

# THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

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## ARTICLE I.

### PERSONAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE WORK OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

AN ADDRESS TO CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

I ask your attention, my respected young brethren, to the subject of personal engagement in the work of Foreign Missions. I have no apology to offer, and I presume you have none to ask, for claiming your attention to a matter of such unquestionable importance. It may be taken for granted, that in taking the necessary steps for fitting yourselves for the work of the ministry, you have already settled the question of your call to this sacred office. It is to be hoped that, in adopting this conclusion, you were guided by the Holy Ghost; and that the only object you had then, and the only desire you have now, in seeking this office, is to honor your Redeemer in the salvation of your fellow-men.

The next question which will naturally occupy your thoughts, and especially of those of you who are approaching the close of your studies, is, where you are to exercise those ministerial functions for which you are now fitting

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## ARTICLE V.

## HYMN-BOOK MAKING.

The determination of our first General Assembly to revise the Hymn-Book has called out a vast amount of writing on the subject. A great many good things have been said, of course; much talk on the part of a sensible people on any point necessarily includes a certain proportion of good sense. But so much of incongruity and opposition has appeared, as to show that no settled principles of reason or of taste have prevailed among us; and to show the need of some investigation for their discovery. Some thing will be accomplished by this article, if only the thought and purpose to determine these ruling principles be introduced into the mind of the Church. For we will never doubt that that mind, tuned as it is to spiritual melody, and enlightened from on high, can rise to the height of worthy praise, and worship God acceptably, not only in the spirit, but also in the manner of the worship.

Two principal questions suggest themselves, which being clearly answered, all other problems are either solved by implication, or concern the mechanism of the work. They are: the proper subjects of hymns; and the necessary requisites of good hymns. For if we can decide of what things they should treat, and in what manner they should treat of them, the work of selection will proceed easily under those two great lights.

The first question, which relates to the proper subjects of hymns, can best be approached by asking another: What part of their worship can Christians sing? This brings us at once to inquire of the spirit of lyrical composition, in which general division hymns occur as a class.

What does the world sing? Rather, of what does it not sing? Singing is the purling of the stream of life, whether

a rill leaps swiftly and starrily from the mountain, "making sweet music with th' enamelled stones," or the abounding river whispers kindly to the reeds, or thunders with many voices in the cataract. Every thought that has a thrill of emotional life in it; every feeling that mere words will not suffice for, which, spoken, leaves the heart still burdened with its sweetness or its woe, demands a voice in poetry and a hearing in song. We are not concerned with the mere lyrical shape of the poetry, but with the instinct that demands such shape as to be sung. And, discarding every other part of the subject, we look to see what men have loved to sing.

1. (a.) Addresses to loved ones, maidens wooed or won, parents, children, and friends.

(b.) Utterances of feeling concerning them; delight or lamentation, praise or dirge, exulting and complaint, all find a voice.

2. (a.) Addresses by *prosopopœia* to nature or country, to mountains, to the daisy, to the sea, to native land, or ocean isles.

(b.) Songs out of our own hearts about them, patriotic and other.

3. Historic lyrics; due to wars, victories, public disasters, or deliverances.

4. Songs born of society, or social relations and phenomena; farewells, good-nights, student glees.

5. Heart songs; one's own inner hopes, and joys, and fears, poured forth as King David begins his forty-fifth Psalm: "My heart bubbles up (like a spring) with pleasant song."

Putting aside as irrelevant so much of lyrics as is satirical or comic, we have the varieties of song before us. And what a precious and delightful thing it is, that while there is a world of thought to be uttered in words, and a world of feeling, which can not be spoken, God should give us this border land of song, beyond mere words, but

rich in voice. "Music married to immortal verse," is the consummation of human speech: the tenderest voice of love, the noblest balm of inward sorrow. The best outlet of the heart surcharged with joy in nature, or with patriotic fervors, or with victory, or with worship, is in song.

Such being the range of lyrics, and such the instinct of man's heart about song, the question next to be considered is: What limits, within this range, are imposed on our worship in hymns? It is self-evidently desirable that such variety as is not inconsistent with its nature, or with the high proprieties of religious life, should be sought; not only to avoid monotony, and consequent weariness, but because, the subjects being inexhaustible in depth, range, and beauty, and the attitude and temper of man's heart varying continually, there is a freshness, and richness, and power of Christian song, not attained, but to be approached, and climbed at, and soared for, with ever new delight and benefit. Indeed here, as in every other lofty department of human life, this is a distinct and signal part of the blessing; the perennial, spontaneous, self-rewarding endeavor after results worthy of God.

No limitations are to be taken for granted, therefore. No hasty assumption that the object of psalmody is this or that, can be permitted to narrow its field of utterance. We must look for boundaries to the standing instinctive judgments of the Church, or to the monumental example of Scripture—the Book of Psalms.

In treating of the instinctive decisions of the Church, we have two or three witnesses to bring forward. First of all, if we could discover them, would stand the precedents of the apostolic period. The dewy morning of the Christian day had its own matins, before science or fashion tuned the lay. Whatever we could find of that time, that opening worship of the *Æonian Sabbath*, would at least show us, beyond controversy, what must not be excluded; while it could not forbid that which was justified or suf-

ficiently endorsed elsewhere. Now, while it behooves us not to speak too confidently where we have not proof, there is a probability, more and more widely admitted by commentators, that certain quotations of the apostle Paul, introduced by the words, "Faithful is the saying," are taken from favorite hymns of the churches in his day.

However sceptical any reader may be on this point, certainly the possibility of their having such an origin must awaken the tenderest interest, and will justify a moment's pause upon them. And it is worthy of remark, that they all occur in the pastoral epistles. Addressed to intimate friends, where his heart had full play of personal affections, they show what was his manner of speech and thought in his least guarded moments. In them we seem to get a glimpse of what Paul's style of conversation was, fulfilling his own motto, *ἐν τοῦτοις ἰσθί*, pithy, full of counsel and apothegm, and relieved of all hardness by affectionate phrase, burning doxology, and snatches of unformed but sacred song. A most tempting theme verily; but we must not digress.

The first of these quotations is found in 1 Tim. 1 : 15 : "Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptance; 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" How happily it fits the reference he is making to his own case; how vividly it brings him before us, joining in the simple but profound ascriptions to Christ of his chosen work, and thrilling with the feeling that he, above all men, should bear witness to Him!

The next occurs in chapter 3 : 1 : "Faithful is the saying, 'If a man seeks the office of a bishop, he desires a good work.'" To us, perhaps, a bald truism, though it should not be, even now. But then, to be a bishop was to be first on Nero's list, or Pliny's, (and it made very little difference whether it were a Nero or a Pliny,) first in toils, and dangers, and contempts, and death, without earthly reward.

Plain as it is, then, there is a touch of heroism there, not unworthy of apostolic song.

The closing verse of the same chapter, though not introduced by the same formula, is thought to be of the same class: "Great is the mystery! 'God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.'" What a mass of wrought gold! Nothing formal or creed-like about it, but the whole story of a Divine Redeemer's love and power, pressed into five syllables, and chanted (perhaps in the close of their sacramental worship) by those to whom He was all.

The next chapter, 4 : 9, returns to the formula: "Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptance; 'For to this end we endure labor and reproach, because we have set our hope on the living God, who is the Saviour of all mankind, specially of the faithful.'" Very pleasant is it to mark this freshness of a true heart, this self-devotion, this reinforcing of each other's fortitude amid scorns and persecutions, in the first Christian hymns. We seem to breathe the same air with martyrs and confessors while we ponder these words.

The single quotation in Titus, 3 : 8, brings up Pliny's letter at once. "Faithful is the saying, 'Let them that have believed in God be careful to practise good works.'" These might be the very words with which their covenant began, whereby they "bound themselves, not to the commission of crimes, but to refrain from theft, from adultery; to be faithful in performing their promises, to withhold from none the property intrusted to their keeping."

One more example remains, viz: 2 Tim. 2: 11-13; perhaps the most touching and beautiful of them all. "Faithful is the saying, 'For if we have died with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him; if we deny Him, He will also deny us; if we be faithless, yet He abideth faithful; He can not deny Him-

self.'” This may not be poetry, in strictness of speech ; neither is

“Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled :”

but it is certainly lyrical in a very high degree. It is difficult even now to read it, without a stirred heart and moistened eye ; but think of the fierce days, the ranks of believers broken, perhaps even since the last Sabbath, by some sudden onslaught of persecution ; the plain raiment and homely faces of poverty at Philippi or Thessalonica sublimed by sorrow bravely borne, or transfigured by the vivid purpose to suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together : and its pathos and simple eloquence, stand first, perhaps, among all the hymns of the Christian ages.

If, now, we review them, to note their subjects, we find the first and third to be songs of praise—the latter, praise in rather a didactic form ; the second contains, possibly, a trace of ecclesiastical psalmody—certainly a word of honor to the chosen chief of the Church ; the fourth, an utterance of patient faith ; and the remaining two challenge to virtue, and hope, and joy.

We turn next, for a moment, to the actual selections of the Church through later ages—the hymns that successive generations of believers, untrammelled by authority, have loved and sung. And perhaps the very first that would occur, which are not versions of the Psalms, are two of Luther's, “A strong mountain is our God,” which is praise and heroic faith ; and, “In robes of judgment, lo ! He comes !” lofty description and exhortation. And if, without further delay, we call up that noble choir of the time of Wesley and the following generations, and run over in our thoughts those of their hymns that every body knows, we shall find three great classes : Worship, Contemplation, and Self-Utterance. But the great body of those hymns which directly address the Deity are borrowed, more or less directly, from the Book of Psalms. A few would be found, even in these days, which address the sinner or the

saint; but their number then, as compared with those of the classes named, would bear a very small proportion to their number now, under the same comparison. The bulk of popular new hymns now, is divided between contemplation and addresses to the two great and final divisions of mankind—those who are Christ's, and those who are not.

Nor is this appeal to the instinct of the Church, or rather to her affections, a trivial and unworthy appeal. Sacred song, as we have acknowledged, is the outlet of sacred feeling. We, who believe in the indwelling of the Spirit, believe that the Church, as a whole, is ordered in heart and temper from on high. The emotions that swell within her bosom, and seek expression in her voice, are due to those tender and sublime objects of thought which are represented by the word of God and a God-given experience. And it will not do to say that these words, whatever their form may be, in which her heavenly hopes and joys, her challenges to living triumphs or more glorious deaths, her pledges of eternal loyalty, have spoken all her heart, are ill chosen, unworthy, untrue. The hymn the Church loves must be sung, whatever a finical taste or languid criticism may think of it.

But we revert, for a moment, to the Book of Psalms—God's own exemplar of Christian song. In a rapid, and not very accurate manner, which is all our particular purpose demands, we classify them as follows:

I. Addresses of Praise,	about 18
II. Other forms of Praise,	32
III. Christian Experience,	21
IV. Christian Meditation,	19
V. Prophetic Psalms,*	9
VI. Patriotic Psalms,	19
VII. Prayers Proper,	32

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\* It is by no means intended to limit the prophetic element to these nine or ten of the Psalms; but as we are concerned with their relations to worship, we have merged them, as far as possible without violence, in the



This survey has doubtless sufficiently illustrated the breadth of theme that must be permitted to a book of pious song. Nor can it be right (let us say in passing) to draw any very rigorous distinction between hymns for public and for private use. There is no real difference between the worship we offer as individuals and as a congregation; and while hymns may often, and properly, take cognizance of the fact that the people are "met together in Christ's name," it is not indispensable that they should do so. Could five, out of all the readers of this Review, be persuaded to omit "Rock of Ages" from our book, because it runs

"Rock of Ages cleft for me"?

The results of this cursory survey abundantly annul the canon, which has some how found footing, that all hymns should be praise. A proposition upon its very face impossible to be received; and yet, how many eminent men invariably introduce their reading of a hymn by the formula: "Let us sing to the praise of God," whether it be the one hundredth Psalm, or

"Oh, for a glance of heavenly day!"

How many arguments and disquisitions about psalmody rest their whole weight on the assumption that singing is praise! How many solemn appeals to choirs and to lovers of sacred music are vitiated by the same fallacy! No hymn-book can be limited to hymns of praise, or bound to any narrower range of themes than the emotions of the Christian life. This, we think, we have clearly proved.

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other classes. That is to say, just fifty Psalms, or one-third of the whole book, consist of addresses to God, (I. and VII.) About forty speak mainly of God and His attributes, and wondrous deeds, done or to come, (II. and V.) Forty more utter the devout emotions and inward experience of a Christian heart, (III. and IV.) And the remainder are love, and glory, and grief about Israel, (VI.)

And in proving that, we have also settled the question whether a small collection would answer the purposes of the Church. If David, pouring the worship of ancient Israel into song, needed more than a hundred Psalms wherein to express it, when the feelings and circumstances of the Church were simplicity itself, compared with the present age, and if prophets and holy men were inspired to add to the number, down to the very close of the ancient canon, is it likely that fifty or a hundred hymns will content the people now? And where are all our objections to the meagreness of a liturgy, if the hymns that can be printed on a dozen pages will suffice for our singing? If there were any part of worship which would bear those narrow limitations, it would surely be the public prayers, whose round of proper subjects is so small, and whose treatment so circumscribed by the necessities of the ordinance itself. But, as even here liturgies breed leanness, *a fortiori* are narrow limits inadmissible in psalmody, which is prayer, and praise, and meditation, and longing, and a thousand other throbs of the true heart, and melodies of the loving voice.

Perhaps it will be as easy to dispose of the much-mooted matter of doctrinal hymns at this point as at any other. It is said, and truly said, that the didactic and lyrical elements are so opposite to each other, that virtually they are destructive of each other; that to state, and much more, to argue, a theological proposition, makes the so-called hymn in which it is done, a solecism and an absurdity. This can not be denied, and it certainly rules out a number of "hymns" that have been foisted into our present collection for no other discoverable reason than that they are rhymed digests of Calvinism. We confess we never meet them without a two-fold indignation; first, at the discredit to the hymn-book and to the Church which endorses and publishes it; and still more at the imputation on Calvinism, that it needs any such setting forth, needs to

be exhibited in any such pills of doggerel to be taken by the Church.

Such is hymn one hundred and twenty-two—a summary of doctrine, (save the mark!)

“ Election! ’tis a word divine:  
For, Lord, I plainly see,  
Had not Thy choice prevented mine,  
I ne’er had chosen Thee.”

“ For perseverance, strength I’ve none.”

“ O may Thy glorious merit be  
By imputation mine.”

“ Free grace alone can wipe the tears  
From my lamenting eyes.”

See, also, hymn forty-four:

“ Backward, with humble shame, we look  
On our original;  
How is our nature dashed and broke  
In our first father’s fall!”

Others there are, but these are surely enough to show the futility of attempts in that kind. How odd a blindness it is, which can not see that doctrine is only truth in stiff, professorial raiment: that the hymn,

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,”

has the doctrine of justification by faith as clearly and justly in it as any dogmatic treatise; and has it alive, while the treatise probably has it dead: that Wesley’s noble translation,

“ Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,”

commends the doctrine of imputation more mightily than he ever impugned it: that Charles Wesley was glorying in the saint’s perseverance when he wrote,

“ How happy every child of grace  
Who knows his sins forgiven!”

than which there is hardly a better hymn to be found!

Every hymn is the utterance of a truth ; but truth as held and cherished by the heart. Any attempt to present it otherwise in a hymn, spoils the hymn, and puts a bad flavor on the truth besides.

Under the second chief division of our subject there is little to be done, except to examine the tests which have been applied with intent to banish certain well-loved hymns from our book, because of alleged faults. One or two general remarks may save delay and digression farther on.

In the first place, then, we concede that mere popularity in past days is not a perfect criterion, because the public taste does change ; on the whole, it is becoming refined. But prudery is not refinement.

Secondly, we maintain that the last polish of fastidious scholarship does not furnish a proper criterion ; because judgment can not be committed to it without both restraining the liberty and forfeiting the sympathy of Christ's Church. A single illustration will settle that point. Suppose the admirable hymn,

“ Jesus, lover of my soul,”

to which public exception has lately been taken—suppose that hymn, and all that equally offend the same taste, were stricken from our book ; who does not know that all our churches, and nine-tenths of our ministers, would feel the loss severely—would feel that one of the most comforting and delightful elements of sacred song was snatched from them, *on a punctilio* ? In the next paragraph we must argue the question now touched upon ; now we are only concerned with the maxim, that the taste of the church must be paramount, and not that of the most exquisite critics.

Taking these two principles with us, we advance now to the dogma, that hymns must not be *erotic*. The word itself is equivocal ; but the meaning of it in this connexion

doubtless is, that such language ought not to be used as is restricted to romantic attachments in its ordinary employment. A moment's thought will satisfy us that, stated in this general way, the canon can not be maintained. Otherwise, David must not say, "O God, thou art my God;" because we employ a like phrase of possession about our elect ones, whoever they may be: neither can the language be endured, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for ever more." The forty-fifth Psalm, the Song of Solomon, some noblest and most precious passages of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, yea, of all the prophets, parts of Paul's Epistles, and of Revelations, must all be rooted out.

Nor must it be forgotten that God himself has chosen this very relationship, on which to found promises and to inculcate duty. "I will betroth thee unto me for ever," "Prêpare as a bride adorned for her husband," "So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty." Such are some of His words. And it is a signal proof of the vital and victorious power of religious ideas, that they have redeemed such words from being merely amatory, and conferred upon them an intent as pure as it is lofty; so that it is rather the lover who quotes them from the Bible, than God who borrows them from man.

Only when a certain lusciousness of speech is indulged, which is rather sensual than amatory, does the charge of erotism become serious.

"Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord,"

suggests nothing unworthy, though the language can not fail a little in reverence; but

"I'll speechless clasp Thee in my arms,"

and

"There He may caress thee,  
And call thee His bride,"

are offensively amatory. Nor does the proof in either case lie in our assertion, but in the fact that the hymn first quoted retains its hold upon the Church, while the others have lost their hold, and are hardly ever sung.

As to the beautiful hymn so often mentioned above, we are not clear that it is erotic at all. The only expressions that give color to the charge, are "Lover of my soul," and "Let me to *Thy bosom* fly." But was Mason "erotic," when he called Washington a lover of his country? Is it amatory to say that Newton was a lover of truth? The concluding words, "of my soul," evidently qualify the offending word, and convert it from an epithet into an affirmation, "Jesus, who dost love my soul." And as to the other word, followed as it is by the reference to storms and sorrows, it loses its amatory associations altogether, and remains only slightly objectionable, as unduly anthropomorphic. Here, again, our appeal is to the facts. Do we sing these words with sentimental languors, or with a strong sense of Christ's love and protection amid the waves of trouble?

Another instance of hypercriticism, in the same kind, is that upon the line,

"My God, my life, *my love*"!

He who, knowing that the Scripture saith "God is love," and that any thing may be called one's love, or passion, which absorbs his affections, is yet offended by that line, must certainly be of a very "erotic" turn of mind.

Another fault, which ought in almost every case to banish a hymn from use, is toying with a figure of speech, just as a pleasant play of fancy. The objection here, however, is not æsthetic, but moral. It is the evident lack of earnestness. Psalmody is the play of feeling, not of fancy.

Our failing space warns us not to dwell on this point, as other rules must be illustrated, or they will hardly be believed to need mention.

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The language of hymns must not be vulgar; as in that nauseous line,

“Let us in Thy bowels sound.”

Nor must the figure be far-fetched; as Watts' about the clouds,

“Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky”;

and the Methodist Hymn-Book,

“Now, O my Joshua, bring me in”;

and

“He shall prop your feeble knees.”

Nor, of course, can any thing so quaint as to become ridiculous be endured. Of this we find a signal example in “The Hymns of the Church Militant:”

“Through tribulations deep,  
The way to glory is;  
The stormy course I keep,  
On these tempestuous seas;  
By waves and winds I'm tossed and driven—  
*Freighted with grace, and bound for heaven.*

“If a dead calm ensues,  
And heaven no breezes give,  
*The oar of prayer* I use,  
And try, and toil, and strive.

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“But when a heavenly breeze  
Springs up and fills my sail,  
*My vessel goes with ease*  
Before the pleasant gale;  
*And runs as much an hour, or more,*  
*As in a month or two before”!*

And again, in Newton's unhappy hymn :

“The kine, unguided, went  
By the directest road,  
When the Philistines homeward sent  
The ark of Israel's God.

“Lowing they passed along,  
*And left their calves shut up;*  
*They felt an instinct for their young,*  
*But would not turn or stop”!*

Even an ill-used word will spoil a hymn : as,

“ I *contemplate* it can't be long  
Till He will come again.”

And St. Bernard's magnificent hymn on the City of God is blemished by the line,

“ *Conjubilant* with song.”

In a word, while literary finish is not the rule, yet violation of established taste is a fatal transgression. Hymns must be simple in language, clear and unforced in thought, born of a living heart, and of such rhythm that they can be sung without violence to the sense.

We come now, in the last place, to that vexed question; the version of Psalms. Shall we sing Watts? or shall it be Rouse? If not, what shall it be? We have left ourselves little more room than will announce our judgment, for which we can claim very little regard, unsupported by the reasons on which it is founded.

As to the first and fundamental question of liberty, we will not yield an inch; no, not to win a thousand churches. We had rather go off into the woods, and sing alone, than submit to any dictation here. In truth, this question never is touched without stirring a profound indignation among the people of God.

Next, as to any prescriptive right of David's Psalms to monopolize the singing of the Church; there is not one word of ordinance on the subject, nor any Scripture example of their being sung, which conveys the slightest sense of obligation, either as acknowledged then, or as holding now. Jehoshaphat did command the singers to sing,

“ Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever,”

which is probably intended to identify a psalm; but the circumstances were unique, and utterly unlike our congregational worship. And why should David, or the Psalms bound up with David's, we know not when, be enforced



upon us; and Isaiah, and Habakkuk, and the heavenly songs in Revelations, be ruled out? Why may we not sing,

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain”?

But there is a gleam of light in the proposal to compile a new version; especially if it be coupled with the suggestion, not to separate it from the hymns proper, but to blend them together.

We freely concede both the defects and the demerits of Watts, though he be the best single paraphrast we have. His eighteenth psalm contains nothing so worthy as Sternhold and Hopkins’

“The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens most high.”

And several of the noblest Psalms he has rendered with unpardonable feebleness. Take, for instance, the thunder-psalm, the twenty-ninth. The key is found in verse third:

“The God of glory thundereth.”

From the abrupt contrasts of mountain and valley, the larger proportion of water to the land, and the more varied weather, it seems probable, though we can not find it so stated in the books, that electrical phenomena are on a grander scale in northern than in southern Palestine; where, in truth, thunder and lightning are almost entirely confined to the winter months. Now, if we suppose David to have visited Carmel during the latter part of the summer, (and he may well have done so on military or other royal errand, after the harvests of the spring were gathered,) and imagine the sullen sweep of sulphurous clouds, spreading their shadow silently over the breathless sea; white masses rolled up, throne-like, above the gloomy crypts, the cloud-caverns, where fierce thunders already rumble; the mighty pile seeming to grow without voice, or hand, or breath of wind, out of the black deep into the very zenith; the sudden lightning, struck out, as it were, by a

blow of the mace of Power; the instant, crashing roar behind it, leaping out across the unclouded blue, while Lebanon and Hermon (which is Sirion) start on their lofty seats, and break the very cedars by the shock; making the great sea cower in its bed; and running southward across Samaria and the Holy City, until far-off Kadesh trembles with awe: if, we say, David be imagined to behold and hear all this from Carmel, we can almost *feel* the tremors of delight and worship with which he whispered softly,

“The God of glory thundereth!”

and the sublime faith that turns the very thunder into the sweet music of promise,

“Jehovah will give strength unto His people!  
Jehovah will bless His people with peace!”

And what of all this glorious picture has Watts given us? We really have not the heart to quote it; it is too pitiful beside the Psalm he should have rendered into verse.

It is, therefore, not only permissible, but has become necessary, that Watts' worse paraphrases should be stricken out, and that the whole world of Christian poesy be put under contribution, that at least an endurable version of the Book of Psalms be made out. And if no good account of any particular Psalm can be given, (as we believe is the case with this twenty-ninth,) *let it be left blank until its requisitions are met.* There could be no higher tribute to its power and beauty.

We have thus run, most slightly and unsatisfactorily, we confess, over the principal points to which we desire the minds of our best men to address themselves. There can be no exaggeration of the importance of the subject. Our children's worship, and thus their hearts and minds, are to be formed on the Hymn-Book, perhaps more, even, than on the Bible. Nor can we deny the multitude of good hymns now wanting in our present book, nor the many poor ones inserted there.

If we could embody every genuine and worthy Christian feeling in a song, whether the feeling spring from a view of precious truth, from God's gracious providence, or our inward life; if in language simple, fresh, clear, poetic, our congregations could utter all their heart, or warm the sluggish devotions of their worldliness into fervors and joy; if the venerable worship of the Bible-Church, pouring its streams through many ages, could flow, widening and deepening, in majestic music into the volume of our psalmody; then, indeed, our Hymn-Book would be made.

It is our duty to approach the excellence we can not attain.

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ARTICLE VI.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF ABBEVILLE DISTRICT, S. C.

As early as 1765, a petition was sent up from the "Long Canes," in Upper Carolina, to the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, for ministerial aid. This section had been for about ten years filling up with descendants of the Scotch-Irish from North Carolina and Virginia, forming the "Calhoun Settlements;" so named from the distinguished civilian, Patrick Calhoun, Esq., who led the emigration, and who formed the nucleus of a very extensive family connexion, occupying, by this time, in its varied yet closely-interwoven branches, nearly all that region of country on the waters of Little River, afterwards known as the "Flat-Woods" of Abbeville.

The constant liability to Indian depredations, and the reckless habits engendered by border life, had rendered