of Sinai would make the sinner pure. I thought the vision of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone would put out the love of evil. Thou hast taught me better, O, my Father! Thou hast taught me that the love of evil can only be extinguished by another love. My heart cannot be conquered by the hand. If it is centred on the Prince of Evil, it will not be cured by the imprisonment of that prince; I should love him in his prison, I should love him in his bonds. If I am to cease loving him, I must have a new prince—the Prince of Peace. Send me this new Prince, O my Father; nothing but Christ will put out Barabbas from my heart! I love wrongly, but none the less do I love intensely; nothing but *another* love will set me free. Famine will not; Carmel will not; wind and earthquake and fire will not; the burning lake itself would not extinguish my love! Therefore, my Father, let me love again, let me love anew! Send into my heart a fresh ideal! Send me a sight of the ‘altogether lovely’! Send me a vision of the ‘chief among ten thousand’! Send me a picture of Him who is ‘fairer than the children of men’! Break the old ideal by the vision of a higher beauty! Let my night fade in Thy morning, my thorn vanish in Thy flower! One leaf of Thy summer’s bloom will disenchant me of the winter’s charm. The idols will be ‘broken in the temple of Baal’ when I see Thy King on the holy hill of Zion.”

Rev. George Matheson, D.D.

New times demand new measures and new men;
 The world advances and in time outgrows
 The laws that in our father's day were best;
 And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
 Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
 Made wiser by the steady march of truth.
 The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe for change;
 Then let it come; I have no dread of what
 Is called for by the instinct of mankind,
 Nor think I that God's word would fall apart
 Because we tear a parchment more or less.
 Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
 With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
 Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
 The promise of the future, not the past.

James Russell Lowell.

These verses are from TOPLADY'S well-known hymn, beginning "Your harps ye trembling saints," 1772, originally containing sixteen verses, as in Palmer's "Book of Praise." Some unimportant alterations have been made in the wording and it appears in many hymnals as two or three separate hymns.

LIVING BY FAITH.

If through unruffled seas, Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O Lord, to Thee We'll own the fav'ring gale.	Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy control; Thy tender mercies shall illumine The midnight of the soul.
--	--

But should the surges rise And rest delay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm Which drives us nearer home.	Teach us in every state To make Thy will our own; And when the joys of sense depart To live by faith alone.
--	--

A PRAYER.

When on my day of life the night is falling, And, by the winds from unsunned spaces blown, I hear far voices out of darkness calling My feet to paths unknown.	Thou who hast made my house of life so pleasant, Leave not its tenant when its walls decay; O Love Divine, O Helper ever present, Be Thou my strength and stay.
---	--

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting,
 The love which answers mine.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place:

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
 Nor street of shining gold.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
 And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
 The river of Thy peace.

John G. Whittier.

Tune, St. Olaf.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

Tho' glorious, O God! must Thy temple have been,
 On the day of its first dedication,
 When the Cherubim's wings widely waving were seen,
 On high, o'er the ark's holy station.

Who having once entered, hath shown us the way,
 O Lord, how to worship before Thee;
 Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
 But in spirit and truth to adore Thee!

Tho' awfully grand was Thy Majesty then,
 Yet the worship Thy gospel discloses,
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
 When she of Samaria found Him;
 By the patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
 With the stillness of noontide around Him.

And by whom was that ritual forever repealed,
 But by Him, unto whom it was given
 To enter the Oracle, where is revealed,
 Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven?

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage He taught,
 To her who inquir'd by that fountain,
 If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
 Or adored on Samaria's mountain.

Woman! believe Me, the hour is near,
 When He if ye rightly would hail
 Him,
 Will neither be worshipped exclusively
 here,
 Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit, and they who
 aright
 Would perform the pure worship
 He loveth,
 In the heart's holy temple will seek
 with delight
 That spirit the Father approveth.

Bernard Barton.

WAKE! MY SOUL.

Wake! my soul, in joyful measure
 Christ to laud, His love proclaim,
 Love that passeth understanding,
 To Eternity the same.
 Spread the tidings! speed the tidings!
 Love and life in Jesus' name!

Empty-handed, poor, forsaken,
 Weary, wandering far from home,
 Jesus' sweet compassion finds me,
 Pleads with me no more to roam:
 Full forgiveness He assures me!
 Jesus, Lord, I come, I come.

None so lone, not one so friendless
 But can claim my Saviour's love;
 O, behold Him, waiting, waiting,
 For my lingering feet to move.
 Jesus knows me! Jesus calls me!
 Haste my feet, His kindness prove.

Tunc, Regent Square.

Jesus, Lord, the One begotten
 Of the Father, praise to Thee!
 Holy Spirit, Guide and Comfort,
 Love of God in Trinity!
 O, the wond'rous revelation!
 God in Christ, and Christ in me!

F. B. R.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

Accept, dear Lord, our praise: help
 us to pray;
 Help us to dedicate this Children's
 day
 And every day to Thee, our Saviour,
 friend;
 And now, upon us all, Thy blessing
 send.

Our path is strewn with blossoms
 sweet and fair;
 Like breath of heaven on the balmy
 air
 Without a word, they speak of God's
 dear love;
 So may our voices rise, our love to
 prove.

We come as scholars in the Master's
 school,
 That we may learn and live the golden
 rule;
 To find the way of life, the path of
 peace;
 Let joy abound to-day, and never
 cease.

Tunc, Pax Dei.

Praise, praise to God, from whom all
 blessings flow;
 Hallow His name all creatures here
 below;
 Join with the songs of His angelic
 host,
 Praising the Father, Son and Holy
 Ghost.—Amen.

F. B. R.

GOD LOVES US.

We thank Thee, Father, that Thy love for all	Give to each weary one a heart to say
Has brought to each of us Thy mercy's call;	I thank Thee for the love that, day by day,
That none may perish, but that all may come,	Has shed its radiance over all my years,
E'en the lone wanderer far away from home.	Has kept my heart from grief, my eyes from tears.

We rise to bless Thy name, most holy Lord;	Now, Father, this shall be our fervent prayer—
Forever be Thy name on earth adored;	In Jesus' name, that every soul may share
Let the sweet incense of our praise arise,	In Jesus' love, may all in Him be- lieve,
And blend with angel-songs above the skies.	And by His mercy sweet, His life re- ceive.

F. B. R., 1907.

Tune, Morecambe.

KING OF KINGS.

Come, let us sing unto the Lord our God.	Born in a stall, yet King of kings was He;
In joyful song the name of Jesus laud;	King of all kings He evermore shall be;
Glad hearts we bring this happy Christmas day,	Set up Thy throne in all our hearts we pray;
While in His house we come to praise and pray.	Reign, reign supreme till breaks eter- nal day!

Laud Christ the King, and celebrate His birth;	Join every voice, all hearts your trib- ute bring;
Laud Him ye skies, O praise Him all the earth;	Loud anthems raise to Jesus Christ your King;
Ring, ring ye bells, let mortals hear the sound,	Praise Him for aye with heaven's angelic host;
And let the echo wake the world around!	Glory to Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

F. B. R., 1909.

Tunes: National Hymn, by G. W. Warren; or Pro Patria, by H. W. Parker.

The following lines were written on a railroad train, returning from the funeral of Robert DuBois, who, for twenty-eight years, was the leader of the choir of the old First Presbyterian Church at Bridgeton, New Jersey:

VICTORY.

Why should we heavy-laden be and why disquieted?	Though white-robed hosts of angel choirs have welcomed him,
Why say the world is cold and drear and dark.	Yet in fond memory's ear we hear his voice,
Because the light he held aloft has been put out,—	Just as of old we heard it oft in church and home;
And men say—"he is dead?"	Yes, yes! he lives! he lives!
Lo! here and there the torch lit by his hand still burns,	We cannot say we ne'er again shall see his face,
And gleams in hearts and homes near and afar;	His kindly, loving look, firm, eloquent Of loyalty to right, and hatred of all wrong,
This will shine on and on while suns and stars endure;	For Christ hath vanquished death!
Surely, he lives! he lives!	

Can it be death to live and love, and rest for aye
From earthly ills? To enter Heaven's gate
And greet our loved ones on the shining shore,
Is not this victory?

F. B. R.

HOW GLORIOUS ART THOU, O OUR GOD!

(ST. ANNE.)

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.

How glo - rious art Thou, O our God! 'Tis Thou and Thou a - lone

Who dwell - est in Thy people's praise, On Thine e - ter - nal throne. A - men.

How glorious art Thou, O our God!	From all the towns that stud the hills
'Tis Thou and Thou alone	Of teeming Galilee,
Who dwellest in Thy people's praise,	From marts of Greece and misty
On Thine eternal throne.	lands
	Beyond the Western Sea.

How many voices, diff'ring tongues,	Fain would we catch the accents
Harmonious, join to raise	strange,
To Thee, O Rock of Israel,	Fain train our ears to hear
Accumulating praise!	The notes that hymn Thee through
	the years,
	O Israel's Hope and Fear!

From Charran and Chaldean Ur,	'Twas Thou didst teach Thy Sons of
The river's banks along,	old
From Canaan's heights and Egypt's	Thy varied laud to sing,
sands,	School Thou our hearts that we may
Ascends the constant song,—	too
	Our hallelujahs bring.

How glorious art Thou, O our God!
 How mighty past compare!
 Thou dwellest in Thy people's praise,
 Accept the praise we bear.

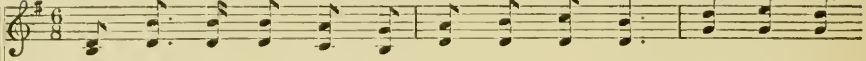
By permission.

Rev. Benjamin B. Warfield, D. D.

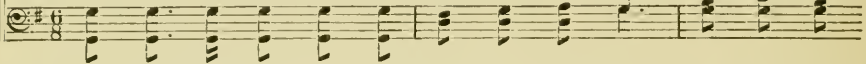
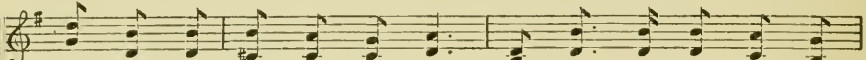
FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF JOHN.

FRANCIS B. REEVES.


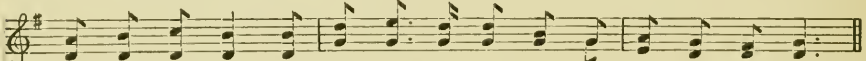
E. S. UFFORD.



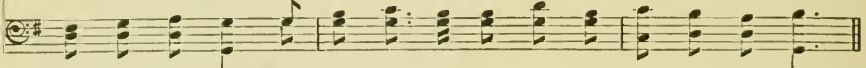
1. Let not your heart be with trou - ble op - press'd, Go with your
 2. Think, trou - bled soul, of the man - sions so fair! List to His
 3. I would have told you if it were not so: I go be -
 4. If in my name—I now say un - to you— Ye shall ask
 5. Peace I leave with you—sweet prom - ise and true; Not as the

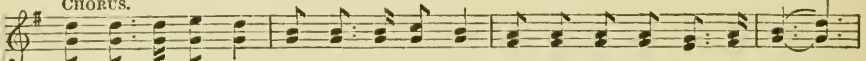
bur - den to Je - sus and rest; This is His coun - sel, heart -
 prom - ise— I go to pre - pare A place for you in my
 fore, that the way you may know. I am the way, and the
 an - y - thing, that will I do: An - y - thing! ev - 'ry - thing!
 world gives give I un - to you Sweet - est as - sur - ance to


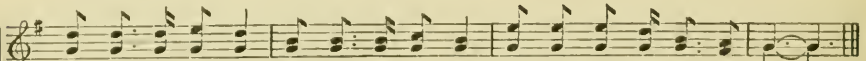
cheer - ing and true, Love's dear - est words spok - en to me and to you.
 Father's bright home, And you shall be wel - come when - e'er you may come.
 truth, and the life; Then cease, trou - bled soul, from your sor - row and strife.
 bless - ings un - told! No treas - ure worth hav - ing will Je - sus with - hold.
 all who draw near—The Spir - it shall come and a - bide with you here.



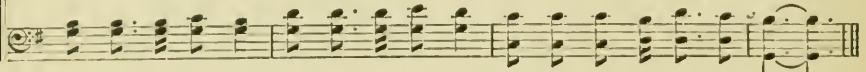
CHORUS.



Christ with us ev - er! com - fort - less nev - er! Joy to the wea - ry and sad!

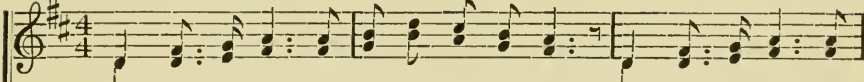
From such a Sav - iour, no - thing can sev - er Those whom His words have made glad.



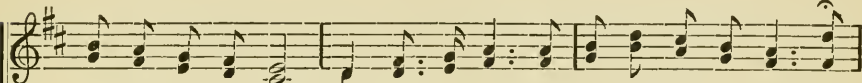
CALL AND CONSECRATION.

FRANCIS B. REEVES.

S. C. FOSTER.

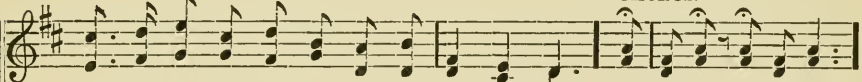


1. In the still air, a voice calls soft and clear; Be not a-fraid: 'tis
 2. "Come un - to me and I will give you rest;" This is love's call to
 3. Je - sus, my Lord, O may Thy will be mine Make me to know my
 4. My heart is glad, I trust Thy love dear Lord, Help me to serve Thee,



Je - sus' voice you hear; Come, wea - ry soul, your Sav - iour bids you come, He
 wea - ry hearts op - prest: "Come, come to me, your bur - dens I will bear;" I
 will is ev - er Thine Dark tho' my way may sometimes seem to be, Shine
 lean - ing on Thy word, Draw me to Thee by cords of ten - der love That

CHORUS.



calls His wandering child to Him, come home, come home.
 hear the call and I will come, my Sav - iour dear.
 Thou up - on my pathway, keep me near to Thee. } My Saviour, I'm coming,
 I may have a fore-taste here of heav'n a - bove.



I hear Thy lov - ing call, I con - secrate my - self to Thee, my life, my all!

A BRIGHTER DAY.

FRANCIS B. REEVES.

Old English Air.

1. Theredawns a day on ev - 'ry heart, When earth-ly pleasures cloy,
 2. O why art thou dis-tressed, my soul, O why art thou cast down?
 3. Fear not, O troub-led soul, fear not, List to the Mas-ter's voice,
 4. Come, cast your bur-den on the Lord; Our God is al-ways kind;

When clouds grow dark and fears dis-turb Our heart's-ease and our joy;.....
 Hope thou, for God will lead thee on Till thou hast won thy crown.....
 Thy Father's love will nev-er fail, He bids thy heart re-joice.....
 Let naught but sin dis-turb your soul And you will ev-er find.....

Then once a-gain the sun breaks forth, Be-fore the daylight dies,.....
 Then in that land of glo-ry bright, Where sorrows nev-er come,.....
 Your faith in Him and heav'nly hope, Will lead you ev-er high-er,
 That life is sweet, your pathway bright, That God is lead-ing thee

And o-ver-head the rain-bow paints God's promise in the skies.....
 All per-fect-ness and peace are thine, In Thy e-ter-nal home.....
 Un-til you gain a store of joys, Be-yond your best de-sire.....
 In pastures green, by wa-ters still, From sin and sor-row free.....

GOD IS LOVE.

On all who would God's grace im- plore	Unworthy we may be; not one By right can claim His favor;
That grace our God bestoweth;	Save through the merits of His Son,
Ask what thou wilt, He giveth more,	Our blessed Lord and Saviour;
His heart with love o'erfloweth;	O, matchless love!
Wonderful love.	

He hears my cry when sorrow's waves	Hast thou not known my Saviour's love?
Roll o'er my soul in billows,	Would'st thou not have it ever?
And, hearing, bares His arm to save,	Thy Father waiteth now to prove,
While on His breast He pillows	A tie that naught can sever,
My aching head.	From His own Child.

In Him I trust; in Him confide,
His word cannot deceive me;
Come gain or loss, whate'er betide
I know He will receive me
Just as I am.

F. B. R.

 THE HYMNS OF LONG AGO.

“There's lots o' music in 'em, the hymns of long ago;
An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know,
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by,
'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye.’

There's lot o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where memory dreaming stands,
'From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands.’

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways;
And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetin's rise,
‘Till I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.’

We hardly needed singin' books in them old days; we knew
The words, the tune of every one the dear old hymn book through!
We had no blaring trumpets then, no organs built for show.
We only sang to praise the Lord, ‘from whom all blessings flow.’

An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come—
Before the light has left me and my singing lips are dumb—
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass, without a sigh,
'To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie!'"

Atlanta Constitution.

NEW PRAISE IN THE MORNING, NEW SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight,
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night;
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love;
New gleams of the glory that awaits thee above;
New light of His countenance full and unpriced—
All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ.

Francess Ridley Havergal.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE		PAGE
A mighty fortress is our God...	31	Christian, the morn breaks....	72
Accept, dear Lord, our praise...	184	Come, let us sing unto the Lord.	185
Adam, the sinner, at his fall...	80	Come, my soul, thou must be...	35
Adore and tremble.....	52, 107	Come not in terrors.....	162
Again each morning as we pass.	135	Come unto me, ye weary.....	171
Ah, guilty sinner	56		
Ah, lovely appearance of death..	93	Dear refuge of my weary soul.	99
Alas and did my Saviour bleed..	117	Death may the bands of life....	80
All glory, laud and honor.....	25	Down to the tomb our brother..	149
All people that on earth do dwell	32	Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel	20
All praise to Thee, my God....	33		
All ye who laugh and sport....	53	E'en Anwoth was not heaven...	104
And am I born to die.....	150		
And am I only born to die.....	56	Faith of our fathers, living still.	74
And His the gentle voice	107	False are the men of high degree	85
Art thou weary.....	91	Far in the deep where darkness	
Arise the woman's conquering		dwells	48
seed	79	Farewell, farewell, dear friends.	89
As Isaac and Rebekah give.....	82	Farewell, ye blooming sons....	151
Asleep in Jesus.....	111	Father, I know that all my life.	109
Awake, my soul, and with the		Father of mercies, in Thy word.	100
sun	33	Father, we thank Thee for the	
Awake, the woman's conquering		night	104
seed	79	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	98
		Fill Thou my life, O Lord.....	124
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.	25	For all the saints who from....	74
Behold the man threescore and		For thee, O dear, dear country..	27
ten	95	From hands that would our....	142
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	105	Fruit of a virgin's womb.....	79
Beneath the shadow of the cross	172		
Blest be the tie that binds.....	177	Glory be to the Father.....	177
Bless our good minister.....	152	Glory to Thee, my God.....	35
Brief life is here our portion...	28	God be with you till we meet....	177
But bloody hands and hearts...	49	God bless our native land.....	135
But few among the carnal.....	48	God give our President.....	136
By the cross sad vigil keeping..	28	God of nations, King of kings..	136
By the moon so brightly.....	145	God of our fathers, known of old	142
		God of our fathers, whose al-	
Call them in, the poor	103	mighty hand	141
Can a little child like me.....	104	God the all-merciful	141
Christ alone beareth me.....	163	God's word for all their craft...	32
Christ for the world we sing...	127	Golden harps are sounding....	108
Christ is made the sure founda-		Great God, accept our songs....	147
tion	24	Great King of nations, hear....	138
Christian, dost thou see them...	23		

	PAGE		PAGE
Hark, from the tombs.....	44	Lead, kindly Light.....	92
Hark! ye neighbors, and hear..	146	Let all thy converse be sincere.	34
Heavenly Father, God of nations	137	Let every tribe and every tongue	169
He comes, He comes to judge...	52	Let not your heart be with trou-	
He lives, the great Redeemer		ble oppressed	188
lives	68	Like a river glorious.....	108
Hold Thou Thy cross before my		Lord, and am I yet alive.....	53
closing eyes	175	Lord, dismiss us with Thy bless-	
How dreadful, Lord, will be the		ing	164
day	149	Lord God, we worship Thee....	139
How great, how terrible that God	51	Lord, speak to me.....	109
How glorious art Thou.....	187	Lord, what a thoughtless wretch	54
How painful 'tis to turn away..	152	Lord, when we see a saint.....	84
I believe the great, good tidings.	171	Mine eyes have seen the glory..	140
I bow my forehead to the dust..	125	More love to Thee, O Christ... 113	
I do not ask, O God.....	110	My country, 'tis of thee.....	134
I know that my Redeemer lives.	120	My God, I thank Thee, who hast	
I love to have the Sabbath come	151	made	110
I love to steal awhile away.....	102	My God, is any hour so sweet... 101	
I love to tell the story.....	111	My God, my Father, while I stray 101	
I thank Thy sovereign power... 68		My God, what inward grief I feel 46	
I think when I read that sweet		My Shepherd is the living Lord. 70	
story	103	My Shepherd will supply my	
I would be there when prayer		need	70
begins	152	My soul, come, meditate the day 61	
If I am raised to bear the sword	86	My thoughts on awful subjects	
If through unruffled seas.....	182	roll	47
In God's own house for me to		 	
play	152	Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 101	
In heavenly choirs a question		Nearer, still nearer	112
rose	87	New every morning is Thy love 122	
In heavenly love abiding.....	109	New mercies, new blessings.... 192	
In the cross of Christ I glory... 173		Not always as the whirlwinds.. 107	
In the still air a voice calls.... 189		Not she with trait'rous kiss.... 98	
In vain the wealthy mortals toil. 43		Now I resolve with all my heart 99	
Is there grief or sadness..... 168		 	
It was good for our mothers.... 155		O God, beneath Thy guiding hand 138	
 		O God of love, O King of peace 139	
Jerusalem, the golden	27	O golden day, so long desired... 65	
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.... 102		O golden hereafter.....	158
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	119	O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen. 100	
Jesus, tender Shepherd	108	O Jesus, Thou art standing.... 126	
Jesus, the very thought of Thee. 29		O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King 140	
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts 29		O Love that will not let me go.. 128	
Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee... 133		O Master, let me walk with Thee 126	
Judges who rule the world..... 86		O, must we bid you all farewell. 54	
Judgment day is coming on.... 59		O Sacred Head, now wounded.. 29	
Just as I am, without one plea.. 91		O the love of God Almighty.... 130	

	PAGE		PAGE
Oh, thus be it ever when free-		Terrible God that reign'st on	
men shall stand	138	high	48
O what a lovely thing	145	That day of wrath.....	30
O what a pleasure 'tis to see....	148	Tell me the old, old story.....	111
O, what their joy and glory....	30	Terrible thought shall I alone...	44
Oh, won't you be a Christian... 158		The cherub near the viewless	
Once in royal David's city.....	102	throne	77
Once more we keep the sacred		The deluge at th' Almighty's call	50
day	148	The great Archangel's trump	
On all who would God's grace..	191	shall sound	44
One sweetly, solemn thought....	105	The lofty pillars of the sky.....	169
Only this frail and fleeting breath	150	The Lord has come unto His	
Our blest Redeemer, ere He		world	129
breathed	106	The Lord, my Shepherd is.....	70
Our midnight is Thy smile with-		The mistakes of my life	108
drawn	168	The mites have the blessing....	159
Our youthful hearts for learning		The rising morning can't insure.	94
burn	146	The sands of time are sinking... 103	
		The shadows of the evening	
Praise God from whom all bless-		hours	110
ings flow	18, 33	The spacious firmament on high.	169
		The summer harvest spreads... 50	
Raise, thoughtless sinner	49	The trumpet sounds, hell trembles	53
Rise, crowned with light	120	There dawns a day on every	
		heart	190
Sacred head now wounded.....	29	There is a green hill far away... 102	
Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	114	There were ninety and nine....	105
Safely through another week... 162		There's a wideness in God's	
See in yonder house of prayer... 82		mercy	107
See the red flames around him... 43		There's lots o' music in 'em....	191
Shepherd of tender youth.....	23	Thine forever, God of love....	111
Sing the dear Saviour's glorious.	81	Tho' glorious, O God.....	183
Sinners, can you hate this Sa-		Though by Thy bitter cross....	163
viour?	77	Thy life was given for me.....	108
Someone must struggle that		To our Redeemer's glorious name	99
others	156	Two are better far than one....	81
Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-		Two empires by the sea.....	142
est gloom	168		
Sowing the seed by the daylight	111	Unthinking mortals, ye must die.	150
Still will I strive	80		
Still, the sacred table spread....	172	Wake, my soul, in joyful meas-	
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think	58	ure	184
Stoop down, my thoughts.....	96	We are coming	159
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour		We are living, we are dwelling.	126
dear	123	We are not divided.....	174
Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord....	128	We see, tho' you perceive it not.	150
Swift to its close, ebbs out life's.	177	We thank thee, Father.....	185
		What may be on the morrow... 168	
Take my life and let it be.....	108	When Abr'ham's servant to pro-	
Tarry with me, O my Saviour..	109	cure	90

	PAGE		PAGE
When God from His throne....	51	Why doth the man of riches grow	42
When God, our Leader, shines..	46	Why hast thou cast our lot.....	81
When on my day of life.....	182	Why should we heavy laden be..	186
When the morn shall bid.....	162	With thy spirit's two-edged	
Where do children love to go..	144	sword	80
Where shall a guilty child retire	150	Without such fruit as God	
While Thee I seek, protecting		expects	151
power	106		
Whither goest thou, pilgrim,		Ye followers of the Prince of	
stranger	82	Peace	171
Who can describe the pain.....	79	Ye sons of pride that hate.....	42
Who is on the Lord's side.....	108	Yes, for me, for me He careth..	123
Who is this stranger in distress.	47	You cannot read the news.....	92
Why do the proud insult the poor	42		