STUDIES

OF

FAMILIAR HYMNS

BY

LOUIS F. BENSON, D.D.

EDITOR OF "THE HYMNAL, PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.," "THE HYMNAL FOR USE IN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES," "THE CHAPEL HYMNAL," AND "THE SCHOOL HYMNAL"

PHILADELPHIA
THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
1903

Published March, 1903

HYMNS
AND
Spiritual Songs.

In Three BOOKS.

I. Collected from the Scriptures.
II. Compos'd on Divine Subjects.
III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

With an ESSAY

Towards the Improvement of Chriſtian Pſalmody, by the Uſe of Evangelical Hymns in Worſhip, as well as the Pſalms of *David*.

By *I. WATTS.*

And they ſung a new Song, ſaying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou waſt ſlain and haſt redeemed us, &c. Rev. 5. 9.

Soliti eſſent (*i. e. Chriſtiani*) convenire, carmenque Chriſto quaſi Deo dicere. *Plinius in Epiſt.*

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Humfreys*, for *John Lawrence*, at the Angel in the *Poultrey*. 1707.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF WATTS'S "HYMNS"

PREFACE

WHEN Dr. Ray Palmer, late in life, came to narrate the origin of his youthful hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," he explained that he would feel no little delicacy in so doing, "were it not that in one way and another it has happened that very inaccurate, and in some instances wholly apocryphal, things have been reported concerning it. It has furnished quite a striking illustration of the difficulty of transmitting verbally, with entire accuracy, a few simple facts, from one person to another." "Slight inaccuracies, rhetorical statements, and the imaginations of writers or speakers," he goes on to say, "have sometimes combined to form quite an unauthentic history of its origin."

Dr. Palmer's chagrin over the literature setting forth the history of his own hymn appears to have been shared, measurably, by many readers of the popular literature setting forth the history of the hymns in which they themselves happen to be interested. The frankness also of Dr. Palmer's criticism has been emulated by them—a frankness which has fulfilled itself (one would hope) in

expressing the opinion that the desire to tell a good story, the ambition to furnish a racy anecdote for homiletical purposes, is coupled, at times, with a weakening hold upon the realities.

'Twere pity if 'twere true: and the present writer is not solicitous to defend all that he has read upon the history of our hymns. Yet he would venture the remark (though it be no more than a plea of confession and avoidance) that the telling of the true story of a hymn is not so simple a task as some readers may have assumed it to be, but is, on the contrary, an undertaking requiring patient investigation at first hand.

One does not know the history of a hymn till he has traced it to its source and studied its original text and surroundings; till he has worked over its bearings, biographical and hymnological, and has tracked its subsequent career, textual and liturgical, by actual handling of the hymnals and other books in which it appears; till he has sought out and scanned such landmarks as remain to testify to its spiritual history, its use and influence over men.

Such investigations involve the pains of gathering, or of finding access to, extensive collections of hymn books, books of poetry, biographies, fugitive publications, and material of many sorts. A tedious task, no doubt, unless lightened by love! That some who have felt the call to narrate the story of our hymns have sought the goal by a shorter road affords, it may be, an explanation of

the "apocrypha" and the "anecdotage" of popular hymnology.

Contemplating the simplicity of the results of his studies of familiar hymns as set forth in this book, the writer is almost ashamed thus to hint at the care of his preparation. It had been better, possibly, simply to say that while he has tried to be interesting, he has tried yet more to be trustworthy.

The general character and purpose of these Studies is explained by their origin. This book grew out of a series of six papers (expanding, under encouragement, to twenty-five) written for *Forward* and *The Wellspring*, the admirable periodicals of the Presbyterian and Congregational publishing houses, designed for young people and the family. For the book these Studies have been rewritten to a somewhat larger scale, but with an effort not to sacrifice too much of their original simplicity. The fact of their origin explains also the appending to each Study of "Some Points for Discussion": the hope having been (it still abides) that groups or societies of young people might be led to think over and discuss the message of the hymns they so often sing, sometimes, it may be, too thoughtlessly.

Between the hymns here studied there is no intended connection; each hymn being chosen for its own sake—for some distinction it had, but with an eye at the same time upon the veracious material for illustrating it at the writer's command. For that reason a chronological

arrangement of the Studies has been avoided, and none other has been sought, except in so far as giving precedence to some Study precludes repetition in one coming after. It pleased the writer's fancy that the book should begin in the Light that dawned on Bethlehem and should end at Sunset and Evening Star.

The text of the hymns, in every case, is that of *The Hymnal* now widely used in Presbyterian and Congregational churches. To that book reference is also made in the case of hymns merely cited; a course sufficiently justified (if for no other reason) by the convenience of having a common standard.

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STUDIES OF FAMILIAR HYMNS

I

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, 1868

NOTE.—Four verses of the five as originally written (see under "Some Points for Discussion"). This text agrees with the author's manuscript. That issued by Bishop Brooks's publishers in "illuminated" style was inaccurate.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

It was the sight of Bethlehem itself, one feels very sure, that gave Phillips Brooks the impulse to write this hymn. He was then rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Philadelphia, and had spent a year's vacation traveling in Europe and the East. "After an early dinner, we took our horses and rode to Bethlehem," so he wrote home in Christmas week of 1865. "It was only about two hours when we came to the town, situated on an eastern ridge of a range of hills, surrounded by its terraced gardens. It is a good-looking town, better built than any other we have seen in Palestine. . . . Before dark, we rode out of town to the field where they say the shepherds saw the star. It is a fenced piece of ground with a cave in it (all the Holy Places are caves here), in which, strangely enough, they put the shepherds. The story is absurd, but somewhere in those fields we rode through the shepherds must have been. . . . As we passed, the shepherds were still 'keeping watch over their flocks,'

"or leading them home to fold." Mr. Brooks returned in September, 1866, and it must have been while meditating at home over what he had seen that the carol took shape in his mind. The late Dr. Arthur Brooks assured the writer that it was not written until 1868.

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep & dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting Light
The hopes & fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight

AN AUTOGRAPH VERSE OF THE HYMN

In the programme of the Christmas service of the Sunday-school of the Church of the Holy Trinity in that year the carol was first printed, and it was sung to the music written for it by Mr. Lewis H. Redner.

Its history as a hymn begins then, and a considerable share of the credit for its popularity must be given to Mr. Redner, at that time organist of the church, superintendent of the school, and teacher of one of its classes. The place of the carol in the books is now established, and new tunes have been and will be written for it. But it is safe to say that Mr. Redner's music was what carried the carol into notice and popularity. If the tune to which it was sung at that service had been unsuccessful, it is unlikely that the carol would have been reprinted or heard again, at least during Bishop Brooks's life.

With this view of the case it seemed to the present writer well worth while that an account, as circumstantial as possible, of the genesis of hymn and tune should be secured from the one man living who knows it. And standing over Mr. Redner in his Walnut Street office in Philadelphia one winter afternoon, waving aside the modest protests and gently prodding the reluctance of that genial composer, he was happy in obtaining the following written statement of the circumstances: "As Christmas of 1868 approached, Mr. Brooks told me that he had written a simple little carol for the Christmas Sunday-school service, and he asked me to write the tune to it. The simple music was written in great haste and under great pressure. We were to practice it on the following Sunday. Mr. Brooks came to me on Friday, and said, 'Redner, have you ground out that music yet to "O Little Town of Bethlehem"?' I replied, 'No,' but that he should have it by Sunday. On the Saturday night previous my brain was all confused about the tune. I thought more about my Sunday-

"school lesson than I did about the music. But I was roused from sleep late in the night hearing an angel-strain whispering in my ear, and seizing a piece of music paper I jotted down the treble of the tune as we now have it, and on Sunday morning before going to church I filled in the harmony. Neither Mr. Brooks nor I ever

LEWIS H. REDNER (1868)

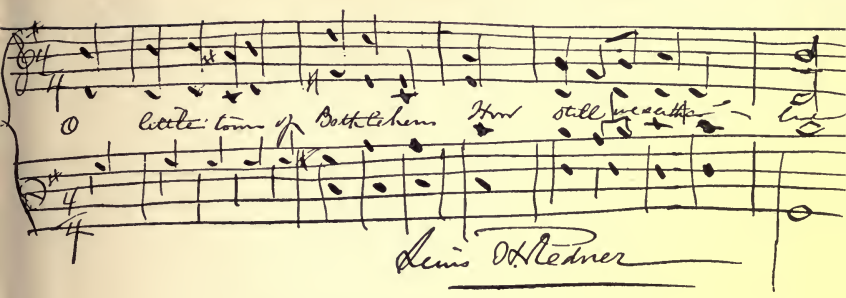
thought the carol or the music to it would live beyond that Christmas of 1868.

"My recollection is that Richard McCauley, who then had a bookstore on Chestnut Street west of Thirteenth Street, printed it on leaflets for sale. Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of All Saints' Church, Worcester, Mass.,

"asked permission to print it in his Sunday-school hymn and tune book, called *The Church Porch*, and it was he who christened the music 'Saint Louis.'"

The date of Dr. Huntington's book, 1874, does not imply a very prompt recognition of the merits of the carol even as available for use in the Sunday-school. Nor does its appearance in that book imply that the carol passed at that date into general use in Sunday-schools. But gradually it became familiar in those connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church. By the year 1890 it had begun to make its appearance in hymnals intended for use in church worship. In 1892 (some twenty-four years after its first appearance) Bishop Brooks's carol was given a place as a church hymn in the official hymnal of his own denomination. This occasioned the composition of new tunes to its words for rival musical editions of that book, and also drew attention afresh to the earlier tune of Mr. Redner. It seems, too, to have settled the status of the hymn, recent editors being as reluctant to omit the hymn as their predecessors had been to recognize it.

There is, however, nothing unusual or surprising in this delay in admitting the carol into the church hymnals. Almost all hymns undergo such a period of probation before they attain recognition; and it is for the best interests of hymnody that they should. In this particular case there was an especial reason for delay. There had to be a certain change in the standards by which hymns are judged before a carol such as this could be esteemed suitable for church use. In 1868, it is likely, not even its author would have seriously considered it in such a connection.



AN AUTOGRAPH STAFF OF THE MUSIC

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Phillips Brooks was born in Boston, December 13th, 1835. He came of a long line of Puritan ancestors, many of whom had been Congregational clergymen. His parents became connected with the Episcopal Church, and he was reared in the strict ways of the Evangelical wing of that Church. He had the typical Boston education, the Latin School and then Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1855. He was then for a few months a teacher in the Latin School, but there he had the humiliating experience of complete failure. He soon decided to enter the ministry, and studied at Alexandria Seminary, in Virginia. In 1859 he became rector of a small church in Philadelphia. Here his sermons attracted much attention, and in 1861 he was called to be rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the same city.

In that position he remained until 1869, when his own leanings toward his native town and the urgency of re-

peated calls from there led him to accept the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston. The congregation built for him the great church in the Back Bay, and there he exercised that wonderful ministry with which we all are familiar. In 1891 he was elected bishop of his Church in Massachusetts, and after some controversy, occasioned by his broad views in church matters, his election was confirmed and he was consecrated. But this position he was not to fill for long. The strain of the great work he had been doing had undermined even his giant strength, and after a short sickness he passed away on January 23rd, 1893.

Bishop Brooks was the most famous preacher and the most widely-loved clergyman of his time. The shock of his death was felt in every branch of the Church throughout the land, for while many disagreed with his opinions, none who knew him in his work could withhold their admiration. The word that seems best to describe him is "great." He was great in his physical proportions, great in the endowments of genius, great in the power to work, extraordinarily great in his personal influence over men, greatest of all in the moral elevation of his character and his ever-deepening spirit of consecration to Christ's service.

The connection of one so great with hymnody as the writer of a few simple carols intended for children seems at first a little incongruous. But after reading his biography, and understanding the man's nature, one feels rather that nothing he ever did was more characteristic of him. It now appears that verse-writing was even a regular habit with him, probably as a relief to feelings his intensely reserved nature could express in no other

way. And he not only loved children dearly, but liked to be their comrade and to get down on the nursery floor and romp with them. His own heart was like a child's, and he wrote Christmas and Easter carols because he entered into those festivals with a child's enthusiasm and joy.

PHILLIPS BROOKS (ABOUT 1868)

But there is another point of connection between Bishop Brooks and hymnody which must not be passed over. Its disclosure was to many one of the surprises of that wonderful biography of his friend by Dr. Allen. And that connection is in the fact that his own mind and heart were stored with hymns, to such an extent and in such a way that they were one of the real influences of his life.

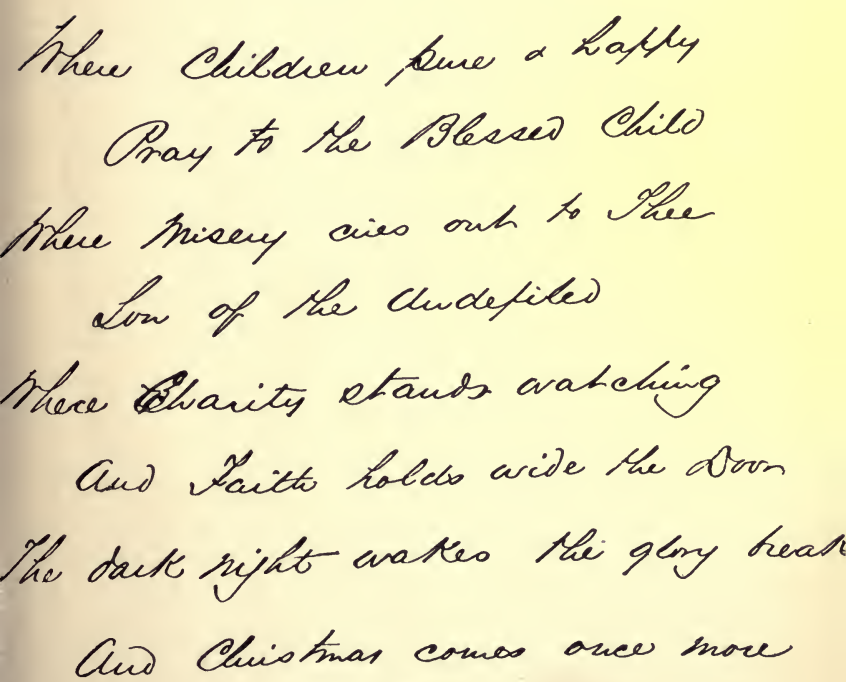
In one of the letters "the father regrets that Phillips

"could not have been with the family on the last Sunday evening when the boys recited hymns. This was a beautiful custom, which called from each one of the children the learning of a new hymn every Sunday, and its recital before the assembled family. In a little book, carefully kept by the father, there was a record of the hymns each child had learned, beginning with William, who had the advantage of age, and had learned the greatest number, followed by Phillips, who came next, and the record tapering down until John is reached, with a comparatively small number at his disposal. Most of them were from the old edition of the Prayer Book, then bound up with a metrical selection of Psalms and a collection of two hundred and twelve hymns." "But there were others. When Phillips went to college there were some two hundred that he could repeat. They constituted part of his religious furniture, or the soil whence grew much that cannot now be traced. He never forgot them." Again his biographer remarks: "These hymns Phillips carried in his mind as so much mental and spiritual furniture, or as germs of thought; they often reappeared in his sermons, as he became aware of some deeper meaning in the old familiar lines." Once more the biographer recurs to the subject; this time to speak of "the language of sacred hymns learned in childhood and forever ringing in his ears," as one of the channels through which "he had felt the touch of Christ."

Some Points for Discussion

(1) Bishop Brooks's biographer says of this carol: "It is an exquisitely simple thing, and yet one feels

"behind the words the existence of a great soul, meditating on the mystery of the divine revelation." Is this a true characterization? He suggests further that "It has also a theological significance—the adjustment between the natural order and the divine revelation."



THE OMITTED VERSE

(2) In the original manuscript of the carol there was a fourth verse not used in the hymn books. Its form as first written appears in the facsimile. Mr. Redner

writes: "The fourth line led to some amusing criticism lest it should smack of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Brooks then changed that line to 'Son of the Mother mild,' [and so it appears in the Christmas programme of 1868], but he afterwards decided to omit the fourth verse altogether from the carol." Is it worth while to restore the omitted verse?

(3) The form of the carol is somewhat unusual for a hymn. It is not (until the last verse) an offering of direct praise or prayer to God, but is rather a meditation in which the singer addresses the little town itself. Some hymnologists on that account question the propriety of giving it a place among the hymns of the Church. Is the carol really wanting in the form proper for a hymn? and if so, how far is its defect overcome by deeper qualities that mark it as a hymn rather than a ballad?

(4) The irregularities of the metre offer an interesting study. The general scheme is that called "common metre," a line of four accents alternating with one of three. This was the usual metre of the old English ballads; and it looks as though Mr. Brooks had been studying the balladists, who had a way of dropping out an accented syllable here and there, and of breaking an occasional line into two by putting an additional rhyme into the middle of it. Do not these irregularities add to the charm?

(5) What is the meaning of the lines:—

> "The hopes and fears of all the years
> Are met in thee to-night"?

II

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

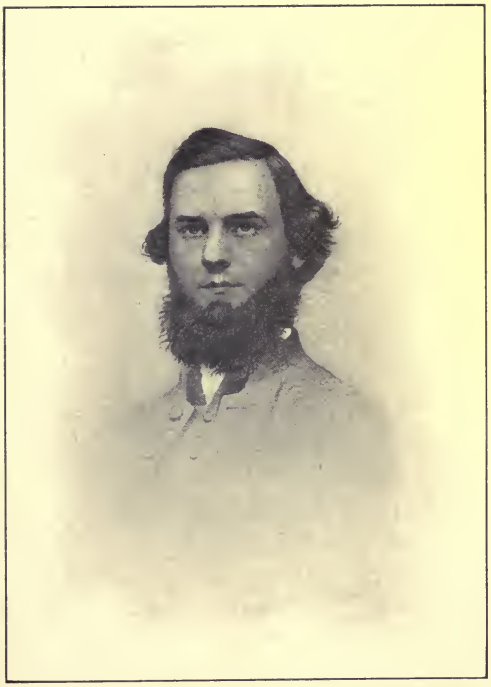
Rev. George Duffield, 1858

NOTE.—Four verses of the original six. The text is taken from a leaflet printed by the author in 1883.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

Very few hymns have had so pathetic an origin as this. Its author, the Rev. George Duffield, was a pastor in Philadelphia during the great revival of the winter of 1857 and the spring of 1858, which centred about the Noonday Prayer Meetings in Jayne's Hall, under the charge of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The real leader of the movement was a young Episcopalian clergyman, Dudley A. Tyng. Though not yet thirty years old, he was well known for his stand for interdenominational fellowship and for the fervor of his evangelical zeal. In Philadelphia, at the time, he was especially before the public eye, having but lately, after a contest with his vestry, precipitated by a sermon in opposition to slave-holding, been compelled to retire from the rectorship of the Church of the Epiphany. He had gone forth with those sympathizing with him, and preached in a public hall, establishing there the Church of the Covenant. The band of clergymen of various denominations gathered about him was united not only



REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG

by zeal in carrying on "The Work of God in Philadelphia," but also in admiration and affection for Mr. Tyng; and not the less so for their general feeling that "he had been persecuted." Among these helpers was Mr. Duffield, a deeply attached friend, who thought Mr. Tyng "one of the noblest, bravest, manliest men I ever met."

Athwart this fellowship and common work came the tragic interruption of Mr. Tyng's death. On Tuesday, April 13th, 1858, he went from the study of his country home to the barn floor where a mule was at work treading a machine for shelling corn. As he patted the animal on the neck the sleeve of his study-gown became caught in the cogs of the wheel, wrenching and lacerating his arm, from the neck down, in a dreadful manner. It seems that mortification set in. In any event amputation, performed on the Saturday following, did no more than postpone the end. Mr. Tyng died on Monday, April 19th, 1858.

Early that morning, it being perceived that he was sinking, he was asked if he had any messages to send, among others, to the band of clergymen so devoted to him and the work. When able to rouse himself sufficiently, he responded with a short message, beginning with the words: "Tell them, 'Let us all stand up for Jesus.'" It is evident that these words especially touched the already aroused feelings of his fellow-workers. Bishop MacIlvaine and the Rev. John Chambers quoted them at the funeral as their friend's dying message. At one of the Jayne's Hall meetings a poem was read from the platform by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, beginning:

"STAND UP FOR JESUS! Strengthen'd by His hand,
Even I, though young, have ventured thus to stand;
But, soon cut down, as maim'd and faint I lie,
Hear, O my friends, the charge with which I die—
Stand up for Jesus!"

And the Rev. Kingston Goddard, preaching to a great throng on the day after Mr. Tyng's death, remarked: "I conceive that the whole of my brother's teaching is contained in that grand and noble expression of heroism and devotion that fell from his lips in his dying hour—'*Stand up for Jesus!*'"

Mr. Duffield had been present at these services, but, with his own feelings deeply stirred by his friend's tragic death, perhaps hardly needed such incentives to quicken the appeal of that dying message to his heart. On the Sunday following he preached to his own people from Ephesians vi. 14, and read as the concluding exhortation of the sermon the verses of his now famous hymn, into which he had wrought the message of his friend.

The superintendent of his Sunday-school, Mr. Benedict D. Stewart, had them printed on a fly leaf; they were copied by religious papers; they appeared in *The Sabbath Hymn Book* (Congregational) that same year, and in the Supplement to *The Church Psalmist* (Presbyterian) in the next year. The hymn became a favorite of the soldiers during the Civil War, and is now sung in churches and Sunday-schools all over the land and in many foreign countries.

Long afterwards (in 1883) Dr. Duffield printed a leaflet containing his preferred text of the hymn, and also his recollections of its origin. This has been often quoted from, and forms the familiar history of the hymn.

Dr. Duffield's memory had retained its hold upon so much of the events as directly concerned himself, but it is plain that other dates and circumstances had become somewhat dimmed with the lapse of years. And the present writer has not hesitated to supplement and correct these recollections in the light of facts disclosed in the Memorial Volume published in the year of Mr. Tyng's death, and especially in the touching Memorial Sermon of Mr. Tyng's father (Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.), who was present during the closing days of his son's life.

"A cob of corn from that 'threshing-floor,'" we are told by Dr. Duffield's son, in 1885, "has ever since hung on the study-wall of the author of the hymn." The hymn itself seems to echo the voice of his friend: "Tell them, 'Let us all stand up for Jesus,'" with his other words to those about him soon following, "Sing! Sing! Can you not sing?"

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

In the ministry of the American Presbyterian Church there have been three distinguished men named George Duffield. The first (1732–1790) was a patriot and chaplain in the Revolutionary army. His grandson, the second George Duffield (1796–1868), was a successful pastor at Carlisle, Philadelphia, and other places, and an able theologian, whose work on Regeneration met with the disapproval of his Presbytery. It was his son, the third George Duffield, who was the author of this hymn. "The author is not his father, Rev. George Duffield, D.D., the Patriarch of Michigan," he found

occasion to say after his hymn had become famous while his personality seemed obscured. "Neither is he his son, Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, . . . now pastor of the Westminster Church, Bloomfield, N. J. [He] has not yet lost his identity, and claims to be his own individual self."

Geo Duffield Jr

[At about the time of writing the hymn]

He was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1818, was graduated from Yale College in 1837, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1840. In the same year he married, was ordained, and installed pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, where he remained

seven years. It was as pastor and preacher, rather than as scholar or man of letters, that Dr. Duffield spent his life. After leaving Brooklyn he was pastor of the First Church of Bloomfield, New Jersey, for four years. In 1851 he broke off a happy pastorate there to accept the call of the Central Presbyterian Church of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, with the expectation of finding in the great city an enlarged opportunity for usefulness. It seems quite certain that if he had not gone to Philadelphia we should never have had the hymn so closely connected with his experiences there. But to him, at the time, it must have seemed as though his going had been the mistake of his professional life. He found a mortgaged church building unfortunately located in a neighborhood from which the population was moving westward, a congregation reduced in numbers, disheartened, and unable to meet its financial obligations. Dr. Duffield's Philadelphia pastorate was not wanting in spiritual results, but with the conditions threatening the continued life of his church he was not able to cope. Year by year the congregation grew less in numbers and resources. Dr. Duffield, however, held on until 1861, when he resigned his pastorate. His subsequent pastorates were of a less conspicuous character,—at Adrian, Michigan, for four years, at Galesburg, Illinois, for an equal period, and then at Saginaw City, Michigan.

His active service covered more than forty years. Dr. Duffield's last years were lived in Bloomfield, with his son. The son, himself a poet, always recalled with pride that his hand had made the first "fair copy" of his father's hymn for the press, and those who saw father and son together at Bloomfield, still speak of the

reverence and love with which that same hand supported the father's failing steps. But the son was first called, and it was more than a year before the father followed him. Dr. Duffield died at Bloomfield on July 6th, 1888, and his remains were buried at Detroit.

Dr. Duffield himself was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He served so well and so long that at first thought it seems strange, even unjust, that he should now be remembered principally as the author of a hymn. But, after all, such a hymn is the flower of a man's life, and holds the best he was and had. It is quite possible, too, that Dr. Duffield's hymn is the crown of his labors for Christ. He helped hundreds while he lived, but how many thousands have been encouraged and inspired by his brave song!

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) Why are military hymns so popular? and is it right that they should be? Was a recent critic justified in the remark that it seemed to him foolish for a company of primary school boys and girls to march singing of soldiering and battles?

(2) The original second and fifth verses were omitted from *The Hymnal.* Would either or both of them be any addition to the hymn as here printed?

2. "Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout.

5. "Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain."

(3) The four verses in *The Hymnal* (and here) are exactly as the author wrote them. In many books the sixth line of verse one ("His army He shall lead") reads, "His army shall be led." This was originally a misprint, and was a great annoyance to the author. The change spoils both rhyme and sense, and needs no discussion.

In *The Sabbath Hymn Book* of 1858, and in most books since, the sixth line of verse three ("Each piece put on with prayer") is altered to, "And, watching unto prayer." Was the change justifiable, and is it an improvement? (Note Dr. Duffield's words: "It is the author's earnest wish that" the hymn "shall continue unaltered until the Soldiers of the Cross shall replace it by something better.")

(4) The second verse of the hymn contains a paraphrase of the text of a sermon preached by Mr. Tyng at one of the Jayne's Hall meetings. According to Dr. Duffield's leaflet it was preached the Sunday before Mr. Tyng's death (but he was then in a dying condition); according to the Memorial it was preached on March 30th. A great throng of young men was present, and Dr. Duffield says, "at least one thousand, it was believed, were 'the slain of the Lord.'" What was the text of the sermon?

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long,
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory,
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield

Mackinac, Mich
Aug 18/1882

AN AUTOGRAPH VERSE

(5) Which of the familiar tunes to these words best expresses the spirit and sentiments of the hymn—Webb, Lancashire, or Greenland (see *The Hymnal*, Nos. 304, 347, 348)? This is an instance of a hymn making its way without the aid of a tune—the tune to which it was set in *The Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book* having been forgotten long ago, and none of those mentioned having been written for this hymn.

III

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 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.

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

3 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.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

Rev. John Keble, 1820

NOTE.—Six verses out of the fourteen of the original poem. The text is that of the second edition of *The Christian Year*, with (perhaps) a variation in the form of one word (see under "Some Points for Discussion").

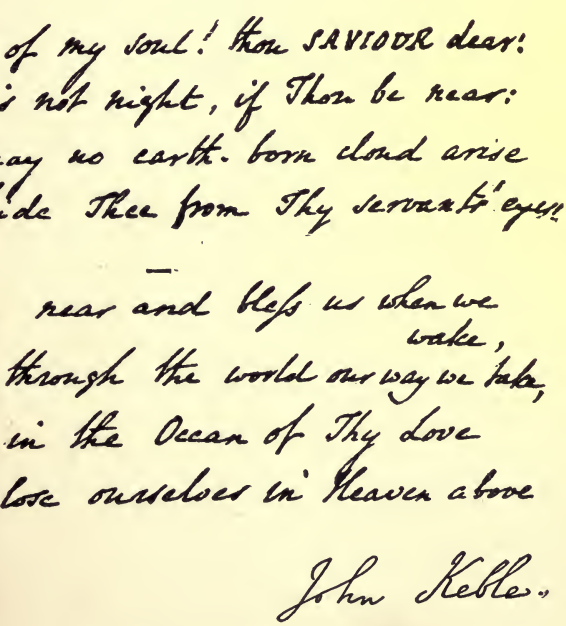
THE STORY OF THE HYMN

In June, 1827, a book of verse in two thin 16mo volumes was published at Oxford, England. It had the following title: "The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the Year." Beneath the title was the motto, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." The author was a young clergyman, John Keble, but his name did not appear in the book. The secret of authorship was shared by a number of friends to whom he had submitted the manuscript, and gradually leaked out. For years he had been writing and revising his poems, and he wished to hold them back for still further polishing; perhaps not letting the book appear till after his death. But his aged father's urgent wish to see it in print impelled him to publish it without further delay.

The success of the book was immediate and extraordinary. Edition after edition was called for. In twenty-six years after publication forty-three editions, one hundred and eight thousand copies in all, were printed. Indeed, the sale of the book has gone on continuously up to the present time. The man who seemed most indifferent to its success, most unconscious of its merits,

was the author himself. He never willingly talked about it or cared to hear it praised. That may be explained partly by his modesty and dissatisfaction with his work, but yet more from the fact that the book laid bare his inmost thoughts and feelings.

The Christian Year is not a continuous poem. It consists of a series of poems, one for each of the days



AUTOGRAPH VERSES OF THE HYMN

and occasions for which services are provided in the Book of Common Prayer. These poems were not intended for singing, but for devotional reading as a poetical companion to the Prayer Book. And yet a good

many hymns have been taken from them by compilers of hymn books.

The first service in the Prayer Book is the Order for Morning Prayer. And the first poem in *The Christian Year* is called "Morning." Certain of its verses make one of our most familiar morning hymns, "New Every Morning is the Love" (*The Hymnal*, No. 6). The second service in the Prayer Book is the Order for Evening Prayer, and in *The Christian Year* the second poem is "Evening." It has fourteen verses, with the motto prefixed, "Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent." The third, seventh, eighth, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth verses make up the familiar hymn, "Sun of My Soul," as printed in *The Hymnal* (No. 16) and here.

It would be interesting to know who it was with the wit to discover that so lovely and complete a hymn lay imbedded among the verses of a poem which, as a whole, is not a hymn at all. The great thing was to discern the precise point at which the hymn should begin. In a copy of the first edition of *The Christian Year* belonging to the present writer some one has mapped out a proposed hymn, beginning with the first verse of the poem, as follows :—

> "'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
> Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
> Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
> The last faint pulse of quivering light."

Such a hymn could not have won its way. As early as 1836 the accomplished Unitarian, John Hamilton Thom, made up for his *Selection* a hymn whose first verse was

the ninth of the poem, beginning, "Thou Framer of the light and dark," followed by the last three verses as at present sung. A year earlier than that the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott (brother of the author of "Just as I Am") put into his *Psalms and Hymns* a selection of four verses, beginning with the "Sun of my soul" verse. His example was followed by other editors, some of them using additional verses. And, unless an earlier instance shall turn up, to him must be given the honor of discovering the hymn that lay imbedded in the poem. It is a curious fact that when Keble himself came to select the verses to be used in the *Salisbury Hymn Book*, 1857, he left out the "Sun of my soul" verse altogether, and began the hymn with "When the soft dews of kindly sleep." In this he has had few followers.

In England, as has been said, the success of *The Christian Year* was immediate. But England was more remote from the United States then than now, and the channels of fellowship between the Episcopal churches in the two countries were less open. Bishop Doane, of Burlington, New Jersey, had his attention called to the book in 1828, accidentally, by coming across a quotation from it. He edited and published in 1834, through Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, the first American edition of *The Christian Year*. His attempt, by means of notes, to make it serve also as a primer of "the order, institutions, and services of the Church," together with his curious method of printing in italics all such lines throughout the book as especially pleased him, cause a smile of amusement to flit across the expression of one's appreciation of the Bishop's venture. It was not, however, until 1865 that "Sun of My Soul" was admitted

among the hymns appointed to be sung in Protestant Episcopal churches. The New England Unitarians (least in sympathy with Keble and yet most alert in seeing good in new things) were, as so often, the first to introduce the hymn into this country. In 1835 F. W. P. Greenwood, pastor of King's Chapel, Boston, included it in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, beginning the hymn with the first verse of the poem ("'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze"), and following that with the "Sun of my soul" verse and two more of those now so familiar. Several other Unitarian compilers followed Mr. Greenwood's lead. Henry Ward Beecher's *Plymouth Collection* of 1855 seems to have introduced the hymn into more orthodox circles; and in *The Sabbath Hymn Book* of the Andover professors, 1858, it appears, at length relieved of the incubus of a first verse that is not hymnic, as our familiar "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear."

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

John Keble was born at Fairford on April 25th, 1792. He was prepared for college by his father, a country clergyman (for whom the poet was named), and went up to Oxford "as a mere lad, home-bred and home-loving." Keble's home-training in a secluded parsonage, with the peaceful English landscape outside, and, within, the unquestioned reign of the old High Church prejudices, opinions, and piety, had a great part in making him what he was. It furnished the very atmosphere of the poetry of his after years.

While only eighteen he was graduated B. A., with double first-class honors, then counted a rare distinction,

In those days, when scholarship outranked athletics, it made the shy, gentle lad "first man in Oxford." Cardinal Newman recalls that when he came there Keble's was the first name he heard, spoken of "with reverence rather than admiration," and confesses how abashed he

JOHN KEBLE

felt in Keble's presence. This "reverence rather than admiration" seems to have been the common feeling toward Keble through all his life.

Keble was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, and remained in Oxford as a tutor and as examiner. He

was ordained to the full ministry in 1816, and took a country curacy in addition to college duties. His mother's death, in 1823, brought him home to Fairford, and there, with the exception of a year as curate of Hursley, he stayed as his father's helper as long as the latter lived. It was while at Fairford that he published *The Christian Year.* Other than that, perhaps the most momentous thing he did in these years was preaching at Oxford in 1833 the famous Assize Sermon that, according to Newman, gave the start to the High Church or Oxford Movement, which transformed the Church of England. And of this movement Keble and Newman and Doctor Pusey were the leading spirits.

In 1835 Keble's father died. In that year he married and became Vicar of Hursley, a lovely village across the downs from Winchester. There he remained with entire contentment for the rest of his days, a famous man, but leading the life of a retired scholar and faithful country pastor. He rebuilt the village church, largely out of the profits of *The Christian Year;* and in his daily services and parish ministries carried out the church principles for which he stood.

Tender-hearted, kindly, gentle, and even playful in manner, Keble was none the less firm and decided in holding and advocating extreme High Church views. He gave himself very earnestly to forwarding "the movement," and had but scant regard for what he called "The Protestant party." But, unlike his friend Newman, he saw his way clear to remain in the Church of England. It is indeed impossible to think of him as making such a breach with his traditions and familiar surroundings, or as surviving it if made.

Keble's mind was that of a poet and not that of a logician. Intuition and feeling were more to him than reasoning, and he instinctively craved a comfortable support of authority as the sanction for his opinions and acts. His character, in its childlikeness and purity, its entire unworldliness, its devotional fervor and spirit of consecration, was lovely indeed. Taken together with his power of substituting lofty poetry for polemics, it has given him extraordinary influence within the Church of England. Beyond its bounds that influence was necessarily limited by a theory of the church that withdrew him from any real sympathy and communion with his fellow Christians in other folds. His position in hymnody does not by any means correspond with the important place he occupies as a religious poet. The two lovely hymns extracted from the opening poems of *The Christian Year* come near to exhausting the materials that are available without an effort of piecing together unrelated passages. It is a book of meditative poetry and not of hymns. Keble's other poetical works include *Lyra Innocentium*, in which childhood is contemplated with the light from stained-glass windows falling upon it; and also a complete metrical version of the Psalms. The latter was never used as a hymn book, but is far superior to the average attempt to do a thing which, as Keble himself knew and acknowledged, is inherently impossible. The hymn beginning "God, the Lord, a King remaineth" (*The Hymnal*, No. 89) is an example of Keble's renderings. From time to time he contributed a few other hymns to various books compiled by personal friends. He also assisted Earl Nelson in editing *The Salisbury Hymn Book* of 1857. In this he printed his

familiar wedding hymn, "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" (*The Hymnal*, No. 687).

Keble died on March 29th, 1866, at Bournemouth, where he had gone for the health of his wife, who survived him but six weeks. The last book he had in his hand was a hymn book—Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*. He had sent for it, because unable to recall all the verses of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, which he was accustomed to say in the night-watches by his wife. The graves of the poet and his wife are in Hursley church-yard.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) Can even a hymn so tender and lovely as this be sung thoughtlessly? There is in the diary of the late Archbishop Benson a good instance of the thoughtful hearing of the hymn. He was preaching in the chapel of Eton College, and notes: "In Evening Service I could not see one single boy who was not singing the Evening Hymn after Service, 'Sun of My Soul,'—and the last verse was most touching, and most touchingly sung, as one thought of school as the waking place of so many souls and minds:—

> "'Come near and bless us when we wake,
> *Ere through the world our way we take.*'"

(2) The many alterations made in the text of the hymn by various editors may well be passed by. The revisions of Keble himself are more interesting. Two autograph manuscripts of *The Christian Year*, or parts of it, are in existence, and of that dated 1822 a facsimile has been

printed. Its differences from the *Hymnal* text are these:—

Verse 2, *line* 2: *drooping* eyelids.
" " " 4: *our* Saviour's.
" 3 " 1: *to* eve.
" 4 " 1: wandering *soul.*
" " " 2: *has* spurned.
" " " 3: *Thy* gracious work.
" " " 4: Let him *not sleep to-night* in sin.

The *Hymnal* text here given is that of the second edition (1827) of *The Christian Year.* It differs from that of the first edition in only two places. In the opening line of the fourth verse the first edition followed the manuscript form, "If some poor wandering *soul* of thine"; and the last line of that verse began (oddly enough), "Let *her* no more." Can there be any question that in this second edition Keble improved the text of these lines?

There is, however, one small particular in which the *Hymnal* text differs from that of all the early printed editions. In them the last line of the fifth verse is printed to read "Like infant's slumbers," instead of "Like infants' slumbers." In Keble's manuscript the position of the apostrophe is problematical. In later editions of *The Christian Year* the word is printed "infants'," whether or no by Keble's authority does not appear. It is hard to believe that he would have defended "like infant's slumbers" as good English, if his attention was called to it. It seems more likely that it was an overlooked misprint.

(3) What passage of Scripture suggested the lines:—

"O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes"?

(4) The familiar tune, Hursley, was arranged for this hymn from an old German melody: Abends (*The Hymnal*, No. 18), Keble (No. 61), Sun of My Soul (No. 118), and Clolata (No. 444), were all specially written for it. Of the five tunes, which best expresses the spirit of the hymn?

IV

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION, YE SAINTS OF THE LORD

The Text of the Hymn

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

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

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

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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

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

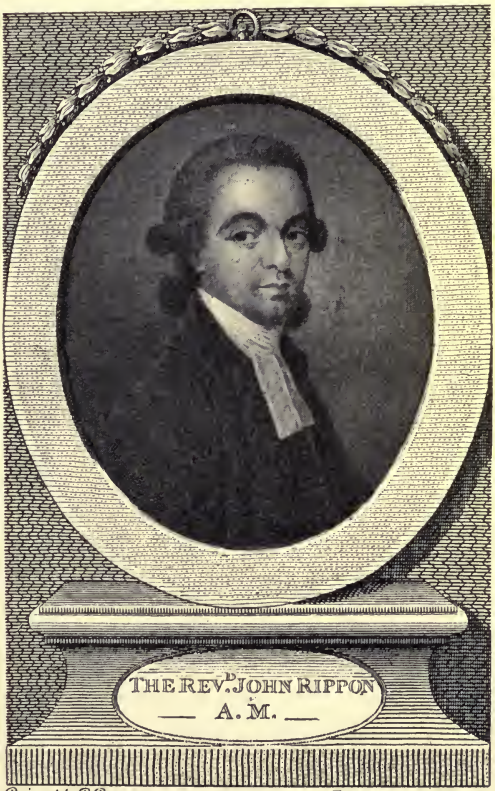
"K——" in Rippon's "Selection of Hymns," 1787

NOTE.—Six verses out of seven: the text being taken from Dr. Rippon's book.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Outside of the great hymn writers, few names are more familiar to a student of hymns than that of Dr. John Rippon. He was pastor, from 1773 to 1836, of a Particular Baptist church in London. He had great reputation and influence both as man and as pastor; but of all the things he accomplished, the one best remembered is the hymn book he edited. He and his people were alike devoted to singing the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts. Neither had any wish to supersede them, but Dr. Rippon had come to feel that hymns were needed on some subjects and occasions omitted by Dr. Watts. And hence he was led to publish, in the year 1787, a hymn book with this title: "A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors, Intended to be an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. By John Rippon, A. M."

It was a book of great merit, and was used widely and for long, many editions being printed in England and this country; and Dr. Rippon is reputed to have accumulated a comfortable estate from his profits on the publication. The copy of the first edition in the possession of the present writer is graced by Dr. Rippon's portrait. But as this copy is in special binding, he ventures to hope that it is one of a few prepared for per-



London, Publish'd as the Act directs, Nov.r 23. 1786, by R. Bowyer, Berners Strait.

FRONTISPIECE TO "RIPPON'S SELECTION"

sonal friends, and that copies intended for use in worship were not so embellished. In any event Dr. Rippon must be credited with the very great services he rendered to hymnody. The remarkable feature of the book, which has given it permanent fame, is the great number of original hymns secured by him and there first printed. Many of these have been in use ever since.

From this copy of Dr. Rippon's book the photographer has reproduced for us, even to the light color of the ink, the page containing the most famous of these hymns. Looking upon the facsimile, we have before us the original text of "How Firm a Foundation," from the motto at the top to the editor's note at the bottom, with all the quaint capitalization, just as their eyes saw it who first found inspiration in singing it so long ago.

The facsimile gives us not only the text, but all that is actually known of the authorship of the hymn. Dr. Rippon's habit was to print the author's name above a hymn. This hymn is one of three to which the only signature is the letter "K" followed by a dash. The other two, beginning, "In songs of sublime adoration and praise," and "The Bible is justly esteemed," do not arouse much interest. But the authorship of this one seems to have been discussed from the first, and ever since has excited much curiosity and speculation. Such a problem has its own fascination. One cannot but think of the unknown writer, all unconscious that by signing his name to the hymn he would have won immortality, and of the other people who knew the secret, but are not here to answer our questions.

Naturally we turn to Dr. Rippon's preface, first of all,

SCRIPTURE PROMISES.

CXXVIII. Elevens. K——.

Exceeding great and precious Promises, 2 Pet. iii. 4.

1 HOW firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your Faith in his excellent Word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who unto JESUS for Refuge have fled.

2 In every Condition, in Sickness, in Health,
In Poverty's Vale, or abounding in Wealth;
At Home and Abroad, on the Land on the Sea,
"As thy Days may demand, shall thy Strength
"ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
"I, I am thy GOD, and will still give thee Aid;
"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent Hand.

4 "When thro' the deep Waters I call thee to go,
"The Rivers of Woe shall not thee overflow;
"For I will be with thee, thy Troubles to bless,
"And sanctify to thee, thy deepest Distress.

5 "When thro' fiery Trials thy Pathway shall lie,
"My Grace all sufficient shall be thy Supply;
"The Flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
"Thy Dross to consume, and thy Gold to refine.

6 "Even down to old Age, all my People shall prove
"My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable Love;
"And when hoary Hairs shall their Temples
"adorn,
"Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The Soul that on JESUS hath lean'd for Repose,
"*I will not, I will not* desert to his Foes;
"That Soul, tho' all Hell should endeavor to shake,
"*I'll never—no never*—no never forsake *."

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xiii. 5.

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PRINTING OF THE HYMN

to see if it throws any light upon the matter. After speaking of distinguished men who have contributed hymns, he adds: "In most Places, where the Names of the Authors were known, they are put at full Length, but the Hymns which are not so distinguished, or which have only a single Letter prefixed to them, were, many of them, composed by a Person unknown, or else have undergone some Considerable Alterations." What Dr. Rippon has in mind to say here is that many of the unsigned hymns were composed or recast by himself (the "Person unknown"), and that generally (but not always) he has given the author's name in full when he knew it. That is all, and it throws no light here.

As long as Dr. Rippon lived to reprint his book, the signature to this hymn remained unchanged. After his death, and when the book had passed from the control of his representatives, an enlarged edition appeared, in which "K" is changed to "KIRKHAM." Who made the change, and for what reason, cannot now be known. Very likely it was based merely on hearsay. Certainly the new editor did not know who wrote the two other hymns originally ascribed to "K," for they are left anonymous, even that letter being dropped. The ascriptions of authorship in this edition are so careless and full of errors as to carry little weight. In 1788 Thomas Kirkham published a collection of hymns, but those who have examined it say that this hymn is not among them. And there is no evidence that it was written by any one of the name of Kirkham.

Another solution of the puzzle was offered by Daniel Sedgwick. He was a second-hand bookseller of London, who collected hymn books and studied English hymns

until he knew more of their history than any one else of his time. He suggested that "K" was probably put for Keith, meaning George Keith, a London bookseller, son-in-law of the famous Dr. Gill, and who was said to compose hymns based on his father-in-law's sermons. Dr. Julian, who examined Mr. Sedgwick's papers after his death, reports that his guess was based on nothing more substantial than a statement of an old woman whom Sedgwick met in an almshouse. But his name carried a certain authority, and his guess grew into a tradition. Many hymn books, even to the present time, ascribe the hymn to George Keith, sometimes with, and sometimes without, a mark of interrogation.

So the matter rested until taken up by a well-known editor of Boston, Mr. H. L. Hastings, who successfully solved the problem of the authorship of another hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Mr. Hastings published the account of his investigations in his paper, *The Christian*, for May, 1887, and it will be best to have the story in his own words:

"In preparing hymns and music for *Songs of Pilgrimage*, we were led to go over not only Dr. Rippon's hymn book but also his *Tune Book*, edited by Thomas Walker, who for a time led the singing in Dr. Rippon's church. We noticed that over the hymn in question was placed the name of a tune to which it was to be sung, which was Geard. On looking up that tune in the book, we found it was composed by R. Keene. There being but two tunes of that metre in the entire book, the thought arose, was the 'K' of the hymn the same person as the 'R. Keene,' to whose tune it was to be sung? Examining both hymn and tune, they seemed to be made for

"each other, and the evidence seemed to point to R. Keene as the author of the hymn; and we accordingly inserted it in *Songs of Pilgrimage*, with the original tune, and placed under it the name of R. Keene, with a query (?) to indicate uncertainty as to its origin.

"Visiting London, near the close of 1886, we called upon the venerable Charles Gordelier, and asked him, Who wrote 'How Firm a Foundation'? He gave the names Kirkham, Keith, and Keene, but could give no definite reason for preferring one to another, until we laid the facts before him. Turning to Keene's tune, Geard, which he had copied into a book, he at once recognized it as the tune to which, fifty years before, they were accustomed to sing that hymn, and he also remembered that its author, R. Keene, was once a leader of the singing in Dr. Rippon's church, and that the hymn in question was said to have been written by a precentor in Dr. Rippon's church. After considerable thought, he recalled that half a century before, when he himself led the singing in the Baptist church, and used to meet with the different precentors from other meetings, he had heard the authorship of that hymn attributed to Keene, and he finally remembered that an aged woman named Edgehill, a member of Dr. Rippon's church, and the wife of a bookseller in Brick Lane, had told him that Keene was the author of that hymn.

"There might be various reasons why a musician and choir master might put his name to a tune which he composed, while modesty, or other considerations, might cause him to append only his initial to a new hymn; and, in view of all the facts, we think we may consider the question settled, and definitely assign the authorship

"of the hymn to R. Keene, a precentor in Dr. Rippon's church, and the author of the tune Geard, to which it was sung."

Such was Mr. Hastings's conclusion, which for some reason has not attracted much attention; but it has had a striking confirmation at the hands of another investigator. In preparing a notice of this hymn for his *Dictionary of Hymnology*, Dr. John Julian found that in Dr. Fletcher's Baptist *Collection* of 1822 the "K—" of Rippon was extended to "Kn," and in his edition of 1835, still further, to "Keen," while in the preface Dr. Fletcher stated that he was greatly assisted by Thomas Walker, and acknowledged his extensive acquaintance with sacred poety. Now, this Thomas Walker was Dr. Rippon's precentor and the editor of his *Tune Book*, in which Geard appears. Taking this association into account, Dr. Julian argues that Dr. Walker based his ascription of authorship upon actual knowledge of the facts, and that "we are justified in concluding that the ascription to this hymn must be that of an unknown person of the name of Keen."

We have, then, a result practically the same from two independent investigations carried on in each case without knowledge of the other, and the reasonableness of such conclusion seems greatly strengthened by the coincidence. Mr. Hastings goes a step beyond Dr. Julian in fixing the identity of Keene. The present writer would add further particulars if he could. In the letters of the Rev. George Whitefield are many references to a Robert Keene, woolen draper in the Minories, London, who was Whitefield's faithful friend, a trustee of his Tabernacle, and who lived until 1793. But there seems to be nothing

that would associate him with Dr. Rippon's Baptist hymn book.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

The hymn seems to have come into immediate use upon its appearance in Dr. Rippon's book. Copies of the book were brought over to this country, and in 1790 this hymn was put into the hymn book of the Philadelphia Baptist Association. In 1792, only five years after its original publication, the whole book was reprinted in New York, so that the hymn began its career here almost as soon as in England, and for some reason it has won a more lasting popularity here than there. So familiar is the hymn to us, we imagine it to be a standard wherever English hymns are sung. But such is not the fact. It never gained a foothold within the Church of England. It is not sung by the Wesleyans or Presbyterians of Great Britain, and but little by the Congregationalists. Dr. Horder, the best known hymnologist among the latter, speaks of it in his *Hymn Lover* as a hymn of no great merit. Its use, over there, is mostly among Baptists.

In this country, on the other hand, few hymns have been sung more generally or more enthusiastically. It has a part in the history of our common Christianity. Very likely the stirring tune to which it has for so long been sung throughout the United States is partly responsible for this popularity. That tune does not rightly belong to these words, and, as in the case of the hymn, its origin has never been certainly established. The statement of so many books that it was composed by John Reading rests on no real foundation. The familiar

name, "Portuguese Hymn," is an error started by one who heard it in the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in London, and hastily assumed it to be a Portuguese melody. All that is actually known of the tune is that it was the music to a Latin Christmas hymn ("Adeste Fideles"), sung in Roman Catholic chapels throughout England as early as the middle of the eighteenth century. Our well-known "O Come, All Ye Faithful" (*The Hymnal*, No. 170), is a translation of the hymn to which the tune rightly belongs.

The position which the hymn "How Firm a Foundation," thus mated to the Christmas tune, has taken among us was strikingly illustrated in the late Spanish War. The incident is related in *The Sunday-School Times* for December 7th, 1901, by Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., late Inspector-General of the Seventh Army Corps. The corps was encamped along the hills at Quemados, near Havana, Cuba. On Christmas eve of 1898 Colonel Guild sat before his tent in the balmy tropical night, chatting with a fellow-officer of Christmas and home. Suddenly from the camp of the Forty-ninth Iowa rang a sentinel's call, "Number ten; twelve o'clock, and all's well!"

"It was Christmas morning. Scarcely had the cry of the sentinel died away, when from the bandsmen's tents of that same regiment there rose the music of an old, familiar hymn, and one clear baritone voice led the chorus that quickly ran along those moonlit fields: 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!' Another voice joined in, and another, and another, and in a moment the whole regiment was singing, and then the Sixth Missouri joined in, with the Fourth Virginia, and all the

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

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

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

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

And if any one has felt a sense of impropriety in divorcing the old Christmas music from its proper words, surely he may feel that it came to its own again that morning. Such an incident, and what it implies, inclines one rather to the hope that "How Firm a Foundation" may never cease to be sung among us, and that it may never be set to any other tune.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) Was Mr. Hastings justified in saying that the question of authorship is now settled in favor of R. Keene?

(2) The literary method of this hymn is peculiar, and more like that of a homily than of a song. The singer addresses his fellow-saints with an assertion that a solid foundation for their confident faith is laid in Scripture.

This he emphasizes by the rhetorical question, Could God have promised more? The balance of the hymn is simply the citation of his proof-texts. Can you trace in the Scriptures these "precious promises" that are quoted in the hymn?

(3) The last line brings out the impressive repetition of negatives in Hebrews xiii. 5 ("I will in no wise let thee go; no, nor will I forsake thee"). In the minds of many clergymen who are graduates of Princeton Seminary, this line is inevitably associated with an incident of the last years of its much-beloved theological professor, Dr. Charles Hodge. The tradition still lingers there that one evening, in conducting prayers in the Oratory, the venerable man, in reading this hymn, which he had announced to be sung, was so overcome by his emotions that on reaching the last line he could only indicate by gestures, keeping time with the rhythm of the words, his own appropriation of God's assurance that He would never, no, never, no, never forsake the soul that hath leaned on Christ.

The foot-note to this last line of the hymn when it originally appeared in Rippon's *Selection*—"agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xii. 5" (see the facsimile)—was one that at the time required no explanation. The allusion is to the paraphrase of that verse as given in *The Family Expositor; or a Paraphrase and Version of the New Testament, with Critical Notes and Practical Improvements*, by the famous Dr. Philip Doddridge. This book had won enthusiastic praise not only from nonconformists, but from divines and scholars of the Church of England, and had already become one of the familiar household books of the period. The verse

in question there reads: "*I will not, I will not leave thee, I will never, never, never forsake thee.*" It will be noticed that the author of the hymn has not only reproduced in the last line the tripled "never" of Dr. Doddridge's version, but also, in the line immediately preceding, its repetition of the "I will not."

V

LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART I'D PRAISE THEE

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1817

NOTE.—The text is taken from Dr. Muhlenberg's *Church Poetry*, 1823.

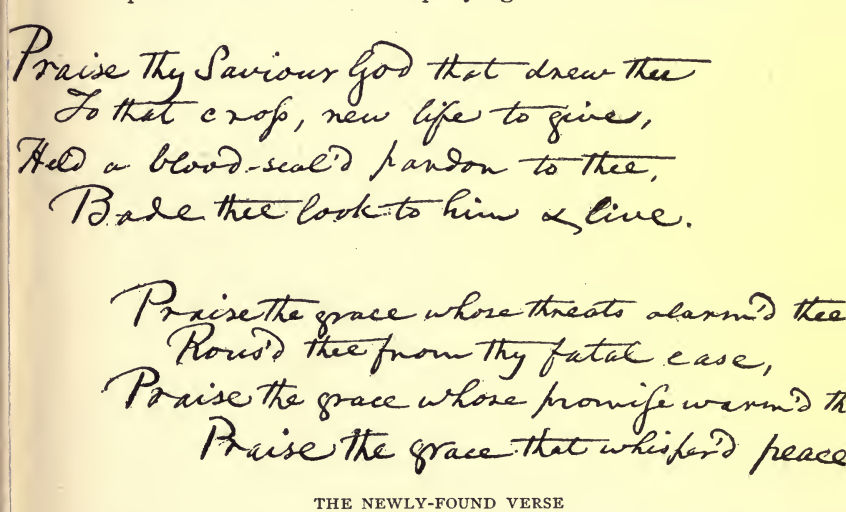
THE STORY OF THE HYMN

To a patriotic American Christian it is a real satisfaction to find in the hymn book of his Church a hymn by the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." And the hymn is not unworthy of its place. A good judge, the Rev. Frederick M. Bird, in an essay upon the Hymnology of the Protestant Episcopal Church, called Mr. Key's hymn "as memorable a piece of work" as his "Star Spangled Banner." "It has," he says, "high devotional and fair literary merit, and is endeared to many thousands by long associations." There is, no doubt, a flavor of an older fashion in the rhetoric of the hymn, but its expression of Christian gratitude still rings true; and, as a matter of fact, the use of the hymn is more widespread to-day than ever before.

In 1823 the Rev. Dr. William A. Muhlenberg, afterward famous as the author of "I Would not Live Alway," printed a hymn book under the name of *Church Poetry*. "Here first (so far as is known) appeared Francis S. Key's very genuine hymn, 'Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee,'" says Mr. Bird in the essay already referred to. Such has been the general belief up to this time, and hence in every hymnal the hymn bears the date 1823. But in our present study we shall be able to make use of some facts not hitherto known.

In the autumn of 1900 the writer saw in a New York auction catalogue the entry of a copy of this hymn in Mr. Key's autograph, which he secured. It is written on a half sheet of foolscap and inscribed in the margin, "Written by the author, F. Key, for Sylvester Nash." Hitherto only three eight-line verses of the hymn had

been known to hymnologists, as printed in Dr. Muhlenberg's book and always since. But the autograph copy has an additional verse (or two of four lines each) as reproduced in the accompanying facsimile. This was



THE NEWLY-FOUND VERSE

the original third verse, preceding the last one as here printed.

And now, as regards the date. In December of 1901, while having some part in the rearrangement of the library of the Presbyterian Historical Society in Philadelphia, the writer took the opportunity of examining some old periodicals, on the chance of what he might find. Among them were three volumes of *The Christian Messenger*, an unsectarian religious magazine, edited and published by Joshua T. Russell, in Baltimore. At page 288 of the first volume, at the end of the number for Saturday September 6th, 1817, he found the original

printing of this hymn. It is printed in eight four-line verses, and is prefaced by this note:—

"The following Hymn was composed by a gentleman, formerly a resident of this city, distinguished for his eminent talents and exemplary piety."

This little discovery changes the accepted date of the hymn from 1823 to 1817. The additional eight lines of the manuscript are included in the hymn in the magazine, and this seems to be the first and last time they have been printed until now. Dr. Muhlenberg chose to omit them from his hymn book in 1823. And since then every one else, even the editor of Mr. Key's poems (which were gathered up and published in 1857), seems completely to have lost sight of them.

In 1826 Mr. Key's hymn, in its three-verse form, was given a place in the *Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, and it has retained that place in the hymnals from time to time authorized for use in that Church. It was introduced to a much wider company when, in 1830, the Rev. Joshua Leavitt included it in his very popular collection, *The Christian Lyre*. This was the book the light and secular character of whose music caused such grief to the heart of Thomas Hastings. Designed for revival and social meetings, it found its way into the more formal services of many Presbyterian churches, as a welcome substitute for the authorized psalmody. It cannot be said, however, that by this means, or any other, Mr. Key's hymn became generally familiar to Presbyterians until a much later date. *The Presbyterian Hymnal* of 1874 was the first authorized book to contain it. A peculiar feature in the long career of this hymn is that so little music should have been composed for it.

Even now the words can hardly be said to be associated with any particular tune.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Over the grave of Francis Scott Key, at Frederick, Maryland, there was placed in 1898 an impressive monument. His figure in bronze stands on a granite base. He is represented at the moment of discovery that "our flag was still there," his right arm extended toward it, and the left waving aloft his hat in an exultant salute. It is a striking representation of the way in which Mr. Key himself stands before the minds of his countrymen. They think of him always as in that attitude. To them he is always the man who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." The one hour outshines the life so much in men's eyes that the life has become obscure.

It is none the less pleasant to know how worthy that life was before and after its great event; to find the home life as attractive as the patriotism, to find the grace of the gentleman and the earnestness of the Christian at one with the gifts of the poet.

No extended life of Mr. Key has been published, but it seems as if (like that editor who put the note before his hymn) every one who wrote of him felt called upon to praise him.

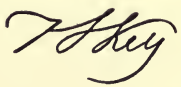
Mr. Key was the son of John Ross Key, a man of means and high social position, and a self-sacrificing patriot of the Revolution; and was born on his father's estate, Terra Rubra, Frederick, Maryland, on August 1st, 1779. He was educated at St. John's College,

Annapolis, and in 1802 married the representative of another distinguished Maryland family, Mary Tayloe Lloyd, whose ancestral home, with its wainscotted drawing-room, has stood in Annapolis from 1709 until now.

Mr. Key practiced law in Frederick for some years, afterward moving to Georgetown, D. C. For three terms he was district attorney of the District of Columbia. As a lawyer he seems not to have been given to severe studies, but yet competent, with a ready mind full of resources and equal to the occasion. He had, too, more than a little of the gifts of the orator; was natural and earnest, and easily kindled into passion. In person he was slight, and of extraordinary vigor both in mind and body; walking, when an elderly man, with the light and elastic gait of a boy, and highly charged with electricity through his whole system. He was absolutely fearless, ardent, impulsive, frank, outspoken; not without the defects of his qualities. Not always recognized by passing acquaintances as being all that he was, and yet always as being a gentleman. He was cheerful, and liked social life and hospitalities, and excelled in bright conversation. Of real warmth of heart, he loved his friends with great loyalty and his family with tender devotion.

Mr. Key was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the type known as Evangelical. He loved his own Church, but one who had been his rector (Rev. John T. Brooke) has taken pains to record in a Memorial Discourse that he "had no sympathy whatever with the later attempts of *individuals*, at different periods, to erect high and exclusive fences upon the original peculiarities of the church." He was in sympathy with good men of every name, and ready to worship and coöperate

with them. Though burdened with the care of a very large family and heavy professional duties, he was habitually busy in Christian work to a degree that excited the wonder of his pastor. Ready to officiate as lay-reader when needed, a fervent participant in social meetings for



prayer, "he found much time to visit the sick, to comfort the mourning, to confer with the enquiring, to warn the careless; and he stood ever ready, at a moment's warning, to lift his voice in behalf of any of the great public charities of the day."

Mr. Key and his wife were both slave-holders by

inheritance, but deplored the existence of the institution of slavery. Mr. Key gave much thought to his own negroes, and regularly held Sunday-school for them; in his neighborhood he was proverbially the colored man's friend, their unpaid advocate in the courts, their helper in time of trouble. He was among the first to think out the scheme of African colonization as the most hopeful remedy for a complicated situation. In connection with his friend Bishop Meade, he traveled much and worked hard to promote the cause, to which he became ardently devoted. His income was always carefully apportioned to provide a fund for his charities, and among his last words were his directions where to find and how to employ the moneys then on hand for such uses.

"Good men are great blessings to the community"—it was so that Mr. Key's pastor began the Memorial Discourse. "But they must die"—so it continued. And though a commonplace, one can understand how hard it must have been to apply the phrase to one so very much alive as he. Mr. Key died in Baltimore, January 11th, 1843. In addition to the monument over his grave erected by popular subscription, a statue of him also stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, provided by the will of James Lick, the California millionaire.

But his song is his monument. Toward the end of the War of 1812 he learned that a friend and neighbor had been taken from his home by the British forces and was held as a prisoner on board the admiral's ship. He at once determined to intercede for his friend's release, and secured from the government such papers as were necessary to his purpose. Visiting the squadron of the British

on the Potomac under a flag of truce, that summer day in 1814, he was detained under guard, for an attack on Baltimore was just about to begin. Anxiously he paced the deck through the long night of the bombardment, until he caught the dawn's early light on the flag still waving over Fort McHenry. The attack had failed. He was released with the song in his heart, and most of it roughly drafted on the back of a letter before he reached the shore. The next day it was printed on handbills, and men were singing it, as they have been ever since.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) The first would seem to be in regard to the value of the newly found lines,—as to whether they are a real addition to the hymn. It will be noticed that in the second verse (keeping to the eight-line form of each verse) the poet recites the acts of divine love calculated to raise the dull soul to a rapture of gratitude. But that verse stops with the *appearing* of the cross. The newly found verse (as the third) celebrates the Saviour's drawing the sinner to that cross, the call of His gospel, the gifts of His pardon and His peace. Do not these things add to the grounds of praise? Can they be omitted without loss to the hymn?

(2) We have now three texts of the hymn where we had only one, and the opportunity, always interesting, of comparing them. They are the text in the magazine, that of the autograph, and the usual text as here printed.

The first verse is precisely the same in all three texts.

The second verse is identical in the autograph copy and in the usual text. But we have to choose between

their reading of the seventh line, "the light of hope," and that of the magazine, "the light of life."

Of the newly found third verse there are only two texts. That of the autograph copy is before us; that of the magazine reads (the differences are italicized):—

"Praise thy Saviour *Lord*, that drew thee
To that cross, new life to give—
Call'd a guilt-stain'd sinner to thee!
Bade thee look to him and live!

"Praise the grace whose threats alarm'd thee!
Rous'd thee from thy fatal ease!
Praise the grace whose *pardon sav'd* thee!
Praise the grace that whisper'd peace!"

The last verse in the autograph copy has only one word different from the usual text here printed; its fifth line reading, "Let thy love" instead of "Let thy grace." But in the magazine the verse reads:—

"Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my *tongue* express!
Low before thy foot-stool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless!

"Let thy love, my *heart's best* treasure,
Ever bind me to thy ways!
Let me ever seek thy pleasure!
Let *me ever lisp* thy praise!"

If the writer were to venture a guess as to the history of the three texts it would be that the magazine has the hymn as originally written; that Mr. Key afterward saw that the line, "Call'd a guilt-stain'd sinner to thee!" in the newly found verse, and the lack of rhyme between "alarm'd thee" and "sav'd thee," needed correction, and

the close of the hymn needed strengthening; so that he changed the hymn to the form seen in the autograph copy; and that the omission of the third verse and the single change that marks the usual text as here printed were made by Dr. Muhlenberg. If the writer were editing a hymn book to-day he should print this hymn precisely as in Mr. Key's autograph copy.

VI

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Rev. Reginald Heber, 1819

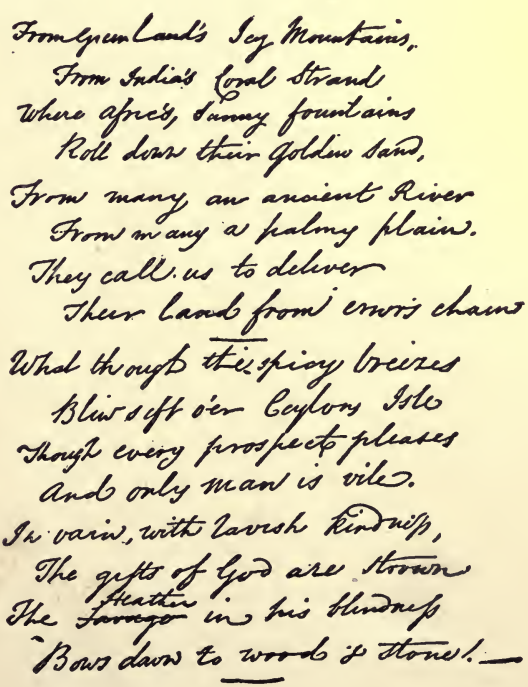
NOTE.—The text is that of Bishop Heber's manuscript.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

In February, 1819, a royal letter was issued authorizing a special offering for foreign missions in all churches and chapels of Great Britain. Whitsunday of that year fell on the 30th of May, and Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph, appointed the morning of that day for making the offering in the parish church of Wrexham, of which he was the vicar. It happened that he had also arranged for a course of Sunday-evening lectures in his church to begin that same day. His son-in-law, the Rev. Reginald Heber, had come to Wrexham to deliver the opening lecture.

In those days the singing of hymns was not authorized in the Church of England, but they had pushed in, none the less. Heber remarks in one of his letters that "hardly a collection is made for charitable purposes without a hymn for the occasion." But missionary hymns were not then so numerous as now, and the vicar seems to have been at a loss for one to sing in connection with the next day's collection. Yet he had a poet for a son-in-law, and the son-in-law was in the house; and it occurred to him that a new hymn might be secured for the occasion. For our knowledge of just what happened

we are dependent upon a printed statement of Thomas Edgworth, a solicitor of Wrexham. "In the course of the Saturday previous," Mr. Edgworth says, "the dean and his son-in-law being together in the vicarage, the former requested Heber to 'write something for them to sing in the morning'; and he retired for that purpose, from the table where the dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time


From Greenland's Icy Mountains,
From India's Coral Strand
Where Afric's Sunny fountains
Roll down their Golden Sand,
From many an ancient River
From many a Palmy plain.
They call us to deliver
Their Land from Error's chains
What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle
Though every prospect pleases
And only Man is vile.
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood & stone!

AUTOGRAPH VERSES OF THE HYMN

"the dean inquired, 'What have you written?' Heber, having then composed the first three verses, read them over. 'There, there, that will do very well,' said the dean. 'No, no, the sense is not complete,' replied Heber. Accordingly he added the fourth verse, and the dean being inexorable to his repeated request of 'Let me add another, O let me add another,' thus completed the hymn . . . which has since become so celebrated. It was sung the next morning in Wrexham Church, the first time." Tradition says it was sung to the old ballad tune, "'Twas when the Seas were Roaring."

The hymn had been set up and printed that Saturday evening, to be ready for the use of the congregation. The original manuscript which served as "copy" was happily preserved, bearing the scar made by the copy-hook on which it had been impaled. It was exhibited in 1851 at the World's Exhibition in London. It passed into the possession of Dr. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, at one time a hymn writer of some reputation, and also an enthusiastic collector of autographs. When his collection came to be sold, it excited much competition, and brought forty-two pounds,—a larger sum than the amount of that missionary collection at Wrexham Church.

Heber's hymn made its way quickly. Just after his appointment as Bishop of Calcutta brought him into general notice, a correspondent sent to *The Christian Observer* a copy of the hymn with a letter calling attention to it as written by the new bishop. The hymn and letter appeared in the number for February, 1823, and as an edition of the magazine was reprinted in the United States, it made the hymn known in both countries. On

that account the letter is worth reproducing here. It is hardly less interesting on its own account as a perfect specimen of that still familiar type of appreciation which is no less self-conscious than it is generous, and also of a rhetoric as stilted as the patronage.

"*To the Editor of the Christian Observer.*

"The following missionary hymn is so beautiful, considered as poetry, and so honourable as the effusion of a Christian mind, that I should request its insertion in your pages, even if it were not the production of a writer whose devout and elevated muse justly obtained your labours [referring to an earlier review of Heber's *Palestine*]; whose name has since been often mentioned in your pages with high respect; and whose appointment, to a most important station in the church of Christ, you have recently announced with a pleasure which is shared by all who have at heart the moral and spiritual welfare of our numerous fellow-subjects, native and European, in the East. The hymn having appeared some time since in print with the name of Reginald Heber annexed, I can feel no scruple in annexing that name to it on the present occasion. There is nothing, either in the sentiments or the poetry, but what does honour to the now Right Reverend prelate, while it must delight every Christian mind to witness such devout ardour for the extension of 'Messiah's Name,' in a station so eminently important for giving effect to that desire in all those measures which Christian piety, meekness, and prudence may suggest. J."

The best service performed by this euphonious patron lay in the fact that his letter brought the hymn to the attention of Miss Mary W. Howard, of Savannah, Georgia. She saw the possibilities of Bishop Heber's

hymn, but knew of no suitable tune that would carry the words, written as they were in a metre not then much used in hymns. Lowell Mason was at the time a bank clerk in the same town; but he had already begun the musical career which was to bring him fame and do so much for congregational singing. Boston was destined to be the scene of his more conspicuous labors, but already in Savannah he was teaching a singing-school and leading a choir, and the year before he had published the pioneer of his long line of tune books. To him Miss Howard brought the words of this hymn, and he wrote for it his now famous tune, Missionary Hymn, and printed it as sheet music, with the legend, "Composed for and Dedicated to Miss Mary W. Howard, of Savannah, Georgia." The effect of Mason's tune has been to make "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" the inevitable hymn for all missionary occasions in this country; and in England, even to this day, the tune is frequently heard in churches where music of the severer type known as Anglican has come to prevail.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

When Thackeray, in his *Four Georges*, had grown weary of flinging his darts at the padded figure of the First Gentleman of Europe, he turned to "tell of better gentlemen" of the reign of George IV.; among others of "the good divine, Reginald Heber, as one of the best of English gentlemen,—the charming poet, the happy possessor of all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, birth, wit, fame, high character, competence."

Reginald Heber was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, of which parish his father was rector. He wrote verses

from childhood, and in 1800, his first year at Oxford, gained a prize for the best Latin verse. Three years later, he won the Newdigate prize by his "Palestine," one of the few college prize poems that have taken a

Reg Heber

place in literature. Sir Walter Scott wrote in his Journal, March 12th, 1829: "Read Reginald Heber's journal after dinner. I spent some merry days with him at Oxford when he was writing his prize poem. He

"was then a gay young fellow, a wit and a satirist, and burning for literary fame. My laurels were beginning to bloom, and we were both madcaps. Who would have foretold our future lot?"

In 1804 Heber took his degree, spending two years in travel on the Continent. Ordained in 1807, he was presented by his brother with the family living of Hodnet. He soon married, and for sixteen years remained the faithful friend of his people in what he called a halfway situation between a parson and a squire. Of the beautiful home-life at Hodnet rectory, and the pain of breaking it up when the call to India came, we catch some glimpses in the second chapter of Augustus Hare's *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. Always faithful to parish duties, Heber was ardently devoted to literary pursuits. Besides his poems, he did much editorial work, and was one of the original staff of writers on the famous *Quarterly Review*. He wrote also a life of Jeremy Taylor, and edited an edition of Taylor's Complete Works which is still the best. He held, too, a place of his own in the literary society of the time. But his literary career came to an end with his call to India when he was only forty years of age.

While at Hodnet many honors came to him, for all men admired him. While still a young man he was the Bampton lecturer at Oxford, and in 1822 was elected preacher of Lincoln's Inn, London. When forty years old he was offered the appointment of Bishop of Calcutta. Twice he refused for the sake of wife and child; but he had much of the missionary spirit and an especial fondness for India, and he finally accepted the call as from God. On June 16th, 1823, he sailed for the new

home, and never again was to see the old. He began at once the visitation of his vast diocese, which included all India, Ceylon, the Mauritius, and Australasia. His abilities and enthusiastic labors made a great mark upon the diocese, but his administration was very brief. Returning from a service at Trichinopoly, on April 3rd, 1826, he retired to take a cold bath, and half an hour afterward was found dead in his room by a servant.

In politics Bishop Heber was a Tory, in theology an Arminian, in religious views a High Churchman. But all his opinions were subject to the law of charity. He entered into no controversy, and was warmly loved for his beautiful character, his religious enthusiasm, and his engaging ways.

His attention was turned to hymn writing by the unsatisfactory state of psalmody in the Church of England. Clergy and people had wearied of metrical psalm versions, and although hymns had never been authorized, insisted on using them in church. Heber was ambitious to write hymns that should win the sanction of the authorities and make part of an authorized hymnal. But the authorities counseled delay, and his hymn book was first published by his widow in 1827, as "Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year." It contained fifty-seven of Heber's hymns. A considerable number of these had been printed by him in *The Christian Observer* between the years 1811 and 1816. Most of the others first saw the light when his hymn book came to be printed. To this hymn book there will be occasion to recur in studying a hymn of Dean Milman. Heber is perhaps the only extensive hymn writer in the language of whom it may

be said that every hymn he wrote has come into actual use.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) What did the author mean when he insisted on writing a fourth verse because the sense was not complete without it; just what, in other words, does that verse add to the structure or thought of the hymn?

(2) In *The Hymnal* (and here) the hymn is printed as originally written. Bishop Heber's allusion in the second verse to the spicy breezes from Ceylon is both explained and illustrated by a passage in his *Journal of a Voyage to India*, where, under the date of September, 1823, he writes: "Though we were now too far off Ceylon to catch the odors of the land, yet it is, we are assured, perfectly true that such odors are perceptible to a very considerable distance. In the Straits of Malacca a smell like that of a hawthorn hedge is commonly experienced; and from Ceylon, at thirty or forty miles, under certain circumstances, a yet more agreeable scent is inhaled." In spite, however, of Bishop Heber's confirmation of the appropriateness of his earlier allusion to Ceylon, it remains true that when his hymns came to be printed in 1827 by his widow, the passage in question was made to read:—

> "What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Java's isle;"—

No explanation of the change has ever been made.

In many hymn books the word "each" in the seventh line of the third verse is changed to "earth's." Is there any good reason for either change?

(3) The non-Christian religions are now regarded with a more sympathetic feeling than in Bishop Heber's time. Has the growth of this feeling had any effect upon our estimate of the appropriateness and usefulness of this hymn? Compare it in this respect with Bishop Coxe's missionary hymn, "Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations" (*The Hymnal*, No. 399).

(4) Bishop Heber lived at a time when English lyrical poetry had a great development under Walter Scott, Byron, and others. His aim in writing hymns was to get something of this new lyrical grace and charm into the hymns of the Church. Of his original hymns there are nine in *The Hymnal* (see its Index of Authors). Do they show that he succeeded in his purpose? One of them Lord Tennyson thought the greatest hymn in the language. In the opinion of others Heber's style was somewhat too ornate and flowing for hymn writing.

(5) The hymns of the Church may be called the flowers of the Church's history. The hymns of any epoch grow out of the spiritual life of that epoch, and express its best thought and feeling. Of this Bishop Heber's hymn is an example. The hymn itself is the outgrowth of that missionary movement in England whose influences had surrounded him while growing up. The movement arose with the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Baptist Missionary Society was founded in 1792, the London Missionary Society in 1795; within the Church of England an active Society for Missions to Africa was started in 1799, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel began a new career with the new century. It was only in 1813 that the obstacles to missionary work in Heber's beloved India

were overcome and the way declared open by Parliament. The aroused conscience and quickened pulse of England have a witness in this and other hymns of the time. And is it not somewhat surprising that the increased missionary enthusiasm of the latter part of the century did not more freely embody itself in hymns that should gain the ear and heart of the Church? The new missionary literature has attained great proportions, but in it all hymnody plays a rather inconspicuous part. Yet there would seem to be room in our hymnals for fresh missionary hymns; and without increasing the size of the books, from which, one would think, some few of the more prosaic hymns on that theme might go without serious loss.

VII

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

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

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

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

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

Ray Palmer, 1830

NOTE.—The text is taken from his *Hymns and Sacred Pieces*, 1865. As regards a different reading in the original printing of the hymn, see under "Some Points for Discussion," (3).

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

"Look in thy heart, and write," said the muse to Sir Philip Sidney: and no language could reveal more clearly the source of this hymn. Its words "were born of my own soul," the author said long afterward to Dr. Cuyler. It becomes at once evident, therefore, that we must be altogether dependent upon such disclosures as the author chose to make for any real knowledge of the origin of the hymn. Happily for us the publication of inaccurate and apocryphal accounts of the matter (already alluded to in the preface to this book), together with a wish to escape from "the necessity of replying to letters of inquiry which have been received in inconvenient numbers," led Dr. Palmer (in an appendix to his *Poetical Works*, 1876) to narrate the circumstances and experience out of which the hymn arose:

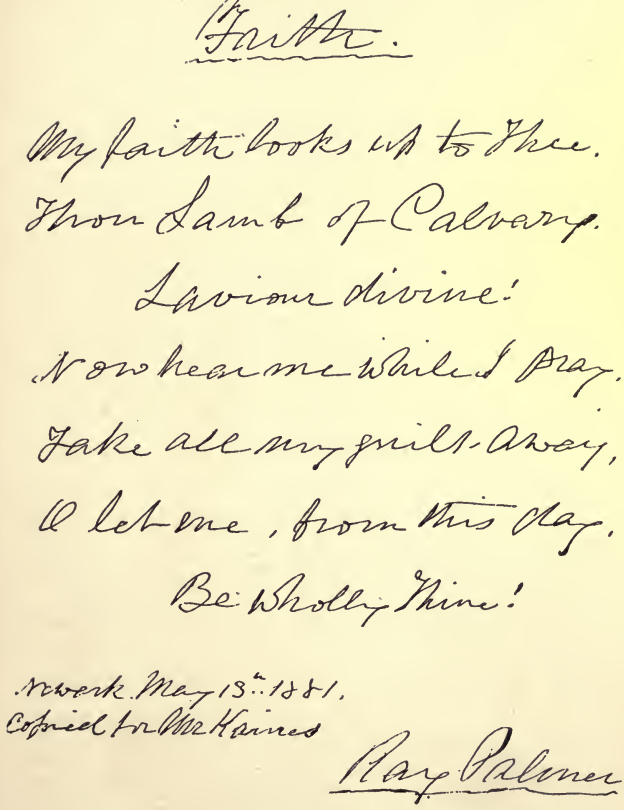
"Immediately after graduating at Yale College, in September, 1830, the writer went to the city of New York, by previous engagement, to spend a year in teaching for two or three hours each day in a select school for young ladies. This private institution, which was patronized by the best class of families, was under the

"direction of an excellent Christian lady connected with St. George's Church, the rector of which was then the good Dr. James Milnor. It was in Fulton Street, west of Broadway, and a little below Church Street on the south side of the way. That whole section of the city, now covered with immense stores and crowded with business, was then occupied by genteel residences. The writer resided in the family of the lady who kept the school, and it was there that the hymn was written.

"It had no *external* occasion whatever. Having been accustomed almost from childhood, through an inherited propensity perhaps, to the occasional expression of what his heart felt in the form of verse, it was in accordance with this habit, and in an hour when Christ, in the riches of His grace and love, was so vividly apprehended as to fill the soul with deep emotion, that the piece was composed. There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship. Away from outward excitement, in the quiet of his chamber, and with a deep consciousness of his own needs, the writer transferred as faithfully as he could to paper what at the time was passing within him. Six stanzas were composed, and imperfectly written, first on a loose sheet, and then accurately copied into a small morocco-covered book, which for such purposes the author was accustomed to carry in his pocket. This first complete copy is still—1875—preserved. It is well remembered that when writing the last line, 'A ransomed soul,' the thought that the whole work of redemption and salvation was involved in those words, and suggested the theme of eternal praises, moved the writer to a degree of emotion that brought abundant tears.

"A year or two after the hymn was written, and when no one, so far as can be recollected, had ever seen it, Dr. Lowell Mason met the author in the street in Boston, and requested him to furnish some hymns for a Hymn and Tune Book which, in connection with Dr. Hastings of New York, he was about to publish. The little book containing it was shown him, and he asked a copy. We stepped into a store together, and a copy was made and given him, which without much notice he put in his pocket. On sitting down at home and looking it over, he became so much interested in it that he wrote for it the tune 'Olivet,' in which it has almost universally been sung. Two or three days afterward we met again in the street, when, scarcely waiting to salute the writer, he earnestly exclaimed, 'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."'"

The hymn and tune book referred to by Dr. Palmer, in which the hymn first appeared, came out in twelve parts in 1831–32, and was called *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship.* Numerous editions of the book were printed; before long the hymn and its tune became widely sung and began to be copied into other books. In 1842 it was introduced into England through the Rev. Andrew Reed's *Hymn Book.* The hymn is to-day among those most familiar in evangelical churches of both countries. The statement often made that it now appears in every hymn book is, of course, not true. That is not true of any hymn. But it is as well known and as well loved as any American hymn. It seems to many people like a part of their own spiritual life.



AN AUTOGRAPH VERSE

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Ray Palmer was the son of the Hon. Thomas Palmer of Little Compton, Rhode Island, and was born at that place on November 12th, 1808. In his thirteenth year he became clerk in a dry-goods store at Boston, and while there he connected himself with the Park Street Church. His thoughts turned toward the ministry, and he spent three years preparing for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and in 1830 was graduated from Yale. Then came the years of teaching and of preparation for the ministry, first at New York and afterward at New Haven. He was ordained in 1835, becoming pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Bath, Maine, where he remained until 1850. From then until 1866 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Albany, New York. In 1866 he became the Corresponding Secretary of the American Congregational Union, removing to New York City, and holding that laborious post until 1878. He resigned his secretaryship in that year and had already removed to Newark, New Jersey.

The real occasion of this resignation was the failure of Dr. Palmer's health. He suffered from a nervous affection causing an uncertainty, at times even a stagger, in his walk. But for some years after giving up his work in New York he continued in active service in connection with the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church, of Newark. By a unique arrangement Dr. Palmer became its "pastor," having especial charge of visiting the people; while Dr. George H. Hepworth was its "preacher," and Dr. William Hayes Ward its "superintendent of mission work." At Newark, in 1882, Dr.

Palmer gathered about him a distinguished and affectionate company to celebrate the golden anniversary of his wedding to Miss Ann M. Ward, of New York. But the warning of his approaching end soon followed. He died at Newark on March 29th, 1887.

Dr. Palmer was the author of a number of books. His prose writings were generally of a devotional character, but included *Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions* (1860), of which several editions were printed. His hymns and other verse appeared in successive volumes: *Hymns and Sacred Pieces* (1865), *Hymns of My Holy Hours* (1868), *Home, or the Unlost Paradise* (1868), *Complete Poetical Works* (1876), and *Voices of Hope and Gladness* (1881). Dr. Palmer's poetical work was voluminous enough to fill an 8vo volume of more than three hundred and fifty pages. It is always pure and often graceful, and written in easily flowing verse, but the body of his miscellaneous poetry does not attain such elevation of thought or distinction of form as would recommend it to the student of literature.

In estimating his poetry it is only fair to remember that Dr. Palmer's life "for more than forty years was unremittingly devoted to the absorbing duties of a Christian minister, and for more than three-fourths of this period to the manifold labors of a city Pastor. Poetry, instead of filling any prominent place in the programme of his life, has been only the occupation of the few occasional moments that could be redeemed from severer, and generally very prosaic, forms of work."

When we turn from the miscellaneous poetry to the hymns, we have a different situation and a happier result. There was nothing in Dr. Palmer's circumstances to

interfere with the production of hymns. They were quite in line with his thought and work. And the hymn-form furnished precisely the medium through which his purely devotional spirit and gift for graceful verse could find their most spontaneous expression. It is among the hymn writers that Dr. Palmer finds his proper place, and by many he is considered to be the foremost hymn writer of America. He is distinguished not only for the excellence of his best hymns, but for the number of his hymns that are in all ways good. And to them must he added his translations of Latin hymns, in which he was especially successful. Several of his hymns are favorites; and yet what Lowell Mason prophesied has come to pass, and Dr. Palmer is best known as the author of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Dr. Palmer's character corresponded to his hymns. One who knew him well has recently spoken of him to the present writer as "One of the loveliest of men. He was exceedingly agreeable in conversation, which had always a spiritual tone," the same friend went on to say. "There was a certain saintliness in his manner and personality. He was gentle in his ways of speech, but had very deep feelings, which often came to the surface in conversation. His religious character was never better illustrated than when he was drawn out to speak of his famous hymn: the usual egotism of an author was so overcome by a feeling of simple gratitude for what the hymn had accomplished."

Dr. Palmer's portrait illustrates the description of his personal appearance given by his friend Dr. Theodore Cuyler (in *Recollections of a Long Life*): "He was short in stature, but his erect form and habit of brushing

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"his hair high over his forehead gave him a commanding look. He was the impersonation of genuine enthusiasm."

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) In the story of the hymn the point that appeals to the imagination is the carrying for so long in the young man's pocket of that single copy, unknown, unread, of the hymn now so familiar. Almost as appealing is the record of another copy of the hymn that came to Dr. Palmer's knowledge. It was made in camp the evening before one of the great battles of the Civil War. Six or eight young Christian soldiers had met for prayer in one of the tents. They could not all expect to survive the battle. One suggested that they draw up a paper expressive of the spirit in which they faced death,

and that all sign it for a testimony to the friends of such as should fall. Talking over the form of the paper, it was agreed that the hymn "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" be written out in full; and to this each one of them signed his name. What caused this particular hymn to be chosen for such a purpose? and just what message did that paper bring to the relatives of those that fell in battle the next day?

(2) Dr. Palmer explained the success of his hymn by saying that it embodied "in appropriate and simple language that which is most central in all true Christian experience—the act of faith in the divine Redeemer—the intrusting of the individual soul to Him entirely and for ever." But this explanation would apply just as well to a prose statement as to a hymn. Must there not be poetic feeling as well as spiritual truth in a good hymn? What are the special poetic merits of this hymn?

(3) The hymn has seldom suffered from alterations at the hands of editors. Dr. Palmer complained of a compiler who substituted "distress" for "distrust," in the last verse. He much preferred "distrust," as applying more to the soul, to "distress," as suggesting bodily sensations. But what he seems to have forgotten is that the word was originally printed "distress" when the hymn first appeared in Dr. Mason's hymn book; being changed to "distrust" only in the later editions. It would be interesting to examine the small morocco-covered book to see what word was originally written. But is there any question that Dr. Palmer was right in insisting on "distrust"? Notice his choice of words throughout. Could the hymn be improved by substituting others at any point?

VIII

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, AMID THE ENCIRCLING GLOOM

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

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

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

3 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.

Rev. (afterward Cardinal) John Henry Newman, 1833

NOTE.—The text is taken from Newman's *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1867; and agrees with that in *Lyra Apostolica*.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

This much-loved hymn is always spoken of as having been written by Cardinal Newman, and the fact that Protestants love to sing it is used to show the real unity of Christians, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. But as a matter of fact the hymn was not written by Cardinal Newman, nor even by a Roman Catholic. It was written by the Rev. John Henry Newman, a young clergyman of the Church of England, twelve years before he went into the Church of Rome; and at a time when, as he himself tells us, he had no thought of leaving the Church of England. Indeed, Cardinal Newman said in 1882 to Lord Ronald Gower (who reports it in his *Old Diaries*) that the hymn did not represent his feeling at that time. "For we Catholics" he said, with a quiet smile, "believe we have found the light."

The hymn is so much a part of its author's life that the story of his hymn and of his life must be told together. The son of John Newman, a London banker, he was born, on February 21st, 1801, within sound of Bow Bells. He was an imaginative boy, and so superstitious that he used constantly to cross himself on going into the dark. He never could explain what started him in such a practice, for his surroundings were those of Evangelical Protestantism, and his own beliefs were Calvinistic, including the opinion that the Pope was anti-Christ. At his conversion, when fifteen years old, his mind became filled with that sense of communion with God which possessed him all his life, and made outward things seem as nothing to him. A curious imagination took hold of him at the same time that it was God's

will that he should live a single life. This feeling never left him.

Newman went up to Oxford, and was graduated from Trinity College in 1820; remaining there first as a fellow, and then as a tutor, of Oriel. In 1824 he was ordained, and in 1828 was appointed vicar of St. Mary's Church, at

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Oxford. Then he began to preach those sermons which had so extraordinary an influence, and are thought by many the greatest of the century. Meantime his religious opinions were gradually changing under those High Church influences at Oxford which had their beginnings in Keble's *Christian Year*. Especially marked

was the influence of his friend and fellow tutor, Hurrell Froude. Froude changed Newman's hostility to the Church of Rome to deep admiration, and taught him to look upon the Reformation as a mistake. "He fixed deep in me," says Newman, "the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence."

To this period of change and unrest the hymn belongs. The anxieties that lay behind it and the circumstances out of which it sprang are fully narrated in Newman's fascinating *Apologia pro Vita Suo;* and certainly no one would care to learn of them from any other source:

"While I was engaged in writing my work upon the Arians great events were happening at home, which brought out into form and passionate expression the various beliefs which had so gradually been winning their way into my mind. . . . The great Reform agitation was going on around me as I wrote. The Whigs had come into power; Lord Grey had told the Bishops to set their house in order, and some of the Prelates had been insulted and threatened in the streets of London. The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized? there was such apathy on the subject in some quarters, such imbecile alarm in others; the true principles of Churchmanship seemed so radically decayed, and there was such distraction in the councils of the Clergy. . . . With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous Power of which I was reading in the first centuries. . . . I said to myself, 'Look on this picture and on that'; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing per-

"plexity. I thought that if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory in the event. I saw that Reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and the organ. She was nothing unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly or she would be lost. There was need of a second reformation.

"At this time I was disengaged from college duties, and my health had suffered from the labor involved in the composition of my Volume. . . . I was easily persuaded to join Hurrell Froude and his Father, who were going to the south of Europe for the health of the former.

"We set out in December, 1832. . . . I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome; went down for the second time to Sicily without companion, at the end of April; . . . the strangeness of foreign life threw me back into myself. . . . England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The bill for the Suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. . . . It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. . . .

"Especially when I was left by myself, the thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought not by the many but by the few, not by bodies but by persons. . . . I began to think that I had a mission. . . . When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman, he had courteously ex-

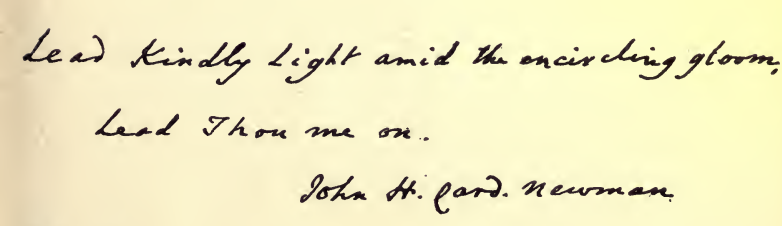
"pressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever in Leonforte. My servant thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished; but I said, 'I shall not die.' I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.' I have never been able quite to make out what I meant.

"I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I left for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn in the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed and began to sob violently. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer him, 'I have a work to do in England.'

"I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the Churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. . . . At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, kindly light,' which have since become well known. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England."

We can now understand the hymn. We can see into the shadows that encircled him who wrote it,—the sickness and depression, the loneliness, the dark thoughts of the Church he still clung to. We know his sense of being

called by God to do a work at home without seeing what its end might be. We hear his answer to the call in his renunciation of all pride of leadership into God's hands, his cry for only light enough to see one step ahead, his confidence that God will find his path. "For years," Newman said in another connection, "I must have had something of an habitual notion, though it was latent, and had never led me to distrust my own convictions, that my mind had not found its ultimate rest, and that in some sense or other I was on journey. During the same passage across the Mediterranean in which I wrote 'Lead kindly light,' I also wrote the verses which are



AUTOGRAPH LINES OF THE HYMN

found in the *Lyra* under the head of 'Providences,' beginning 'When I look back.' This was in 1833; and, since I have begun this narrative, I have found a memorandum under the date of September 7th, 1829, in which I speak of myself as 'now in my rooms in Oriel College, slowly advancing, &c., and led on by God's hand blindly, not knowing whither He is taking me.'"

The date of the hymn is June 16th, 1833. On the Sunday following Newman's return from his southern trip it happened that Mr. Keble preached at Oxford his famous sermon on "The National Apostasy." "I have ever considered and kept the day," Newman says, "as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

Newman had returned in time to become the centre of that very powerful movement to undo the work of the Reformation in England. But he grew so much out of sympathy with all that Protestantism stands for, that, in 1845, he asked to be received into the Roman Catholic Church. His secession was a great blow to many of his friends, to none more than to Keble, to whom it was a life-long sorrow. It caused also intense excitement and bitterness of feeling, the famous *Apologia* having been written in answer to charges of insincerity made by Charles Kingsley.

Newman continued a devout Roman Catholic, and in 1879 was made a cardinal by the Pope, dying in 1890. It was a strange career of a wonderfully gifted man. But no one now doubts his sincerity or the depth and purity of his religion.

Newman's verses were first printed in *The British Magazine* for March, 1834, and then in 1836 in the *Lyra Apostolica*, a little book in which the contributions to the Magazine of Newman, Keble, and other kindred spirits, were gathered up. In 1846 the verses were included by Longfellow and Johnson in their *Book of Hymns*. Unfortunately they had found them in a newspaper as beginning "Send kindly light," and so they printed them. In 1865 Dr. Charles S. Robinson printed them with the same opening in his *Songs for the Sanctuary*.

He explained (in *The Congregationalist*, 1890) that the change was made by a "literary friend" who first brought the hymn to his notice, and who assumed that the form "Lead, kindly Light" was a typographical error, arising from the close resemblance of the words *Lead* and *Send* in careless manuscript. It is surely an instance of loyalty to friendship that Dr. Robinson persisted in so misprinting the hymn in all editions of that popular book up to the day of his death. And so the hymn stands in the more recent issues by the Century Company, now owning the plates of the book. The present familiarity and popularity of the hymn began with its inclusion in 1868 in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Cardinal Newman's connection with hymnody by no means ends with this hymn. From his long poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," has been taken the fine hymn beginning, "Praise to the Holiest in the height" (*The Hymnal*, No. 429). He also published two collections of Latin hymns taken from the Breviaries, and made numerous and excellent translations from them.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) What is the meaning of "kindly Light"? Newman first printed his verses with the title, "Faith-Heavenly Leadings"; in 1836 with the title, "Light in the Darkness," and the motto, "Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness"; since then with the title, "The Pillar of the Cloud."

(2) Nothing could have been farther from their author's thoughts than the use of his verses as a hymn. What are the qualities in verses so personal, so closely related to individual experience and circumstances, that make

them suitable to be sung by a whole congregation? The Rev. George Huntington has given us (in his *Random Recollections*) the modest explanation of Cardinal Newman himself: "I had been paying Cardinal Newman a visit. . . . I happened to mention his well-known hymn 'Lead, kindly Light,' which he said he wrote when a very young man. . . . I ventured to say, 'It must be a great pleasure to you to know that you have written a Hymn treasured wherever English-speaking Christians are to be found; and where are they not to be found?' He was silent for some moments and then said with emotion, 'Yes, deeply thankful, and more than thankful'; then, after another pause, 'But you see it is not the Hymn, but the *Tune*, that has gained the popularity! The Tune is Dykes's, and Dr. Dykes was a great Master.'"

The "Lux Benigna" of Dr. Dykes was composed in August, 1865, and was the tune chosen for this hymn by the committee preparing the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Dr. Dykes's statement that the tune came into his head while walking through the Strand in London presents a striking contrast with the solitary origins of the hymn itself.

(3) "The fourth verse of the hymn" is often inquired for. It has only three. But Bishop Bickersteth printed in his *Hymnal Companion*, 1870, a fourth verse of his own composition, as follows:—

"Meantime along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God,
To rest for ever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life."

He intended to express his conviction that "the heart of the belated pilgrim can only find rest in the Light of Light." The author of the hymn protested against the addition, and many others joined in the protest. Can the addition be justified?

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(4) What is the meaning of the last two lines of the hymn, "And with the morn," etc.? No doubt those who sing the hymn will interpret these lines as expressing their hope of being reunited with those they have loved and lost by death. But it does not follow that such was

the author's original meaning. Would a theologian have referred to his glorified friends as angels? Attention has been called to Newman's statement that after his awakening to God in his sixteenth year, he was strongly conscious both in his waking and sleeping moments of the presence of angels. That consciousness he subsequently lost, greatly to his sorrow; and the suggestion is made that these lines expressed his hope of regaining it when the night had gone. Another suggested meaning is that in its darkness and perplexity the soul had lost the angel faces not only of Fancy and Hope and youthful Confidence, but of those divine forms of Faith and Assurance which had accompanied the believer in the early fervor of his belief. When quite an old man Cardinal Newman was asked by letter to explain the meaning of these lines, to which letter he returned this curious answer:—

"THE ORATORY, January 18, 1879.

"My dear Mr. Greenhill,

"You flatter me by your question; but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite tyranny if, in an art which is the expression, not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when home-sick, or sea-sick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

"Yours most truly,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

IX

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, 1832

NOTE.—This is the text of the hymn as originally written, and which Dr. Smith expressed himself as feeling unauthorized to alter in any particular.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

At a reunion of the famous Class of 1829, of Harvard College, one of its members referred to a classmate in this way:—

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, 'My country,' 'of thee!'"

It was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who read the poem, and it was his friend and classmate, Samuel Francis Smith, who wrote "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

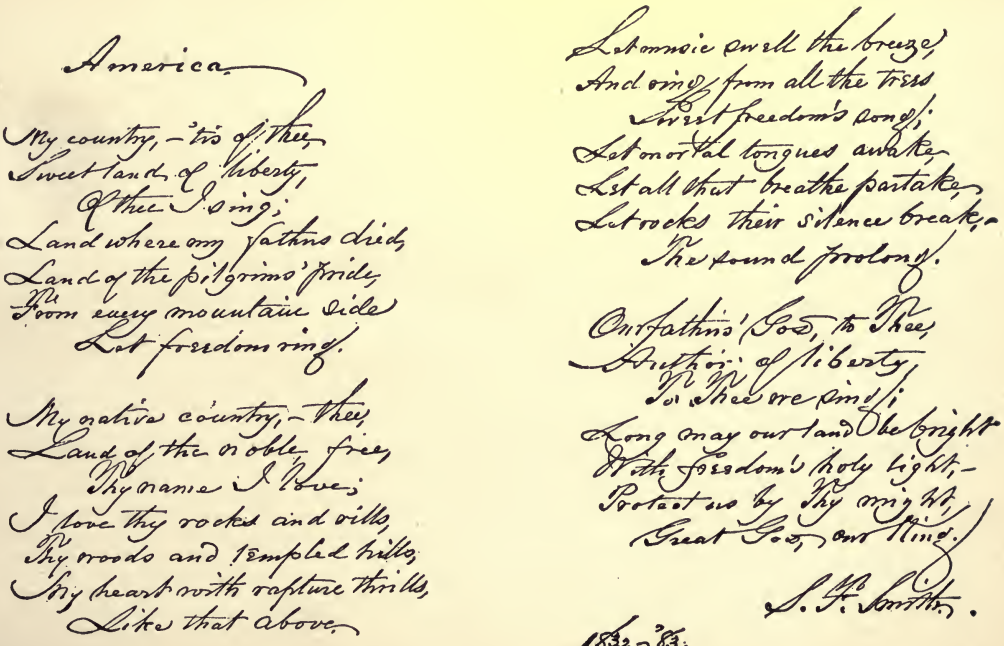
He was a Boston boy, born under the sound of the Old North Church chimes on October 21st, 1808. After being graduated at Harvard he began to study for the ministry; and it was while at Andover Theological Seminary, in February, 1832, that he wrote the hymn.

In 1831 or thereabouts Mr. Willam C. Woodbridge, a distinguished educator, had visited Germany for the purpose of studying the system of German common schools. Among their peculiarities he noted that much attention was given to children's music, and he brought

home with him a large number of music books, especially such as were used in the German schools. In Boston just then Mr. Lowell Mason was interesting himself in the music of the churches, and was engaged in training the Sunday-school children to sing, with a view of fitting them to take their places in the choirs. There was quite a scarcity of songs and tunes suitable for children's use, and Mr. Woodbridge placed the entire collection which he had brought from Germany in Mr. Mason's hands. But in all these books the music was set to German words, and of that language Mr. Mason had no knowledge.

And this fact was the occasion which led to the writing of the hymn "America." Dr. Smith during his lifetime furnished many accounts of the circumstances, which, of course, he alone knew. While all of these accounts are in substantial agreement, much the best of them was that written for *The Outlook*, and printed in the number for November 23rd, 1895:

"At that time," says Dr. Smith, "I was a student in the Theological Seminary at Andover. One day [Mr. Mason] brought me the whole mass of his books, some bound and some in pamphlet form, and said, in his simple and childlike way, 'There, Mr. Woodbridge has brought me these books. I don't know what is in them. I can't read German, but you can. I wish you would look over them as you find time, and if you fall in with anything I can use, any hymns or songs for the children, I wish you would translate them into English poetry; or, if you prefer, compose hymns or songs of your own, of the same metre and accent with the German, so that I can use them.'


America.

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.

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.

S. F. Smith.

1832 – '33.

AUTOGRAPH OF THE HYMN (REDUCED)

"I accepted the trust not unwillingly, as an agreeable recreation from graver studies, and from time to time gave him the results of my efforts. Thus he was furnished with several hymns for the *Spiritual Songs*, which he was issuing in numbers; also for the *Juvenile Lyre*, the first book of children's music ever published in this country, in which most of the songs were my own translations from Naegeli and other German composers.

"One dismal day in February, 1832, about half an hour before sunset, I was turning over the leaves of one of the music books, when my eye rested on the tune which is now known as 'America.' I liked the spirited movement of it, not knowing it, at that time, to be 'God Save the King.' I glanced at the German words and saw that they were patriotic, and instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own, adapted to the tune. Picking up a scrap of waste paper which lay near me, I wrote at once, probably within half an hour, the hymn 'America,' as it is now known everywhere. The whole hymn stands to-day as it stood on the bit of waste paper, five or six inches long and two and a half wide."

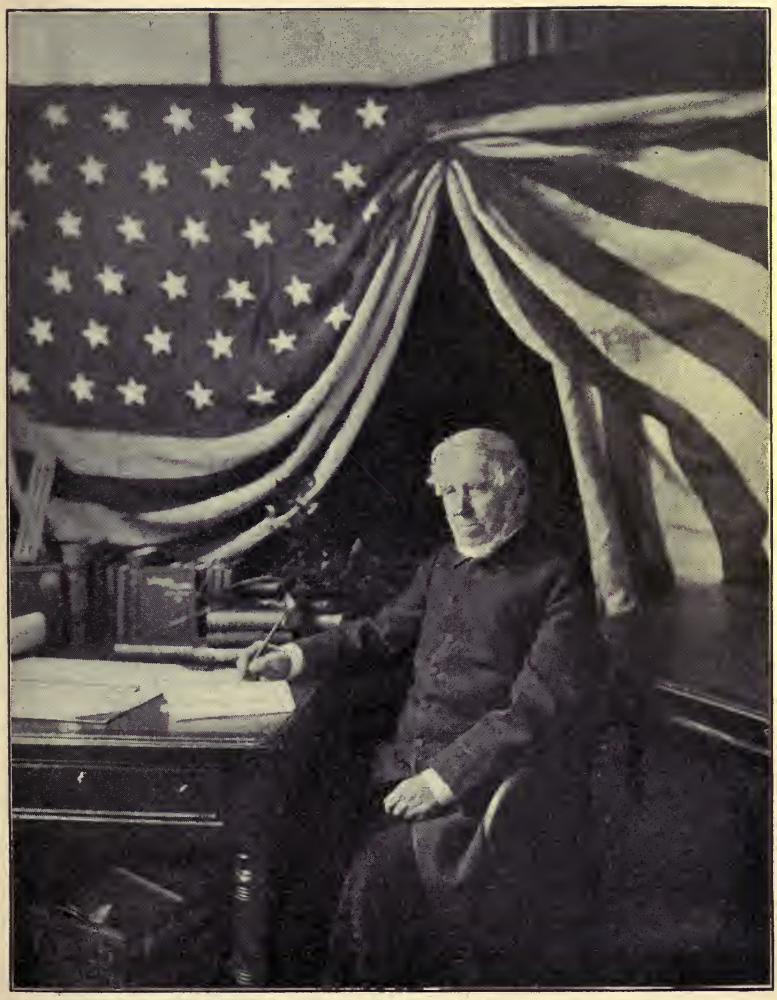
Mr. Smith had no suspicion that he had in that short half hour made his name imperishable. He gave the song soon afterward to Mr. Mason, with some others, and thought no more about it. On the Fourth of July of that same year Mr. Mason brought it out at a children's celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston. From there it soon found its way into the public schools of that city, and then of other places, and into picnics and patriotic celebrations everywhere; and finally into the hymn books of the various denominations. The

whole history of the hymn and its present position are summed up in a remark once made by the author himself: "The people took it into their hearts." To-day it is called the national hymn, but it is not made so by any formal decree of adoption. It is the national hymn simply because the people that compose the nation love it, and on any occasion when their hearts are fired by patriotic feelings, use this hymn spontaneously to express those feelings.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Samuel F. Smith was graduated from Andover Seminary the same year in which he wrote the hymn. For a year and a half after graduation he was the editor of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*. In February, 1834, he was ordained, and became pastor of the Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine. He continued as pastor there for eight years, serving also as Professor of Modern Languages in Waterville College, now Colby University: for among Dr. Smith's other gifts was that of acquiring languages. During his life he became familiar with no less than fifteen, and a visitor to him in his eighty-sixth year found him on the lookout for a suitable text-book with which he might begin the study of the Russian language.

In 1842 Dr. Smith became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Newton, Massachusetts, when he removed to Newton Centre. There for more than half a century he lived in a simple way with his family in the wide, brown frame dwelling of two stories, which has been the goal of so many sight-seers. He was pastor there for twelve years and a half, and then Secretary of the Missionary



REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH

Union for fifteen, spending two of them abroad visiting missionary stations.

Dr. Smith led a very busy, active life, preaching, editing, writing, studying. From 1842 to 1848 he was editor of *The Christian Review*. He was one of the editors of *The Psalmist* (1843), a most successful Baptist hymn book, and compiled several collections of verse, of which *Rock of Ages* is the best known. He was also the author of *The Life of Joseph Grafton* (1848), *Missionary Sketches* (1879), *The History of Newton, Massachusetts*, (1884), and of *Missionary Sketches* (1884), which embodied an account of a later tour among foreign fields.

His verse writing was a recreation rather than his occupation, and he made no claim to be counted among the poets. Certainly the large volume of his verse gathered at the close of his life under the editorship of his friend General Carrington would yield no sure support for such a claim. He wrote, however, many successful hymns, of which "The Morning Light is Breaking" (*The Hymnal*, No. 386), is especially familiar. But, no matter what he accomplished or where he went, it was always as the author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee" that he was recognized and welcomed, and was honored as such at a public celebration in Music Hall, Boston, during the last year of his life. Dr. Smith lived to be eighty-seven years old, active and busy until the evening of Saturday, Nov. 16th, 1895. On that evening he took the train for Readville, near Boston, where he was to preach the next day. Just as he entered the car, turning to speak with a friend, he gasped for breath, threw his hands into the air, and fell backward in death.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) Is it to be regretted that these words should be sung to the National Anthem of Great Britain rather than to a distinctive American air? Perhaps, in any event, the connection is now indissoluble, though it hardly justifies us in re-naming the tune "America." It would be interesting to know the origin of the National Anthem, and who composed it. Much time and pains have been spent in investigating the matter, but these questions still remain unanswered. All that can be said upon the subject (by the man most competent to say it) may be found in a recent book, *The Origin and History of the Music and Words of the National Anthem*, by Wm. H. Cummings, published by Novello & Co., London and New York. At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Society of the Cincinnati, on July 4th, 1901, a committee was appointed to ascertain whether a suitable *national* tune cannot be found for this hymn.

(2) Once, in referring to criticisms of the hymn from a literary standpoint, Dr. Holmes called attenton to the strength of the first line, and said, "He wrote 'My country.' If he had said 'Our country,' the hymn would not have been immortal, but that 'my' was a master-stroke." Just what was the gain of the "my" over "our" in that place?

(3) Is this really a national or only a sectional (New England) hymn? A correspondent of *The Churchman* (1895) argued for the latter, claiming that the line "Land of the pilgrims' pride" referred to the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. The same interpretation of this line was made in an editorial in *The Independent* (January 14th,

1896). If Dr. Smith intended to refer to the Pilgrim Fathers, that of course is the end of the matter. But as yet no one produces such an interpretation of the line coming from him. Apart from such an authoritative statement, is it not the natural interpretation that "pilgrims" are in contrast with those whose fathers died here; those coming to our shores and adopting our country? If Dr. Smith intended to refer to the Pilgrim Fathers, would he not have used the capital in "pilgrims"? But he did not in such autograph copies as the writer has seen; and the word is not so printed in his collected Poems. Again, is "pride" a word with which one would describe the feelings of the Pilgrim Fathers toward their new home? It does, on the other hand, describe what is plainly the fundamental feeling of many "pilgrims" toward the home of their adoption.

(4) Of this hymn there was but one text, in universal use, until in 1892 the Protestant Episcopal Convention adopted the new hymnal containing as Hymn No. 196 a mongrel made up of the fourth verse of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," followed by the two verses of "God Bless our Native Land" (altered). The editorial in *The Independent*, already referred to, explains this by the unwillingness of the Episcopal Church to sing the praises of the Pilgrim Fathers. Whatever we may think of the convention's course in mutilating the hymn, is it not more likely that they were aiming at a hymn more distinctly religious than Dr. Smith's verses?

(5) How can it be explained that while Americans really love this hymn, so very few know the words well enough to sing them when called upon? Is this fact creditable to the people?

X

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before :
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory:
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

NOTE.—The text is that printed in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868, and ever since the standard. An autograph copy of the hymn in the writer's possession reads, in the second line of the second verse, "Satan's legions flee."

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

This marching hymn was written in England just at the time when in our own country the sad strife of the Civil War had drawn to a close. And it is not unlikely that the new soldier-spirit left in the hearts of young and old Americans by the four years of the Civil War has had something to do with the marked popularity

gained by this and other military hymns. An influence of the same sort can be seen plainly in American hymn books published after the close of the Revolution of 1776.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould wrote the hymn while curate of a Yorkshire parish, and in a recent interview he has given an account of its origin. "It was written," he says, "in a very simple fashion, without a thought of publication. Whitmonday is a great day for school festivals in Yorkshire, and one Whitmonday it was arranged that our school should join its forces with that of a neighboring village. I wanted the children to sing when marching from one village to the other, but couldn't think of anything quite suitable, so I sat up at night resolved to write something myself. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was the result. It was written in great haste, and I am afraid some of the rhymes are faulty. Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its great popularity." The hymn was written to be sung to a well-known tune by Haydn, which has been much used in American churches; so much used, indeed, that it became worn out.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers" was written in 1865. That same year it was printed in a periodical, *The Church Times*. As early as 1868 it was given a place in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, thus securing a sponsor of the most influential kind. This was at a time when the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was restive under its old hymn book, and feeling its way toward something better. Eager eyes had already turned toward *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Its very name pleased the growing party who were seeking

"primitive" paths, while the High Church doctrine of its hymns and the ecclesiastical tone of the new "Anglican school" of music it represented, won their hearts completely. A reprint of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and its new *Appendix* appeared at Philadelphia in 1869, with the imprint of the Lippincotts. In this "Onward, Christian Soldiers" appeared for the first time, probably, in this country. During the year following the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins included it in his *Church Hymnal*, originally planned for use in St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, New York. In 1871 it appeared in the draft of the new hymnal laid before the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, becoming one of the authorized hymns of that Church. Into the church-worship of other denominations the hymn (like many other things that would once have seemed alien) gradually worked its way by first becoming familiar in the freer atmosphere of the Sunday-schools. The hymn was not included in the authorized *Presbyterian Hymnal* of 1874, although the compilers of that book made large use of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. The rival *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, by Drs. Hitchcock and Schaff, published that same year, did, however, include it.

What proved a most effective letter of introduction for the hymn, and has secured its continued general use, was the appearance in *The Musical Times* for December, 1871, of the stirring tune written for it by Arthur S. Sullivan, to which it has been wedded ever since. At the present time it is unquestionably the most popular and often-used of all processional hymns. If it should ever drop out of use, that result would probably come about through sheer weariness caused by over-repetition.

Onward Christian Soldiers!
Marching as to war
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See His banners go!
Onward, &c.

At the sign of Triumph
Satan's legions flee
On Christ's Christian soldiers
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise.
Brothers lift your voices
Loud your anthems raise
Onward &c.

S. Baring Gould

AUTOGRAPH VERSES

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

In this hymn we have for the first time one by a living author. Mr. Baring-Gould is so many-sided a man, with such a variety of gifts and accomplishments, and he has done so much work of so many kinds, that he may be

said to combine in himself the material for the make-up of at least two distinguished men. There is, therefore, an amusing fitness in his compound name, and in the fact that sometimes he is indexed among the B's for Baring, and sometimes among the G's for Gould.

Mr. Baring-Gould is now rector of the parish of Lew Trenchard, where his family has had its seat for nearly three hundred years. He is also squire and lord of the manor and a justice of the peace. He lives in Lew Trenchard Manor House, inherited with the family property at his father's death in 1872. His study is described as a long, low room, with a deep embrasured window overlooking a lovely view, and paneled in fine dark oak, with the rich carvings of the old English time. In this room works the remarkable man, who is not only squire and rector, but also theologian, historian, antiquarian, student of comparative religion, novelist, and poet. The amount of literary work done in this room, much of it requiring wide research, is no less than amazing. On religious subjects, besides many volumes of his sermons and devotional and practical writings, he has written a number of works of a more learned character. Of these, the best known, perhaps, are, *The Lives of the Saints*, in fifteen volumes, and *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, in two. He has published many volumes dealing with manners and customs, legendary and folk lore, antiquities and out-of-the-way information, of which he is himself a living encyclopedia. *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, *Legends of the Old Testament*, *Iceland, Its Scenes and its Sagas*, *Curiosities of the Olden Times*, *The Songs of the West*, are but a few of the more familiar titles. And for some time

it has been his custom to write a new novel every year. In England he is one of the most popular living novelists.

In all this work Mr. Baring-Gould has employed no secretaries or amanuenses. "The secret is simply that I

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD

stick to a task when I begin it," he once said. "For some years I have found it necessary to spend the winters abroad, and while I am in the south of France or in Rome I think out the work which I am going to do when I return home. Thus I build up the plot of a

"story, and it all shapes itself in my head, even the dialogue. I make a few notes, principally of the division of the chapters, and then, when I come back, it is simply a matter of writing it out."

When asked if he did not have to wait for inspiration, he replied with a quiet smile, "Inspiration is all moonshine in the sense in which you mean it. It would never do to wait from day to day for some moment which might seem favorable for work"; adding that he often did his best work when he felt the least desire to go on with it. His hymn writing is, of course, small in quantity beside the great volume of his other achievements, but it certainly does not lack what is called inspiration, whether waited for or worked for. He has written many carols and quite a number of hymns, all of which have fresh and striking qualities. Next to "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the lovely evening hymn for children, "Now the Day is Over" (*The Hymnal*, No. 692), and his translation, "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow" (*The Hymnal*, No. 418), are probably most often sung.

Mr. Baring-Gould was born at Exeter, January 28th, 1834. He was graduated from Clare College, Cambridge, in 1854. In 1864 he was ordained and became curate of Horbury, where he wrote our hymn. From 1867 he was Incumbent of Dalton, until Mr. Gladstone appointed him Rector of East Mersea, in 1871. The rectorate of Lew Trenchard is what in England is called a family living, and when in 1881 the last incumbent died, Mr. Baring-Gould, who was the patron of the living as well as lord of the manor, became also rector of the parish by his own appointment. It cannot be denied that he chose an able and hard-working man to fill the post.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) This hymn may be examined as an example of a class of hymns standing somewhat apart from others. It is what is called a processional hymn. In church life a processional hymn corresponds to a marching song in civil life, one "useful for church parade and similar services." What are the qualities proper for such a hymn? Is there any other so good for the purpose as this?

(2) It is interesting to contrast this Anglican "Onward, Christian Soldiers" with the Presbyterian "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus." Note the different ways in which the two writers picture the Church. Can you trace in each hymn the marks of the peculiar type of Christianity for which the author stands? Which hymn has more picturesque beauty, and which the greater moral earnestness? But is not the purpose and right use of the hymns quite different? If so, each must be judged from its own standpoint.

(3) In what sense are we to take the statements of the third verse,—

> "We are not divided,
> All one body we,
> One in hope and doctrine," etc. ?

They may be contrasted with the familiar lines of his fellow-churchman (the Rev. Samuel J. Stone),—

> "Though with a scornful wonder
> Men see her sore oppressed,
> By schisms rent asunder,
> By heresies distressed."

And what and where found is "Christ's own promise" referred to in the fourth verse?

(4) As originally written, the hymn had an additional (then the fourth) verse, as follows:—

"What the saints established
That I hold for true,
What the saints believed
That believe I too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that Faith will hold,—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled."

This is to be read immediately after the present third verse. Should it be restored to its original place? (The faulty rhyme in this verse is doubtless what the author had in mind in the remark already quoted.)

XI

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah Flower Adams, 1841

NOTE.—The text is taken from W. J. Fox's *Hymns and Anthems;* with a single change, referred to under "Some Points for Discussion."

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

In the year 1820 there came to Dalston, then a rural suburb of London, a little family composed of Benjamin Flower, a widower, and his two daughters, the younger of whom was afterward to write this hymn.

Something of a career lay behind Mr. Flower, then an elderly man. Unsuccessful in business speculations as a young man, he had become a travelling salesman on the continent. There he became an adherent of the French Republic, and in 1792 published a book on the French Constitution which was really an attack on that of England. He was selected to edit *The Cambridge Intelligencer*, an influential weekly of radical principles. Accused of libelling the Bishop of Llandaff, whose political conduct he had censured, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Newgate with a fine of

£100. He was visited in prison by Miss Eliza Gould, a lady who is said to have suffered for her own liberal principles, and shortly after his release he married her. They settled at Harlow in Essex, where Mr. Flower became a printer and where Mrs. Flower died in 1810. These facts of their father's career help us to understand the atmosphere in which the motherless girls grew up.

Both daughters had inherited their mother's delicate constitution, but both were talented to an unusual degree, and they attracted to the Dalston home many friends who afterward became distinguished. Among these were Harriet Martineau and Robert Browning, "the boy poet," as Eliza Flower calls him in her letters, who came often to discuss religious difficulties with her sister Sarah. Eliza, the elder, was a skilful musician with a remarkable gift for musical composition. Sarah, the younger of the sisters, was also musical, and possessed of a rich contralto voice, and was much given to singing songs in costume, with appropriate dramatic action. The elder sister always furnished the accompaniment, and sometimes the musical settings of these songs, in their domestic entertainments.

Sarah Flower was born at the Harlow home on February 22nd, 1805. She had the dramatic instinct, and from childhood cherished the ambition of adopting the stage as a profession. She idealized the stage as an ally of the pulpit, and held that the life of an actress should be as high and noble as the great thoughts and actions she was called upon to express. In 1829 her father died, and in 1834 Sarah Flower was married to John Brydges Adams, a civil engineer and an ingenious inventor in the early days of railroad building. Her

husband encouraged her dramatic ambition, and in 1837 she made her first public appearance, at the Richmond Theatre, as "Lady Macbeth." Her success was great enough to gain for her an engagement at the Bath Theatre. But her health gave away under the strain of public performances, and she suffered a seige of illness at Bath which at once put an end to all hope of a dramatic career.

Mrs. Adams determined to devote herself to literary work, for she had in addition a considerable literary gift. She wrote much for the *Monthly Repository*, but her most ambitious effort was "Vivia Perpetua—a Dramatic Poem," published in 1841. It tells the story of a young mother who suffered a martyr's death at Carthage, A. D. 203, for her faith in Christ. There is but little doubt that her own moral earnestness and intense feelings are set forth in the character of Vivia. The poem is often eloquent, but as a drama not well constructed, and it has taken no permanent place in literature. "The Royal Progress," a long poem in ballad metre, has met a like fate. Mrs. Adams's high ideals and ambitions led her to undertake tasks beyond her powers. Though ambitious to lead in the moral uplifting of the stage, even the ordinary routine of an actress's life was beyond her physical powers. And so her attempt to revive the poetical drama was quite as far beyond her intellectual powers. She had, however, a real gift for lyrical poetry. By her lyrics she retains a modest place in literature, and is chiefly remembered as the author of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Mrs. Adams is described by her friend, Mrs. Bridell Fox, as "tall and singularly beautiful, with noble and

"regular features; in manner gay and impulsive, her conversation witty and sparkling." The portrait here given is a facsimile of a slight sketch believed to have been made by Miss Margaret Gillies in 1834. Mrs. Adams seems to have made a deep impression upon the minds of those who knew her. They speak enthusiastically of her personal charm, and of her purity and high-mindedness. In his "Blue-Stocking Revels," the poet Leigh Hunt also pays tribute to her as "Mrs. Adams, rare mistress of thought and of tears."

Both of the sisters died while still in early life, and within less than two years of each other. Eliza died of consumption in December, 1846, and Sarah on August 14th, 1848; the death of the younger sister was prob-

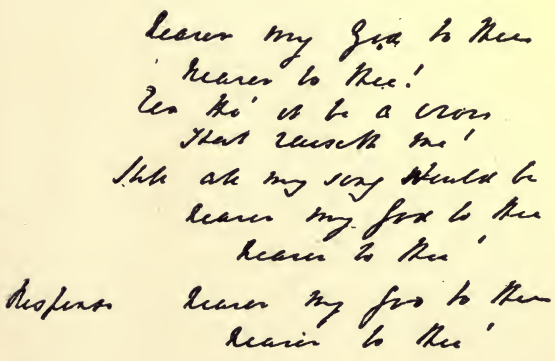
ably hastened by the cares and anxiety occasioned by the long illness of the elder. At the funerals of both, hymns by Mrs. Adams were sung to music composed for them by her sister. One cannot avoid a feeling of regret that some foretaste of her usefulness and fame did not come to brighten the failing days of the author of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

After the death of Mr. Flower, his daughters removed to Upper Clapton, a suburb of London, and there connected themselves with the religious society to which the gifted William Johnson Fox ministered, in South Place Chapel, Finsbury. Mr. Fox occupied an independent ecclesiastical position, though generally classed as a Unitarian. For the use of the congregation he prepared a collection of *Hymns and Anthems*, published in 1840 and 1841, in two parts. At his request Mrs. Adams wrote for the book thirteen original hymns and some translations. One of the hymns was "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and it first appeared in the second part of the book. Like most of Mrs. Adams's hymns it was set to music by her sister, and was often heard in the services of South Place Chapel.

"How she composed her hymns," says Mrs. Bridell Fox, "can hardly be stated. She certainly never had any idea of *composing* them. They were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse of feeling of the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse. Her translations would, of course, be an exception; also, perhaps, when she was writing words for music already in use in the chapel."

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was not long in finding its way across the ocean. While Mr. Fox was compiling his hymn book for his London congregation, an American clergyman, somewhat like him in his religious views, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, was organizing a new congregation in Boston as the Church of the Disciples. (It is the church described as the Church of the Galileans in Dr. Holmes's *Professor at the Breakfast Table.*) Mr. Clarke printed a new hymn book for it in 1844, including a number of hymns from Mr. Fox's



AN AUTOGRAPH VERSE

book, a copy of which had been given him by his friend Mr. Bakewell of Pittsburgh. Among these was "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and in 1846 Mr. Longfellow put the hymn into his *Book of Hymns.* It was some time, however, before it made its way into the orthodox Congregational churches. Henry Ward Beecher, who was

never afraid of novelty, included it in the *Plymouth Collection* in 1855. But what started the hymn on its free course in America was the tune "Bethany," which Lowell Mason wrote for it and published in 1856. And when the hymn, set to this taking tune, appeared in 1859 in the wonderfully successful *Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book* of the professors at Andover Seminary, its general use became assured. By 1866 it had found its way into the authorized hymnal of the Presbyterian Church.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) Although so popular with congregations, this hymn has had rather hard treatment at the hands of editors of hymn books. In a number of cases the editor has inserted a new stanza, composed by himself. Bishop How rewrote the entire hymn for the 1864 edition of his *Psalms and Hymns*. The object of these changes was to introduce the name and work of Christ, "to make the hymn more distinctly Christian." Is there a real lack in the hymn, needing to be supplied in some such way? Or is it likely that the Unitarian origin of the hymn suggested the need of change?

(2) The text of the hymn has also suffered much from alteration, and is very rarely printed as Mrs. Adams wrote it. In the Protestant Episcopal *Hymnal*, for instance, "*the* wanderer" of verse two becomes "*a* wanderer," and the following line reads, "Weary and lone." The "Bethel," of verse four, becomes "altars." Is not the Bible story on which the hymn is based completely hidden by these changes? In *The Hymnal* only one word differs from what Mrs. Adams wrote. In the fifth line she wrote "would be" instead of "shall be."

The editor thought "would be" better, because less boastful and self-confident, but he feared to make confusion by changing what everybody sings from memory. The editor of the new Presbyterian hymnal for Scotland was braver, and prints Mrs. Adams's text, here, as in every other particular.

(3) Perhaps no hymn is sung more thoughtlessly than this. What is the meaning of "E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me"? Write out the leading thought of the hymn in plain prose. Is it not singular that a hymn expressing desire to draw nearer to God by the way of suffering should be so often declared their favorite hymn by persons apparently the most self-indulgent?

(4) The literary merits of the hymn are much debated. One may admit certain faults. Indeed, he owes it to himself to recognize that "stony griefs" is a bad metaphor, and that, if a verse is to be omitted in singing, the last verse is not ill-adapted to such a purpose. But notice, on the other hand, the perfect "singableness" of the hymn. And singableness is the first merit of a lyric. Note, also—who has not noted?—the haunting beauty of the refrain, and the happy introduction of the lonely figure of Jacob. Is it not fair to say that, even from a literary point of view, the merits of the hymn outweigh its defects?

(5) It is likely that this hymn will always be associated with the tragic death and the obsequies of President McKinley. The last words of the President, as reported by the attendant physician (Dr. M. D. Mann), were: "'Nearer, my God, to Thee, E'en though it be a cross,' has been my constant prayer." It is not unnatural that the grieved heart of the American people was deeply

touched by such allusion under such circumstances. The hymn was sung in hundreds of churches over the country on the Sunday following, and in memorial gatherings of every sort. One heard the familiar strains of the tune from strong-lunged bands of itinerant musicians in city streets, the street children and their elders often gathering about the performers, and perhaps joining in the hymn. On the day of the burial at Canton, Thursday, September 19th, 1901, all traffic in the cities stopped, by previous arrangement, at half past three o'clock, and for five minutes there was silence. People in the trolley cars rose and those in the streets bared their heads and stood, often joining in singing the words of the hymn. In Union and Madison Squares, New York City, immense throngs had assembled, and after the period of silence, bands played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and then "Lead, Kindly Light," a favorite hymn of the dead President, during which every head in the throng remained uncovered. The whole occasion was remarkable as a demonstration of popular feeling in which reverence seemed to have a share. Has any other hymn ever received such popular recognition?

XII

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

NOTE.—Four verses of the original five; for the omitted verse see under "Some Points for Discussion." The text is taken from the second edition of Dr. Watts's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, London, 1709.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

While still a young man the Rev. Isaac Watts published in London, in 1707, a volume of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* It was intended to be used as a hymn book, but it was not a collection out of many authors, every hymn being composed by Watts himself.

In these days of hymn writing and hymn singing it is hard for us to feel how original and even daring his venture was. There had, of course, been writers of English hymns before Watts. But none of them had established a precedent or model to which he and others were expected to conform. He had to form his own ideal of what a hymn for congregational use should be. It was these hymns of Watts himself that were destined to become such a precedent to his successors; and that is what James Montgomery meant in calling him "the inventor of hymns in our language."

Watts had also to encounter an apparently impregnable prejudice in the churches against the use in praise of anything but metrical versions of the Psalms. This had been a matter of conscience ever since the Reformation, the idea being that the Psalms of the Bible were inspired by God to serve as the hymn book of His Church for all time, and that hymns were "merely human composures," unauthorized and unnecessary. Watts had ever the courage of his convictions, and he printed with his hymns an essay, not only denying that the Psalms were intended as the sole hymn book of the Christian Church, but arguing that it was the duty of the Church to make new hymns that should express Christian faith in the same degree that the Psalms had expressed Jewish faith.

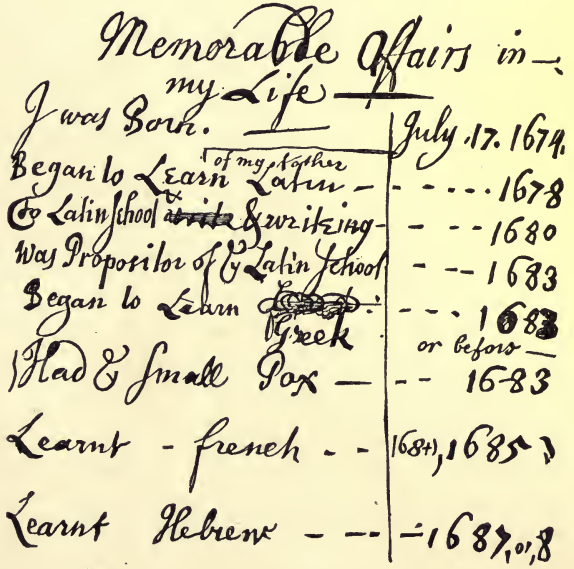
Partly by his audacity, partly by the excellence of his hymns, partly also on account of people's weariness with the old Psalm versions, Watts won the day. In dissenting churches his hymns were put into use immediately. Their influence spread so widely and grew so great that in the end it completely overcame the prejudice against hymns of "human composure," not only in dissenting churches but in the Church of England and the Church of Scotland. In America this prejudice against hymns was especially strong, but here, too, after much controversy, the influence of Watts prevailed. His *Hymns*, together with his later *Imitations of The Psalms*, became the familiar and loved hymn book of both the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, excluding all besides for a considerable period. That the hymns of this innovator should thus become a badge and symbol of orthodoxy and conservatism in the churches that once disputed his way is an illustration of personal influence not easy to parallel.

The first edition of Watts's *Hymns* has become a very rare book, only two or three copies being known to exist. One of these sold in London in December, 1901, for one hundred and forty pounds. This first edition contained in all two hundred and ten hymns, arranged in three books, together with several doxologies. In the third book, containing hymns to be used in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" appeared as number seven. Within two years Watts wrote one hundred and forty-four more, and added them in the second edition of 1709; at the same time making many alterations in the text of those printed at the earlier date.

Of the two hundred and ten hymns included in the first edition it is probable that the larger number were written by Watts during the years 1695 and 1696, both of which he spent at his father's house in preparation for his entrance into the ministry. There is in existence a letter from his brother Enoch, dated as early as March, 1700, urging the speedy publication of the hymns for use in public worship. One of Dr. Watts's earlier biographers gives the following account of their origin: "Mr. John Morgan, a minister of very respectable character now living at Romsey, Hants, has sent me the following information: 'The occasion of the Doctor's hymns was this, as I had the account from his worthy fellow-laborer and colleague, the Rev. Mr. Price, in whose family I dwelt above fifty years ago. The hymns which were sung at the Dissenting meeting at Southampton were so little to the gust of Mr. Watts that he could not forbear complaining of them to his father. The father bid him try what he could do to mend the matter. He did, and had such success in his first essay that a second hymn was earnestly desired of him, and then a third, and fourth, etc., till in process of time there was such a number of them as to make up a volume.'" This may be accepted as the traditional account of the origin of the hymns, and doubtless may be trusted so far at least as to show that they grew out of Watts's early dissatisfaction with the material available for congregational praise, and his determination to provide better material.

The hymn we are now studying can hardly be said to have a special history as apart from the others in Watts's epoch-making book. But there are several things that single out this hymn from among the rest. One is its

extraordinary excellence. It is not only the best of all Watts's hymns, but it is placed by common consent among the greatest hymns in the language. Another is the wideness of its use. The greater part of Watts's


Memorable Affairs in my Life

I was Born.	July 17. 1674.
Began to Learn of my Father Latin	- - - - 1678
& Latin School & writing	- - - 1680
Was Proposition of Latin School	- - - 1683
Began to Learn Greek	- - - 1683 or before
Had ye Small Pox	- - 1683
Learnt - french - -	1684, 1685
Learnt Hebrew - - -	1687, 8

AUTOGRAPH MEMORANDA

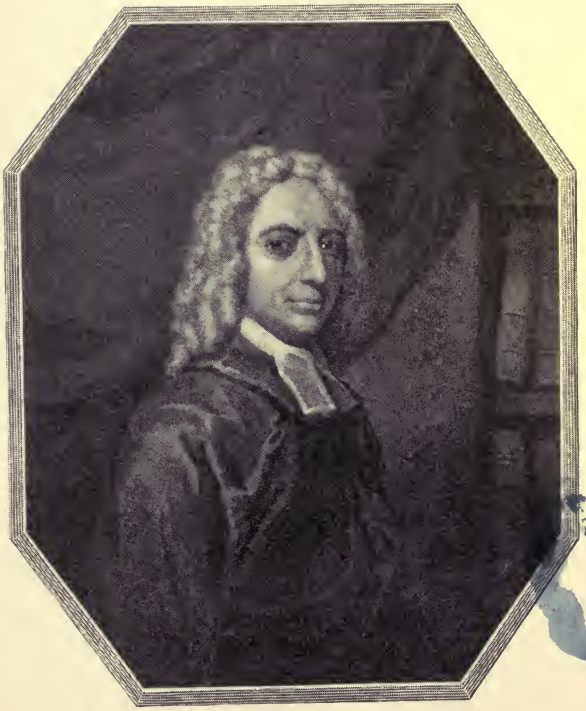
hymns are left behind; this is sung in every branch of the English-speaking Church. Judged by the number of hymnals containing it, only one hymn is used more widely—Toplady's "Rock of Ages." Its greatest glory, however, is the part it has had in the experience of

Christians. Only God can know how many living eyes it has inspired with the ideal of the cross of renunciation, how many dying eyes it has comforted with the vision of the cross of hope.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Isaac Watts was born July 17th, 1674, at the English town of Southampton, where his father was deacon of a Congregational church. It was at a time when the laws against nonconformity to the state religion were still enforced with bitterness, and he was often carried in his mother's arms to the town jail, where she visited his father, imprisoned for conscience' sake. The accounts of Watts's childhood tell of a pale, undersized child, asking those about him to "buy a book" before he could pronounce the words plainly, beginning Latin at four, and writing poetry at seven. Perhaps there is an element of exaggeration in such stories. The portraits of Dr. Watts in his ponderous eighteenth century wig make it hard enough to think of him as ever young, and these accounts do not much encourage one in that attempt.

After his school days at Southampton, a few friends, impressed by his diligence and abilities, offered to send him to one of the universities. But the universities were not open to dissenters, and among these the young scholar had determined to abide. He entered the academy of the Rev. Thomas Rowe at Stoke Newington, and in 1693 was admitted to the church of which Mr. Rowe was pastor. At twenty he had completed the ordinary course of study, and had returned to his father's house, spending two years there in study and spiritual preparation for the ministry. Afterward he lived for



Isaac Watts.

several years with Sir John Hartopp as the tutor of his son, carrying forward his own studies at the same time.

On his twenty-fourth birthday Watts preached his first sermon. He became the assistant, and in 1702 was ordained the successor, of Dr. Isaac Chauncy, pastor of the Independent Church meeting in Mark Lane, London. Already, as Dr. Chauncy's assistant, he had been laid aside for several months by sickness, and soon after his ordination he was seized with a dangerous illness which left him so weak as to require an assistant of his own. From 1712 to 1716 he was again laid aside by a fever and its consequences, from which he never fully recovered. Happily he had the gift of making people love him. His church was always patient and sympathetic, and in his weakness and loneliness he was invited to the palatial home of Sir Thomas Abney, Theobalds, not far from London. Expecting to stay a week, he remained in the family for the rest of his life, thirty-six years, a loved and honored guest. Here he continued his care of his church, preaching when able and engaging in literary work. Lady Abney watched over him with unremitting care, shielding him, so far as she could, from anxiety and troubles, until he died, after a long illness, November 25th, 1748.

"Few men," said the great Dr. Johnson, "have left behind such purity of character or such monuments of laborious piety." His published works cover many departments—geography, astronomy, philosophy, theology, practical religion, and poetry. In all of these departments he was accomplished and useful. But his own estimate, that in completing his *Psalms and Hymns* he had produced his greatest work for the use of the

Church, is undoubtedly true. Providence had a special mission for him in that department, and through it his name and influence must always endure.

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) Our hymns have never had a critic so severe as the late Matthew Arnold. But on the last day of his life he attended the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, of which Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) is pastor. The hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," was sung. Coming down, afterward, from his bedroom in his brother-in-law's house to luncheon, Mr. Arnold was heard softly repeating to himself the opening lines. At luncheon he spoke of it as the greatest hymn in the language. Afterward he went out, and in ten minutes was dead. Does not such an incident (attested by Dr. Watson) show the importance of literary merit in hymns? It recalls the appeal of John Wesley for hymns "such as would sooner provoke a critic to turn Christian, than a Christian to turn critic."

(2) This hymn bore the title: *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.* Can you give the verse from St. Paul on which it is based?

(3) In the original hymn there was a fourth verse, reading as follows:—

> "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."

This verse was omitted from *The Hymnal*, and for that omission its editor was criticised. Is it better to

omit or retain the verse, and why? In his second edition Dr. Watts printed this verse within brackets, signifying that it might "be left out in singing without disturbing the sense." That fact does not, however, settle the question. The frequent omission of this verse by editors is explained by Canon Twells, in a sermon upon the hymn, in this way: "The rather awkward use of the word 'globe' for 'world,' to meet the exigencies of rhyme, has, I suppose, vetoed this verse." Are there better reasons?

(4) Dr. Watts very carefully revised the text of his hymns for the second edition. In this hymn the only change was in the second line, which originally read:—

"Where the young Prince of Glory dy'd."

Was there sufficent reason for this change?

XIII

O STILL IN ACCENTS SWEET AND STRONG

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 O still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

NOTE.—The text is taken from *Hymns of the Spirit*, which Mr. Longfellow compiled, in conjunction with his friend, the Rev. Samuel Johnson.

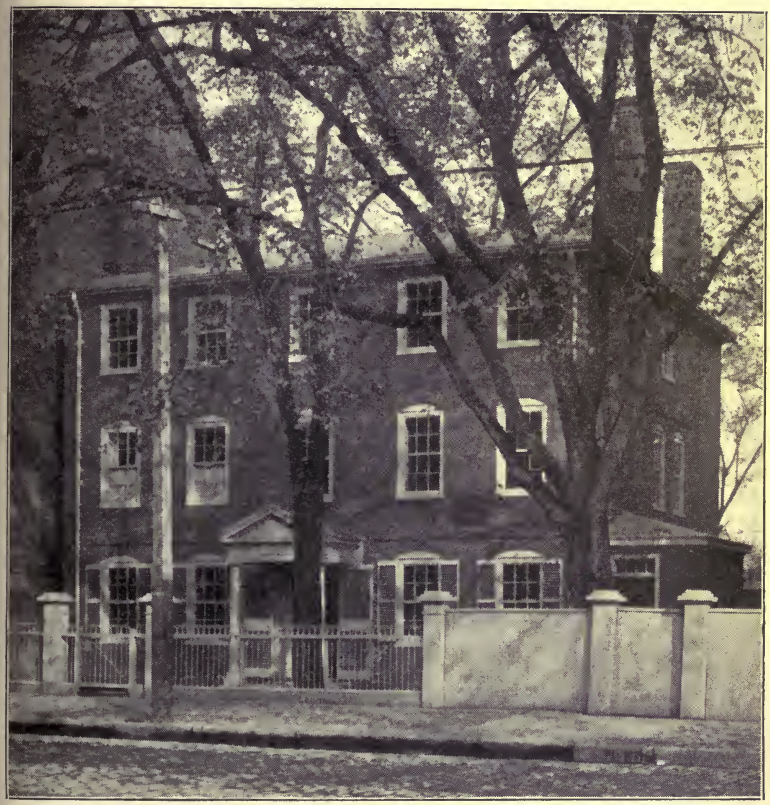
THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

In all the editions of the poetical works of Henry W. Longfellow there is found among the earlier poems one entitled "Hymn for my Brother's Ordination." It is this brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, who is the author of the hymn now to be studied.

The Longfellow family lived in Portland, Maine. The father was a greatly respected lawyer there, and surrounded his family with comfort and refinement. The square brick house in which they lived, and in which Samuel, the younger of the brothers, was born June 18th, 1819, is still standing, though now in the business quarter of the town.

Just as the older brother gravitated naturally toward a literary life, so the younger brother gravitated toward the ministry. From Harvard, where he was a classmate and close friend of Edward Everett Hale, he was graduated in 1839; and, after a few years spent in teaching and study, entered the divinity school of that university, being graduated in 1846. It was while a student there that he and another friend, Samuel Johnson, undertook to compile a new hymn book for Unitarian churches—a somewhat audacious venture for two theological students. The book appeared in 1846, under the name of *The Book of Hymns;* though Theodore Parker, who was one of the first to use it in his services, was wont to call it "The Book of Sams."

The book was very remarkable for literary merit. It broke away from the old tradition of dull and heavy hymns, and brought before the churches many that were fresh and beautiful. Among these were "Lead, Kindly



THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND

"Light," which the editors had found in a newspaper, and many of the hymns of Mr. Whittier and of other American writers. The book had a great influence far beyond the bounds of those who shared the peculiar religious beliefs of its young editors.

Mr. Longfellow was ordained as a Unitarian minister in 1848, and became pastor at Fall River, Massachusetts, and afterward at Brooklyn. After a long interval Mr. Longfellow in 1878 began his last pastorate at the Unitarian Church of Germantown, a Philadelphia suburb. The whole period of his settled pastoral life was less than fifteen years. Together with a lack of physical robustness, there was a craving for the quiet life and a shrinking from formality and routine. Resigning his charge in 1882, he took up his residence in the famous "Craigie House" in Cambridge that had been the home of his brother, the poet; giving up his closing years to writing that brother's biography. Mr. Longfellow died October 3rd, 1892, and was buried from the old home at Portland.

No brothers were ever more devoted than these. But at the same time there are disadvantages in being the younger brother of a famous poet; and while Samuel Longfellow had the poetic temperament, and was not lacking in the poetic gift, and was a prominent man in Unitarian circles, it has happened nevertheless that the light of his fame has burned, and always must burn, with a paler flame, because nature set it alongside of the far brighter blaze of his brother's renown. To most readers Samuel Longfellow is known simply as the poet's brother and biographer. Yet he was in all respects a man worth knowing for his own sake: "full of enthusiasm of the quiet, deep, interior kind; worshipful, devout, reverent; a deep believer in the human heart, in its affections; having a perfect trust in the majesty of conscience, a supreme trust in God and in the laws of the world; a man thoroughly well informed, used to the best people, used to the best books and the best music, with the soul

"of a poet in him and the heart of a saint; a man of a deeply, earnestly consecrated will; simple as a little child; perpetually singing little ditties as he went about in the world, humming his little heart-songs as he went

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

about in the street, wherever you met him." "A very perfit gentil knight" was the old phrase applied to him by Colonel Higginson.

And yet this sympathetic pastor, this sunny-hearted gentleman, all the motives of whose life were high and spiritual, who lived and did his work within a perpetual atmosphere of calm and sweet serenity, came gradually to assume an attitude toward Christianity that only the

gentleness of his heart and his pervading charity saved from being obstructive. Mr. Longfellow's religious inheritance was that of the temper and beliefs of the older Unitarianism, and with this point of view the hymn book of his seminary days corresponds. His point of view appears in his choice of hymns, which freely recognize the supernatural character of Christ. It appears in the very grouping of the hymns under such main heads as "Jesus Christ," "Communion Hymns," "Christianity and the Christian Life." How far that point of view was left behind as Mr. Longfellow's life advanced is revealed nowhere more plainly than in a second hymn book compiled in the early sixties by the same two life-long friends, and published at Boston in 1864 as *Hymns of the Spirit.* From this later book all hymns "which attributed a peculiar quality and special authority to Christianity, and recognized a supernatural element in the personality of Jesus," were excluded. Even the hymn, "Christ to the Young Man Said," composed for his ordination by his famous brother was omitted because "he would not by that one name disturb the simplicity of his faith in the one Source of the soul's higher life." The Communion Hymns were left out, as the rite itself had disappeared from Mr. Longfellow's ministry. "Christianity" appears only as the heading of a group of seventeen hymns out of a total of seven hundred and seventeen. The viewpoint of the book was that which its editor had declared his own to be—that of universal religion of which Christianity was only an illustration, of theism as distinguished from Christianity.

If we are to take Mr. Longfellow at his word, and regard him as a theist rather than a Christian, there

remains at least the satisfaction of recognizing the striking moral coincidences between his conception of universal religion and our own of Christianity. There remains the greater satisfaction of finding in his character and ways so many illustrations of what Christianity has done for life. But among those who care for Mr. Longfellow's hymns there will be very many who prefer to think of this free spirit as poet rather than as theologian. For the latter office he was indeed hardly qualified either by his mental bent or his habits of study. His was a mind of the sentimental cast, which sincerely loved truth and sought to find it, but in reality rejoiced more in a sense of unfettered freedom in the search itself than in any logical coherence of the beliefs that rewarded the search.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

Mr. Longfellow wrote many hymns, most of which were included in *Hymns of the Spirit.* This hymn, beautiful and heartfelt as it is, has no striking features in its history. There is no account of its origin anywhere printed, and those who have written of it have simply said that it was composed for *Hymns of the Spirit* in 1864. The present writer, however, has in his possession an autograph letter of Mr. Longfellow's in which he states that "the hymn was originally written to be sung by a class graduating from the divinity school at Cambridge." He does not say in what year, and most probably did not remember, since his niece, who published a volume of his hymns after his death, was not able to give the date of this one.

The hymn is becoming very popular in this country; abroad it is less used than Mr. Longfellow's beautiful

evening hymn, "Again, as Evening's Shadow Falls," and his "Holy Spirit, Truth Divine" (*The Hymnal*, Nos. 22, 279). It takes a great many years for a hymn to get into general use throughout all English-speaking countries, and very few hymns attain such an honor. Whether this or any of Mr. Longfellow's hymns shall gain such a distinction can hardly be foretold.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) There is still some difference of opinion in regard to the propriety of the use by Orthodox churches of hymns by those writers of "liberal" or "radical" opinions whom we generally group together under the term "Unitarian." The following opinions are set down here, not for the purpose of settling that question, but rather as laying the ground for the discussion of it.

When one comes to think about it, there is nothing singular in the fact that a Unitarian should write hymns that prove acceptable to Christians who have no share whatever in the beliefs peculiar to Unitarianism. As a matter of fact, it is not the purpose of every hymn to glorify the nature of our Lord as divine. Some hymns, for example, celebrate God's fatherhood or providence, some the work of the Spirit in our hearts, some are of heaven, some of the moral life, and some of missions. On these and other subjects there is very much ground held in common by all people of reverent mind and religious faith. There are, no doubt, hymns written by Dr. Holmes, Mr. Longfellow, and other "liberals," which contain their peculiar personal beliefs, some that even sound a note of protest against other peoples' beliefs; and those are passed by, as a matter of course,

Behold the fields are white"

—

O still in accents sweet & strong
Sounds forth the ancient word—
"More reapers for the white harvest fields
More laborers for the Lord."

We hear the call, in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work
Go forth beneath His sky.

Where prophets' word, & martyrs' blood
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, in their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown

Saml Longfellow

by churches which profess the Orthodox faith. But the fact of their writing such sectarian hymns does not spoil the quality of such of their hymns as are not sectarian, but are simply religious. Is it not properly a matter of rejoicing that there are so many hymns that religious people of all shades of belief can agree to love and to sing?

(2) It has been said before now that the best hymns are those which use most freely the thoughts and even the language of the Bible. If that is true, the hymn of Mr. Longfellow would not need to be excluded from the best hymns, for it is Scriptural to a somewhat unusual degree. From what passages in the gospel are the thoughts and some of the phrases of this hymn taken?

XIV

JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY

The Text of the Hymn

1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once, upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

[A composite hymn]

NOTE.—The text is that printed in connection with early nineteenth century issues of Tate and Brady's *Psalms*, except that some (possibly all) of these issues read "hath" instead of "have" in the second line of the third verse; treating "pains" as a singular—a usage not without precedents.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

There are a few familiar hymns which can best be described as gradual growths rather than as the creations of an author's mind. Some lines or verses have served for the nucleus of a hymn; these have been reshaped and added to time and again by the hands of successive editors, and in that way the hymn has attained the form we know. Poetry of a high order could not be made by such a process; but of these composite hymns the few that survive are such, to say the least of them, as have proved both serviceable and attractive. One of the best of them is our Easter hymn, apart from which the services of that day would hardly seem complete. And the history of its making is not without an interest of its own.

For the earliest form of the hymn we must go back to the fourteenth century. There is now in Munich a manuscript of that date containing an Easter carol in Latin, which reads as follows:—

"Surrexit Christus hodie
humano pro solamine. allel.

Mortem qui passus corpore
miserrimo pro homine. all.

Mulieres ad tumulum
dona ferunt aromatum. all.

Album videntes angelum
annunciantem gaudium: all.

Discipulis hoc dicite,
quod surrexit rex gloriæ. all.

Paschali pleno gaudio
benedicamus domino. all."

Other manuscripts of the same hymn exist, having additional verses. But we are specially concerned only with the first and second couplets, which are in all the manuscripts. For these two couplets proved to be the nucleus round which our hymn was to grow.

The first stage in the growth of the hymn is the turning of that Latin carol into English, four centuries later. The illustration here given is the facsimile of one page from a book printed in London, 1708, by J. Walsh. It had this title:—

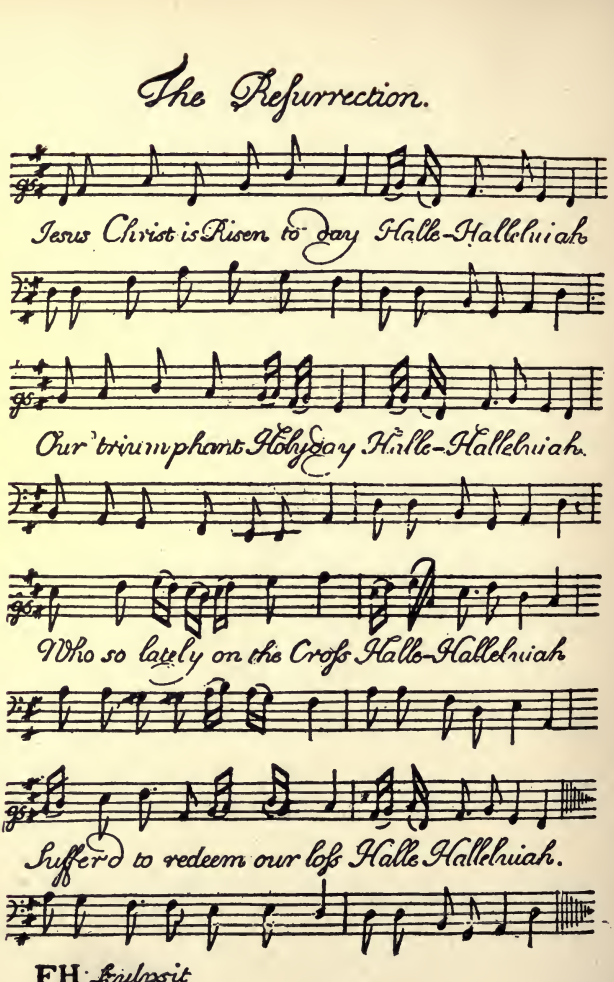
"Lyra Davidica, or a Collection of Divine Songs and Hymns, partly New Composed, partly Translated from the High German and Latin Hymns; and set to easy and pleasant Tunes."

Comparing the words in the facsimile with the first and second couplets of the Latin, it is readily seen that they are a translation of them, and not very different from the first verse of our present hymn. The remainder of the carol follows on the next page of the book, the whole reading as follows:—

"Jesus Christ is Risen to day Halle-Halleluiah
Our triumphant Holyday
Who so lately on the Cross
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

"Hast ye females from your fright
Take to Galilee your flight
To his sad disciples say
Jesus Christ is risen to day.

"In our Paschal joy and feast
Let the Lord of life be blest
Let the Holy Trine be prais'd
And thankful hearts to heaven be rais'd."



A PAGE FROM "LYRA DAVIDICA

We recognize also the "easy and pleasant tune," to which we still sing our Easter hymn, harmonized in two parts, the air and bass. The tune seems to make its first appearance in this book. Most likely it was composed for these words, but nobody knows. In many hymnals the statement still continues to be made that Dr. Worgan composed the tune, the fact that he was not yet born not seeming to make any difference. Nothing more is known of the translation than of the tune. Who wrote the English words, who edited the book, for whose use the book was intended—on none of these interesting questions is there any light whatever. But the fact remains that in 1708 we got a first verse and also a tune for our Easter hymn, though not as yet in just the form we know.

In 1749 or early in 1750 John Arnold, a musician living at Great Warley, in Essex, published the second edition of a collection of tunes called *The Compleat Psalmodist.* In this book the same tune appears again, but the hymn has been made over. Only the four lines of the translated carol from *Lyra Davidica* remain. These are altered, and there are now added two verses entirely new. The hymn in the earliest edition of this book seen by the present writer reads as follows:—

"Jesus Christ is ris'n to-Day. Hallelujah.
Our triumphant Holiday
Who did once upon the Cross
Suffer to redeem our Loss.

"Hymns of praises let us sing
Unto Christ our heav'nly King
Who endur'd the Cross and Grave
Sinners to redeem and save.

"But the pain that he endur'd
Our Salvation has procur'd
Now above the Sky he's King
Where the Angels ever sing."

This is substantially the modern form of the hymn. And here again there is no clue as to the authorship of the new verses.

Not much now remained to be done to the hymn. It needed a little polishing, and it needed to have a place made for it among the hymns sung in church. For these it waited until the beginning of the nineteenth century. At that time the Church of England was singing metrical versions of the Psalms. Tate and Brady's version was commonly bound in with the Prayer Books. Toward the close of the eighteenth century a few hymns had appeared at the end of the Psalms. How they got there is not known. It is thought likely that some printer, with the free ways of a dissenter, saw fit to fill up a few blank leaves left over at the end of a Prayer Book with hymns, and that he made his own selection. Certain it is that the hymns appeared there and that they appeared without authority. It is equally certain that they kept their place in later editions of the Prayer Book and were sung in the services. They not only stayed, but increased in number. Some time early in the nineteenth century, at a date not yet fixed, our Easter hymn was added to the little group. The changes in the text were not many, and each change was for the better. This final form of the hymn corresponds to the first three verses as printed at the head of this Study.

In later years some editor, thinking that the hymn needed a conclusion, added a doxology by the Rev.

Charles Wesley, originally printed in 1740. The doxology (the fourth verse) suits the hymn and may now be looked upon as part of it. And the story of the making of the hymn, like the hymn itself, ends with this doxology. It was a long evolution, a somewhat curious history. Perhaps its most curious feature, amounting to something almost like an air of mystery, is the veil of anonymity that is not once lifted through all the five hundred years. Many hands have wrought to bring the materials into shape, and of all these hands not one can be associated with a human name or presence.

The popularity of the hymn is readily explained. It appeared at a time when suitable Easter hymns were sadly lacking, already provided with a stirring melody. And both hymn and tune have kept their place because they express, somewhat quaintly but none the less fitly, the gratitude and gladness of the Christian heart in view of Christ's resurrection.

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) Are the Easter hymns as a class equal in merit and attractiveness to the Christmas hymns as a class?

(2) In the act of singing this hymn the correct rendering of the tune makes such demands upon one's attention that the words deserve a quiet study apart. Does any hymn set forth more appealingly the mingled triumph and pathos of the resurrection? Notice the alleluias which interrupt the very recital of Christ's pains.

(3) Much has been said in favor of keeping up the association of a particular hymn with "the tune to which it has always been sung." As a matter of fact, the number of standard hymns that have always or even generally

been sung to special tunes of their own is quite small. In this matter we are likely to think that the association familiar to ourselves has been a more general usage than on inquiry proves to be the case. And even though a hymn has generally been sung to a particular tune, it may happen that the tune has been outgrown and the hymn thereby fallen into unfortunate neglect; or that the hymn has outlived its usefulness while its tune is worthy of longer use if set to better words. In such a case a change of the association would seem desirable. But in a case such as this, where tune and words are both worthy, have come into the world together, and have been sung together very generally and with great satisfaction, is there not a certain profit as well as propriety in keeping that association undisturbed?

There is indeed need of a certain watchfulness on our part to make sure that we do not lose the words of this hymn altogether out of our hymn books. The tune goes very well to Wesley's Easter hymn in the same metre. And some recent compilers, pressed as they are for space, and conscious of a general desire that the number of hymns be reduced, have sought to relieve the situation by setting this tune to Wesley's words. Perhaps they thought we would not notice. But they do us an injustice. No other words have just the Easter flavor of these.

(4) The facts set forth in this Study are put in condensed form into the note underneath the hymn in *The Hymnal* (No. 244). If any one would take the trouble to work out the note in the light of the Study he would be in the way of understanding those *Hymnal* notes on the history and text of the hymns. Many people find difficulty in following such condensed statements.

XV

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 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.

2 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 His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 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.

4 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 for ever.

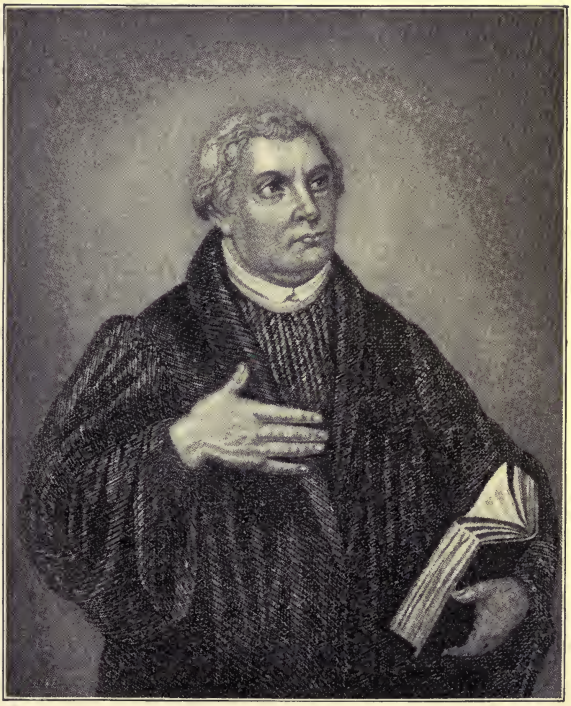
Rev. Martin Luther, (about) 1528
Translated by Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, 1852

NOTE.—The text is taken from Hedge and Huntington's *Hymns for the Church of Christ.*

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

The greatest scene of Luther's career was his brave stand before the Diet of Worms, on the 17th of April, 1521. It was on the way thither, when warned by Spalatin against entering the city, that Luther wrote back: "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, I would go in." Perhaps the occurrence of this same sentiment in the third verse of Luther's hymn, "Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," is what has led so many writers to say that the hymn also was written on that journey to Worms. Picturesque as it may be thus to connect the great hymn with the great event, the claim is not supported by any actual evidence. Three years afterward, in 1524, Luther printed his earlier hymns, but this is not among them. One naturally concludes that it had not been written.

Six other dates and occasions for the origin of the hymn have been fixed upon, each of them with considerable confidence. No one could seem more sure of



Dein Lutherus
Martinus Lutherus

anything than is Merle d'Aubigné, the brilliant historian of the Reformation, that Luther wrote the hymn while with the Elector John of Saxony, who was on his way to the Diet of Augsburg in 1530. That writer pictures the very scene. "John," he says, "began his journey on the 3rd April, with one hundred and sixty horsemen, clad in rich scarlet cloaks, embroidered with gold. Every man was aware of the dangers that threatened the Elector, and hence many in his escort marched with downcast eyes and sinking hearts. But Luther, full of faith, revived the courage of his friends by composing, and singing with his fine voice that beautiful hymn, since become so famous: *Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott.*" Here again is a picturesque origin found for the hymn, but one improbable on its face, and contradicted by the fact that at the time referred to Luther's hymn had already appeared in print. Various monographs have been published advocating other dates and occasions. Undeterred by these, Scherer, the recent historian of German Literature, states with entire confidence that the hymn was written in October, 1527, at the approach of the plague. Luther's biographer, Julius Köstlin, in the later editions of the *Life*, accepts that date as probably correct. And with that probability we must rest. The actual evidence in the matter is the appearance of the hymn in print. Some years ago it was found in a mutilated copy of a Wittenberg hymn book of 1529; and more lately report was made of its discovery in an earlier issue, dating apparently from February, 1528. It was already set to the glorious tune, believed by many to be composed by Luther himself, to which it has been sung ever since. The best opinion of the present time

is that not any of the tunes furnished by Luther were original compositions, but were rather drawn from sacred or popular sources. That of "Ein' Feste Burg," it is claimed, was developed from an old Gregorian melody.

Such a hymn, with such a tune, spread quickly, as may well be believed; "quickly, as if the angels had been the carriers," one enthusiastic writer has said. But they were men and not angels who spread Luther's hymn of faith and courage from heart to heart and from lip to lip. It thrilled them like a trumpet blast, encouraging the faint-hearted and nerving the brave to fight the battle of the Lord. It was, as Heine said, the Marseillaise of the Reformation. It was sung at Augsburg during the Diet, and in all the churches of Saxony, often against the protest of the priest. It was sung in the streets; and, so heard, comforted the hearts of Melanchthon, Jonas, and Cruciger, as they entered Weimar, when banished from Wittenberg in 1547. It was sung by poor Protestant emigrants on their way into exile, and by martyrs at their death. It is woven into the web of the history of Reformation times, and it became the true national hymn of Protestant Germany. Gustavus Adolphus ordered it sung by his army before the battle of Leipzig, in 1631, and on the field of that battle it was repeated, more than two centuries afterward, by the throng assembled at the jubilee of the Gustavus Adolphus Association. Again, it was the battle hymn of his army at Lützen, in 1632, in which the King was slain, but his army won the victory. It has had a part in countless celebrations commemorating the men and events of the Reformation; and its first line is engraved on the base of Luther's monument at Witten-

berg. And it is dear still to the German people; one of the hymns lodged in their memories and hearts, ready for the occasion. An imperishable hymn! not polished and artistically wrought, but rugged and strong like Luther himself, whose very words seem like deeds.

Among Luther's hymns (some thirty-six in all) this occupies the supreme place, because it is the fullest expression of what he was as a man and as a reformer. "It is a true picture of his simple faith in Christ, and of his immovable trust in God, his forgetfulness of self and entire consecration of his life and all that he held dear to that Saviour who, he doubted not, would speedily, gloriously, and for ever, triumph over Satan and all his hosts, by that word which he was the honored instrument once more to proclaim to the world."

THE TRANSLATOR OF THE HYMN

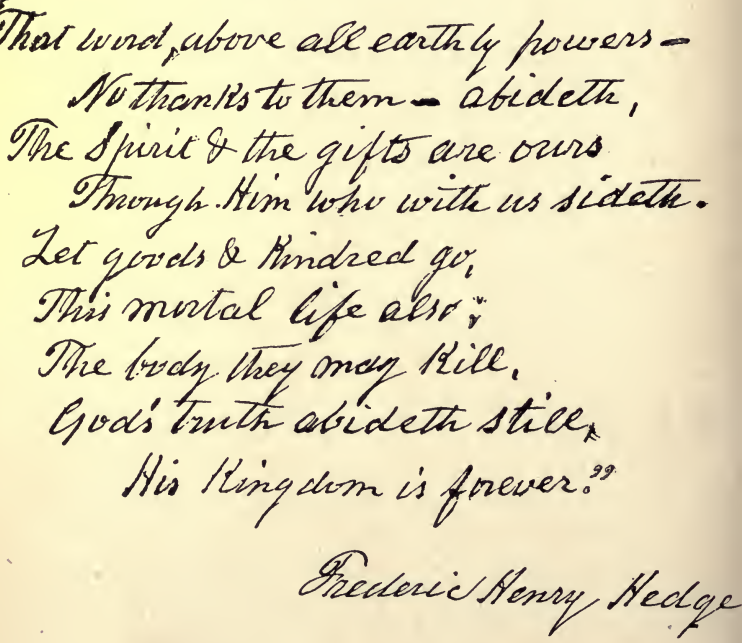
The translating of Luther's hymn began very early. His hymns seemed to the early Protestants like a part of their confession of the new faith; and as Lutheran ideas spread into other countries, the hymns were translated, and sung by the people in their own tongues. In the English Reformation, however, they had no part. While an exile in Germany, toward the middle of the sixteenth century, Myles Coverdale came into contact with them, and made versions of a number, which he printed in his *Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes.* He seems to have been more interested in Luther's tunes than in the words. The forty-sixth Psalm in his book is in the metre of "Ein' Feste Burg," but only the first four lines follow Luther's hymn. The first real translation into English is probably that contained in *Lyra Davidica,*

published in London in 1708, and, like the book itself, anonymous.

The next version appeared in *Psalmodia Germanica*, a book of translations of German hymns published at London in 1722, by John Christian Jacobi, who had charge of the Royal German Chapel at St. James's Palace. This interests us more, because a reprint of the book came from the press of Hugh Gaine in New York in 1756. It was the first hymnal used in Lutheran services in English in this country, and introduced "Ein' Feste Burg" here as an English hymn. This version was reprinted by Dr. Kunze, of New York, in his Lutheran hymn book of 1795. But in after years, both in England and this country, knowledge of the hymn was mostly confined to Germans until Carlyle called attention to it in his now famous essay, "Luther's Psalm," printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1831. Since that date very many writers, both English and American, have attempted versions of the hymn; how many, it would be hard to say. The Rev. Dr. Bernhard Pick has collected eighty different translations in a little book, but there are many more. Of these versions, some are poor enough; and of them all, only two have proved widely successful.

To translate a hymn into another language, and yet to preserve the spirit and the form of the original, is always a difficult task. But to do it in such a way that a foreign people shall love to *sing* the hymn in their own tongue is a feat of which any one may be proud. One of the two successful versions is the translation made by Thomas Carlyle, and printed in his "Luther's Psalm" in 1831. Carlyle's understanding of Luther, and his own gift of

downright speech, well fitted him for his undertaking. In many respects his is the best version of the hymn in English; and in Great Britain it is the one most generally sung, although some changes are made in it, in most cases, to fit it for such a use. The other successful translation is American. It was made by a Unitarian clergy-


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

Frederic Henry Hedge

A VERSE IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF THE TRANSLATOR

man, the Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, and first appeared in 1852, in the second edition of Dr. Furness's *Gems of*

German Verse. A year later Dr. Hedge included it (just as it stands in *The Hymnal* and here) in *Hymns for the Church of Christ.*

The translator did his work well. His version is worthy to stand beside Carlyle's, and for church use as a hymn is probably the better of the two. It has become the accepted version of Luther's hymn in this country, and now finds a place in the great majority of recent American hymnals of the better kind. Perhaps we hardly realize that Luther's hymn is gradually becoming one of the standard hymns of the American Church. More than once in late years it has happened that classes in our colleges have adopted it by vote as their class hymn. To this growing appreciation of the hymn several things contribute. One is the growth of historical feeling, making more of historical associations. Another is the clear ring of faith in the hymn itself, never more appealing than now. Still another is the quality of the old chorale to which the words are set. But Dr. Hedge's great success in producing such a version as makes us feel that we are singing Luther's hymn itself, must also be placed high among the causes which are acclimating the old German hymn.

Dr. Hedge was decidedly a man of mark in New England; a thinker and scholar of influence. His life is linked with Harvard University by close ties. His mother was the granddaughter of one of its presidents, and his father a professor there for over thirty years. He himself was born at Cambridge, December 12th, 1805, was graduated in arts by Harvard in 1825, and in divinity three years later. While still pastor of a church at Brookline, in 1857, he became Professor of Church

History, and in 1872 Professor of German, in the university. This latter chair he held until 1881, and lived until August 21st, 1890.

Dr. Hedge reached manhood at a time when there was great intellectual unrest in New England, and much excitement on moral and religious questions. It culminated in what is generally called the Transcendental Movement for a more spiritual philosophy. Dr. Channing was probably the leader of this movement, but Dr. Hedge took a most active part in it. He was one of the founders of the Transcendental Club of Boston, and of its eccentric organ, *The Dial.* Dr. Hedge's particular share in this movement seems to have been to make known and expound the literature, and especially the philosophy, of Germany. Before going to Harvard he had spent several years as a student in Germany. These made him so familiar with the language that it became to him practically a second mother-tongue, and gave him a sympathy with German thought, of which he remained a student all his life. He published, in 1848, a large volume of *The Prose Writers of Germany*, which became a standard work; and by lectures, review articles, and books, did much to make the philosophers of Germany more welcome than they had been in New England.

This translation of Luther's hymn, therefore, was quite in line with Dr. Hedge's special work. For keeping his memory green in the world it is, no doubt, the most effective piece of work he ever did. It was a little piece of work. And yet nothing less than his own religious nature and strong religious feeling, his poetic temperament and gift for making verse, his familiarity with German and practiced skill in translating it—nothing less

REV. FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE

than all these things, combined in the one man, made success in that little piece of work possible.

Dr. Hedge's connection with the hymnody of the Church at large does not extend much beyond this contribution of his translation of the great Reformer's hymn. He holds an honorable place in the succession of American editors. In coöperation with the Rev. Frederick D. Huntington (then a Unitarian, afterward Bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church) he prepared, and published in 1853 for use in Unitarian churches, the *Hymns for the Church of Christ* already referred to. It had, and deserved, much success, being of a high order both poetically and spiritually. The book was worth while, if only because it introduced to the churches that fine morning hymn, "Now, when the Dusky Shades of Night, Retreating" (*The Hymnal*, No. 8). If, indeed, the editors had been careful to make a note of the authorship or source of that hymn (now apparently irrevocably lost) their service would be still more appreciated by the curious. Dr. Hedge contributed a number of original hymns to the book. One of the best is that beginning, "Beneath Thine hammer, Lord, I lie." Another, which sets forth the cross as the sign of Christ's leadership, beginning, "'Twas the day when God's Anointed," has particular merit, judged from its own point of view. But none of Dr. Hedge's original hymns has come into more than a limited use, even within strictly Unitarian circles. For that reason any inquiry into his theological position and views is less pertinent. It is just as well, since it would be difficult to classify him as connected with any special school of thought. He distrusted system and cared little for logical con-

sistency. His position was altogether independent and sometimes undefined. Certainly he hewed a path far beyond the conventions of Christian theology. What we have to be especially grateful for is the undisturbed reflection he gave forth of the spirit and words of Luther's hymn.

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) Luther seems to have been accustomed to refer to his hymn as the 46th Psalm. This is interesting as showing the source of Luther's inspiration; but can the hymn be said to be a version of that psalm?

(2) The following analysis of the hymn has been made: "In stanza i. we see our stronghold and its besiegers; in stanza ii. our weakness, our Saviour's power and might; in stanza iii. the vanity of the Prince of this World; in stanza iv. whatever earthly goods we lose we have our true treasure in heaven." Is the analysis satisfactory?

(3) It is interesting to compare Dr. Hedge's translation with such others as one has access to. Carlyle's, in his essay, "Luther's Psalm," is to be found in all editions of his works. A version by Longfellow can be found imbedded in his "Golden Legend." Many of the later versions have no individuality, but are merely the old materials worked over and slightly rearranged. A translation by Thomas I. Zimmerman, one of the publishers of the Reading *Daily Times and Dispatch*, and printed in that newspaper in 1888, is thought by some to be an exception. "Nothing is more curious," a writer in *The Athenæum* remarked in 1897, "than the way in which translators go on working in beaten paths." Certainly

the beaten paths offer least hope of pioneer work, but each fresh comer, finding no existing translation that seems perfectly satisfactory, doubtless hopes to straighten the path a little here and there. And the same qualities of an original that moved its first translator to try to express what he found there move others in the same way. It is interesting to note that even the Quaker heart of Whittier responded to the trumpet-blast of Luther's psalm. He entitled one of his poems in war time, "Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," writing it also in the metre of the original.

XVI

ABIDE WITH ME: FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 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.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 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.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1847

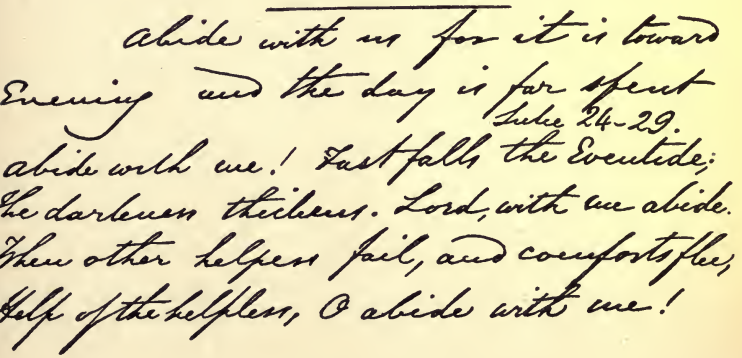
NOTE.—Five verses of the original eight (see under "Some Points for Discussion").

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

The darkness that deepens in the hymn is the shadow of death creeping over the poet himself, whose last song it was. The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, who was pastor as well as poet, had been for nearly twenty-five years in charge of the district church at Lower Brixham on the shores of Torbay, England. Originally a little fishing village, it had grown into a somewhat disorderly and immoral district, with a rough and uneducated population. It seems a strange post for a gentle poet, but Mr. Lyte exerted a great influence over the sailors and fishermen, for whom he wrote songs, as well as hymns for their children in his schools. Never robust, he became year by year less fit for the heavy duties of the post, until the time came when he broke down utterly, and could live only by spending the winters in the warmer climate of Southern Europe. He had come home to spend the summer of 1847 with his church, but had lain extremely ill. Sunday, the 4th of September, was the last day of his permitted stay in England, and he shocked his family by announcing his intention to preach once more to his own people. "His weakness, and the possible danger attending the effort, were urged to prevent it; but in vain. He felt sure he should be enabled to fulfil his wish, and feared not for the result." He did preach, and, although greatly exhausted, assisted at the celebration of the Holy Communion. In the evening of that same day he placed in the hands of a member of his family the manuscript of the hymn "Abide with Me," together with a tune he had composed for it. On the following day he started for the South, but did not live

to complete the journey. When within a few hours of Nice he was attacked by influenza, which soon developed alarming symptoms, and after some days of suffering he passed away.

It deepens the pathos of these circumstances to be told by Mr. Lyte's daughter (in her Memoir) that he was much distressed by difficulties which had arisen



AN AUTOGRAPH VERSE

among his people. A recent visitor to Lower Brixham records a local tradition that a defection of some of his church workers is referred to in the words of the first verse, "When other helpers fail."

But the story of the hymn has a brighter side. It is pleasant to think of it in connection with another poem he left behind him, called "Declining Days." In this the poet asks himself why he should sigh at the thought of approaching death. He is described by one who

loved him as a cheerful and unselfish invalid; but this touching poem shows, none the less, that he shared the regret common to invalids that his life had been frustrated by illness, and that he was only a burden to his friends. Death, he says, would seem even sweet could he think that in his narrow bed he should not be wholly mute or useless, but should help or heal some living heart by his verse:—

> "Some simple strain, some spirit-moving lay,
> Some sparklet of the Soul, that still might live
> When I was passed to clay!"

The poem closes with the prayer:—

> "O Thou! whose touch can lend
> Life to the dead, Thy quick'ning grace supply,
> And grant me, swanlike, my last breath to spend
> In song that may not die!"

Not often are the prayers and longings of a disappointed heart so literally fulfilled. It was given to the poet to sing that swan-song that should not die. The Rev. Dr. George D. Baker, of Philadelphia, has told the present writer of meeting a young man at a church door in Nice one Sunday morning. They could not get in and walked together to another church, and after service went to visit Lyte's grave in the English cemetery. While they stood beside the grave the young stranger became much affected as he told what the hymn had been to him. How far, indeed, is the author of such a hymn from being "mute or useless in his narrow bed"!

It would seem strange to us if "Abide with Me" were omitted from the hymn books. But its present position

was not attained immediately, either in England or in this country. In 1855 Mr. Beecher, in his *Plymouth Collection*, put three verses at the service of American Congregationalists. In 1861 Dr. Henry A. Boardman, of Philadelphia, in his *Selection*, introduced the entire hymn to Presbyterians, especially of his own congregation. But he preceded it by the notice: "[For reading only]." That notice reads curiously now. But he may have considered, as some still consider, the hymn too personal and intense for congregational use; or more likely, he knew of no tune that would carry the long lines. Indeed, the actual use of the hymn dates from the publication, that same year, of the now familiar tune in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. After one of the meetings of the committee which compiled that book it was suddenly remembered that there was no tune for Hymn 27, "Abide with Me"; whereupon Dr. Monk, the musical editor (so he told a friend), sat down and composed in ten minutes the tune that has carried Hymn 27 to the ends of the earth.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Mr. Lyte was born June 1st, 1793, near Kelso, Scotland, but was the son of a captain in the English army. Both parents died while he was a child, leaving him to struggle for a liberal education. Several prizes for poems gained at Trinity College, Dublin, were a welcome addition to his slender income, which he also supplemented by teaching; and he was graduated in 1814. He began the study of medicine, but in 1815 was ordained to the ministry in the Church of England.

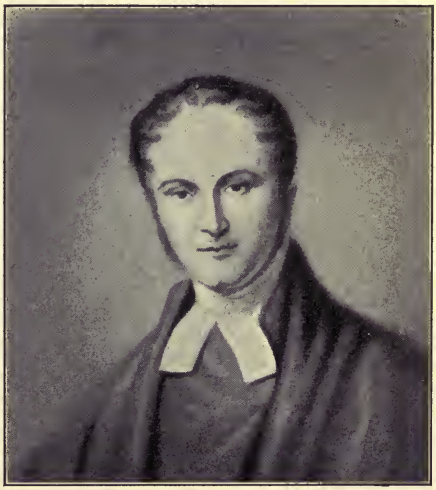
His first charge was "a dreary Irish curacy," within

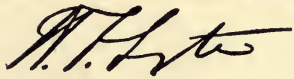
seven miles of the town of Wexford—"Remote from towns, in almost perfect seclusion, giving myself up to the duties of my situation, writing my sermons, visiting my sick, catechizing my children, without other companions than my flute, my pen, and my books."

While there he had a strange spiritual experience. He was called in during the last illness of a neighboring clergyman, whom he attended for some weeks. The clergyman, Mr. Lyte tells us, bore the highest character for benevolence, piety, and good sense. But his last days had brought distress and not peace, and he spent them in reviewing anxiously his own spiritual condition and grounds for hope. The sick man insisted upon going into an examination of the evidences for a future state, for the trustworthiness of the Scriptures as a revelation from God, and finally of the means by which a happy eternity was to be attained. "My blood almost curdled," Mr. Lyte writes, "to hear the dying man declare and prove, with irrefutable clearness, that both he and I had been utterly mistaken in the means we had adopted for ourselves, and recommended to others, if the explanatory epistles of St. Paul were to be taken in their plain and literal sense. You can hardly perhaps conceive the effect of all this, proceeding from such a man, in such a situation." The dying man found peace, and Mr. Lyte went forth a changed man, with a new spirit within him and a new message on his lips.

The strain of these weeks, with subsequent labors, proved too great for his strength. He became very ill, and was threatened with consumption—a shadow from which his after life was never to be free. He traveled on the continent, and on his return, "after being jostled

"from one curacy to another," he settled down to work in a Cornwall village. Here he married, and soon after moved into the quiet country near Lymington, where he wrote many of his poems, and the *Tales on the Lord's Prayer* which Christopher North liked so well. In 1823





Mr. Lyte took charge of the district church at Lower Brixham, where he was to do the great work of his ministry. This charge he retained until his death, which occurred near Nice, France, on November 20th, 1847.

"A simple marble cross in the English cemetery at Nice fitly marks the last resting-place of one whose highest honor and desire in active life had been to exalt

"the Cross; who meekly bore the Cross through years of suffering, and who, trusting in the merits of his Blessed Saviour's Cross and Passion alone, calmly resigned his mortal life, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious immortality." With such words Mrs. Hogg brings to a close the Memoir of her father which she prefixed to the volume of his literary Remains.

Mr. Lyte's position as a hymn writer is a very high one. An earlier hymn, "Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken" (*The Hymnal*, No. 356), has been in the past even more used than this. Many other excellent hymns have been taken from his *Spirit of the Psalms*, a book originally printed in 1834 for the use of his own congregation. His miscellaneous poems are of much less import, and rarely reveal the creative touch of imagination. One of them, "On a Naval Officer Buried in the Atlantic," was set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. As recently as 1868 a volume of Lyte's *Miscellaneous Poems* was reprinted in London, with a prefatory notice of "a continual demand for" them. The demand even then was perhaps less the call for specific poems of his than a curiosity to see what else the author of such hymns had written. But in the hymns lay his strength. It is distinction enough for one man to have written "Abide with Me."

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) Is this hymn an evening hymn or not? It is usually so classed in the hymnals. On the other hand, Mr. Ellerton, himself a distinguished hymn writer, says that this is done "apparently on the ground of the first two lines, and their similarity in sound to two lines in

"Keble's 'Sun of My Soul.' This is a curious instance of the misapprehension of the true meaning of the hymn by those among whom it is popular; for a very little consideration will suffice to show that there is not throughout the hymn the slightest allusion to the close of the *natural* day: the words of St. Luke xxiv. 29 are obviously used in a sense wholly metaphorical."

(2) In Mr. Lyte's manuscript the second line began, "The darkness thickens." In the hymn as printed almost at once it was changed (no doubt by Mr. Lyte himself) to "The darkness deepens." In the first line of the last verse Mr. Lyte originally wrote, "Hold, then, Thy cross"; and so it was first printed and again by his daughter after his death. But in the later edition of his Poems it reads, "Hold Thou Thy cross." There being some uncertainty here of what Mr. Lyte's final preference was, was it right to use in *The Hymnal* the reading that is preferable and also universally accepted?

(3) The Southern Presbyterian Church has been engaged in the preparation of a new hymnal (published in 1902). A correspondent of the Hymnal Committee insisted that the line just referred to must not go in because suggesting "Romish belief and practice." Is there adequate ground for this proposed exclusion?

(4) The hymn had eight verses in all. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which brought the hymn into use, omitted the third, fourth, and fifth, thus reducing it to five verses. This course has been generally followed. It is plain that eight verses of lines so long set to a tune of slow movement will not be actually sung; and there is general agreement that the omitted verses do not help the five that make a hymn already rounded and com-

plete. It is, perhaps, an open question whether the whole of such a poem should be given in a hymn book for the sake of completeness. The omitted verses are as follows:—

"3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

"4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

"5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me."

XVII

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 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.

[The first five lines are here attributed to the Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks as author or translator, (about) 1832-35; the remainder to Dr. John Sullivan Dwight, (about) 1844]

NOTE.—Of this hymn there can be no authoritative text. That here printed is taken from Lowell Mason's *Carmina Sacra*, 1841. Two earlier texts are quoted in the Study.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

The one thing about this little hymn that seems certain is its excellence. And its excellence is not lessened by the fact that the hymn is cosmopolitan. It claims, indeed, to be translated from the German. Whether or not that is so, all who speak English, be they American or British, can sing it side by side. The meaning of the hymn is plain to all who love their native land. The authorship of the hymn is much less certain, and has all the interest of a puzzle.

(1) *Mrs. Henshaw's Claim.*—One day, in 1895, the writer saw, on a friend's table at Germantown, a little book of poems by Sarah E. Henshaw. Turning the leaves, his eye caught this hymn printed among the other poems of that lady as her own. Greatly surprised, he inquired of his friend who she was. He learned that she was a lady of high character, of New England lineage, who had lately died in California, and was the true author of this hymn. The writer at once started an investigation. He secured from Mrs. Henshaw's family a copy of a letter in which she had made her own statement of her claim as follows: "I wrote the verses just after the fall of Fort Sumter. I was then living in Illinois. I learned from the papers that the Rhode Island volunteers had gone through to the front, singing 'John Brown's Body,' and that Governor Buckingham had put the organization of our Connecticut regiments in charge of my uncle, General Dan. Tyler. With a heart on fire, and desirous that the Connecticut soldiers should also have something to sing, I wrote the verses in question. That every one might know the music, I wrote them for

"the air 'God Save the King.' I sent them by post to my uncle with much hesitation, because he would probably think it all nonsense. Neither did I attach my name to the verses: I wrote at the caption, 'By a daughter of Connecticut.' I kept no copy, sent them to no publisher, heard nothing of them, took it for granted that my uncle had thrown them aside.

"After the war I moved out here [Oakland]. I drove down the street one Fourth of July to hear the school-children sing. They sang my verses—*those* verses! I looked at the programme; there were the lines. 'Why! *I* wrote that!' I explained to [a friend]. As I wrote them, the poem contained several verses. Here were only two. But I was glad to get them. They were the first and the last. In writing them, I felt much dissatisfied with the last line of the last verse, viz.: 'God save the State'; and had earnestly cast about without avail for a stronger climax to match my rhyme. But here it was, just the same. I smiled at the recollection, as I carefully put the programme into my reticule."

(2) *Mr. Brooks's Claim.*—Mrs. Henshaw's letter was written to the Rev. Charles W. Wendte. Now it happened that Mr. Wendte had been the friend of the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, a poet and translator of much ability, pastor for many years of a Unitarian church at Newport. While sympathizing with Mrs. Henshaw's wish to establish her authorship, Mr. Wendte writes her: "My dear old friend, Mr. Brooks, whose memoir I wrote, called it his. He wrote so much that it is not at all unlikely he was wrong."

Mr. Brooks certainly claimed the hymn. In 1875 his friend Dr. Putnam printed the following statement, ap-

When the night airs cool the meadows,
Circled in with sylvan green,
Fragrant odors, tenders shadows,
Twilight conjures o'er the scene;
Lulls the heart in dreams Elysian
Like an infant tired of play,
On the weary mortal's vision
Shutting - to the gates of day.

Night comes down - the landscape darkles,
Side by side are star & star -
Greater light & lesser sparkles
Glitter near & gleam from far:
Glitter here where waves are gleaming,
Gleam above in azure night; -
Holy Quiet's rapture stealing,
Reigns the moon in full-orbed light

[From an unprinted translation of the opening lyric scene in the 2d Part of Faust, by]

Charles T. Brooks

Newport Jany. 5 1876

AN AUTOGRAPH POEM OF MR. BROOKS

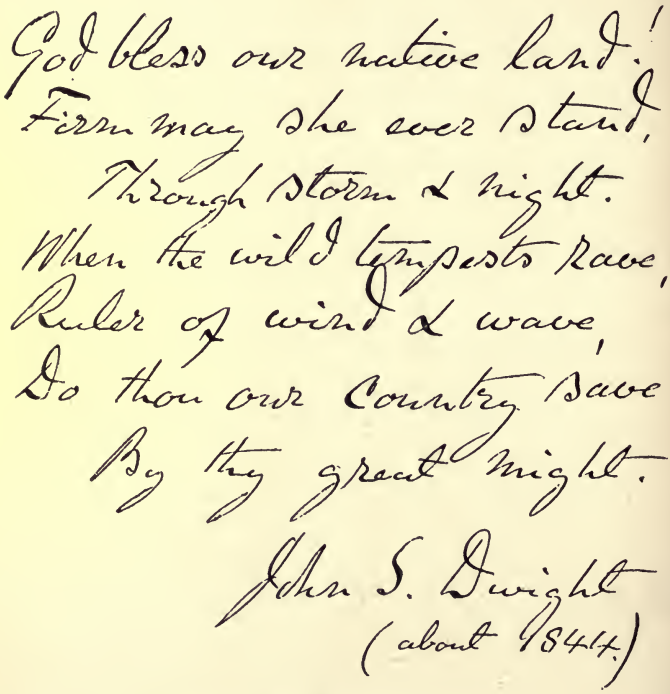
parently by Mr. Brooks's authority: "Compilers and hymnologists have either marked 'God Bless Our Native Land' anonymous or else have attributed it to John S. Dwight. Mr. Brooks translated it from the German while he was a member of the Divinity School at Cambridge [1832–35]. It was shortly afterward altered in some of its lines by Mr. Dwight, and in its changed form was first introduced, it is supposed, into one of Lowell Mason's singing-books. Hence, doubtless, it came to be credited so widely to Mr. Dwight himself. We give the original translation of it by Mr. Brooks:—

"'God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Father Eternal, save
Us by thy might!

"'Lo! our hearts' prayers arise
Into the upper skies,
Regions of light!
He who hath heard each sigh
Watches each weeping eye:
He is forever nigh,
Venger of Right!'"

(3) *Dr. Dwight's Claim.*—"I hasten to say that the hymn, 'God Bless Our Native Land,' has been accredited to me for nearly fifty years, though I really had forgotten ever writing it." So answered, in 1893, Dr. John S. Dwight, the famous musical critic of Boston, when asked what light he could throw upon the matter. Dr. Dwight goes on to say: "Brooks reminded me once of our doing it piecemeal together. Certainly, it

"dates far back of Fort Sumter. About the year 1844 I translated many songs from a German song book for



A VERSE IN DR. DWIGHT'S AUTOGRAPH

Lowell Mason's collection for our public schools—sometimes translating, sometimes making a stanza or two at first hand. I presume this was one of them. Brooks did the same thing for Dr. Mason. I did the work hastily and *cheaply*. I never thought of the song again."

Ten years earlier (1883) Dr. Dwight had written another letter, now in possession of the present writer, accompanying the autograph verse here reproduced. He explains that he transcribes and signs only this first verse of the hymn, "which I am pretty confident is mine." As to the second verse (as given in *The Hymnal* and here) he is less confident. "This also I think may have been made by me, but am not sure."

(4) *Mr. Hickson's Claim.*—As early as 1869 an English musician, Mr. William E. Hickson, had seen Dr. Dwight's name given as the author of "God Bless Our Native Land." He wrote to Mr. Sedgwick, the hymnologist, stating that he had written the hymn in 1836 as a new national anthem, and that it first appeared in his book called *The Singing Master*, published in the same year.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) Mr. Hickson's claim is easily disposed of. It is a fact that he published in 1836 a hymn beginning,—

> "God bless our native land,
> May heav'n's protecting hand
> Still guard our shore!"

The first line, curiously enough, is identical with that of the American hymn. But the present writer has examined Mr. Hickson's book, and can state that no single line of his hymn, except the first, has even a resemblance to any line of the American hymn in any one of its versions.

(2) The claim of Mrs. Henshaw must be disposed of by asking one question. How could a hymn which had

been printed as early as 1841 have been written by her in 1861? That lady made her claim in perfect good faith, none the less, and died with the cherished conviction that she was the true author. She was the victim of one of those tricks of memory to which we are all subject.

(3) The claims of Mr. Brooks and Dr. Dwight are more difficult to adjust, and neither is presented in satisfactory shape. In an ordinary case, Dr. Putnam's account of the origin of the hymn would be accepted without question. But in this case of disputed authorship, Mr. Brooks should have furnished all particulars, such as the evidence for the date, the original draft, if existing, a reference to its first publication, etc. He offers nothing beyond the bare statement, whatever proof he may have held. But, on the other hand, Dr. Dwight offers no more, and plainly he held no proof of his claim. He speaks too from revived recollections of an old event to which, at the time, he attached no importance and had long forgotten.

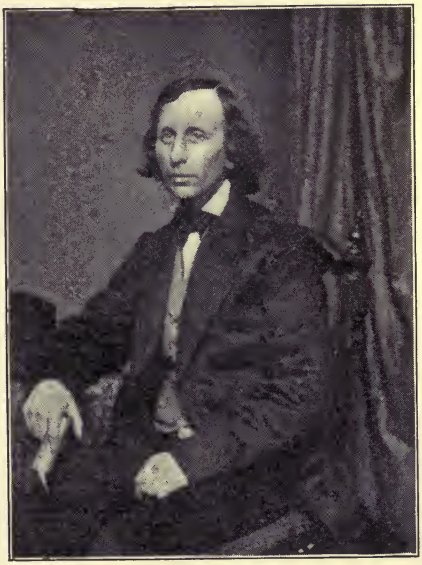
The earliest appearance of the hymn known to the present writer is in 1841, in Lowell Mason's *Carmina Sacra*. There the first five lines agree with Dr. Putnam's text. The remainder is changed and reads:—

"Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 "For her our prayer shall rise,
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who has heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh:
God save the State."

In 1845 the hymn appears again in Mr. Mason's *Psaltery*, this time in a revised form, agreeing with the text as printed here and in most modern books.

By comparing the "original translation" with this text, it will be seen that Mr. Brooks's claim covers only



REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS

five lines of the hymn as at present sung. Each claimant seems to have a recollection that the other contributed something to the hymn. We may, therefore, accept their joint authorship of the hymn as it now stands. And may we not make a reasonable adjustment of their claims that substantially admits both? Mr. Brooks wrote (or translated) in the thirties the hymn as

given by Dr. Putnam. By him or Dr. Dwight (jointly, perhaps) it was improved before 1841. Finally, Dr. Dwight rewrote the hymn for Lowell Mason, not later than 1844, using the first five lines by Mr. Brooks.

This adjustment seems practically to reconcile both statements. May it not be accepted as at least more than probable? The only bit of evidence refusing to be linked in this conclusion is the verse signed by Dr. Dwight, which he was "pretty confident" was his, and which contains the very lines ascribed to Mr. Brooks. But, as Mrs. Henshaw's claim reminds us, the memory cannot be trusted to pick up forgotten lines after so long an interval of time; and it looks to the present writer as though Dr. Dwight himself did not feel so *very* confident about the details.

THE AUTHORS OF THE HYMN

We are now in a position to refer with some confidence to the joint authors of the hymn.

The Rev. Charles T. Brooks was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on June 20th, 1813. He was graduated by Harvard College in 1832, and by the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1835. His principal pastorate, at Newport, Rhode Island, began in 1837 and continued until 1871, when he resigned through failure of his sight and health. He died on June 14th, 1883.

Mr. Brooks was a poet and scholar, and also a diligent man of letters. The list of his works, original and translated, is a very long one, and their character is such as reflects honor upon their author's name. Gentle and retiring, he was greatly loved in life, though it is not likely that his work ever took hold of a very wide public.

His translations of Goethe's "Faust" and of Richter's "Hesperus" and "Titan" are the best remembered of his productions. Of his hymns none has ever come into general use.

One of Mr. Brooks's most intimate friends, his classmate at Harvard and his co-laborer in several literary undertakings, was John S. Dwight. He was the son of

JOHN S. DWIGHT

Dr. John Dwight, of Boston, where he was born on May 13th, 1813. He also was graduated by Harvard in 1832, and by the Divinity School in 1836. His first and only pastoral charge was that of a little Unitarian congregation at Northampton, Massachusetts, and lasted only one year. At its close he quietly retired from the ministry.

Bashful, sensitive, and lacking confidence in himself, he was hardly at home in the pulpit. He shrank too from any outward expression of religious feeling; in later years developing great dislike to church organization and methods, and ceasing to attend religious services. After the ministry came the years of his connection with the Brook Farm experiment, in which he was an active spirit.

But, wherever he was, the real enthusiasm of his nature was for music. He founded, in 1852, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which, against great financial difficulties, he continued until 1881. It gave him a recognized position as the leader of Boston's musical interests, and through it and other labors he did great service to music as a branch of liberal culture.

Dr. Dwight (he became a Doctor of Music) was of slender build and short stature. He was mild in manner, of a sweet and cheerful nature, and, however shy, was "clubbable," being one of the famous Saturday Club. He was very positive in his opinions and uncompromising in maintaining his intellectual and æsthetic ideals. Dr. Dwight was singularly unfitted for the task of living. He met life in a spirit of helplessness that appealed greatly to his friends, and which, in spite of their efforts, kept him in a struggle with poverty all his days. He died at Boston on September 5th, 1893.

XVIII

FATHER OF MERCIES, IN THY WORD

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines;
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760

NOTE.—Five verses of the original twelve. The text is taken from the *Poems* of Theodosia, vol. i.

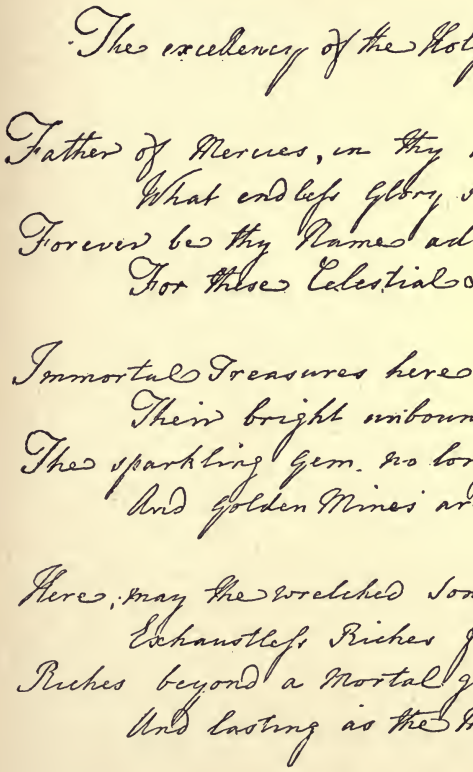
The Story of the Hymn

If this hymn were to be taken alone, its story might be summed up very briefly. It is a leaf out of an invalid's spiritual diary, penned in the Baptist parsonage of an obscure English village. That leaf bears no date of composition, dates being of but little account in the monotonous passage of such a life. The hymn first appeared in print in 1760 among the other poems of Miss Steele, but may have been written some years earlier; and it soon found the place in the hymn books which it has always kept.

The hymn has much more of a story if taken in its historical connection with the whole body of Miss Steele's hymns. Of these it is one of the best, and it has its share in the very conspicuous part they have played in the history of our hymnody.

Miss Steele's verses had long been familiar to her friends, but she was modest and reluctant to appear in print. It was by the advice and even persuasion of others that at length she consented to publish them, and then without her name. In 1760 they appeared in two volumes, at London, as "Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional. By Theodosia." If one were now to take up the little brown calf books for the first time it would not occur to him that Theodosia was a poet of a high order. He would perceive, however, that many of the pieces were written in the simple metres then used in hymns, and were composed with correctness and much tender feeling. He would probably conclude that they were intended to be sung, and might even point out a number as likely to succeed if put into the hymnals. This

would be a judgment from the standpoint of our own time. To Miss Steele's friends and contemporaries it


The excellency of the Holy Scriptures

Father of Mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines.
Forever be thy Name adored,
For these Celestial Lines

Immortal Treasures here disclose
Their bright unbounded store,
The sparkling Gem no longer glows,
And Golden Mines are poor

Here, may the wretched Sons of want
Exhaustless Riches find,
Riches beyond a Mortal grant,
And lasting as the Mind

AUTOGRAPH VERSES

would have seemed faint praise indeed. They hailed her as a great light risen upon the horizon. She made an impression upon the Christian feeling of her time extraordinary both for its depth and for the wideness of

its reach. Her hymns entered upon a career of popularity which we can hardly realize, but of which we must try to gain some idea.

Nine years after the appearance of her Poems two English Baptist clergymen, Dr. John Ash and Dr. Caleb Evans, published at Bristol a successful hymn book, containing in all four hundred and twelve hymns. Of these no less than sixty-two are by Miss Steele, and the preface has a special paragraph in her honor. After her death Dr. Evans printed in 1780 a new edition of her Poems, including a third volume she had made ready for the press. Seven years later Dr. John Rippon published his *Selection*, which was destined to have great vogue among Baptists, and to supersede the Ash and Evans book. But even this contained forty-seven of Miss Steele's hymns. Dr. Rippon's book was often reprinted in the United States, and it extended Miss Steele's influence here. A simple fact will serve to show how widely her popularity spread and how long it lasted. The people of Trinity Church in Boston grew weary of singing the authorized Psalm-versions, and in 1808 the vestry ventured to print a hymn book for their private use. In this book of only one hundred and fifty-two hymns fifty-nine are Miss Steele's, and the preface explains that "if we have extracted more copiously from Mrs. Steele than from any other writer, we have done no more than what we thought due to her poetical superiority, and to the ardent spirit of devotion which breathes in her compositions." Such a tribute from within the most exclusive of denominations, and from another country than her own, reveals something of the great influence of Miss Steele's hymns.

The three volumes of Theodosia's Poems were reprinted in Boston in 1808; and the hymns were reprinted once more in London as late as 1863 by Daniel Sedgwick, the hymnologist. But during the latter half of the nineteenth century the enthusiasm for what Dr. Evans called "those truly sublime composures" has been gradually cooling. Many of the hymns are still sung; some few are sung quite widely. But the latest American Baptist hymnal (*Sursum Corda*, 1898) contains but seven of the hymns of Theodosia in a total of eight hundred and fifty-six. Even that diminished number is somewhat larger than the average in recent hymnals.

Of Miss Steele's hymns still in use the one perhaps best known, and even loved for its tender grace, is that generally made to begin, "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss" (*The Hymnal*, No. 511). Another of her hymns, beginning "Now I resolve with all my heart" (*The Hymnal*, No. 314), is by many associated with their first Communion. And it is quite possible that some who use the hymnals would welcome a larger number of Miss Steele's hymns than they find there. If these are possibly too inward, and even pensive, for congregational use, it may well be that they have a further mission for private use, especially in cheering the sick room.

Miss Steele must always remain a figure of unique interest in hymnody. She is still the representative Baptist hymn writer. She was, too, the first of her sex to gain prominence in the hymn books. But her special preëminence is independent of her being either Baptist or woman: it lies in the extraordinary extent of the contribution she was permitted to make to the hymnody of the Church.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Anne Steele was the daughter of William Steele, a successful timber merchant, who was at the same time pastor, without salary, of a Baptist church in the village of Broughton, England. Broughton lies about midway between the two cathedral towns of Salisbury and Winchester. Mr. Garrett Horder has described it as "one long straggling street of cottages, mostly thatched, with here and there a more pretentious house." In a quaint stone house in the centre of the village Anne was born in May, 1717, and lived for half a century. Anne's father had succeeded his own uncle in the pastorate at Broughton, and her mother was the daughter of another Baptist clergyman, so that Anne's religious heritage may be described as well within the limits of that faith and communion. When she was but three years old her mother died, and from her seventh year Anne was brought up by a stepmother, with much anxiety both for her spiritual and bodily health. Of physical health there seemed little prospect in a childhood threatened with consumption, and even that was lessened by a serious injury to her hip. This accident happened to her in 1835, within a few weeks after her father had broken his leg in a fall from his horse. The coincidence gave occasion for a quaint entry in the diary of Anne's stepmother (reported by Mr. Horder): "I desired our Heavenly Father to heal all our family's infirm limbs." The shadow of a greater grief fell on Miss Steele soon after, when the young man she was to marry was drowned while bathing in the river on the day before that appointed for the wedding.

Thus feeble in body and chastened in spirit, though never losing altogether her natural gift of cheerfulness, Miss Steele led a retired life confined almost exclusively to her own village. She never married: the title "Mrs.,"

MISS STEELE'S BIRTHPLACE

so often given her in the older books being but a courtesy title, then often applied to single ladies. She had been a faithful member of her father's church since the age of fourteen, and as daughter of a village pastor she employed

herself in many quiet ministries of service among the sick and afflicted about her. Her pleasures were in her friends and in the exercise of her poetical talents. While her writings have not unnaturally a tone of pensiveness and of gentle patience, they show nowhere the least trace of the bitterness of defeat. No one can read them without a kindly regard for her beautiful spirit. In every experience her faith was supreme. It sustained her in the end through years when she was confined to her room in great bodily suffering, and it spoke to those about her in her last words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Miss Steele died in November, 1778, at the age of sixty-one, in her brother's house in Broughton, where she had gone at her father's death a few years before, and where she had received affectionate care. Her body was laid in Broughton churchyard, and on her tombstone are the words:—

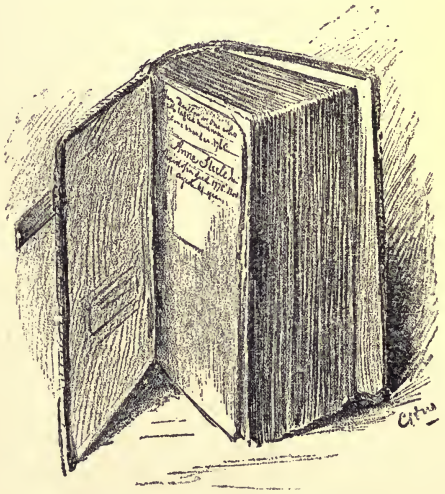
> "Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,
> That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise;
> But now in heaven she joins the angelic song,
> In more harmonious, more exalted lays."

No portrait of Miss Steele is known to the present writer, and from her sensitive modesty and seclusion it may perhaps be inferred that none was taken. Otherwise it would be hard to commend her good friend Dr. Evans in his choice of a frontispiece for the volume of her "Remains" which he published after her death. Only a sepulchral urn represents the poetess, to which a stilted female figure appeals with outstretched hands and the legend:—

> "Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here."

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) Do the Scriptures form a suitable subject for a hymn? Has the subject a poetical as well as spiritual side, and is it a subject one cares to sing of? As a matter of fact, there are but few desirable hymns on the Scriptures. Is not this hymn one of the best? Notice



MISS STEELE'S BIBLE

how it relates the Scriptures to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(2) How can the decreased use of Miss Steele's hymns be explained? The following may be suggested for consideration as possibly affecting it: Changes in the standard of literary merit; changes in religious feeling and in ways of expressing it; and the enormous in-

crease in the number of available hymns, but a very small part of which can be included in our hymn books.

(3) Does it seem likely that any single writer of the present day could gain such preëminence as was accorded Miss Steele; or that the Church would be willing to receive so large a proportion of its hymns from one hand? Of course the use of Dr. Watts's hymns was far more extended and exclusive. But then he may be said to have headed a revolution in psalmody, while Miss Steele at the best must rank as one of his followers rather than as an original force. It was undoubtedly the sentimental touch and her evangelical fervor that won the day. She has been compared to Miss Havergal, and the latter has been called "Our Theodosia of the nineteenth century."

(4) This hymn had originally twelve verses, of which only six came into use. One of the omitted verses is shown in the facsimile. Does it strengthen the hymn?

XIX

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

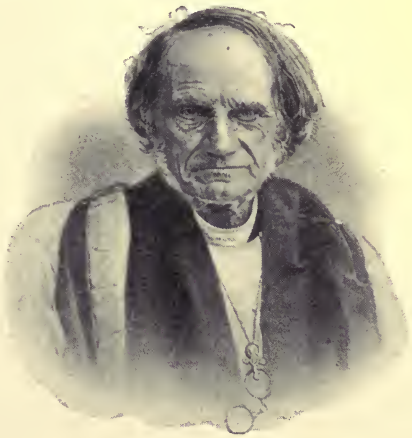
NOTE.—Five verses of the original six: the omitted verse may be found under "Some Points for Discussion." The text is taken from the author's *Holy Year*.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

The Duke of Wellington said in 1827 of Dr. Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity College, "I consider him to be the happiest man in the kingdom"; and being asked why, the Duke answered, "Because each of his three sons has this year got a university prize!" Of the three, Christopher, the youngest, born in 1807, was the author of this hymn. He was athletic as well as scholarly, and liked to tell how he "caught-out Manning" (the future Cardinal) at a cricket match. His career at Winchester and at Cambridge University was one of extraordinary distinction, and at its close he remained as Fellow of Trinity College and assistant tutor.

Before he was thirty he was head-master of a great school, Harrow. The fourteen years of his mastership there may be called also a part of his own education. He undertook a reformation of the school in manners and discipline with more earnestness than suavity; and though at the end of his anxious years there he left the school smaller than he found it, he took with him to a larger life new acquirements of tact and forbearance.

In 1844 Sir Robert Peel made him a Canon of Westminster Abbey. In that position he felt called upon to



BISHOP WORDSWORTH

resist the appointment of Dr. Arthur Stanley as Dean with one of the "pamphlets" inevitable in English church controversy. Bitterly opposed as he was to the latitudinarianism for which Stanley stood, he tempered his earnestness with the courtesy he had learned at Harrow, and remained always on the best terms with

the new Dean. From 1850 for nineteen years Canon Wordsworth was pastor of a country charge, which had the striking name of Stanford-in-the-Vale-cum-Goosey. Here he lived except when on duty at the Abbey, and here he accomplished an enormous amount of scholarly work. He had already gained a high position as churchman and scholar, writer and preacher, when in 1869 Mr. Disraeli appointed him Bishop of Lincoln. His administration of this large diocese was both strenuous and successful until his strength failed in old age. He died on March 21st, 1885.

Christopher Wordsworth's fame as man of letters and bishop is greater than as a writer of hymns. The mass of his published work is very great and its quality very high. His earlier work was in the lines of classical study, and his book on Greece itself has obtained something of the position of a "classic." But his two lifelong enthusiams were for "Church Principles" and Holy Scripture. And his literary work, covering much ground in both these departments, and far beyond them, culminated in his massive and learned *Commentary on the Whole Bible.*

He was a man of very decided opinions, which he liked to establish when he could, and at least to express when he could do no more. In church matters he was for strict and unbending adherence to the Church of England pattern. He could be cordial with his Methodist neighbors, but he could not agree that their ministers should wear the title "Rev." He bore his part in many a controversy, never looking to see which side was the popular one, but which was right. And if he struck stout blows for his somewhat narrow principles, it must

also be said of him that he kept the friendship of his opponents. And that certainly is a good deal to say of him.

Bishop Wordsworth's opinions about hymns were just as decided as in other directions. He profoundly regretted that "Hymnology has been allowed to fall into the hands of persons who had little reverence for the Authority and Teaching of the ancient Christian Church, and little acquaintance with her Literature." "The consequence has been," he said, "that the popular Hymnology of this country has been too often disfigured by many compositions blemished by unsound doctrine, and even by familiar irreverence and rhapsodical fanaticism; or else it too often rambles on in desultory and unmeaning generalities, or sparkles with a glitter of tinsel imagery and verbal prettiness, or endeavors to charm the ear with a mere musical jingle of sweet sounds, not edifying the mind or warming the heart, nor ministering to the glory of Him to whom all Christian worship ought to be paid."

He thought, too, that our modern hymns were altogether too egotistical. They make too much of ourselves and our personal feelings, and not enough of God and His glory. He thought hymns of personal experience might do for private use. But for public use in church worship he did not approve of them. Church hymns should be churchly, expressing the worship of the congregation as a body and not as individuals. He would drop the pronouns "I" and "mine" from our hymns. We should forget ourselves and thank God for His great glory, and praise Him not for mercies to us as individuals, but to the whole company of faithful people. And especially

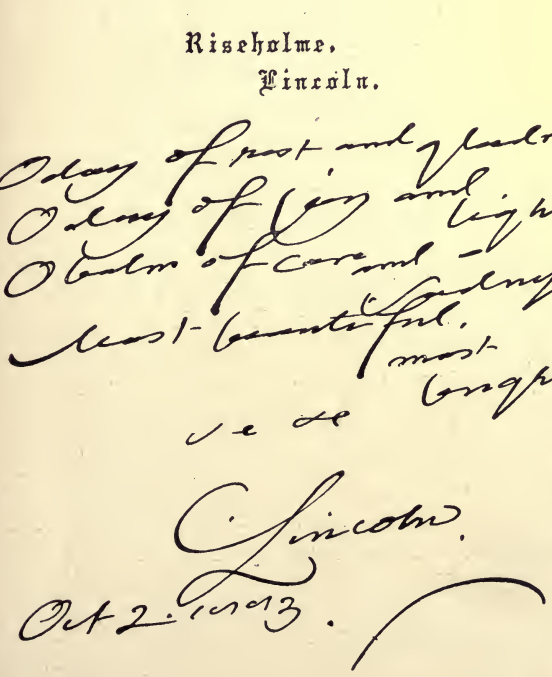
he insisted that the great office and use of hymns was to set forth plainly and emphatically the teachings of the Scriptures and the Prayer Book. The hymns should teach the people the facts and doctrines of Christianity, and make "these glorious truths . . . the subject of public praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God." His idea was that the hymns for each day for which the Prayer Book provided services should set forth the meaning and lesson of that which the day commemorated.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

By way of carrying out his views in hymnody Bishop Wordsworth (while still Canon of Westminster) prepared a hymn book called *The Holy Year*, and published it in 1862. For this book he wrote one hundred and seventeen original hymns, and for a later edition ten more. All of them are good if looked at from the author's standpoint. But some things are best taught in prose, and when an effort is made to put them into verse the verse becomes prosy. And some of Bishop Wordsworth's hymns are prosaic and labored. He had, nevertheless, a vein of poetry in him (he was the nephew and biographer of Wordsworth, the great poet), and his best hymns are excellent, not only from his standpoint, but from any standpoint.

It cannot be said that *The Holy Year* in its entirety ever won much favor. Its title and its method of furnishing a hymn for each day and occasion for which the Prayer Book provided services at once challenged comparison with Keble's *Christian Year*. The inevitable results of such a comparison were once for all expressed by saying that *The Christian Year* was written by a poet

with a strong theological bias, and that *The Holy Year* was written by a theologian whose nature possessed many poetical elements and sympathies, but who is at times deficient in the accomplishment of verse. Mr. Keble himself, in a letter to Canon Wordsworth acknowledging the receipt of a copy of *The Holy Year*, remarked that "to judge of it properly it must take at least a year to read; for every hymn, of course, should be read on its own day—as a flower to be fully prized must be



AUTOGRAPH LINES OF THE HYMN

"studied *in situ*." It may be that the general reading of the book was more hasty. The general verdict certainly was that its use in worship would be calculated to correct some infelicities of praise by killing the spirit of song itself.

"O Day of Rest and Gladness" was number one in *The Holy Year*, appearing under the head of "Sunday," and certainly it was a real inspiration. Any one who loves the Lord's Day is pretty sure to love the hymn. It began to be copied into other hymn books almost immediately, and is now in general use in all the churches. It was introduced into this country in 1865 in *Songs for the Sanctuary*. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, the editor of that book, stated that he found the hymn upon the cover of a religious tract in London. The words were set by him to Lowell Mason's tune, Mendebras, and the association of the two has been popular ever since.

A friend of Bishop Wordsworth has written down a reminiscence which brings us a little closer to the making of the hymn than merely reading a printed copy of it can do. His friend writes: "I was with him in the library when he put his arm in mine, saying, 'Come upstairs with me; the ladies are going to sing a hymn to encourage your labors for God's holy day.' We all then sang from the manuscript this hymn. I was in raptures with it. It was some days before I knew it was written by himself."

Some Points for Discussion

(1) One verse of the hymn (the original fourth) was omitted from *The Hymnal*. It reads as follows:—

"4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven, our home.
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of Resurrection
From earth to heaven above."

Is this verse as good as the others? and if not, why not?

(2) In our time, when the Lord's Day is threatened on all sides, we could hardly make too much of a good, effective Sunday hymn. Is there any other hymn which embodies so happily the true spirit of the Lord's Day? Note the "triple light" from heaven falling upon the day, and the triple response of men's hearts in rest, gladness, and worship.

(3) What is to be said of Bishop Wordsworth's views of avoiding personal hymns in public worship? Is it true that our favorite hymns are too egotistical? It would be worth one's while to make a list of his own favorites to discover how large a proportion have himself for their theme, and also to examine Bishop Wordsworth's hymns (there are eleven in *The Hymnal*—see its Index of Authors), all of which are entirely free from that personal element.

(4) There cannot be any question as to the teaching power of hymns. ("In all ages popular songs, sacred and secular, have been the most effective teachers." And see Colossians iii. 16.) If Christians realized this, would they not be much more particular as to the character of the hymns that are sung? But, after all, is not the teaching power of hymns only one side of their

influence and importance? And did not Bishop Wordsworth make too much of that side when he claimed that the first purpose of a hymn was to teach sound doctrine?

(5) In *The Holy Year* are many hymns no one cares to sing. Here is a specimen verse of one:—

> "Man fell from grace by carnal appetite,
> And forfeited the Garden of Delight;
> To fast for us our second Adam deigns,
> These forty days, and Paradise regains."

Can you contrast this with a verse of "O Day of Rest and Gladness" to show why one is hymn-like and the other not? People often say to their pastor, "Please do not give out didactic hymns!" What do they mean by "didactic hymns"?

XX

TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE

The Text of the Hymn

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874

NOTE.—The text is that of Miss Havergal's *Songs of Grace and Glory* and of the authorized edition of her *Poetical Works*. As a poem she arranged it in couplets; as a hymn, in four-line verses.

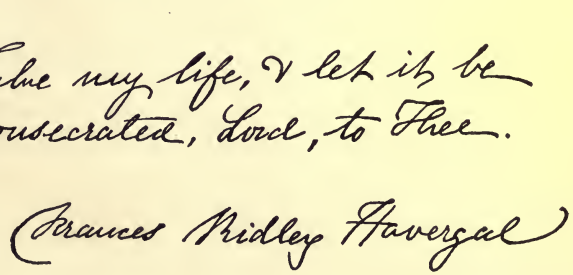
THE STORY OF THE HYMN

This hymn of Frances Ridley Havergal records a deep experience in her own spiritual life, of the sort that most of us prefer to hide among the secrets of the soul. But Miss Havergal both spoke and wrote freely of the experience, and gave an account of the hymn's origin. It was her way to be perfectly outspoken about such matters, because she thought her frankness would prove helpful to others. And after her death her family, no doubt for the same reason, opened to the world the last reserves of her soul, and printed her most intimate letters and conversations. We are thus relieved of any sense of intrusion in our study of the hymn.

Toward the close of the year 1873 a little book that came into Miss Havergal's hands awakened within her great longings for unreached depths of spiritual experience and a fuller entrance into God's peace. It was not long before she received what she called "the blessing," that lifted her whole nature into sunshine, and threw an uninterrupted gladness over the remaining years of her life. "It was on Advent Sunday, December 2nd, 1873," she wrote her sister, "I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you *see*, you can never *un*see. There must

"be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other." It is this full surrender of herself to which she then attained that is recorded and expressed in the hymn.

The hymn was written while on a visit to Arely House, on February 4th, 1874. Miss Havergal afterward gave the following account of the circumstances: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take my life.' I went for a little visit of five



AUTOGRAPH LINES OF THE HYMN

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

Miss Havergal had her own characteristic way of

writing hymns; and here again it will be best to let her speak for herself: "Writing is *praying* with me, for I never seem to write even a verse by myself, and feel like a little child writing; you know a child would look up at every sentence and say, 'And what shall I say next?' That is just what I do; I ask that at every line He would give me not merely thoughts and power, but also every *word*, even the very *rhymes*. Very often I have a most distinct and happy consciousness of direct answers."

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

It has been said of Miss Havergal that she was born in an atmosphere of hymns. Her father, the Rev. William Henry Havergal, certainly wrote many, but is now best remembered for his services to church music and by his tunes "Evan," "Zoan," "Patmos," and others. She was baptized by another hymn writer, the Rev. John Cawood, author of "Hark! What Mean those Holy Voices?" (*The Hymnal*, No. 169), and "Almighty God, Thy Word is Cast" (*The Hymnal*, No. 74).

Miss Havergal was born in the rectory of the little English village of Astley, December 14th, 1836. The family removed to the city of Worcester in 1845, when her father became rector of one of its churches. The story of her child life there, its joys and griefs, and the beginnings of her work for others in the Sunday-school and "The Flannel Petticoat Society," Miss Havergal herself has told in *The Four Happy Days*. She went away, first to an English school, under whose strong religious influences she began "to have conscious faith and hope in Christ," and afterward to a school in Germany.

MISS HAVERGAL

With a real love of learning and an ambition to make the most of herself, she carried on her studies until she became a very accomplished woman. She was at home in Hebrew and Greek as well as in modern languages. In music she cultivated her special gift to such a degree that she was sought after as a solo singer in public concerts; and she became a brilliant performer on the piano. How she did it may be gathered from her poem "The Moonlight Sonata." Her own sense of power in her music and the delight of public applause enforced the advice from professional sources that she make music her career. She knew, too, that she held the pen of a ready writer and the promise of poetic achievement; and when there is added the influence upon her of marked social attentions evoked by the charm of her personality, and quickening her natural fondness for life and gayety, it will readily be understood that for a while the precise turn her life would take seemed somewhat problematical.

But it was never really in question. Love and service were the only ideals that could satisfy her nature, and to these she yielded herself so completely as to efface all other ambitions. Her gifts were thenceforward "Kept for the Master's use." She considered literal "Singing for Jesus" her most direct mission from Him, and after 1873 sang nothing but sacred music, and that only for spiritual purposes. Her great work was that of personal spiritual influence upon others, and was carried forward to the extreme limit of her strength by writing many leaflets and books of prose and poetry, by personal interviews, addresses, teaching, society work, and correspondence.

Many of her hymns were written for a hymn book,

Songs of Grace and Glory, of which she was one of the editors. This was a large and carefully edited book, ardently evangelical in its point of view, but it took no permanent place in the Church of England. Many of Miss Havergal's poems were originally printed as leaflets. From time to time she collected them into volumes, of which *Ministry of Song* (1869), *Under the Surface* (1874), and *Loyal Responses* (1878), are the more important. After her death her complete poetical writings were gathered together and published by her sister. They made a bulky volume, and included, one would think, a great deal of verse which its author would not have considered worthy of appearing there. She also edited the *Psalmody* of her father, to whose memory she was devoted, and whose services to church music she lost no opportunity of magnifying.

Miss Havergal's ideals and methods in writing were not those of an artist. And, though her beautiful spirit is beyond criticism, it is only right to say that the cultivation of poetic art to the highest excellence (as in the case of Tennyson) may be pursued as conscientiously, and be as legitimate a consecration, as was the conscientious suppression of the art instinct in Miss Havergal's case. And while her hymns have been of great influence and won a wide use, it remains to be seen whether that influence shall be permanent, or was rather the personal influence of the devoted woman herself. For as the personal influence of a writer fades away, his or her work comes to be judged by what it is in itself. And one hardly feels that most of Miss Havergal's hymns are as good from the literary standpoint as she was capable of making them. Her "Golden Harps are

"Sounding" (*The Hymnal*, No. 702) is perhaps the best poetically, and seems too to have the promise of longest life. But many of her hymns have proved helpful to the spiritual life of others, and with that she would have been abundantly content.

Miss Havergal's later years were spent at Leamington, her last days at Caswell Bay, Swansea, Wales, where she had gone for rest. She had borne a full share of illnesses and suffering, and, though exceptionally sensitive to pain, had learned not only to carry forward her work under difficulties but also to find gladness in her infirmities. When informed of the dangerous turn of her last illness, she answered, "If I am going, it is too good to be true." Miss Havergal died on June 3rd, 1879, in the forty-third year of her age, and was buried in the Astley churchyard beside her father and close to the church and home of her childhood. On her tombstone is carved, by her own desire, her favorite text: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Some Points for Discussion

(1) The proper use to make of a hymn such as this deserves more thought than it gets. Miss Havergal herself meant just what she said in these verses, and often made personal use of them to see how far her actual living measured up to their standard:—

"I had a great time early this morning renewing the never regretted consecration. I seemed led to run over the 'Take my life,' and could bless Him verse by verse for having led me on to much more definite consecration than even when I wrote it, voice, gold, intellect, etc. But the eleventh couplet,

"'love,'—that has been unconsciously *not filled up*. Somehow, I felt mystified and out of my depth here: it was a simple and definite thing to be *done*, to settle the voice, or silver and gold! but 'love'? I have to love others, and I do; and I've not a small treasure of it, and even loving *in Him* does not quite meet the inner difficulty. . . . I don't see much clearer or feel much different; but I have said intensely this morning, 'Take my love,' and He knows I have." (*From her letter of December 2nd, 1878.*)

Miss Havergal also made much use of the hymn in her consecration meetings:—

"At the close of the meeting, my sister gave to each one a card with her Consecration hymn, specially prepared and printed for this evening. Her own name was omitted, and a blank space left for signature. As she gave the cards, she asked them to make that hymn a test before God, and if they could really do so, to sign it on their knees at home. Then the hymn was sung." (*From a memorandum of Miss M. V. G. Havergal, April 17th, 1879.*)

No one will question the fitness of the words for such uses. But to encourage a promiscuous assembly or Sunday-school to sing them, without special spiritual preparation or without any common purpose or feeling corresponding to them, is open to more question. The two sides of the question may be presented in this way. It may be urged, on the one hand, that it is no better to make to God promises we do not intend to keep, or to express feelings we do not have, in song than it is in speech, and that such singing breeds insincerity. It may be argued, on the other hand, that it is proper to sing hymns expressing purposes more definite than our actual

resolutions and feelings deeper than those actually moving us, because the hymn expresses the ideal we should aim at, and singing the hymn keeps the ideal before us, and encourages us to attempt to attain it.

(2) Miss Havergal wrote to the editor of a hymn book: "I particularly wish that hymn kept to my dear father's sweet little tune, 'Patmos,' which suits it perfectly. So please substitute that, and your book will be the gainer." She was grieved whenever she found that any other tune had taken its place in a hymn book. Is "Patmos" a satisfactory setting of the words; and how far should we allow ourselves to be influenced by Miss Havergal's wish in the matter?

XXI

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY; I ASK NOT TO STAY

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, (about) 1824

NOTE.—This text is take from *Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, 1827. Other texts are referred to in "The Story of the Hymn."

The Story of the Hymn

A hymn so deeply tinged with melancholy as this illustrates two curious facts. One is that the saddest poetry is likely to be written by the youngest poets; the other, that the young appreciate such poetry more than the old. The brightness of youth has a vein of melancholy running through it, and the active imagination of youth forecasts the sorrows of life; while age, which has actually experienced them, likes to be as cheerful as it can. It need occasion no surprise, therefore, to learn that this hymn was written by the Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, somewhere in his twenties, and that, as he grew older, he grew to dislike it.

He came to dislike the hymn itself, thinking it did not truly represent either the joys or the opportunities of the earthly life, and that it was unduly impatient for the joys of heaven. To the end of his life Dr. Muhlenberg kept on writing new versions of the hymn in the hope (quite vain) that some one of them would replace the earlier text in popular favor. Dr. Philip Schaff's biographer describes a luncheon given by Dr. William Adams to Dr. Muhlenberg, at which Dr. Schaff remarked to him: "Your hymn, 'I Would Not Live Alway,' makes you immortal." Dr. Muhlenberg protested, saying that he hoped to make changes in it to bring it nearer the spirit of the gospel. Dr. Adams interrupted the conversation with the remark, "Well, you may not be able to evangelize the hymn, but you cannot kill it."

Dr. Muhlenberg came also to dislike the popularity of the hymn, which from the very first was amazing. People

would seek him out when busy with other things, "just to shake hands," as they said, "with the author of 'I Would Not Live Alway.'" He would be pointed out and introduced as "the author of the immortal hymn," etc. "One would think *that hymn* the one work of my life," he used to say.

The exact date of the hymn is uncertain. In his *Story of the Hymn* it is given as 1824. Several of the dates there are wrong; but this one is perhaps correct. In regard to the circumstances, or experience, out of which the hymn grew, there has been and continues to be a conflict of opinion. The tradition has always been that it was occasioned by a great personal disappointment suffered by its author. Dr. Muhlenberg was well aware of this tradition, and in his *Story of the Hymn* took occasion to contradict it in the following terms: "The legend that it was written on an occasion of private grief is a fancy." However conclusive this may seem, it has not concluded the matter. The Rev. Frederick M. Bird, in his essay on the Hymnology of the Protestant Episcopal Church, goes so far as to say that Dr. Muhlenberg's assertion "hardly agrees with the clear and minute recollections of persons of the highest character still living, and who knew the circumstances thoroughly." Two remarks seem to be suggested by this statement. One is that the persons referred to may have "known thoroughly" Dr. Muhlenburg's situation at the time and the reality of his private grief, and yet would not seem to have been in a position so good as his for knowing the exact connection, or lack of it, between the grief and the hymn. The other remark is that while we too, if we had enjoyed the privilege of

knowing who the unnamed witnesses were, and of hearing or reading the exact words of their testimony, might have come to feel it more trustworthy than Dr. Muhlenberg's recollections after so many years; yet, in the absence of such opportunity, we feel ourselves bound by the explicit denial of the author himself. There will always, however, be many among the lovers of the hymn who believe the legend and not the assertion. The demand for a specifically romantic origin for every individual piece of verse for which one cares is unfailing. And in this case there is unhappily an apparent reality in the private grief in question, finding, as alleged, corroboration in the fact that Dr. Muhlenberg never married; there is even perhaps a coincidence in date between the sorrow and the hymn. Who but the author (and perhaps not he) could know how far his private grief had clouded the outlook of his muse upon time and the eternal?

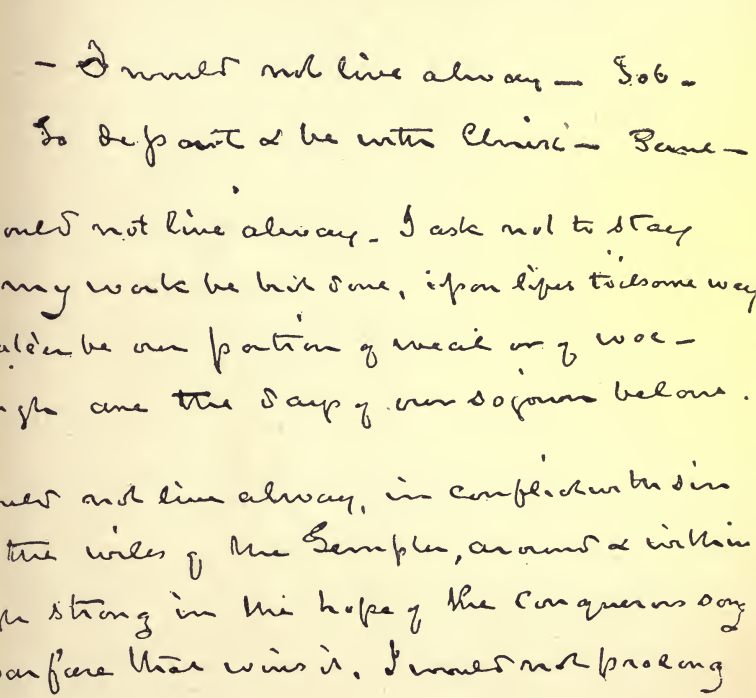
For the next step in the history of the hymn, as related by Mr. Bird, the authority is more satisfying:—

"It was written at Lancaster, in a lady's album, and began,—

> 'I would not live alway. No, no, holy man.
> Not a day, not an hour, should lengthen my span.'

In this shape it seems to have had six eight-line stanzas. The album was still extant in 1876, at Pottstown, Pa., and professed to contain the original manuscript. Said the owner's sister, 'It was an impromptu. He had no copy, and wanting it for some occasion, he sent for the album.' In 1826 he entrusted his copy to a friend, who called on him on the way from Harrisburg to Phila-

"delphia, to carry to the 'Episcopal Recorder,' and in that paper it appeared June 3rd, 1826 (not 1824). For



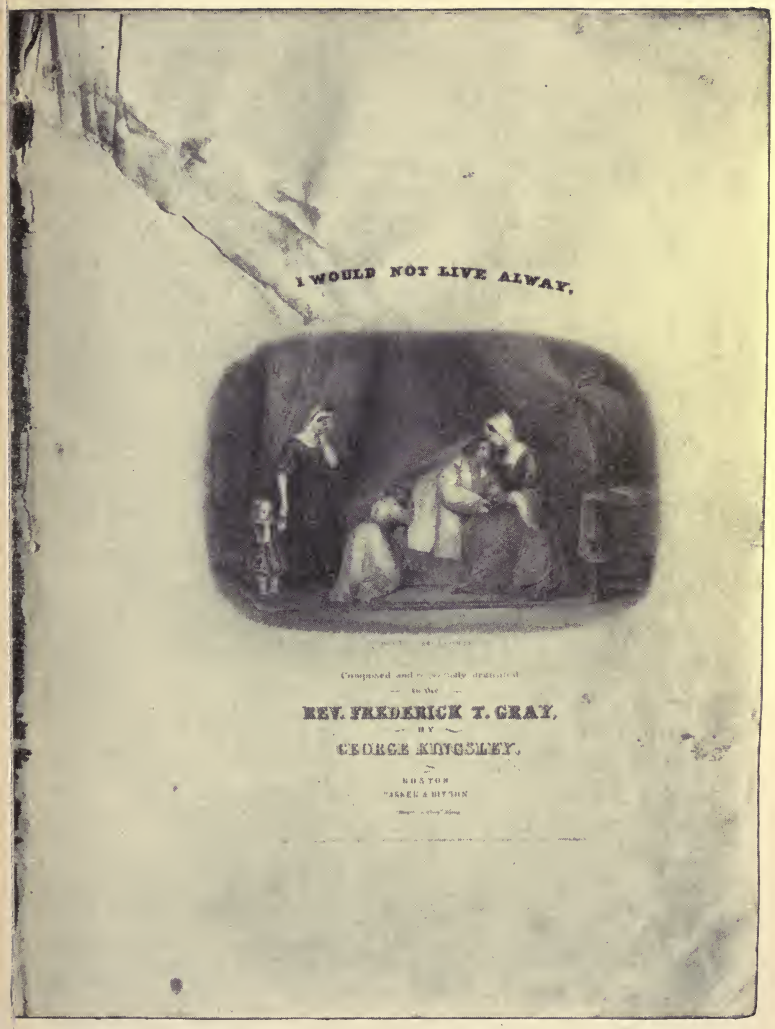
AUTOGRAPH VERSES

these facts we have the detailed statement of Dr. John B. Clemson, of Claymont, Del., the ambassador mentioned, who also chances to have preserved that volume of the paper." And the present writer, in his turn, must rest upon the authority of Mr. Bird (which, indeed, is

happily high); not having seen the album nor even chanced upon that number of *The Episcopal Recorder.*

Dr. Muhlenberg himself has told us how his poem first gained place as a hymn. From the paper, in which it was printed anonymously, it was adopted by a sub-committee among the hymns to be passed upon by the whole committee which then (1826) was engaged in preparing a hymn book for the Protestant Episcopal Church. When this hymn was proposed, "one of the members remarked that it was very sweet and pretty, but rather sentimental; upon which it was unanimously thrown out. Not suspected as the author, I voted against myself. That, I supposed, was the end it. The committee, which sat until late at night at the house of Bishop White, agreed upon their report to the Convention, and adjourned. But the next morning Dr. Onderdonk (who was not one of their number, but who, on invitation, had acted with the sub-committee, which, in fact, consisted of him and myself) called on me to inquire what had been done. Upon my telling him that among the rejected hymns was this one of mine, he said, 'That will never do,' and went about among the members of the committee, soliciting them to restore the hymn in their report, which accordingly they did; so that to him is due the credit of giving it to the Church." It was copied almost at once into other books, and soon became one of the most popular of American hymns.

Ever since 1833 it has been associated with the melodious tune "Frederick," composed for it by Mr. George Kingsley, and printed as sheet music in that year. Kingsley belonged to the period of American psalmody when the performances of soloists and quartettes drowned the



TITLE-PAGE OF MR. KINGSLEY'S MUSIC

voice of congregations. The standard of church music did not differ materially from that of parlor music. Like the hymn itself his tune (even to the vignette on the title) reflects the religious fashion of the time. The two belong together. Several editors have attempted to put a newer tune in the place of Mr. Kingsley's. It was in vain, simply because words and melody both appeal to the same taste. They are not likely to be divorced, but to live or die together.

The history of the text is somewhat peculiar. The original, written in the album, seems to have been in six verses of eight lines each; as was also the first printed text in the *Recorder*. It was Dr. Onderdonk who selected and arranged the lines into four-line verses for the Episcopalian hymn book, Dr. Muhlenberg slightly revising them. So far as the public is concerned, this is the only text of the hymn. But in 1860, in a little collection of his poems, Dr. Muhlenberg printed a new version, and in a second edition, in the same year, added a postscript to that. In 1871, and again in 1876, he rewrote the hymn. It was not vanity but conscientiousness that inspired so much thought and labor; although these were quite in vain. The public loved the earlier version, and took no interest at all in the revisions. The autograph verses reproduced in this Study are from the version of 1871.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Dr. Muhlenberg was born in Philadelphia, September 16th, 1796, and came of distinguished stock. His great-grandfather was Dr. Henry M. Mühlenberg, founder of the Lutheran Church in America; his grandfather (Fred-


W. A. Muhlenberg

erick A.) was Speaker of the House of Representatives in the First and Second Congresses during Washington's first administration. In his boyhood the Lutheran services were conducted in German, of which he was ignorant; and he drifted into the Episcopal Church, into whose ministry he entered in 1817. He was ordained by Bishop White, and for a while served as chaplain to that famous prelate.

In 1820 he became rector of St. James's Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It was there he began his labors for a better church hymnody, publishing his *Church Poetry*, and doing much for that cause. While there he also conceived the idea of a school under church auspices, where education should be distinctly religious. Such a school he established at Flushing, Long Island, and gave to it fifteen years of enthusiastic toil. When circumstances compelled him to abandon it, he became in 1846 rector of a church in New York City founded by his sister, which he developed as a "free" church. Here he organized the first Protestant sisterhood, and established St. Luke's Hospital, in which, as pastor, he spent the last twenty years of his life, ministering to the suffering. In these later years he established the religious industrial community of St. Johnland on Long Island.

The great purposes of Dr. Muhlenberg's efforts may be summed up as the Christianizing of education, the reunion of all Christians in one Evangelical Catholic Church, and the bettering of the lot of the poor. To these he consecrated his life, with his great gifts for originating and administering. For these he spent his private fortune, of which he left behind less than enough to bury him. He was a prophet, and saw visions of a

holier Church than any on the earth, more catholic of heart and more helpful of hand. He thought his own denomination called to lead the way, and committed to it his visions as a trust. Dr. Muhlenberg's ideals and influence constitute one of the great forces now at work in the development of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Of his spiritual greatness, his lovely personality, his saintliness, his utter abnegation of self-interest, it seems hardly possible to speak too warmly. "His long life was one stream of blessed charity." Dr. Muhlenberg died at St. Luke's Hospital, April 8th, 1877, and was buried at St. Johnland.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) The omission of this hymn from the latest hymnal of Dr. Muhlenberg's own denomination raises the question of its fitness to serve as a hymn according to our present standards of judgment. Is its true place in a hymn book for congregational use or in a book of religious poetry for private use?

(2) There is a more important question: Is the view of life expressed in the hymn wholesome and inspiring, or is it morbid and enervating? The hymn embodies what seems to have been the average sentiment at that day among evangelical Christians. But a great change has come over evangelical thought about this life and the next. If, however, the "other-worldliness" of that generation seems morbid to us, it may be that to them, looking down upon us now from that other world, the "this-worldliness" of the present generation seems short-sighted, to say the least.

(3) Dr. Muhlenberg's desire to evangelize his hymn

strikes one at first as peculiar. His version of 1871 was headed, "'I Would Not Live Alway' Evangelized." What he had in mind is doubtless explained by the frequent saying of his later years: "Paul's desire to 'depart and be with Christ' is better than Job's 'I would not live alway.'"

XXII

O HELP US, LORD; EACH HOUR OF NEED

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 O help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

6 O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Rev. Henry Hart Milman, 1827

NOTE.—The text is that published in Bishop Heber's *Hymns*, 1827.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

It may be recalled that in our study of the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" reference was made to Bishop Heber's favorite project of a literary hymn book for the Church of England, a hymn book to contain only good poetry as well as good devotion. And now our study of this hymn, written by the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, brings us back to that project of his friend.

Heber had made a beginning on his book, at least as early as 1811, by writing some original hymns for it. But he never intended to follow the example of Dr. Watts and make the entire book consist of his own hymns. And we find him, in 1820, casting his eyes about the literary horizon to see what poets could be enlisted in his scheme.

There was no dearth of poets in those days. And it is likely that Heber knew most of them, for he had begun to write for the new *Quarterly Review* of Mr. Murray, the great London publisher, whose hospitable drawing-room was the common meeting ground of the poets of the time. Keats, Shelley, and Byron were all alive in 1820, but no one then or now would be likely to think of them in connection with a hymn book. Crabbe was an old man, whose poetry lay behind him. Coleridge

was capable of writing great hymns, but it was in vain to ask him to do any given thing at a given time. Keble at that time was actually writing *The Christian Year*, but the fact was known to very few. Montgomery, distinctively a hymn writer, would probably be passed over as out of sympathy with the Church of England. Wordsworth, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Southey, and Milman were the six who remained, conspicuous and possibly available.

To at least three of these we know that Heber appealed to furnish hymns for his book. Scott and Southey both promised their aid. But both failed him, although some unnamed poet did send in contributions that were rejected as beneath the level of the book. To Milman, whom he greatly admired, Heber sent in 1820 an earnest request for hymns: "I know with what facility you write poetry, and all the world knows with what success you write religious poetry."

And Milman did not fail him. In May of the year following Heber alludes to three hymns already received from him, one of them the now familiar "Ride on, Ride on in Majesty" (*The Hymnal*, No. 214); saying, "I rejoice to hear so good an account of the progress which your Saint [The Martyr of Antioch] is making towards her crown, and feel really grateful for the kindness which enables you, while so occupied, to recollect my hymn book. I have in the last month received some assistance from ———, which would once have pleased me well; but alas! your advent, Good Friday, and Palm Sunday hymns have spoilt me for all other attempts of the sort. There are several Sundays yet vacant, and a good many of the Saints' days. But I need not tell you that any of the

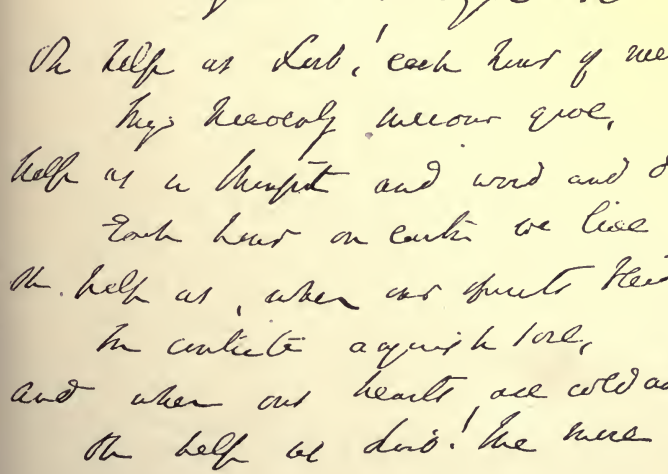
"other days will either carry double, or, if you prefer it, the compositions which now occupy them will 'contract their arms for you, and recede from as much of heaven' as you may require."

The hymn "O Help Us, Lord; Each Hour of Need" does not appear to have been in that first group, but very likely it was one of a second group acknowledged by Heber at the close of the same year. He writes to Milman: "You have indeed sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn book. A few more such hymns and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any lines of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up." At all events, we read of no more hymns from Milman in Heber's letters.

Milman contributed twelve hymns in all to the first edition of the book, which Bishop Heber was not to live to publish: and in that book, as put forth by the Bishop's widow in 1827, they first appeared in print. The book was immediately reprinted in New York, just too late for its hymns to be used in the new Episcopalian hymn book published that year. But perhaps it did not matter, and certainly not so far as this particular hymn was concerned, since American Episcopalians were content to wait until 1892 before including it among their authorized hymns. The hymn was included in *The* [Baptist] *Psalmist* of 1843 and *The Sabbath Hymn Book* [Congregational] of 1858, but, in the case of this, as of so many other hymns, the Boston Unitarians were the first to see its merits, and the only ones to make prompt

use of it, which they did in 1830. It is to be remembered that the Orthodox churches at that date were satisfied to sing "Watts," or, if they were to admit new hymns (enough to make "Watts and Select"), they preferred such new hymns as approached most closely to the old model.

Some years ago Mr. Francis Arthur Jones attempted to trace the whereabouts of the original manuscript drafts of some of our popular hymns with a view to an article upon the subject in the *Strand Magazine*. He found that comparatively few such manuscripts have been preserved. In regard to those of Milman, his son, Mr. Arthur Milman, wrote: "I have never even seen a



AN AUTOGRAPH VERSE

"MS. of my father, Dean Milman's hymns, and I greatly doubt whether any can have survived." It happened that Mr. Jones had secured an autograph of this hymn only two days prior to the receipt of Mr. Milman's letter, and from that the facsimile here reproduced was made. Concerning this he remarks: "Whether the MS. is the original, or merely the 'fair' copy, I am unable to say. It came into my hands through a dealer, and I value it very highly."

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Henry Hart Milman, born February 10th, 1791, was the youngest child of Francis Milman, physician to George III., and created a baronet by that king. He was prepared for Oxford at Eton, and after a brilliant career took his degree at Brasenose College in 1813. Among the prizes he carried off was that for English poetry, an event chronicled in one of the Ingoldsby Legends:—

> "His lines on Apollo
> Beat all the rest hollow,
> And gained him the Newdigate prize."

While still at Oxford he wrote his first drama, "Fazio: a Tragedy," published soon after his graduation. It was put upon the stage without his knowledge or consent, and acted with much success in England and America.

Ordained to the ministry in 1816, he became Vicar of St. Mary's Church, Reading. "He reads and preaches enchantingly," the famous Miss Mitford wrote soon after his coming; but he found in his parish some prejudice against him as the author of a play. He was full of

H H Milman

industry and literary ambition, and followed his drama with an epic poem in twelve books, "Samor, Lord of the Bright City." Then came the three religious dramas which crowned his poetic career, the "Fall of Jerusalem," in 1820; the "Martyr of Antioch" and "Belshazzar," in 1822. For the copyright of each of these he received the large sum of five hundred guineas.

But with the last of the three the enthusiasm of critics and applause of the public, originally very great, had waned, and his later poems were not successful. All alike are now buried and forgotten. It seems strange, indeed, that a poet greeted with so much enthusiasm by his contemporaries should be remembered only by a few hymns. His poetical works, gathered into three comely volumes in 1839, and long out of print, contain much that is striking and beautiful; and not the least pleasing feature is their dedication "To her who has made the poetry of life reality, by her affectionate husband."

Milman was to win more permanent fame in another branch of literature. While still at Reading he published his *History of the Jews*, in which he attempted, for the first time in England, to read the sacred annals in the light of the principles of historical criticism. This effort brought down upon him a storm of indignation and abuse, for which, however, he was not unprepared, and which he weathered in silence. His later works, *The History of Christianity* and *The History of Latin Christianity*, placed him at once among the great historical writers of the language; and in that high place he still remains. Promotion in the Church also came to him. In 1835 he was appointed rector of St. Margaret's, the church that stands in the shadow of Westminster Abbey;

and in 1849 he became Dean of St. Paul's, the cathedral church of London.

Dean Milman's London life was one of incessant toil, and had its sorrows also, three of his children lying in one grave in the north aisle of the Abbey. He became a great figure in London, sought after for his social charm, admired for his learning and genius, and reverenced for his lofty and peculiarly straightforward Christian character. He was a liberal in theology, and stood resolutely apart from the High Church movement. He survived in the full vigor of his mental powers until September 24th, 1868, and was buried in the crypt of his vast cathedral.

In 1900 appeared a biography of Dean Milman, by the son who has already been referred to. It had been delayed, strangely enough, until the generation of those who were his personal friends had passed away and the lustre of his poetic reputation had been dimmed by the lapse of time.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) In the Book of Common Prayer each Sunday has a passage of the gospels appropriated to it, to be used as the Gospel for the day. Bishop Heber's hymn book was to have a hymn for each Sunday based on its special Gospel. What is the particular passage on which this hymn is based, and which it illustrates?

(2) When Dean Milman came to make a hymn book of his own, he omitted the fourth and fifth verses of this hymn; but, in reprinting it in his *Poetical Works* of 1839, he included all six verses, with no change from his earliest text, except that in the first line of the last verse he sub-

stituted "Saviour" for "Jesus." In the omission of the two verses he has been followed by most later editors. As to the beauty of those omitted verses there can hardly be any question. But is there any such lack of clearness in them that the poem is better as a hymn without them?

(3) The three hymns of Milman in *The Hymnal* ("Ride on, Ride on in Majesty," "When our Heads are Bowed with Woe," and this) are probably the best out of his twelve in Bishop Heber's book. And, if placed side by side, it will be seen that each is in a different style. One is after the manner of a metrical litany, one so dramatic that it might serve as a chorus for one of his sacred dramas, and one "a piece of pure, deep devotion" in the best manner of unpretentious hymn writing.

XXIII

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 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,
To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the Great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain:
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 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.

5 So now and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria, who died about A. D. 220
Translated by Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter, 1846

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

This hymn is the translation of a Greek poem, and this relation to an antique world gives it a special interest of its own. It forms a connecting link between the second century and the twentieth, showing that, while many things have been changed, the Christian heart then as now feels the same impulse to praise Christ, and can express that praise in like words. The Greek poem is often spoken of as the oldest Christian hymn, but that is saying too much. It is rather the oldest surviving Christian poem (after the Song of Mary and the other New Testament hymns) which can be traced to a particular author. And that is distinction enough.

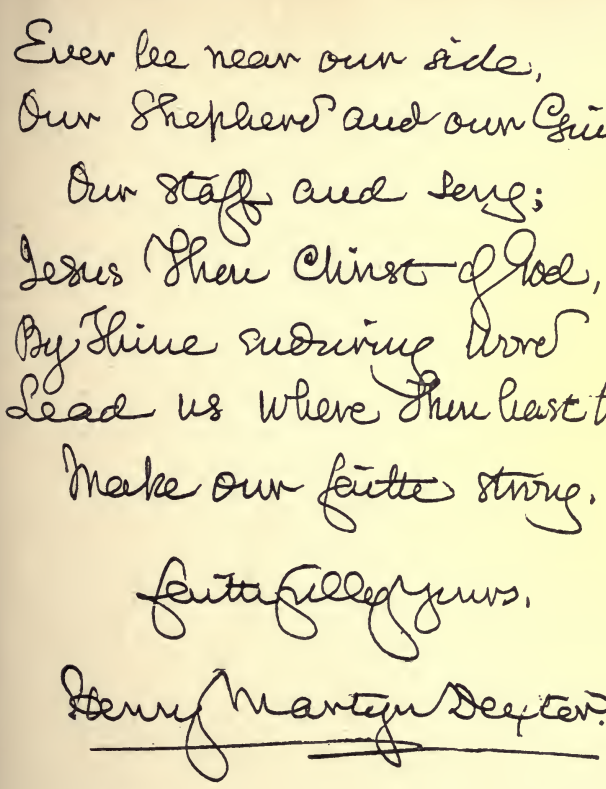
Among the great figures of the Church at the end of the second century was Clement of Alexandria. Of Clement himself, apart from his reputation and writings, we know little. He was a Greek, but when or where

born is uncertain. He seems to have been of good birth and social position, and certainly was highly educated. He had been a heathen philosopher and when he became a Christian was a philosopher still, traveling about seeking for light from various teachers. He mentions six, under whom he studied "the true tradition of the blessed doctrine of the holy apostles." Alexandria was then the great centre of Christian scholarship. It was there that Clement found in the Word of God the solution of the riddles of his soul. And there his wanderings ended in rest in a living Christ. When his teacher, Pantænus, head of the Catechetical School there, left it to go forth as a missionary, Clement became the head of the school, and so remained until driven away by persecution in A. D. 202. Whither he went and how he spent his closing years we do not know. We hear of him at Jerusalem and once again at Antioch, and he is believed to have died a little before A. D. 220.

Clement was a reformer, and wrote several books exposing the dreadful moral corruption of paganism and tutoring new converts in the life becoming the gospel of Christ. One of his books was called *The Instructor* (or Tutor), and is a treatise on Christian morals and manners. It sets forth Christ the Son of God as the true Instructor of men, and expounds His teachings with eloquence and the warmth of a real affection for Him. At the end of the book is appended the "Hymn to Christ the Saviour." It is a doxology, a burst of praise, an expression of thankfulness "to the Instructor who has not only enlightened us but called us into His Church and united us to Himself."

Clement's poem has always been an object of interest to scholars as a relic of early Christianity, and has been frequently translated. From a poetic standpoint it partakes too much of the nature of an inventory of figures applied to Christ in the Scriptures, and too little of the spontaneity of a lyric of praise. There is at the same time a charm in its cumulative adorations and its loyalty to Christ. But it never at any period found a place in the hymn books of the Church. For that honor it waited sixteen centuries.

In 1846 an American Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter, was preparing for his church at Manchester, New Hampshire, a sermon on "Some prominent characteristics of the early Christians," from the text, "Remember the days of old."—Deut. xxxii. 7. It occurred to him to make a hymn out of the old poem and to have it sung at the service. He says: "I first translated it literally into prose, and then transfused as much of its language and spirit as I could into the hymn." Dr. Dexter's hymn was first printed in *The Congregationalist* for December 21st, 1849. In 1853 Drs. Hedge and Huntington put it into their *Hymns for the Church of Christ* simply because, in their judgment, it was a good hymn, as they apparently knew nothing of its history or authorship. In 1866 it was included in the *Hymnal of the Presbyterian Church*, and is now widely used in this country and to some extent in England. Dr. Dexter's version has certainly won its way without any pushing on his part. As lately as 1869 Dr. Schaff (with all his wide acquaintance with religious verse) was obliged to include it in his delightful *Christ in Song* as "a transfusion by an unknown author."



A VERSE IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF THE TRANSLATOR

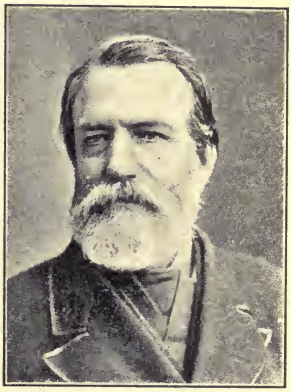
THE TRANSLATOR OF THE HYMN

Henry Martyn Dexter, a son of the Rev. Elijah Dexter, was born at Plympton, Massachusetts, August 13th, 1821. He was graduated from Yale College in 1840 and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1844. That same year he was ordained, and became pastor of

a Congregational Church at Manchester, New Hampshire. Five years later he became pastor of a church in Boston. While there he also became the editor of *The Congregationalist* and of *The Congregational Quarterly*. In 1867 he resigned his pastorate to be the editor of *The Congregationalist and Recorder*.

Dr. Dexter's natural inclinations made his career that of a man of letters and a scholar. He was especially interested in historical studies. Born within ten miles of Plymouth Rock, and often visiting the old town so full of Pilgrim memories, and with the blood both of Pilgrim and Puritan blended in his own veins, he early acquired a peculiar interest in the first settlers of New England. He came to believe in their system of Congregationalism as the best and most Scriptural form of church government. What Dr. Dexter believed he believed with all his heart, and he spent much time and money in tracing the beginnings of the Pilgrim Church in England and Holland, and especially in searching for the rare books and tracts that illustrate the early history of Congregationalism. He published many books and articles on these and kindred subjects, upon which he is now recognized as a high authority. His principal work was published in 1880 as *The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years, as Seen in its Literature*. While some of the conclusions of this book have been questioned, no one has failed to admire the learning and patient research that have gone into it. Dr. Dexter's published works extend over more than forty years. His interests and studies were by no means confined to Congregationalism, and his works deal with many problems in national, religious, and social life.

Dr. Dexter's hymn entitles him to a niche among American hymn writers, but he seems to have published no other verse. His son, the Rev. Morton Dexter, writes: "As a young man he used to write verse sometimes, and in middle life composed a number of hymns



REV. HENRY M. DEXTER

for special occasions. But he never regarded himself as a poet and never gave much attention to versifying. Most of his earlier poetry was in the ballad form and amusing in character."

Dr. Dexter died of heart failure on November 13th, 1890, passing away in his sleep. To look at the likeness of his pleasant face and to read his books, so full of learning and vitality, is to feel something of the irretrievableness of death. It is to be regretted that no biography of him has been published. He holds a secure place among the investigators into the origins of Ameri-

can church history, but it is not impossible that his hymn may prove to be his most enduring memorial.

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) In our hymn books many hymns are marked "Tr.," which means that they are translations, whether from the Greek or Latin or some other language. But while, for convenience, all alike are called translations, it should be understood that such hymns differ very widely in the degree in which the English version corresponds to the original text. As a rule, translations from the Latin can and do follow the original more closely than those from the Greek. It must be said frankly that few translations have less of the original in them than this. Dr. Dexter attempted little more than to reproduce the spirit of the original with occasional use of its language. This will appear in comparing the following literal translation with Dr. Dexter's hymn :—

"Bridle of untamed colts,
Wing of unwandering birds,
Sure Helm of babes,
Shepherd of royal lambs!
Assemble thy simple children
To praise holily,
To hymn guilelessly
With innocent mouths,
Christ the Guide of children.

"O King of Saints,
All-subduing Word
Of the most-high Father,
Prince of wisdom,
Support of sorrows,
That rejoicest in the ages,
Jesus, Saviour
Of the human race,
Shepherd, Husbandman,
Helm, Bridle,
Heavenly Wing
Of the all-white flock,
Fisher of men
Who are saved,
Catching the chaste fishes
With sweet life
From the hateful wave
Of a sea of vices,—
Lead, O Shepherd
Of reasoning sheep;
Lead harmless children,
O holy King,
O footsteps of Christ,
O heavenly Way,
Perennial Word,
Endless Age,

"Perpetual Light,
Fountain of mercy,
Worker of virtue:
Noble [is the] sustenance of those
Who praise God,
O Christ Jesus,
Heavenly milk
Of the sweet breasts
Of the graces of the Bride,
Pressed out of Thy wisdom.

"Babes, nourished
With tender lips,
Filled with the dewy spirit
Of the spiritual breast,
Let us sing together
Artless praises,
True hymns
To Christ the King,
Sacred rewards
For the doctrine of life;
Let us sing together,
Sing in simplicity
The mighty Child.
O choir of peace,
The Christ-begotten,
O chaste people,
Let us praise together
The God of peace."

Any one who values the historical association of the hymn feels a certain dissatisfaction with so loose a rendering of the original as Dr. Dexter's. That the poem can be reproduced much more closely appears from a version by a Scotch Presbyterian, Dr. Hamilton M. Macgill, of which the opening lines are as follows:—

"Thyself, Lord, be the bridle!
These wayward wills to stay:
Be thine the wing unwandering!
To speed their upward way;

"The helm for youth embarking
On the all-treacherous sea!
Shepherd of lambs! Thou only,
Their King and Leader be!

"O bring your tender young ones,
To chant their hymns of praise,
And holy hallelujahs,
With hallowed lips to raise.

"Let them with songs adoring,
Their artless homage bring
To Christ the Lord, and crown Him
The children's Guide and King."

Dr. Macgill's verse is just as good as Dr. Dexter's and as a translation far better. Yet, after all, it is a question if Dr. Dexter's version does not better represent the original for the purpose of singing. The spirit of the Greek poem appeals to us, but when it comes to addressing Christ as the bridle and the helm we are not quite so sure.

(2) The autograph verse here reproduced (it was written in 1883) shows that Dr. Dexter had recast the form of the fourth verse. Is the earlier or the later version preferable? Careless as he was of the fate of the hymn, it is difficult to say which one of the somewhat differing texts represents his preference. That here printed is one that apparently had his approval as late as 1883.

XXIV

THINE FOR EVER! GOD OF LOVE

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary Fawler (Hooper) Maude, 1847

NOTE.—Five verses of the original seven. Some features of the text are referred to under "Some Points for Discussion."

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

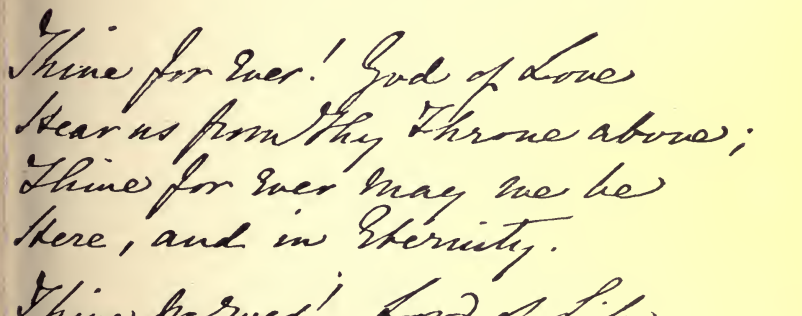
A sensational or sentimental hymn may catch the ear of the public and at once gain a short-lived popularity. But a hymn of solid merit makes its way more slowly. It is not often that the writer of such a hymn lives to see it take its place in the permanent hymnody of the Church. Such, however, is the happy experience of Mrs. Maude, who wrote "Thine for Ever! God of Love." And it is certainly an additional happy circumstance that we now have the story of the hymn in her own words. Mrs. Maude has lately written it for the Rev. John Brownlie, as follows:—

"In 1847 my husband was minister of the Parish Church of St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight. We had very large Sunday-schools, in which I taught the first class of elder girls, then preparing for their confirmation by the Bishop of Winchester. Health obliged me to go for some weeks to the seaside, and while there I wrote twelve letters to my class, which were afterward printed by the Church of England Sunday-School Institute. In one of the letters I wrote off, almost impromptu, the hymn *Thine for ever.*"

It should be explained, perhaps, that in the confirmation service in the Church of England the prayer spoken by the bishop in the act of laying on his hands begins, "Defend, O Lord, this thy Child with thy heavenly grace, that *he* may continue thine for ever." These words furnished the theme for the hymn. In the hymn they are taken up by catechumens and congregation, and made the words of their own prayer.

Mrs. Maude goes on to say: "The hymn must have

"been in some way seen by the committee of the Christian Knowledge Society, for early in the fifties I opened their newly-published hymnal, much to my surprise, upon my own hymn. After that, application for its use


Thine for ever! God of Love
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here, and in Eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of Life
Shield us through our earthly Strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the Realms of day.

AUTOGRAPH VERSES

came in from all quarters. Little did I imagine that it would be chosen by our beloved Queen to be sung at the confirmation of a Royal Princess.

"It was our custom in Chirk Vicarage to sing a hymn, chosen in turn, at our evening family prayer on the Lord's Day. On Sunday, February 8th, 1887, it was my husband's turn to choose, and he gave out *Thine for ever*, looking round at me. On the 11th he was singing with saints in Paradise. . . .

"Now, in my eightieth year, whenever I meet my hymn, there seems written across it, to my mental vision, *non nobis Domine*."

Mrs. Maude's hymn is so admirably suited to a confirmation service that its early adoption in the Church of England can readily be understood. In this country the hymn does not seem to have been used in the Episcopal Church until 1872. By that time it was already getting to be familiar in such Presbyterian and Congregational churches as were using Dr. Robinson's *Songs for the Sanctuary*, published in 1865.

In accounting for the wide use into which this hymn has come, one finds a reminder of the actual distinction between a collection of lyrical or even devotional poetry on the one hand and a hymn book on the other. If he were considering this hymn as a candidate for inclusion in a book of lyrics he would feel that it was lyrical in the sense of being eminently singable, but he would look in vain through its verses for any special structural beauty, for a thought or even a turn of expression that had anything of the charm of the unexpected. Nothing in it is far removed from the commonplace in a poetic sense. He might feel toward it in much the same way, considered for a place even in a book of devotional poetry. He would recognize a real tenderness of feeling and a perfect refinement of expression. Why, even then, should it gain favor as against a vast body of verse as true in religious feeling and equally poetic, to say the least? But who, on the other hand, has ever heard Mrs. Maude's hymn sung heartily in connection with the act of admitting catechumens to the Table of their Lord without feeling something of the satisfaction

that comes with the right word, to the occasion true because exactly expressive of the feeling which the occasion evokes? Mrs. Maude's verses, it would seem, find their proper place not in a book of poems, but in a service book. They are poetry in the sense of being liturgical verse, whose art consists in entering into the feelings of those participating in a certain service, and giving to them expression in perfect truth and in perfect taste. To bring out the poetry in them they must be sung, and sung in connection with the service to which they belong, and sung by those whose hearts respond to what the service means and stands for. There is abundant room for lyrics of high art in the hymn book, but there is also an inevitable demand for proper liturgical poetry.

In estimating the readiness of welcome which Mrs. Maude's hymn has found, one has also to remember that it did not have to make its way through a very formidable body of competitors. Even now it stands somewhat isolated on a bare spot of the domain of our hymnody. We have Bishop Wordsworth's conscientious and careful "Arm These Thy Soldiers, Mighty Lord" (*The Hymnal*, No. 315). But the hymn itself belongs to the Heavy Artillery, and rarely gets into active service. We have also President Davies's "Lord, I am Thine, Entirely Thine" (*The Hymnal*, No. 320), but many who have heard it sung by a great congregation must have felt that it should have remained rather as a secret between an individual soul and its Master. There are no other hymns for this occasion with the liturgical excellence of Mrs. Maude's. And that fact greatly strengthens its title to the place it now holds.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Mary Fawler Hooper was born in 1819, and is the daughter of George H. Hooper, of Stanmore, Middlesex. In 1841 she was married to the Rev. Joseph Maude, who became Vicar of Chirk, in North Wales, and an Honorary Canon of St. Asaph's Cathedral, and whose death, in 1887, has been referred to already. In 1848 her *Twelve Letters on Confirmation* were published, and in 1852 she printed privately her *Memorials of Past Years.* She has written other hymns, mostly for use in her husband's parish, but none of these has come into general use.

Mrs. Maude's life has been in no sense that of a woman of letters, or one lived in the public eye. It has been that of the faithful wife of a village pastor, the sharer of his labors and his hopes. Of such a life, however successful, the rewards are not with men. Her hymn represents her one point of contact with the larger public. And even the hymn was written with no more ambitious aim than that of being helpful to a class of village girls. "The praise of any usefulness," Mrs. Maude modestly says in a recent letter, "must be all given to Him whose glory it is to work by such simple means." Mrs. Maude is now in the evening of her life, but it seems likely that for long her name will be pleasantly remembered in connection with the hymn of her younger days.

SOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION

(1) "For ever" is so long a time that only God Himself could be justified in covering it with a pledge or promise. Is the beautiful ideal of our being God's for

Mary Fowler Maude.

ever set before us by the hymn in such a way that we can sing it in sincerity and in truth?

(2) The text of the hymn in *The Hymnal* (and here) differs in one word, apparently, from the original. The editor was unable to secure a copy of the little book in which the hymn first appeared, and he had to determine the text from such evidence as he could obtain. He has now in his possession an autograph of the hymn in which verse four begins:—

> "Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
> Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep";

and also a letter in which Mrs. Maude states that she originally wrote "Shepherd," and does not know who

changed it to "Saviour." "Shepherd" seems, therefore, to be the correct word. Is it not also the better word, and why?

The second of the two lines just quoted from the autograph of the hymn also differs from the text printed in *The Hymnal.* In spite of that fact the present writer believed the *Hymnal* text to be correct; and when this Study was originally printed he remarked at this point: "In regard to the second line there is reason to think that Mrs. Maude has on other occasions given 'These' and not 'Us' as the correct wording. Certainly the 'Us' is awkward in beginning the line." And now, while the proofs of this second printing of the Study are being corrected, there arrives opportunely from England a copy of Mr. F. A. Jones's *Famous Hymns and Their Authors.* Mr. Jones, who has been already referred to as a seeker for the original manuscripts of well-known hymns, has had correspondence with Mrs. Maude concerning this hymn. She calls his attention, in a letter which he quotes, to alterations made in the fourth verse of her hymn "without any reference to" her. One of the unauthorized changes she objects to is that of "These" into "Us." She says: "'Us' is a most unmusical word to begin a line with, and, moreover, the thought of the verse is lost, for the first two lines are a prayer for the catechumens from the congregation:—

> 'Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
> These Thy frail and trembling sheep';

then the supplication reverts and embraces all present:—

> 'Safe alone beneath Thy care,
> Let us all Thy goodness share.'"

Mrs. Maude's position is doubtless correct. She is confronted, nevertheless, by her autograph copy of the hymn containing the very word against which she protests as objectionable and unauthorized. This particular instance of confusion is referred to here not merely for its interest as bearing upon the text of a familiar hymn, but also as an illustration of the great difficulty of attaining accuracy in these matters. Ordinarily in the case of a disputed text or interpretation an appeal to the author is regarded as bringing the matter before a court of last resort, whose decision is final. In the case of hymns, however, it has repeatedly been demonstrated that even the statements of their authors must be treated as subject to correction.

(3) There were originally a sixth and a seventh verse which have not been used in the hymnals, as follows:—

"6 Thine for ever! In that day
When the world shall pass away:
When the trumpet's note shall sound,
And the nations under ground

"7 Shall the awful summons hear,
Which proclaims the Judgment near:
Thine for ever! 'Neath Thy wings
Hide and save us, King of kings!"

Do these lines strengthen or weaken the hymn?

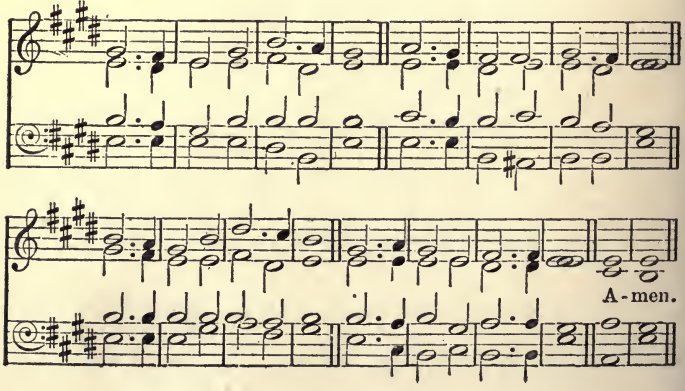
Mrs. Maude states that the fifth verse originally ended with the line:—

"Led by Thee from earth to heaven."

The line was changed to its present form to make a proper conclusion to the hymn as abridged, and the change has her approval.

(4) This hymn is associated with the death of the late Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, while visiting Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. It was sung at the close of an early service he attended at the neighboring church on October 11th, 1896. Returning to the church three hours later for the Morning Prayer he passed away while kneeling for the Confession. The hymn is said to have been sung when his funeral left Hawarden, and again over the grave at Canterbury Cathedral. It suggests once more the difficulty of attaining accuracy in these matters that Mrs. Maude states that the hymn was sung to the Archbishop's "favorite old Spanish air, Thine for ever"; while his son and biographer describes it as a beautiful Welsh tune which the Archbishop "had not heard before."

The Rev. Mr. Brownlie obtained a copy of the tune, and thinks it only requires to be known to become a general favorite, and it is here printed:—



XXV

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

THE TEXT OF THE HYMN

1 Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

2 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

3 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

4 For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1889

NOTE.—The text is taken from *Demeter and Other Poems*, 1889.

THE STORY OF THE HYMN

"'Crossing the Bar' was written in my father's eighty-first year," writes the present Lord Tennyson in the Memoir; "on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the Moaning of the Bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work.' He answered, 'It came in a moment.' He explained the 'Pilot' as 'that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us.' A few days before my father's death he said to me: 'Mind you put "Crossing the Bar" at the end of all editions of my poems.'"

The lyric was published in the volume of 1889, *Demeter and Other Poems*, and won instant acceptance. The student of poetry was glad that the old tree should bear so perfect a flower, and the religious public was touched by the venerable poet's avowal of his personal faith.

The first public use of the poem was as an anthem at Lord Tennyson's funeral in Westminster Abbey on October 12th, 1892. The daughter of the Dean of Westminster has pictured the scene:—

"As the procession slowly passed up the nave and paused beneath the lantern, where the coffin was placed during the first part of the burial service, the sun lit up the dark scene, and touched the red and blue Union Jack upon the coffin with brilliant light, filtering through the painted panes of Chaucer's window on to the cleared purple space by the open grave, and lighting up the beautiful bust of Dryden, the massive head of Longfellow, the gray tomb of Chaucer and the innumerable wreaths

Crossing the Bar

Sunset & evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar.
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound & foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless d
Turns again home.

Twilight & evening bell,
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark!

For tho' from out our bourne of Time &
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

heaped upon it. In the intense and solemn silence which followed the reading of the lesson were heard the voices of the choir singing in subdued and tender tones Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar'—those beautiful words in which the poet, as it were, prophetically foretold his calm and peaceful deathbed. In the second line the clear, thrilling notes of a boy's voice sounded like a silver trumpet call amongst the arches, and it was only at intervals that one distinguished Dr. Bridge's beautiful organ accompaniment, which swelled gradually from a subdued murmur as of the morning tide into a triumphant burst from the voices, so blended together were words and music."

The credit of introducing Tennyson's lyric as a hymn belongs to Presbyterians. A committee of the Free Church of Scotland engaged Sir Joseph Barnby to set it to music, and printed it in their *Home and School Hymnal* of 1893. In this country also the Presbyterians were the first to include it among their hymns, it appearing in *The Hymnal* of 1895. It has since appeared in *The Church Hymnary* of the Scottish Churches and in several independent collections.

THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN

Alfred Tennyson was born August 6th, 1809, at Somersby, a Lincolnshire village of which his father was the rector. Even as a child he made verses, and as early as 1827 he and his brother Charles published a volume of *Poems by Two Brothers.* The next year he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. "The Lover's Tale" was written at that time, and in the summer following he gained the chancellor's prize for a poem on Timbuctoo.

When only twenty-one Tennyson published his *Poems*

Chiefly Lyrical. They had a wonderful freshness, and in them were the very witchery of music and all the shapes and colors of word painting. Dreamy young people were fascinated by these lyrics. Older people, whose tastes had been formed on more conventional models, looked at them more doubtfully, and some, like Christopher North, laughed at them. They were the experiments of a young artist, and many of the poems Tennyson withdrew afterward, with the deepening of his thoughts and purposes. But the book marks the worthy beginning of a great poetic career of more than sixty years, that in its circumstances and its influence is almost ideal. Tennyson no doubt will always stand as the representative poet of Queen Victoria's reign.

To trace that career and to record his poetical achievements belongs to English literature and not to hymnology. Except the little children's hymn in "The Promise of May," and possibly this poem, Tennyson wrote nothing designed for a hymn, although some verses from the prologue of "In Memoriam" are often included in hymn books. It was a favorite project with his friend Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol College, that the poet should "write a few hymns in a high strain, to be a treasure to the world and to the Church." "I want him to think of millions of persons repeating his words with the living voice, during many centuries. Is this a crown to be despised?"—Jowett wrote to the poet's son. But Tennyson had a feeling that hymns were expected to be commonplace, and for that reason, perhaps, he felt little impulse to attempt them.

Tennyson had a deeply religious nature and regarded himself as intrusted with a divine message. He was a

humble believer in Christ. "What the sun is to that flower, that," he once said, "Jesus Christ is to my soul." He spoke often of the actuality of Christ's presence to him in the Holy Communion. Indeed, he lived and wrought always as in the divine presence, saying once to his niece in the most natural way: "God is with us now, on this down, as we two are walking together, just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the walk to Emmaus. We cannot see Him, but He—the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit—is nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the apostle about the actual and real presence of God and His Christ with all who yearn for it."

As this glorious career drew toward its close, his queen, who had twice before sought to crown it with civic honors, offered the poet a peerage. While the offer appealed to him but little, he accepted it as representing the nation's tribute to literature, and in 1883 became Baron Tennyson of Aldworth in Sussex and of Freshwater in the Isle of Wight. On October 6th, 1892, God gave him, after a brief sickness, just such a quiet death as he had craved in this poem, his hand clasping a volume of Shakespeare, which he had asked for just before the end.

Some Points for Discussion

(1) It seems strange that the personality of the "Pilot" should have been a matter of discussion. But a perverse effort was made by certain critics to deny that the poem was really an avowal of Christian faith. As to this the present Lord Tennyson writes: "My father was much pained to learn that any one could misinterpret

"the 'Pilot' in 'Crossing the Bar,' and imagine that it referred to Arthur Hallam or to my brother Lionel. He had thought there could be only one possible interpretation. Repeatedly and emphatically, at his dictation,

LORD TENNYSON

I have had to say this. Moreover, I have had to explain, also at his dictation, that in the line, 'And after that the dark,' the 'dark' merely means 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death.'"

(2) *And one clear call for me!* What is this call? The passage from "Enoch Arden" will be remembered:—

> "Then the third night after this,
> While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
> And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,

> "There came so loud a calling of the sea,
> That all the houses in the haven rang.
> He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
> Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!
> I am saved'; and so fell back and spoke no more."

In an edition of Tennyson's poems Mr. W. Trego Webb gives the following definition "on the authority, if not in the words, of Lord Tennyson himself:—

"*A calling of the sea.* A term used in some parts of England for a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the sound not only echoes through the houses standing near the beach, but is often heard many miles inland."

(3) A recent writer thinks that Tennyson mixed his metaphors in the last line, where "we are abruptly confronted with a new contradictory image of facing the pilot when we have crossed the bar, as though he were then receiving us into his care, instead of dismissing us from it." Father Tabb, the poet, answers this by saying that before a ship sails out of port the pilot is in charge, nor does the law allow her to cross the bar without him; and that in the poem it is a question not of having a pilot, but of seeing him face to face, which in our voyage we cannot hope to do till we have crossed the bar. Is there any confusion of metaphor here?

(4) The meaning of another line has also been discussed. In the Memoir of Bishop Walsham How the following passage occurs in a letter dated October 24th, 1890:—

"A few months ago the Master of Trinity (Dr. Butler) sent me a Latin version of Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.' I ventured to criticise one word. In rendering the lines:—

'When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home,'

he introduced the word 'vita.' I said I thought it was wrong, as I always understood those lines of the *tide* and not of the life. He replied, referring me to Tennyson's 'Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,' and to various other passages of Tennyson, proving that the thought of the life being drawn out of the depths of infinity to return thither again was a very familiar one to him. He also showed me several places in Wordsworth where the same thought occurs. This entirely convinced me that I was wrong, and I then observed that in each of the other stanzas the third and fourth lines refer to the thing typified, and the first and second to the type, so that symmetry of arrangement was against me. After some time the Master wrote to me from the Isle of Wight, where he had seen Tennyson, and told me he had told him of our correspondence, and the poet had said I was right and Butler wrong. I still think the author had better adopt Butler's view and make it his own, the arguments for it being so strong."

But does not the imagery seem to require that the words refer to the tide on which the ship floats?

(5) Does it seem likely that this lyric is to take its place among the accepted hymns of the Church? In its favor are its exquisite beauty and its appeal to every Christian heart. Against it are its irregularity of metre, requiring more extended music than an ordinary hymn, so that it must in any event be reserved for somewhat occasional use; and also its lack of hymnic form, which, however, is no more marked here than in the case of "Lead, Kindly Light." It is significant, perhaps, that the omission of the hymn from a recent hymnal caused

so much remark that in revising the plates of the book the opportunity was taken to insert it. Yet, on the other hand, a distinguished literary woman, Mrs. Oliphant, appears to question the propriety of using this lyric as a funeral hymn. In a letter, published since her death, she wrote: "Is it true that Hallam Tennyson has wished it to be set to music and sung at the funeral? I can't think it very suitable for that. I suggested to Dr. Bridge those verses from 'In Memoriam':—

> 'Peace; come away: the song of woe
> Is, after all, an earthly song.'"

GENERAL INDEX

[*Titles of books, etc., in Italics.*]

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

[*Those which are the subjects of the Studies are printed in Italics.*]