

# THE UNION SEMINARY MAGAZINE

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## I.—LITERARY.

### WHY SHOULD CHRISTIAN PEOPLE FEEL SUCH DEEP INTEREST IN THE CONVERSION OF THE YOUTHS IN OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES?\*

*The Southern Presbyterian Church* has, from the first week of its organization to the present, evinced a most intense concern for this part of her people. It had been no matter of wonder, if the detonating clouds of the awful war which was to be fought during the years 1861-'65—if those clouds, by which the country was overhung by a canopy darker than night, had driven from the minds of our first Assembly all

\*DEAR BRO. LINGLE :

This paper was prepared for delivery in the College Church on the last Thursday of February, 1895. I send it to you in place of the article on "The Testing System in the Irish Presbyterian Church" which I had promised. I have all the material gathered for the latter article but my present circumstances make its putting into shape embarrassing.

I am glad to publish the paper sent, for notwithstanding its marks of hasty preparation, it is really a plea for the observance of a day of prayer for the youths of our schools and colleges. Our last Assembly did much toward the practical abolition of the observance of such a day, by changing the time to a Sunday in November. The observance is so important that the Assembly may well appoint from year to year a week day; and the Church may well meet for prayer on the subject. I very much fear that under the inspiration of our last Assembly the Church would soon reduce this honored and useful observance to a mere incident in the regular service of the Sunday appointed—a reference to our youth in the long prayer it may be.

Yours very truly,

Orlando, Fla., 11th March, '96.

THOS. C. JOHNSON.

## ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS is so well known, so dearly loved, especially by those who accept the system of truth known as Calvinism, as the author of poems of worship, versions of Psalms, and other spiritual songs, as in short the leading hymn-writer of the church, that it is forgotten that these poetical attempts were but an incident in a life crowded with successful literary, metaphysical and theological studies and essays. Dr. Allibone in his *Dictionary of Authors* gives a list of twenty-nine works published by him during his long and useful life, besides many posthumous volumes, and many carefully prepared and collected complete editions of his works. Dr. Hatfield says in his *Poets of the Church*, "In a little more than forty years he had issued fifty-two distinct publications." Dr. Jennings who with Dr. Philip Doddridge edited his works, issuing them in six quarto volumes, says, "I question whether any author before him did ever appear with reputation on such a variety of subjects as he has done, both as a prose writer and as a poet. However, this I may venture to say, that there is no man now living (1753), of whose works so many have been dispersed both at home and abroad, that are in such constant use, and translated into such a variety of languages." He issued treatises on Logic, Scripture History, Philosophic Essays, The Improvement of the Mind, besides volumes of sermons and essays, theological, literary, scientific, political and ecclesiastical. Dr. Samuel Johnson who deemed him worthy of a place in his gallery of immortals, and includes him in his lives of the British poets, says of him, "Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined: he has taught the Art of Reasoning, and the Science of the Stars." And Dr. Knox (quoted by Allibone; probably Dr. Vicesimus Knox, a distinguished graduate of St. John's college, Oxford, Master of Tunbridge school, and a celebrated scholar and author) says of Dr. Watts: "He was not only a devout and zealous

Christian, but a profound scholar, a natural philosopher, a logician and a mathematician. For my own part I cannot but think this good man approached as nearly to Christian perfection as any mortal ever did in this sublunary state."

Dr. Watts then was a man of vast and varied learning, ample scholarship, great versatility and ability, and recognized during his life as a leader of thought and an author of high rank. His contemporary fame has been rarely equalled in the history of letters, and the profound and affectionate esteem in which he was held, and deservedly, is a pleasing fact. Yet is he perhaps more widely known to-day as the author of "Divine and Moral Songs for Children" than for his theological or philosophical writings. I inquired of a very cultivated and intelligent man, a librarian of a public library and a lover of books, for Johnson's Lives of the Poets, wishing to read what the sturdy Englishman had to say of the little Doctor. And going on, I told him "I want to read Dr. Johnson's estimate of Isaac Watts whom he enrolled as one of the British Poets." "Isaac Watts," said he thoughtfully, "Yes, he it was that wrote "How doth the little busy bee," was it not?" I need not moralize on fame, nor note by what a slender thread a name may hang!

Isaac Watts was born July 17, 1674, in Southampton, Hampshire, England, the first-born of his mother, in a family of nine. His father Isaac Watts, Senior, was imprisoned for non-conformity during those bitter days that greatly tried men's souls, and the mother of the poet with the little babe in her arms would often sit on a stone near the jail door. The child was wonderfully precocious. Here are some memoranda of his life and learning:

"Began to learn Latin of my father, 1678.

"To Latin school and writing, 1680.

"Began to learn Greek, 1683 or before.

"I had ye small pox, 1683.

"Learnt French, 1684, 1685.

"Learnt Hebrew, 1687 or 1688."

This seems almost incredible, studying Latin at four, Greek at nine, learning French at ten, and Hebrew at fourteen.

He early showed his rhyming propensity, his poetic genius, and like Pope, "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." In a school which he attended, a lady offered the prize of a

farthing for the best couplet written by a pupil. This is said to be his earliest attempt at verse :

“I write not for a farthing, but to try  
How I your farthing authors can outvie.”

“Burder’s version of the anecdote” (I quote from a citation in Duffield’s *English Hymns*) about Watts’s size is that on hearing some one in a coffee-house ask, “What! is that the great Dr. Watts?” he replied immediately in a stanza from the *Lyrical Poems* ; (his first publication)

“Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul ;  
The mind’s the standard of a man.”

This (stanza) is frequently misquoted. It occurs in the ode on “False Greatness.”

Watts was taught first by his father, afterwards (at six years of age) in the grammar school of the Rev. John Pinhorne, continuing under his instruction ten years. His extraordinary talent attracted the attention of Dr. John Speed, a physician, who with others offered him a University course at their expense. But as this involved a surrender of his non-conformity, he declined the offer. Eager as he was for learning, he could not sacrifice principle, and such principles for which his father suffered. In 1690, he came to London and was a pupil of the Rev. Thomas Rowe. While pursuing his studies in philosophy he made a public profession of religion in 1693, in the twentieth year of his age, although his own testimony is that he “was taught to trust in Christ” in his fifteenth year. It seems that at Mr. Rowe’s, after his uniting with the church, he determined to enter the ministry, but with rare humility and self-distrust instead of at once pursuing his studies, he returned to his father’s in Southampton that he might ripen in religious experience, and seek the highest qualifications for his chosen profession. At this time, “he was a slender youth, scarcely more than five feet in height,” and “for his age one of the ripest scholars to be found in the kingdom.”

Of his career as a minister, pastor, author, I shall not speak in detail. He was chosen assistant to the distinguished Dr. Isaac Chauncey at Mark Lane Church in 1699 ; he was ordained as pastor in 1702 ; he had with him as assistant the Rev. Samuel Price in 1703, who was ordained as his co-pastor in 1713. Dr.

Watts died in 1748 in the seventy-fifth year of his age. All during his ministerial life he was a great sufferer, and often laid aside from public service. This lack of pulpit duty he more than made up by the diligent use of his pen. Dr. Hatfield, to whom I am much indebted for what I have told of his life, says: "He was not only a polished writer, but, in his best days, an impressive preacher. A thin, spare man, scarcely more than five feet in stature, his "bodily presence" was "weak;" his forehead was low, his cheek-bones rather prominent, his eyes small and gray, and his face, in repose, of a heavy aspect. But his voice was distinct and musical, he was an adept in the art of pronunciation, his delivery was grave and solemn, and his manner indicative of a glowing zeal for God and the souls of men."

Dr. Watts was never married. It is said that he "paid court to the accomplished and pious Elizabeth Singer, afterwards better known as Mrs. Rowe." (I quote from *Hymn-writers and their Hymns*, by the Rev. S. W. Christophers). "She told her suitor that she loved the jewel, but could not admire the casket, and thus lost the honour of being Mrs. Watts." In Watts's Psalms and Hymns, Book II, hymn 48, is a hymn with the significant title "Love to the Creatures is Dangerous." It appears as hymn 344 in the Psalms and Hymns, approved by the General Assembly of the (Southern) Presbyterian Church in Memphis, in 1866. Dr. S. W. Duffield says, "We are told that the hymn was written after he had been jilted by Miss Elizabeth Singer." This is the hymn thus made famous, and which is not found in more recent collections :

1. How vain are all things here below,  
How false, and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.
2. The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.
3. Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood—  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God!

4. The fondness of a creature's love, .  
     How strong it strikes the sense !  
     Thither the warm affections move,  
     Nor can we call them thence. .
5. Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
     My soul's eternal food ;  
     And grace command my heart away  
     From all created good.

The lady whose cruelty inspired the hymn was herself a hymn writer of some repute. Dr. Duffield, before quoted, makes this comment on *her* hymns: "They are of the orotund variety, much befretted with adornments. Dr. Watts, on the contrary, wrote plainer verse, and remained a bachelor." But the critic says neither *post hoc*, nor *propter hoc*, as to either.

It is as a writer of Psalms and Hymns that the immortality of Dr. Watts is assured. In *The Hymnal*, the new hymn book of the (Northern) Presbyterian Church, the latest of the multitudinous hymn books, out of a total of 724, there are 56 of the compositions of Watts, which is twice as many as any other writer's, Charles Wesley being second with 28. In *The New Laudes Domini*, there are 116 by Watts, the total number of hymns being 1216. In the *Hymns of the Ages*, 86 out of a total of 644, are by Watts. In Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, 41 are by Watts, the total being 412. This attests his present and abiding popularity. Sir Roundell Palmer Q. C., M. P., in a Lecture on English Church Hymnody in 1866, has said: "The Independents, as represented by Dr. Watts, have a just claim to be considered the real founders of modern English hymnody. \* \* \* \* More hymns which approached to a very high standard of excellence might be found in his works than in those of any single writer in the English language." This testimony is the more significant and valuable because the lecturer is an Anglican. Even Dr. Johnson, in his warm appreciation of Dr. Watts's character as well as ability, says: "He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased ; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verse or his prose to imitate him *in all but his non-conformity*, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God." (*Italics mine*). The poet Montgomery, who himself has left to the church universal some very precious hymns, says, "Dr. Watts may almost be called the inventor of hymns in our language." And again he calls him "the greatest name among hymn writers."

Indeed, I am not sure that Dr. Watts may not be termed the creator of a department of English literature—the explorer in a new realm of English poesy. It is marvellous to us in our day, when anything that rhymes or jingles, regardless of its merit as poetry, truth as teaching, or dignity as worship, is sung to anything that “goes,” by an emotional and enthusiastic congregation, it is astonishing, I say, what prejudices bitter and well-nigh unconquerable, prevailed against any improvement in psalmody in his day. The way in which the young scholar became engaged himself in this improvement, is an interesting story. Attending worship in the dissenting meeting-house in Southampton, he complained to his father of the wretched hymns sung—so rugged and puerile—so little according to his cultivated taste. His father bade him produce something better. And so he wrote his first hymn, which, according to well-accepted tradition, was the one beginning, “Behold the glories of the Lamb.” With this the people were so delighted, that one hymn after another was written and sung until it became necessary to collect them in a volume. His effort in the composition of his hymns was to present the grand teachings of scripture, the strong and comforting truths of the gospel in smooth harmonious verse, without attempt at sonorous diction or elaborate imagery, so as easily to be remembered and sung by plain people. The loftiest thought is thus couched in simple speech that at once reaches the heart.

The publication of his *Lyrical Poems*, and his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* prepared the way for his presentation of the *Psalms*. The accepted versions were not only uncouth and unmusical, but ill-adapted for use in Christian worship because of the slavish adherence to the forms of speech in the temple worship, and to the Jewish phraseology, in the *Psalms of David and Asaph*. It was the thought and purpose of Dr. Watts to present the *Psalms*, for use in Christian worship, with Christian instead of Jewish symbolism. “I have expressed myself,” he says, “as I may suppose David would have done had he lived in the days of Christianity.” “In all places I have kept my grand design in view” (he says in another place), “and that is to teach my author to speak like a Christian;” and again, “to divest David and Asaph, etc., of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense of a Christian.” In the *Southern Presbyterian Review* for October, 1885, the argument of Dr. Watts was

reprinted. The full title of this essay is, "A short essay toward the improvement of psalmody; or an enquiry how the Psalms of David ought to be translated into Christian songs, and how lawful and necessary it is to compose other hymns according to the clearer revelations of the gospel, for the use of the Christian church." It is a calm and temperate discussion, and it seems to me unanswerable.

For the preparation of the work of which he had such high ideal, such just conception, he was (to quote again from Dr. Hatfield) "admirably qualified, possessing as he did a thoroughly educated and classical mind, great familiarity with the Hebrew text, a remarkable facility for versification, a lively imagination, a refined ear, a thorough acquaintance with the poetic literature, sacred and profane, of the age, and a cultivated poetic taste,—the whole sanctified by "an unction from the Holy One," by constant and devout intercourse with the spiritual world, and by a glowing zeal for the universal spread of the Gospel among his fellow men." His effort met with a success that would be called by the newspapers to-day phenomenal. And even in the face of prejudice because of his dissent, and because of the innovation, the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts form the standard repertory from which all hymn-book makers must draw if they would present anything worthy of acceptance. And in the most carefully winnowed selection from all writers ancient and modern, an honorable and conspicuous place will be given Dr. Watts.

I do not know whether there is any so specially-excelling hymn of his as to make it apart from all the rest. When Wesley's name is mentioned, instantly one thinks of "Jesus, Lover of my soul." When his great antagonist Toplady is named "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," is at once recalled. The mention of Cowper suggests "There is a fountain filled with blood;" of Montgomery either "People of the living God," or "According to thy gracious word;" of Charlotte Elliott "Just as I am, without one plea." Yet each of them, all of them, wrote other grand and noble hymns. When Watts's name is given dozens of hymns leap to the lips and tremble on the tongue.

It is sometimes alleged that the hymns (of course I include psalms in this general designation) of Dr. Watts lack variety. Dr. Johnson affirmed that his range of subjects was limited.—Only limited by the infinite expanse of the Word. There are majestic songs of praise, such as "Joy to the World the Lord



is come;” “Ye tribes of Adam join;” “Come we that love the Lord.” His soldier-songs are matchless and soul-stirring: “Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears;” Am I a soldier of the cross;” “I’m not ashamed to own my Lord.” There is a tone of trust and triumph in this last hymn that thrills the blood like the fanfare of a trumpet, or the order to charge in battle. There are hymns of quiet confidence and hope, such as “The Lord my Shepherd is,” “Father I long, I faint, to see,” “When I can read my title clear.” There are hymns of inimitable pathos and tenderness: “Shew pity Lord, O Lord forgive,” “When I survey the wondrous cross,” “Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.” Can the last three hymns be excelled in the whole range of hymnody? Perhaps it is in the poetic statement of solemn and didactic truth that Dr. Watts excels. Witness such strong yet poetic presentations of varied Scriptural doctrines as we find in such hymns as “How heavy is the night,” “How sad our state by nature is,” “Nature with open volume stands,” Not all the blood of beasts,” “No more my God, I boast no more,” and countless others. And the great versatility of his genius in hymn-making appears, it seems to me, in the diversity of his themes and treatment, the general excellence of them all, and in many instances the extraordinary excellence, and in their adaptedness for the purposes of worship. Nor are there tricks of composition to please the fancy or catch the memory, such as the roundelay, the repetition, or the refrain. In the main there is a true poetic treatment, and often genuine poetic fire. His compositions are characterized by a dignity and majesty that mark their suitableness as the vehicle of religious worship and the expression of devout and adoring hearts. While by the principles of “higher criticism” one may perchance detect the author in his hymn, it must be conceded that there is less of obtrusive personality, or individual characteristic than in the writings of most of those who supply the material of our hymn books. Note the marked individuality of the hymns of Newton, Cowper, Wesley, Miss Anne Steele, Keble, Faber and others, and we cannot but see that the compositions of Watts are freer from what might be termed the personal flavor, and are better adapted to the wants of true worship.

Great as is my admiration for his hymns, and it has grown immensely in the course of this rapid study, I must confess that the little doctor is sadly unequal at times, yea at times

positively prosaic and tedious. His Pegasus limps painfully now and then. In some of his didactic hymns the divine *afflatus* never filled his sails. He had to pull his skiff along first with one oar and then another. I was surprised in looking at the hymn, (not of unusual excellence, I admit, but a good average hymn and often used), "Let me but hear my Saviour say," a hymn of three stanzas, found in *Psalms and Hymns*, Hymn 59. *Hymns of the Ages*, Hymn 93, *New Laudes Domini*, Hymn 802, but omitted in *The Hymnal*, (so it has passed the criticism of the hymn-book men),—I was surprised to note that the original has the following stanzas, *most wisely* omitted in all our popular collections :

4. But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone ;  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.
5. So Sampson, when his hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his cost ;  
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,  
Made feeble flight, and lost his eyes.

One hardly knows whether to be sorrier for Samson or for Isaac Watts. Such rigidly dogmatic or didactic hymns as "Strait is the way, the door is strait," "Let the wild leopards of the wood" exclude themselves. The hymn-tinkers have helped some of Watts's hymns. It was a vast emendation which John Wesley made in the magnificent paraphrase of the 100th Psalm, when he omitted the first stanza as given by Watts, and changed the second. As composed by Watts, appearing as Hymn 43 of Book I, it is :

1. Sing to the Lord with joyful voice ;  
Let every land his name ad. re ;  
The northern isles shall send the noise  
Across the ocean to the shore.

(In the volume from which I have before quoted by the Rev. S. W. Christopher, it is stated that this third line reads "The *British* isles shall send the noise." In the copy of "Watts and Select Hymns" from which I have been quoting, edited by Samuel Worcester, D. D., it is as I have given above).

2. Nations attend before His throne  
With solemn fear, with sacred joy.

Mr. Wesley began with the second stanza, and gave us the psalm as we have it to-day :

1. Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :

And Dr. Duffield says, what I have often heard but have not been able to verify, that John Wesley added the last stanza, a grand concluding stanza, worthy of the stanza that precedes it, and of the whole psalm :

Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love,  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

A like great improvement was wrought by one of the Wesleys when instead of Watts's

He dies ! The heavenly lover dies !  
The tidings strike a doleful sound  
On my poor heart-strings. Deep he lies  
In the cold caverns of the ground.

He has written as is familiar to us

He dies ! the friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

The next line always seemed weak and unworthy to me, and I could wish that Wesley had amended that also :

Come saints, and *drop a tear or two* (!)

In the unequalled hymn, "Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed," over which Dr. Watts puts as the theme "Godly sorrow from the Sufferings of Christ," the second stanza has been wisely amended, by the substitution of the word *dear* for *sweet*, in the line,

Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine.

This stanza is often omitted in later hymn books (not omitted from *Hymns of the Ages*, however.) But I deeply regret the emendation of the fourth stanza. As Watts wrote it, it is,

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

How solemn, impressive, stupendous that statement! So it appears in our old hymn book *Psalms and Hymns*. In *Hymns of the Ages* and in *New Laudes Domini* the third line reads:

When Christ, the great Creator, died,

which is a perceptible weakening of the line. In *The Hymnal*

When He, the mighty Maker, died

is the way it is printed, which is perhaps better than the other but not better than Watts's line, and seems to be a timid softening of the author.

Let me note some touches of delicate poetic beauty in his hymns. There are so many that crowd upon my memory, (for many of these dear hymns I learned in childhood and they are doubly precious from the tenderest associations), that I scarcely know which to choose. Take for example that hymn which Watts denominates "A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy," and which is found in all hymn books un mutilated and not much tinkered. "There is a land of pure delight." This hymn will bear closest, critical, loving, study, and I wish I could take the time and space to elaborate. The love of nature is apparent, and a delicate appreciation of its beauty. The advance in thought is manifest and the quickening of spiritual desire. The exact use of the right word, as each stone in the mosaic, shows the true artist.

Infinite day excludes the night.

Not "*Eternal day*" as some of the hymn-tinkers would have it. For *infinite* applies to space, *eternal* to time. It is not simply day *forever* in that land, but day *everywhere*. Night is excluded, driven away and shut out!

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green.

How beautiful, simple, complete a picture.

The fourth stanza is very graphic, though the delineation is prolonged. "Timorous," "shrink," "shivering." The tinkers have substituted *trembling* for this, but the Christian heart rejects the change. What a fine word in the fifth stanza is "unbeclouded."

With unbeclouded eyes

In vain have double adjectives been used or suggested, such as "eager, longing," "wistful, trusting," "clear, far-seeing," and other combinations *ad nauseam*, but the master has wisely

chosen. The other words suggest thoughts not germane, extraneous and insofar vitiating the poetic purpose.

Notice, too, the minor but exquisite art in the suggestive and liquid alliterations :

There is a land of pure delight,  
And pleasures banish pain,  
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.

And the effect of the whole poem is soothing to agitated fears, stimulating to questioning faith, melodious and musical as the flow of tranquil waters, bright with the sheen of serene skies.

In that psalm of penitence which for the expression of profound sorrow and contrition is perhaps unparalleled,

Shew pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,

every stanza of which is rich with meaning and pathos, can you find a more delicate figure than is given in the concluding stanza ?

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose *hope*, still *hovering* round thy word,  
Would *light* on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

I see the timid bird just ready to alight. The poor soul hesitating, like the hovering bird, is just ready to rest its trembling faith on some sure word of promise. It is a light stroke of the pencil, yet how vivid the picture !

Dr. Philip Schaff pronounced the hymn—

When I survey the wondrous cross—

the finest hymn in the English language, It is worthy of patient and extended study. Dr. Watts wrote so rapidly, so voluminously, that his rhyme is often at fault, though his rhythm never. In this hymn the mechanical execution is perfect. The dress becomes the thought. For simplicity, sublimity, solemnity, and unutterable pathos the hymn is unequalled, certainly unsurpassed. It is passing strange to me that in many collections, the fourth stanza is omitted.

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

Can anything be finer than the metaphor of the first two lines? Can anything be finer than the words "*His dying crimson?*"

In the *Central Presbyterian* a few years ago, since the present accomplished editor has been connected with it, I saw a very interesting incident about the late Matthew Arnold, which I wish I could recall. He had been visiting friends or relatives in Liverpool, and had attended the preaching of the Rev. John Watson, so well known of late as Ian Maclaren, and had accepted his invitation to go home with him that day and dine at the minister's house. Mr. Watson had preached a sermon, if I recollect aright, about "Hiding behind the Cross" or "Finding comfort in trouble, at the Cross." Mr. Arnold seemed impressed with the sermon, with the thought of the sermon, and with the hymn which Mr. Watson gave out to be sung, which was Watts's hymn—

When I survey the wondrous cross.

Mr. Arnold spoke of nothing else, and repeated the words of the matchless hymn. In a day or so, I think it was, he died. This was the last sermon, and this the last hymn, which he heard in worship, and which had made so profound an impression on the great thinker and writer. May not the hope be indulged that the message and the hymn were a word in season?

So many stories about these hymns! They must remain untold. Dr. Duffield's charming book on *English Hymns* has many. And in every pastor's life rich experiences cluster about them, and memories so hallowed and precious.

WM. S. LACY.

