William Hunton

Stories of Favorite Hymns

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Stories of Favorite Hymns

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Stories of Favorite Hymns

The Origin, Authorship, and Use of Hymns We Love

By William Lee Hunton

Editor of "Young Folks," Associate Editor of "The Lutheran," "The Lutheran Graded Series," and Other Publications

Philadelphia
THE GENERAL COUNCIL PUBLICATION HOUSE

Dedication

To
EMMA HOPPE HUNTON
My beloved wife
Whose love for and knowledge of the hymns of the Church proved a source of inspiration and help in the preparation of these stories of the hymns, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

Summary Contents

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Preface by Lutheran Librarian

In republishing this book, we seek to introduce this author to a new generation of those seeking authentic spirituality.

WILLIAM LEE HUNTON (1864-1930), was a pastor in the General Council. He was the editor of "Young Folks," Associate Editor of "The Lutheran," "The Lutheran Graded Series," and other publications.

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A Note about Typos [Typographical Errors]

Please have patience with us when you come across typos. Over time we are revising the books to make them better and better. If you would like to send the errors you come across to us, we'll make sure they are corrected.

Preface

THE WRITING of these pages was an accident and a pleasure. An editorial emergency called forth the first article; our personal interest induced several others; then the interest of our readers requested the series. Favorable comments and the expressed desire of not a few to have the articles in permanent form explain the appearance of this volume.

As a member of the committee which had charge of the preparation of the new Lutheran Common Service Book with Hymnal we were led to assemble a four foot shelf of books on Liturgies and Hymnology which volumes we have freely consulted. Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the many distinguished writers on hymnology whose interesting and valuable writings we have read and compared and assimilated. We trust that the work has been done in such a way as to give a new, fresh and interesting story of a number of the Favorite Hymns which are most widely loved and used.

We hope that every reader of these pages will miss from the incomplete list of Favorite Hymns here treated some of the hymns he most dearly loves, and that his interest will be so aroused as to send him to the libraries to find the same pleasure we have found and which has been our personal profit.

If the reader is as interested in the reading as we were in the writing then these chapters will have the fascination of fiction. We therefore send them forth in the firm belief that they will prove helpful in making many appreciative of the hymns they sing and able to draw more knowledge and worship out of the songs of the sanctuary.

WILLIAM LEE HUNTON.

Written in the Quadricentennial Jubilee Year of the Birth of Protestantism.

Advent Hymns

O How Shall I Receive Thee? (Gerhardt)

O How shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see Thee,
My Hope, my heart's delight!
O kindle, Lord most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please Thee best.

Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.
My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy name.

I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou comest to set me free!
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou comest to honor me!
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail nor leave me
As earthly riches fly.

Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me.
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
O Love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted.
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom;
He who alone can cheer you
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you.
And bids you weep no more.

An Advent hymn which is greatly loved by all who appreciate the purpose and spirit of the Advent season; we find in these stanzas prayer, praise, theology, redemption, Christian penitence. Christian joy. The heart is laid bare, so to speak, and the Christian who with heart, mind and voice sings this Advent hymn of prayer and praise must certainly be ready to welcome the Saviour when He comes. To this end our first thought in contemplating this hymn is to see the beauty, the expressiveness and the fitness of its thought as a hymn to begin the Advent season.

Paul Gerhardt is the author of this hymn. He ranks with Luther as one of the most gifted and most popular hymn writers of the Christian Church.

It will give us a higher appreciation of the hymn to know a little of the author. He was a German poet of a high order, one whom the German people loved and owned. He was a native of Saxony, his student life being passed during the time of the Thirty Years' War, at the close of which he became a pastor. It was while pastor at St. Nicholas' Church, Berlin, that be became known as a writer of hymns. He was held in high honor by the people of the city as an eloquent preacher and earnest pastor.

In spite of this fact, because of his uncompromising stand for the Lutheran doctrine and all that it implied in teaching and in living, he was, in 1666, deposed from his spiritual office. When told of it he said, "This is only a small Berlin affliction; but I am also willing and ready to seal with my blood the evangelical truth, and, like my namesake, St. Paul, to offer my neck to the sword."

Reinstated, he again was superseded because his conscience would not let him compromise as he was expected to do. In the midst of these official trials he also was called upon to suffer family affliction, losing three children and his wife within a very short time.

He later became pastor at Lübben and archdeacon. Under his picture in this church there was the inscription which seemed to indicate the detraction and unkindness which he experienced during the last seven years of his life. The inscription, which was in Latin, was, "A divine sifted in Satan's sieve."

When we know this story, and that out of these experiences as the expression of his innermost soul some of his best hymns came, we shall then love more and understand better those hymns of his which it is our privilege to have and to sing in our English churches.

These facts give new meaning to the first, third and fifth stanzas. They become so personal that they will be of deeper significance to each and everyone who sings them.

It has been well said of Gerhardt that he had a firm grasp of the objective realities of the Christian faith and that he manifested a loyal adherence to the doctrinal standpoint of the Lutheran Church. With it all he is genuinely human and takes a fresh and wholesome view of nature and of mankind. This emphasizes the teaching and content of the hymn.

When we see the depth of soul and the fulness of meaning as well as the beauty of expression in a hymn such as this Advent hymn of Paul Gerhardt, what a rebuke it is to those who would use silly and superficial jingles and think they contain elements of worship. The advent of our Saviour is worthy of the best in poetry and music that can be found in our hymns.

A very different type of hymn, but one which is especially appropriate for the opening of Advent and which is a general favorite is:

On Jordan's Banks The Herald's Cry. (Coffin)

On Jordan's banks the herald's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Come, then, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

This hymn, as we have it, was translated in 1837 by John Chandler from the Latin of the author, Charles Coffin. The original was written in 1736. Simple in statement of fact, confession and faith, it is a hymn-prayer, full of unction, which is the element which appeals to the heart in the Advent season.

A hymn which looks for the second Advent of Christ and well worthy of its popularity is:

Thou Judge of Quick and Dead. (Wesley)

Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe.
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day.
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

This hymn is from the pen of Charles Wesley, the "Bard of Methodism," who was a prolific writer of hymns, as is seen from the fact that of seven hundred and seventy hymns in the "Wesleyan Hymn Book" six hundred and twenty-three are from his pen. It is very evident that there cannot be as much variety as there is in the Lutheran books of worship, the hymns of which are drawn from many sources. The determining factor for the recognition and use of a hymn is the evangelical character and conformity to the high standard of poetic form and perfect harmony with the principles of faith and worship.

The true joy of Advent is fittingly expressed in another grand hymn which has come from one of the bards of Germany, Laurentius Laurenti, who has been pronounced "one of the best hymn writers of the Pietistic School." His hymns are, as a rule, founded on the gospels for the Sundays and festivals of the Church Year. They are simple, spiritual, full of unction and educational as well as devotional.

Dr. Schaff pronounces his Advent hymn, which is a versified interpretation of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, his best hymn. The English translation which we use is from the pen of Miss Jane Borthwick. It is included in a book which she, with the assistance of her sister, published in 1854, the ti-

tle of which is “Hymns from the Land of Luther.” Laurenti’s hymn is found in a number of the very best hymn books of the present day. It is evidence of the beauty and the richness of our purely evangelical hymns. The hymn is so beautiful that we quote it as it is now commonly used:

Rejoice, All Ye Believers (Laurenti)

Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear!
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh.
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle-
At midnight comes the cry!

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh.
With heallelujahs clear.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory;
The Bridegroom is at hand!

Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever.
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold.
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for.
O’er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted.
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth’s redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

Our Earliest Christmas Hymns

THE FIRST SONG of the Christian era came from the lips of the Virgin Mary. The greatest honor that could be bestowed upon a woman was hers, for she is the destined mother of the Messiah. The joy of her soul knows no bounds. Conscious of the wonderful thing which God hath done for her, and through her for the world, Mary breaks the stillness of the expectant hour with the strains of the Magnificat.

Inspired, because of the wonderful thing which God hath done unto her, this humble maiden of Israel sings the first Christian song, in the quiet of the home of her kinswoman, Elizabeth, in the hill country of Judea.

The circumstances under which this hymn was first sung, its theme, its spirit and its contents give to the Magnificat a precedence over all the other hymns of the Church.

Mrs. Charles has well said of this hymn: "The heart of Mary, like a sweet flower with its cup turned up to the morning sky, in its lowliness drank in the light and dew of heaven, and sent them back in fragrance; full of God and therefore full of joy. Yet her hymn is no angelic song, no thanksgiving of an unfallen spirit who looks on adoring at the great miracle of divine love. That human tone which gives its deepest music to the new song of heaven is not wanting in Mary's. She can say, 'My Saviour,' that she also may sing hereafter, 'Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us by Thy blood!' The Magnificat of the blessed Virgin is but another strain in the great song of redemption."

If we compare the Magnificat with the song of Hannah, recorded in the first chapter of I Samuel, we will note enough similarity to warrant the view that Mary must have been familiar with this Old Testament song to which it bears a close resemblance.

There have been a number of attempts to put the Magnificat into verse, but they are not popular, for the simple reason that nothing can surpass in beauty and stateliness the rhythmical prose of this chant as it came from the lips of Mary and is recorded in the New Testament. We are fortunate in hav-

ing this canticle occupy an important place in our services. It should be, in view of its origin and association as the first hymn of the Christian Church committed to memory in our youth. The song is so rich in thought, so beautiful in its origin and setting that, rightly understood, its frequent use wall necessarily deepen spiritual life and strengthen the devotion of the worshiper.

The Magnificat

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded: the low estate of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath done to me great things: and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: from generation to generation.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seats: and exalted them of low degree.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He hath holpen His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy: as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed, for ever.

Times of unusual experiences in the religious life, whether they are times of trial or of joy, have ever been fruitful in song. So it is that at the glad time of the coming of our Lord into the world song succeeds song. No sooner do the strains of the Magnificat die away than we hear the notes of another of our beautiful New Testament canticles, the song ofZacharias proclaiming the advent of John the Baptist, the forerunner of our Lord.

A priest, as he was, and inspired of the Holy Ghost to prophecy, we have in the Benedictus, as it comes from the lips of Zacharias, a lyric which, like Mary's song, has passed into the permanent liturgy of the Church, and which is expressive of the devotion of every pious heart.

Concerning this hymn, Edersheim says: "Strictly Hebrew in its cast, and closely following Old Testament prophecy, it is remarkable — and yet most natural — that this hymn of the priest closely follows, and, if the expression be allowable, spiritualizes a great part of the most ancient Jewish prayer, the so-called Eighteen Benedictions; rather, perhaps, that it transforms the expectancy of that prayer into praise of its realization. And if we bear in mind that a great portion of these prayers were said by the priests before the lot was cast for incensing, or by the people in the time of incensing, it almost

seems as if during the long period of his enforced solitude the aged priest had meditated on, and learned to understand, what so often he had repeated."

How beautifully these chants link the Old and the New Covenant in thought in the worship, even as He who was coming was fulfilling the Old and establishing the New Covenant, that the two might be bound together in Him, the Center of time as well as of salvation.

The Benedictus

> Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for He hath visited and redeemed His people;
> And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us: in the house of His servant David;
> As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets: which have been since the world began;
> That we should be saved from our enemies: and from the hand of all that hate us;
> To perform the mercy promised to our fathers: and to remember His holy covenant;
> The oath which He sware to our father Abraham: that He would grant unto us;
> That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies: might serve Him without fear.
> In holiness and righteousness before Him: all the days of our life.
> And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways;
> To give knowledge of salvation unto His people: by the remission of their sins.
> Through the tender mercy of our God: whereby the Dayspring from on high hath visited us;
> To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: to guide our feet into the way of peace.

And now as the Messiah of God, Emmanuel, Christ is born, it is the song of the angels that we hear. The day is dawning and fittingly the angels of heaven greet the coming morning of the day of redemption. "Shepherds were in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

What a privilege to those humble shepherds to hear the angel band sing their ecstatic hymn on the plains of Bethlehem, announcing the grace of heaven to our sin-smitten earth! Well has it been called the "sweetest melody that ever echoed from the skies."

The Gloria in Excelsis, as we now have it and use it in our public worship, is built up as from a foundation on this angel song, which, when first

sung, had as its hearers the adoring shepherds, who were keeping their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem on the night when Jesus was born in the manger of the Nativity.

The anthem, which fully expressed the joy of the angels at the Nativity, was inadequate to express the feelings of the Church that worshiped the Crucified. For this reason there was a gradual evolution of the Gloria in Excelsis, which, by the end of the fifth century, had been developed into a hymn which, with but slight variation, is used alike by Greek, Roman and Protestant believers all over the world. Its use confirms the creed in which we express our belief in the "Communion of Saints."

The seed of the song is the chant of the angels; the fruit of its fuller expression, the communion of the saints who worship the Triune God who have boldness and joy in their approach through the Christ of Bethlehem, the Saviour of the world. Henceforth we will sing the "angels' anthem" with better understanding and find in it an unusual medium of true communion with the angels and the saints in heaven as well as the universal brotherhood of believers on earth.

The Gloria In Excelsis

> Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.
>
> O Lord, the Only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sin of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.
>
> For, Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Closely associated with the birth of Christ is another most beautiful and tender hymn which comes to us out of the word of God, namely, Simeon's pathetic song, "The Nunc Dimittis." The circumstances of the origin of this canticle are most touching. Simeon was a devout man. He had waited and longed for the consolation of Israel. While in the temple it was his privilege to take the young Child in his arms. While he beheld the Christ-child, real-

izing that it was the long-hoped-for consolation of Israel, the pent-up emotions of his soul were poured forth in the words of that song which is found in our services and is particularly expressive of the feeling of the true Christian after receiving the body and the blood of Christ in the sacrament of the altar. Its origin and first use, the singer holding the Christ-child in his arms as he sang, should be kept in the view of the worshiper, who, as he joins with others in the singing of this New Testament canticle will have personal experience of the joy and benediction which were the lot of Simeon, its author, who sang his personal experience of salvation.

The Nunc Dimittis

> Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy Word;
>
> For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation: which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
>
> A light to lighten the Gentiles: and the glory of Thy people Israel.

What wonderful hymns these are which, coming from the very scenes and times of the Nativity, have passed down through the ages! Their beauty and their sweetness have not been diminished, while their use has constantly been on the increase.

As at the first, giving expression to the emotions of the human heart, the Magnificat, the Benedictus, the Nunc Dimittis, are sung today just as they came from the lips of the inspired singers. The song of the angels has been caught up by the saints of the Church, and with its lofty theme as the nucleus, there has been developed a noble song, a song which links angels with the common brotherhood of believers in proclaiming “Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men.”

There is no doubt that these songs were sung in the apostolic and early Christian Church. They are sung today in all sections of the Church which would emphasize the scriptural and evangelical in Christian worship. It is an evidence of both the true apostolicity and catholicity of Christians for them to love and to use these New Testament songs, which are so closely associated with the birth of Jesus the Saviour.

Well Known Christmas Hymns

OF THE VARIOUS ELEMENTS of Christmas pleasure, none is more pure, real or uplifting than the privilege of singing the old, familiar Christmas hymns which old and young alike love and which make us, once again, all children. There are great volumes of the hymns of Christmas. Some of them are unworthy of their place, but many of them are singing the old story and the true faith into many joyful hearts as "the happy Christmas comes once more."

This singing for Christmas is an old custom which has heavenly example as its pattern and inspiration, for does not Montgomery tell us in a hymn which we delight to sing—

Angels From The Realms of Glory

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

It was this fact which gave Nahum Tate his inspiration and moved him to write in 1703, the wonderful story of that night on Bethlehem's plains in a hymn which has sent thousands singing joyfully to the Manger Cradle. Who is not familiar with the words which helped to win for him from King William III the title of poet laureate? We refer to that splendid Christmas hymn —

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,
“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born, of David’s line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed.
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands.
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song: —
"All glory be to God on high.
And to the earth be peace:
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

Speaking of the angels and their song makes us think of Charles Wesley’s hymn for Christmas day. He wrote it in 1735 and revised it in 1743. It has found its way into many hymnals and has been so inseparably associated with Mendelssohn’s melody which bears his name as to make it stand out as one of the greatest of the favorite hymns for the Christmas time. Beautiful as are the words, we cannot help feeling that the music of the great master, Mendelssohn, has done much to sing into the hearts of multitudes of Christians the beautiful Christmas message of the great Methodist hymn writer.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Wesley’s Hymn For Christmas Day

Hark! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations, rise.
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal Nature, say,
Christ the Lord is born today!

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see.
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel, here!

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
O, to all Thy self impart.
Formed in each believing heart!

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Trust" has helped to win a place for another familiar Christmas hymn among the great favorites. We refer to John Cawood's hymn —

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices

Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory.
Till it cover all the earth.

Of the seventeen hymns written by Mr. Cawood, who was a man of limited education, this is his best and most widely known production.

Hymns like these which we have just quoted prepare us to sing William Augustus Muhlenberg's valuable contribution to our Christmas collection of hymns. It is a hymn in which the echoing harmonies of heaven touch a responsive chord in our very souls. We feel the power in the words and the melody and are literally ready to shout when called to sing —

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing, Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

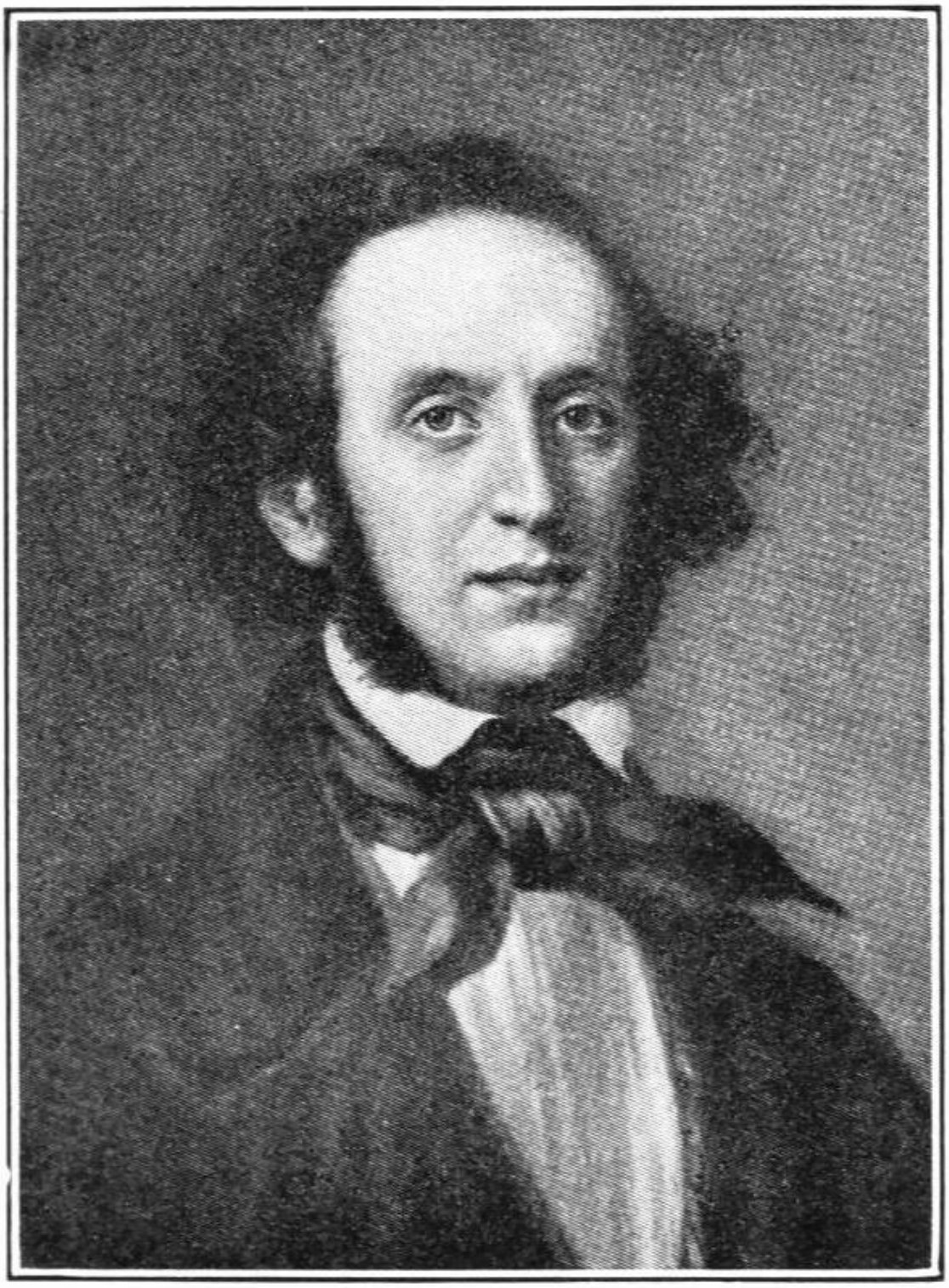
Muhlenberg's Christmas Hymn: Sion, The Marvelous Story Be Telling

Sion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling.
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth:

Chorus:
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King,
Messiah is King, Messiah is King.

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation.
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation.
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing.
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.



FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The text of this hymn has come to us unaltered from the pen of the author, who is the grandson of the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, D. D. He bore a Lutheran name, but through attendance in English Sunday schools became an Episcopalian and carried his Lutheran spirit into that church, where he did a wonderful work in the development of hospital and other benevolent work in New York City.

Martin Luther, who contributed much to the Reformation cause through his hymns, which are known by every peasant in Germany, and for which in most instances he has furnished his own melody, has given us one of the very best and most meaningful of our Christmas hymns.

Luther's Christmas Hymn: Good News From Heaven The Angels Bring

Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
To us this day a Child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs:
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

All hail! Thou noble Guest, this morn.
Whose Love did not the sinner scorn:
In my distress Thou comest to me;
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

Were earth a thousand times as fair.
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son:
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

The original of this carol, we are told, Luther wrote for his little son Hans when he was only five years old. It is still sung at daybreak on Christmas morning by singers standing in the dome of the "Kreuz Kirche" in Dresden. Luther wrote it in 1535. The translation which is in most common use is by Miss Winkworth. The music bears the date of 1539 and has come down to us with the words as one of the glad notes of the Christmas time.

Luther has given us another Christmas hymn — at least it is commonly attributed to him — the "Cradle Hymn," which is a marvelously sweet lullaby. This hymn is very short; but it is very dear to the little ones, who without exception soon learn to sing and to love it.

Away In A Manger: A Christmas Lullaby

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed.
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay —
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes.
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes;
I love Thee, Lord Jesus. Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

The above is distinctly a "cradle hymn." It is so simple, so evangelical and so beautiful that even if the critics cannot agree as to its authorship, we certainly are unanimous as to its use.

The eminent Episcopalian, Phillips Brooks, has made a valuable addition to our collection of Christmas hymns in his —

O Little Town Of Bethlehem

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 darkness shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

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 our King,
And peace to men on earth.

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.

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

The hymn was written in 1868. It is both a tribute and a prayer. Its poetical merit and devotional character make it worthy of the high favor in which it stands.

Another American clergyman has furnished us with a classic Christmas hymn. We refer to the hymn by the Rev. Edwin Hamilton Searles, which, in

spite of the fact that its author was a Unitarian clergyman, yet is a hymn in which there is a very joyful note for the child of faith. Written in 1860, Mr. Searle's words stir the imagination and bring to the ear and eye of the singer most wonderful scenes and harmonies of heaven.

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear: A Unitarian's Christmas Hymn

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King";
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load.
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road.
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold.
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

“Calm on the listening ear of night,”

Add to the above his earlier Christmas hymn, written in 1834, namely,

"Calm on the listening ear of night,

and we have two hymns which give to Mr. Searles a high and deserved place among the great American hymn writers. In speaking of “It came upon the midnight clear,” Dr. Duffield says: “It is absolutely wedded to its appropriate tune.” What a mistake so many make when they give new and unfamiliar times for old standard hymns! On the other hand, there are times when old standard tunes are violently torn from their proper words and connected with mere doggerel. To do either is to hinder worship and is like defaming a sacred shrine.

The Christmas hymns are almost without number, and our readers may add indefinitely. We must, however, tell the story of one other hymn of which many have precious memories of singing it in a darkened church or home while watching the lighting of the Christmas tree, which found its present beautiful place and use during the time of the great Protestant Reformation. The hymn, which was written by Joseph Mohr in 1818, is the well known —

Silent Night

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round you Virgin Mother and child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
||: Sleep in heavenly peace :||

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
||: Christ, the Saviour, is born! :||

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy Face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
||: Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth. :||

The story of the origin of this hymn is beautiful. It was a clear, starry Christmas Eve. Everything was joyful and festive save in the home of Joseph Mohr, where there was great sorrow, for on that day the wife and mother had gone to celebrate Christmas in heaven. All was sadness. Mr. Mohr sat with bowed head. Going to a window he looked out upon the snow-clad nature, while in an adjoining room he could see his little motherless children quietly sleeping. A sigh came to his lips as he thought of the Christmas without the mother. Just then he heard merry voices singing the very songs he and his wife and the children were wont to sing. The thought rushed in upon him that she was singing them and blending her voice with the angels. Musing thus, he was impressed with the quiet beauty of the night. He turned quickly, sat down and in a few moments penned his now famous "Stille Nacht." As soon as it was written he handed it to his organist who was keeping vigil with him, a Mr. Gruber, and with a choking voice said, "Go, friend, make music to this and bring it to me." He went into the church and sat at the organ. In the morning he called together his choir and rehearsed the melody, which floated out from the church choir loft on that Christmas day for the first time.

Made in the night, it seemed to the congregation, as it should seem to us, as if the angels themselves had infused their own spirit into writer, composer and singers. This beautiful song is sung wherever Christmas is kept in the good old way. It is seldom that it does not bring to the hearts of those who listen a measure of the same feeling which Gruber's choir awoke in the good people of old Salzburg that Christmas morning so long ago.

Hymns For The New Year

NEW YEAR'S DAY is the "Octave of Christmas." It is the day of the circumcision and the naming of the child Jesus. In the Christian year this fact dominates the day. Hence it is that Keble emphasizes this thought in his hymn, in which the circumcision of Christ is the figure under which the course of human life is pictured.

In thinking of the name of Jesus one of the first hymns which comes to mind is that of John Newton, of which the two opening lines are:

> How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
> In a believer's ear.

This tribute to the name of Jesus will be given added significance in our use of it when we know that the author in his early life was very wild, and cursed and blasphemed in the most shocking manner. He followed the sea and literally swore like a sailor, was captured by slave dealers, became a slave dealer himself, and, after a narrow escape from shipwreck, came to his senses, confessed his sins, and, when thirty-nine years of age, was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. Knowing these facts, we will value the tribute to the name of Jesus, probably paraphrased from an old Latin hymn of St. Bernard, but made to express the inner conviction of a truly converted sailor.

Bishop How has paid high tribute to the name of Jesus in one of the several hymns which he has contributed to the common hymnology of the Evangelical Church. This hymn, which was written in 1854, has as its opening verse:

> Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
> Name all other names above!
> Name at which must every knee
> Bow in deep humility.

A hymn which has not yet found its way into the church hymnals, but which is loved by nearly all young people, and by some older ones too, comes from the pen of an American poet, the late George W. Bethune. It is a tribute to the name and work of Jesus, which, with its appropriate melody "Barnby," is most pleasing in thought as wtII as in its rhythm and music. The hymn is written in four-line stanzas with a chorus, the first verse and chorus being:

There is no name so sweet on earth
No name so dear in heaven,
As that before His wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.

CHORUS

We love to sing around our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus!

Turning to the day as marking the opening of the year, a most appropriate religious sentiment is found in that hymn from the pen of Isaac Watts, which is a versification of the ninetieth psalm. The sentiment is divine, the versification so well done that the hymn must live and grow in favor as Christians add experience and years to their earthly lives.

Our God, Our Help In Ages Past: Watt's Ninetieth Psalm.

Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone.
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame.
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
"Return, ye sons of men";
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream.
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand.
Pleased with the morning light:
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come.
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D., a clergyman of the Church of England, has furnished two hymns which are in favor and especially appropriate at the opening of the New Year. The one hymn is distinctively a hymn for the new year. It is expressive of gratitude for past guidance, for divine blessing and protection, and a prayer for God's mercy and help as well as an expression of implicit trust. As a New Year sentiment we quote it in full:

Great God! We Sing That Mighty Hand: Dr. Doddridge's New Year Hymn

Great God! we sing that mighty Hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it, till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit.
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed.
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise.
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt our songs.
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust.
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Another hymn, also by Dr. Doddridge, appropriate to the season, which is virtually a prayer to God to guide and protect and continue to bless with the bounties of His hand, is a hymn of providence appropriate at any season.

It is a hymn which is especially cheering and faith-inspiring when in trial or trouble of any kind. Our appreciation of it will be increased by knowing that it was a favorite hymn of Livingstone, the explorer. He declares that it often cheered him in his African wanderings. It was sung at his funeral as his body was being laid to rest in the famous Westminster Abbey. The hymn is popular because it most beautifully and forcefully speaks the religious experience of a rugged race.

"O God Of Jacob, By Whose Hand: A Prayer To The God Of Jacob

O God of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer;
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread.
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

To Thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign;
And thankful own, that all we are.
And all we have, is Thine.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

Frances Ridley Havergal has given us a most appropriate prayer for the opening year. Written in 1874, it is becoming well known and is already in extensive use. Miss Havergal's writings were published under the title, "Poetical Works of Miss Havergal," in two volumes in 1884. They have found place among meritorious poetry.

Another Year Is Dawning: Miss Havergal's New Year Prayer

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting.
Another year with Thee.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise.
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service.
Or witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be.
On earth or else in heaven.
Another year for Thee!

The brevity of life and the approach of the Christian toward heaven are proper themes for the new year. A standard hymn expressive of this thought is from the pen of the author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," which have demonstrated their title to many a godly saint on this earth. We refer to that

hymn written by Dr. Horatius Bonar in 1842, or forty years before his death, the title of which is:

A Few More Years Shall Roll

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away!

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again.
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away!

"Brief life is here our portion:

Out of three thousand lines of a satire written by Bernard, a monk of Cluny, in the twelfth century, Dr. John Mason Neale has drawn three hymns which he has translated and which have become very popular. It is significant of the difference between the centuries that the twelfth century satirist is overwhelmed by the awe of heaven and the horror of hell, while the nineteenth century singer has so adapted his verses as to make them sing exultantly of heaven alone. It is the evangelical minister as contrasted with the austere

monk. Of these hymns we note that which is appropriate as a new year selection, of which the first verse is:

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

It is left to a woman to give us the hymn which we mention as especially expressive of the thought of the Christian on New Year's Day. Phoebe Gary has expressed the life, the faith, and the hope of the true Christian most beautifully in her hymn, which has found its way into many books and into multitudes of human hearts. She, with her sister, has contributed largely to America's addition to sacred lyrics. A critic has pointed to the one by Phoebe, to which we have just referred, as especially beautiful, and which we quote under "Hymns of the Christian Life," namely, her hymn of which the first verse is:

One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er —
I am nearer home today
  Than I have ever been before.

John Newton, whose hymn on the name of Jesus introduced the churchly side of the day, has given us also a representative New Year hymn which is particularly solemn and fitting when used on the last evening of the year or on New Year's Eve. This hymn, when sung to that most appropriate tune given to it in Samuel Webbe's "Benevento," is most wonderfully impressive. We refer to the hymn of which the first stanza is:

While with ceaseless course the sun
   Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
   Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
   They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
   But how little, none can know.

In striking contrast with this is Charles Wesley's hymn, which has been styled a voice at the next year's threshold, and which inspires the singer to anticipate Life and plan for the future. We quote the first stanza:

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
   Roll round with the year
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill
   And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Epiphany Hymns

EPIPHANY, one of the oldest of the Christian festivals, is the generally accepted festival today for commemorating the manifesting of Christ to the three Wise Men of the East. As these Wise Men were Gentiles and heathen, the festival and the season have more and more come to be recognized among us as the time when Christian people lay to heart the extending of the knowledge of the newborn Saviour to the heathen world.

The festival of the Epiphany itself always falls on January 6th, which is the twelfth day after Christmas. It originally was the festival of the Nativity, and was looked upon as the feast of the manifestation of Christ to man, which took place at His baptism and not at His birth, the nativity originally being observed only as an introduction to His epiphany.

When we know these facts we will readily understand the beautiful blending of the Christmas and the missionary idea in some of the most appropriate hymns of the Epiphany.

A hymn which very naturally comes to mind when we think of this festival is the product of the pen of a layman, William Chatterton Dix, a man trained for mercantile life and who held a position in a marine insurance office at the time when he wrote several hymns which rank high among modern examples of hymnody. He wrote his Epiphany hymn in 1860. We quote three stanzas, the remaining being a prayer for guidance and light from Christ

A Layman's Epiphany Hymn: As With Gladness Men Of Old

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy.
Pure and free from sin's alloy.
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

The beauty of the Church Year is that it provides for the presentation of every phase of the life and the teachings of Christ. Bishop Wordsworth, who, like Luther, looked upon hymns as a valuable means of stamping permanently upon the memory the great doctrines of the Christian Church, has beautifully demonstrated the truth of these facts in a book of hymns called "The Holy Year." An excellent illustration of the fitness and the instructive character of such hymns is his hymn in which he recapitulates the themes of the Epiphany season and shows how these are preparatory to that future great and glorious Epiphany of Christ when He shall be manifested to all as the Judge of the world. A careful reading of the verses of this hymn will illustrate the educational value of it.

Bishop Wordsworth's Epiphany Hymn: Songs Of Thankfulness And Praise

Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of Royal David's stem,
In Thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream.
Prophet, Priest and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight.
Queuing all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will.
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy word;
May we imitate Thee now.
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be.
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

Bishop Heber in 1811 wrote a hymn which, although criticized as to its words as well as its melody, has attained great favor among many Christian people. We refer to that hymn which is full of imagery and expressive of liveliest devotion, namely;

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
  Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
  Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

A fine illustration of the combination of the Epiphany fact with the principle of personal consecration is seen in that Epiphany hymn from the German, which was written by Johann Franck in A. D. 1669. The hymn is based on the account of the presentation in the temple, as recorded in the second chapter of St. Luke. Critics have pronounced this "the finest hymn on the subject of the Epiphany."

Johann Franck's Epiphany Hymn: Light Of The Gentile Nations

Light of the Gentile nations,
   Thy people's joy and love!
Drawn by Thy Spirit hither,
   We gladly come to prove
Thy presence in Thy temple,
   And wait with earnest mind,
As Simeon once had waited
   His Saviour God to find.

Yes, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
   Even now, in every place
Where Thy true word hath promised
   That they should see thy face.
Thou yet wilt gently grant us.
   Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,
   As once that aged seer,

Be Thou our Joy, our Brightness,
   That shines 'mid pain and loss,
Our Sun in times of terror,
   The glory round our cross;
A glow in sinking spirits,
   A sunbeam in distress,
Physician, Friend in sickness,
   In death our happiness.

Let us, O Lord, be faithful
With Simeon to the end.
That so his dying song may
From all our hearts ascend:
"O Lord, let now Thy servant
Depart in peace for aye.
Since I have seen my Saviour,
Have here beheld His day.

My Saviour, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of faith,
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he saith.
Within Thy heart abiding.
As Thou dost dwell in me,
No pain, no death hath terrors
To part my soul from Thee!

It is interesting to note, since we have read this hymn and observed its devotional spirit and beauty of thought, that its author, like the writer of "As with gladness men of old," was a layman. Johann Franck was a lawyer at Guben, Brandenburg, Germany. He was a student at the University of Koenigsburg during the time of the Thirty Years' War. His religious spirit and his devotion to his mother prevented him from sharing in the excesses of his fellow-students, and were responsible for his return to his home, where he held places of trust and usefulness among his fellow-citizens. He was a man of unfeigned and firm faith and personal piety, characteristics which are reflected in his hymns. He held such high place among his fellow-townsmen that on the occasion of the bicentennial of his death, June 18, 1877, the people of Guben thought him worthy of a memorial tablet, which was given a place of honor on the outer wall of the Stadtkirche of Guben. He is an illustration to our boys that to refrain from indulging in college excesses is not a hindrance to future distinguished usefulness. He is also, as a pious and successful lawyer who has contributed materially to the permanent hymnology of the Church, a man worthy to be kept in the minds of all Christian laymen. We do well to think of the man whose words we sing when we sing, "Herr Jesu, Licht der Heiden."

Missionary Hymns

ONE OF OUR BEST missionary hymns was written over I night. It came as an inspiration from a soul afire with the missionary spirit. The story of its origin is most interesting, and illustrates well how a true hymn breathes the soul of the singer. The hymn to which we refer is so universally popular that a missionary service today, if it is not sung, seems incomplete. The hymn, which was written by Bishop Heber, in 1819, is such a general favorite that few active Christians do not have its lines committed to memory. Yet we quote it in its fulness for the missionary message which it carries with it.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains: Bishop Heber's Great Missionary Hymn

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

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

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

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

The hymn grew out of a great missionary occasion. A royal letter had been written authorizing missionary services and collections in every church and chapel in England for furthering the missionary work of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Reginald Heber, who was born April 21, 1783, was a young clergyman of the Church of England at the time. While a student he had shown poetic talent sufficient to gain special recognition from Sir Walter Scott.

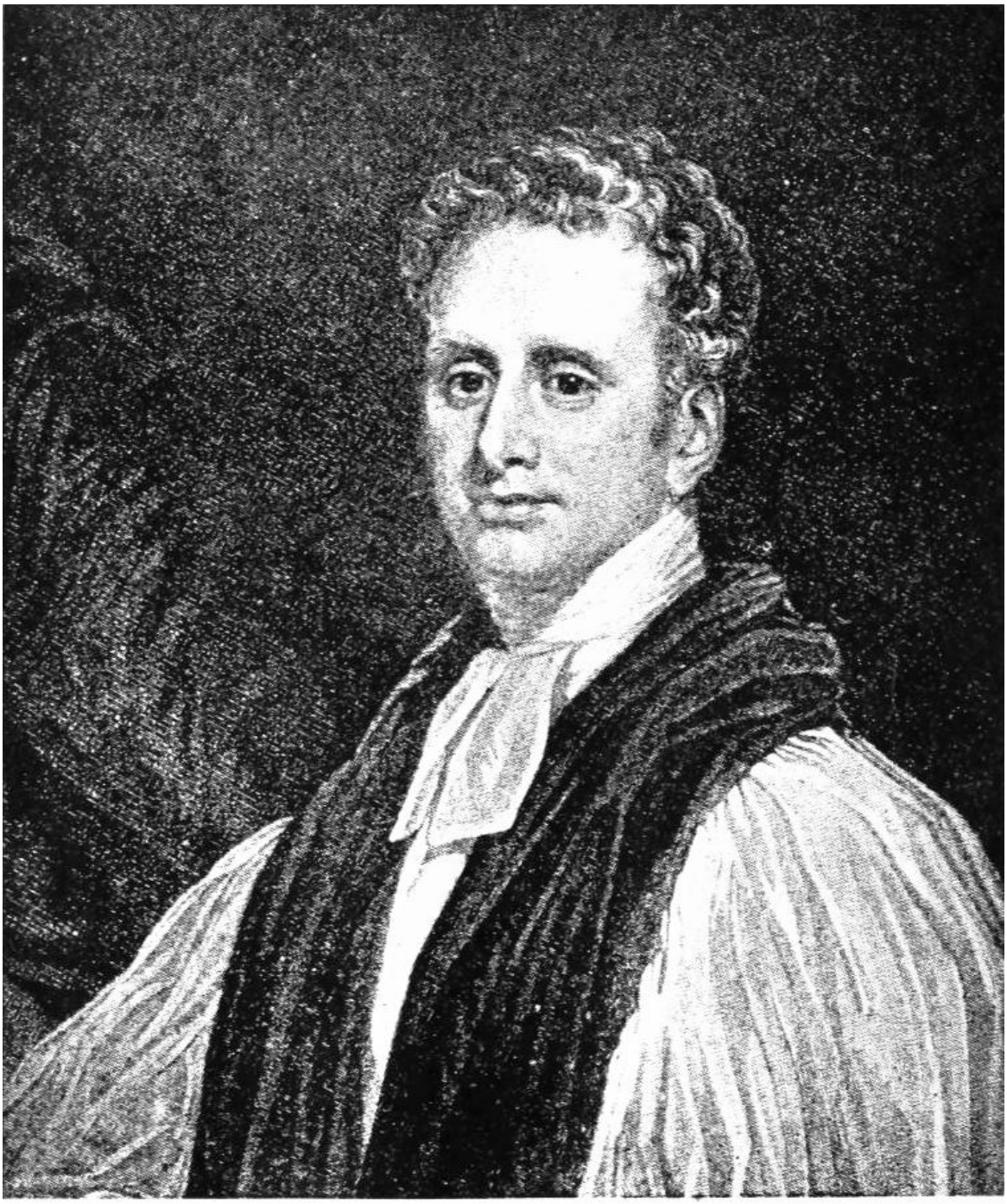
Young Heber was the son-in-law of Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph and vicar of Wrexham. He had gone to Wrexham to participate in the Whitsunday missionary service. It was the evening preceding, and in the course of the preparations for the morning service the vicar of the church in Wrexham asked his son-in-law, then rector of the church at Hodnet, if he could not prepare something to be sung at the morning service.

Heber retired to a quiet corner of the house. Shortly, in response to the inquiry, "What have you written?" he read the first three verses of the hymn, substantially as we have them today.

The dean appreciatively said, "There, there, that will do very well." "No, no, the sense is not complete," was Heber's reply. He accordingly added the fourth stanza, and the hymn was ready for use. It was sung the following morning in the Wrexham church in the first of the thousands of missionary serAdces in which it has helped to inspire missionary interest and kindle missionary fires.

It was not, however, sung to the tune to which it is now always sung, and which tune has become a part of the hymn itself. The story of the origin of this tune is likewise of special interest. A woman who was very much interested in missions and living in Savannah, Ga., according to the story, secured a copy of Heber's hymn, but was not pleased with the music to which the words were set. She felt the missionary power and beauty of the words and a burning desire to have a more fitting tune to which to sing it came over her. She knew of a young bank clerk, who lived but a few doors from her home, who was counted a genius in music. She hastened to him and in half an hour Lowell Mason returned the words to her set to the music according to which everyone now sings this "master missionary hymn of the Church." Of this tune it has been said, "Like the words it voices, it was done at a stroke, but it will last through the ages."

The language, as well as the sentiment of the hymn, is beautiful. It has been said of it that "Every line, indeed, is as polished and refined as it can be. It is the art of the jeweler in the precious gems of language."



BISHOP HEBER

To know the main facts of the life story of the writer will increase our appreciation of the hymn itself. Precocious as a boy, he was distinguished as a student. He early manifested interest in missions, an evidence of which was the great hymn which he wrote about two years after his ordination.

His soul glowed with missionary fire. Hence he welcomed a call to be Bishop of Calcutta, for it realized a purpose which had been for some time stirring in his heart, namecly, to be a missionary. Thus it became his privilege to breathe "the spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and that actually carry the fragrance of the aromatic forests far out to sea.

He occupied his position as Bishop of India for only three years, when he fell as a martyr to the missionary cause. A tablet in a church in Ceylon describes his faithful work in India. His hymn is instilling the missionary spirit into multitudes of missionary assemblies and inscribing his memory indelibly upon the hearts of all true Christians who have a genuine love for missions.

Another hymn by Bishop Heber, written in 1827, deserves mention. We refer to that hymn which is such a strong call to Christian service. Under the imagery of war, to gain a kingly crown, the Son of God is the leader of the missionary train. The first line of this hymn is:

The Son Of God Goes Forth To War.

A very popular missionary hymn, which probably stands second only to Bishop Heber's hymn, is the one based on the Seventy-second Psalm, which was paraphrased into a hymn originally of eight stanzas by Isaac Watts. One of the most popular of his hymns, it was published in the Psalms of David in 1819:

Jesus Shall Reign Where'er The Sun: Watts' Missionary Hymn

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound wher'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest.
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

It will add to our appreciation of the missionary character of this hymn to know that on a certain missionary occasion it was used most impressively in the South Sea Isles. King George, the ruler of the islands, gave his people a new constitution and exchanged the heathen for a Christian form of government. Under great spreading banyan trees the natives from Tongo, Fiji and Samoa gathered. It was Whitsunday, 1862. The people had assembled for worship. With them sat King George. Around the king were his old chiefs and warriors w'ho had shared with him the rigors and dangers of many a battle. All were rejoicing in the new Christian spirit, and were radiant with Christian love, peace and hope.

The service began that Pentecostal morning with Watts' hymn:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.

As they sang they felt the power of the word of God as paraphrased into song, Jesus' reign was transforming them. How completely His sway is felt when men come from the worship of idols to the service of the living God! That is the thought which is uppermost in this hymn, which, by reason of that fact, is a truly great missionary hymn.

A true missionary hymn which, when sung to its proper tune will stir an audience, and is peculiarly adapted for use at the opening of a missionary meeting or service, was written and published anonymously. We refer to the hymn written about 1813, by John Marriott, the son of a rector of the Church of England. An analysis of this hymn will show its emphasis of the Holy Trinity and stress the invocation of the help and blessing of the Triune God on all missionary endeavor.

Thou, Whose Almighty Word: A Missionary Hymn Of Invocation

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard.
  And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray.
  Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
  Healing and sight.
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind,
  Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
  Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the water's face.
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
  Let there be light!

Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
  Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride.
Through the earth, far and wide,
  Let there be light!

The author was a very brilliant but a very modest man. This fact accounts for the first publishing of the hymn without any indication of the authorship. Mr. Marriott was the second of two who took honors at Oxford in 1802, the first year that examinations for honors were given at that institution. He wrote a number of hymns, but, on account of his modesty, he never published them in book form, and no one else has attempted to gather them into a volume. This hymn alone will permanently preserve his name in the list of those who through their hymns have rendered eminent service to the Church of God among men.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe is the author of what we might call a missionary prayer. We quote his hymn, which has come into extensive use and is a general favorite.

Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations: A Missionary Prayer

Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be!
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee!
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold!

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast:
Human tears for Thee are flowing.
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man, for sinners slain.

Saviour! lo, the isles are waiting.
   Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new-creating,
   Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
   Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth, by every creature,
   Glory to the Lamb be sung.

We are told that Bishop Coxe began this hymn on Good Friday, 1850, but that he did not complete it until 1851. It was first published in connection with the third jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It is based on Isaiah 52:15. Modestly Bishop Coxe kept his hymns out of the hymnals of his own Church, but their merit has placed some of them, especially this truly missionary hymn, in nearly every other Christian hymnal in America.

Hymns Of Penitence

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL and devotional of all the psalms is the one hundred and thirtieth. It is so expressive of the mind of the penitent sinner that it rightly finds place in our services of confession or of humiliation. With the words of this psalm as the Biblical background Luther has given to us one of his best hymns, and one which is especially beautiful as an expression of the mind and heart of the penitent sinner.

It has been well said of Luther that he is the "Ambrose of German hymnody." This is high but deserved praise. His hymns are characterized by simplicity and strength and have a popular churchly tone in the true sense of that word churchly. Julian says: "They breathe the bold, confident, joyful spirit of justifying faith, which was the beating heart of his theology and piety." A striking illustration of this is found in his hymn of penitence, which is a versification of the thought of the psalmist, namely, "*Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir.*"

Luther began the writing of hymns in 1523, and as this hymn bears the date of 1524 it is therefore among the earlier of his contributions to the rich storehouse of Evangelical hymnody. His hymns were the product of his environment and the expression of his strong faith in the presence of trial. A careful reading of the text of this hymn, while it is strictly penitential, shows lines strikingly expressive of faith and trust. There are several translations of the vigorous German of this hymn into very excellent English.

The translation which is probably most familiar and which is most widely used is that of Miss Winkworth, which we here give. It will prove excellent devotional reading.

Out Of The Depths I Cry To Thee: Luther's 130th Psalm

Out of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord, hear me, I implore Thee!
Bend down Thy gracious ear to me,
Let my prayer come before Thee!
If Thou remember each misdeed.
If each should have its rightful meed,
Who may abide Thy presence?

Our pardon is Thy gift; Thy Love
And grace alone avail us.
Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
The strictest life must fail us.
That none may boast himself of aught.
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

And thus my hope is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit:
I rest upon His faithful word
To them of contrite spirit.
That He is merciful and just —
Here is my comfort and my trust.
His help I wait with patience.

And though it tarry till the night.
And round till morning waken,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might.
Nor count itself forsaken.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed.
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

Though great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our kind and faithful Shepherd, He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

A hymn of penitence, which is in its every line a confession and which is one of several which have found favor with the editors of hymn books, is the hymn which was written by John Taylor in 1795. The author was a Unitarian, who for some years was a banker, after which be became a manufacturer.

God Of Mercy! God Of Grace! A Unitarian's Hymn Of Penitence And Confession

God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs.
O restore Thy suppliant race,
Thou to Whom our praise belongs!

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain:
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;

These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own.
Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

Isaac Watts, that prolific writer of English hymns, has contributed a most helpful penitential hymn, which bears the date of 1719. The sentiment of this hymn is rather an assumption of sin and a realization of God's knowledge of it, and therefore a penitential petition for forgiveness.

Show Pity, Lord; O Lord! Forgive: Watts' Prayer For Forgiveness

Show pity, Lord; O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

Great God, Thy Nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning Love be found.
wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!

My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

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

This hymn is a versification of the fifty-first psalm. In this psalm David prays for the remission of sins, making deep confession. It was after he had been guilty of specially heinous sin. It is, therefore, a psalm which is always appropriate in times of humiliation or at services of confession. The psalms, as we know, were the first hymn book. They still, in their scriptural form, are chanted in the churches. In their proper rendering we have the privilege of most beautiful and expressive worship. Some of the best of our hymns are versifications of these old biblical chants of the sanctuary. Of these, Luther and Watts have given us two of the best in their respective renditions of the 130th and 51st psalms.

True penitence leads to boldness of faith in approaching the throne of grace. We close our present study, therefore, with the touching story of the origin of a hymn which we all love to sing.

Miss Charlotte Elliott, when a young woman, was a lover of dancing. She was preparing to attend an annual ball and was on her way to the dressmaker to have her dress made for the occasion when she met her pastor. He was a very earnest and conscientious man and spoke earnestly with her concerning the ball. She became greatly vexed and told her pastor, “I wish you would mind your own business.”

She attended the dance and was very popular. The dance lasted until almost daylight. In spite of the flattering words that she heard and the attention she received all through the night of gayety, her conscience troubled her because of her conversation with her pastor. When she reached home her conscience had made her feel wretched. She could not sleep. She had al-

ways admired and loved her pastor as a cherished friend, and her rudeness in saying what she did worried her.

After some days she went to see him, confessed her feelings, and said, 'Tor these days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now, oh, that I were a Christian! I want to be a Christian! What must I do?"

Her old pastor talked earnestly to her and said to her, "Just give yourself, my child, to the Lamb of God, just as you are."

That expression in the counsel of her pastor caught hold of her mind and heart. Her story of her experience is that as she prayed for courage to give herself to Jesus just as she was, the thought came like an inspiration, and she wrote the hymn which has brought confidence and cheer to many a penitent but believing heart.

Miss Elliott had no thought of fame when she wrote. She did not even think of whether any other person might care to make use of her words. She merely put her own heart on paper. The hymn was born of a personal experience. Because of this fact it appeals to other hearts, which, like Miss Elliott's, need the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb.

Miss Elliott's "Just As I Am"

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

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

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

Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

Miss Elliott wrote about a hundred and fifty hymns, of which the finest and most widely known is the one we have just quoted.

Lenten Hymns

HYMNS FORM a most important part of our worship. They mold character and often shape the lives of those who sing them. For these reasons hymns should never be chosen carelessly, but always with respect to the occasion and the sentiment.

> Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
> And did my Sovereign die?

is a very beautiful and appropriate Good Friday hymn which came as a most discordant note to our ears immediately following the sermon at a Harvest Festival. It had no meaning there.

Our worship will mean much more to us when we have learned to appreciate the hymns we sing. When we appreciate them, know their history, peculiar character and inner meaning, we will use them appropriately. When thus used we will enter into their spirit and they will add harmony and meaning to the worship of the day.

There is unusual force to the hymns of Lent which in themselves furnish a rich field of study. An interpretation of a few will we trust send our readers to the sources that they may make a general study of the hymns which sing into our lives the facts and the spirit of the season which inspires the Christian to take up the cross and follow after Christ. One of the grandest of the Lenten hymns is from the pen of Isaac Watts.

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross: Watts' Survey Of The Cross

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.

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

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

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

This hymn is placed by very competent critics among the four hymns which stand at the head of hymns in the English language. Grand as it is, we know little concerning its origin. Like many of the hymns of Isaac Watts, little is known beyond the date of publication, which is given as 1709. The hymn is a classic in its language, in its thought and in its spirit. The faith which it should inspire is the kind which will sustain and carry through life.

Isaac Watts, the author, was born at Southampton, England, July 17, 1764. He was offered a university education if he would become a minister of the Church of England, but he declined, preferring to become a "Dissenter." He preached his first sermon when he was twenty-four years of age. He became a distinguished writer, most of his writings being classics which have found an honored place in the permanent literature of the English language. Among his best hymns we must note his great missionary hymn —

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,

and his beautiful rendition of the 98th Psalm, without the singing of which there would be something lacking from the observance of Christmas, namely —

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

Then there is his invocation of the Holy Spirit —

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,

which is a standard hymn of invocation and a universal favorite.

Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus! An Apostrophe To Jesus

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty Love anointed.
Thou hast full Atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angeHc spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

This hymn is very widely used. It is probably the most popular hymn from the pen of John Blakewell. It was published in 1760. While particularly appropriate during the Lenten season, this hymn beautifully summarizes both the humiliation and the exaltation, the passion and the triumph of Jesus. Hence it finds a place in many a service of praise as well as of passion, serving to lift the worshiper who sings it up to a sympathetic as well as a believing approach to Christ.

The author, John Blakewell, was born at Brailsford, Derbyshire, England, in 1721. Through the reading of a book when he was eighteen years of age his mind was directed into religious channels. He became an ardent evangelist, preaching his first sermon in 1744. While in London he became acquainted with the Wesleys and became actively associated with them in their evangelistic work. For a time he conducted a school at Greenwich. This school was known as the Royal Park Academy. He died at the advanced age of ninety-eight years, March, 1819. While best known by his hymn quoted above, he was the author of several others, which are quite popular, including,

Paschal Lamb by God appointed,

and

Jesus, Hail! enthroned in glory.

One of the grandest hymns of the church for use in the Lenten season is from the pen of Bernard of Clairvaux.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded: A Classic Hymn On Jesus' Passion

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns. Thy only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered.
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place!
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Receive me, my Redeemer:
My Shepherd, make me Thine!
Of every good the Fountain,
Thou art the Spring of mine!

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

Forbid that I should leave Thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart.
Release me then from anguish
By Thine own wounded heart.

The beauty of this hymn is that it enters into deepest sympathy with Christ in His passion and at the same time breathes strong personal faith in the atonement. We owe a great debt of gratitude for this hymn to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, whose Latin original we consider his masterpiece. A rich and beautiful German rendering of this hymn is from the pen of that great Lutheran hymn writer, Paul Gerhardt, whose, "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*" is found in practically all good German hymn books.

The best English translation of this hymn is by James W. Alexander, an American Presbyterian clergyman. He made his transaction in 1830.

Dr. Schaff, the greatest of American Presbyterian theologians, in speaking of this old hymn of the church says: "This classic hymn has shown in three tongues — Latin, German and English — and in three confessions — Roman, Lutheran and Reformed — with equal effect the dying love of our Saviour and our limitless indebtedness to Him."

Go To Dark Gethsemane: The Passion Story In Song

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
   There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
   God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb.
   Where they laid His breathless day;
All is solitude and gloom:
   Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! — He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

This is a hymn which is preeminently a hymn for the penitent sinner who is led to Christ and follows Him in His sufferings and on to His resurrection triumph. It is a hymn which makes the man who sings it feel the passion and realize the death and triumph of Christ. It is so very realistic that it does not appeal to those whose religion is merely sentiment; it is, however, a source of comfort and strength to the man who reaUzes sin and what the Saviour suffered that sin might be atoned for.

There are two texts of this hymn. They are both by the same author, James Montgomery, and stand side by side, some preferring the one version, and some the other. It first appeared in 1820, the second version appearing in 1825. The author was the son of a Moravian minister. He was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, England, November 4, 1771. He died at Sheffield April 30, 1854. When he was but six years old he was sent to a Moravian school. He tells how the first Moravian Easter service at this school impressed him. This service, ending in the cemetery, was like the wind sweeping over an air harp, making wild and mysterious music in his soul. These childhood impressions find expression in all probability in his later life in this "Poem of Passion and Victory." He has added some very rich treasures to the hymns of the Church; but this is the one contribution which he has made to our favorites for the Lenten season.

Glory Be To Jesus: An Anonymous Hymn

Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains.
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies:
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries!

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still, and louder
Praise the precious Blood!

This hymn is so beautiful in sentiment and, when sung to its proper melody, so sweet that it appeals to both young and old. A child four years old caught the melody and remembered the words of this beautiful hymn and sang it at her play. She loved it. The incident is a strong rebuke to those who say that little children will not like or sing solemn or the oft times called "heavy" hymns and music. They will love and sing that which they are taught. We thus have the opportunity, by teaching them the good standard hymns of the Church and those hymns which reflect the teachings and life of the Church, to implant and cultivate a true faith and life.

Beautiful as this little hymn is, the author of it is unknown. Neither can it be stated with certainty when it was written. It was originally written in Latin and is by some Italian writer. It is sometimes credited, but with little

authority, to St. Alfonso. It is generally regarded as being a hymn of the eighteenth century.

The well-known Faber has made a translation of this hymn, to which he has added a note: “To all the faithful who say or sing the above hymn, Pius VII (1800-1823) grants an indulgence of one hundred days; applicable also to the souls in purgatory.” We attribute no such merit to the singing of this beautiful little hymn, but delight to use it in the popular translation which was made in 1857 by E. Caswell.

Strange as it may seem, the author of one of our most beautiful Lenten hymns, one which especially extols the cross of Christ, was a Unitarian. We refer to “In the cross of Christ I glory.” The author. Sir John Bowring, was a member of the British Parliament, a radical in politics, but a man of strong character, possessed of quaHties which made him a favorite. He was quite a linguist. Because of this fact and of his interest in politics he became British consul at Hong Kong, China. While holding this position he visited Macao, on the coast of South China. Here Vasco De Gama had built a great cathedral on the crest of a hill, with a splendid approach of stone steps. A violent sea typhoon, however, had destroyed it; but, strange to say, although the cathedral fell, the front wall remained standing, defying wind and storm. On its very top there is a large bronze cross standing clear cut against the sky, defying rain and lightning and typhoon. It is a striking sight, beholding which. Sir John Bowring was inspired to write the grand hymn which multitudes have loved to sing.

Certainly this hymn will have more significance to us since we know the circumstances which inspired it. That mighty cross, surmounting the ruins and reaching out as it were into the very blue of the heavens, is before us as we sing it.

In The Cross Of Christ I Glory: Unitarians Glorying In The Cross

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o’er take me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Hymns For Palm Sunday

There are volumes of sermons in the songs we sing. In the choosing, therefore, of the hymns we use we should give special thought both to theme and melody. If we fail to do this we will do violence to the spirit of the hymn and rob it of its special meaning. To illustrate, in a service of thanksgiving, immediately following a sermon on the blessings of the harvest, to sing "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed," as was done on a certain occasion, is to do violence to the sermon, the occasion and to good common sense.

In the choice of hymns attention must not only be given to the selection of a tune which will jingle pleasingly on the ear. If the song is to reach and touch the heart, as it should, due attention must be given to the times and seasons, as well as to the words and melody. When all blend in perfect harmony the hymn becomes a vital part of the worship of the day. It will often bring out, impress and send home the lessons of the sermon. For these reasons the most beautiful hymn may be entirely out of place, as was Watts' "Good Friday Hymn" in a service of thanksgiving.

Giving special thought to the time as well as the theme, certain hymns have become closely identified with certain festival days. Thus when Palm Sunday comes and the children approach the altar to ratify their baptismal vows and give their hearts to Jesus in the beautiful confirmation service, and when we realize that the day is the first of the "week of woe" for the suffering Saviour, we logically think of that special Palm Sunday hymn, "*Gloria, Laus, et Honor*," by Theodulph of Orleans. The wording as well as the origin of this hymn make it peculiarly a hymn for the day. To know the story of this hymn is to find much more in its beautiful lines and to get much more edification and worship out of it than otherwise would be possible.

Theodulph's Palm Sunday Hymn: All Glory, Praise, And Honor

All glory, praise, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer King;
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King, the blessed One!

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

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

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

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

The author, Theodulph of Orleans, was born in Italy in the eighth century. He was Abbot of a Benedictine monastery in Florence, but on the invitation of Charlemagne removed to France, where, about 785 A. D., he became Bishop of Orleans. After the death of Charlemagne he continued for some time on friendly terms with the Emperor Louis, but falling under suspicion of being implicated in a plot in favor of Bernard of Italy, he was imprisoned at Angers. The story is that while thus imprisoned the emperor was in the

procession on Palm Sunday morning. This procession on its way to the church passed the prison where Theodulph was. As the procession passed his window he sang the words of this hymn, "*Gloria' Laus, et Honor*." The singing is said to have reached the ear of the emperor, touched his heart and secured the liberty of the singer.

The hymns of Theodulph were the best of the age in which he lived. Certainly his "Palm Sunday Hymn," which has been preserved for us through the centuries and furnished to us in these latter days in a most excellent English translation by John Mason Neale, is full of scriptural truth and so vivid in its imagery as to make it most edifying and helpful as a part of a Palm Sunday service.

Another hymn which has been written especially for Palm Sunday and which seems out of place at any other time is,

Milman's Ride On, Ride On In Majesty

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

The imagery of this hymn is so true to the scriptural facts of the triumphal entry and the tragic events of Holy Week that when it is sung to its proper

tune we can almost see the hosts entering Jerusalem and follow with the eye the weary march to Calvary as we sing.

The author of this hymn was Henry Hart Milman, the youngest son of an English court physician. He was born February lo, 1791. He gave promise of being a poet of note and contributed thirteen hymns to the collection of Bishop Heber. He turned, however, to general literary work and became an historical and theological writer of note. As an illustration of pure devotion we know of nothing that is superior to that hymn of his which begins:

Oh, 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!

A hymn which the children love to sing and which is missionary in its note as well as Palm Sunday in its imagery is in extensive use today. We might call it

The Children's Palm Sunday Hymn: When His Salvation Bringing

When His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

While the hymn is loved and extensively used, there seems to be great difficulty in determining the facts of its authorship. It is credited to a young curate of Wellington, Shropshire, whose name was Joshua King. Some would change the Joshua to John. It was first published in London in 1830 in a selection of hymns called "Gwyther's Psalmist." Even if we know little of the origin or the author, we sing it because of its fitness and beauty, and find in it special inspiration.

A Hymn With Which To Begin Holy Week

Dr. John Mason Neale, who was a prolific translator of hymns, has furnished us a short but very appropriate hymn, which is especially fitting to be sung on Palm Sunday evening. The circumstances of its composition are not given, but the lines themselves are so expressive that they have found and will retain a place in evangelical hymnody. We quote

Dr. Neale's Hymn For Holy Week: O Thou, Who Through This Holy Week

O Thou, who through this holy week
Didst suffer for us all;
The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
To raise them up that fall;

We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear;
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there!

Thy feet the path of suffering trod;
   Thy hand the victory won;
What shall we render to our God
   For all that He hath done?

The one day of triumph for Jesus, the day of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, necessarily makes us think of that hymn which Dr. Duffield declares "has become the English Te Deum," sharing with Bishop Ken's doxology the spontaneous approval of all Christian hearts. We may well call it

The Coronation Hymn Of Christ: All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name!

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

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

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

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
   And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe.
   On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe.
   And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

The author of this hymn, the Rev. Edward Perronet, was descended from French refugees. He was what is known as a dissenting preacher, who, for a time, was an intimate associate of the Wesleys. Like Mrs. Adams, the author of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," he wrote many hymns; but, like Mrs. Adams, he wrote only one really great hymn. Of this hymn it has been said, "That one hymn was enough; the man did not live in vain who taught Christ's Church her grandest coronation hymn in honor of her King."

This hymn was written in 1779 and published in *The Gospel Magazine* in 1780. In England it is usually sung to the tune of "Miles Lane," but in America it is nearly always sung to the tune of "Coronation." This tune was composed by a carpenter by the name of Oliver Holden. It is a soul-stirring tune, which, associated with Perronet's stirring words, will certainly preserve the carpenter's name to future generations.

There is a striking incident from the mission fields in India which illustrates the power of this hymn in the presenting of Christ in His unique position as man's Redeemer. A missionary, the Rev. E. P. Scott, having learned of an inland tribe which had never heard the gospel and that it was exceedingly dangerous to go among them because of a murderous spirit and propensity, felt, nevertheless, that because he had learned of them God wanted him to take the gospel to them. He took his satchel and a violin, and, bidding farewell to his friends, who said it was simply madness, he set out. After journeying for some days suddenly he came upon a large company of these savage people. They surrounded him and had their spears pointed at his heart. Praying for aid, he drew forth his violin, played and sang, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." He shut his eyes through fear, expecting at every note to have the spears hurled at him and the song be brought to a sudden and cruel end. As he sang, "Let every kindred, every tribe," he took courage to open his eyes and look. To his surprise, the spears were lowered and the savages were all attention, some of them even having tears in their eyes. He stayed there and established a mission. When he left for a needed furlough on account of his health they pleaded with him to come back. He did so, and entered into his eternal reward with those savages acknowledging Christ as their King. They first heard of Him through

the words, “All hail the power of Jesus’ name,” sung to the tune of “Coronation.”

The triumphant thought of the closing line of every stanza is “And crown Him Lord of all.” In the beautiful Cologne Cathedral there is an image which illustrates this thought. The image, which is made of oak, represents a giant Offero, in search of a master. He served a great king until he learned that the prince of darkness was mightier than the king. He then began to serve Satan, but walking with Satan they came to a crucifLx. Satan trembled and would not pass, for he admitted “that Christ, who rules in heaven and had suffered on the cross for men, had overcome him.” Then Offero took Christ for his Master. He never had to change masters again, for he had found Him who in the words of Perronet is “Lord of all.”

Both the hymn and the day emphasize the kingly office of Christ, which fact calls to mind another hymn by the same writer, written about five years later, or in 1785. This hymn is a greeting to Christ as our King. The opening stanza declares,

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Let powers immortal sing.
Adore the co-eternal word,
Rejoice, the Lord is King!

Easter Hymns

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, the battle done!" is the expression of the attitude of the Christian as he welcomes Easter with its messages of victory. Even more joyful than Christmas, yet how different the note. That was the child's festival, and there was much of joy in anticipation. The spirit of the day warranted the tone of merriment in the melody. The leading note now is equally, if not more joyful; but it is the note of deepest joy in fullest realization; the songs of victory which come from the throats of strong men and old men as well as of women and of children. They are a mighty host rejoicing over the battles of the Lord and the victory which is final and complete. This is the thought which should be in our minds as we consider, and select "Our Favorite Easter Hymns."

This sentiment prevailed in the early Church. Hence it is that the hymn which to us is familiar from its first line, which reads:

The strife is o'er, the battle done!

was produced in the twelfth century, and is a product of the ancient Latin Church. In the original the first line reads:

Finita Jam sunt praelia!

A double "Alleluia" is generally prefixed to the several stanzas of this hymn. It is the Christian note which is very much like the warrior's shout when his enemy flees and he knows the victory is his.

The hymn is known to English readers through two very good translations. These were made by the Rev. Francis Pott and Dr. Neale. The former's translation is that which is used in our own hymn books.

Rev. Pott, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born December 29, 1832. In addition to being a successful translator of hymns he is the au-

thor of a number of original hymns. Among these, perhaps, his best and most favorably knowTi hymn is the one which begins, “Angel voices ever singing.”

A Hymn Of Strife And Victory: The Strife Is O’er, The Battle Done!

The strife is o’er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,
Hallelujah!

The pow’rs of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Hallelujah!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

He closed the yawning gates of Hell;
The bars from Heav’n’s high portals fell!
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Hallelujah!

Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death’s dread sting Thy servants free.
That we may live, and sing to Thee,
Hallelujah!

“Welcome, happy morning, Age to age shall say.”

Another Latin hymn which is in common use at Easter is “Welcome, happy morning, Age to age shall say.” In the original this hymn contained many verses, beginning with the expression “Salva Festa dies.” The author of this

hymn was Fortunatus. His full name was Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus. He was born about 530 A. D., and died about 609 A. D., at Poitiers. His career was quite romantic. He was very poetical, and through his poetry gained the favor of King Sigibert, of Auslrasia, at whose court he lived. Later he went to Tours and afterward to Poitiers, where he entered a monastery and became bishop of Poitiers in 599 A. D. Our readers would find his life-story a very profitable and interesting bit of reading.

The hymn, as we have it and as it is most generally used, was translated and abridged by John Ellerton. In many respects this beautiful hymn supplements the strife and victory song which we have just given. It sums up most instructively the fruits of the victory which Jesus wins for us in His resurrection. There are a number of interesting stories associated with this ancient hymn of the Church. They show how precious its truths must have been to men in trials and perils. We give an instance to increase the reader's appreciation of the hymn.

Jerome of Prague, on his way to execution, sang several hymns. This ancient hymn by the bishop of Poitiers was one of those which he sang. After singing it, as the fire enveloped him, he cried, "This soul in flames I offer, Lord to Thee," and died.

Archbishop Cranmer, of Canterbury, in 1544 made an English version of this Easter hymn of "Welcome." He at the same time recommended its adoption and use in the English church. This document is still in existence.

A Hymn Which Was Sung In The Fire: Welcome, Happy Morning!

Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say,
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say,
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight,
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea.
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say,
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead, true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say,
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!

Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then. True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say,
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!

The great Luther achieved some of his greatness through his hymns, the influence of which there were those who dreaded as much as they did his sermons. His great and hopeful heart compelled a vigor and a melody confident of victory. Strong of faith, fearless of consequences in the battles which he waged for the Lord in the Reformation of the Church, his hymns have a ruggedness and a strength which are found both in the words and the melody which mark them as distinct and peculiarly and distinctively evangelical. Without exception Luther's hymns in thought, wording and melody

reflect the spirit of the Reformation, and their use will materially increase faith, devotion and churchliness.

This historic background of the man and the times will help us to appreciate his grand Easter hymn, which in its English dress appears to us as beginning thus:

> Christ Jesus lay in death's strong bands,
> For our offenses given.

The German hymn was first published at Erfurt in 1524. The hymn was based on an old Latin hymn, "*Victimae Paschali Laudes*." It was a sequence of the eleventh or twelfth century. There were earlier German translations also; but while these earlier German and Latin hymns and the Scriptural notices of the Passover lamb furnished Luther the material of this beautiful hymn, yet the working out is entirely original and the result is a hymn which is second only to his unequaled "A mighty fortress is our God." Like the Reformation itself, which looked backward and gathered out of the ancient Church all that was good and true and purified it, making it truly a Church of Luther, yet really the Church of Christ, so in this hymn Luther makes actually his own that which was ancient, but which comes out in a Reformation mold, which has given to us one of the most expressive of our Easter hymns.

There are at least four different translations of this Luther hymn which have merit. That which probably best expresses the thought and breathes the spirit of Luther is the translation by Richard Massie. He made it in 1854. It appears in "Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs." We are glad to have these English translations of the old historic hymns of the Church; but to enter fully into their spirit it will in all cases be helpful to know the original text.

Luther's Easter Hymn: Christ Jesus Lay In Death's Strong Bands

Christ Jesus lay in Death's strong bands,
For our offenses given;
But now at God's Right Hand He stands,
And brings us life from heaven:
Wherefore let us joyful be,
And sing to God right thankfully
Loud songs of Alleluia!
Alleluia!

It was a strange and dreadful strife,
When Life and Death contended;
The victory remained with Life,
The reign of Death was ended;
Stript of power, no more he reigns;
An empty form alone remains;
His sting is lost for ever!
Alleluia!

So let us keep the festival
Whereto the Lord invites us;
Christ is Himself the joy of all,
The Sun that warms and lights us;
By His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended!
Alleluia!

Then let us feast this Easter day
On the true Bread of heaven;
The word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven:
Christ alone our souls will feed;
He is our Meat and Drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other!
Alleluia!

An Easter Hymn From The Latin: Christ The Lord Is Ris'n Today

Christ the Lord is ris'n today;
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
"Christ is ris'n," today we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, the victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
While in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life:
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
"Christ is ris'n," today we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now that first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, Eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

This hymn is another which has come to us from the Latin. It has sometimes been credited to Nother, of St. Gall; but it is more likely a hymn of the eleventh or twelfth century. The oldest book in which it has been found is the "Lyra Davidica," which was published in 1708 A. D. The translation in use was made by a Miss Jane Leeson, who has published a number of hymns under the title of "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood." Little if anything is known of her personal history. Yet her name will live, for she wrote the hymn:

Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey.

Though we know so little of her, yet we remember her, and she did not live in vain. Her prayer is the petition of many a child which sounds sweetly into the ear of the Saviour, our Master Teacher.

A Bohemian Easter Hymn: Christ The Lord Is Risen Again;

Christ the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry.
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb today;
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Alleluia!

He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high.
Pleads for us and hears our cry.
Alleluia!

He Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings,
Alleluia!

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluia!

This is an Easter hymn from the first hymn book of the Bohemian Brethren. It appeared in 1531. These “Brethren” allied themselves in the time of the Reformation with Luther. In their doctrines they laid special stress on the Eucharist in both kinds for the communicants, namely, that they should have both the bread and the wine; the preaching of God’s word should be free to every man; the clergy should have no temporal authority; public crimes should be punished. In modern times Count Zinzendorf revived their

teachings, and we have their successors in the Moravian Church. The German original of this hymn begins:

Christus ist erstanden von des Todes Banden.

It is credited in its German form to Michael Weisse. It evidently, however, was suggested by a still older hymn, which begins:

Christ ist erstanden von der Marter alle.

It goes back in its original to at least the twelfth century. The translation, which is used in English, is that of Miss Winkworth, who has been very busy with her pen in serving the Church by furnishing many of the beautiful translations of ancient hymns. Michael Weisse, like Luther, did much to enrich German hymnology. His work was principally translations from the ancient Latin.

How rich German hymnology is! Our blood and our tongue are English; but when we begin to look for our favorite hymns we must often turn to those which come from the land of Luther. So it is that Christian F. Gellert has furnished us a splendid Easter hymn which is a great favorite and has come into almost general use in English hymn books. That hymn in the original begins:

Jesus Lebt! mit Ihm auch ich.

This hymn was first published at Leipzig in 1757. It was in six six-line stanzas. The keynote of the hymn is to be found in John 14:19. It is his finest hymn and has its own peculiar lyric character. For the last fifty years there has scarcely been a hymn book of any importance in English-speaking countries which has not contained it. This alone should assure it a place among the favorite hymns.

While originally written as an Easter hymn, it has also found its way into favor as a hymn for the dying and also for use at the consecration of cemeteries. It is often sung at funerals. Notable occasions have been in St. Paul's, London, at the funeral of the Lord Mayor G. S. Nottage, April 18, 1885;

also that of Bishop McDougall, of Labuan, in Winchester Cathedral. How our appreciation of the old hymns increases as we learn their history.

No Easter is complete without the singing of Charles Wesley's grand Easter hymn, which tells the Easter story and raises us with the story to a new life in a way which is inspiring. The original hymn had eleven stanzas. It appeared in 1739. The hymn, sung to an adaptation of Handel's "See the conquering Hero comes," is "a, sermon in song."

The effect of this hymn is illustrated by an incident. It afforded great comfort to Thomas Lacy, an earnest English Methodist. On Easter morning he repeated the first stanza to his sister. His voice in his physical weakness faltered. At its close he was told that death was near. "Then," he replied, "I have a pleasant prospect before me."

Wesley's Easter Sermon In Song: Christ The Lord Is Risen Today

Christ the Lord is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

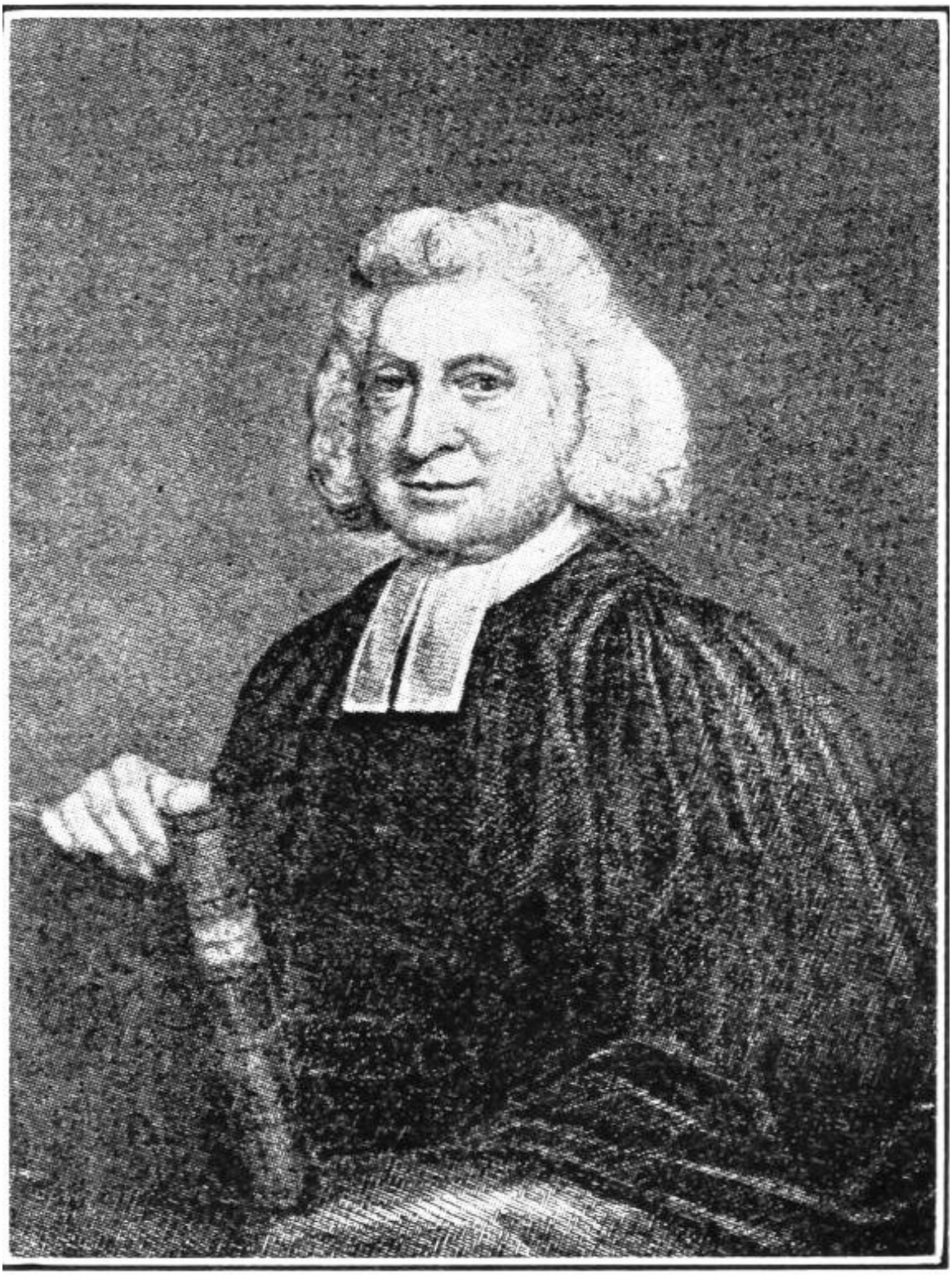
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save.
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!



CHARLES WESLEY

Charles Wesley, the author of this hymn, was the greatest hymn writer of the Wesley family, and it was a large and a noted one, Charles being the eighteenth child of Samuel and Susanna Wesley. He is the author, it is said, of 6500 hymns. He was a Methodist clergyman, and is known as one of the "Oxford Methodists." A good Methodist, he has wTitten not a few hymns which the various churches with practical unanimity have taken up and adopted into the family of good Evangelical hymns. "Christ the Lord is risen today," the lines of which usually end with the "Hallelujah," is one of them.

The origin of that ancient hymn, "The day of Resurrection," and the occasion of its singing are so interesting and suggestive that we conclude with the story of this hymn which is necessary to the completion of the songs of the sanctuary at Easter time. Dr. John Mason Neale, the translator, calls it a "glorious old hymn of victory." It is part of the canon for Easter of John Damascus, who died 780 A. D.

The circumstances of this old song are very interesting. The scene was at Athens. We are told that as midnight approached the archbishop and the priests, accompanied by the king and the queen, left the church and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably above the ground. This was in order that the concourse of people might have a good view. A vast throng stood in breathless expectation. All held unlighted tapers, in readiness for when the glad moment should arrive. Meanwhile the priests murmured a melancholy chant. Suddenly a cannon announced that midnight had passed and Easter Day had begun. The archbishop elevated the cross and exclaimed exultantly, "Christos Anesti," which is, "Christ is risen." Everyone instantly took up the cry. The vast multitude broke through and dispelled the intense and mournful silence. "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" echoed and re-echoed everywhere. The darkness was instantly superseded by a blaze of light. Thousands of tapers, like streams of fire, gleamed in all directions. The roll of the drum and the peal of the cannon resounded throughout the town. Rockets from both hill and plain shot skyward. Meanwhile the aged priests chanted joyfully, "Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath His feet, and henceforth they that are in the tombs have everlasting life." Out of this has grown our Easter hymn, "The day of resurrection."

An Ancient Easter Hymn: The Day Of Resurrection!

The day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to Life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil.
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light:
And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!"— and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let all the world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

In our celebration of the grand old festival, after we have learned that there is so much meaning and history in the old hymns which are our favorites, can we rob ourselves of much of the joy and of the blessing of the Easter time by omitting them from our services, and, perhaps, substituting meaningless ditties, which have as their sole argument for their introduction the newness of their manufactured jingles which appeal to the emotions, but carry with them nothing which is historic or fundamental to the greatest fact of our redemption — the resurrection of our Lord?

Shepherd Hymns

THE SAVIOUR HIMSELF has styled Himself the Good Shepherd. The figure is so beautiful and appropriate that it appeals strongly to all Christians. For this reason quite a few of the hymns which Christians especially love are hymns to the Good Shepherd or which recognize Christians as the sheep of the Saviour's flock.

Isaac Watts has given us one of these hymns. Written in 1719 it combines in the stanzas the recognition of Christ as the Shepherd and the blessings which come to those who are of His flock. Mr. W. T. Stead says of this hymn that it is distinctively a Scotch hymn; but, like some of the old German and ancient Latin hymns it has become international and belongs to all Christians who recognize in Jesus the Good Shepherd. The hymn is an elaboration of the 23rd Psalm. Who does not claim, know and love that beautiful Shepherd Psalm?

Watts' Versification Of The 23d Psalm: The Lord My Shepherd Is,

The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass.
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

A hymn for the children which is growing in use and favor, but of which the author is unknown, and which appeals very strongly to the imagination of the little ones is the hymn of Which the first stanza is,

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us. Thine we are. :||

Another beautiful child's hymn based on the idea of Jesus as the Good Shepherd comes to us from the pen of a German woman, Henrietta Louise von Hayn. The writer was a teacher in a Girl's School at Herrnhut, where she died in 1782. She was a poetess of some merit, her writings reflecting a fervent love for Christ. She wrote about forty hymns which have found their way into the hymn books of the Moravian Church. Only one of these has come into use among English people other than the Moravians. This is her hymn which regards children as Iambs of the Good Shepherd, the first line of which in German is, "*Weil ich Jesu Schaflein bin*." There are several English translations, the one following being the best known.

Miss Von Hayn's Hymn Of The Lambs: I Am Jesus' Little Lamb.

I am Jesus' little lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All things fair and good He shows me,
Even calls me by name;
Every day He is the same.

Safely in and out I go,
Jesus loves and keeps me so,
When I hunger Jesus feeds me;
When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me
Where the waters softly flow.
Where the sweetest pastures grow.

Should I not be always glad?
None whom Jesus loves are sad;
And when this short life is ended
Those whom the God Shepherd tended
Will be taken to the skies,
There to dwell in Paradise.

Another woman has written a hymn which is exceedingly popular with the children, and which under the figure of Jesus gathering the lambs tells very beautifully the sweet story of Jesus and of how we may come to Him and finally go to Him to be with Him as those who are the lambs of the kingdom of heaven. The hymn is called,

A Hymn Of The Love Of Jesus: I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story Of Old

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
Full many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall.
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I wish they could know there is room for them all.
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

And O, how I long for that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

The writer of this hymn, Jemima Thompson Luke, was the wife of the Rev. Samuel Luke, a congregational minister. She wrote poems for a juvenile magazine when she was only thirteen years of age. These, however, were published anonymously. She is known to the Christian world through the hymn which we have just quoted. It is told that she wrote it while riding in a stage coach in 1841, intending it for use in the village school near the home of her father. It was originally published without any name; but has gradually come into wide use and is making the name of the woman who wrote it known on both sides of the Atlantic.

A hymn which has the distinction of being called the oldest of Sunday-school hymns is distinctly a hymn which has as its distinguishing feature a recognition of Jesus as the Shepherd of Youth.

The Oldest Sunday-school Hymn: Shepherd Of Tender Youth

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
  Through devious ways:
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring,
  To join Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord,
O 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.

O wisdom's great High Priest
Thou hast prepared the feast
  Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain:
Help Thou dost not disdain,
  Help from above.

Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
  Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thine enduring Word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
  Make our faith strong.

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

This hymn which was written in Greek about the close of the second or the beginning of the third century is credited to Clement, of Alexandria, a Christian philosopher and teacher, whose active life was lived in the latter part of the second and the beginning of the third century. The original of the hymn is found in the appendix to the *Tutor*, composed by Titus Flavins

Clemens, Clement of Alexandria. The hymn follows a treatise on "Jesus as the Great Teacher." While the author's references suggest a possible earlier authorship, it is generally called "Clement's Hymn."

This hymn from the Greek reminds us of the statement of history that the disciples who spoke Greek seem to have been especially tuneful and confirms the statement that "Greece, the land of poets, was doubtless the cradle of Christian hymnody." The early believers taught their songs to their children, and it is as certain that our first Sunday-school hymn was written somewhere in the land of the classic East as it is that the Book of Revelation was written on the Isle of Patmos.

Hymns Of The Ascension

In reviewing the use of the hymns of the Ascension, in order to select those which were the most generally used as the favorites to be described, we were surprised to note that in several books of hymns the whole subject of the Ascension had been overlooked. Yet this is a natural result of the failure to observe the Church Year by many professing Christians. They miss the force of the logic and the sequence in worship.

The Ascension fact is a crowning climax to the Easter triumph. Its setting is picturesque; its facts fully attested, and its lessons most reassuring to the believer. While discoursing to and commissioning His apostles, Jesus suddenly and visibly ascends beyond the clouds into heaven, whence He had come, and assumes His seat at the right hand of Power in eternity. The event in its manner and in its significance means so much to every believer in Him that the soul witnessing it may well shout in exultation in contemplation of the triumphant departure.

The writers of evangelical hymns have not ignored the triumphant scene which marks the termination of the physical presence of our Lord upon the earth. The deep impression which the Ascension should make on our hearts and lives is most fully expressed in a remarkable hymn wTitten in German by Gerhard Tersteegen, and furnished in an excellent English translation by that wellknown translator, Catherine Winkworth. The peculiarity of the meter has prevented the wide popularity of the hymn, which, embracing the great facts of the Ascension, is most expressive.

A Prayer To Jesus On His Ascension: Conquering Prince And Lord Of Glory

Conquering Prince and Lord of glory,
Majesty enthroned in light!
All the heavens are bowed before Thee,
Far beyond them spreads Thy might.
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is displayed,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

As I watch Thee far ascending
To the right hand of the throne.
See the host before Thee bending,
Praising Thee in sweetest tone,
Shall not I too at Thy feet
Here the angels' strain repeat,
And rejoice that heaven doth ring
With the triumph of my King?

Power and Spirit are o'erflowing;
On me also be they poured:
Every hindrance overthrowing,
Make Thy foes Thy footstool, Lord.
Yea, let earth's remotest end
To Thy righteous scepter bend;
Make Thy way before Thee plain.
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

Lo, Thy presence now is filling
All Thy Church in every place.
Fill my heart too, make me willing
In this season of Thy grace.
Come, Thou King of glory, come,
Deign to make my heart Thy home,
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne.

Thou art leaving me, yet bringing
God and heaven most inly near;
From this earthly life upspringing,
As though still I saw thee here.
Let my heart, transplanted hence,
Strange to earth, and time, and sense,
Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
Where our only joy art Thou!

The author of this hymn, Gerhard Tersteegen, was born at Mörs, Rhenish Prussia, November 25, 1697. He began to study for the ministry in the Reformed Church, but was compelled by the death of his father to go into business. He soon became what is known as a Mystic, absented himself from the Holy Communion because he was not willing to commune with open sinners. He often became spiritually depressed, and in one of these moods, on Maundy Thursday, 1724, he wrote out what he called "a covenant with God," which he signed with his own blood. He kept aloof from the established churches, but made no attempt to organize one of his own. He preached so earnestly that he strained his voice and in his later years was able to speak only to small audiences. He established Pilgerhütte," or "Pilgrim's Cottage," for "Awakened Sinners," and in preaching and living, as well as in hymn writing, was deeply pious. His hymns, which are quite numerous, have perpetuated his name. They are found in both Lutheran and Reformed hymnals. His "Prayer to Jesus on His Ascension" is an excellent illustration of the style of his hymns.

An Ascension Hymn of the Middle Ages

M. Guizot, in speaking of the characteristics of the literature of the "Middle Ages," very correctly states that which particularly applies to the hymns of the period, "It ceased to be a literature; it had become an action, a power; it sought to act on the depths of the soul, to produce real effects, genuine reformations, effectual conversions. It was not so much sacred eloquence as a spiritual power."

One of the writers of this period was the Venerable Bede. He was in every respect a monk, although he reflected the better side of the life of the monk, being exceedingly devout and very studious. Venerable Bede became a deacon in 692 A. D. and a priest in 702 A. D. He spent his entire life, however, in the monasteries, dying on Ascension Day, May 26, 735 A. D. This fact, together with the story of the manner in which he spent his closing hours of earthly life, will add interest to his Ascension hymn.

A pupil who sat at his feet writes: "He lived joyfully, giving thanks to God day and night, yea, at all hours, until the Feast of the Ascension; every day he gave lessons to us, his pupils, and the rest of his time he occupied in chanting psalms. He was awake almost the whole night, and spent it in joy

and thanksgiving, and when he awoke from his short sleep immediately he raised his hands on high and began again to give thanks. He sang the words of the apostle Paul — 'It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' He sang much besides from the Holy Scriptures, and also many Anglo-Saxon hymns. He sang antiphons, according to his and our custom, and among others this one, 'O King of Glory, Lord of power! who didst this day ascend a victor above all the heavens, leave us not orphaned behind Thee, but send to us the promised Spirit of the Father, Hallelujah!'" In the midst of his singing he had his pupils busy writing out some translations. He hastened them that the task might be completed. At last a scholar told him all was written. He said, "It is finished. Raise my head, for it will do me good to sit opposite my sanctuary, where I was wont to kneel down to pray, that sitting I may call upon my Father." He seated himself thus upon the ground in his cell and sang, the "Glory to Thee, O God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost." The pupil says: "When he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last." This story of the author and his ascension to God should give us a new interest in the hymn which we now quote. We give the entire hymn, for it is abbreviated in many collections. In the reading of it we would ask the reader to note the completeness of the poem, which is like a continued story, needing every thought to bring out its whole truth. What a mistake is often made in pubHc worship in cutting out or cutting off important portions of hymns in order to shorten services! Thus we often are robbed of the real spirit and blessing of the hymn itself.

Venerable Bede's Ascension Hymn: A Hymn Of Glory Let Us Sing;

A hymn of glory let us sing;
New hymns throughout the world shall ring;
By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

The apostles on the mountain stand —
The mystic mount — in holy land;
They, with the virgin mother, see
Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven,
"Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
This is the Saviour — this is He!
Jesus hath triumph'd gloriously!

They said the Lord should come again,
As these beheld Him rising then,
Calm soaring through the radiant sky,
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend.
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own!

Be Thou our present Joy, O Lord,
Who wilt be ever our Reward;
And as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee!

Christopher Wordsworth, an English rector of the early nineteenth century, who was a prolific writer, has left several permanent contributions to the hymns of merit and wide use. One of these is a hymn on the Ascension, which is most picturesque in its language and comprehensive in its teaching.

Wordsworth's Picturesque Ascension Hymn: See The Conqueror Mounts In Triumph

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
   See the King in royal state.
Riding on the clouds, His chariot
   To His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choir of angel voices.
   Joyful alleluias sing.
And the portals high are lifted
   To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory.
   With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies.
   He hath gained the victory!
He who on the cross did suffer,
   He who from the grave arose,
He hath vanquished sin and Satan,
   He by death hath spoiled His foes.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
   With His blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
   And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
   In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
   Double portion of His grace.

He hath raised our human nature
   On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
   There with Him in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels:
   Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
   We by faith behold our own.

Wordsworth drew his inspiration from the Scriptures and sought to interpret them for the benefit of the worshiper. This is very evident in his Ascension hymn, which, in addition to expressing poetically the Scripture story of the Ascension, weaves in the teaching under Scripture imagery, which to a marked degree adds richness and beauty to the hymn.

A native of Nossen, in the Hartz region, produced a number of German hymns, of which one, an Ascension hymn, has been translated into English. We refer to Friederich Funcke, who is the author of a hymn which is very popular among Lutheran worshipers. It may be called

An Ascension Prayer: Draw Us To Thee, Lord Jesus

Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus,
And we will hasten on;
For strong desire doth seize us
To go where Thou art gone.

Draw us to Thee; enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That else the tempests frighten,
Or pleasures lure astray.

Draw us to Thee; and teach us
Even now that rest to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.

Draw us to Thee; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod,
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to God.

There are several variations of this hymn, which has been also ascribed to several other authors. The real author, Friederich Funcke, was a man of broad education and especially talented as a musician. He was for some years Stadt Cantor in Lüneberg and later became pastor at Römstedt, where he died in 1699. He was the editor of a hymnal which contained no less than forty-three melodies of his own composing.

Charles Wesley, the great Methodist hymn writer, has written a "Hymn for Ascension Day," which has come into very general favor. When we take into consideration the number of hymns which Wesley has written it is high praise to be told that this hymn stands as one of the three hymns from his pen which have attained widest popularity. The other two are "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" Its popularity and its merit make it a worthy conclusion for this article.

Wesley's Hymn On The Ascension: Hail The Day That Sees Him Rise

Hail the day that sees Him rise,
To His throne above the skies;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.

There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

Lo! the heaven its Lord receives.
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee above the skies.

There we shall with Thee remain.
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Hymns To The Holy Spirit

HYMNS WHICH LIFT THE SOUL to God in worship, at the same time by the power of their devotional approach to God most effectively teach the things which pertain to God. Many good Christians have found truth, indelibly stamped it on their minds, and have been gripped by spiritual impulses through some verse of a beautiful hymn — a hymn which carries the gospel theme beyond the theory, and, so to speak, grafts it into the soul itself. It is this fact which renders vital to a unified and effective service the complete harmonization of the Scripture lessons and the hymn selections with the theme of the day. Herein lies one of the chief beauties and benefits which follow the arrangement of the church year. By the systematic and logically arranged unfolding of the gospel with the life of Christ and His works and teachings as the guiding principle, unity and harmony, as well as fulness of the presentation of truth are almost compelled.

Thus when the Pentecostal festival approaches, naturally the work of the Holy Spirit is emphasized. Otherwise the very nature of the Third Person of the Trinity and the type of work which is done for man by the Holy Spirit would result in an under-emphasis of that which is so important that Christ Himself told His disciples that it was expedient for them that He should go away in order that the Holy Spirit might come unto them.

The constant and necessary presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church, a presence promised by the Saviour Himself, which promise was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, is often most effectively impressed upon the minds of Christian people through the use of the hymns of invocation of the Holy Spirit. An orderly service is most properly opened with such a hymn.

One of Luther's great hymns is his "*Komm Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott*." It is an amplification of an old German version of a still older Latin hymn, the "*Veni Sancte Spiritus*." This hymn as Luther wrote it, with its old tune, was first published in German in 1524.

Luther's Hymn To The Holy Spirit: Come, Holy Spirit, God And Lord!

Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!
Be all Thy graces now outpoured
On the believer's mind and soul.
To strengthen, save, and make us whole.

Lord, by the brightness of Thy light,
Thou in the faith dost men unite
Of every land and every tongue;
This to Thy praise, O Lord, be sung.

Thou strong Defense, Thou holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright.
And call Him Father from the heart;
The word of life and truth impart;

That we may love not doctrines strange.
Nor e'er to other teachers range.
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.

Thou sacred Ardor, Comfort sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.

Lord, make us ready with Thy powers;
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through Life and death to Thee our course!

This hymn, so rich in devotion and instruction, has an abundant history of its own. We are told that it rapidly came into great favor among the common people. An evidence of this is the fact which the historian narrates, namely, that in 1526, at the battle of Frankenhausen, in the Peasants' War, a whole host of them stood immovable singing this hymn. According to the story, the Landgrave of Hesse gave the order to attack, but the peasants remained unmoved, neither retreating nor defending themselves, but singing

and waiting for the miraculous help of God, which their leader, Thomas Münzer, had predicted. As they sang about 50,000 of them were slain and the rest were finally dispersed.

Another instance which illustrates the power which this hymn soon secured over the minds and hearts of the people occurred in August, 1527. It was August 16th that Leonard Kayser was burned at the stake because of his evangelical preaching, which fact stresses the heroism of the men of the times of Luther, who preached and defended the Reformation doctrines. As the preparations for Kayser's martyrdom were completed he asked the people to sing "*Komm Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott*." With deep emotion they sang, and while the flames leaped up his own voice was heard as he cried out, "Jesus, I am Thine; save me." Repeating these words several times, he died.

It is told of a family in Silesia that in the midst of a terrible storm in 1535 they sat singing this hymn and were uninjured, while the roof of their home was blown from over their heads.

The wife of the celebrated Frederic Perthes, of Hamburg, sent several stanzas of this hymn to her son, who was a student at the university, as a birthday greeting. Most appropriate it was, especially in those times. The third and fourth stanzas were those which she sent. They would not be amiss as a message to the university student of today.

This hymn of Luther's is most appropriate as the opening hymn of invocation at public worship. It found place in this position in the official jubilee celebration service, which inaugurated the great quadricentennial jubilee of the Protestant Reformation. With many ministers it is a favorite, not only for use in public worship, but also in private devotion. Not a few instances are told of the use of this hymn or portions of it as the thought to sustain the soul at the moment of its departure from the flesh.

There are a number of translations of this hymn, which fact is an evidence of the wide appreciation of its value as a devotional hymn and medium of instruction concerning the person and work of the Holy Ghost. The translation which we have given is that of Miss Winkworth, made in 1855.

Luther wrote another hymn of invocation of the Holy Ghost, which was first published in Walther's hymn book in 1524. The first verse of this hymn is credited to a priest and poet of the twelfth century. Luther's hymn, which was translated into Latin in 1550 and into Tamil for use by that pioneer of

Christian missions in India, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, in 1723, was once used under very peculiar circumstances. The story is told in "The Stories of Evangelical Hymns," by Karl Heinrich. It was not long after Luther had written and published it that about eighty fishermen were fishing on the ice between Copenhagen and the Island of Saltholm. The ice gave way and precipitated them into the icy water. They were carried along by the current and gradually became separated, nearly thirty of them being drowned. While they were still close together one of them, Hans Vensen, called out to the others, "Dear brethren, let us not fall into despair because we shall lose our lives, but let us prove by our conduct that we have been hearers of God's word." They then sang "*Nun bitten wir den Heilegen Geist*," and after it the hymn for the dying, Luther's metrical version of Simeon's valedictory, the "Nunc Dimittis" — "*Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr dahin*."

Luther's "*Nun bitten wir den heilegen Geist*": Now pray we all God, the Comforter,

Now pray we all God, the Comforter,
Into every heart true faith to pour,
And that He defend us, till death here end us,
When for heaven we leave this world of sorrow.
Have mercy, Lord.

Shine into us, O most holy Light,
That we Jesus may know aright;
Stayed on Him forever, our only Saviour,
Who to our true home again hath brought us.
Have mercy, Lord.

Spirit of love, now our spirits bless us;
Them with Thy own heavenly fire possess;
That in heart uniting, in peace delighting,
We may henceforth all be one in spirit.
Have mercy, Lord.

Heinrich Held of Gunrau, Silesia, is the author, and the Rev. Dr. C. W. Schaeffer, of Germantown, Philadelphia, the translator into English of one of the most popular of the German hymns to the Holy Spirit. The author was a lawyer, who endured many trials in the times of war in which he

lived. In this school of trial his soul was tempered and attuned to sing and he became one of the best of Silesian hymn writers. Only two of his hymns have been translated into English. The one is his Advent hymn, "*Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt*"; the other is "*Komm o komm, du Geist des Lebens*." The latter is one of the finest hymns of invocation to the Holy Spirit ever written. Written in 1664, it was translated by the late Dr. C. W. Schaeffer in 1866. It is today in high favor in both English and German churches. While there are a number of translations, none brings out the meaning better than does the English version from the pen of Dr. Schaeffer.

Dr. Schaeffer's Translation Of Heinrich Held's Hymn: Come, O Come, Thou Quickening Spirit

Come, O come, Thou quickening Spirit,
Thou for ever art divine;
Let Thy power never fail me,
Always fill this heart of mine;
Thus shall grace, and truth, and light
Dissipate the gloom of night.

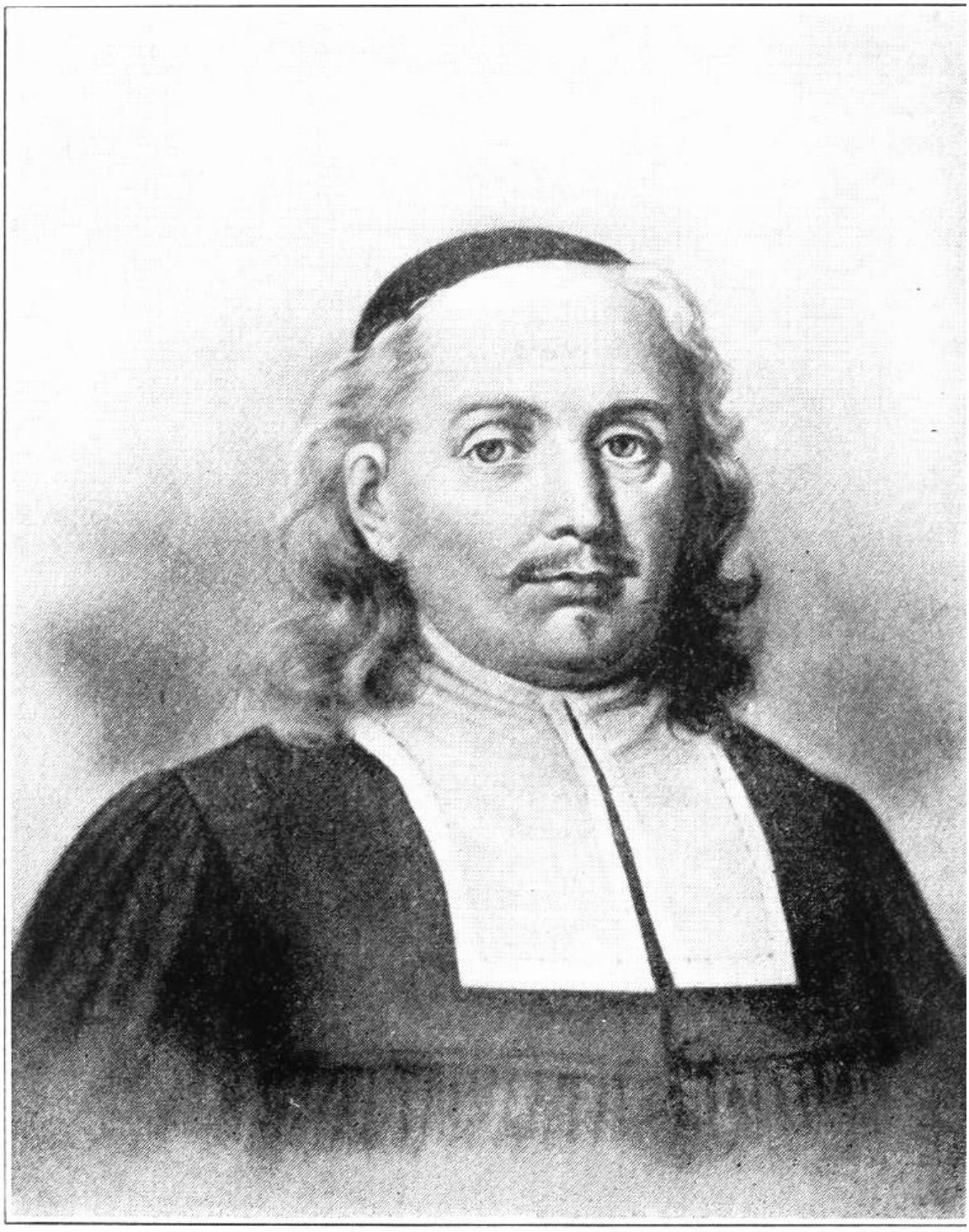
Grant my mind and my affections
Wisdom, counsel, purity;
That I may be ever seeking
Naught but that which pleases Thee.
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

Lead me to green pastures, lead me
By the true and living way.
Shield me from each strong temptation,
That might draw my heart astray;
And if e'er my feet should turn.
For each error let me mourn.

Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,
Thou who makest all things new,
Make Thy work within me perfect,
Help me by Thy word so true.
Arm me with that sword of Thine,
And the victory shall be mine.

In the faith, oh, make me steadfast;
Let not Satan, death, or shame
Of my confidence deprive me;
Lord, my refuge is Thy name.
When the flesh inclines to ill,
Let Thy word prove stronger still.

And when my last hour approaches.
Let my hopes grow yet more bright,
Since I am an heir of heaven.
In Thy glorious courts of light,
Fairer far than voice can tell.
There, redeemed by Christ, to dwell.



PAUL GERHARDT

Another hymn invoking the comfort and help of the Holy Spirit which was born in domestic and personal affliction and which is the only hymn of the author which has passed into English, is Michael Schirmer's "*O Heil'ger Geist, kehr bei uns Ein*." This hymn, which is called "A Short Hymn for Whitsuntide," is a beautiful New Testament paraphrase of Isaiah 11:2, "And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." The author, who wrote poems in both German and Latin, was crowned as a poet in 1637. Domestic and personal sorrows mellowed his soul and gave character to his song. We quote the first stanza of his hymn, but advise our readers to look up and study the entire hymn.

O Holy Spirit, enter in,
Among these hearts Thy work begin,
  Thy temple deign to make us;
Sun of the soul, Thou Light divine,
Around and in us brightly shine,
  To strength and gladness wake us.
Where Thou shinest. Life from heaven
There is given. We before Thee
For that precious gift implore Thee.

A hymn of invocation of the Holy Spirit which has come to us out of the period of the Thirty Years' War, and which is from the pen of that prolific and sweet singer of Germany, Paul Gerhardt, begins in German with the words, "*Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren*." The times under which it came into being emphasize the fact that as affliction is "the schoolmaster to bring men to Christ," so tribulation and trial make men feel the need of the Comforter whom that Saviour promised. As originally written and published in Wakernagel's "*Geistliche Lieder*," this hymn contained sixteen stanzas. We give the five stanzas herewith from the translation made by Miss Winkworth, the most successful and most prolific of English translators of German hymns. The translation was made in 1862.

Gerhardt's Whitsuntide Hymn: Oh, Enter, Lord, Thy Temple.

Oh, enter, Lord, Thy temple.
Be Thou my spirit's Guest,
Who at my birth didst give me
A second birth more blest.
Though here to dwell Thou deignest,
Thou in the Godhead, Lord,
For ever equal reignest.
Art equally adored.

Oh, enter, let me know Thee,
And feel Thy power within,
The power that breaks our fetters,
And rescues us from sin.
That I may serve Thee truly,
Oh, wash and cleanse Thou me,
To render honor duly
With perfect heart to Thee.

'Tis Thou, O Spirit, teachest
The soul to pray aright;
Thy songs have sweetest music,
Thy prayers have wondrous might.
They pierce the highest heaven,
Unheard they cannot fall,
Till He His help hath given
Who surely helpeth all.

The whole wide world, O Spirit,
Upon Thy hands doth rest;
Our wayward hearts Thou turnest
As it may seem Thee best.
As Thou hast done so often,
Once more Thy power make known.
Convert the wicked, soften
To tears the heart of stone.

Order our path in all things
According to Thy mind.
And when this life is over,
And all must be resigned,
With calm and fearless spirit
Oh, grant us then to die,
And after death inherit
Eternal life on high.

Ray Palmer's English rendition of the old "*Veni Sanctus Spiritus*" of the early Latin Church is deservedly popular.

Palmer's Translation Of The "*veni Sanctus Spiritus*": Come, Holy Ghost, In Love

Come, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
  Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
  Oh, come today!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
  With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know.
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow —
  Cheer us, this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
  Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
  And make us blest!

Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
  Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
  While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess.
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord.
And with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

There are various translations of the old Latin "*Veni, Sanctus Spiritus*," of which the above is one of the most beautiful and popular. The original authorship of this hymn, which has been of increasing use and appreciation in the Church for ten centuries, is somewhat in doubt. Hezekiah Butterworth, a very reliable authority, ascribes it to "Robert the Devout," who succeeded his father on the throne of France about 997. His life and character at least reflect the spirit of the hymn. The opposition of his sons in his last years added to political agitations brought great sorrow and much trouble upon him. Robert was learned, as well as musically and spiritually minded. He was unselfishly devoted to the Church. He himself served as the chorister in the old St. Denis Church. He would stand in his royal robes and wearing his crown upon his head, direct the choir at matins and vespers, and would himself join heartily in the singing. If this old hymn is his legacy to the Church, as Butterworth says it is, after nearly a thousand years through his hymn he still has an influence in the world.

The Veni Creator Spiritus Of The Tenth Century

Another old hymn of the early Latin Church which has been widely used and is furnished in a number of translations is the "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," which is ascribed to various authors.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint our heart and cheer our face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along.
Thy praise may be our endless song!

For ten centuries this hymn has been in constant use in the Church. It has been ascribed to Charlemagne, St. Ambrose and Gregory the Great. Ekkehard, the monk of St. Gall, says that the groaning of a water wheel, whose supply of water was running short, suggested to Notker, who was lying awake in a nearby dormitory, the possibility of setting the moaning of the old wheel to music. He was so successful in his effort that the music of the original of this hymn was the result. This he sent to Charlemagne, who was thus led to compose the words. A strange legend, indeed, of the origin of a hymn the authorship of which is historically uncertain, but the use of which is almost universal.

As to the use of this hymn it is worthy of mention that for several centuries it has been used at the consecration of Anglican bishops. It is generally used at the ordination of Lutheran ministers in America. The Latin version of it is appointed for use at the consecration of a p)ope, the election of a Roman bishop, at the coronation of kings, as also at that service so strange to evangelical Christians, namely, the elevation and translation of saints.

The Latin version differs very slightly, chiefly in the order of words, from the original version and from that which is commonly in use among us. Its general and wide use throughout the Church and in the functions just referred to would seem to be an illustration of the underlying unity of ’The Christian Church," which we confess to be “The Communion of Saints.”

Hymns To The Holy Trinity

Bishop Heber, who is the author of a few more than fifty hymns, has written the hymn which is undoubtedly the most majestic hymn of praise of the Holy Trinity that has ever been written.

Bishop Heber's Hymn To The Trinity: Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

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

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

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

This hymn, probably suggested by the Te Deum, is, in reality, a splendid metrical paraphrase of Rev, 4:8-11. An eminent English educator and literary critic said of this hymn, "in my judgment, considering the abstract, dif-

ficult nature of its theme, its perfect spirituality and the devotion and purity of its language, it is the finest hymn ever written."

Grand as the hymn is, it did not attain its full grandeur of sentiment and sound until it was inseparably linked with Dr. John B. Dyke's tune, "Nicaea." The name may mean nothing to our readers, but if so, look up the hymn and the tune and sing it. We have here another illustration of the beauty and the power that go with a hymn sung to its proper tune. To divorce a hymn from its own tune, which is historic and harmonious with the meaning of the words, is to rob worship of one of the greatest of its riches.

A Prayer To The Trinity: Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us.
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending.
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided.
Nothing can our peace destroy.

This hymn is one of the two best known hymns of James Edmeston, who wrote nearly 2000 hymns. The other widely known product of his pen is, "Saviour, breathe an evening Blessing."

The author was an architect and surveyor by profession. He was active in church work, serving for a number of years as a church warden. He spe-

cialized in children's hymns, the simplicity of his language making the hymns he wrote peculiarly adapted to the use of children.

Man's need of each Person of the Trinity and the special work of the Three Persons of the Godhead are most beautifully set forth in the three stanzas of this prayer to the Trinity.

A Hymn To The Trinity: Come, Thou Almighty King

Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
  Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
  Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
  Nor let us fall;
Let Thine almighty aid.
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
  Lord, hear our call!

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
  Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness.
  On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
  In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
  Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be.
   Hence, evermore!
His sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
   Love and adore.

Who can sing this wonderful invocation of the Holy Trinity and not be impressed by the fact that God in His person and work is one Triune God? Beautiful as the hymn is, it is to be regretted that we cannot positively identify the author and give him credit for the blessing which his words are to believers. The hymn was first published in a tract, of which neither the date nor authorship can be determined. From this tract it soon was republished with the "Whitfield Collection" of hymns, and thus found its way into the various hymnals of the church.

It is interesting to note that the national song of England, "God Save the King," was written and published in 1745, and that this hymn, wTitten to be sung to the same tune, appeared about nineteen years later. We sing it, however, as many prefer in this country, to the tune known as "Italian Hymn." A Rev. Spencer Madan issued it, but made no claim to its authorship. Some credit the words to Charles Wesley on the strength of internal evidence, but as the Wesleyan authorities argue against the crediting of the authorship to Wesley we shall have to continue to love and use it without giving credit to any author.

Charles Wesley, however, has not left us in doubt as to his view of the Trinity, for there have come down to us two hymns to the Trinity which are in great favor and wide use, his authorship of which is fully attested. As an expression of our faith in the Triune God, what could be more expressive than the following lines?

Wesley's Hymn To The Trinity: "Hail! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
   Whom One in Three we know;
By all Thy heavenly hosts adored,
   By all Thy Church below.

One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious name.

Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be;
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

His other hymn, which is a recognition of the Trinity, but somewhat more subjective in character and takes rather the form of an address to God, will at once be recalled by our quoting the opening stanza:

Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three;
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

There comes down to us from the time of the Reformation a remarkably expressive hymn through which the worshiper looks to the Triune God. We refer to that Trinity hymn by Nikolaus Decius. His German name was Von Hofe. The author, like Luther, was first a monk in the Roman Church. He had been prior of a monastery at Stetterburg, in Wolfenbüttel, but renounced the Roman faith and espoused the cause of the Protestants. At first he was a schoolmaster, but was later a Lutheran pastor at Stettin, where he died. He is widely and favorably known on account of the beautiful evangelical hymns which he composed, the most celebrated of which is his Trinity hymn.

Allein Gott In Der Höh', Sei Ehr": All Glory Be To God On High,

All glory be to God on high,
   Who hath our race befriended!
To us no harm shall now come nigh,
   The strife at last is ended;
God showeth His good will to men,
And peace shall reign on earth again;
   Oh, thank Him for His goodness.

We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
   And give Thee thanks forever,
O Father, that Thy rule is just,
   And wise, and changes never;
Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
Thou dost whate'er Thy will ordains;
   Well for us that Thou rulest!

O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
   Son of Thy heavenly Father,
Oh, Thou who hast our peace restored
   And the lost sheep dost gather.
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high
From out our depths we sinners cry,
   Have mercy on us, Jesus!

O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
   Thou Comforter unfailing.
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
   And let Thy power availing.
Avert our woes and calm our dread;
For us the Saviour's blood was shed;
   We trust in Thee to save us!

This hymn is said to be a free rendering of the "*Gloria in Excelsis*." It was designed to take the place of the Latin chant in public worship. Knowing this fact will increase our personal appreciation of the hymn. It is in very general use throughout Germany. The dying Christian has often made it his parting song of triumph. Mendelssohn has introduced into his "St. Paul" the chorale, which by some is attributed to Decius. The proper tune for "All Glory be to God on High" is Decius' own melody. Like Luther, he was quite musical and set his own hymns to appropriate music. Through his hymns, which soon became very popular, he was a valuable aid in the "Sixteenth Century Reformation," the complete success of which was undoubt-

edly hastened by the strong evangelical hymns which the reformers wrote and taught the people to sing.

Among the beautiful hymns from the pen of Horatius Bonar, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, there is one which as a "Child's Prayer" to the Trinity is especially beautiful and expressive. It is in four stanzas, the first of which reads as follows:

Holy Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

Christopher Wordsworth, a prolific English writer and theologian, in his "Holy Year," published, in 1862, a hymn of adoration of the Trinity, which has found a permanent place in evangelical hymnody. The original hymn contained eight stanzas. We quote only the first stanza:

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, Eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored!
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

As an appropriate ending to this story of hymns to the Trinity nothing could be found more appropriate than John Newton's paraphrase of the New Testament Benediction, 2 Corinthians 13:14. As a short hymn for the close of worship it is very popular. It is in use in all English speaking countries, and has been translated into several languages. It is one of the few English hymns which have been translated into the Latin, the Latin version being of not infrequent use.

Newton's Versified Benediction: May The Grace Of Christ Our Saviour

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

The doctrine and worship of the Holy Trinity, as set forth in song by these writers of favorite hymns, is positive and clear. A pastor, after the singing by his Sunday school of Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, tested his school by questioning them concerning the message of the hymn. He found that the children had not only worshiped God, they had learned to know Him through that wonderful hymn, which was full of meaning even to the younger children. The value of the hymn as an educational medium as well as an act of worship was fully proved.

This fact is worthy of consideration as we select and use hymns in our worship. A pleasing melody should not determine the use of a hymn. The sense as well as the sound must be considered. Hymns are a part of instruction as well as of devotion. We cannot use the hymns the story of which we have just told without securing a new and a firm hold on the great mystery and vital doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

Hymns Of The Christian Life

HYMNS HAVE HELPED many Christians over the hard places in life. As music spurs the soldier to battle, so also it inspires the Christian to spiritual heroism. The trials and temptations of life have tuned many a Christian poet's lyre. Thus out of the personal experience of the poets of the Church have come hymns which are most helpful in lifting us up and carrying us over the rough and hard places in the Christian pathway.

Of hymns of this type, one which is at once a guide and an inspiration is that widely known and loved hymn of Count Zinzendorf, which in English begins, "Jesus, still lead on."

Jesus, Still Lead On (*Jesu, Geh Voran*)

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless.
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland!

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near.
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go!

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us.
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

This hymn, written in 1721 by Nikolas Ludwig, Count Zinzendorf, is in extensive use both in German and in English. It has become a great favorite and is especially popular as a hymn for children.

The author, Count Zinzendorf, was born at Dresden, May 26, 1700. He secured his education at Halle and Wittenberg. As a young man he was very serious and deeply religious. Possessed of large estates, he by force of his nature, sympathized with the persecuted Moravians and shielded and domiciled many of them on his estate. He later united with the Brethren's Church, founded the settlement of Herrnhut as a refuge, and ultimately became a Moravian minister and bishop.

It is said of Zinzendorf that his consecration to the religious life was simultaneous with his study of the "Ecce Homo" in the Dusseldorf Gallery. This, as our readers know, is a wonderful painting of Jesus wearing the crown of thorns. It is said that as Zinzendorf looked at this picture, noting the sad face and blood-red drops and read the superscription, "This have I done for thee; what hast thou done for me?" he instantly took as the motto of his life, "I have but one passion, and that is He and only He." It is only another way of saying as Paul the apostle said, "For me to live is Christ."

Zinzendorf wrote his first hymn when he was only twelve years old. He wrote his last one in 1760. Between these dates he wrote more than two thousand hymns. Few, however, have lived. His best hymns were among his earlier productions. In Europe, perhaps, his most widely used hymn is "*Jesu, geh voran*," a hymn which is well and favorably known in English in Miss Borthwick's translation as given above.

John Wesley has translated for us another well known and widely used hymn by Zinzendorf, which, being a hymn of faith and justification, the foundation principles of the true Christian life, is a most valuable contribution to evangelical hymnody. This hymn was written in 1739.

Wesley's Translation Of Zinzendorf's Hymn: Jesus, Thy Blood And Righteousness

Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its constant hue;
Thy Blood preserves it ever new.

Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness!

When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me.

A hymn which is a prayer for guidance in the Christian life which claims two men by the name of Williams as its author comes to us from the musical Welsh people. We refer to the hymn, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah." The hymn was originally written in Welsh by the Rev. William Williams in 1745. His fellow-countryman, the Rev. Peter Williams, translated the hymn into English, making many alterations and substitutions in the second and third verses. Thus only the first stanza belongs indisputably to the original Williams; but as the Rev. William Williams is said to have been consulted and to have approved the alterations made by the Rev. Peter Williams, the authorship is rightly considered as a mutual work of the two Welsh clergymen.

A Welsh Hymn With Two Authors: Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

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

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

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

Among modern hymns praying for guidance one of the most popular is Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light." It is particularly popular with those who have not publicly accepted the leadership of theological authority. While it is a hymn which may induce to resignation, it scarcely leads on to victory. A leading authority on hymns in the Methodist Church says of it, "I have not found it a helpful hymn for deliverance or a strengthening hymn in distress and conflict."

We will appreciate this criticism when we know that Dr. Benson, the great American authority on hymnology, says of Newman, "He was an imaginative boy, and so superstitious that he used constantly to cross himself when going into the dark." This habit of the author's mind is reflected in the lines of the hymn which is a reflection of his religious musings.

An Episcopal clergyman, during the agitations over the High Church movement, through the influence of a Romanist friend by the name of Froude, Newman's Protestant faith gradually weakened. In his unrest he traveled to the Mediterranean coast, and while on the way to Marseilles he

wrote this hymn. It was just shortly before he entered the Roman Catholic Church, where be became a cardinal. William T. Stead well says: "It is somewhat hard for the stanch Protestant to wax enthusiastic over the invocation of a 'Kindly Light,' which led the author straight into the arms of the Scarlet Woman of the Seven Hills." We fancy that the author was correct when he said, "It was not the hymn, but the tune that has gained the popularity." Dr. Dykes wrote the tune and he is a master.

As the result of a meditation on the Twenty-third Psalm while a young minister preaching in Philadelphia, Professor Gilmore wrote a hymn which expresses much more confidently personal faith in divine guidance. He wrote the verses after a week-day evening talk, and handed them to his wife. She without his knowledge sent the lines to The Baptist Watchman and Reflector for publication. It was a number of years later that in leafing through a hymnal in the Second Baptist Church in Rochester, N. Y., he was surprised to discover this hymn, credited to himself and appearing as a hymn of the church. It has since found its way into a number of the newer American hymn books.

Professor Gilmore's "He Leadeth Me": He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

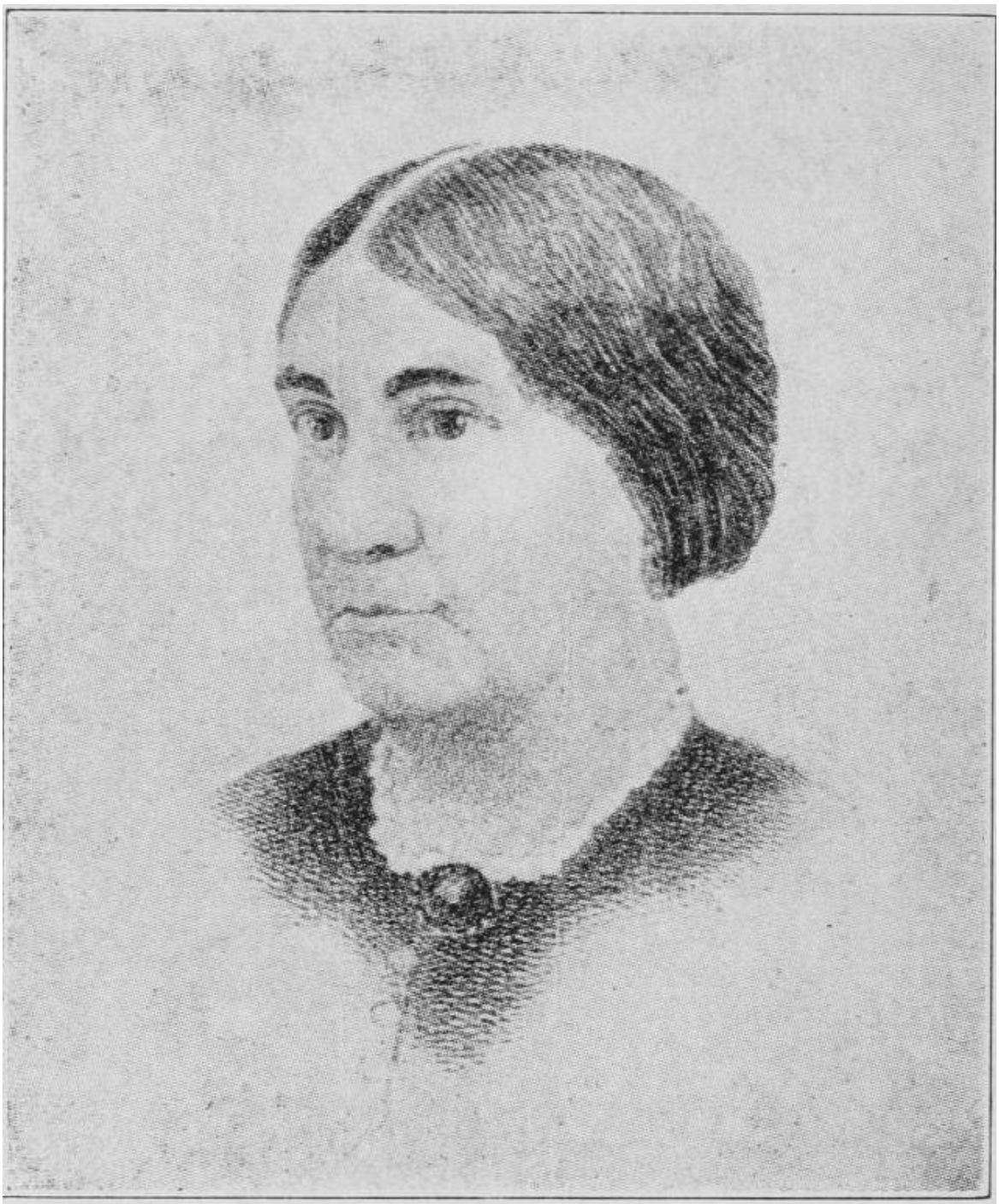
Refrain

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see.
Since ’tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory’s won,
E’en death’s cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.



PHOEBE CAREY

A hymn which is a great favorite and which is finding its way into many collections is a hymn written by a woman. Keeping before the Christian the nearness of the heavenly goal as it does, its musical message should

strengthen faith, perfect consecration and quicken zeal in all who sing it. We refer to that hymn by Phoebe Carey, which, according to her own statement, she wrote on a Sunday morning in 1852 on her return home from church.

The influence of a hymn on the life of a person is beautifully illustrated by a story which is brought to us out of China. A young man, just entering life, was in an opium den in China. He was gambling with an American. The gambler, while he showed evidence that he had once been a man of culture, had a hard and bitter face. The young man leaned back in his chair and waited for the gambler to shuffle the cards. Unconsciously he began to hum to himself Phoebe Carey's hymn.

As he hummed he suddenly became conscious that the gambler had dropped the cards and was staring at him with wild, haggard eyes. With white lips he exclaimed, "Why do you sing that song? Why do you dare sing that here?"

The young man started. With a mental effort he recalled what he had been unconsciously singing, and stammered, "My — why, mother and the girls sing that at home, and it was just running through my head."

The gambler sat silent for a few minutes, then he tore up and threw away the cards, saying to the young man with whom he had been playing, "Years ago I had a beautiful home in New York — a lovely wife and a wee girl, the idol of her heart and mine. My wife sang wonderfully, and each evening she used to sing that song you were just now humming. When our little girl was too small to talk she used to jump up and down in my arms and try to hum the air when her mother sang the words. Then, just as she was old enough to really sing it with her mother, she died. They sang 'her song,' as she called it, at her funeral. A few months later my wife died, and again 'her song' was sung. I sold my home and became a wanderer, a trickster, a gambler. I intended to fleece you out of every penny you had. Now go; I am done gambling."

Some years later a handsome man called on Miss Carey and told her of how the humming of this hymn had prevented him from becoming a gambler in China. The older man wrote a letter to the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell and told the same story, and that through the humming of this hymn he had been led to renounce the life of a gambler and become a hardworking Christian, who had, by the help of God, been able to rehabilitate himself in the world of respectable and honorable people.

How carefully we should choose and how thoughtfully we should use the hymns which may have such power for good in the lives of Christian people!

Phoebe Carey's Hymn Of Devotion: One Sweetly Solemn Thought

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer my home today
Than e'er I've been before:

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer leaving the cross of grief,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying dark between,
And winding through the night.
Flows on the deep and unknown stream,
That leads me to the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my hand of faith,
And be Thou near me when I stand
Upon the shore of death.

Hymns Of Christian Service

MUSIC INSPIRES the soldier and encourages him as he goes to battle. Evangelists are very particular in selecting the hymns which are to be sung, especially those which lead up to and which follow their sermons. The psychological effect of wisely chosen music is marked. Herein, lies the value of music as an incentive to Christian service. Assuming, of course, that words and music are in harmony, the hymn is a most potent factor in the development of Christian efficiency. Recognizing this principle and realizing the natural effect of proper hymns, there is every reason to make the most careful choice of the hymns we use. This is especially the case when we are endeavoring to lead Christians to render greater and better Christian service.

One of the first hymns of this type of which we think is Charles Wesley's hymn, "A charge to keep I have." The occasion of its writing is not recorded. It was written in 1762 and is in very general use in the hymn books of the various denominations.

Wesley's Hymn Of Service: A Charge To Keep I Have

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save.
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with zealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Among the hymns by Philip Doddridge which have attained widest popularity is one which is preeminently a hymn of Christian service. We refer to his hymn beginning, "Ye servants of the Lord." It was not published until after his death, appearing first in a posthumous edition of his hymns published by J. Orton. It was given the title, "The Active Christian." The hymn, which is in widest use, is, as a rule, published as originally written by Dr. Doddridge, an evidence of its poetic merit and hymnological value. Its thoughtful use cannot fail to encourage Christian activity.

Doddridge's "The Active Christian": Ye Servants Of The Lord

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait
Observant of His heavenly word.
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight.
For awful is His Name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near.
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall His Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

A hymn which is quite useful and suggestive, the first stanza of which is very frequently, in violation of correct liturgical usage, sung as the offerings are being placed upon the altar, has come to us from the pen of William Walsham How.

How's Hymn Of Service: We Give Thee But Thine Own

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive.
And gladly, as Thou blessest us.
To Thee our first fruits give.

O hearts are bruised and dead.
And homes are bare and cold.
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
The lost to God to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace —
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er we do for Thine, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

This is one of Bishop How's best known hymns. A critic in speaking of it has said it is a hymn which has attained foremost rank because it is such a simple, unadorned and enthusiastically practical hymn. Looked at from this point of view we will quickly note its merit and learn to use it that we may catch and spread the spirit of service which it breathes.

Perhaps one of the hymns which in respect to comprehensiveness of service excels all others has come from the pen of a woman who has added some valuable contributions to English Evangelical hymnody. We refer to Frances Ridley Havergal, who in 1874 wrote the hymn to which we refer. It is a hymn which might aptly be styled

A Hymn Of Complete Consecration: Take My Life And Let It Be

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is a characteristic hymn from the pen of Miss Havergal, who has sometimes been called "The Theodocia of the 19th Century." She was the daughter of a Church of England clergyman, born at Astley, Worcestershire, England, December 14, 1836. The type of her hymns is interesting and is by some accredited to an incident of her girlhood. When quite a young girl she visited the art gallery of Dusseldorf, Prussia, where she was attending school. She saw and was deeply impressed by the great picture of the head of Christ, the "Ecce Homo." The sight of this picture affected her much as it did Count Zinzendorf, and apparently had much to do with the early experience of this gifted girl, and, in fact, it evidently influenced her entire life. One of the immediate results of her viewing the picture is one of her earliest hymns, which inspired by the "Ecce Homo," flowed from her heart and pen. Here is the verse —

I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee:
What hast thou given for Me?

If the viewing of a picture could thus mold a life and move a pen to write so beautifully and with such perfect consecration, is it not important that we should carefully choose the pictures we view and the hymns we sing? Church art as well as evangelical hymnody are worthy of more thoughtful study than is ordinarily accorded them.

Morning Hymns

DAYBREAK AND SUNRISE ARE INSPIRING. Morning with its beauties, its blessings and its privileges should make any observing person think of God and inspire him to worship. This was the case with a German nobleman, Friederich Rudolph von Canitz, a legal counselor at Berlin, who was a genius and a man distinguished for worldly success and for Christian holiness. It is said of him that on the last morning of his life, as day was breaking, he requested that he be drawn to the window of his sick-chamber that he might look once more upon the rising sun. After looking steadily at it for a time, he exclaimed, "Oh, if the appearance of this earthly thing is so beautiful and quickening, how much more shall I be enraptured at the sight of the unspeakable glory of the Creator Himself!" That was the feeling of a man whose sense of earthly beauty had all the keenness of a poet's enthusiasm, and who, in his greatest health and vigor, preserved the consciousness that his life was hid with Christ in God. Is there any wonder that out of this deeply pious heart and this poetic mind of a soul that loved nature and let it teach of the God whom he loved supremely there should have been born a hymn which is at once a call to service, a prayer for guidance and blessing and a hymn of praise to the divine Creator, a real doxology to the Triune God? All this we find in von Canitz' hymn.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking; (*Seele Du Musst Munter Werden*)

Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to Him who made the splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When the aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee.
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

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

Glory, honor, exaltation, Adoration,
Be to the Eternal One;
To the Father, Son and Spirit,
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.

In the translation which we have given above this hymn was published in England in 1838. It has been growing in favor ever since. This is very natural when we note the devout trust and deep piety which are so beautifully expressed in the hymn which von Canitz wrote as the deep feeling of a soul that loved God's mornings.

Another most expressive morning hymn which has come to us out of the rich storehouse of German hymnody is the hymn,

Jesus, Sun of Righteousness (*Morgenglanz Der Ewigkeit*)

Jesus, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our long and gloomy night!

Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All our life's short earthly day!

Thou our only Hope and Guide!
Never leave us nor forsake;
In Thy light may we abide
Till the endless morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Onward, upward, homeward still!

Lead us all our days and years
In Thy strait and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest.
Near Thy throne for ever rest.

Possibly due to the peculiarity of the meter, this hymn is not as widely used as its merit would warrant us to expect. Yet there have been more than a dozen translations of it published, and when it is once learned it is always loved. This is natural, for it is so simple and trustful, prayerful and hopeful that it cannot fail to appeal and inspire.

The author of this hymn. Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, graduated at both Leipzig and Wittenberg Universities. He traveled extensively, and through an acquaintance with an Armenian prince became interested in oriental languages. He was also an eminent scientist. But learning did not prevent the development of his native German piety, which found expression in about seventy hymns, which were pronounced "truly pious and spiritual." Knorr's morning hymn first appeared in 1684. The translation which we have given above is a free translation from the original, made by Miss Jane Borthwick in 1853.

It might be noted in this connection that Miss Borthwick, who was born at Edinburg, Scotland, April 9, 18 13, has served the English-speaking Church well by her translation of "German Hymns from the Land of Luther." Her book of translations has gone through a number of editions. It contains relatively a large proportion of hymns for the Christian life and reflects that wholesome type of piety which is characteristically German.

BISHOP KEN

A morning hymn which is given first place in the estimate of the great majority of people, and rightly so, is Bishop Ken's morning hymn. Written in 1695 and rewritten in 1709 with certain variations, the original hymn has fourteen stanzas. On account of its length it is sometimes divided, and in

many hymnals only selected verses are taken. There are few books today in which it is not found.

The last stanza, which is familiarly called the Long Meter doxology, is the most widely used short hymn in the world.

Bishop Ken's Morning Hymn: Awake, My Soul, And With The Sun

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

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept.
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

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

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

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

The author of this hymn led a troubled and eventful life. He lived during the reign of King Charles II of England. As those who know history well know

Charles II had little interest in hymns or in anything religious. He was a dissipated man. It is told by his biographers that Bishop Ken was not afraid of the king and that he again and again courageously reproved him. The king was not annoyed by the plainness of speech of the bishop, whom he proverbially called "the good little man." At chapel time he was in the habit of saying, "I must go in and hear Ken tell me of my faults."

Bishop Ken's courage in denouncing immorality is seen in his refusal to admit Nell Gwynne to his house at the command of King Charles, who so admired his courage that instead of punishing him he appointed him Bishop of Bath and Wells. But he did not always fare so well. He was one of the seven bishops who were imprisoned under James the Papist for his opposition to the king's religion. He was deprived of his bishopric by William III and spent his remaining days living quietly in a house loaned to him by a friend. He was seventy-four years old when he died. At his own request "six of the poorest men in the parish carried him to his grave."

It will give a new interest and a deeper meaning to Bishop Ken's morning hymn for us to know that he used to sing it to his own accompaniment on the lute every morning, and that when he died at his request he was buried under the east window of the chancel of Frome Church, the services being held at sunrise. His mourning friends sang, in the first light of the dawning day,

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

To Bishop Ken, whose character, Macauly says, approached as nearly as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue, the passing from earth was

the entrance into larger life and fuller service. Hence the appropriateness of singing his daily morning hymn prayer at his funeral as suggestive not only of the bishop's future life, but as an incentive to their own closer and more consecrated life.

The morning and evening hymns of Bishop Ken first appeared in a manual of prayers for the use of the students of Winchester College. They were accompanied with an injunction from the writer that they should be sung devoutly by the scholars in their chambers morning and evening. A heeding of this injunction of the singing preacher of a former generation would

quicken spiritual life by developing a stronger and more intense personal religion. Too many are contented with a pew edition of the hymns which are sung in the sanctuary, and forget that a book of worship is a manual which may be most useful in private worship. With this thought in mind we will, as we repeat the selected verses of this old hymn, see how personal it is and how it individualizes our communion with God.

There is a most beautiful morning hymn for the little ones which was written by a Methodist clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Osmond Summers. The language, the rhythm, as well as the tune to which it is ordinarily sung, make this hymn peculiarly a hymn for the little folks.

The Little Folks' Morning Hymn: The Morning Bright

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
  Hath waked me from sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone,
  Thy little ones doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
  Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
  Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh, make Thy rest,
Within my breast,
  Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
  Prepared to see Thy face.

To Father, Son
And Spirit, One,
  Great God whom I adore,
All glory be,
My God, to Thee
  Both now and evermore.

With the exception of the doxology, which was written and added to the hymn by Godfrey Thring in 1882, the author, Rev. Dr. Summers, tells us an interesting story of when and how he wrote this “Morning Hymn.” He wrote the verses for his first child, a little girl, in January, 1845. He says that when she was about a year old he was going down the Tombigbee River in a small river steamer. “In the quiet morning, riding on the river and thinking of my little girl, I wrote a morning hymn for her on the back of an envelope. When I reached Mobile I transcribed it and sent it to her at Tuskaloosa.” This was the origin of this morning hymn for the little ones. Several years later, as editor of the Southern Christian Advocate, Dr. Summers published it anonymously in the “Children’s Page.” It was widely copied and soon found its way into the Sunday school and church hymnals.

Dr. Summers wrote a twin hymn to this called ’The Daylight Fades." It is the children’s evening hymn, and was written for his second daughter in 1847. Written for the children by a father who loved children, and who was a man who combined poetic talent with a personal experience of true Christian piety, his hymns, when the story of their origin is known, will appeal still more to the little folks, who should be taught not only the words, but the atmosphere and the purpose of the hymns which they sing. When they catch the spirit that is in them their singing will be as music to their own souls, developing the Christian harmony of a beautiful life for them through their use.

He is to be pitied who does not love good hymns. It has been claimed by some that Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his sermons. Certainly the good old hymns of the Reformation were a power. The great hymns which are so widely used and so popular today are like sweet flowers along the Christian’s pathway, adding beauty and sweetness to the earthly way toward the heavenly city. They are more than that when we come to know their content and intent. Through the story of their origin and use they become a powerful factor in supporting and spreading the doctrines of the Church. They help materially in molding the individual Christian life. The choice and use of hymns is important in the conduct of worship.

Evening Hymns

The evening vespers, whether they be held in the church, in some institutional chapel, in some family circle, or in the closet of the individual Christian, lend themselves most beautifully to the cultivation of the devotional life. It is a great pity, therefore, that the strenuousness of present-day living and the spirit of worldliness and pleasure-seeking have brought into disuse the daily evening family worship, which was so general a generation ago. We preface our consideration of a few favorite evening hymns with this thought, because a large number of those hymns had their origin in an effort to provide for the needs of vesper worshipers. Possibly calling attention to the fact may result in the setting up of a few more family altars in Christian homes.

As the evening draws on and the light seems to melt into darkness, how appropriate are the words of the evening hymn of Bishop George W. Doane!

Bishop Doane's Evening Hymn: Softly Now The Light Of Day

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee!

Thou whose all-pervading eye
  Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
  Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

This hymn, which was published in 1824, is one of the few American hymns which has found a place in hymn books across the sea, being published in several English collections.

The author was born at Trenton, N. J. He was ordained an Episcopal rector in 1821. After serving in several places, in 1832 he became bishop of New Jersey. This hymn heads the list of his hymns. While he ranked high as one of the great prelates of his church, he will go down in history as a poet of more than average merit, his poetic fame resting principally upon his hymns.

We venture the assertion, without fear of being questioned, that the most widely known and the general favorite evening hymn is John Keble's "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear." It has been aptly called

The Masterpiece Of Evensong: Sun Of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

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

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

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

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

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

It is impossible to join with Christian people in the singing of this hymn without feeling that we are being brought into close fellowship with Jesus. The song lifts us into an atmosphere of sweetest communion with our blessed Saviour.

A thoughtful use of the hymn reveals something so exquisitely tender in the sacred lines — it brings Christ so near — that we naturally feel that the author of such a hymn must have been not only a scholar and a poet, but a man of deepest piety.

In this expectation we are not disappointed. The author, the Rev. John Keble, was a man of highest scholarly attainments, a true poet, or he never could have produced that beautiful and popular book, "The Christian Year." These qualifications were ennobled and purified by the power of Christian faith to a rare degree. "Sweetness and light harmoniously blended in the character and life of Keble to a marked degree." This explains why he sang so much that so many other Christians love to sing. It also suggests to us the value of going back of mere words and melody to find the soul of the hymns we use in our worship. If we succeed in leading only a few to study the hymns of the Church in this way, we will be fully repaid for the pleasure we have had in searching for the story of the origin and use of a few of our favorite hymns.

Notwithstanding the very wide use and great popularity of this hymn, strange though it may seem, the immediate circumstances under which it was inspired are not known. Whether some incident or occasion called it forth from the poetic soul of the author, or whether it was merely a natural

outflow of his personal spiritual consciousness, makes little difference. The fact is, it breathes the spirit of a man who lived in sweet communion with Christ. It expresses so beautifully and so fully the personal feeling of one who lives in most intimate fellowship with the Saviour that we recognize in its wide popularity a testimony to the fact that there are multitudes of devoted Christian people who enjoy communion with Christ and place reliance upon His nearness.

This explains why, while Keble's "Christian Year" as a book has been widely published and in editions as large as a hundred thousand copies, this hymn is known not only to the thousands who have and enjoy the book, but it is known to millions and loved by them. The music of its verse is familiar in every nook and corner of the English-speaking world. This fact gives a deep and a personal meaning to our confession in the creed of our faith in "the communion of saints." They have such communion through their common and close communion with the Saviour Himself.

From a wild and tempest-tossed sea there comes a touching story that associates with this hymn. As dusk came on in a wild sea a gallant ship went to her doom. A few women and children had been placed in a boat, but broke loose and drifted away, at the mercy of the waves, with no one to row or to guide. Earlier in the evening, before the darkness had quite settled down, brave men on the shore had seen their plight and started to the rescue. In spite of the tempest they hoped to save the lives of the imperiled ones, but it became so dark they could see nothing and could not find the ship. After a fruitless search they turned by the compass to head for the shore, when, far out on the water, and above the wail of the wind and storm, they heard a woman's clear voice singing

> "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.
> It is not night if Thou be near."

Turning toward the sound and bending to the oar, the work of rescue was quickly accomplished. The singing of Keble's hymn undoubtedly saved this boatload of human lives. Certainly before morning they would have drifted beyond human help or have been dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Among the finest evening hymns we know is one the use of which in English is somewhat limited, although there are several excellent translations. We believe that the hymn will in time be a general favorite among

those worshiping in English, as it is today a universal favorite with German people and German congregations. We refer to the hymn, simple and homely in style, which yet has taken firmest hold of the Germans' hearts, namely,

Gerhard's *Nun Ruhen Alle Waelder*: Now hushed are woods and waters

Now hushed are woods and waters,
At rest toil's sons and daughters,
   The world a-slumber lies:
But thou, my soul, awake thee,
To prayer and song betake thee.
   And bid their grateful incense rise.

Sun, whither hast thou vanished?
The night day's foes has banished
   At length each lingering beam;
But Jesus now draws nearer,
A better Sun, and dearer,
   Sheds through my heart a warmer gleam.

The day has fled defeated —
In heaven's deep azure seated,
   Stars shine, a golden band;
I, too, on that bright morrow.
Called from this vale of sorrow,
   Like them, in heaven with God shall stand.

To rest my body hasteth,
Aside its garments casteth,
   Types of our mortal stata;
When I put off this mortal.
At death's mysterious portal,
   Christ's pure white robes my soul await.

This hymn has been pronounced one of the finest of Paul Gerhard's hymns. Considering the number and the beauty and evangelical richness of the hymns of Gerhard, this is high praise. Of this hymn Baron Bunsen wrote, in 1830: "Ever since its publication this hymn has been one of the most beloved and best known hymns of devout meditation over the whole of

Germany. Experienced and conceived in a truly childlike, popular spirit, it unites with rare naive simplicity of expression, a loftiness of thought, a depth of Christian experience, a grace of poetry, so that for this union of qualities it must rank as an enduring masterpiece among hymns."

This hymn, which we have furnished in the English translation of Frances Elizabeth Cox, may, perhaps, be raised in our estimation by the knowledge of the fact that it was a special favorite of the great German poet, Schiller, who learned to love it from his mother. This brief glimpse into the early home of the poet is a suggestion of the German home life, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that there are so many more German hymns than there are English ones. It is a part of the German home life to sing.

A hymn which is primarily a hymn for the evening of life, but which has come to be a general favorite as a vesper hymn, is the "Swan Song," of that young English clergyman and hymnwriter, the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. The author of this hymn was a Scotchman, born at Felso, Scotland, June 1, 1793.

He was in failing health, and, having been ordered to leave England, where he had served for a number of years as rector at Lower Brixham, on the shores of Torbay, England, he preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, September 5, 1847. Toward evening of the same day he walked out along the shore and witnessed the sun setting in red and gold. It was a most beautiful and peaceful evening. Returning and meditating, he sat down at his desk and wrote. Presently he placed in the hands of a member of his family the manuscript of the hymn, "Abide With Me; Fast Falls the Eventide." In the prime of life, he had hoped to live, but if this privilege was not granted him he prayed that he might be able to do something which would prove of lasting benefit to the Church. His prayer was answered, for in this "Swan Song" was his benediction, for he never preached again. The following day he started for the South, but did not live to complete his journey. He died in France, his remains being buried in the English cemetery in Nice. His grave is the Mecca of many pilgrims, some of whom testify that this hymn has been of greatest spiritual help to them.

Knowing the story of this hymn, that it was the very last work of an earnest evangelical minister, we read new meaning in its lines, and hereafter when we sing it we will necessarily be drawn upward and closer to God and will feel the certainty of the eternal and the need of a Saviour as we sing the

closing stanza, which is worthy of being made a part of our daily evening devotions. We, most of us, have the words written upon our minds, but we will not object to having them appear on the printed page.

Abide With Me

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, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

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

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

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

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

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

Hold 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 shadow's flee;
In life, in death, Lord, abide with me!

There is another evening hymn which has been pronounced one of the best evening hymns in the English language, which owes its origin indirectly to the somewhat savage Christianity of Abyssinia. We refer to the hymn, "Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing."

The author of this hymn, Dr. James Edmeston, it is said, was deeply impressed by the reading of an account of a traveler, who told, in connection with a visit to Abyssinia, of how at night the Abyssinians always sang their short evening hymn, "Jesus Mahaxaroo." The meaning is "Jesus Forgives Us." This sentiment, the traveler said, stole through the camp, and in the spell of this thought they would retire to sleep. Thinking over this narrative, he conceived and wrote the hymn which so many English-speaking Christians today love and sing. We close this study with the words as a prayer, and in the hope that we have in glimpsing these wonderful hymns of evening kindled in our hearts a keener desire for evening worship.

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o’ertake us,
   And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
   Clad in bright and deathless bloom."

A Hymn Of Petition And A Hymn Of Trust

THE LIFE STORY of a writer, his personal experiences and the circumstances under which he wrote will often give new meaning to a hymn. The circumstances under which a hymn was written particularly, will often materially increase our appreciation of it. In fact, in the case of many hymns, the story of their origin is essential to the correct interpretation of them.

That beautiful penitential hymn by Joachim Neander is an illustration of the advantage of knowing the life story of the writer. We quote the hymn with its German title and in the excellent English translation of Miss Winkworth which is the translation most generally used and best known by us.

Here Behold Me, As I Cast Me (*Sieh Hier Bin Ich, Ehrenkoenig*)

Here behold me, as I cast me
'Neath Thy throne, O glorious King!
Sorrows thronging, childlike longing,
Son of man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee!
Me, a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast brought me,
Only Thee to know I pine.
Let me find Thee!
Take my heart, and own me Thine!

Naught I ask for, naught I strive for,
But Thy grace so rich and free;
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee.
Let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.

Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name, or golden hoard,
Are but weary, void and dreary.
To the heart that longs for God.
Let me find Thee!
I am Thine, mighty Lord!

This was probably the last hymn from the pen of the writer, as it bears the date 1679 A. D., which is the year preceding his death.

Joachim Neander was one of the earliest and one of the best hymn writers of the "Reformed Church." As a student at Bremen he was unusually wild and reckless. As an illustration of his spirit it is told that on one occasion he and several companions went into St. Martin's Church of Bremen with the avowed purpose of making jest of the services, but the sermon so affected him that he became conscience stricken and in private visited the preacher. The result was that he came more and more into communication with the pastor, whose influence led him to be more circumspect in his mode of life.

He continued to love sport, and was an ardent hunter. On one occasion he was hunting in a forest, lost his way and suddenly found himself in dense darkness in a most dangerous position, where a single misstep meant his plunging to death over a great precipice. A feeling of horror came over him. For a few moments he could not move. In his extremity he prayed earnestly to God for help. According to his own story his courage returned. He felt as though a hand were leading him. Following the path thus indicated he reached his home in safety. In his prayer at the edge of the precipice he had vowed if he reached home in safety henceforth to devote himself entirely to the service of God. From that day he kept that vow.

Neander became very earnest and conscientious. He met and became intimate with Spener, the Lutheran pietist at Frankfurt, and while a teacher in the Reformed Grammer School at Düsseldorf, he was wont to hold prayer meetings on his own account. He would also absent himself from the communion, because as he said he could not conscientiously commune along

with the unconverted. His attitude in these respects, especially as he advised others to do as he did, resulted in his suspension as a teacher. He was forbidden to preach and banished from the town. His pupils would have fought for him, but he would not permit them to do so. There is a story current that he went to a deep glen near Mettmann, on the Rhine, where he spent the period of his banishment, which was not very long, living in a cavern. This cavern is still known by the name of "Neander's Cave." We are told that while in this cave he wrote several hymns.

A Hymn Written In A Cave: A Deep And Holy Awe

A deep and holy awe
Put Thou, my God, within my inmost soul,
While near Thy feet I draw;
And my heart sings in me, and my voice praises Thee;
Do Thou all wandering sense and thought control.

O God, the crystal light
Of Thy most stainless sunshine here is mine;
It floods my outer sight;
Ah, let me well discern Thyself where'er I turn,
And see Thy power through all Thy creatures shine.

Hark! how the air is sweet
With music from a thousand warbling throats.
Which echo doth repeat;
To Thee I also sing, keep me beneath Thy wing;
Disdain not Thou to list my harsher notes.

Ah, Lord, the universe
Is bright and laughing, full of pomp and mirth;
Each summer doth rehearse
A tale forever new of wonders
Thou canst do In sunny skies and on the fruitful earth.

Thee all the mountains praise;
The rocks and glens are full of song to Thee!
They bid me join my lays,
And laud the mighty Rock, who, safe from every shock,
Beneath Thy shadow here doth shelter me."

Intensely personal, the imagery is beautiful and gives a glimpse into the life of the man who has written many hymns which speedily were received into both Lutheran and Reformed hymn books. Many of them lived and are still in general use.

If now we will re-read his "*Sieh bin ich, Ehrenkönig*," and recall that it was written at the evening of a life begun in recklessness and with a purpose to make jest of religion, and which was filled with earnest piety and conscientious conflict we will find a richness of penitence and trust which will make these stanzas, whenever in the future it is our privilege to sing them, most helpful and devoutly impressive.

There are few hymns that are better known or more widely used than the hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." It was composed in 1830 by the Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., a Congregational clergyman. The words in themselves are so beautiful that we cannot help loving the hymn, but the writer's own description of its composition will certainly increase our appreciation of the deep personal trust which is embodied in its lines.

Dr. Palmer says that in composing this hymn he had not the slightest idea that he was writing for any eye but his own. He was simply expressing his own personal experience. He says of the composition: "I gave form to what I felt by writing, with little effort, the stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears." After writing the stanzas he slipped the paper into a vest pocket, where it remained practically forgotten.

We might also say, led by the divine Spirit, however, that a short time afterward, his personal friend, Dr. Lowell Mason, met him and asked him if he would not give him one of his hymns that he might compose music for it.

Dr. Palmer at once recalled his meditation and said he had something in his vest pocket that might serve his purpose. He drew it out, and, after some difficulty, straightened out the crumpled paper and deciphered the almost worn-out pencil script.

Dr. Mason was delighted with the words, caught their spirit, and very shortly afterward returned the words to Dr. Palmer set to the tune "Olivet," the tune which has been used with it ever since. The musician shortly afterward, in meeting the author of the words, said to him, "Dr. 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.'" This prophecy is today a fact.

These words, with the music which has helped materially to endear the hymn to devout worshipers, seem almost to have been an accident. A Doctor of Music and a Doctor of Theology meeting casually in a busy thoroughfare of commerce for a very brief interview, scarcely more than enough for a polite salutation in passing as friends, and the consequence is the publication of a Christian hymn which is found in nearly every English hymn book published, and is today republished in a number of other languages.

The words and the tune belong together. The fact is only an illustration of the fact that in all cases we should take special care to associate the tune and words and never for the sake of variety attempt to use a strange tune with words that are in the mind and hearts of worshipers inseparably connected with their own melody.

Ray Palmer's Hymn Of Trust: My Faith Looks Up To Thee

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.

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

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

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.

Luther's Hymn Against The Turk And The Pope

Lord Keep Us Steadfast In Thy Word

Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy word:
Curb those who fain by craft or sword
Would wrest the kingdom from Thy Son,
And set at naught all He hath done.

Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known;
For Thou art Lord of lords alone:
Defend Thy Christendom, that we
May evermore sing praise to Thee.

O Comforter, of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth,
Support us in our final strife.
And lead us out of death to life.

This hymn, which Luther probably wrote in 1541, has been called a "Child's song against the two archenemies of Christ and His holy Church — the pope and the Turk." Neither is named in the hymn itself, which is really a prayer in verse to keep us through the word under the protection of the Triune God.

The story of how Luther happened to write this hymn is very interesting. The knowing of it will give a deeper meaning to this short but expressive hymn, hence we give it. History tells us that in 1541 a service of prayer against the Turks was held in Wittenberg. For this service Luther prepared what, in ecclesiastical language, is called the "Office," which is the order of the worship. Most of the music which was prepared was designed for the boys of the choir, which is suggestive of the fact that boy choirs were not

unknown in Luther's day. This service was printed in a large sheet form in 1542. It included the words of this hymn. It was also published in low German at Magdeburg in the same year. It found its way into a book known as Klug's *Geistliche Lieder*, which was published in 1543-44. Here it was given the title, "A Hymn for the Children to Sing Against the Two Arch-enemies of Christ and His Holy Church — the Pope and the Turks."

In view of the later history the reference to the Turk in this connection is interesting and seems almost prophetic. The Turk, through his persecutions and massacres of Christians, has earned the unenviable reputation of being an arch-enemy of the worst type. The history of the papacy warrants the prayer to be protected from this enemy of evangelical truth and freedom.

It is very interesting to note the fact that it early came into use in England. It was introduced in a translation by R. S. Wisdome. It was published in 1560. It came into favor and appeared in later editions and in other collections of hymns.

Warton in his "History of English Poetry" erroneously gives Wisdome, the translator, the credit of being the author and credits him with this hymn as the most memorable of his work. He, however, says that Wisdome apparently had magnified the danger which threatened from popery and Mohammedanism, and questions whether they are "equally dangerous and also whether they are the sole enemies of our religion." He concludes by saying, "Happily we have hitherto survived these two formidable evils."

But Luther, the real author, had more opportunity to know both the Turk and the pope. They become to us in this hymn only the historic background of what is a prayer of the highest order to insure the protection of Christian people from all enemies. In it the word is our defense, God is our protector, Jesus Himself is our defense, and the Comforter our support in every strife until eternal victory is ours.

Luther in his "Table Talk" comments on the conditions which occasioned the writing of this hymn. He says: "Antichrist is the pope and the Turk together; a beast full of life must have a body and a soul; the spirit or soul of antichrist is the pope, his flesh or body the Turk. The latter wastes and assails and persecutes God's Church corporally; the former spiritually and corporally too, with hanging, burning, murdering, etc. But, as in the apostles' time, the Church had the victory over the Jews and Romans, so now will she keep the field firm and solid against the hypocrisy and idolatry

of the pope and the tyranny and devastation of the Turk and her other enemies."

The origin and the content of this hymn emphasize its meaning and value. Rome boasts that she never changes; the Turk has not improved, new and diverse enemies have risen round about us, so that there are numerous occasions when sincere Christians, realizing their environment, can enter with appreciation into the singing of this old Luther hymn, recognizing that though some conditions vary, the real dangers are the same, and the need of every influence and protection and guidance of the Triune God prayed for in this remarkable Luther hymn is needed today and every day that the Christian lives.

This hymn is found in all good Lutheran hymn books; it is included in the new "Common Service Book with Hymnal" for all English-speaking Lutherans; it is a universal favorite in German churches. Written primarily for the children to sing, it has become a general favorite of devout, believing Christians who find it a most expressive prayer, breathing their innermost feelings as to the necessity of the restraints which only God can throw around the enemies of truth and the protection which only God can give to all Christians. It is, therefore, a prayer for continuance in the word as a safe tower of defense.

The favor in which this hymn is held is evidenced by the fact that there are quite a number of translations. One authority refers to fourteen different English translations. That of Miss Winkworth, which we have given, is the favorite and is the one generally used in English books of worship. This hymn has also found its way into the other languages in which Luther's faith is preached. All young Lutherans know that these are numerous. Our singing of this great Luther hymn in the future will be with a deeper appreciation and a better understanding.

The Battle-Hymn Of Protestantism: A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

A Mighty Fortress is our God,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He helps us free from every need
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The old bitter foe
Means us deadly woe:
Deep guile and great might
Are his dread arms in fight,
On earth is not his equal.

With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One,
Whom God Himself elected.
Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ it is.
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field forever.

Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill.
They cannot overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none.
He's judged, the deed is done,
One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word they still shall let remain
And not a thank have for it,
He's by our side upon the plain,
With His good gifts and Spirit.
Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife;
When their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won,
The Kingdom ours remaineth.

As in the great drama of the Reformation one colossal figure stands prominently forth, so in the rich storehouse of Lutheran hymnology there is one great hymn which stands out as the greatest of them all, namely, Luther's Battle Hymn — "A mighty Fortress is our God."

Koestlin, the historian, has well written, "This hymn is Luther in song. It is pitched in the very key of the man. Rugged and majestic, trustful in God and confident, it was the defiant trumpet blast of the Reformation, speaking out to the powers of the earth and under the earth an all-conquering conviction of divine vocation and empowerment. The world has many sacred songs of exquisite tenderness and unalterable trust, but this one of Luther's is matchless in its warlike tone, its rugged strength and its inspiring ring."

Probably the prevalent impression that Luther wrote this hymn on his way to Worms and chanted it as he entered the city is due to the parallel in the third stanza to his famous saying on the eve of the Diet of Worms, "I'll go, though there are as many devils in the city as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses."

The time of its composition, according to the best authorities, was just before the Diet of Augsburg in 1529. It probably was written in his temporary refuge, the noble Castle Coburg. It certainly was often sung there by him. We naturally, therefore, associate its imagery with this beautiful castle. According to d'Aubigne, the historian, it was sung by the reformers not only at the Diet itself in Augsburg, but also by the people in all the churches of Saxony. Thus we see that this, the greatest of our Reformation hymns, was born almost simultaneously with Protestantism's greatest distinctive creed, the Augsburg Confession. We cannot consistently subscribe to the one without ardently loving and diligently using the other.

The hymn was suggested by Psalm 46, but it is really Luther's psalm, not David's. Only the idea of the stronghold is taken from the Scripture, the rest is Luther's own, as Mr. Stead says, "Made in Germany." Luther loved

Psalm 46, and we are told that when in any special trial he often would say to Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm." And how they would sing it, but according to Luther's own version.

It has even been said that Luther accomplished as much for the Reformation through his battle hymn as he did through his translation of the Bible. While we could not set up this claim as a fact, it certainly was the "Marseillaise of the Reformation, and has preserved to this day a potent spell over Germany."

The music of this grand hymn, like the words, is Luther's own. A special testimony to his work as a composer appears in a letter from the composer, John Walther, who has been credited with the music of this hymn. Sleidan, a nearly contemporary historian, speaking especially of "*Ein Feste Burg*," says "that Luther made for it a tune singularly suited to the words and adapted to stir the heart." Says Leonard Woolsey Bacon, "If ever there were hymn and tune that told their own story of a common and simultaneous origin, without need of confirmation by external evidence, it is these."

MARTIN LUTHER

The general favor and wide use of this hymn are evidenced by the fact stated by the late Dr. Bernard Pick, a leading American authority on the hymns of Luther, that there are no less than ninety distinct translations of Luther's Battle Hymn into English, and that the hymn has been translated into about fifty different languages. What a Pentecostal evidence of evangelical faith to hear each man in his own of these fifty tongues unite as the great choir of the Church Triumphant in singing the rugged notes and vigorous words of Luther's Battle Hymn as their song of victory! Fitting words and melody for such a chorus.

In the formative days of the Reformation Luther's Battle Hymn was "sung in all the churches of Saxony, and its energetic strains often revived and inspirited the most dejected hearts." It was sung at Luther's funeral. The first line is carved on his tomb in the Castle Church at Wittenberg.

Another incident illustrative of the influence of this hymn in the Reformation days is told in connection with the introduction of the evangelical faith into Hanover. The people there caught up the hymns and sang them with delight; they imbibed the spirit of the battle hymn and thus paved the way for the evangelical preacher.

The Huguenots of France took great comfort out of singing what they were pleased to call the Marseillaise of the Reformation.

Strange as it may seem to our readers, it was a true defense for the Moravians in connection with a great revival meeting. David Nitschman, who was later the founder of old Bethlehem, Pa., was holding a revival service in his house when the police came to disperse the meeting. As the officers entered the congregation began singing "A mighty Fortress." Many were arrested, but nothing daunted, Nitschman escaped and with others fled to America, arriving with Wesley at Savannah, Georgia.

At the great battles for Protestantism at Leipzig and Lützen the stirring notes of Luther's great hymn rang out over the martial scene and gave inspiration to the thousands of soldiers who, like a mightly choir, made the very arches of heaven re-echo with its vigorous strains.

During the Boxer uprising in China Missionary Charles G. Lewis tells in his experiences how he and his company were situated two thousand miles inland and seven days' journey from their nearest Christian neighbors. Attempting flight, they were forced to return to their station. Knowing something of the fate of their fellow missionaries elsewhere, in these days of peril and uncertainty they found new meaning in the words of Luther as

they sang "A mighty Fortress is our God." Through the singing of this hymn his testimony is that their hearts received fresh strength and courage and they realized, as never before, how the Lord's people in the trying days of the Reformation found in God a "mighty Fortress from every danger."

The missionaries in Paoutingfu, China, were all killed during those same Boxer uprisings. Later a memorial service was held on the very spot where these messengers of the cross were martyred. Officials of the various governments whose missionaries had died there, together with Chinese officials, were present. The outstanding feature of that memorial service was the singing, led by a German military band, of Luther's famous hymn by the polyglot assembly.

Independent of its religious significance, this hymn has found favor with the musical critics as a suitable choral for the use of great gatherings. As an instance, we note the fact that it was the choice for the grand chorus to sing in one of Boston's greatest musical festivals.

There is seldom a gathering of Lutherans in America which does not, before dispersing, join in singing "*Ein Feste Burg*." At the greater gatherings it is usually printed in several languages, so that the people may sing it in the tongue which is most familiar to them. In Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, MinneapoUs, Philadelphia, Buffalo we have joined in the singing when' from three to six different languages were used simultaneously. It seems to lift the audience to its feet.

In speaking of one of such occasions a distinguished Writer says: "Led by an immense band, 'A Mighty Fortress' was sung in seven different languages. It was a perfect babel of sound, but the effect was wonderful. So grandly was it sung, with such matchless harmony, unity and solemnity that it stirred the vast audience to tears and to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm. To those who were present it is little wonder that the hymn bore an important part in nerving the German soldiers to deeds of desperate daring when sung on the eve of battle, or that it should be used as a great thanksgiving psalm when the victory was won."

Such is the matchless hymn which is peculiarly the property of the Lutheran Church and which Lutherans gladly contribute to the whole Protestant world as the stirring marshal music, which, widely used, will be mighty in voicing faith, in cultivating deepest devotion and developing greatest Christian courage.

With Luther, as in trials he says to Melanchthon, not only to all Lutherans, but to all who would develop evangelical faith, let us say, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm." We will sing it in Luther's words to Luther's melody. It will prove an inspiration and make evangelical Christians realize their real Tower and Source of strength and defense.

Hymns On The Church

THE CHURCH AS A DIVINE INSTITUTION, the channel through which men are led to and blessed by God, has naturally been the theme which has inspired the Church's singers. John Newton has furnished us one of this type of hymns, a hymn which was originally published in the Olney Hymns under the title of "Zion, or the City of God." It was a hymn of five stanzas, based on Isa. 33:20, 21. The Olney Hymns were published in 1779.

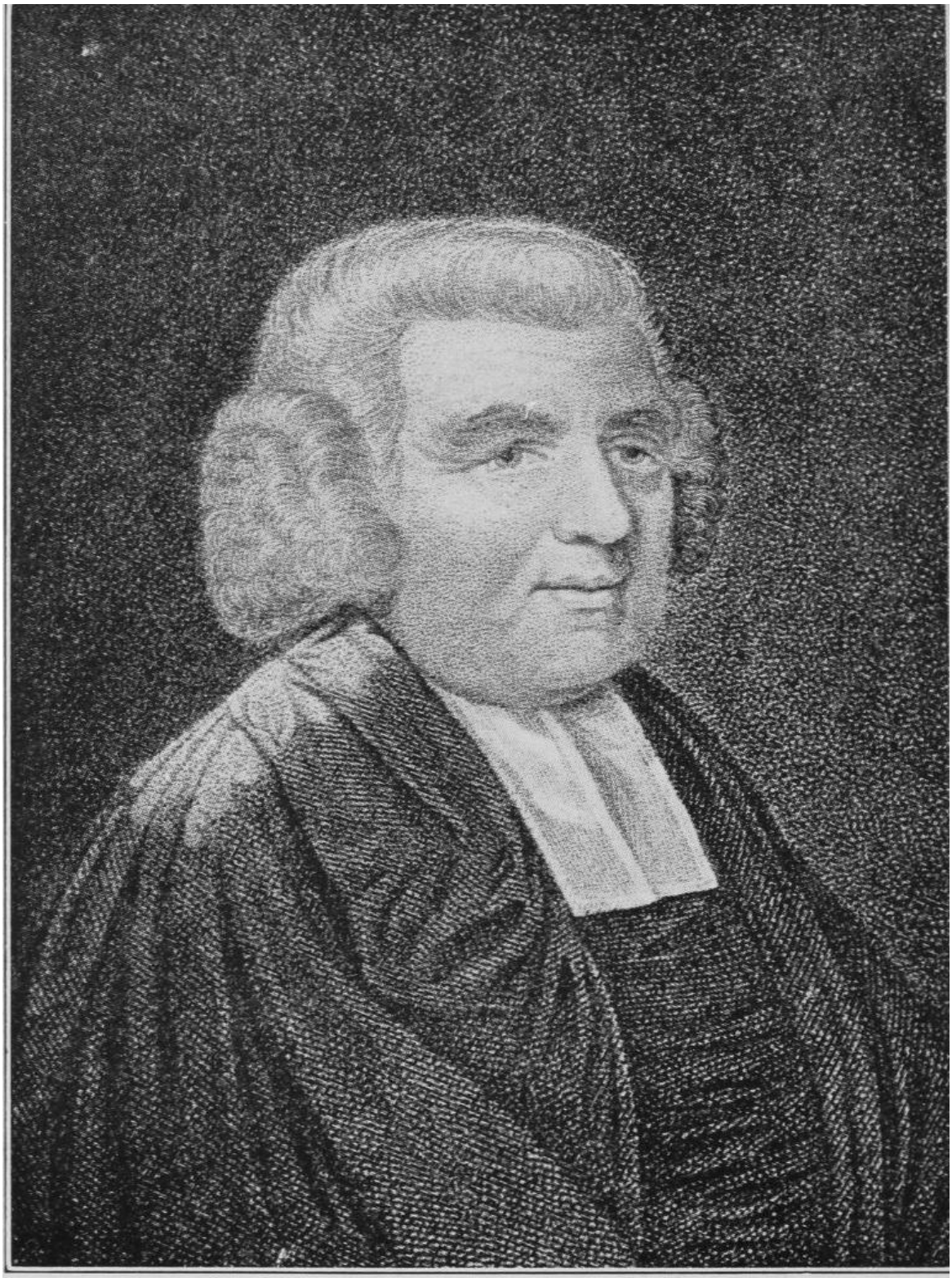
Newton's Hymn On The Church Of Christ: Glorious Things Of Thee Are Spoken

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded.
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love.
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name,
Fading is the wordling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

This hymn, which is used in various forms both in England and in this country, has attained great popularity in all English-speaking countries. It ranks among the first hymns in English in every branch of the Protestant Church. It is interesting to note that a portion of this hymn has been translated into Latin and is included in a Latin Hymn book which w'as published in 1871.



JOHN NEWTON

A Festival Processional

A hymn which has an interesting origin and history is the hymn usually called by its first line, "The Church's One Foundation." It was written by Samuel J. Stone in 1866. The story of its conception in the mind of the waiter is that he was impressed by the defense of the Catholic Faith made by Bishop Gray, of Capetown, against the teachings of Bishop Colenso. This fact gives it an historic association which adds interest and meaning to its stanzas, which in the original number ten.

The hymn as it appeared originally is an elaboration of that portion of the Apostles' Creed which is indicated by the title, "The Holy CathoHc Church: The Communion of Saints. He is the Head of the Body, the Church." This title is given to the hymn in the author's collection known as "*Lyra Fidelium*." These facts of its credal foundation and origin as an outburst of joy and confidence over the defense of the Church make it a true hymn of the Church, one which is especially appropriate for us on Church festivals. We give herewith those stanzas which are most familiar and most widely used.

A Festival Hymn On The Church: The Church's One Foundation

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;
From heaven He came, and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses.
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses.
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder.
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

A hymn which has found a place among the hymns which will live and which is known especially as the author's hymn by the title which is often given to it, "Dr. Dwight's Hymn," is that hymn from the pen of Yale's distinguished President which breathes in rhythmic poetry the spirit of David's beautiful "Song of Degrees." The hymn is usually sung to the tune St. Thomas, to which tune it was set by Aaron Williams, who does not claim authorship for the music, which while not credited to Handel, is generally believed to be a production of that master musician.

Dr. Dwight's Hymn: I Love Thy Zion, Lord

I love Thy Zion, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious Blood.

I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye.
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways.
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine.
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Among the seven hundred and sixty-five hymns written by Thomas Kelly is one on the safety of the Church which is worthy of a place in any good hymn book. The author, who was a son of an eminent Irish judge, was educated with a view to the law; but through spiritual conviction gave himself to the work of the ministry. With Rowland Hill, because of his earnest evangelical preaching, he was inhibited by the Archbishop of Dublin and compelled to preach in unconsecrated buildings. He eventually seceded from the Established Church and erected a number of places of worship in which he conducted worship and preached. This insight into the life of the author will materially increase our appreciation of his hymn in which he sings of the safety of the Church.

Hymn On The Safety Of The Church: Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded

Zion stands with hills surrounded;
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded.
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

A hymn which emphasizes the security of the Church and which is growing in favor in all portions of it is Bishop A. Cleveland Cox's, "O Where are Kings and Empires Now." This hymn, which was. first published in "The Churchman" in 1839, is a part of Bishop Cox's ballad, " Chelsea." Amid the rise and fall of nations we in the light of history see the full significance of this meaningful hymn.

Hymn On The Security Of The Church: O Where Are Kings And Empires Now

O where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song,

For not like kingdoms of the world
   Thy holy Church, O Lord!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
   And tempests are abroad;

Unshaken as th' eternal hills,
   Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
   A house not made with hands.

Christian War Hymns

OUT OF THE HEROIC STRUGGLES of the Thirty Years' War, which saved for the world the fruit of the sixteenth century Reformation, there stands forth one gigantic son of the Vikings, the noble Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. His name is inseparably linked with one of the really great hymns of the Church — a hymn which was born in the midst of the conflict and is especially expressive of the faith and heroism which characterizes all true believers in the midst of trials and dangers.

Gustavus Adolphus Battle Song: Fear Not, Little Flock, The Foe

Fear not, little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
  Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints.
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
  Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
  Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
  He girdeth on His sword!

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
  Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown:
God is with us; we are His own;
  Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
  Fight for us once again! So shall
Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
  World without end. Amen.

The hymn was written to commemorate the victory of the Protestant armies under Gustavus Adolphus on the field of Leipzig, September, 17, 1631. The authorship is somewhat uncertain. It is popularly ascribed to King Gustavus Adolphus himself. There are good authorities who say that his chaplain, Jacob Fabricius, was the real author. Still others, and with the weight of evidence in their favor, say that the author was Johann Michael Altenberg, a Lutheran pastor, who was compelled to flee from his home during the Thirty Years' War. While at Erfurt he wrote this hymn to celebrate the victory of the Swedish king and his army over Roman Catholic forces at Leipzig. Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish king and commander, was so taken with it that he used it constantly and ordered it to be sung before every battle thereafter. This accounts for the title and the accredited authorship. He made it his own.

The oldest form of the hymn is published as a pamphlet, which appeared shortly after the battle of Lützen. A copy of this pamphlet is to be found in the Royal Library in Berlin and another in the Town Library in Hamburg.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

We are told that on the morning of November, 16, 1632, King Gustavus Adolphus' forces engaged Wallenstein's army in the decisive battle of Lützen. Early in the morning the king summoned his court preacher, Fabricius, and directed him to hold a service of prayer for the whole army. While a thick mist still covered the field the king's battle hymn was sung. Gustavus then gave the watchword for the fight — "God with us" — rode before the army to encourage his soldiers and commanded that as the troops advanced the trumpets should play "*Ein Feste Burg*" and "*Es woll uns Gott gnadig sein*." The battle was fiercely fought, the king falling, but victory came and evangelical liberty was assured and sealed by the blood of the martyred Swedish king. Because of the use of this hymn on the morning of his death it is often called "The Swan Song of King Gustavus Adolphus."

The prayer which the king uttered that morning has been preserved. It was his usual battle prayer, and embraced the following brief sentences: "O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our armies and this day's battle, for the glory of Thy holy name! Amen." Uttering the battle cry, "God with us!" he fought till he fell from his charger in the front of his valiant troops, when from the lips of the dying king came these words, "I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation." It was the heroic and worthy ending of a martyr, an incident which adds imperishable interest to the hymn.

Well has Frederick Saunders said: "What struggles of soul have some of these hymns not witnessed, in what strange and stirring scenes have they not mingled! How has their melody and sweet inspiration brought solace to sorrow, and lent ecstasy to spiritual joy! Like the words of the Holy Book, they linger in the memory; and, in the hours of despondency and gloom, how often have they lifted us up from the earthliness of our being, and also imparted even to the sick and dying wondrous consolation." How we should seek to know the origin and enter into the spirit of the hymns we sing!

Concerning Gustavus Adolphus' hymn we might add that it is published in the Swedish hymn book of 1819, a book in extensive use both in Sweden and America, and there ascribed to the king himself. In the Swedish Lutheran churches in this country it is invariably sung at Reformation festivals and also at Gustavus Adolphus Day (November 6) celebrations. It is also in very general use in all Lutheran churches in this country and increasing in popularity and use every year.

It was sung at the dedication of the Gustavus Adolphus Chapel at Lützen November 6, 1907. This chapel was the gift of Conrad Oscar Ekman, of Sweden, to the city of Lützen. It stands on the spot which tradition points out as the place where the great king fell and where "Schwedenstein" was placed. At the dedication there were present representatives of the Church in Germany, Sweden, Finland and America, officially speaking for the followers of Luther and Gustavus Adolphus in those lands. It was a great occasion and a high tribute to the man who fell there and whose favorite melody rang out to honor the man who had found strengthening for his faith in the rugged words of the old battle song, which had aided in bringing to a successful issue the terrors of the Thirty Years' War.

Whether German or Swede may claim this hymn is a question. They both rightly own it. It is a general favorite in Germany. Every Sunday in the home of the great German Lutheran pietist, Philip Jacob Spener, this hymn was sung. It is regularly used at the meetings of the Gustavus Adolphus Union, an association organized for the express purpose of helping Protestant Churches in Roman Catholic countries. This would seem to be an eminently appropriate use of this hymn so closely associated with the Protestant struggle and the Protestant victory.

The hymn has been translated into many languages and is in wide use. There are a number of English translations, the most generally used of which is the one we have given above from the pen of Miss Winkworth.

A hymn which is a contrast to the battle hymn of the Swedish king is Dr. Paul Eber's hymn, which he composed, based on the words of King Jehoshaphat (2 Chron, 20:12). There are a number of translations, but as is so often the case, the favorite one which we give is that from the pen of Miss Winkworth.

Dr. Paul Eber's Hymn When In Trouble: When In The Hour Of Utmost Need

When in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought:

Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery:

To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes.
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee,
Through Him whose name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

And thus we come, O God, today.
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For tired, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.

Ah, hide not for our sins Thy face;
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.

That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to Thee,
And walk obedient to Thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

This hymn was founded on an earlier hymn in Latin by Joachim Camerarius. This Latin original was the source of special comfort to Melanchthon and probably also Dr. Eber in 1546. It is stated that on Ascension Day, 1547, after the battle of Mühlberg, the Wittenbergers having received a message from the captive elector to deliver their city to the emperor, Charles V, they assembled for prayer in church. Bugenhagen's prayer on this occasion which has been preserved greatly resembles Eber's hymn, which, however, probably was not written until some time later. It has been called a "cry from the depths," though not in despair, but in trustful confidence in God. It is one of the finest specimens of the hymns of the Reformation period which have come down to us.

A writer of that period tells us how the singing of this hymn and the prayers of Martin Rinkart, archdeacon of Eulenberg, near Leipzig, prevailed to move the heart of the Swedish lieutenant-colonel, who, on February 21, 1635, had demanded an enormous ransom, but eventually accepted a few florins. In commemoration of a similar deliverance from another army in 1642 the hymn was sung at the end of the Sunday afternoon service at Pegau, near Leipzig. Similar instances in the period following the Reformation were frequent. Thus we see the historic significance as well as the peculiar appropriateness of this hymn as a petition of believers in the time of trouble.

Under the imagery of war probably the best known and most popular marching hymn of the Christian Church has come to us from the pen of the Rev. S. Baring- Gould. While not strictly a war hymn, it is given here as suggestive of the good warfare which the Christian soldier should wage. Of this hymn it has been said that it is one of the few good hymns which have proven successful which have been written to order, so to speak. It was written in 1865 for a special occasion. On Whitmonday the Sunday school children in the village where the author resided were to march to an adjoining village. It was desired that the children should sing while marching, but, not being able to find anything to suit him, the minister sat up at night, while others slept, and composed this hymn. Thirty years after writing it he said, "It was written in great haste, and I am afraid some of the rhymes are faulty. Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its popularity." The splendid tune which Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan has given to this hymn will alone immortalize his name.

With so much evil and world conflict about us the Christian Church, which at times may weary and become fainthearted, needs to catch the spirit of this optimistic battle hymn of the Christian conflict. During a hard fought battle between the French and the Austrians, an officer, rushing up to the French commander, exclaimed, "The battle is lost!" The general quietly replied, "One battle is lost, but there is time to win another." The general's optimism brought victory. So it is in the Church, great battles are to be fought in this twentieth century. If we catch the spirit which led Baring-Gould to declare "the Church of Jesus constant will remain" we will surely take up his battle cry, "On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!"

Whatever we may think of cruel war, the warfare of God's people for righteousness and for the triumph of the cross we all approve. In this spirit

we take as our battle song the widely used and ever-popular hymn aptly called

The Marching Hymn Of The Church: Onward, Christian Soldiers

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.

Refrain

Onward, Christian soldiers
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph,
Satan's armies 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.

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.

What our Lord established
That we hold for true:
What the saints believed
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that faith will hold —
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.

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. k

Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng.

Hymns Of Thanksgiving

Now Thank We All Our God

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,

Praise and thanksgiving enter largely into the Christian's conception of worship. A hymn of thanksgiving for this reason is at once accorded a favorable hearing.

The Harvest Festival is an ancient custom which has come down from the Old Testament Church. It is held in high favor and very generally observed. Our national Thanksgiving is the product of our American national life. Obedient to the command of Christ to "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," the true Christian is necessarily a good citizen. He, therefore, finds both religious and patriotic reasons for the expression of thanks in respect to his spiritual and temporal blessings.

The note of praise and of thanksgiving sounds in harmony with the proper expression of a true evangelical faith. Hence the occasion is frequent when an evangelical Christian lifts heart and voice in thanksgiving to God. Logically, therefore, Martin Rinkart's hymn, "*Nun danket alle Gott,*" is a hymn which is widely known and a general favorite. Perhaps this hymn is sung even more frequently than is Luther's famous "Battle Hymn." It finds an honored place in the service on all festival occasions. Any Lutheran gathering can be safely asked to sing this hymn, for if they are without books the words and melody are both printed on every mind.

Luther's great "Battle Hymn" is a hymn of combat and of resolution to battle to the end. It inspires faith and courage, elements greatly needed in the Christian life of this day. This hymn of Martin Rinkart is rather an outburst of gratitude. The note of thanksgiving is so decided as to give confidence, and, through a realization of past achievements and blessings under God to undertake new efforts and engage in further conflicts with increased faith and renewed courage. Rightly understood, it is really a fruitage of and a supplement to Luther's famous hymn. How often we hear them in the same service!

This hymn, which has been popularly called the "German Te Deum," is a metrical version or paraphrase of two verses of Sirach (Sirach 50:24, 25), and of the "Gloria Patri" in the third verse. It is generally believed to have been written in the year 1644 in the prospect of the reestablishment of peace. The regimental chaplains, when holding special services of thanksgiving for the conclusion of peace, were instructed to use this passage as their text. This, by some, is supposed to have been the suggestion to Rinkart of the writing of the hymn. A more recent claim is made by an eminent hymnologist that the hymn was written in 1630 as a hymn or prayer of thanksgiving after meals, and especially intended for Rinkart's children. The original manuscript of the hymn is still in the possession of the descendants of the author. Since 1648 it has been used as the German Te Deum at all national festivals of war and peace. It was sung by the army of Frederick the Great after the Prussians had won the battle of Leuthen. During the Franco-Prussian War it was sung constantly, and when the history of the present war has been written we may find that this hymn has played an important part in the religious experience of many brave soldiers.

When the great and beautiful Cologne Cathedral was consecrated this hymn had an important place in the service. This was in 1880. When the Reichstag in Berlin was begun Emperor WilUam laid the cornerstone and the vast concourse of people sang "*Nun danket alle Gott*." It is today found in every German hymn book and has been translated and used in the hymn books of those worshiping in many other tongues. There are a number of English translations, that of Miss Winkworth being the most popular. The hymn has found its way into a number of hymnals of other churches, and is certain to grow in favor and use as the years pass.

The author, Martin Rinkart, was born at Eilenberg, Saxony, April 23, 1586. When only fifteen years of age he became a scholar and chorister in

St. Thomas' School at Leipsic. This made it possible for him to enter the University of Leipsic, where he studied theology. He served in several churches, one being near Eisleben, finally landing in the town of his birth, where he died December 8, 1649.

The greater part of his public life was passed during the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. Eilenberg, where he lived, suffered from pestilence and famine. History tells us that the superintendent went away and would not return. Pastor Rinkart in one day officiated at the funerals of two of the resident pastors and two ministerial refugees who had fled to Eilenberg because it was a walled town. He was left as the sole pastor in the place. In anticipation of peace he had reason to thank God. His hymn is the outgrowth of his inner personal experience. It is the word lived, expressed in his hymn. It is because it expresses the personal experience of countless men and women who have true faith in God that it is such a general favorite.

It is an evidence of the beauty and character of this hymn to note that Mendelssohn introduces it into his "Hymn of Praise." Like "A Mighty Fortress," it has its own tune. It has been claimed that the melody which is credited to Johann Crüger was adapted from a melody by a Roman choirmaster by the name of Marenzo, but more probably from a motet by Rinkart himself. There is no convincing evidence for either claim. Whatever its source, words and music belong together.

The author of this hymn, it is interesting to note, was the author of seven dramas on the Reformation period. The occasion for their preparation was the centennial of the Reformation in 1617. These jubilees should not only inspire us to use the grand treasures which we possess; they should call forth the best in poetry, music and service that is in us.

A really great hymn which deserves to be better known and more generally used is Johann Franck's "*Herr Gott wir danken Dir*." Miss Winkworth's translation begins,

> Lord God, we worship Thee!
> In loud and happy chorus,
> We praise Thy love and power,
> Whose goodness reigneth o'er us."

This hymn is one of several by the same writer which have found their way into the English language and which have met with favor in English worship.

Another hymn which is popular with our young people and usually sung at Harvest Festivals comes from the pen of an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Henry Alford, D. D. We refer to the hymn —

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home!

The author of this hymn was a man of great learning. His greatest achievement was not in hymnody, but in his Greek Testament, upon which he spent fully twenty years of labor. The most popular of his hymns is this Harvest Hymn, which Christians of many creeds have adopted and made their own.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

We must also mention a hymn of Francis Scott Key, who is known principally to Americans as the author of the patriotic song, ’The Star-Spangled Banner," namely,

Before The Lord We Bow

Before the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,

This is truly a national thanksgiving hymn, which properly belongs to all Christian citizens. It was written in 1832 and probably especially for the Fourth of July celebration of that year. It therefore, in origin and in contents, blends the Christian and national sentiment into such a recognition of God as the Ruler, the Source of all blessings and the object of worship, as to give it a place of honor in any collection of hymns of thanksgiving and for patriotic purposes. In an especial manner it should appeal to Americans as a national birthday token to American independence, which recognizes the real and ultimate source of all civil as well as religious liberty to be the Lord God who reigns in the heavens and rules all the nations of the world.

Patriotic Hymns

THE CIVIL LIBERTY, proclaimed by the ringing of the "Liberty Bell" at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was an echo of the "Hammer Strokes" struck at Wittenberg four centuries ago. "The Ninety-five Theses" were the bold declarations of spiritual freedom which prepared the way for the declaration of American independence.

Naturally, therefore, Lutherans, by the very compulsion of their religious liberty from the beginning of this country, have been American patriots of the highest order. A Lutheran minister reflected his Lutheran principles in one of the most dramatic scenes of revolutionary times when Rev. Peter Muhlenberg left his Lutheran pulpit at Woodstock, Va., threw aside his Lutheran robe and stood in full uniform as a Continental colonel, ready to lead his Lutheran men, as one of the heroic supporters of General Washington in the great war for American independence. Another Lutheran minister, Frederick Augustus, and a brother of the General, became a leader in civil affairs and was the first Speaker of the House of Representatives. A long line of equally patriotic Americans to the present day have shown their true Lutheranism in loyalty as citizens. Lutherans in many countries, under various forms of government, true to scriptural principles, have always been subject to the powers that be and have cheerfully shown their loyalty to the government which gives them their civil rights and protection.

We offer no apology, therefore, for Lutherans loving and using, as occasion offers, the patriotic hymns which have sprung from the life of the nation. Without exception these hymns have a history of their own. To know that history will help to understand their inner meaning and increase their value to those who sing them. In this spirit all good evangelical Christians will appropriate and use the hymns which link national patriotism with Christian faith and worship.

When we think of patriotic hymns that which first comes to out minds is "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the hymn which by common consent is called "Our National Anthem."

Our National Anthem: My Country, ’tis Of Thee,

My country, ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;

My native country, thee.
Land of the noble, free.
  Thy name I love; love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above. k

Let music swell the breeze.
And ring from all the trees.
  Sweet freedom’s song;

Our fathers’ God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;

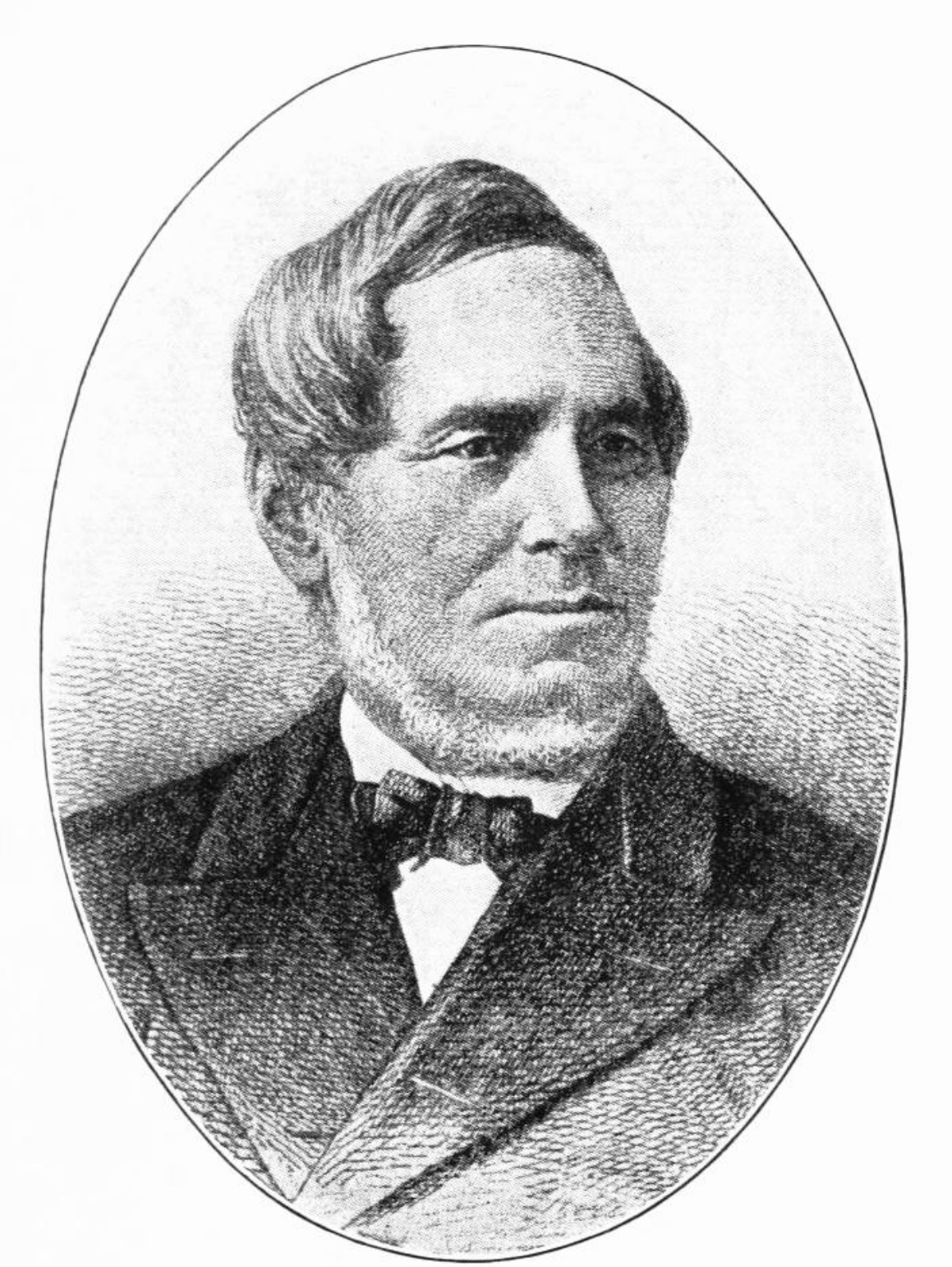
The author of these words, the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., says of their origin: “The song was written at Andover during my student life there, I think in the winter of 1831-32. It was first used pubHcly at a Sunday school celebration of July 4th, in the Park Street Church, Boston.”

When we consider the popularity of this song and its practically universal use, we can appreciate the lines of a classmate of Dr. Smith, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who writes:

And there’s a nice fellow of excellent pith.
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.

It is most interesting to note what Hezekiah Butterworth, a leading American hymnological authority, says concerning this hymn and the tune to which we all sing it. He says it was "written by Samuel Francis Smith while a theological student at Andover, February 2, 1832. He had before him several hymn and song tunes which Lowell Mason had received from Germany, and, knowing young Smith to be a good linguist, had sent to him for

translation. One of the songs of national character struck Smith as adaptable to home use if turned into American words, and he wrote four stanzas of his own to fit the tune.



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Mason printed them with the music, and under his magical management the hymn made its debut on a public occasion in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832. Its very simplicity, with its reverent spirit and easy-flowing language, was sure to catch the ear of the multitude and grow into familiar use with any suitable music; but it was the foreign tune that, under Mason's happy pilotage, winged it for the western world and launched it on its long flight.

The history of this tune is quite interesting. Several volumes have been written to set forth its cosmopolitan character, as also to prove it to be a Gregorian chant. So far as its use in America is concerned its origin seems reasonably clear. William C. Woodbridge, of Boston, brought a copy of it with him from Germany. The Germans had been singing it for years to the words, "*Heil di in siegel Kranz*." It was by no means their own tune exclusively. The Swiss also used it; so did the Swedes and the Russians. It has been ascribed to a French composer and has been traced to an old Scotch carol.

The probability is that certain bars of music very similar and possibly identical, when the plain song was the common style, were produced at different times and places, and, ultimately, were merged into one complete tune.

Henry Carey, an English composer of the eighteenth century, is generally credited with having, in 1740, first rendered the melody as we now have it. The occasion was a public dinner, given in honor of Admiral Vernon, after his return from a victorious trip to Brazil.

The American use of it is clear. Woodbridge found it in Germany, brought it to America, gave it to Mason, who gave it to Smith, and Smith gave it, through his most beautiful words, to the American people as their "national anthem."

More purely religious and sung to the same tune, that which is most frequently used in the services of the church, is the following:

"God bless our native land!

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;

It is a singular fact that this hymn has two authors. Originally it was credited to J. S. D wight, but later claim to authorship was also made by C. T. Brooks. It is now generally credited to both. The fact seems to be that both these writers translated it from the German. Several similar translations are used in England, but claim to authorship is also made by William Edward Hickson. His translation, however, varies, and is not so good as that which is credited as the American translation, but which is growing in favor and in use in England.

There are various stories as to the authorship of the music to which these words are sung. The melody itself is stirring and the words so in harmony with Christian patriotism as we use them in our American version in our churches that they fittingly form a part of any patriotic or national praise service.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes, and the war's desolation!

Often and rightly called our national anthem also, Francis Scott Key's "Star-Spangled Banner" was written during the "War of 1812." It was our last war with England. Mr. Key had gone under a flag of truce to the British flagship to secure the release of a friend. The flagship was at the mouth of the Patapsco River. As the British were preparing to attack Fort McHenry, lest their plans should be disclosed, Mr. Key was forbidden to return.

Being thus forced to witness the attack on his country's flag, he paced the deck of the ship all through the night of the bombardment. As day began

to break he saw the flag still flying at full mast over the fort, his patriotic anxiety was so relieved that he exultantly dashed off the lines as we now have them. He wrote them with a pencil on the back of a letter. As soon as he was released he took his lines to the city, and in a few hours they were printed on small sheets and circulated and sung on the streets to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven." This is the tune to which the "Star-spangled Banner" has ever since been sung.

It is interesting to note that the original flag which waved over the fort and at which Key looked as he caught his inspiration in the gray dawn of that eventful morning, was made and presented to the garrison by a fifteen-year-old girl. She afterward became Mrs. Sanderson, of Baltimore. The family still preserves this flag as a relic.

The Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel.
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

This hymn, which had its birth in the stirring times of the war between the North and the South, was the product of the pen of a well-known woman, Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Howe visited the soldiers camped on the banks of the Potomac in 1861. The story is that the trip fatigued her greatly and that she slept very soundly. At daybreak she awoke and through her mind there began to run the lines of a hymn which promised to suit the measure of the John Brown melody. The hymn was written out, after a fashion, in the dark, by Mrs. Howe, who then again fell asleep.

The John Brown melody, which was caught from a religious melody, or "Glory Hallelujah" revival hymn, was very popular with the soldiers, who had begun to sing it at Fort Warren in Boston harbor, and had made it the marching chorus of the northern armies. Mrs. Howe, through her poem, has given to the country in the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" a hymn which promises to run till battle hymns cease to be sung.

Hymns Of Comfort

THE FACT that Christians are bidden to take up the cross and follow after Christ is in itself an evidence that the trials which test faith are a blessing. Man is born to trouble. No one escapes the cross. Hence it is that the hymns which comfort and cheer are hymns with a universal appeal.

The true attitude of a child of God in facing trial is nowhere better expressed than it is in that beautiful hymn so expressive of Christian faith and submission to the will of God from the pen of Benjamin Schmolcke, "*Mein Jesu, wie du willst*." The hymn is based on St. Mark 14:36. It is in very wide use in the German churches, and has been translated by various writers, finding special favor in American and English hymnals. A most excellent translation, which, however, omits several of the verses of the original, is that by Miss Borthwick.

Miss Borthwick's Translation Of Schmolcke's Hymn: My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
May Thy will be mine!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
When death itself draws nigh,

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:

Benjamin Schmolcke was a Lutheran pastor at Brauchitzdorf in Silesia. He studied at Leipzig, where he supported himself largely by the proceeds of occasional poems which he wrote for wealthy citizens. In addition to the revenue he thus secured he was also honored for his poetry, being crowned as a poet. Born in 1672, he was ordained in 1701, becoming assistant to his father in the home church at his native place.

A little of the history of the times in which Pastor Schmolcke preached will help us to appreciate the words of "My Jesus, as Thou wilt." The Counter-Reformation in Silesia resulted in the taking from the Lutherans of all the churches in the district in which he lived. Through the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, Lutherans were allowed only one church in the whole district, and this church had to be built of timber and clay and located outside of the walls of the town. Three clergymen were attached to this church. They had to serve the people of thirty-six villages. They were also greatly restricted in their labors. For example, they could not visit the sick and give private communion without first securing permission from the local Roman Catholic priest. What comfort to people under such trials must Pastor Schmolcke's "Hymn of Trust" have been!

A gem in the crown of that great German singer, Paul Gerhardt, is one of the most precious hymns for those who are in any trial. We refer to his "Befiehl du deine Wege."

Wesley's Translation Of Gerhardt's Hymn: Commit Thou All Thy Griefs

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

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

Thy everlasting Truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children s wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

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

An interesting note concerning this hymn is found in a German school book called a "Short History of the Evangelical Church hymns," published by Dr. Wangemann in 1855, to the effect that Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, used Gerhardt's "*Befiehl du deine Wege*" in the service at the laying of the cornerstone of the first Lutheran church in Philadelphia, May 2, 1743. It is also stated by the same authority that shortly before Muhlenberg drew his last breath, October 7, 1787, he prayed the last verse of this same hymn.

The original hymn is quite long. English congregations do not take kindly to the singing of long hymns. For this reason it is usually divided into parts in English hymn books. It is interesting to note that this beautiful hymn of trust from the pen of that great and prolific German Lutheran bard, Paul Gerhardt, has come to us via the pen of that great English Methodist, John Wesley, whose translation is the one in general use.

A hymn of trust in God which the critics call "classical and imperishable," which is only now coming into its own among English worshipers, is George Neumark's "*Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten*." A poet of no mean ability, and a writer of many hymns, this, his finest hymn, was born of a personal experience. It is entitled a hymn of consolation, and expresses his faith in God that He will care for and preserve His own in His own time. It is the author's personal interpretation of the words of the psalmist, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

Of the hymn which was written in December, 1641, Neumark, the author himself, says that he wrote it at Kiel, when, after unsuccessful attempts to secure employment, he became a tutor in the family of the judge, Stephan Henning. He was so rejoiced over his good fortune that he records that on the very day he secured the position he composed the hymn to the honor of his beloved Lord who had been so very good to him.

He had started from his home in Thuringia, where he had been born March 16, 1621, to travel with some merchants to Koenigsberg, where he intended to enter the university. The party was robbed en route. Young Neumark was left with a very little money sewed in his clothing and his prayer-book. He tried to get employment in Magdeburg, Hamburg, and a number of other places, and was really in destitute circumstances when, at Kiel, through the influence of a friend, he secured the position as a tutor that gave him his start and eventually made it possible for him to secure the university education which he sought. It is an illustration of that trusting faith which looks to God for guidance and gives encouragement to cast our every care upon Him, for He careth for us.

Neumark's Hymn Of Trust: If Thou But Suffer God To Guide Thee

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
  And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
  And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail thee,
  These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
  O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

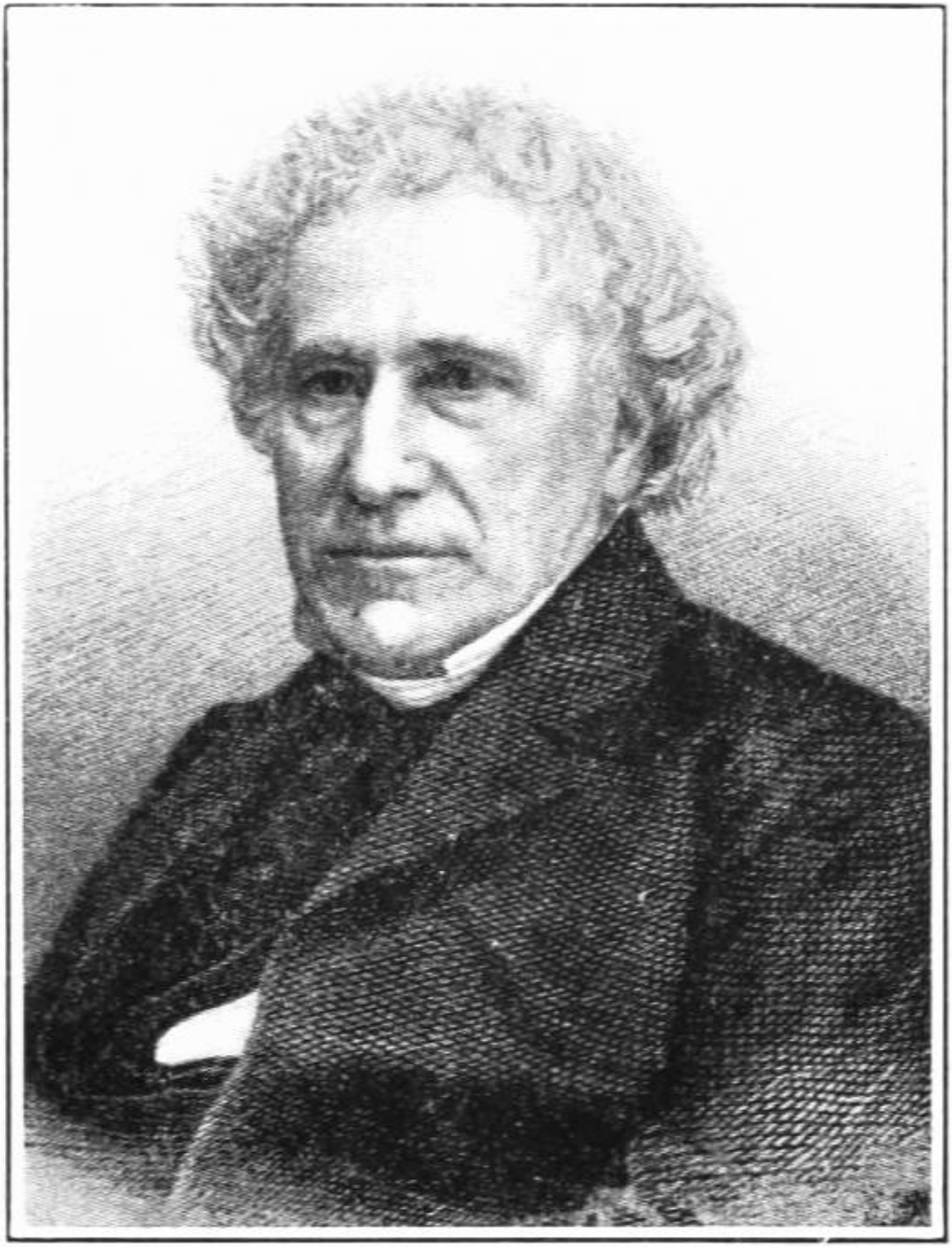
Only be still and wait His leisure
  In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
  And all deserving love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

All are alike before the Highest;
  'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
  To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
  So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word, though undeserving,
  Thou yet shall find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

The translation which we have furnished is by Miss Winkworth, who is one of the most prolific of translators of German hymns into English. Miss Winkworth was born in London. She was intensely interested in practical work for women, and to develop an interest in their behalf translated and published the "Life of Pastor Fliedner," the founder of the Sisterhood of Protestant Deaconesses, at Kaiserswerth. While she did a splendid work in the sphere of higher education for women, her monument is found in the large contribution she has made to the treasures of English hymnody by her numerous translations of German hymns. Her translations are the most widely used of any, and she has had much to do with the making popular of German hymns in the worship of English congregations. In this work she has rendered a permanent service to the Christian church which cannot be measured.

The aspiration of the Christian, as well as the hope which sustains him in the valley of tribulation, finds expression in a beautiful hymn by the Rev. Wm. Augustus Muhlenberg. It is a hymn which gives strength for present trials by pointing out the way through trials and the tomb through Christ to fellowship and eternal presence with the saints of the ages in the joys of everlasting fellowship with God. Muhlenberg, in the stanzas of this hymn, pictures the life that now is and the magnet of the life that is to be.



WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG

“I Would Not Live Alway”

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.

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

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.

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

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?

This hymn had rather an unusual origin. A young lady asked Dr. Muhlenberg to write a verse in her autograph album. This was in 1824. He sat down and dashed off six eight-line verses, beginning, “I would not live alway.” The hymn as we now have it is the same in sentiment, although he rewrote it a few years later, and gave it its present perfect form when he was asked to contribute a hymn for publication in the *Episcopal Recorder*, where it was first published, June 3, 1826. No credit was given to the author with the original publication. It, however, soon became known who wrote it, and the hymn itself found its way quickly into a number of the standard American hymnals.

The words of this hymn have become inseparably linked with the tune “Frederick,” which was composed and published by Mr. George Kingsley

in 1833. Attempts have been made to give the hymn another tune, but words and melody so harmonize that the two are likely to continue to be used together.

The author, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was a great-grandson of the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg. He was a grandson of the First Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg. He was lost to the Lutheran Church through the failure to provide English services when he was a boy. He thus attended an Episcopal Sunday school, and eventually became an Episcopal clergyman. He is known chiefly as an educator and philanthropist. He wrote a number of hymns. In addition to the above, perhaps his best-known hymns are "Like Noah's weary dove" and "Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us."

Hymns Concerning Death And Burial

MUSIC SOOTHES; the message of the hymn comforts and reaches the soul. Facing eternity, with the grave opening, many have found in the words of some appropriate hymn the thoughts which have directed the mind, and in the melody the soothing of the soul. The true Christian often will, as death approaches, relive some of the happiest of his Christian experiences and find in them exactly that which he needs to carry him over the breakers on the bar into the depths of the joys of the eternal, to which his soul is translated. For this very reason messages which are found in many of the hymns of the living are the stay of the soul when dying. An incident will illustrate. The writer quoted in a Reformation address, some years ago, the words of that hymn of the Church:

> My Church! my Church! my dear old Church!
> My fathers' and my own!

A lady in the audience impressed by it, secured the book containing it, learned it and frequently sang it. When English was introduced into her home church, she saw to it that the book to be used contained this hymn. Later, in a long illness which ended in her death, it was the means of bringing comfort and staying the faith of a patient sufferer who entered into life while those at her bedside, at her request, were repeating the words from this hymn:

My Church! my Church! I love my Church!
For she doth lead me on
To Zion's palace beautiful,
Where Christ the Lord hath gone.
From all below she bids me go,
To Him, the Life, the Way,
The Truth, to guide my erring feet
From darkness into day.

Thus many hymns of Christian experience are especially helpful for the dying, and comforting to the living who mourn. But there are hymns which seem solely to be messages of comfort for those who mourn the departure of loved ones. Among these is one which was penned by a woman, Margaret Mackay, which will be the very first to come into the minds of most people as a hymn of this class.

A Woman's Hymn Concerning Death: Asleep In Jesus! Blessed Sleep

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose.
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie.
And wait the summons from on high.

The hymn which appeared first in "The Amethyst; or, Christian Annual," for 1832, was occasioned by the author, Mrs. Mackay, of Hedgefield, England, reading an inscription on a tombstone in a rural burying-ground in Devonshire. Later, in writing concerning her verses, the writer says, the burying-ground referred to is that of Pennycross Chapel. It is a few miles distant from a busy seaport, and is reached by a succession of lovely green lanes. The quiet aspect of the Pennycross "God's Acre" comes soothingly over the mind, suggesting at once the thought of "Sleeping in Jesus." Certainly the thought, which is the thought of Christ and strictly biblical, is beautifully emphasized for the comforting of countless mourning ones, as well as for the staying of the souls of many as they are about to fall into that sleep which knows no earthly awakening.

Another beautiful hymn, which is primarily a hymn for Easter and is included in various collections of Easter hymns, but which is a most comforting message for those who are in the valley of the shadow of death, is also credited to the pen of a woman. It comes to us from that rich storehouse of hymnology, the German. The hymn was written in 1653, and will have added interest after the story of the author is known.

A German Woman's Hymn Of Death And Life: Jesus Christ, My Sure Defense

Jesus Christ, my sure defense
And my Saviour, ever liveth;
Knowing this, my confidence
Rests upon the hope it giveth,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
I, too, unto life must waken;
He will have me where He is:
Shall my courage, then, be shaken?
Shall I fear? Or could the Head
Rise and leave its members dead?

Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto Him by hope forever;
Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never:
Not the ban of death can part
From its Lord the trusting heart.

What now sickens, mourns and sighs,
Christ with Him in glory bringeth;
Earthy is the seed that dies.
Heavenly from the grave it springeth.
Natural is the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

Saviour, draw away our heart,
Now from pleasures base and hollow,
Let us there with Thee have part,
Here on earth Thy footsteps follow.
Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
Whither we ourselves would rise.

The translation which we have given was made by Miss Winkworth in 1862, and is one of the many rich additions to English hymnody which have come from German sources from the facile pen of the ready translator who dearly loved the devotional and spiritual hymns of the Germans — Miss Catherine Winkworth.

Louise Henriette, electress of Brandenburg, to whom this hymn is credited, was a beautiful character. She was the daughter of the Prince of Nassau-Orange of the United Netherlands, and was born near The Hague, November 27, 1627. She married the Elector Friederich Wilhelm of Brandenburg in 1646. On July 11, 1657, she became the mother of a son who afterward became King Friederich I of Prussia. A woman of noble character, a member of the Reformed Church, who earnestly desired to cultivate peace and fellowship with the Lutherans, and a special friend of Paul Gerhardt, she busied herself in the work of her husband and proved a true mother to her people. The hymn above, together with a number of others, was published through her efforts in a Union Hymn Book, by Christoph Runge. To this book she contributed four hymns. Runge, in his dedication of the book to her, says she had "augmented and adorned it with your own hymns." While some have thought that these were merely hymns which she loved and which had been placed in the book at her request, yet in view of

Runge's statement and the lack of any evidence of other authorship, and her own beautiful character and personal talents, this hymn, which is given place among the hymns of first rank, promises to continue to be recognized as the work of the devout electress of Brandenburg.

Paul Gerhardt has given us a beautiful hymn of the heavenly spirit which makes us, as pilgrims and strangers, feel a longing for the "eternal joys before." Written in 1666, and widely used by Germans, the hymn, as translated by Jane Borthwick in 1858, has found great favor with English-speaking Christians. It is used on various occasions.

Gerhardt's "*Ich Bin Ein Cast Auf Erden*": A Pilgrim And A Stranger

A pilgrim and a stranger,
I journey here below;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.

Here I must toil and travail.
Oft weary and opprest,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be:
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!

Come, bid my toils be ended.
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace!

There I shall dwell forever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all Thy blood-bought children,
In everlasting rest;

The pilgrim toils forgotten,
   The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
All earthy griefs behind us,
   Eternal joys before!

Perhaps the chief hymn of the Latin Church is the "*Hora Novissima*," by Bernard of Cluny. He named it "*De Contemptu Mundi*" ("Concerning Disdain of the World"). Ordinarily it is broken up into three distinct portions and treated as if each part were a distinct and separate hymn. The first portion is expressive of the contempt of this world. The second portion is the real "*Laus Patriae Coelestis*." Divided, it gives us the two hymns which are the best legacy to Christendom which we have from Bernard of Climy. The author, the son of English parents, was born at MorlaLx, France, about 1100. He is called Bernard of Cluny because he Uved and wTote in a French town by that name. The translator, who has condensed the original very gracefully, was Dr. John Mason Neale. The most familiar and most widely used portion is "Jerusalem the Golden," which has its own distinctive tune, written by Alexander Ewing, a paymaster in the English army.

The Favorite Portion Of "*Hora Novissima*": Jerusalem, The Golden

Jerusalem, the golden,
   With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
   Sink heart and voice opprest:
I know not, oh, I know not,
   What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory
   What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them
   My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
   The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
   Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
   And all the martyr throng.

There is the Throne of David;
   And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph.
   The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
   Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
   Are clad in robes of white!

General Favorites

THERE ARE several general favorites among English hymns which are used by practically all Christians. We know the hymns so well that we forget the writers and merely appropriate and sing what they wrote. We refer to the hymns — "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," and "Nearer my God to Thee."

It has been said of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," that it is the masterpiece of Charles Wesley, and that if "this were the only hymn he ever wrote, and the only service he ever rendered to humanity, it is sufficient to immortalize his name."

A beautiful story is told concerning the origin of this hymn. Mr. Wesley was standing before the open window of his room one morning. He was looking out over the beautiful landscape which was in front of his home. As he looked he saw a little song bird which was being chased by a cruel hawk. The poor bird was badly frightened, and seeing the open window, flew through it and directly into Mr. Wesley's arms. With fluttering heart and quivering wing it nestled close to the singer and escaped a cruel death in the talons of the hawk. According to the story, Mr. Wesley himself was just then having some personal trials and was feeling the need of a refuge just as the little bird, which had flown into his bosom for protection. Out of this incident, and his personal experience, he took up his pen and produced the masterpiece of his many hymns.

The hymn was first published in 1740, in "Wesley's Hymns and Sacred Poems." It has found its way into nearly every evangelical hymn book of the present day. In its wide use it is an example of the "communion of saints" which we confess in the Creed.

Wesley's Hymn Which Points To Christ As Saviour: Jesus, Lover Of My Soul,

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll.
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

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

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

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

An interesting incident is recorded concerning this hymn which should, if that is possible, increase our appreciation of it as a hymn of faith and consolation in times of temptation and of trouble. A United Presbyterian clergyman was serving under the Christian Commission during the "War between the States." His duties took him out on the battlefield after the day's fighting was done. Here he came across a dying soldier, and asked him if he could do anything for him. He ministered to his physical wants and relieved him in every way possible. He asked if he could do anything more. The dy-

ing soldier said, “Please sing to me”Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Although belonging to a Church that never sang hymns, he could not refuse the request of the dying soldier. Softly and tenderly he sang as he never sang before, with the thought that his singing was comforting a human soul in its extremity. The account says: "As the words floated out in the darkness, where the dead and the wounded lay, a strange quiet, like that of a great benediction, fell upon the earth, and the dying man clasped the hand of the singer with a heart full of gratitude. And he sang on:

‘Hide me, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!’

With the closing strains there seemed to come a sweet peace over the dread battle plain. The soldier relaxed his grasp; the prayer was heard."

The effect of the singing on the battlefield that night awakened this thought in the heart of that minister — if this hymn will do to die by, it will do to live by. It was in his after ministry a chief source for bringing comfort to dying souls. Its heart appeal and its implicit faith make it a hymn which belongs to every true child of God.

That great German Lutheran theologian, Tholuck, once exclaimed to a class of his students, “I have but one passion. It is He! It is He!” That is the inner spirit of this hymn from the pen of Wesley. This explains why this hymn of the Methodist has been adopted and found such a large place in the hearts of the people of all evangelical churches.

The Refuge Of The Sinner

In the year of American Independence, the March number of *The Gospel Magazine* contained a very remarkable article. It was called, “A Remarkable Calculation: Introduced here for the sake of the spiritual improvement subjoined Questions and Answers relative to the National Debt.” In this article, by numerical calculations, man’s sins are shown to be very numerous. By a most ingenious calculation, on the basis of so many sins per day, per hour and minute, the argument comes to a climax in overwhelming him with his frightful helplessness if he were to redeem himself from his debts.

The purpose is to show the unspeakable value of Christ's atonement. Then follows as a "living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world," this hymn, which, because it so well expresses the feeling of every true Christian, has found a place not only at the close of this unique article, but in nearly every evangelical hymn book published.

"Rock Of Ages"

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

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

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

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death.
When I soar to worlds unknown.
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in Thee!

The author was Augustus M. Toplady. He was ordained a minister of the Church of England when he was only twenty-two years of age. He died when he was only thirty-eight years old. If he had done nothing more than write this one hymn his life would have been richly fruitful and a real blessing to the cause of Christianity. The exact date of the writing of the hymn is

not known. It was first published in its complete form, as we now have it and use it, in March, 1776.

A most interesting story is told concerning its origin, through which the author and the hymn are very closely associated with Wesley, the great hymn writer. According to the story, Wesley, the Methodist, and Toplady, the Anglican churchman, met and were drawn into a very heated argument over some current theological questions. They argued until long after midnight. Neither yielded a point. When they separated Toplady was wrought up to a high state of spiritual excitement.

Not being able to sleep, he sat and thought. In a moment of exultation the words of this hymn began to run through his mind. He took a piece of paper and began to write. Before dawn he had produced this his master hymn and the one product of his mind which will perpetuate his name and memory in the Evangelical Church.

Under the thought of that earlier hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and the newer, "Rock of Ages," even if the authors did engage in fruitless controversy, there is a unity of faith which places the hymns of the theological contenders side by side in nearly every evangelical hymn book. We have here a fresh proof of the truth of that which we confess in our Apostles' Creed, namely, "I believe in the holy Christian Church, the communion of saints."

England's great premier, Mr. Gladstone, counted this his favorite hymn. He translated it into both Greek and Italian. It is said concerning his Italian translation that on a certain occasion a most bitter attack was made on him in the House of Commons.

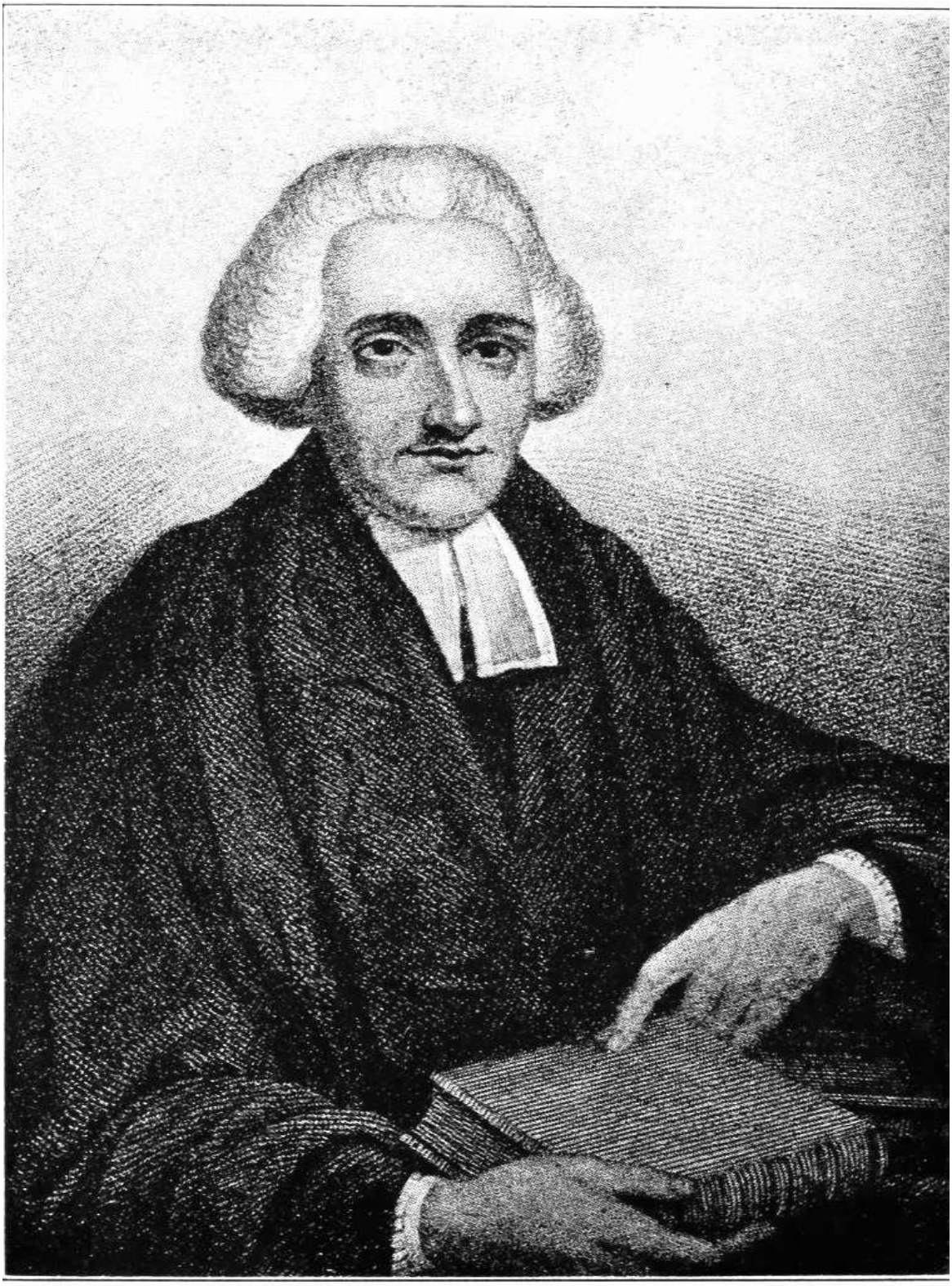
While his opponent spoke most bitterly and vehemently, others noticed that Mr. Gladstone was writing very diligently. They supposed he was writing notes and framing a reply. One sitting near him, curious to learn how he could retain such a calm demeanor while being so bitterly attacked, looked over his shoulder and discovered that he was writing an Italian translation of Toplady's hymn. As a matter of interest, we quote the first stanza of Mr. Gladstone's Italian translation:

Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar, intra tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentum,
In peccatti mi redunda
Tulle culpam, sordes, munda!

A missionary who wished to have this hymn translated into the dialect of one of the Hindu tribes was not so fortunate. He secured a Hindu scholar, and asked him to translate it. The Oriental began his translation, which, of course, was a failure, as follows:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me get under one of your fragments.

While speaking of the missionary use of this hymn, it is reported by one of the missionaries to the suffering people of Armenia, that he was deeply impressed when he heard an Armenian congregation singing “Rock of Ages” in their language. The people sang with tears in their eyes and seemed to feel the force of the words to an unusual degree.



AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

Another missionary story of this hymn comes from the royal palace of Queen Victoria, and occurred during the time of the Golden Jubilee of her reign. A native of Madagascar presented himself and delivered the greetings of his people. He then asked the privilege of singing. Naturally the court expected him to sing one of their native songs. Instead, however, the privilege being granted, he sang in a most touching manner, Toplady's "Rock of Ages." His whole attitude was as if he felt that the truth of this hymn had brought the blessing to his life which made him what he was.

When we understand that Christ is our Rock; that the rock suggests strength, solidity, power, majesty, permanency, then we find the secret of the universal hold which this hymn has on the minds and hearts of Christian people.

An ill-fated steamer went down in a turbulent sea. The passengers were clinging to life-preservers and wreckage. A young wife said to her husband, "I can hold on no longer." Her husband replied, "Try a little longer, and let us sing, 'Rock of Ages.'" They sang, others joined in the singing. From amid the perilous waters rose this sweet, pleading prayer:

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee!

The song inspired the singers, heartened them so that they held on till the life-savers from the shore reached and saved them. Many besides the husband and wife owed their physical lives to the sweet notes of Toplady's "Rock of Ages."

The circumstances of the first publication of these verses justify the spiritualizing of this incident from the stormy sea. Without a doubt thousands have been directed for their salvation to the only Rock which will protect them from the stormy billows of sin and temptation which would otherwise overwhelm and destroy them.

When we study the meaning and get into the heart of the great hymns of the Church, learn the motive for their production and the spirit in which they have been used, we begin to realize the richness and the blessing for true worship found in the hymns of the sanctuary.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

For many years this hymn has been a general favorite. It rivals "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Rock of Ages" for popularity among all classes of people in all parts of the world. The secret of its popularity lies in the fact that the hymn appeals so strongly to the human heart.

It is of special interest to note that the author of this hymn, Mrs. Sarah Fuller Adams, was a Unitarian. She was the daughter of Benjamin Flower and his wife, who was before their marriage Miss Eliza Gould. Mr. Flower was an editor, who wrote a series of articles in which he defended the French Revolution. The House of Lords took offense at the articles. He was fined and sent to Newgate Prison for six months. Miss Gould, who spent her time visiting prisoners, ministering to their temporal and spiritual welfare, made his acquaintance during the time he was in prison. The acquaintance ripened into love and terminated in their marriage. They had two daughters, one of whom was the author of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

A political offense thus became the occasion which established the home in which was reared the Unitarian author of a hymn of which a leading hymnologist has said, "It has become a classic in hymnology and is universally beloved and approved by all branches of the Church."

Mrs. Adams, who was born at Great Harlow, Essex, England, in 1805, very early in life gave evidence of unusual literary talent, writing many essays and poems. She also displayed dramatic talent and at one time contemplated becoming an actress, but fortunately did not carry out her impulse.

Her fame today rests on this hymn, which she wrote after her marriage to Mr. William B. Adams, who was a civil engineer and journalist, living in London. The hymn was first published by her pastor in 184 1. It was included in a volume of "Hymns and Anthems" to which Mrs. Adams contributed thirteen poems. Of these "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is the only one which remains in general use.

Mrs. Adams' Nearer, My God, To Thee

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!

Though, like a 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!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

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

The tune to which this hymn is sung and which is a large factor in its wide popularity, is from the pen of Dr. Mason, who was also the composer of the "Missionary Hymn," which is inseparably linked with Bishop Heber's great popular hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The tune is known by the name "Bethany."

At a great jubilee in Boston in 1872 "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung to this tune. The singing was led by a group of renowned musical artists and listened to by Dr. Mason, the author of the music. This occurred a few weeks before the venerable musician died. The singing made a profound impression.

There are some most interesting stories told which illustrate the universal familiarity of people with this hymn.

A group of tourists, on a certain August day, found the top of Pike's Peak enveloped in mist. For an hour or more they gathered around the fire in the block-house to keep warm and tried to get acquainted. After several attempts to sing "popular songs," which only a few knew, someone started to sing "Nearer, My God to Thee." All joined in the singing and all felt at home. As the singing ended the mists suddenly rolled away and with joy a happy body of tourists rushed out to look upon a most wonderful view.

Some travelers in Palestine as they journeyed heard snatches of the tune "Bethany." Drawing nearer to the place whence the sound came, they saw a group of Syrian students singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in Arabic. These youthful natives using strange words but a familiar tune, and singing with so much feeling, made a deep impression on the minds of those tourists, who, through the singing in the strange tongue of the well-known tune, gave a vocal realization, so to speak, of the communion of saints.

Another tourist in the Holy Land tells of his visit to the site of "Jacob's Ladder." He says: "As we stood there, where heaven had once come so near to earth, there was not one in all our large party who did not share, in some degree, in that ladder vision which Jacob had; and you will not be surprised to know that we fell into such a mood that, without a word of suggestion, all sang together with deepest feeling, 'Nearer, My God to Thee.' Who can say that Jacob's vision did not become ours as we softly chanted the trustful, prayerful words?"

The testimony of a prominent chaplain during the Spanish-American War was that in his services as chaplain on ships and in camps and in the hospitals the men always entered most heartily into the singing of this hymn. Men who were rough and ready, and even profane, would join with their more religious comrades in the singing of many of the hymns, and especially when "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung.

At the time of the terrible Johnstown flood, in 1889, a most pathetic incident occurred. Imprisoned in the wreckage of a train there was a woman missionary who was en route for the mission fields. She was pinioned between seats and in view of many people who could not reach and save her because of the raging waters, which gradually rose, making certain her death. She was seen to pray, then she began to sing "Nearer, My God to Thee." The people listened breathlessly. Before the last words of the hymn

had been sung the voice was stilled. The singer finished the last notes beyond the skies.

The late King Edward of England said of this hymn that "among serious hymns there is none more touching, nor one that goes more truly to the heart." It was also the favorite hymn of the late President McKinley. His last intelligible words, spoken just before his soul took its flight, were: "'Nearer, my God, to Thee, e'en though it be a cross,' has been my constant prayer."

This fact caused the use of the hymn not only at his funeral in Canton, Ohio, but at memorial services all over this country and at special memorial services abroad, especially in Westminster Abbey, by order of King Edward, who listened devoutly while the whole notable assemblage joined in the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The story comes from the sea in the account of the sinking of that giant ship, "The Titanic," that when the "unsinkable" ship was found to be doomed the band began to play "Nearer, My God, to Thee." They continued to play until there was a deafening roar. A mighty wave had engulfed the great ship. The players had gone to meet their God.

Mrs. Adams was a Unitarian, and popular as her hymn is, critical analysis of the thought in it has made many feel that the emphasis is incorrectly placed. For this reason, at various times, Writers have attempted to revise the verses.

In discussing a number of hymns before a class of theological students, the Rev. Dr. Henry Eyster Jacobs, in 1887, pointed out the respects in which Mrs. Adams' hymn was not as expressive as it should be. The class showed interest, and the result was the writing of another hymn, which was first published in *The Indicator*, of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary in January, 1889. This special version of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" has found its way into several hymn books, notably the new Lutheran "Common Service Book." It is sung, however, not to Dr. Mason's "Bethany," but to the tune "Kedron," by A. B. Spratt. Just for the purpose of comparison we append this second "Nearer, My God to Thee."

Dr. Henry Eyster Jacobs' Nearer, My God, To Thee

Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Through Word and Sacrament,
Thou com'st to me.
Thy grace is ever near,
Thy Spirit ever here,
Drawing to Thee.

Ages and ages rolled,
Ere earth appeared,
Yet Thine unmeasured love
The way prepared;
Long hast Thou yearned for me,
That I might nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

Thy Son has come to earth.
My sin to bear,
My every wound to heal,
My pain to share.
"God in the flesh" for me.
Brings me now nearer to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Lo! all my debt is paid,
My guilt is gone.
See! He has risen for me,
My throne is won.
Thanks, O my God, to Thee!
None now can nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

Welcome then to Thy home.
Blest One in Three,
As Thou hast promised, come!
Come, Lord, to me!
Work Thou, O God, through me,
Live Thou, O God, in me.
Ever in me!

Surely it matters not
What earth may bring.
Death is of no account,
Grace will I sing.
Nothing remains for me,
Save to be nearer Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

The Te Deum, A Great International Anthem

THE MOST FAMOUS hymn of the Church is that great hymn which is a confession in song and which has come down to us from the fourth century, namely, the Te Deum, written by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, A. D. 387.

Tradition brings to us an interesting story of the birth of the Te Deum. According to this tradition it was composed on Easter Sunday, the honor of its composition being divided in the tradition between Ambrose and his eminent convert, Augustine.

According to the story it was the day when the bishop baptized Augustine in the presence of a vast congregation that crowded the Basilica of Milan. With a prophetic vision, realizing the eminent career which was before the candidate for baptism as one of the ruling stars of Christendom, Ambrose lifted his hands to heaven and chanted in a holy rapture —

> We praise Thee, O God! We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;
> All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

As he paused from the lips of the convert Augustine came the response —

> To Thee, all the angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein.
> To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
> 'Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth;
> Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy glory!'

In this manner the two continued until stave by stave, in alternating strains from the Hps of these two, Ambrose and Augustine, there sprang on that Easter Day from the lips of Ambrose and Augustine, the great "Te Deum," the unquestioned standard anthem of Christian praise.

Whether this is only tradition or the actual story of the manner in which this great hymn came into being we do not know. Excellent and reliable authorities question its probability. The tradition nevertheless adds a charm to the prevalent use which brings out with greatest effect both the music and the meaning when the hymn is sung antiphonally.

Antiphonal singing compels attention and participation and adds beauty and impressiveness to the many chants of the church. This ancient method of singing is again coming into favor in an increasing number of the churches. The practice dignifies worship and adds a charm to the singing which carries choir and congregation together to the loftiest heights nearest to God which are the privilege of those who still abide in the flesh. How thankful we should be that it is our privilege to make use of this ancient method of chanting the praises of God.

Commenting on the traditional story of the writing of the Te Deum, Hezekiah Butterworth, an eminent authority, says, "Whatever the foundation of the story, we may at least suppose the first public singing of the great chant to have been associated with the baptism of Augustine."

We see in this tradition and evidence of fact, new significance for the Te Deum as a special anthem for Easter and other Festival occasions. The real beauty and effectiveness of much that is used in worship is only fully appreciated when we associate its use with its origin and observe the times and seasons in making words, melody and occasion blend in complete harmony.

The wide use of the Te Deum is evidenced by the numerous translations into many languages, including not only English and German, but also French, Russian and other tongues, so that it may be said of the Te Deum, like it was of the Gospel on the Day of Pentecost, that it is heard by men of all nationalities in their own tongues in which they were born.

It is well said of the Te Deum that it is the most Catholic of hymns, one of the oldest and one of the most universally used by the entire Western Church. What the National hymn is to America the Te Deum is to Christendom, a hymn known and loved and used as a great confessional hymn of loyalty by men of all varying forms of Christendom.

The Te Deum was chanted at the baptism of Clovis; it was sung at Queen Victoria's great Jubilee, as also at the coronation of Czar Nicholas II, at Moscow, Russia. Since the beginning of the sixth century it has been especially assigned as a hymn for regular use in the Sunday morning service, a distinction which is peculiar to this hymn which is also especially set

apart as the supreme expression of the overflowing gratitude of the human heart.

In the Roman Catholic Church the ritual expressly prescribes that the Te Deum must be sung at the consecration of a bishop, the coronation of a king and the consecration of a virgin, the election of a pope, the canonization of a saint, the publication of a treaty of peace or of an alliance in favor of the church. These latter uses indicate the manner in which the Roman church intrigues in civil affairs at the same time that they reflect the character and value of this great and ancient hymn of the church.

Protestant countries have of their own volition, without ecclesiastical decree recognized the merit of this great hymn by using it in connection with the coronation of Protestant rulers, as also as a song of thanksgiving on the occasion of great victories, such, for example, as Agincourt and Waterloo. The fact that the lofty expressions of praise and thanksgiving of the Te Deum, used in national festivals as the full-hearted expression of a nation's trust and faith and gratitude in so many instances and on so many occasions, is striking proof of the communion of saints, as it is so beautifully linked with our confession of faith in the church itself in the language of the Apostles' Creed.

The use of such a hymn on every occasion is not proper. It is travesty on praise and faith to use it as a sort of Christian war-whoop over fallen foes, as Napoleon used it when he came fresh from the massacres of the Bouevards, and as it was chanted at Rome in honor of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This incident suggests the words of the ancient heathen poet —

> Unholy is the sound
> Of loud thanksgiving over slaughtered men.

May it never again be sung because of triumphs of armies on fields of blood; but instead may the whole world sing this international anthem of thanksgiving to God for His influence in making the nations of the world to be at peace and to have the principle of Divine Love emphasized in a universal brotherhood which will overcome all international hatreds and make war impossible. What a Te Deum would this be echoing around the world and mingling the voices of millions in thousands of tongues singing the International Anthem of praise in a chorus so large and loud as to echo and re-

echo through all heaven. What a Te Deum, the climax of song which has blended in one through ages the voice of prayer and praise from the lips of believing men and women, and sent it ringing through the arches of the temples of men on earth and re-echoing through the heaven of heavens as the mighty sound of sweetest harmony to the ear of a listening God.

The Te Deum Laudamus

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.
To Thee all Angels cry aloud: the heavens, and all the powers therein.
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim: continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of Thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles: praise Thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise Thee.
The noble army of Martyrs: praise Thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge Thee;
The Father: of an infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true: and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man:
Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death:
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come: to be our Judge.
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints: in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people: and bless Thine heritage.
Govern them: and lift them up for ever.
Day by day: we magnify Thee.
And we worship Thy Name: ever, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us: as our trust is in Thee.
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded. Amen.

The hymns which we sing are a most important element in worship, the use of which is one of the blessed fruits of the evangelical principles of worship which have come to us as one of the results of the great Reformation of the

sixteenth century. Samuel Taylor Coleridge says, “Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible.” Of course, the hymns of the church cannot take the place of the Word of God, but they stand only second to it. Indeed, through them some of the most precious truths of the Scriptures are sung into the hearts and the lives of Christian people. If our readers will have learned to sing the hymns of the Church with more thought as to their contents; to select those which they use with greater regard to their meaning and association, and with a fuller realization of their power to lift the soul up to God and to impress upon heart, mind and soul the blessing of God which rests upon those who worship Him in sincerity and truth, our labor of love in writing of some of the great favorites among the hymns of the church will have its reward in the more intelligent and effective use of hymns, whether it be in public or in private worship.

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How Can You Find Peace With God?

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Benediction

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. (Jude 1:24-25)

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