

# Songs of . Pilgrimage and Glory.

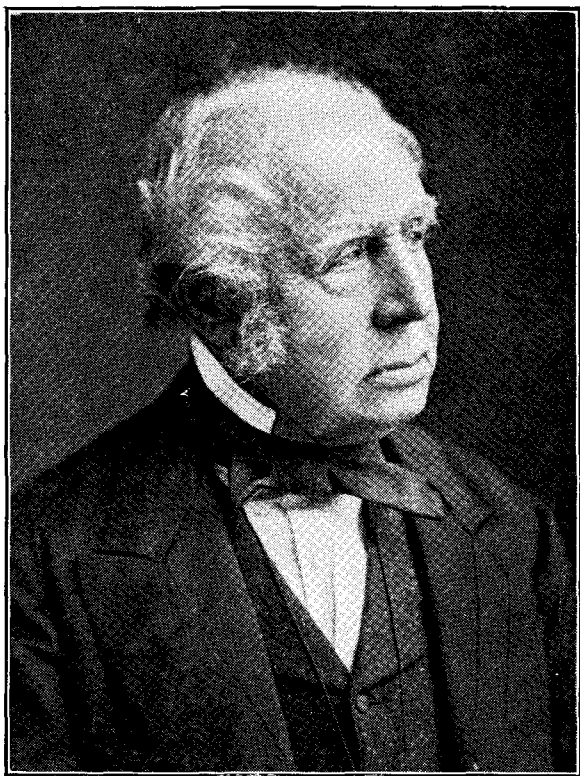
*Notes on the hymns of  
certain hymn-writers.*

*By*  
*E. E. Cornwall.*



**LONDON:**  
**The Central Bible Truth Depot,**  
**5 Rose Street, Paternoster Square, E.C. 4.**

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**PRICE ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.**



SIR EDWARD DENNY, Bart.

Sir Edward Denny gave this portrait of himself to Mr. Albert Midlane the hymn-writer: a little token of their friendship.

# Songs of . Pilgrimage and Glory.

*Notes on the hymns of  
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O Lord, we know it matters not,  
How sweet the song may be ;  
No heart but of the Spirit taught  
Makes melody to Thee.

M. Bowly.

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5 Rose Street, Paternoster Square, E.C. 4.



*The desire to collect material relating to the history and literature of these hymns, came to the compiler of these Notes over a quarter of a century ago (1902), while staying at a cottage at Westerham (Kent), after reading in an old book the following sentence: "During Mr. Darby's residence at Pau (S.W. France) in the years 1879-1881, the thought of hymns addressed to the Father was much present to his mind."*



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## PREFACE.

The hymn-writers mentioned in these little papers are but a handful of those who have written "the songs of the LORD" for "the house of the LORD,"\* their hymns however, are those with which the compiler of these Notes is best acquainted.

He does not profess to have made an exhaustive study of this subject, but in the main, has been content to use material as it came to hand.

The thoughts thereon expressed grew upon him during many years, leading him to exclaim like one of old, "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book!"

The publication of these papers has been long delayed, the substance of most of them having been written long years ago: had they been written recently, the writer would probably have desired to present them in a somewhat different form.

They are not published without exercise, the chief motive perhaps being that these records might be preserved—but not without prayer also that interest may be awakened. It may be, that some who know and love these hymns may be interested to learn more of

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\* 1 Chronicles 25. 6, 7.

their literature and history; and also be refreshed by remembering how a work of God expressed itself in song.

Wherever possible, the quotations have been given in the *original* text, few hymns having been subject to so much alteration. Some of them now sung in the plural (and rightly so) were first written in the singular number: other hymns are those which have become neglected or forgotten.

Some of the biographical notes are taken from Dr. Julian's comprehensive work *The Dictionary of Hymnology*. Alluding to the earlier hymn-writers mentioned in these pages, he says concerning them, "This period produced many hymn-writers who put forth a great number of hymns, some of which are very beautiful."

With very few exceptions these hymnists are now with the Lord. They received their gift of song from Him who "led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." They are but the instruments of Him "Who giveth songs in the night" for those on pilgrimage, wending their way to glory.

\*"Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,  
O give us pilgrims' ways!  
Low thoughts of self, befitting  
Proclaimers of Thy praise."

## INTRODUCTION.

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Since the days of the apostles, the Church of God, has had her "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

The Psalms of David, divinely given, and applicable to saints of all dispensations, are nevertheless primarily suited for other times rather than the present church age.

The Church holds dear those holy songs given by the Spirit of God to that little remnant of Israel moved by the wonder of the incarnation. The song of Mary (Magnificat), the song of Zacharias (Benedictus), and the song of the aged Simeon (Nunc Dimittis), these are beyond our praise, being part of Holy Writ.

In the early centuries of the Church's history, hymns from the Greek held a large place, John of Damascus being perhaps their best exponent. In later centuries, and on through the middle ages, hymns from the Latin were produced in large numbers; e.g., Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), who wrote

Jesus the very thought of Thee.

Many of these fine hymns have been translated into the English tongue by E. Caswall, and J. M. Neale. The celebrated *Te Deum* came from the Latin.

From the Latin we pass on to hymns from the German, and in this language we possess a deposit of hymns unsurpassed. We see therefore the need there has been for translators, and these too, have nobly done their part, and are alluded to later on, in a future chapter.

A work of God by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of men, has often led to an outburst of holy song; for

when God works, His people sing, and the Spirit of God raises up those who shall lead the singing.

When the light of the Reformation broke forth in Germany, Luther himself wrote hymns, that the people might utter aloud truths long hidden by the darkness of popery.

In our own land, the great revival of the eighteenth century produced its own hymnology. The multitudes transformed under the preaching of John Wesley and George Whitfield, became the singing hosts of Methodism: and for these Charles Wesley wrote his beautiful hymns.

The hymn-writers mentioned in the pages that follow are chiefly those who gave expression to a work of God in the nineteenth century, when truths as to the Church, the Gospel, and the Lord's Coming were revived in the hearts of many of the Lord's people.

To understand a little the place they occupy, let us briefly consider the setting in which they are found.

The eighteenth century was remarkable in the history of English hymnology: in the earlier part of it, Isaac Watts published those hymns that exercised so great an influence for good. The author of

When I survey the wondrous cross  
has been called "almost the inventor of hymns in our language." Among the hundreds he wrote, the following are well known to our readers,

Join all the glorious names  
Lord of the worlds above  
Not all the blood of beasts  
Our God, our help in ages past

This good man died at the age of 75, in the reign of George the second. His like-minded friend Philip

Doddridge was a great hymn-writer too, and a Congregational minister also: but the author of

O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
did not long survive his colleague, dying three years later of consumption at the early age of 49, his hymns not being published until after his death.

Just at the time these two were called home in the middle of the 18th century, the brothers Wesley were in the midst of their labours—John Wesley, journeying and preaching (the ungodliness of those times giving way before that work of God called the Methodist revival) and Charles Wesley writing some of the finest hymns in our language. The author of

Jesus, Lover of my soul  
producing not only an immense number, but many hymns of lasting quality. The three following are familiar to those who read these pages.

Head of the Church triumphant  
Love divine, all loves excelling  
Thou hidden Source of calm repose

Charles Wesley died at the ripe age of 80, his brother John at the riper age of 87, three years later—the great preacher itinerating almost to the last. Three months after, the Countess of Huntingdon also died, at the age of 84. This remarkable woman, in the midst of all her labours on behalf of the Gospel, found time to write several hymns, and was intimately associated with the hymn-writers of the 18th century.

Another pair of hymnists of this century however call for special mention: one being a sea-faring man hardened in sin, who after his conversion became vicar of Olney (Bucks.), the other becoming famous as one of our English poets. In 1767 there lived at Olney a widow named Mrs. Unwin, with whom lodged

William Cowper, while hard by stood the vicarage of his friend John Newton. It was at this time that the *OLNEY HYMNS* were being prepared, but the mental affliction of the author of

God moves in a mysterious way

led to the postponement of this joint publication until 1779. In the preface to the *OLNEY HYMNS* John Newton says, "We had not proceeded far upon our proposed plan, before my dear friend was prevented, by a long and affecting indisposition, from affording me any further assistance."

When at last put into print, the volume contained 286 of his own hymns, and 62 of William Cowper's. The object of publishing was twofold; "A desire of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere christians, though the principal, was not the only motive to this undertaking. It was likewise intended as a monument, to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship."

Many hymns in this scriptural collection have found an abiding place in English hymnology. To some who found fault with the Calvinistic doctrine, the author of

How sweet the name of JESUS sounds

replied: "The views I have received of the doctrines of grace are essential to my peace; I could not live comfortably a day or an hour without them." Amongst so many that are well known, this valuable collection contains hymns in frequent use among us, as below—

By William Cowper

Ere God had built the mountains  
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord  
Of all the gifts Thine hand bestows  
Oh! for a closer walk with God  
There is a fountain fill'd with blood

By John Newton

One there is, above all others  
Sometimes a light surprises  
Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright  
What think you of Christ? is the test  
When Israel, by divine command

In his preface to the *OLNEY HYMNS* John Newton says, "This publication . . . I offer to the service and acceptance of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, of every name, and in every place." And truly some of these hymns will be found in every collection. Both Cowper and Newton died at the opening of the 19th century, in the reign of King George the third. The dates below give year of birth and death of these seven servants of God. Only those marked thus\* became married, in each case about the year 1750.

Isaac Watts	1674-1748
Philip Doddridge	1702-1751
*John Wesley	1704-1791
Countess of Huntingdon	1707-1791
*Charles Wesley	1708-1788
William Cowper	1731-1800
*John Newton	1725-1807

Just as the new century opened, Thomas Kelly began to publish his hymns, being just over 30 years old: and at this time were born four of the principal hymnists mentioned in these little papers. Thus does God prepare fresh witnesses to fill the places of those He calls home.

In 1796 Sir Edward Denny was born  
In 1800 J. N. Darby was born  
In 1803 R. C. Chapman was born  
In 1807 J. G. Deck was born

It may also be of interest to note that the chief hymn-writers of the *Oxford* or *Tractarian* movement were born about the same time, and were therefore the contemporaries of those named above.

In 1792 John Keble was born

In 1801 J. H. Newman was born

In 1814 F. W. Faber was born

It has been said of these, that "John Keble sang the movement, and John Henry Newman preached it." We must admit the fervour of their devotion, and admire their ardour, and yet regret that these leaders turned to tradition rather than to the pure Word of God, "which liveth and abideth for ever." A writer of these parallel movements observes,

"The one traced historic footmarks across the Ages, by the aid of the Church's lantern, and sought to guide their future course by the record of the Past. The other ignoring the centuries, sought to start afresh from the Upper Room at Jerusalem."

Cardinal Newman, author of

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom  
went over to the Church of Rome in 1845, and the next year F. W. Faber followed him. John Keble however, remained in the Church of England all his life; and the author of

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear  
has left behind him in *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, many evidences of the beauty of his piety.



# THE HYMNS OF THOMAS KELLY.

(1769-1855)

PARENTAGE. Only son of Judge Kelly, of Kellyville, near Athy, Queen's County, Ireland.

BIRTH. July 13th, 1769.

MARRIAGE. In 1799 to Miss Tighe, of Rosanna, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

DEATH. May 14th, 1855, in Dublin.

O kindle within us a holy desire,  
Like that which was found in Thy people of old,  
Who felt all Thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,  
While they waited impatient Thy face to behold.

Thomas Kelly was educated for the Bar at Trinity College, Dublin. While completing his studies in London, he was convicted of sin through reading the writings of William Romaine. Finding that all his efforts to reform were useless, he at last obtained "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ . . ." and forthwith abandoned the study of law, for the preaching of the Gospel, and at the early age of 23 became a clergyman of the Church of Ireland.

His evangelical preaching led to the Archbishop of Dublin's (Dr. Fowler) prohibition: and forbidden any longer to preach in the established church, he left it,

and (with others like-minded) taught in various chapels in Ireland those glorious truths that find expression in his hymns.

We sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross :

At the age of thirty Thomas Kelly married Miss Tighe, of Rosanna, Co. Wicklow, whose family besides having wealth and position, were revered for their piety. Three years later he began to publish his hymns, and during the next fifty years 765 hymns came from his pen, many being found in our principal collections. Dr. Julian in his *Dictionary of Hymnology* gives us the various editions in which the best known appeared.

"In 1802, he published PSALMS AND HYMNS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS, containing 33 of his own: here are found

Saviour through the desert lead us  
We've no abiding city here

In 1804, HYMNS ON VARIOUS PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE containing,

On the mountain's top appearing  
Stricken, smitten and afflicted

In 1806, a second edition containing,

Glory, glory everlasting  
Happy they who trust in Jesus  
Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him  
Th' atoning work is done

In 1809, a third edition containing,

Fly ye seasons, fly still faster  
Why those fears? Behold 'tis Jesus

In 1826, the next edition contained,

Grace is the sweetest sound  
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them  
The Head that once was crowned with thorns

In 1836, the next edition contained,

The night is far spent, the day is at hand

In 1853, the last edition contained all his hymns.  
He also published in 1815 HYMNS NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED containing the following,

Behold the Lamb with glory crowned  
In Thy Name, O Lord, assembling  
We sing the praise of Him who died

Possessing musical talent he also composed tunes suitable for many of the hymns he had written; these were issued as a companion volume, also in 1815."

Mr. Thomas Kelly (not to be confounded with Mr. William Kelly, the expositor) was not only poet and musician, but a linguist and man of learning, combined with gracious personal qualities. In some of his hymns we see reflected the glowing fervour of his own christian life,

Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him :  
Who can tell how much we owe Him ?  
Gladly let us render to Him  
All we have and are.

While some hymns may be poor, others are very fine; and how triumphant are the next two,

From Egypt lately come (From Egypt's bondage come)  
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious

take the latter; how magnificently this hymn closes,

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station:  
Oh what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

for "God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

While his hymns seem to cover the whole field of Christian life and experience, the gospel is the basis of them all,

The CROSS! it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

Someone has said of him, "His personal labours in the work of the ministry were unwearied, and his faith in the old truths of the gospel as the power of God unto salvation was unwavering."

In the last preface to his hymn-book Thomas Kelly observes—

"It will be perceived by those who read these hymns, that though there is an interval between the first and the last of near sixty years, both speak of the same great truths, and in the same way. In the course of that long period, the author has seen much, and heard much; but nothing that he has seen or heard has made the least change in his mind that he is conscious of, as to the grand truths of the Gospel. What pacified the conscience then,

does so now. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'"

In addition to hymns already mentioned, the following are also fairly well known.

And art Thou gracious Master gone  
Glory to God on high  
Gracious Lord, my heart is fixed  
How pleasant is the sound of praise !  
Lead on Almighty Lord  
Let sinners saved give thanks and sing  
O joyful day ! O glorious hour !  
Of Thy love some gracious token  
Sing aloud to God our strength  
Through the day Thy love has spared us  
We'll sing of the Shepherd that died  
Zion's King shall reign victorious

Hymns by Thomas Kelly are to be found in all the principal hymn-books of Great Britain and America, and have been freely used in Church of England hymnals that are evangelical, as

SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY. Edited by Rev.  
Chas. B. Snapp

CHURCH OF ENGLAND HYMNAL. Edited by  
Canon C. D. Bell

HYMNAL COMPANION. Edited by Bishop E.  
H. Bickersteth,

but none probably have drawn more largely upon them than those known as *Brethren*, many of whom themselves were Irish, and well acquainted with his hymns, so widely known in Ireland in the early part of the

19th century. Their own were as yet mostly unwritten, and those of Kelly contained in large measure the truths which to them had become so real. Almost their first hymn-book (*HYMNS FOR THE POOR OF THE FLOCK*) contained a great many of them, as did also the collection that took its place, known as *THE LITTLE FLOCK* hymn-book. Some good hymns however were omitted from these two hymn-books, as e.g.,

Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them !

one of the best hymns extant, appropriate for the sending-off of missionaries to the foreign field.

In these two collections we find several variations made either by Mr. Wigram or Mr. Darby. Take the first line of the hymn

The head that once was crowned with thorns (T.K.)

Jesus, our Head, once crowned with thorns (G.V.W.)

Jesus, Thy head, once crowned with thorns (J.N.D.)

or take the last line but one in that favourite hymn

We'll sing of the Shepherd that died

Till better His love becomes known (T.K.)

Till fully His love becomes known (G.V.W.)

Till heavenly anthems we bring (J.N.D.)

While preaching at the advanced age of 85 Mr. Kelly had a stroke, and died the year following. His last words were, "Not my will, but Thine be done." This is in harmony with one of his very earliest hymns

We've no abiding city here

which concludes thus,

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;

The time my God appoints is best :

While here, to do His will be mine ;

And His to fix my time of rest.

CONTEMPORARY with THOMAS KELLY.

Mention may suitably be made here of certain dissenting ministers, born in the 18th century, who lived about the same time as Thomas Kelly. These wrote excellent hymns, several of which are well known by our readers, and to which a brief allusion is now made.

JOSEPH STENNETT (1663=1713). A Baptist pastor.

O blessèd Saviour, is Thy love

JOSEPH HART (1712=1768). An Independent minister. (It is the two last verses of this hymn that are so often sung. "How good etc.")

This God is the God we adore

WILLIAM WILLIAMS (1717=1791). Welsh Calvinistic Methodist preacher and poet.

Guide me O Thou great Jehovah  
Saviour lead us by Thy power

JAMES ALLEN (1734=1804). A preacher of Lady Huntingdon's connexion.

Glory to God on high  
Sweet the moments rich in blessing

THOMAS HAWEIS (1734=1820). Chaplain to Lady Huntingdon.

Lord Jesus, to tell of Thy love

ROBERT ROBINSON (1735=1790). A nonconformist minister

Come Thou fount of every blessing  
Mighty God ! while angels bless Thee

(It is the 6th, 8th and 9th verses of this latter hymn that are best known to most who read these pages, commencing,

Brightness of the Father's glory  
and more recently rendered,  
Brightness of th' eternal glory)

SAMUEL MEDLEY (1738-1799). A sea-faring man,  
who became a Baptist pastor.

Now in a song of grateful praise  
On Christ salvation rests secure

JOHN FAWCETT (1740-1817). A Baptist minister.  
A fulness resides in Jesus our Head

JOHN RYLAND (1753-1825). A Baptist minister.  
O Lord, we would delight in Thee



# THE HYMNS OF SIR EDWARD DENNY

(1796-1889)

PARENTAGE. Eldest son of the 3rd baronet of Tralee Castle, Co. Kerry, Ireland: and Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Robert Day, their other children being Robert and Diana.

BIRTH. October 2nd, 1796.

MARRIAGE. He never married.

DEATH. June 13th, 1889.

BURIAL. In the Paddington Cemetery, London.

'Tis night—but O the joyful morn  
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer;  
Yon gleams of coming glory warn  
Thy saints, O Lord, that Thou art near.

The conversion of Sir Edward Denny has been attributed to his reading *Father Clement*, the story of two noble Irish families, the one Protestant, and the other Roman Catholic, in which Scriptural truth wins the day.

In the year 1827, Sir Edward became high sheriff for Co. Kerry: in the year following his mother died. From childhood she had been everything to him, and he had become deeply concerned about her soul.

while others slept,  
I've pray'd, and pray'd again, and wept,  
Through half the live-long night,

That she became his "crown of rejoicing" is evident.

Sweet happy task!—to me 'twas given  
To point thee to that home in heav'n,

' In 1831 Sir Edward succeeded to the title on the death of his father, a good part of the town of Tralee coming into his possession.

Sir Edward was of a quiet and studious disposition, and although he had wealth and position, desired to live as those who "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

In tents we dwell amid the waste,  
Nor turn aside to roam  
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest,  
Where Jesus had no home.

At one time he resided at The Boltons, Kensington: at another time at Islington, being then connected with "The Priory" meeting-room. He was intimately associated with J. G. Bellett, J. N. Darby, G. V. Wigram and other names now remembered with affection: and he delighted in the prophetic word, and took a leading part in the conferences held a century ago at the Irish residence of Lady Powerscourt. Sir Edward also studied deeply, and wrote much on the subject of prophecy, and, assisted by his friend John Jewell Penstone (1817-1902) prepared valuable charts to illustrate dispensational teaching in an interesting and instructive way. Over a score of these charts were published, involving much labour, the best known probably being *A Prophetical Stream of Time*.

In addition to these, he now began to publish his hymns,

In 1839, A SELECTION OF HYMNS.

In 1848, HYMNS AND POEMS.

the latter with new editions in 1870, and 1889.

Some of the hymns also appeared in HYMNS FOR THE POOR OF THE FLOCK (1841) hymn-book. In the preface to HYMNS AND POEMS Sir Edward Denny has left the following request—

“I have been much grieved, I confess, to observe how the practice of *needlessly* altering some even of our well-known favourite hymns has lately prevailed: . . . should any of these poems or hymns be deemed worthy of a place in any future collections, they may be left as they are, without alteration or abridgement.”

In this connection, it is interesting to notice that although several of his hymns were included in the 1st edition of the LITTLE FLOCK hymn-book, all are omitted in the 2nd edition, in deference to Sir Edward's wish, that nothing should be altered. It has been a matter of regret, that those believers most intimately known by him, were denied the use of his hymns, although they found a place in many other collections, both in Great Britain and America.

The following are perhaps his best known hymns,

A pilgrim through this lonely world  
Bride of the Lamb, awake! awake!  
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear!  
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart  
Sweet feast of love divine!

'Tis past the dark and dreary night  
 To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now  
 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone

In HYMNS AND POEMS he divides his compositions into three parts,

Part 1. Millennial Hymns.

Part 2. Miscellaneous Hymns.

Part 3. Miscellaneous Poems.

The long prose introduction is a little epitomè of dispensational teaching, treating of The Church, Israel and Christ's millennial reign. Sir Edward observes that,

"The Lord is now calling out His elect church from the world, a people not of the world, even as He Himself is not of the world, a *heavenly people*, whose path here below is that of pilgrims and strangers."

Thy spirit, through the lonely night,  
 From earthly joy apart,  
 Hath sigh'd for One that's far away—  
 The Bridegroom of thy heart.

Thou, too, shalt reign—He will not wear  
 His crown of joy alone!  
 And earth His royal bride shall see  
 Beside Him on the throne.

Israel too, after their time of sorrow shall become "the destined and only dispenser of blessing to the rest of the world."

Joy to His ancient people!

Your bonds He comes to sever—

Creation also shall share the blessing, "the creature itself also shall be delivered" and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

O what a bright and blessed world  
This groaning earth of ours will be,  
When from its throne the tempter hurl'd,  
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee!

Before this desired consummation, both the Rapture  
and the Appearing must take place. The Lord's coming  
for His saints as in the hymn,

Hark to the trump! behold it breaks  
The sleep of ages now:

and the Lord coming *with* His saints as in the hymn,

Lo, 'tis the heavenly army,  
The Lord of hosts attending;

These truths so loved, and so diligently taught by  
Sir Edward almost a century ago, were but little understood  
by the people of God then; yet, nearly a century  
later, we find the teaching held by numbers all  
over the world.

The *Miscellaneous hymns* chiefly take up the Lord's  
pathway, and that of His disciples; one of the most  
beautiful being

What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
a hymn that has found its way into a large number  
of hymn-books.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove:  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

If these hymns speak of the suffering and rejection  
of the Saviour, they also speak of what those who  
follow Him may be called upon to bear, "If they  
have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you";

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear  
The cross with all its scorn,  
Or love a faithless evil world,  
That wreath'd His brow with thorn?

Yes. It is still the day of Christ's rejection, and a wistful, pensive note pervades these hymns, yet underlying all, a calm and holy joy.

A well known student of Hymnology writing of Sir Edward's hymns says, "Some of his hymns are popular; but many are so imbued with the doctrines of his sect as to limit their usefulness." Others tell us that this other-worldliness is impracticable; yet Christ Himself says, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

Children of light, arise and shine!  
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,  
Your home is in the skies.

Nor must we omit to mention a hymn that has found much acceptance in hymnody, Sir Edward's well-known communion hymn,

Sweet feast of love divine!

Here conscience ends its strife,  
And faith delights to prove  
The sweetness of the bread of life,  
The fulness of Thy love.

Of Gospel hymns, we believe he wrote but two, and both on the woman of Samaria,

Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,  
At Sychar's lonely well,  
When a poor outcast heard Thee there  
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came; but oh! her heart,  
All fill'd with earthly care,  
Dream'd not of Thee, nor thought to find  
The hope of Israel there.

Sir Edward observes that "a well of water in Scripture is the symbol of grace; and our blessed Lord . . . may be viewed as the *true Joseph*." "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall."

Of the *Miscellaneous Poems*, the two best are probably "The Hour" and "Zion," poems that were better known in days gone by. The first poem speaks of Calvary ("Father, the hour is come:").

So bright with love, so dark with woe—  
The gracious hour when JESUS died.

The second poem tells of his deep interest in God's earthly people, and their ancient home, the land "where He dwelt."

He sprang from thy chosen of daughters,  
His star o'er thy hills arose,  
He bathed in thy soft-flowing waters,  
And wept o'er thy coming woes.

Present day happenings should intensify our interest now in Palestine and the Jews, for, "the LORD of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion."

Thou land of the Cross, and the glory,  
Whose brightness at last will shine  
Afair through the earth—what a story  
Of darkness and light is thine!

Sir Edward lived to the advanced age of 93,  
"With clusters ripe, and leaf all green"

a living exemplification of his family motto, "*Aet mea messis erit*" (in age my harvest shall be). He was laid to rest in the Paddington cemetery, by the side of Mr. G. V. Wigram, who had died ten years before. His sister Diana Denny survived her brother but six months, attaining the age of 85, and being buried with

him. On their headstone is the following triumphant inscription,

In joyful assurance  
of rising  
to an endless day.

In an unpublished poem Miss Burlingham has given us a portrait of the aged pilgrim.

Thy aged priest, who lived to shew  
Thy praises, day and night—  
Who round Thy Zion loved to go,  
In sorrow, and delight ;  
Who beauteous in Thy courts was seen,  
A fragrant, fruitful tree,—  
With clusters ripe, and leaf all green,  
Is gathered, Lord, to Thee.

Dear life-long lover of the Christ—  
Grief here his soul did bow ;  
In faith and hope he held his tryst,  
Love crowns his labour now.  
And though our tears will fall and flow  
For all his worth, his grace ;  
We own 'twas meet Thy saint should go,  
To Heaven Thy dwelling-place.

Like Mary silent and apart,  
"Good," long had been his choice,  
Thy harpers, harping with their harps  
Entranced him with their voice.  
Thy golden city well he knew,  
By faith those streets he trod :  
And Thou Who makest all things new,  
Hast brought him home to God.

We watch for Thee, blest Lord, to come,  
The Son of God, from Heaven,  
To take us with Thee, as the sum—  
Of all Thy God hath given.  
The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
Then we, with them, shall be  
Caught up, past all the clouds, to rise,  
Thee, as Thou art, to see.

H. K. B. in "The issues from Death."



A contemporary of Sir Edward Denny was the gifted and earnest Presbyterian minister, Dr. Horatius Bonar, who also, but indirectly, came under the influence of Powerscourt House teaching, and who also largely held the same dispensational views. There is a similarity in their Second Advent hymns, and both were called home in the same summer, that of 1889.

NOTE. The writer well remembers the day, over 40 years ago, when the tidings came of the departure of Sir Edward Denny in his 93rd year. At that time he was lodging at Devizes, with one Thomas Eades (and his sister Elizabeth). This godly brother was visibly affected, and when the business of the day was over, quietly walked to his book-case, and handed a small volume to the writer. This little book, to some extent led to the study of dispensational and prophetic teaching, and became to him, a treasured possession. It was Sir Edward's  
HYMNS AND POEMS.

The following is probably Sir Edward Denny's best known hymn, and may be found in quite a number of hymn-books, both in Great Britain and America, and especially in Presbyterian, Congregational and Baptist hymnals, and in most hymn-books of *Brethren*.

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day!  
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,  
Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessèd Lord! bid every shore  
And answering island sing,  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
In memory of Thy love.

Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,  
With one awakening smile,  
And bid the serpent's trail no more  
Thy beauteous realms defile.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine :  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine.

In 1903, at the time of the revision of the LITTLE FLOCK Hymn-book, Mr. T. H. Reynolds consented to include 3 of them in an adapted form; they were parts of the following—

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart No. 93.

Hark to the trump! behold it breaks (from verse 5) No. 122.

Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear! No. 305.

# POEMS BY LADY POWERSCOURT.

(1800-1836)

PARENTAGE. Theodosia A. Howard. Third daughter of Hugh and Catherine Howard, and niece of the third Earl of Wicklow.

BIRTH. In 1800.

MARRIAGE. In 1822, to the 7th Viscount Powerscourt (Richard Wingfield). He died August 9th, 1823, at the age of 38.

DEATH. December 30th, 1836, at the early age of 36.

“All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impress'd with sacred love!  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee:  
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.”  
Madame Guyon.

Not far from Bray, County Wicklow, at the foot of the Sugar Loaf mountain lies the well-wooded estate of the Powerscourt family, famed for the loveliness of its environment, and the beauty of its waterfall. Powerscourt House is a stately mansion of stone, rectangular in plan, with lawns and gardens reaching down to the river Dargle; while the long drive continues through wonderful shrubberies and plantations.

This was the ancestral home that Lady Powerscourt came to, when in 1822 she married the 7th Viscount,

who had lost his first wife Frances Theodosia, daughter of the Earl of Roden, two years previously.

Lady Powerscourt's married life was a short one, for in the year following their marriage he died. Writing to a friend she said, "You do not know what it is to lose one so dear, so very dear; I can only compare it to the tearing asunder of all the strings of the heart. Then such a gloomy prospect here the rest of one's life. After watching him day and night with so much anxiety . . . to have my hopes dashed from me, was what I did not think for some days I could have borne." It must have been at this time that she wrote,

Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human ministry;  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To any but to Thee.

Thou dost remember still, amid  
The glories of God's throne,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
For they were once Thine own.

Yes, for as if Thou would'st be God,  
E'en in Thy misery,  
There's been no sorrow but Thine own  
Untouch'd by sympathy.

Jesus, my fainting spirit brings  
Its fearfulness to Thee,  
Thine eye at least can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.

And is it not enough, enough,  
This holy sympathy?  
There is no sorrow e'er so deep  
But I may bring to Thee.

And six months later, she was enabled to write, "I have got the promise of all others I want: 'let thy widows trust in Me.'"

In subsequent years Powerscourt House became the rendezvous of many servants of God who afterwards were so well known and beloved. It was a period too of political agitation, when Daniel O'Connell was at the zenith of his influence and power. Among the many whom her ladyship entertained at her house were the gifted Edward Irving, and his wife Isabella. Writing to his sister-in-law of Lady Powerscourt's hospitality, Edward Irving (1792-1834) said, "God had given us all three much love for one another, and we were silent, being loath to part." (This at Kingstown harbour).

Through having attended prophetic meetings at Aldbury Park, Surrey, Lady Powerscourt was led to throw open her mansion for a similar purpose, and her beautiful home became a nursery for that *dispensational* teaching which has shed such light on the "sure word of prophecy." Among those who took part were Sir Edward Denny, J. N. Darby, G. V. Wigram and J. G. Bellett. These conferences were held from about 1828 to 1836, and were presided over by Dr. Robert Daly, rector of Powerscourt, and afterwards bishop of Cashel.

It was Dr. Daly who edited *Letters and Papers of Viscountess Powerscourt*, a work that ran into nine editions, owing to the interest it awakened, although names of persons were omitted from its pages. In the preface Dr. Daly says,

"She was known to have very deeply considered it [i.e. Prophecy], to have conversed with those persons who were most remarkable for their study of it, and to have consulted the books which have been written on it; and

above all, to have read the Scriptures with much deep attention to the subject."

These letters reflect her own spiritual life, and were largely written for the help and edification of others. To one servant of Christ she wrote,

"I owe you more than I can say, humanly speaking, and I would not write to you this way did I not feel that you are the only person who feels for my soul as I feel for it myself."

Her letters are not only dated from Powerscourt, but from London, Paris, Brussels, and Dublin. Three years before her death she took a lonely fishing cottage at Lough Bray among the Wicklow mountains to emphasize her position as a disciple of Christ; to show that He is enough, apart from all the worldliness one may have been brought up in. "It is therefore I have taken a cottage in the neighbourhood, to make the principle clear." This in a letter to a "much-loved brother in the Lord." And in her last recorded letter she said (just before her death),

"I do not feel to have any particular call to any place, except an anxious desire in all places to be preserved by His grace from hindering His work. He can use me anywhere for the saints in prayer."

Adjoining Powerscourt House in the dismantled chapel, three memorial tablets are conspicuous. The central one being to the memory of Viscount Powerscourt (age 38) and on either side, that of his first wife (age 25) and of his second wife (age 36). Underneath them all is the following inscription,

"It pleased God that their lives should be short, but they were eventful in the annals of the poor; they died happy in the hope of everlasting glory through Christ: they were loved in life, and in death their memory is cherished by all who knew their virtues or felt their bounty."

Another poem by Lady Powerscourt is as below: both poems were inserted in *HYMNS FOR THE POOR OF THE FLOCK* (1837) between the end of the book and its appendix, the year after her decease in 1836.

Lord! let my heart still turn to Thee,  
In all my hours of waking thought!  
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,  
To think, or feel, where Thou art not!

In every hour of pain or woe,  
When nought on earth this heart can cheer,  
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,  
Lord, hush the sigh, and chase the tear!

In every dream of earthly bliss,  
Do Thou, dear Saviour, present be!  
Nor let me dream of happiness  
On earth, without the thought of Thee!

To my last lingering thought at night,  
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, still be near,  
And ere the dawn of opening light,  
In still small accents wake mine ear!

Whene'er I read Thy sacred word,  
Bright on the page in glory shine!  
And let me say, "This precious Lord  
In all His full salvation's mine."

And when before the throne I kneel,  
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer;  
And let each hope of heaven I feel,  
Burn with the thought to meet Thee there.

Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee,  
 In ev'ry hour of waking thought,  
 Nor let me ever wish to be,  
 To think or feel where Thou art not ! Amen.

Below is a hymn of Lady Margaret Campbell, a contemporary of Lady Powerscourt. She was the eldest daughter of Sir John Malcolm, and married Sir Alexander Cockburn-Campbell, one of those who took part in the Powerscourt House conferences. Lady Campbell died at Alphington, near Exeter, February 6th, 1841. Her hymns were first lithographed for private circulation, and the year following her decease this hymn appeared in *PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS* (1842), edited by J. G. Deck. Beautiful in its stately rhythm, this choice hymn may be found in several standard hymn-books.

Praise ye Jehovah : praise the Lord most holy,  
 Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak :  
 Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,  
 \*And with salvation beautify the meek.

Praise ye the Lord for all His lovingkindness,  
 And all the tender mercies He hath shown :  
 Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,  
 And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

Praise ye Jehovah, source of every blessing ;  
 Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim ;  
 Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,  
 All things are ours ; for we have all in Him.

Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, who gave us,  
 With full and perfect love, His only Son ;  
 Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us ;  
 Praise ye the Spirit ; praise the Three in One.

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\* " He will beautify the meek with salvation " (Psalm 149. 4).



# THE HYMNS OF G. V. WIGRAM

(1805-1879)

**PARENTAGE.** His father was Sir Robert Wigram, shipowner of Wexford and London: and Walthamstow House, Essex. His mother was Eleanor, daughter of John Watts.

**BIRTH.** March 29th, 1805.

**MARRIAGES.** Firstly to Fanny, daughter of Thomas Bligh (she died in 1834). Secondly in 1835 to Catherine, only daughter of William Parnell, of Avondale (she died Sept. 12th, 1867, in Canada).

**DEATH.** February 1st, 1879.

**BURIAL.** In the Paddington Cemetery, London, by the side of Sir Edward Denny.

Not a cloud above—  
Not a spot within.

As his name indicates, George Vicesimus Wigram was the 20th child of his father, and the 14th of his mother, who was the second wife of Sir Robert: she being aunt to the late Charles Stewart Parnell. Mr. Wigram's brother James became a Vice-Chancellor, and his brother Joseph became Bishop of Rochester in 1860.

When quite a young man, Mr. Wigram obtained a commission in the army. At the close of a day spent in exploring the field of the battle of Waterloo, he had a remarkable experience. There came upon him such a revelation of the power of an unseen Presence: such light, such holiness, yet with it, the overwhelming love and tenderness of Christ, so revealed as to remove all fear. This was his conversion at the age of nineteen. In writing afterwards of this manifestation he says,

"Suddenly there came on my soul a something I had never known before. It was as if some One Infinite and Almighty, knowing everything, full of the deepest, tenderest interest in myself, though utterly and entirely abhorring everything in, and connected with me, made known to me that He pitied and loved myself."

It was a remarkable conversion, probably indicating the special character of his testimony.

Mr. Wigram was "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," and resigning from the army in 1826 he entered Queen's College, Oxford, with the intention of becoming a clergyman, but meeting earnest brethren in Christ, abandoned his studies, and commenced labouring for the Lord in London and elsewhere.

It has been said, that he all but joined Mr. A. N. Groves and his missionary band to Baghdad in June, 1829. Two years later, the plague broke up the little party, and eventually Mr. Groves became a missionary at Tinnevelly (South India).

Shortly after this, Mr. Wigram married Miss Fanny Bligh (known when a girl in Ireland), but was called home after a short married life, in 1834.

While comparatively young, Mr. Wigram had the great satisfaction of seeing completed two works of great value to Bible students, which with the aid of others, and by his own financial help, were published.

*The Englishman's Greek and English Concordance to the New Testament* (1839).

*The Englishman's Hebrew and Chaldee Concordance to the Old Testament* (1843).

It was a little previous to this, that Mr. Wigram completed we believe, his compilation of hymns entitled, *HYMNS FOR THE POOR OF THE FLOCK* (1837-38). It contained hymns by Watts, Wesley, Cowper, Kelly and others: and an appendix was added, chiefly to include a number of hymns by Sir Edward Denny, that had just been written. The four earliest of Mr. Darby's were also inserted, two of them being pasted in at the end of the book.

Some 18 years later (1856) Mr. Wigram compiled another hymn book entitled, *A FEW HYMNS AND SOME SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR THE LITTLE FLOCK*, to replace the other collection. In his preface he tells us, that he decided to "Retouch as little as possible, and with as light a hand as possible, but allow to remain, no false, no faulty, no defective doctrine—cost what it might." This valuable hymn-book was revised by Mr. Darby in 1881, and again by Mr. T. H. Reynolds in 1903. In this 1st edition many of the older hymns were omitted, in order to make room for new ones by Denny, Deck, Darby and Miss Bowly.

Four hymns are found in these collections written by Mr. Wigram himself, and first appeared in the following editions.

What rais'd the wondrous thought  
     POOR OF THE FLOCK (Appendix),  
 O what a debt I owe  
     LITTLE FLOCK, 1st edition.  
 Well may we sing ! with triumph sing  
     LITTLE FLOCK, 1st edition.  
 "How bright there above, is the mercy of God!"  
     LITTLE FLOCK, 2nd edition.

In the first of these hymns, the 5th and 6th verses were originally written thus—

Jesus ! with great delight  
     Thy bride preparing see,  
 Upon Thy throne, in glory bright,  
     Thy bosom friend to be.  
 Father, we sing Thy love,  
     Seal'd with the Holy Ghost :  
 Nor fear (Thy choice He will approve)  
     The Bridegroom's love to boast.

Another labour undertaken by Mr. Wigram was to edit the magazine entitled, *The Present Testimony*, a periodical that superseded another called, *The Christian Witness*. This literary work however did not impair the freshness of his oral ministry. This (says a writer) "Like his conversion was of no ordinary kind. Like the precious stones of Aaron's breastplate, it sparkled with the varied beauties and glories of the Person of the living, glorified Christ." His very face became radiant as he spoke (2 Cor. 3. 18). Many of his

addresses have been preserved and published in the two following volumes.

*Memorials of the ministry of G. V. Wigram.*

*Gleanings from the teaching of G. V. W.*

It was at the close of his fairly long married life that Mr. Wigram visited Canada, in June, 1867. His wife Catherine joined him out there two months later. She, however, became ill, and was *called home* after a short illness, dying in Canada. Mr. Wigram was now 62, and in less than four years suffered another sorrowful bereavement, in the departure of his daughter Fanny, child of his first wife.

Doubly bereaved, and lonely, he went abroad to minister to others in self-forgetfulness. Writing in November, 1871, from Demerara, British Guiana, he said, "I came out in my old age, none save Himself with me." This led to further travel, visiting New Zealand in 1875, and Australia in 1877. Two years later he died, at the age of 74, and was laid to rest with his daughter in the Paddington cemetery. It has been said, that the large concourse of people there sang a hymn in deference to a wish of his expressed in his life time, that all might understand that he owed all to the sovereign mercy of God. "Not of works lest any man should boast." The hymn sung was,

"Nothing but mercy'll do for me,  
Nothing but mercy—full and free,  
Of sinners chief—what but the blood,  
Could calm my soul, before my God?"

FANNY THEODORA WIGRAM, the daughter of Mr. Wigram's first wife Fanny, was born August 27th, 1831. Of her life we know little. She died in

her 40th year from the dreaded smallpox, having taken the disease from patients whom in self-sacrifice she was nursing. She took to herself literally the injunction that "we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." She died March 4th, 1871, leaving Mr. Wigram, a lonely, old man, her step mother having died 3 to 4 years previously.

Miss Wigram's well known hymn

Worthy of homage and of praise

appeared in the 1st edition (1856) of the *LITTLE FLOCK* hymn book, and must therefore have been written by her before she attained the age of 25. It is a hymn of worship and adoration, and we should have expected such a hymn to have come from an author of mature christian experience, rather than to have been written by one so comparatively young. The second verse of this hymn may not be known by our younger readers, it having been left out in the (1903) *LITTLE FLOCK*, 3rd edition.

Now seated on Jehovah's throne,  
The Lamb once slain, in glory bright;  
'Tis thence Thou watchest o'er Thine own,  
Guarding us through the deadly fight.

A hymn that is constantly attributed to Miss Wigram is

The person of the Christ

and the question arises as to whether it was not a sister of Mr. Wigram who wrote it, or one other of their family. As this latter is to be found in *HYMNS FOR THE POOR OF THE FLOCK*, No. 200, and this hymn-book was published in 1837-38, it was impossible that his daughter could have composed it, seeing that she was then but 6 or 7 years old, having been born in 1831.

Originally the 3rd verse ran as follows,

A heav'nly calling this !  
It sounds thro' earth abroad ;  
For we, by faith, in HEAV'N behold  
The kingly priest of God.

Mr. Wigram altered this verse to its present form, when editing the 1st LITTLE FLOCK edition.

Yet another hymn that has sometimes been attributed to Miss Wigram is

O patient, spotless One

Dr. Julian says, " It is an altered form of a part of the Moravian hymn-book translation of "Mein Vater" by Christian Andreas Bernstein, a tutor and assistant pastor at Domnitz, near Halle, Germany; where he was born, and where he also died.

Note. The author of the hymn in question, formerly

The person of the Lamb

might have been Mrs. Fanny Wigram. The editor of HYMNS SELECTED AND REVISED in 1928 attributes it to Mr. G. V. Wigram.

# THE HYMNS OF J. N. DARBY.

(1800=1882)

- PARENTAGE. Son of John Darby, of Markley, Sussex; and Leap Castle, King's County, Ireland. His mother was Anne, daughter of Samuel Vaughan, who died when he was but a child.
- BIRTH. November 18th, 1800, in London.
- MARRIAGE. He did not marry.
- DEATH. April 29th, 1882, at Sundridge House, Bournemouth.
- BURIAL. In the Cemetery, Bournemouth.

What powerful, mighty Voice, so near,  
Calls me from earth apart—  
Reaches with tones so still, so clear,  
From th' unseen world my heart?  
"The Call."

The hymns of John Nelson Darby were written at intervals during a period of 50 years. Some of them appeared first in periodicals, such as, *The Prospect*, *The Present Testimony*, and *A Voice to the Faithful*.

They were published after Mr. Darby's decease as SPIRITUAL SONGS, which gives us the date when written, and sometimes the place and circumstances as well.

Mr. Darby was educated at Westminster School, London, and graduated with honours at Trinity Col-



lege, Dublin. Setting aside an opening for a legal career, he was appointed to a curacy by Archbishop Magee in County Wicklow, in the parish of Calary, residing in the cottage of a peasant. This when a young man of 25.

Two or three years later, Mr. Darby separated from the Church of Ireland, in 1828. He was one of those who took part in the prophetic conferences at Powerscourt House, and one of that little "band of men" in Dublin "whose hearts God had touched." Much has been written about the life of this servant of the Lord, but this little paper is chiefly concerned with the hymns that came from his heart and pen.

Until the closing years of Mr. Darby's life, his hymns were few, and often far between, and were incidental to a life of strenuous labour and activity. Before the year 1850, only six hymns are known to have been written by him; they are the following—

1832. What powerful, mighty Voice, so near,

1835. Oh! the joy of the salvation

1837. Rise, my soul! Thy God directs thee

1845. Rest of the saints above

1845. O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!

1849. This world is a wilderness wide

The first known hymn written by Mr. Darby, about 1832

What powerful, mighty Voice, so near,

is of peculiar interest, the MS. having been found after his decease, unknown, and laid aside for half a century, and then found to be the expression of his own heart's response to the Divine call.

That this was the call of discipleship, following that of conversion, is evident,

'Tis His. Yes, yes ; no other sound  
 Could move my heart like this :  
 The Voice of Him that earlier bound  
 Through grace that heart to His,—

The next hymn

Oh ! the joy of the salvation

was the first to be published, appearing in *THE CHRISTIAN HYMN BOOK* (1835). Mr. Darby's editor tells us that it was dictated to a friend during a severe attack of gout in the eye. This and other of his hymns were altered by Mr. Wigram for singing purposes, and with advantage. Part of this hymn was included in the *LITTLE FLOCK* book, commencing with

Hark ! ten thousand voices crying

The next hymn,

Rise, my soul ! Thy God directs thee

also first published in *THE CHRISTIAN HYMN BOOK*, reminds us of Mr. Darby's labours in Switzerland, at Neuchatel, Lausanne and Geneva. It was written when a large number of Christians left the Swiss Free Church (*L'Eglise Libre*) after some lectures given by Mr. Darby on the book of Exodus. Five years later he wrote, "There is much blessing in Switzerland, but a little commotion because of the new wine, which does not suit well with the old bottles."

Does not this hymn gives us the normal experience of a child of God, walking in liberty, led by the Spirit of God ?

Light Divine surrounds thy going ;  
 God Himself shall mark thy way :

a striking contrast to that beautiful, but sad hymn of a contemporary,

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom  
the author of which turned his face to the thralldom  
of Rome.

Eight years elapsed and then two more hymns, both  
appearing in *The Prospect*,

Rest of the saints above

O Lord, Thy love's unbounded !

The first of these two hymns takes us in spirit into  
the glory of God, if it be possible for human language  
to portray such blessedness.

God and the Lamb shall there

The light and temple be;

"for the glory of God has enlightened it, and the  
lamp thereof (is) the Lamb " (Rev. 21. 23, New Trans.)

The second of these hymns speaks to our hearts of  
the constancy of Christ's love, ever recalling us to  
Himself.

And yet, Thy love's unchanging,

And doth recall my heart

To joy, in all its brightness—

The peace its beams impart!

Still, sweet 'tis to discover,

If clouds have dimmed my sight,

When passed, Eternal Lover,

Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the LORD  
hath dealt bountifully with thee." We are told that  
this hymn was written on the top of a coach, while  
Mr. Darby was trying to recall the hymn by Mr.  
Deck beginning with the same words.

During the next few years Mr. Darby spent much of his time in France, and writing in the year 1848 he said, "France is a field for labour," and the MS. of his next hymn was given to a friend at Montpellier. It also was first published in *The Prospect*. It commenced,

This world is a wilderness wide

and takes up the pathway of the believer. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen":

There is but that one, in the waste,  
Which His footsteps have marked as His own;

the pathway of the will of God.

During the long years of arduous toil from the time Mr. Darby was 50, until he was well on in the seventies, only six known hymns came from his pen. Much of his time was spent on the continent: thrice he visited Canada and the United States. In labours abundant, he desired to say, like the apostle Paul, "One thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark"

Morn, noon and night,  
Through days o'ercast and bright  
My purpose still is one:  
I have one end in view,  
Daily one thing I do,  
Until my object's won.

As years went on, there was little rest for him. Mr. Darby's own writings form almost a library in themselves. They have been edited by the late Mr. William Kelly, and bound into 34 volumes. Mr. Darby's grasp of the whole scope and range of Holy Writ was pro-

found; and his translation of the New and Old Testaments from the original Greek and Hebrew is admittedly of great value. The next 6 hymns are the following,

1856. O Jesus, precious Saviour

1856. Sing! without ceasing sing

1867. Oh! bright and blessed scenes

1867. O ever homeless Stranger

1870. Soon we taste the endless sweetness

1872. And is it so? I shall be like Thy Son!

The first 3 of these hymns appeared in *The Present Testimony*, the 4th in *Words of Truth*, and the 2 last in *A Voice to the Faithful*. With one exception, parts of these six hymns are to be found in the LITTLE FLOCK book. The exception is,

O ever homeless Stranger

a hymn, or poem of 46 verses "written during a severe illness in Canada, in which it was thought he was dying. . . He got up, although weak; wrote the hymn, and was then obliged to go to bed again."

The second hymn of these six, is expressive of the joy found by the new nature, when the commonplace becomes hallowed, when "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Sing! without ceasing sing

The Saviour's present grace;

How all things shine

In light Divine,

For those who've seen His face!

Thus, in divine delight

Of love so richly known,

God's works below

With beauty glow;

His hand, His grace, I own.

As Mr. Darby neared threescore years and ten, his hymns indicated where his affections lay, and to the 3rd of these hymns, he has himself given the title "Home."

Oh! bright and blessed scenes,  
Where sin can never come:  
Whose sight my longing spirit weans  
From earth, where yet I roam.

The 5th of these hymns is in the same strain,

Safety—where no foe approaches;  
Rest—where toil shall be no more;  
Joy—whereon no grief encroaches;  
Peace—where strife shall all be o'er!

The last of these six hymns, is perhaps the most oft sung of any,

And is it so? I shall be like Thy Son!  
Is this the grace which He for me has won?

## THE LATER HYMNS OF MR. DARBY.

We now reach the later hymns, written at the very close of a long life. From 1872 to 1879 no hymns were given to Mr. Darby; but it is remarkable that from 1879 to 1881 he wrote as many as in his whole life-time besides; this too when quite an old man, and many of these hymns were among his best.

These later hymns were not composed, but came spontaneously. As he said when handing them to one for publication, "There is one thing in all those: they are real. They are not composed; perhaps one."

Of these last hymns there are twelve. Eight written in 1879-80, and four written in 1881. The first four of these twelve are,

1879. To live of Thee—blest Source of deepest joy!

1879. There is rest for the weary soul—

1879. Oh! bright and blessed hope!

1879. I'm waiting for the glory

In the last of these four, although written in the simplest language, there is a lingering fragrance, a sweetness that is difficult to define.

I'm waiting for the glory:

Are your thoughts with me too?

It is the old, old story,

But all most sweetly true.

I'm waiting for the glory:

Jesus Himself is there;

He's gone on high before me—

Calls me with Him to share.

Jesus, the Lord, did love us—

Will love us to the end;

And lifts our hearts above us,

To love that will not end!

For the day is nearing, nearing,

When we shall see His face;

Each step the way endearing,

Which leads to that blest place.

Art waiting for the glory?

Thy thoughts go with me too?

Yes! 'tis the old, old story:

But all most sweetly true!

In this last verse, is it not the evangelist in Mr. Darby that comes out? The Gospel was ever near his heart.

In this fruitful year of 1879 Mr. Darby was much in the south of France, at various places, chiefly residing at Pau, not far from the foot of the Pyrenees: and it was here several of these later hymns were written. As his editor tells us, "During Mr. Darby's residence in Pau, in the years 1879 to 1881, when the

thought of Hymns addressed to 'The Father' was much present to his mind." "The Father Himself loveth you."

The Father's love, the source of all,  
Sweeter than all it gives,  
Shines on us now without recall,  
And lasts while Jesus lives.

(It was at this time also that Mr. Darby was engaged in translating the Old Testament into French, in addition to all his other labours.) The next four hymns are those addressed to the Father, three of them being so well known.

1879. Father! Thy Name our souls would bless

1879. Blest Father! infinite in grace!

1879. Father! in Thine eternal power—

1880. Father! Thy sovereign love has sought

Further, in writing from Dublin afterwards of this time, Mr. Darby observes, "I had been going through the hymns we have, for a new edition, and the question of hymns to the Father presented itself, and the study of our relationship with the Father was much blessed to me, developing it to my heart. How gracious He is!"

Eternal ages shall declare  
The riches of Thy grace,  
To those who with Thy Son shall share  
A son's eternal place.

These hymns touch "the deep things of God" revealed "unto us by His Spirit" and when entered into, bring satisfaction and joy to the heart. The love of the Father and the Son are inextricably woven; for, "he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father."

We joy in Thee; Thy holy love  
Our endless portion is;



We now reach the last four hymns of Mr. Darby, written in 1881; they are addressed to the Lord Jesus Christ, and penned the year before his departure; a time of pressure and great sorrow; a time too, of unhappy conflict that probably hastened his death. Notwithstanding, these last hymns breathe an air of expectancy and faith, that could say with the apostle Paul, "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." The following are these four hymns,

And shall we see Thy face !  
O Lord ! Thy glory we behold  
We'll praise Thee, glorious Lord !  
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord

The first and third of these hymns, so familiar to many who read these lines, are full of the love of Christ,

Love, that no suffering stayed  
and the believer's response to that love,  
And we love Thee, blest Lord !  
E'en now, though feeble here,

The fourth of these was suggested by a hymn of Miss Burlingham's commencing with the same words, "I'm waiting for Thee, Lord," (a hymn that has found much acceptance), but suffers in comparison with the original of which it is a paraphrase.

The second of these four is a hymn of force and grandeur, commencing

O Lord ! Thy glory we behold,  
Though not with mortal eyes :  
closing with,  
The new creation's stainless joy  
Gleams through the present gloom ;  
That world of bliss without alloy—  
The saints' eternal home !

At least two hymns have been ascribed to Mr. Darby in error, the authors of which are unknown. The hymn

O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore  
is attributed to him in SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS (Sankey's), while

Though faint yet pursuing, we go on our way  
is attributed to him in a well known Baptist hymnal. Writing of the latter in *Singers and Songs of the Church*, Mr. Josiah Miller says, "I asked Mr. Darby if he was the author of this hymn (often ascribed to him), and he answered, No."

One of the last services rendered by Mr. Darby was his revision of the LITTLE FLOCK hymn book. Writing in 1879, from Pau (S.W. France) he said; "I have looked through the old POOR OF THE FLOCK and corrected a great many hymns, perfectly astounded that so much short of all the light we had, ever passed: but there was often piety, and I have put them in the form of truth where there was. I have already gone through the new one (LITTLE FLOCK). I am now going to look through other hymn-books I have, to see if there are any which could be added, and there are two or three of my own from which some verses may be taken, some of which you have not seen."

In the long preface to this new (1881) edition, Mr. Darby says,

"Many most sweet hymns are too individual, too experimental, for an assembly. In this collection an Appendix is therefore added, where there may be as beautiful hymns, but the assembly has been thought less of."

Writing after a conference at Croydon in October, 1881, Mr. Darby said, "The hymn-book is out, and the brethren at Croydon thought it much improved, but I have found a great many printing errors, partly mine." That same month, Mr. Darby had a slight paralytic stroke. (He had previously had a bad fall). This last closing winter of his life was spent at Bournemouth, on the east cliff, in the seclusion of the pines. In the same town that winter lay his old friend Andrew Miller dangerously ill, in whom he took a kindly interest. Writing to a friend at this time Mr. Darby said, "At my age shall never be well, till all sickness is over: but through mercy work half the day." Mr. Darby died in the spring of 1882, and his friend Andrew Miller in the spring of 1883.

In the following poem by Miss Burlingham entitled, "To-day," we have a true portrait of Mr. Darby: how *characteristic* these lines are.

Lord, Thou hast with Thee, in Thy presence there,  
Thy friend, who was our chiefest guide, and we  
Have little skill for Thy concerns to care;  
No hireling fleeing 'midst alarms was he;  
Well had he learned the lesson of Thy love,  
Long had the truth, known truly, made him free;  
He set his mind upon the things above;  
Profound his sense of being one with Thee.  
From Thee 'twas his to suffer for Thy sake,  
And bear continual witness to Thy name;  
Sorrows might surge, his watchful heart might break,  
His lonely trust was never put to shame.  
O cause us, in like faith and love, to serve  
None other name, nor from Thy way to swerve.  
(In Memoriam, J.N.D. April 29th. 1882.)

The following inscription on Mr. Darby's grave in the cemetery at Bournemouth will be of interest to some who read these pages.

JOHN NELSON DARBY

"As unknown and well known"

Departed to be with Christ

29th April, 1882

Aged 81.

2 Cor. 5. 21.

"Lord! let me wait, for Thee alone:

My life be only this,

To serve Thee here on earth, unknown,—

Then share Thy heavenly bliss."

J.N.D.

There is a much loved hymn of 4 verses

Lord e'en to death Thy love could go,

A death of shame and loss,

To vanquish for us every foe,

And break the strong man's force.

It was written by Dr. H. Rossier, residing in the Rue Collet, Vevey, the picturesque town on the shores of the lake of Geneva, in the Canton of Vaud. His father was the late J. B. Rossier, who had been associated with Mr. Darby from the first in Switzerland; and it was in 1838 that Mr. Darby commenced his fruitful labours in that country. Mr. J. B. Rossier attained to a ripe old age, and at his death, his son wrote a poem entitled, *Le Repose*, in memory of his respected father.

This hymn appeared in the 2nd edition of the *LITTLE FLOCK* book, having been (somewhat freely) translated from the French by Miss C. A. Wellesley.

A few years since, Dr. Rossier sent over a copy of his hymn, as originally written in French, and from this, Miss M. J. Ray, of Croydon, made a literal translation, though without rhyme, as follows,

Thou loved'st us, even unto death,  
Saviour, full of tenderness :  
For us Thou didst vanquish the Strong man  
Even in his stronghold (or fortress).

Oh ! How they weighed upon Thee,  
Alone in that dark hour—  
The forsaking, the anguish, the terror  
Of our sins without number.

And now, the noise (or roar) of the billows\*  
Which passed over Thy head,  
Has given place to divine rest—  
From (or through) Thy perfect work.

Around Thee, Thy redeemed ones,  
Still on this earth,  
Taste the joys  
Of the Father's house.

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\* "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts: all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me" (Psalm 42. 7).

# THE HYMNS OF MARY BOWLY.

(1813-1856)

- PARENTAGE. Daughter of Richard Bowly, shop-  
keeper of Cirencester (Glos.).
- BIRTH. In 1813.
- MARRIAGE. To Rev. John McWilliam Peters,  
sometime rector of Quenington,  
Gloucestershire.
- DEATH. July 29th, 1856, at Clifton.
- BURIAL. At Clifton.

Let earthly themes now cease  
And joyful let us dwell,  
On our sweet theme of heavenly peace  
O we've enough to tell.

Little is known of the life of Mary Bowly (Mrs. Peters). Her home was probably at Cirencester, where her father was in business. The Rev. John McWilliam Peters, rector of Quenington, a village a few miles distant, withdrew at this time (it is said) from the Church of England, and took up his residence at Cirencester, with his wife, and their son Samuel. His wife dying, he subsequently married Miss Mary Bowly,

but the date is not known. She did not however enjoy a long married life, as she died at the age of 43. Samuel Peters removed to the Isle of Wight, where his children have lived long, cleaving to the Lord.

Dr. Julian tells us that "some of her hymns were contributed to

1. PSALMS, HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS (J. G. Deck's, 1842).

These with others (58 in all), were published by Nisbet in 1847 as

2. HYMNS INTENDED TO HELP THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Dr. Walker of Cheltenham introduced several from these collections into his

3. PSALMS AND HYMNS (1855).

Many were repeated in

4. SNEPP'S SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY (1872) and other Church of England hymnals."

The 10 hymns following, are those found in PSALMS, HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, edited by Mr. Deck.

1. Blessed Lord, our souls are longing
2. How can there be one holy thought?
3. Jesus ! how much Thy name unfolds

This choice hymn though quite original, bears a close resemblance to two other favourite hymns; they are,

and "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds"

"There is a Name I love to hear"

4. Lord we see the day approaching

5. O Lord, we know it matters not

This hymn complete, really consists of 6 verses,

O largely give, 'tis all Thine own,  
The Spirit's goodly fruit:

6. The murmurs of the wilderness

It was probably Mr. Darby (who omitting the first two verses) made of the last 5, a separate hymn, commencing with the line

Jesus, of Thee we ne'er would tire

7. The saints awhile dispersed abroad

8. Unworthy is thanksgiving

A hymn now somewhat forgotten, but found in THE BELIEVERS' HYMN-BOOK

9. Whom have we Lord but Thee

10. With thankful hearts we meet, O Lord

Some of these hymns as they appeared in the above hymn-book were rather crude; but in later collections the imperfections have been removed. Some of our readers will notice how many really good hymns Miss Bowly has given us: and they will further see that her hymns are not so much for personal piety; nor do they often contain the invitations of the Gospel; but are rather hymns for the Church of God, taking up the privileges, pathway and prospects of those belonging to it. Miss Bowly was intelligent in the truth, as taught in the Word of God.



IN HYMNS INTENDED TO HELP THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS Dr. Julian tells us there are 58 of her hymns. He gives us a further list of 16 found in this collection, they are

11. Earth's firmest ties will perish
12. Enquire, my soul, enquire !
13. Hallelujah, we are hastening

Probably included in the next

14. Holy Father ! we address Thee—

These lines are to be found in SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY, and are given in full at the end of this chapter.

15. Jesus, of Thee we ne'er would tire

As already stated, this hymn is the last 5 verses of another hymn.

16. Lord Jesus, in Thy name alone

This hymn is given in THE BELIEVERS' HYMN BOOK. Like Rahab's scarlet line, the *precious blood* runs through it as in several of her hymns.

17. Lord, through the desert drear and wide
18. Many sons to glory bringing

Found in the LITTLE FLOCK editions.

19. O Lord, while we confess the worth (Baptism)

Found in NEW TIMES OF REFRESHING hymn-book.

20. Our God is light, we do not go (although we go)

In this hymn Miss Bowly probably indicates the place of fellowship she had found among some of the Lord's people.

Death's bitter waters met our thirst,  
Thy cross has made them sweet,  
Then on our gladdened vision burst  
God's shady, cool retreat.

21. "Praise ye the Lord!" again, again,  
The Spirit strikes the chord;

A favourite hymn with those who know it.

22. Salvation to our God

May be seen in THE BELIEVERS' HYMN BOOK.

23. The holiest we enter

In 1st edition of LITTLE FLOCK book.

To all our prayers and praises,  
Christ adds His sweet perfume,

24. Through the love of God our Saviour

Miss Bowly's hymns are chiefly in use by *Brethren*:  
but this one hymn of hers has found a place in the  
collections of several denominations.

Happy still in God confiding;  
Fruitful if in Christ abiding;  
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,  
All must be well!

25. Thy grace O Lord, to us hath shown

26. We're pilgrims in the wilderness;  
Our dwelling is a camp;

Found in the LITTLE FLOCK editions.

Miss Bowly was not only a writer of hymns, but also an historian, and the study of history occupied much of her time and thought. Her prose work, *The World's History from the Creation to the Accession of Queen Victoria*, was published in 7 volumes.

In addition to those mentioned in the foregoing list, there are other good hymns chiefly to be found in the LITTLE FLOCK editions, or in HYMNS SELECTED AND REVISED.

1. By Thee, O God, invited  
Almost her only hymn for the Gospel, but considered  
a valuable one by those competent to judge.

The trembling sinner feareth  
That God can ne'er forget ;

2. Let earthly themes now cease
3. O blessed Lord, what hast Thou done ?

(This hymn has not been improved by an attempt to  
improve it, in one of our hymn-books.)

With joyful wonder we'll exclaim,  
"The half had not been told!"

4. O Lord, how blest our journey (Divine favour)
5. O Lord, we adore Thee (Worship and adoration)
6. Rest, my soul, the work is done
7. Still in a land of drought and dearth
8. Soon the saints in glory singing (Christ glorified)
9. To Thee, O God, our hearts we raise

A fine doxology deserving to be better known.

10. We are by Christ redeemed (2 Cor. 4-7)

Our earthen vessels break ;  
The world itself grows old ;  
But Christ our precious dust will take  
And freshly mould.

In an interesting article in *Home Words* many years  
ago, the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal said,

"Calmer, riper and maturer are the hymns of  
Mary Bowly.\* They are not the hymns of a

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\* Many of the hymns of Miss Bowly were written before  
she became 30 years of age, and this concluding one  
shortly after.

young Christian, but evidently of one who has found 'grace for grace' and gone from 'strength to strength' . . . every line, generally speaking, contains some distinct reality of Scripture truth, or Christian experience . . . the bright assurance of faith expressed in these hymns with the simple, absolute rest of the soul in the infinite and absolute love of the Father in His Son Jesus Christ."

Holy Father! we address Thee—  
Loved in Thy beloved Son;  
Holy Son of God, we bless Thee,  
Boundless grace hath made us one;  
Holy Spirit, aid our songs,  
This glad work to Thee belongs.

Wondrous was Thy love, O Father!  
Wondrous Thine, O Son of God!  
Vast the love that bruised and wounded,  
Vast the love that bore the rod;  
Holy Spirit, still reveal,  
How those stripes alone can heal.

Gracious Father! Thy good pleasure  
Is to love us as Thy Son,  
Meting out the self-same measure,  
Since Thou seest us as one.  
Blessèd Jesus! loved are we,  
As the Father loveth Thee.

Hallelujah! we are hasting  
To our Father's house above;  
By the way our souls are tasting  
Rich and everlasting love;  
In Jehovah is our boast,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

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Farewell to this world's fleeting joys  
was written by William Trotter, of York, at one time  
a Methodist minister. This hymn, with another,

Behold the Lamb whose precious blood appeared in the 1st edition of the LITTLE FLOCK book. The first of these hymns, originally consisted of twelve verses.

Mr. Trotter however, is better known as the author of a valuable standard work on prophecy, entitled, *Plain papers on prophetic subjects*. These earnest and thoughtful papers have been translated into the French tongue. In the opening chapter Mr. Trotter observes,

“What an infinite mercy it is, that, amid the bustle and excitement of this vain and fleeting world, any should have their attention arrested by eternal realities.”

His death in the prime of life, was a cause of grief and sorrow to numbers of the Lord's people, as he did not attain to the age of 50 years. Among his last words were the following,

“As I may not be able to express myself distinctly by and bye, I wish now to say that I am in perfect peace, resting alone on the blood of Christ, the *precious* blood of God's Son, which cleanseth from all sin. . . I desire my friends and fellow-labourers to know that I find the foundations stand fast, the ground beneath my feet is firm and the prospect brighter than ever. . . . If the Lord tarry, I have a conviction that fresh and deep blessing is at hand for His people.”

# THE HYMNS OF S. P. TREGELLES.

(1813-1875).

PARENTAGE. Son of Samuel Tregelles, merchant, who died in 1828: his mother being Dorothy, daughter of George Prideaux, Kingsbridge, Devon.

BIRTH. On January 30th, 1813, at Wodehouse Place, near Falmouth.

MARRIAGE. In 1839, to his cousin Sarah Anna, eldest daughter of Walter Prideaux Barker, of Plymouth. (They had no children.)

DEATH. April 24th, 1875, at Plymouth.

BURIAL. In Plymouth Cemetery.

Though our pilgrimage be dreary,  
This is not our resting place;  
Shall we of the way be weary,  
When we see our Master's face?

Dr. Tregelles is remembered as a scholar, rather than as a hymnist. The making of hymns was incidental to his life work.

Dr. Julian says, "His deep interest in Biblical studies led him to desire to produce the most perfect edition of the New Testament possible. Two strokes of paralysis hindered his work in 1861, and 1870. He was one of the New Testament revisers, but ill health prevented his taking an active part."

Samuel's parents were Quakers, and he was educated at the Falmouth Grammar School. Losing his father at the age of 15, he was employed at the Neath Abbey iron works. His great love of languages however led him to devote his leisure to the study of Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee and Welsh. At the age of 25, he took up the critical study of the New Testament, and this became his life work.

Touching the hymns of Dr. Tregelles, most of the earlier ones are to be found in the three following collections.

HYMNS FOR THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

THE LITTLE FLOCK HYMN BOOK.

PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

(J. G. Deck's, 1842).

These hymns set forth in simple, direct and Scriptural language the happy lot of those whom grace has placed in all the favour of God their Father; and all the blessed consequences that flow from Divine relationships. These hymns include the following,

Father! we, Thy children, bless Thee

Holy Saviour! we adore Thee

"One spirit with the Lord" (1 Cor. 6. 17)

Son of God, with joy we praise Thee

The gloomy night will soon be past  
Thou God of grace, our Father !  
Thy Name we bless, Lord Jesus,  
'Tis sweet to think of those at rest (burial)

but they have not come into constant use, except in hymn books of *Brethren*. The Scriptural doctrines of election and predestination are touched upon in his hymns, but in harmony also, with "whosoever will."

Thy purpose and election,  
In spite of all our failing,  
Have firmly stood, and by the blood  
Of Christ are made availing.

The fifth hymn on this list formerly consisted of six verses, but was split into two hymns by Mr. Wigram, who introduced the four last verses as a separate hymn, commencing with the line

Ah, yes ! Lord Jesus (Thou whose heart  
Still for Thy saints doth care)

Another hymn, attributed both to Dr. Tregelles and G. Gilpin is

O God of grace, our Father,  
All praise we give to Thee,

but a careful perusal of it, leads one to consider that it was written by the former of these two authors, as it bears such a resemblance to others of his. Then again, it is easy to confuse this hymn with another by Mr. G. W. Frazer, commencing with almost the same words,

O God of grace, our Father,  
We bless Thy holy name,

The researches of Dr. Tregelles led him to visit many cities on the continent of Europe. In 1845 he spent



five months in Rome, with the hope of collating Codex "B" in the library of the Vatican. It was said to consist of 700 leaves of the finest vellum, and we are told that "the two priests told off to watch him would try to distract his attention if he seemed too intent on any passage, and if he studied any part of it too long they would snatch away the book."

In 1862 he visited Tischendorf at Leipzig to examine Codex "Sinaiticus," in whose keeping it was, before being deposited at St. Petersburg.

He also met Lachmann, the Greek scholar in Berlin. Indeed he visited nearly every city in Europe where Uncial or Cursive manuscripts were likely to be found. As an example of his untiring labours, he restored and deciphered at Trinity College, Dublin, the Palimpsest "Dublinensis" (Codex "Z") of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Dr. Tregelles was made L.L.D., and made many contributions to works of learning. The following are his chief works, taken from the *National Dictionary of Biography*.

1. Hebrew Reading Lessons
2. Prophetic visions of the book of Daniel
3. Hebrew and Chaldean Lexicon
4. The original language of St. Matthew's Gospel
5. The Jansenists
6. Hebrew Psalter
7. Defence of the book of Daniel
8. Hebrew Grammar
9. Collation of the Text of Griesbach and others
10. Fragments of St. Luke (Codex Zacynthius)
11. Hope of Christ's Second Coming

This last book lets us into a secret, "that blessed hope" was a reality to him, it comes out in his hymns.

In this hope our souls rejoice,  
And His promised advent waiting,  
Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

If, in the matter of the interpretation of prophecy Dr. Tregelles may have differed from those with whom he so largely sympathized—if maybe, he could not see "eye to eye" with those brethren who helped to sound forth the midnight cry: yet the truth they held attracted, and became part and parcel of him.

According to Dr. Julian, the later hymns of Dr. Tregelles were sent to Dr. Maurice, editor of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHORAL HYMNAL (1861), to be included in that collection. The following hymns of his are found in this hymn book.

Lord Jesus, we believing  
O look not on the cross of Christ  
Thou Lord of all, on earth hast dwelt  
Thou, O God, Thy love commendest  
Thy Name above, O Lord, we own  
'Tis sweet, O God, Thy praise to sing  
Worthy the Lamb, is now the song

These seven hymns are not found in many collections. The first of these may be seen in SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY; or in the LITTLE FLOCK book, commencing

O Lord, in Thee believing

After his second attack of paralysis, in 1870, Dr. Tregelles lived for five years, continuing his loved work even in bed. He died at Plymouth in 1875. His portrait may be seen in the Plymouth Atheneum.

In the year 1860, Dr. Tregelles visited Spain, being greatly interested in the Protestants of that priest-ridden land, and particularly in the sufferings of Don Manuel Matamoros, a Christian martyr of the nineteenth century.

# THE HYMNS OF J. G. DECK.

(1807-1884)

PARENTAGE. James George Deck, eldest son of John Deck, of Bury St. Edmunds.

BIRTH. November 1st, 1807.

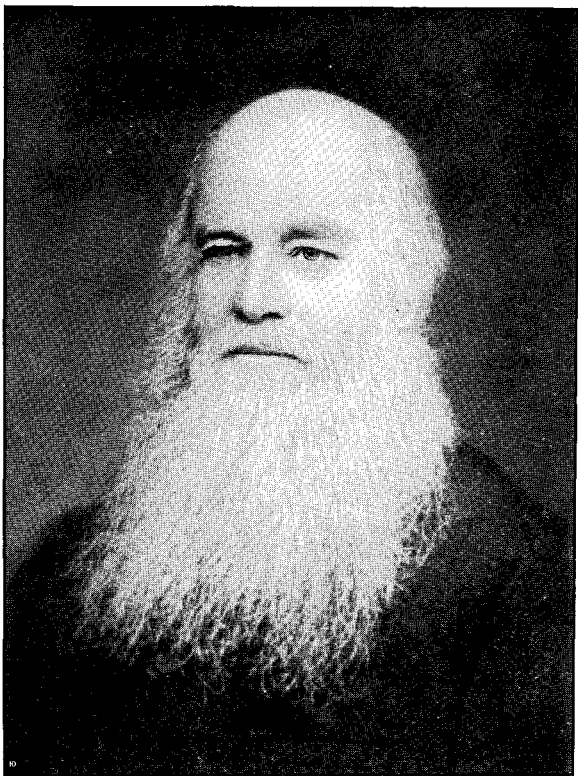
MARRIAGE. April 22nd, 1829, to Alicia Feild, daughter of Rev. Samuel Feild, of Westbury, Wilts: and of Hatherleigh, Devon. (She died in 1853).

DEATH. August 14th, 1884, at village of Motueka, near Nelson, New Zealand.

BURIAL. In the Motueka Cemetery.

All have their work to do,  
Appointed by their Lord;  
Each should his own marked path pursue,  
With girded loins and purpose true,  
Obedient to His word.

Of Mr. Deck's youthful days little is known, but that God answered the prayers of a godly mother for all her children he himself tells us,



JAMES GEORGE DECK.



Mother dear, thy prayers ascended  
In that name God loves to hear,  
Now in blessings have descended,  
On each son and daughter dear.

yet, in his case, not before he had tried the pleasures that this world affords. Writing years after Mr. Deck said, "Many of us have drunk, and deeply too, of Babylon's intoxicating cup: we have lived long in the 'far country' and eaten of its dainties and husks."

In 1824, at the age of 17, Mr. Deck obtained a commission in the 14th Madras native Infantry. He went out to India in the service of the East India Company, but returned to England two years later on leave. It was then that he became converted to God through hearing a godly clergyman preach; his sister Clara having taken him for that very purpose. Soon after he met, and became united in marriage to Miss Alicia Feild, daughter of Rev. Samuel Feild, of Westbury, Wilts.

On returning to India Mr. Deck was used by God in the conversion of brother officers. While living at Bangalore, South India, he enjoyed the Christian fellowship of Lieut. Col. Clarke and his wife Fanny. When absent on field service, their house was his wife's home. He also met the devoted Anthony Norris Groves who went out to Tinnevely (S. India) in 1833, after being compelled to give up his mission to Baghdad. This well known servant of Christ remained in India for 20 years.

At the age of 28 (1835) the ill health of Mr. Deck led him to return to England. Soon after, his friends

the Clarkes, sent over their two children, Augustus and Lucy to be educated; and they lived in England with Mr. and Mrs. Deck. Of the boy Mr. Deck has told us, "I loved as dearly as if he were my own, for in Christ Jesus I had begotten him through the gospel." This young disciple died at the early age of 14, from the effects of a trifling accident. He bore a bright testimony during his illness, and many were present at his burial, including Mr. Darby. For this occasion it appears Mr. Deck composed two hymns, one of them being,

Thou hast stood here, Lord Jesus  
Beside the still, cold grave,

and he has also written an affecting memoir of the last days of this youth, entitled, *Joy in departing*.

On his return to England, Mr. Deck resigned his commission in the army with the idea of becoming a clergyman, but God ordered otherwise, and meeting certain brethren in the west of England, cast in his lot with them. In 1843 he moved to the town of Wellington (Somerset), and it was here that the illness and death of Augustus Clarke occurred. Subsequently he removed to Weymouth, previous to their departure for New Zealand in 1852. In these two towns resided with him a brother so well known afterwards, the late Henry Dyer.

There was real piety in his household, his wife sharing with him the same "precious faith" and as he himself puts it,

A true home on earth is a type below  
Of the home in His house of love,



Writing in *Joy in departing* Mr. Deck says,

"We have on several occasions, when there have been any special sorrows or trials amongst us as a family, humbled ourselves together in prayer and fasting, and the Lord has most manifestly heard and answered our cry. It was so on this occasion. We each went to our room apart, and humbled ourselves in secret before the Lord for our personal sin and failure . . . and we all afterwards assembled together and made united confession of our sins, as a family before God . . . that God might be glorified in him (Augustus) whether by life or by death."

A real home is a pilgrim's tent  
Where an altar to God is found ;

Two or three years after Mr. Deck's return to England, his hymns began to come out. Dr. Julian tells us that, "they first appeared in 1838, and in the following collections of hymns.

1. HYMNS FOR THE POOR OF THE FLOCK, 1838  
(Appendix 1841)
2. PSALMS, HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, 1842  
(J. G. Deck's)
3. PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR PUBLIC AND SOCIAL  
WORSHIP, 1855 (Dr. Walker's)
4. THE WELLINGTON HYMN BOOK, 1857 (Edited  
by D. C. Fox)."

And we might add that quite a number were included in the 1st (1856) edition of the LITTLE FLOCK hymn book. Many of these hymns have found a place in various Church of England and Nonconformist hymn books: and as he wrote nearly 100 hymns (besides many poems) only the best can here be alluded to. In point of poetic merit, they vary considerably; and some that were included in the older collections, have now been omitted, in order to retain the best.

Writing of the hymns of Mr. Deck, Dr. Julian says,

“His compositions are marked by directness of aim, simplicity of language, and great earnestness, the rhythm is good, and an expressive tenderness pervades many of them. Although dealing mainly with the Second Advent, there are several on other subjects of more than average merit.”

Perhaps his hymns have been sung more often, than those of any who form the subjects of these papers; and they are *still* being sung in the present day. They are useful hymns, not so much for the gospel, as for other gatherings of the Lord's people.

In briefly considering these hymns, it may be convenient to arrange those mentioned, into subjects. Many of them are addressed to Christ in heaven.

The blessed effects of the work of Christ as set forth in THE GOSPEL come out in the following.

Jesus, I come to Thee

Jesus, I rest in Thee  
Jesus, my Saviour! Thou art mine  
Jesus, spotless Lamb of God  
Oh happy day! when first we felt  
The veil is rent. Lo! Jesus stands

The second on this list having become somewhat forgotten, these beautiful lines are given here in full,

Jesus, I rest in (on) Thee,  
In Thee myself I hide;  
Laden with guilt and misery,  
Where can I rest beside?  
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast  
My weary soul alone I (can) rest.

Thou Holy One of God,  
The Father rests in Thee;  
And in the savour of that blood,  
(The voice of Thy atoning blood)  
Which speaks to Him for me,  
(Pleads evermore for me;)  
The curse is gone—through Thee I'm blest,  
God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.

The slave of sin and fear,  
The (Thy) truth my bondage broke;  
My happy spirit loves to wear  
(And now my spirit loves to wear)  
Thy light and easy yoke;  
Thy (the) love which fills my grateful breast,  
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

Soon the bright, glorious day,  
The rest of God, shall come;  
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,  
And I shall reach my home;  
There (then) of the promised land possessed,  
My soul shall know eternal rest.

Note. As the feasts of the LORD in Leviticus 23 (the Divine Calendar) set forth in type the work of Christ, and the glorious effects thereof; does not the 1st feast (The Sabbath) set forth His *Person*, i.e., the One in whom God rests?

The next two hymns are addressed to God the Father,  
 O God, Thou now hast glorified (Christ glorified)  
 Father, to seek Thy face (liberty of access)

No power have we to praise  
 Thy name, O God of love,  
 Unless Thy Spirit raise  
 Our hearts and minds above;  
 His holy oil anoints our head:  
 May He our priestly worship lead.

The next hymns are those addressed to the Lord Jesus Christ, most of which will be familiar to our readers.

Lamb of God! our souls adore Thee (first part)  
 Lamb of God! Thou now art seated (second part)  
 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?

This hymn is to be found in quite a number of hymn books. When it appeared in the *POOR OF THE FLOCK*, some took exception to expressions found in the first two verses. These were therefore altered, the revised verses being *pasted over the old* in each hymn book. Since then, they have been subject to many variations.

Lord Jesus, when I think on (we think of) Thee (joy in the Lord)  
 Lord, we rejoice, that Thou art gone (John 14. 28)

O blessèd Saviour, Son of God (Union with Christ)  
O Jesus Christ, our Saviour (Looking to Jesus Christ)  
O Jesus, gracious Saviour (Succour for the tempted)  
O Jesus, Lord! 'tis joy to know (The Head in heaven)  
O Lamb of God, still keep me (Safe keeping)  
O Lord, 'tis joy to look above (Phil 4. 4)

Joy to confess Thy blessèd name  
The virtues of Thy blood,  
And to the wearied heart proclaim,  
"Behold the Lamb of God!" (verse 6.)

O Lord, when we the path retrace (The path of Christ)

O Lord, with sorrow, and with shame,  
We meekly would confess,  
How little we, who bear Thy name,  
Thy mind and ways express. (verse 5.)

Note. The titles (in brackets) are Mr. Deck's own titles to his hymns.

In the next two hymns we have the language of those who have been made "partakers of the heavenly calling."

Called from above, a heavenly man by birth (A stranger here)

We're not of the world that fadeth away (Wilderness song)

The lines that make up the 1st of these two hymns will be found interspersed throughout a long poem entitled, "*A stranger here.*"

I am a stranger here; I do not crave  
 A home on earth, that gave Thee but a grave;  
 Thy cross has severed ties which bound me here,—  
 Thyself my treasure in a heavenly sphere.

The 2nd of these is a hymn of confidence and triumph,  
 "We are more than conquerors through Him that  
 loved us."

The Lord is our banner—the battle is His—  
 The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.

For BAPTISM Mr. Deck has given us  
 Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,

but in some hymn books the 1st verse is omitted, and  
 the last 3 verses are used as a communion hymn,  
 commencing

Lord Jesus, we remember

The complete hymn is given e.g. in *THE NEW TIMES  
 OF REFRESHING*, and *THE BELIEVERS' HYMN BOOK*. Two  
 other hymns for *THE LORD'S SUPPER* are,

Lord, we would ne'er forget Thy love  
 We bless our Saviour's name

There is a hymn for prayer meetings, which might  
 be better known,

Again we meet in Jesus' name,

For BEREAVEMENT there is the hymn,

It is Thy hand, my God !  
 My sorrow comes from Thee :

This hymn appeared in *PSALMS, HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL  
 SONGS* (1842). In *Joy in departing*, we are told that

it was written "to comfort a bereaved mother and widow in her hour of sorrow."

For BURIAL there are the three following,

1. Great Captain of salvation

This hymn and the next being both composed for the funeral of Augustus Clarke, and should be distinguished from Mr. Deck's other hymn commencing with the same words,

Great Captain of Salvation  
Now crowned with highest glory (Heb. 2. 10)

which is a hymn of praise and exultation.

2. Thou hast stood here, Lord Jesus,

which was sung at Mr. Deck's own funeral at Motueka, New Zealand.

3. Jesus, Thy name indeed is sweet

..... and now we sow  
In hope, this body in the dust;  
Not with the world's despairing woe,  
For in Thy word and name we trust:

In the year 1852 Mr. Deck left England to reside in New Zealand. He had had a stroke, and the Dr. said that he would never be able to preach again. Before sailing, Mr. Darby wrote to him saying,

"I should have been glad—longed to have been still able—to see you in the face, but if it be God's will, had rather you were where He would have you. If you are to go, I hardly sorrow not to see you; to me, humanly speaking, partings go dreadfully deep."

It may be that a sense of loneliness came over Mr. Deck in that far-off land, and that he could now feel for those who leave their native shores for foreign parts; for in a Missionary Hymn he writes,

Why should I weep, though none be near  
Of all, who once were loved and dear?

However, he brought his own family out with him, and settled at Waiwerro, near the village of Motueka, in the Nelson province, South Island. Three months later, after but a short illness his wife died. Referring to this great sorrow he wrote,

Alas! the past, the present makes more drear;  
The house remains, but gone the inmates dear;

Some particulars are furnished by Miss Mary A. Deck as to her father:

"My dear father came to New Zealand in very weak health . . . but the Lord graciously raised him up, and enabled him to preach throughout the Island with great blessing and encouragement. There was a wonderful work in these parts, and I believe I am right in saying that the first meeting for breaking bread was held here (Motueka). However, his health gradually failed, and some little time after dear Mr. Darby's visit here, he was taken home on the 14th August, 1884, at the age of 77."

In the year 1865 Mr. Deck removed to the large town of Wellington, in the North Island, a large meeting having been formed there; but about the year



1882 he went back once more to Motueka, where he died. Strangely enough, the two towns, which Mr. Deck was chiefly associated with, bore the same name; the other being Wellington, in Somerset.

The following concluding hymns are those that bear directly on the SECOND ADVENT; a theme constantly alluded to in many of Mr. Deck's hymns.

1. "A little while," our (the) Lord shall come, (Heb. 10-37)

The best known hymn in this list, being found in nearly all collections of *Brethren*.

2. He comes ! Emmanuel comes !

Found in few hymn books. Dr. Wolston gives the last 3 verses in THE EVANGELISTS HYMNAL, commencing,  
He comes ! The Kings of kings !

3. How long, O Lord, our Saviour,

Found in some Church of England hymnals.

How long, O Lord, our Saviour,  
Wilt Thou remain away ?  
The careless world is mocking\*  
At Thy so long delay.

\*Rendered in most hymn books, "Our hearts are growing weary," and altered afterwards by Mr. Deck.

4. I'm weary of awaiting !

Few could sing this hymn in truth: hence probably its absence from our hymn books.

I'm weary of awaiting !  
The hours, with leaden feet,  
Creep heavily, while hoping  
My absent Lord to meet :

5. In hope we lift our wishful, longing eyes,

A favourite hymn with many, and found in several hymnals.

In hope we lift our wishful, longing eyes,  
Waiting to see the Morning Star arise;  
How bright, how glorious will His advent be,  
Th' unclouded Sun in all its majesty.

6. Saviour, hasten Thine appearing:

Altered by Mr. Deck since it first appeared.

7. Soon shall our Master come (Luke 12-35,36)

Only found in the earlier collections.

8. Soon will the Master come : soon pass away

This hymn consists of the last two verses of a poem addressed to a young Christian (Mary P.) by Mr. Deck.

Having spoken of the hymns, what can we say about the writer of them, further. Let one speak who was competent to do so. Writing from Pau, in November, 1879, Mr. Darby said,

"J. G. D. seems failing, dear man; happy for him, but a real loss there (New Zealand). The uncommon kindness of his character was sometimes a snare to him; but he was upright, and God delivered him; and his piety, grace and devotedness were beyond many—I might say, most—and God used him very much out there."

In Mr. Deck's illness of 1852 we see the overruling hand of the Lord, inasmuch as it became the occasion of there being a work for God remaining to this day, in the land to which he was led in search of health.

Note. A complete collection of his hymns and poems was published in Melbourne (Australia) in 1876, as 'HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS; with later editions in London, in 1889 and 1906.

# THE HYMNS OF MARY JANE WALKER

(1816-1878)

PARENTAGE. Daughter of John Deck of Bury St. Edmunds, and a younger sister of Mr. J. G. Deck.

BIRTH. April 27th, 1816.

MARRIAGE. In 1848, to Rev. Edward Walker, for 15 years the rector of Cheltenham. (He died July 3rd, 1872).

DEATH. July 2nd, 1878, at Cheltenham.

BURIAL. In the Cheltenham Cemetery.

I journey through a desert drear and wild,  
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

“She was a gentle, but deeply tried Christian.” Thus wrote her second son, Rev. James Edward Walker in a letter about his mother, many years after her home-call.

When Miss M. J. Deck was 32 years of age, she married the Rev. Edward Walker, incumbent of St. Mary's parish church, Cheltenham, who is remembered as a godly, evangelical rector of that town. Of Lincoln

College, Oxford, he commenced his labours as curate in 1857, and in 1863 became the first rector of Cheltenham.

Some of her hymns were written before her marriage. Dr. Julian says, "Several of her hymns appeared as leaflets; others in her husband's *PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP*, 1855, and in that collection 9 hymns bear her signature, "M. J. W."

They are,

1. He came Whose embassy was peace
2. I journey through a desert drear and wild
3. Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul
4. Lord, Thou didst love Jerusalem
5. O God our Saviour, from Thy birth
6. O joyful tidings let us sing
7. O spotless Lamb of God in Thee
8. The wanderer no more will roam
9. We are not left to walk alone

No. 3 on this list is by far the best known, and is to be found in a large number of hymnals.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul ;  
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole :  
There is none in heaven, or on earth like Thee :  
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

It was this verse that Miss Frances Ridley Havergal sang to her own tune *Hermas*, a few minutes before her death, altering "canst make" into "hast made." The ringing tune to which this hymn is usually sung, was composed by Mr. Ira D. Sankey.

Few hymn books contain No. 2 on this list, but it may be found in the *NEW TIMES OF REFRESHING* hymn

book; the following beautiful lines are the hymn in full.

1. I journey through a desert drear and wild,  
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.
2. Thoughts of His love—the root of ev'ry grace  
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place.  
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,  
And my calm pillow of repose by night.
3. Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears,  
The tale of love unfolded in those years  
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,  
I love again, and yet again, to trace.
4. Thoughts of His glory—on the Cross I gaze,  
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;  
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,  
Illumes with heav'nly light the tear-dimm'd eye.
5. Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day,  
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;  
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,  
Oh what a sunrise will that Advent be!
6. Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,  
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

The 8th hymn on this list was written in 1845. It is really meant to be complementary to that very popular hymn of Miss Charlotte Elliott written in 1836, commencing,

“Just as I am—without one plea,”

which is the language of the returning prodigal. (“I will arise and go to my father”). Mr. Deck tells us that it “was written by a friend [his sister] on my suggesting that the manner of God's love in receiving

us needed to be known as well as our way of coming to Him."

It is the Father's joy to bless,  
His love provides me, for a dress,  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

If Miss Elliott's hymn is "The invitation accepted," that of Miss Deck's (for this hymn was written before her marriage) is, "The prodigal's welcome." Among other hymn books that contain this hymn, it will be found in *HYMNS SELECTED AND REVISED* (1828). The editors of some hymn books have made alterations in the text of this hymn.

Mrs. Walker's husband died in 1872 at the early age of 49. It is said that after his decease, she cast in her lot with those believers with whom she had previously been in sympathy: but only survived her husband six years.

Thousands of the inhabitants of Cheltenham attended the burial of Mr. Walker, though he had laboured among them not more than 15 years.

In the old parish church of St. Mary's, Cheltenham, may be seen the marble tablet erected to his memory; it reads as follows,

"To commemorate the life and ministry of a Pastor, to whom a sweet and powerful character, an active and penetrating mind, and many gifts and graces, gave a rare and abiding influence, and whose work carried on with unsparing self-denial, and unwearied zeal in conscientious adherence to the doctrine and discipline of the Reformed Church of England,

was marked in a special manner by the presence of power from on High, this tablet is erected by attached parishioners and friends who glorify God for his holy life and peaceful death. . . . He ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Mrs. Walker was the mother of three sons, all bearing the name of her beloved husband, Edward,

Edward Charles Walker

James Edward Walker

Henry Edward Walker.

These all died in the faith of Christ: the youngest at the early age of 15: the eldest, who became curate of Whalley Range (Manchester), died at the age of 23: while the second son James was "greatly beloved" as a clergyman in connection with the Walker Memorial Church, Cheltenham, and reached the age of 61. All the family were laid to rest in the New Cemetery, Cheltenham, and with them Margaret Deck, the elder sister of Mrs. Walker, "who fell asleep" in 1892, in her 80th year, 14 years after the home-call of Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. Walker was the author of the poem,

I have CHRIST—what want I more ?

In the heart of London city,

'Mid the dwellings of the poor,  
These bright golden words were uttered

"I have Christ—what want I more ?"

By a sick and dying woman,

Stretched upon a garret floor ;

Having not one earthly comfort,

"I have Christ—what want I more ?"



He who heard them ran to fetch her  
Something from the world's great store ;  
It was needless—died she saying  
"I have Christ—what want I more ?"

But her words will live for ever ;  
I repeat them o'er and o'er ;  
God delights to hear me saying  
"I have Christ—what want I more ?"

Oh ! my dear, my fellow-sinners,  
Young and old, and rich and poor,  
Can you say, with deep thanksgiving,  
"I have Christ—what want I more ?"

Look away from earth's attractions ;  
All earth's joys will soon be o'er :  
Rest not till your heart exclaimeth  
"I have Christ—what want I more ?"

---

Lord of glory, we adore Thee !

This hymn was written by Richard Holden, who tells us that he was converted to God in his own room, in the year 1850. Fourteen years later (1864) he laid aside surplice and gown for conscience sake, and seven years afterwards (1871) took his place with believers who met in the name of the Lord. Six letters on Church questions were written to his mother from Bath the year following (1872), and afterwards published. Mr Holden subsequently removed to Portugal, engaging in the Lord's work in Lisbon; and to this day his family (living on the banks of the Tagus) continue in the truth learnt from their father's lips.

This hymn is not in constant use, but may be found in the *LITTLE FLOCK: HYMNS SELECTED AND REVISED*, and *THE EVANGELISTS HYMNAL*.

*Songs of Pilgrimage and Glory.*

Lord of glory, we adore Thee !  
Christ of God, ascended high !  
Heart and soul we bow before Thee,  
Glorious now beyond the sky:  
Thee we worship,  
Thee we praise—  
Excellent in all Thy ways.

Anointed King, with glory crownèd  
Rightful Heir and Lord of all !  
Once rejected, scorned, disownèd,  
E'en by those Thou cam'st to call :  
Thee we honour,  
Thee adore—  
Glorious now and evermore.

Lord of life ! to death once subject ;  
Blessed, yet a curse once made ;  
Of Thy Father's heart the object,  
Yet in depths of anguish laid ;  
Thee we gaze on,  
Thee recall—  
Bearing here our sorrows all.

Royal robes shall soon invest Thee,  
Royal splendours crown Thy brow ;  
Christ of God, our souls confess Thee  
King and Sov'reign even now !  
Thee we rev'rence,  
Thee obey—  
Own Thee Lord and Christ alway.

# THE HYMNS OF J. DENHAM SMITH.

(1816-1889)

BIRTH.	July, 1816, at Romsey, Hants.
MARRIAGE.	Date not known.
DEATH.	March 5th, 1889.
BURIAL.	At Hampstead, London.

I'm weary, I'm weary, with words such as mine,  
My Saviour! to tell forth Thy praises divine :  
I would, but I cannot, for love is so cold,  
I would, but I cannot, Thy beauties unfold.

Joseph, when a boy, sat under the ministry of Rev. John Reynolds, of Romsey, Hants, whose deep interest in him led to an early decision for Christ. At the age of 16 we find him preaching the Gospel. Thus were the prayers of a godly mother abundantly answered. After some business experience at East Cowes (Isle of Wight) he left for Dublin, in order that he might study for the ministry. At the age of 25 he became a minister at Newry (Co. Down), and eight years later a Congregational pastor at Kingstown (Co. Dublin). This was in 1849, ten years before the commencement of the Irish Revival. When that work of God swept the north of Ireland, Mr. Smith was one of those who were "meet for the Master's use," under whose earnest and faithful preaching of the Gospel,

large numbers were converted to God: among his delighted hearers being the late Mr. J. G. Bellett, who was called home in 1864: this remarkable revival being chiefly in the years 1859-60.

About this time Mr. Smith compiled and published *THE TIMES OF REFRESHING HYMN BOOK*, a choice collection of hymns which has had a large circulation; and which contained a number of his own. Himself possessing a voice of great power and richness, Mr. Smith's hymns were much sung in Ulster and elsewhere in those memorable days. In his prefatory note to this hymn book, Mr. Smith said,

“Looking at the varied sources from which the hymns have been drawn, we have striking evidence that, notwithstanding the barriers which divide Christians, there is yet, as to Divine Truth, a blessed unity of the Spirit.”

One of the most striking of his hymns is

My God, I have found  
The thrice blessed ground,  
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.

'Tis found in the blood  
Of Him who once stood  
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

He bore on the tree  
The sentence for me,  
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

Accepted I am  
In the once-offered Lamb:  
It was God who Himself had devised the plan.

And though here below,  
Mid sorrow and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

And this I shall find,  
 For such is His mind,  
 \*"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."  
 For soon He will come  
 And take me safe home,  
 And make me to sit with Himself on His throne.

Chorus

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !  
 Hallelujah ! Amen !  
 Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !  
 Revive us again !

\*This line is taken from a similar hymn by John Gambold (1711-1771). The verse runs as follows—

"And when I'm to die,  
 Receive me, I'll cry,  
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why ;  
 But this I can find,  
 We two are so join'd,  
 He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

In 1863, soon after the Irish Revival, Mr. Smith took a leading part in the erection of Merrion Hall, Dublin ; a centre of evangelistic influence since. He afterwards exercised a remarkable ministry at St. George's Hall, London, and in other parts of the metropolis: and since his departure his eldest daughter, Martha Figgis, took a deep interest in the furtherance of the work both in Dublin and London (she attaining to the age of 80).

Mr. Smith was also active with his pen, his earliest literary efforts being

*The Rhine and the Reformation* and  
*A voice from the Alps.*

He wrote a number of Gospel booklets, besides books for believers, his book *Life Truths* having had a large

circulation. Another of his best known, being, *The Brides of Scripture*.

Perhaps the best known hymn of Mr. Smith is

Rise, my soul ! Behold 'tis Jesus,  
Jesus fills Thy wond'ring eyes ;

a hymn found in several collections. His hymns are sometimes quaintly expressed, as for instance in the following hymn,

The grave ! that wardrobe of the just  
Where their material garments lie—  
To Him will safely yield its trust  
Who wipes the tear from every eye.

If not considered of great merit, yet his hymns express the intense longings of his own soul,

Oh ! what shall I do, Lord, when first I behold,  
Thyself in the glory so often foretold ?

Said one who knew him,

“Where shall I find words warm enough to describe him ? He was a man of rare joy and gladness. Never have I heard anyone speak such solemn things as fell from his lips : but never have I seen anyone so habitually happy.”

And yet he wrote—

I'm weary of even what once was so dear :  
Compared with my Saviour there's nothing to cheer :  
All truth and all labours, and even the Word—  
How blessed soever—they are not the Lord.

During his last illness at Regent's Park, London, the sick room became a hallowed place : he said on one occasion,

"I feel I cannot look beyond, even to the glory, but to the person of the blessed Lord Jesus Himself. Oh, to be gazing up into His face, to see His lovely person, to be for ever with Him."

Mr. Smith's departure took place in March, 1889, his last words being addressed to his eldest son, "My boy, my dear boy." Marked by affection and sympathy, and having "a very strong grasp of Gospel truth," his sweet persuasiveness drew very many to the Saviour. ("He that winneth souls is wise.")

His hymns are marked by warmth, fervour and earnestness, as exemplified in this concluding hymn.

Watchman! the words repeat—

Good night, dear friends, good night :  
We're out, each one, upon our beat :  
Good night, dear friends, good night !

We part at dead of night,  
To tread each one our way :  
We careful watch till morning light :  
We meet again at day.

Some watch in crowded place,  
And some in lonely way :  
Some weary are to see His face,  
And longing are, they say.

For lo! His word is true!  
Our watch-word, oh how dear,—  
"I'll come again," He says, for you,—  
For you at dawn appear.

We all are of the light,  
And children of the day :  
And many are the sons of night  
Who join us on the way.

We're nearer now than when  
We first His name believed :  
"Surely," He says, "I come again :"  
We cannot be deceived.

I charge ye, watchmen, all,  
To mark the night—how dead !  
And loud to one another call,  
When the first shadow's fled.

Till then—good night ! good night !  
Work on, and "watch" and "pray :"  
We part each one at dead of night,  
TO MEET AGAIN AT DAY !

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: " (Isa. 21. 11, 12).



## PART TWO.

Part two will contain (God willing) notes on the poems of Mrs. Frances Bevan: the hymns of Mr. Robert Chapman: of Mr. Albert Midlane: of Mr. G. W. Frazer, and those of Miss H. K. Burlingham. Also some notes on the Second Advent hymns of Dr. Horatius Bonar.

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