


SONGS FROM  
THE HEARTS  
OF WOMEN

NICHOLAS SMITH



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SONGS FROM THE HEARTS  
OF WOMEN





# SONGS

## From the Hearts of Women

One Hundred Famous Hymns  
and their Writers

BY

NICHOLAS SMITH

Author of "Stories of Great National Songs" and  
"Hymns Historically Famous" and "Our  
Nation's Flag in History and  
Incident"



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1903

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TO MY FRIEND  
OGDEN HOFFMAN FETHERS, LL.D.  
SCHOLAR, LAWYER, ORATOR,  
AND LOVER OF GOOD SACRED SONG

*This Volume*

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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## A WORD ABOUT THE BOOK

**M**Y design in compiling this volume is to bring together in one small and attractive volume some of the finest hymns which have come from the hearts of women. There is ample reason why the book should be devoted exclusively to such hymns. Woman's relation to Church hymnody is of peculiar interest. When Frances Willard said that "in the sorrowful, unwritten ages of woman's history she still loved much," and that "through this beautiful genius of the affections she had kinship closer than any other created being with Him 'whose nature and whose name is Love,'" she was emphasizing the fact that the language of woman's soul in the hours of sorrow had given the Church many of the tenderest and sweetest of the world's best hymns.

## *A Word about the Book*

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The period covered by the hymn-writers represented in this volume is two hundred years — from Madame Guyon to Mary A. Lathbury. In this group of one hundred hymns are some of the most exquisite verses to be found in the language. They are truly heart-songs, with that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin. Only from woman's heart can come such blended delicacy of thought, tenderness of tone, and deeply religious feeling. Most of these hymns have long been associated with the music of the Church, and around them cluster many pleasing or sacred memories.

A number of hymns are also included in the collection which have not been widely recognized by editors of the more recent hymnals. Characterized by gracefulness of style, fervor of faith, and fulness of spiritual life, they will surely invest the volume with fresh interest and value. I am glad to believe that the spirit of catholicity which has governed in the selection of hymns will be commended by lovers of noble Church song. The purpose has been to include in



## *A Word about the Book*

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this group the hymns which possess the essentials of the best sacred lyrical poetry — deep spirituality, excellent diction, and faultless imagery. I think it will be noted that there has not been any considerable departure from that purpose. It will therefore be observed that hymns of an ephemeral character, whose popularity and usefulness are chiefly due to the “catchy” tunes to which they are wedded, do not appear in the collection.

The book may be considered unique, for it embraces in one volume of convenient size the finer hymns which have come from the Christian experiences of women, and it gives in connection therewith biographical and historical notes. In these respects it has no competitor in this country or in Great Britain. The collection by no means entirely covers this special and interesting department of hymnology, but I believe that it will hardly be questioned that it contains “the finest of the wheat.” The rule has been to adopt the original text of the hymns; but if an exception be occasionally discovered, readers will understand that

## *A Word about the Book*

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certain stanzas have been omitted, or verbal changes made by competent editors, that the hymns might be rendered more suitable for public worship.

The sketches of personal history of authors, which have been obtained from the most reliable authorities, constitute an important feature of the book. Several of those relating to living hymn-writers in the United States have been revised by the authors themselves.

I sincerely hope that a thoughtful study of the hymns and poems, upon which many sympathetic comments have been made, may prove not only enjoyable, but spiritually helpful.

NICHOLAS SMITH.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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# SONGS FROM THE HEARTS *of* WOMEN

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JEANNE MARIE BOUVIER DE  
LA MOTHE GUYON

**T**HE first Christian hymn was the spontaneous utterance of the heart of a woman. It was the beautiful Magnificat, and was sung by Mary, mother of Jesus, at the home of her cousin Elizabeth, at or near Hebron, in the hill country of Judea.

The earliest metrical hymns contributed by a woman to our hymnology were written by Madame Guyon ; and in Cowper's fine translation several of them are found in a large number of hymnals used in English-speaking countries.

Madame Guyon was born of wealthy parents at Montargis, France, in 1648. She was wonderfully precocious and devoutly pious, and in her tender childhood

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

loved to dress as a little nun. She was so deeply religious that she destined herself for the cloister, but her parents interfered with her cherished plans, and before Jeanne was quite sixteen they espoused her to Jacques Guyon, a man of large wealth and twenty-two years her senior.

After twelve years of married life, which had been full of entangling difficulties and bitter disappointments, Madame Guyon became a widow, and shortly afterwards she determined to make a gift of her life to the cause of the poor, and to engage in the special business of cultivating that spiritual perfection called Quietism. Jeremy Taylor says the Bishop of Chartres once met a woman, who was grave and melancholy, holding fire in one hand and water in the other. He asked what those symbols meant, and her answer was: "My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentive of hope or fear, and purely for the love of God." This fanciful personage has been taken as the embodiment of that religious idea

## *Jeanne De La Mothe Guyon*

---

known as Quietism, of which Madame Guyon was the most famous devotee.

She was an ardent Roman Catholic, but her methods and creed irritated the Church authorities, and twelve years after entering widowhood she was confined in a convent in Paris. In the hope that a brief imprisonment might teach her to maintain a milder attitude toward spiritual affairs, Madame Guyon was set at liberty in the course of a few months. But her zeal for a religion of inward spirit and power seemed uncontrollable, and when she had attained the zenith of her fame as a teacher of Quietism, she was placed in the castle of Vincennes, and was held for three years. In 1698 she was removed to the Bastille in Paris, where she lingered four years a solitary prisoner in one of the darkest of dungeons. In the same tower was confined "The Man with the Iron Mask" — a personage of unknown name; and, to quote from the *Living Age*, "she may have heard in her cell the melancholy notes of the guitar with which her fellow-prisoner beguiled a captivity whose horrors had then lasted

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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thirty-seven years, and ended only by death in 1703, one year after Madame Guyon was released.”

On leaving the Bastille, Madame Guyon retired to Blois, where she lived with her daughter, the Marquise de Vaux. While still in full communion with the Catholic Church she continued with glowing enthusiasm the work of piety and charity to which she had devoted her time and means, and enjoyed to the full the sweet contentment of a religious life till her death in 1717.

Madame Guyon was a voluminous writer in poetry and prose, but her memory is kept green in Christian churches by a few simple hymns. The hymn that is best known and is most frequently sung is entitled, “The Soul that Loves God Finds Him Everywhere.” As published in Cowper’s works it consists of nine stanzas, but in Church hymnals it seldom appears in more than five. Perhaps the most suitable form of this touching and beautiful hymn is that of six stanzas, the sixth, seventh, and eighth being omitted :

*Jeanne De La Mothe Guyon*

---

O Thou, by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide,  
My Lord ! how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment !

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

To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in every clime ;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But with a God to guide our way,  
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

Ah, then ! to His embrace repair,  
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;  
There love divine shall be thy guard,  
And peace and safety thy reward.

Another hymn that strikingly illustrates  
Madame Guyon's peculiar mysticism and

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

peaceful resignation, is entitled, "The Love of God, the End of Life." I append the full text, save a few changes made by an unknown hand to correct a faulty metre :

If life in sorrow must be spent,  
So be it ; I am well content ;  
And meekly wait my last remove,  
Desiring only trustful love.

No bliss I 'll seek, but to fulfill  
In life, in death, Thy perfect will ;  
No succor in my woes I want,  
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

Our days are numbered : let us spare  
Our anxious hearts a needless care ;  
'T is Thine to number out our days ;  
'T is ours to give them to Thy praise.

Love is our only business here —  
Love, simple, constant, and sincere ;  
Oh ! blessèd days Thy servants see !  
Thus spent, O Lord ! in pleasing Thee.

The Rev. Thomas Cogswell Upham, for many years professor of mental and moral philosophy in Bowdoin College, made a thorough study of the life of Madame Guyon, and is warm in his admira-

## *Jeanne De La Mothe Guyon*

---

tion of the perfection of her "interior life." He is of the opinion that most of her hymns were written when she was thirty-four years old, — six years after the death of M. Guyon, — and when she was leaving Paris, not knowing what was in store for her of trial and persecution, but bent on reaching the highest possible Christian life and determined to see God everywhere. Her hymns, though small in number, will long abide as a memorial of one of the most saintly lives to be found in the annals of Christian womanhood.

## ANNE STEELE

ONE year before the death of Madame Guyon a child was born at Broughton, England, that was destined to become the most distinguished female writer of sacred song of the eighteenth century. She was the daughter of William Steele, a timber merchant and an unsalaried lay-pastor of the Broughton Baptist congregation for nearly sixty years. The poetic gift was quite early manifest in Miss Steele, but it was not till she was forty-four that she consented to the publication of her hymns, that they might be available for public use.

The sweetest and tenderest of all hymns have usually been born of sorrow. Anne Steele was a child of much sorrow, and hence the pathetic tone, the deep Christian feeling, and the quiet resignation that characterize so many of her compositions. By an accident that occurred in her childhood she sustained injuries from which she never fully recovered; and her life



## *Anne Steele*

---

at twenty-one was darkened by a terrible affliction. Robert Elscourt, to whom she was betrothed, met sudden death by drowning only a few hours before the time set for the wedding ceremony. The tragic circumstance threw her many cherished hopes into shadow; but out of her painful experience came numerous soul-songs which have taken strong hold on the affection of the churches.

Miss Steele's hymns number one hundred and forty-four, all of which were published in two editions before her death, in November, 1778. The most familiar, and certainly the most beloved of her hymns, is that which American people almost always sing to the charming tune "Naomi":

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne, let this,  
My humble prayer arise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee:

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

This is from a poem of ten stanzas which begins with the line, "When I survey life's varied scenes." The abridgment was made by Augustus M. Toplady about the time he wrote "Rock of Ages" — in 1776 — two years before his death. In this form the hymn is in general use in all English-speaking lands, and after a century and a quarter of service it has lost none of its charm.

There are few hymns in any church collection that tend to inspire more heart-felt praise to the Redeemer than the following:

To our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song;  
Oh, may His love, immortal flame,  
Tune every heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach,  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

*Anne Steele*

---

He left His radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die !  
Was ever love like this ?

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
“ The Saviour died for me.”

Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

Another hymn by Miss Steele is taken from a poem of twelve stanzas on the Holy Scriptures. It is beautiful as to poetic form, and is widely popular both in America and Great Britain. I quote the five stanzas which are in common use :

Father of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
Forever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

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

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

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

Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
Our ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may we see,  
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou forever near ;  
Teach us to love Thy sacred word,  
And view the Saviour there.

The mother of Archdeacon Wilson of Manchester, England, taught him when a boy to memorize good hymns — a matter that is unfortunately much neglected in these days. The first of the three hundred he committed to memory was this noble hymn by Miss Steele:

My God, my Father, blissful name !  
Oh, may I call Thee mine ?  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine ?

This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly.  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye ?

## *Anne Steele*

---

Whate'er Thy providence denies,  
I calmly would resign,  
For Thou art good and just and wise :  
Oh, bend my will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,  
Oh, give me strength to bear ;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust His tender care.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown  
To my weak, erring sight ;  
Yet let my soul adoring own  
That all Thy ways are right.

My God, my Father, be Thy name  
My solace and my stay.  
Oh, wilt Thou seal my humble claim,  
And drive my fears away ?

The Archdeacon highly commended this hymn by saying that more than all the others he carried in his memory, it entered into his bone and blood, "as the true philosophy of life and the wisest prayer."

For a full century after her death Miss Steele filled a larger place in American

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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and British hymnals than any other woman, and even in the more recent representative collections she is next to Charlotte Elliott and Frances Ridley Havergal.

## ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD

**T**HE first Unitarian to make valuable contributions to church song was Mrs. Barbauld. She was a native of Leicestershire, England, and her father was the Rev. John Aikin, a Presbyterian minister and schoolmaster. Miss Aikin had uncommon powers of mind, which were manifest from early childhood. It is related that Mrs. Aikin, once writing of her daughter, said: "I indeed knew a little girl who was so eager to learn that at two years old she could read sentences and short stories without spelling her words, and in half a year later could read as well as most women."

A pretty little story is told of this gifted girl that refers to the time when she was five years old. One day Dr. Aikin and a friend were conversing on the passions, when the former observed that "Joy cannot have a place in a state of perfect felicity, since it supposes an accession of

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

happiness.” “I think you are mistaken, papa,” said a little voice from the opposite side of the table. “Why so?” asked the doctor. “Because in the chapter I read to you this morning in the New Testament, it said that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine persons that need no repentance.”

When Anna was a mere child she had an acquaintance with many of the best English authors, and by the time she had reached her twentieth year had become familiar with French and Italian, and had acquired considerable knowledge of Latin and Greek.

In 1774 Miss Aikin was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a Unitarian minister, who, in addition to his pastoral duties at Palgrave, conducted a boarding-school for children. The marriage proved a bitter disappointment to this brilliant woman. Mr. Barbauld was of a singularly irritable and excitable temperament, which eventually assumed the form of insanity, and culminated in suicide in 1808. Mrs.



*Anna Lætitia Barbauld*

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Barbauld and her husband had settled at Stoke-Newington in 1802, and there her life, so full of serene hope and quiet faith, closed on the 9th of March, 1825.

As a writer of prose and verse, Mrs. Barbauld's fame has almost passed away, but her name lives through several lyrics as fine as modern hymnals contain. A few years ago "The Nation" said of her hymns: "Some one has said that Mrs. Barbauld's voice is lost among the louder minstrels in these latter days; but her hymns will keep her name fresh as long as sacred music is a part of divine worship."

In almost every American hymnal of this generation are found Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful lines entitled, "The Gracious Call," written about 1792:

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my path your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;  
Ye by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;

Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

It is inspiring to read her splendid Easter hymn. It was written in 1772, the full text consisting of eleven stanzas of four lines each. I believe that in all the range of hymns on the Resurrection there is nothing finer than these eight stanzas:

Again the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

Oh, what a night was that which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom !  
Oh, what a sun which broke this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.

*Anna Lætitia Barbauld*

---

Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus! the friend of human kind,  
With strong compassion moved,  
Descended, like a pitying God,  
To save the souls He loved.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And Lord of all below,  
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,  
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man  
A brother's pity flows;  
And still His bleeding heart is touched  
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,  
Glad homage let me give;  
And stand prepared, like Thee, to die,  
With Thee that I may live.

But perhaps Mrs. Barbauld's finest hymn is that bearing the title, "The Death of the Virtuous." In all hymnals in which it is included, the hymn begins and ends with the line, "How blest the righteous when he dies." But this is not in the

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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original. Nearly one hundred years ago, a hymn-tinker omitted Mrs. Barbauld's third stanza and substituted one of his own. Other changes were made in the hymn, and in this mutilated form it is in general use. I give the original, which is taken from Mrs. Barbauld's Works :

Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies !  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away ;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fanned by some angel's purple wing ;  
Where is, O Grave ! thy victory now ?  
And where, insidious Death ! thy sting ?

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
How bright the unchanging morn appears !  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies ;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies !

*Anna Lætitia Barbauld*

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This is a hymn of rare beauty in both sentiment and structure ; and it appealed so strongly to the heart of Carlyle that William T. Stead says it was quoted by him in describing the death of Cromwell.

About twelve years before the death of Mrs. Barbauld, she wrote a little poem on "Life," which commanded universal praise. It contains only twelve lines, and the portion that possesses a peculiar charm is this :

Life ! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.  
'T is hard to part when friends are dear —  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ; —

Then steal away ; give little warning,  
Choose thine own time ;  
Say not good-night, — but in some brighter clime,  
Bid me good-morning !

Where in all the thousands of volumes of poetry can one go to find eight lines more exquisite than these ? The poet Wordsworth won almost immortal fame by his own verse, but when he had committed to memory Mrs. Barbauld's stanza, he was heard to say, while in a nervous mood, " I wish I had written those lines."

## HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS

**T**HIS is an honored name in Christian hymnology. It is associated with only one hymn, but that one is found in all chief denominational and undenominational hymnals published in the United States during the past fifty years. Its author was born in England in 1762, but it is doubtful whether in London or at Berwick-on-Tweed. Miss Williams obtained a good education and was uncommonly bright and studious. She wrote acceptable poetry at an early age; when twenty years old she published her first book, and during the following thirty-five years was the most prolific and versatile writer among the women of her time.

A sister of hers having married into a French Protestant family in Paris, Miss Williams made that city her home about 1790. She became an ardent supporter of the Girondins in the Revolution, and her enthusiasm in opposing the Jacobins

## *Helen Maria Williams*

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led by Robespierre “amounted almost to frenzy.” Her pen was always busy, and powerful. But the Jacobins finally became dominant in the government, the Reign of Terror quickly followed, and this led to the imprisonment of Miss Williams in the Temple, during which she came near suffering the terrible fate of so many of her political friends.

After the fall of Robespierre by the guillotine in 1794, Miss Williams was released from prison. She visited the Bastille and was appalled at the evidences of how the Revolution had degenerated into shocking excesses. “These emblems of cruelty and traces of woe” at once changed her political course, and thereafter she became an avowed opponent of the principles and purposes that inspired the Revolution. She continued to make Paris her home, and died there in 1827.

Miss Williams’s writings covered a wide range — poetry, fiction, archæology, science, politics, and translations. Little is now known of the works which once gave her wide fame; but she made for herself a

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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name to the generations by one sweet and pathetic hymn that is loved by Christians of whatever name :

While Thee I seek, protecting Power!  
    Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
    With better hopes be filled.  
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
    To Thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
    That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear  
    Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
    Because conferred by Thee.  
In every joy that crowns my days,  
    In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
    Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,  
    Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
    My soul shall meet Thy will.  
My lifted eye, without a tear,  
    The gath'ring storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear —  
    That heart will rest on Thee.



## *Helen Maria Williams*

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It is supposed that the hymn was written about 1786, but the special event that inspired it is not known. Miss Williams was a Unitarian, and the hymn seems to have been born of an intensely Christian life and faith that neither sorrow nor the "gathering storm" could disturb.

## HARRIET AUBER

ONE of the loveliest hymns on the Comforter to be found in the English language was written by Miss Auber. She was born in London in 1773, and died in 1862. No unusual incidents in her life have been recorded. She possessed uncommon diffidence, cared nothing for the gaze or the blandishments of the world, and lived a quiet and secluded life.

Miss Auber had fine literary taste, was a devout communicant of the Church of England, and wrote much devotional poetry. In 1829 she published "The Spirit of the Psalms," and from it was taken her greatest hymn, which is sung in many languages, the full text of which is here quoted :—

Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd  
With us to dwell.

*Harriet Auber*

---

He came in semblance of a dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.

He came in tongues of living fire  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All powerful as the wind He came—  
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness pitying see;  
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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Some one has said that this is not only a most beautiful hymn, but that “the very rhythm is peace.”

The story is told that the spirit of the lines so deeply impressed Miss Auber that she wrote them in full with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows of her house at Hoddesdon. Seventeen years after her death efforts were made by persons who appreciated the great beauty of the hymn to secure the pane, not as a curiosity, but to remove it to a place in which it could be safely preserved as a memorial of the sweet singer of the song ; but the proprietor refused permission to have the precious window-pane disturbed. Between that time and 1894 it mysteriously disappeared, and its whereabouts is not known to the public.

Another hymn by Miss Auber that is not without a considerable portion of the simplicity and grandeur of the Ninetieth Psalm, on which it is founded, is the following :

Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,  
Or the fair earth in order stood,  
Before the birth of ancient time,  
From everlasting Thou art God.

*Harriet Auber*

---

A thousand ages, in their flight,  
With Thee are as a fleeting day ;  
Past, present, future, to Thy sight  
At once their various scenes display.

But our brief life's a shadowy dream,  
A passing thought that soon is o'er,  
That fades with morning's earliest beam,  
And fills the musing mind no more.

To us, O Lord, the wisdom give  
So ev'ry precious hour to spend,  
That we at length with Thee may live  
Where life and bliss shall never end.

From "The Spirit of the Psalms" comes the following hymn entitled, "Epiphany," which has not attained to the popularity that its merit deserves. Not only is it good poetry, but there is an uplifting influence in its spiritual fervor :

Bright was the guiding star that led,  
With mild, benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly bed  
Where our Redeemer lay.

But lo ! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to His abode ;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our Lord.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Oh, haste to follow where it leads ;  
The gracious call obey ;  
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way.

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given ;  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,  
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

Miss Auber wrote twenty-five or thirty hymns, and probably between ten and fifteen are in use in the United States. It is quality and not quantity that counts for most, and the treasury of sacred song has been enriched by the inspiration of her Christian muse.

## MARIA GRACE SAFFERY

**M**RS. SAFFERY is the author of several good hymns, but they are found in only a few American collections. The incidents of interest in her personal history are few. Her advent into the world occurred in England in 1773. About 1800 she became the wife of the Rev. John Saffery, pastor of the Baptist Church at Salisbury for thirty-four years. Mrs. Saffery was graced by many accomplishments, and wrote much excellent sacred verse. In 1834 she published a volume of poems that contained many pieces designed for special occasions, all of which were quite successful. She died in 1858 at Salisbury, where her son succeeded his father as pastor of the Baptist Church.

Mrs. Saffery's hymn on "Holy Baptism," beginning with the line, "'Tis the Great Father we adore," has gained wide circulation in Great Britain, and is included

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in several books in America. But unquestionably her tenderest and best hymn is "The Good Shepherd," the text of which I take from "The Plymouth Hymnal":—

There is a little lonely fold,  
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,  
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,  
With eye that never sleeps.

By evil beast, or burning sky,  
Or damp of midnight air,  
Not one in all that flock shall die  
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

For if, unheeding or beguiled,  
In danger's path they roam,  
His pity follows through the wild  
And guards them safely home.

O gentle Shepherd, still behold  
Thy helpless charge in me;  
And take a wanderer to Thy fold  
That trembling turns to Thee.

It is evident that Mrs. Saffery possessed considerable poetic gift, but it is said that many of her finer hymns never became known to the general public. She was a



## *Maria Grace Saffery*

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sensitive woman, and had a mortal dread of unpoetic and ruthless hymn-menders, and therefore some of her most touching heart-hymns did not circulate beyond the circle of her intimate friends.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP

ONE of the many gospel hymns which have become popular, quite largely through attractive musical settings, is entitled, "The Good Shepherd," and is frequently ascribed to Miss Thrupp:

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

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
Be the guardian of our way ;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray :  
Blessed Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be ;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :  
Blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to Thee.

*Dorothy Ann Thrupp*

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Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Unfortunately the authorship of the hymn is involved in doubt. It was first given to the English public in 1836, without signature, in a little volume by Miss Thrupp which bore the title, "Hymns for the Young." Two years later the hymn was printed in an English monthly and credited to Henry Francis Lyte, author of "Abide with Me." It was included in a number of other publications in the course of a few years, and in each instance without credit. In the United States, the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church credits the hymn to Lyte. Several gospel song-books attribute it to Miss Thrupp, as also does the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but the "Plymouth Hymnal," "In Excelsis," and "The Hymnal" (Presbyterian) publish it anonymously.

The hymn is a favorite throughout

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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Great Britain, and in America it has been greatly popularized by William B. Bradbury's catching music. But aside from the expressive music to which it is sung, the hymn is not without merit. Evidently it is the product of some heart which was properly attuned "to make melody unto the Lord."

Miss Thrupp was born in London in 1779, and became well known as a successful writer of children's hymns. On the whole no substantial reason seems to exist why she should not be credited with the authorship of "The Good Shepherd," and this position is somewhat strengthened by the fact that the hymn cannot be traced to the works of Mr. Lyte.

## PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN

**T**HE first American woman to write a hymn of wide popularity was Mrs. Brown, who was born at Canaan, New York, in 1783. Her parents died when she was two years old. From that time her life was full of hardships and privation until, when she was eighteen, kind friends gave her protection, and also school privileges at Claverack, New York, where she united with the Congregational Church. In 1805 Miss Hinsdale was married to Timothy H. Brown, a house-painter by trade, but the union was not a happy one. Some years after their marriage they settled at Monson, Massachusetts, where they resided thirty years. In 1850 Mrs. Brown removed to Henry, Illinois, making her home with a daughter, where her death occurred in 1861.

It was in 1818, at Ellington, Connecticut, where the Browns lived a few years, that Mrs. Brown wrote the lines which

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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are found in so many American hymnals. Two small rooms comprised the living apartments of the parents and children. There was no place in the home for quiet devotion; and in the twilight of a summer evening it was her custom to walk down a lane to a cluster of small trees, and under their branches to kneel in humble, grateful prayer. A wealthy woman whose house Mrs. Brown slowly passed in these evening walks, once said to her in a harsh tone and in the presence of company: "Why do you come up at evening so near our house and then go back without coming in? If you want anything why don't you come in and ask for it?" The words deeply wounded the feelings of this sensitive and sorrowful woman; but the incident furnished the inspiration for a hymn of great usefulness. Returning to her wretched home, and taking one of her children in her arms, she wrote these lines:—

I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

*Phæbe Hinsdale Brown*

---

I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

The original contained nine stanzas, but that it might be made suitable for public worship, it was reduced to five for "Nettleton's Village Hymns," published in 1824. Mrs. Brown wrote several hymns, some of them possessing a fair degree of merit, but with the exception of the one quoted they are rarely found in the books.

Though Mrs. Brown's life was filled with many trials and bitter disappointments, it

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was not lived in vain. A son born in the midst of poverty and distress at Ellington, became Samuel Robbins Brown, D. D., and was the first American missionary to enter Japan; and the hymn that was written one night in sorrow and in tears is sung wherever the English tongue is spoken.



SARAH WHITE LIVERMORE

IT is strange that so fine an Advent hymn as that written by Miss Livermore, should have eluded the eye of many alert and skillful editors of standard church collections during the past fifty years. The title of the hymn is "The Coming of Christ," and to my mind there is nothing finer in the language on that subject than these lines :

Glory to God, and peace on earth,  
Was once by angels sung ;  
Glad tidings of a Saviour's birth  
Through plains of Bethlehem rung.

He came to make the feeble strong,  
To heal the deaf and blind,  
To give the dumb the voice of song,  
And free the captive mind.

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

He came the light of life to show,  
The true and living way ;  
Where streams of joy unceasing flow,  
And lead to endless day.

Glory to God! the gospel's sound  
Our churches echo still ;  
Spread it, O Lord, the world around,  
And with its spirit fill.

Glory to God! our hearts acclaim ;  
Oh, haste the happy time,  
When songs shall sound the Saviour's name  
O'er every distant clime !

Miss Livermore is an interesting character. She was born in Wilton, New Hampshire, in 1789. Her father, Jonathan Livermore, was settled as minister in that town in 1763. Quite early in her womanhood Miss Livermore became a successful teacher in the common schools, and was deeply interested in religious teaching; one of the first Sunday schools in this country was organized by her in Wilton, and was in a prosperous condition as early as 1816. After a life of great use-

## *Sarah White Livermore*

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fulness she died in the town of her birth in 1874.

Miss Livermore had a rare poetic gift, and wrote verses for many public occasions. She belonged to the Unitarian denomination, and like Helen Maria Williams and Anna Lætitia Barbauld, she was thoroughly evangelical and saintly in her life.

## CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

**B**EING highly cultured, strong in intellect, intensely spiritual, divinely gifted in song, a patient sufferer for fifty years, Miss Elliott was inspired to give the Christian Church some of the most tender and effective hymns to be found in our hymnology. She was born at Clapham, England, in 1789. Reared in the Established Church, she was a devout member of that communion, till her translation in 1871. A severe illness at the age of thirty-two left her a permanent invalid, but this invalidism did much to make her the most distinguished of all women hymn-writers of the nineteenth century. Of the one hundred and twenty or more hymns credited to her, a large proportion are in common use in lands of the English tongue. The hymn by which Miss Elliott is best known and most dearly beloved is, "Just As I Am":

*Charlotte Elliott*

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

This is such a universal favorite that it has been rendered into the language of every civilized country on the globe, and indeed it is sung in the tongues of many heathen lands. The story that has often been told in pulpits and not infrequently repeated by the religious press, associating the hymn with the alleged conversion of Miss Elliott after spending some years in ungodly living, is erroneous. It is no doubt true that to her acquaintance with the famous and saintly Dr. Henri Abraham Cesar Malan, of Geneva, Switzerland, in 1822, "is attributed much of the deep spiritual-mindedness so prominent in her hymns." But "Just as I Am" was the spontaneous language of her heart in 1836, when a storm of pain and sorrow seemed to assault her soul.

Another hymn marked by a deep pathetic spirit is that popularly known as "Thy Will be Done." It was published in

*Charlotte Elliott*

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Miss Elliott's "Invalid's Hymn Book" in 1834, and during the following five years it appeared in four editions of her hymns and in as many varying forms, all of them made by herself. The text which I append is from the first edition :

My God and Father ! while I stray,  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
    " Thy will be done."

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not ;  
Or breathe the prayer, divinely taught,  
    " Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh ?  
Submissive still, I would reply,  
    " Thy will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine :  
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;  
    " Thy will be done."

Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father ! still I strive to say,  
    " Thy will be done."

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God! to Thee I leave the rest,  
“Thy will be done.”

Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
“Thy will be done.”

Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—  
“Thy will be done.”

“Thy Will be Done” has been set to many beautiful chants, and in one of these settings the hymn was a special favorite of Queen Victoria; it was selected by her to be used at the burial of her daughter, Princess Alice of Hesse, who died almost tragically in 1878. Her Majesty was always deeply touched by the tenderness and pathos of the hymn; and after the death of the Princess it was sung several times at commemoration services held in the private chapel at Windsor Castle.

In the edition of Miss Elliott's “Invalid's Hymn Book” published in 1841,



*Charlotte Elliott*

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was included a plaintive hymn entitled "Come to Me." For many years it was best known in connection with chant music, but in later years it is found in numerous American hymnals in a large variety of excellent long-metre settings. In most collections the hymn is reduced to four stanzas, but as it suffers by such an abridgment, I give the original text :

With tearful eyes I look around ;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, " Come to Me ! "

It tells me of a place of rest,  
It tells me where my soul may flee :  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, " Come to Me ! "

When the poor heart with anguish learns,  
That earthly props resigned must be,  
And from each broken cistern turns,  
It hears the accents, " Come to Me ! "

When against sin I strive in vain,  
And cannot from its yoke get free,  
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,  
The words arrest me, " Come to Me ! "

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

When nature shudders, loath to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and see;  
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me!"

"Come, for all else must fail and die;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;  
I am thy portion: Come to Me!"

Oh, voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above!  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

Nearly all of Miss Elliott's hymns were written for those whose lives were shadowed by sorrow or suffering. Her lines entitled "In Affliction" are of unusual beauty and tenderness. They form a hymn of spiritual clinging to Jesus amid "the weakness, fatigue, arid deserts, and rough storms" of this present life. The hymn is worthy of a careful study, and I am glad to believe that my readers will be pleased to become acquainted with the original stanzas:

*Charlotte Elliott*

---

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen !  
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean ;  
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee ?

Far from my home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here have I found a place of rest,  
An exile still, yet not unblest  
While I can cling to Thee !

Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;  
My joy, my recompense be this —  
Each hour to cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove ?  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, " Still cling to me ! "

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside :  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee !

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ;  
Because they cling to Thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :  
What can disturb me, who appall,  
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,  
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ?

This version of the hymn was published in Miss Elliott's "Hours of Sorrow" in 1836. In form slightly different as to the first stanza it appeared in 1834, a few months after the death of her father, and it is thought this event suggested the hymn. Like all her other compositions, it is sweet and devotional in spirit, and charming in hymnic grace.

The lover of church poetry will be impressed with the fact that it is rare indeed that one hand, however divinely gifted, has been able to strike four such "far-thrilling chords" as are heard in those four hymns by Charlotte Elliott.

## LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

MRS. SIGOURNEY, who, "Blackwood's Magazine" once said, is rightly called "the American Hemans," and whom "The American Church Review" declared to be one of the most remarkable women of the nineteenth century, is not largely represented in our hymnals. She wrote several hymns which were far better known fifty years ago in both America and Great Britain than they are to-day.

Mrs. Sigourney (*née* Huntley) was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791. Like Mrs. Barbauld she had extraordinary precocity, and could read with fluency when only three years old; and her career as a writer of verse began at eight. In 1819 she was married to Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, who died in 1854. During the fifty years of her literary career Mrs. Sigourney wrote fifty-six distinct works, and made more than two thousand

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contributions to three hundred periodicals. In her young womanhood she united with the Congregationalists, but after her marriage became attached to the Episcopal Church, the ritual of which "touched the finer chords of her responsive nature." Mrs. Sigourney was a distinguished philanthropist along the line of Christian endeavor, and the thought uppermost in her mind to the day she fell asleep—June 10, 1865—was to do somebody some good.

Her most popular hymn is one of great beauty :

Blest Comforter Divine !

Whose rays of heavenly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
And point our souls above ;

Thou who with "still small voice,"  
Dost stop the sinner's way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay ;

Thou whose inspiring breath  
Can make the cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death  
A smile of glory wear ;

*Lydia Huntley Sigourney*

---

Thou who dost fill the heart  
With love to all our race,  
Blest Comforter ! to us impart  
The blessings of Thy grace.

This first came into use in 1824, and though it is a hymn of high rank it is omitted from several of the more prominent and recent hymnals. Mrs. Sigourney's hymn on "Home Missions" is inspiring and possesses good hymnic qualities. Nothing written in later years on that theme surpasses it:

Laborers of Christ, arise,  
And gird you for the toil !  
The dew of promise from the skies  
Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore ;  
And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
Dispense your hallowed store.

Urge, with a tender zeal,  
The erring child along,  
Where peaceful congregations kneel  
And pious teachers throng.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Be faith, which looks above,  
With prayer, your constant guest ;  
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love  
A mantle round your breast.

So shall you share the wealth  
That earth may ne'er despoil,  
And the blest gospel's saving health  
Repay your arduous toil.

As good as either of the two previous hymns is one for evening service which is full of tenderness :

Lord, the shades of night surround us,  
Homeward come Thy wandering sheep,  
Throw Thy sheltering arm around us,  
Safe from every danger keep ;  
Poor and needy,  
Oh, protect us while we sleep.

Praise we bring for every blessing,  
O'er us, like the dew-drops shed,  
May we, Thy rich grace possessing,  
Rest in peace the weary head ;  
Holy Angels !  
Fold your pinions round our bed.

When this day of life is ended,  
When its hopes and fears are o'er,



*Lydia Huntley Sigourney*

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By a Saviour's love befriended,  
Guide us to the heavenly shore ;  
    Oh, receive us,  
Where the light shall fade no more.

Here is a little gem on "Faith," which I find only in the "Lyra Sacra Americana." It is worth memorizing as a daily help to practical faith :

Prayer is the dew of faith,  
    Its rain-drop, night and day,  
That guards its vital power from death  
    When cherish'd hopes decay,  
And keeps it 'mid this changeful scene  
A bright, perennial evergreen.

Good works, of faith the fruit,  
    Should ripen year by year,  
Of health and soundness at the root  
    An evidence sincere.  
Dear Saviour ! grant Thy blessing free,  
And make our faith no barren tree.

Mrs. Sigourney placed a low estimate on many of her sacred poems: once she called them "wild flowers which have sprung up in the dells or among the clefts of the rocks"; to which "The North Ameri-

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can Review” answered: “Her poems will neither bloom like the wild flowers in the solitude, nor fade as soon; they will be more likely to be remembered among the lasting favorites of the garden.”

## FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

“That holy spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,”

as the poet Wordsworth calls Mrs. Hemans, was the daughter of George Browne, a Liverpool merchant. Her writing of verse dated from her childhood, and her first volume of poems was published when she was fifteen years old, several of the pieces having been written in her eleventh year. In 1812 her hand and heart were won by Captain Hemans of the British army, and the event marked the beginning of her many sorrows. S. Austin Allibone, in his Dictionary of Authors, says: “Alas, that one so lovely, so loving, and so formed to be loved, should have had occasion for seventeen years — from the sixth year of her marriage until her death, in 1835, she never saw her husband’s face — bitterly to bewail that worship which had been the brightest dream of her young and confiding heart.”

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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In 1818 Captain Hemans went to Italy, presumably on account of ill-health, leaving his faithful wife behind to support and educate five sons without his aid. He never returned to England; they never met again.

The decline in Mrs. Hemans's health began shortly after the separation, but she devoted whatever of strength she could gather to the education of her sons. Volume after volume of poems and prose came from her fertile pen and gifted mind. She spent some years in North Wales and in Lancashire, and in 1831 removed to Dublin, where, after a painful and protracted illness, she laid down the terrible burden of life at the early age of forty-two years.

Once, during a visit Mrs. Hemans made to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, he said to her: "I should say that you had too many gifts, Mrs. Hemans, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you." And in parting with her he added, in an impressive tone: "There are some whom we meet and should like ever after

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*

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to claim as kith and kin, and you are one of these.”

The following sweet and simple lyric is one of the most familiar of Mrs. Hemans's pieces which have found their way into church hymnals :

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now !  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul to its place on high !  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;  
But oh, a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven is now thine own.

This is found in Mrs. Hemans's dramatic poem, "The Siege of Valencia," and was supposed to be sung over the bier of Ximena, daughter of Gonzalez, governor of the city during the siege. Very appropriately the first eight lines are inscribed

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on the monument that marks the resting-place of Mrs. Hemans in St. Anne's churchyard, Dublin.

Possibly her most plaintive hymn, which is perfect in pathos and sentiment, is the closing portion of her poem on "The Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott." The text here given is the abbreviated form :

Lowly and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to Thee,  
Father divine !  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are Thine.

O Father, in that hour,  
When earth all helping power  
Shall disavow ;  
When spear, and shield, and crown,  
In faintness are cast down ;  
Sustain us, 'Thou !

By Him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod ;  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away ;  
Aid us, O God !

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*

---

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on Thee to save,  
Father divine!  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,  
Keep us in life and death,  
Thine, only Thine.

When Mrs. Hemans was sitting beside the deathbed of her mother in January, 1827, her heart found expression in this hymn-prayer, which is very tender and pathetic :

Father ! that in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
Strengthen Thy Son :

Oh, by the anguish of that night,  
Send us down blest relief ;  
Or to the chastened, let Thy might  
Hallow this grief !

And Thou that, when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
“ Thy will be done : ”

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By Thy meek Spirit, Thou, of all  
That e'er have mourned, the chief —  
Thou, Sufferer! if the stroke *must* fall,  
Hallow this grief.

A tone of sadness characterizes many of Mrs. Hemans's poems; but turning from her plaintive and solemn hymns the reader will find delight in her bright Christmas Carol, written in 1827:

O lovely voices of the sky,  
That hymned the Saviour's birth!  
Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?  
To us yet speak the strains  
Wherewith in days gone by  
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams  
A heavenly glory shed  
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
And on the shepherds' head!  
Be near through life and death,  
As in that holiest night  
Of hope, and joy, and faith,  
O clear and shining light!



*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*

---

O star which led to Him whose love  
Brought hope and mercy free!  
Where art thou? 'Mid the host above  
May we still gaze on thee?  
In heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth might not dim;  
Send them to guide us yet,  
O star which led to Him!

It is worth while to say that Mrs. Hemans's splendid poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England," beginning with the line—

"The breaking waves dashed high,  
On the stern and rock-bound coast" —

has touched the heart and patriotism of millions of Americans, and has found a permanent place in our libraries of poetry and song.

## ABBY BRADLEY HYDE

**I**N years gone by the name of Mrs. Hyde was more familiar to singing congregations than it is to-day. Only a few of the later hymnals contain any of her productions. Among American women to make contributions to our hymnology she was one of the earliest, having been born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1799. In 1818 she was married to the Rev. Lavius Hyde, then holding a Congregational pastorate at Salisbury in that State. During her life, which closed in 1872, Mrs. Hyde wrote about fifty hymns, several of which were used in "Nettleton's Village Hymns," in 1824, and thirty-four found a place in an enlarged edition of that work in 1855.

A few of Mrs. Hyde's pieces can be highly commended, but many changes have taken place in hymnology during the past fifty years, and only two of her hymns have been admitted in the more modern

*Abby Bradley Hyde*

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hymnals. One of her earlier hymns, "And Canst Thou, Sinner, Slight," was once popular in America, and was favored with places in several hymn-books in Great Britain. The other hymn is a prayer in behalf of children; it is touching in sentiment, and deserves a more general acceptance than has been given it by latter-day hymnologists. I quote the full text :

Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
From Thy secure inclosure's bound,  
And, lured by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found —

Remember still that they are Thine,  
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;  
Think that the seal of love divine,  
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

In all their erring, sinful years,  
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;  
Remember all the prayers and tears  
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way;  
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

## MARGARET MACKAY

OF all the hymns for the burial of the dead there is none more consolatory than "Asleep in Jesus, blessed Sleep." It was written by Mrs. Mackay, who was born at Hedgefield, Scotland, in 1802, and entered that "calm and undisturbed repose," of which she so sweetly sang, in 1887. Her father was Captain Robert Mackay of the British army; and her husband was Lieutenant Colonel William Mackay of the Sixty-eighth Light Infantry, to whom she was married in 1820.

Mrs. Mackay's well-known hymn first appeared in "The Amethyst," an annual publication issued at Edinburgh. The verses were suggested by a simple circumstance. She had visited Devonshire, England, and on a tombstone in the burying ground connected with the chapel, the words "Sleeping in Jesus," attracted her

*Margaret Mackay*

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attention. The expressive inscription and the impressive stillness of the scene gave birth to the hymn,—

Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep !  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus ! Oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet !  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That Death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest !  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! Oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be !  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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The use of this hymn is quite extensive in all English-speaking lands, and its association with the beautiful tune "Rest," by Mr. Bradbury, has endeared it to American churches.

## SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

**A**MONG the sacred songs of Christendom none has touched the human heart more tenderly in recent years than “Nearer, my God, to Thee” — the soul-utterance of a frail woman whose short life was sorely tried by pain and sorrow. Mrs. Adams’s maiden name was Flower, and she was born at Great Harlow, England, in 1805. Before her marriage in 1834 to William Bridges Adams, who was a civil engineer and journalist, she had determined to adopt the stage as a profession ; but fortunately her name and fame are secure, and millions of Christian hearts have been comforted because of the abandonment of her dramatic aspirations.

Mrs. Adams and her sister Eliza inherited the feeble organism of their mother, who died when Sarah was five years old. Long periods of illness made life a hard struggle for these loving sisters. In 1846 the gentle spirit of Eliza peacefully entered

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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into the new life; and two years later “angels beckoned” to Sarah, and the beautiful soul — with all the serenity of sleep — laid down the burden she had so long and patiently borne.

It was while passing through deep afflictions that Mrs. Adams expressed the feeling of her heart in this wondrous hymn:

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

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

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven,  
All that Thou send'st to me  
In mercy given ;



*Sarah Flower Adams*

---

Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

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

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

The date of the hymn is 1840, and this, with twelve other of Mrs. Adams's productions, was published the following year in a collection of hymns and anthems edited by the Rev. William J. Fox, of London, for use by his Unitarian congregation, to which she belonged.

It is said that Robert Browning indirectly inspired Mrs. Adams's hymn. Their

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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friendship began when they were children. He was seven years her junior, and at the age of fifteen he manifested an intense interest in her literary ambition. A few years later her faith seemed to waver, possibly on account of ill-health, for we all know how often the body rules the mind. It was at such a time as this, perhaps, that Brown-ing's influence revived and confirmed Mrs. Adams's Christian faith, and thereby made it possible for her to sing the great world-hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The hymn first appeared in the United States in 1844, when the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, published it in his "Service Book." Eleven years afterwards it found a place in "Plymouth Collection," and was wedded to music composed by Charles Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher. Subsequently, Lowell Mason, the Nestor of American church music, caught the true spirit of the words, and set them to an air from one of Sir John Andrew Stevenson's popular Irish melodies, and with this delightful setting the hymn is inseparably associated in America.

## *Sarah Flower Adams*

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Associated with this hymn are many pathetic incidents of interest and value. The tragic death of President McKinley gave "Nearer, my God, to Thee" greater recognition than was ever accorded any other hymn in our language. He was a reverent man, and had an abiding love for the hymn. His suffering was the acme of human pain; and just before he uttered his last words — "Good-bye, all; it is God's way; His will be done, not ours" — he was heard to whisper faintly, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." On the Sunday following his death the hymn was sung by great congregations in thousands of churches; and on Thursday, the day of the burial at Canton, memorial services were held in every civilized country in Christendom, and the hymn that had been the prayer of Mr. McKinley's life, became the prayer of many millions of hearts. It was sung alike by worshippers in Catholic cathedrals and Protestant churches; and by command of King Edward, a memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey, and in that historic place the tender lines

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of the President's favorite hymn were sung with striking impressiveness by a notable assemblage.

Among the thirteen hymns which Mrs. Adams contributed to Mr. Fox's collection in 1841, was one on "Resignation," which is very beautiful, and reflects her spiritual-mindedness during her severe illness :

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,  
Alike they 're needful for the flower ;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment :  
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs those they trust and love ?  
My Father, I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to Thee :  
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine,  
Enough that Thou hast made it mine ;  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing, with parting breath —  
As comes to me or shade or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

*Sarah Flower Adams*

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I am sure my readers will find more than an ordinary interest in the following quotation from Mr. Clifford Howard's valuable article on Mrs. Adams, written for "The Ladies' Home Journal" in 1901:

"It was a Sabbath morning in the early fall. The service at South Place chapel had begun. A young man opened the door and entered. Then he stopped and listened, his face expressing a feeling of mingled wonder and delight. From the choir came a duet of women's voices. In music of gentle sweetness, in clear, sympathetic tones, they were singing the 'Psalm of Life,' —

'Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream.'

"It was the first time that a poem of Longfellow's had been sung as a hymn. The familiar words, clothed in tender, fitting melody, claimed the rapt attention of him who had stopped to listen; and then as he took his seat it was in the proud consciousness that although he had come as a

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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stranger, unrecognized, he was none the less a welcome guest. The young man was the poet Longfellow.

“ This was in the year 1842. Longfellow was then thirty-five years of age. He was visiting in London at the home of Dickens, and had on this day come to attend service at South Place chapel for the purpose of hearing its world-famed pastor, the eloquent and powerful Unitarian preacher, William Johnson Fox. Longfellow had met him before, and to-day Mr. Fox invited him to dine with him. At the home of his host he met the two women whose voices in sacred song had greeted him with his own words upon his entrance to the chapel that morning.

“ One of them had written the music to which the ‘ Psalm of Life ’ was sung. She was Eliza Flower, a talented and well-known composer. The other was her sister, a young woman of rare spiritual beauty, small and slender of form, and combining with an unaffected loveliness of manner, a voice of exquisite tenderness. As a writer, as a poet, there were few

*Sarah Flower Adams*

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in the literary world of London who had not heard of her — Sarah Flower Adams; the gifted woman to whom all Christendom to-day pays homage in its love for her immortal hymn, ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee.’”

## JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT

**T**HERE is little to say concerning this author of several excellent sacred poems. She was the daughter of John Marshall of Hallstead, England, and while the year of her birth is not recorded, it cannot be far from 1805. In 1827 Miss Marshall met the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, curate of St. Mary's at Broughton, and the friendship then formed ripened into love. In 1833 they were united in marriage, and the bride became sister-in-law of Charlotte Elliott, the most eminent of all British female hymn-writers. This happy union lasted but eight years, the birth of Mrs. Elliott's fifth child resulting in her death in 1841.

Mrs. Elliott wrote little, but wrote well. Her most familiar hymn in America has for its first stanza —



*Julia Anne Elliott*

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Hail! thou bright and sacred morn,  
Risen with gladness in thy beams!  
Light, which not of earth is born,  
From thy dawn in glory streams:  
Airs of Heaven are breath'd around,  
And each place is holy ground.

She wrote a very beautiful evening hymn: "On the Dewy Breath of Even" — which is popular in England, but is little known in this country. There is hardly any doubt that her best hymn — fine in the attractiveness of its theme, and great in its poetic strength — is that on "The Love of Christ." The full text is quoted:

We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone,  
Because Thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts  
On ocean and on land:  
Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth  
Rejoicing in his might,  
And kindle earth to glowing life  
And beauty with his light.

'Tis not alone because Thy names  
Of Wisdom, Power, and Love,  
Are written on the earth beneath,  
The glorious skies above;

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For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord ;  
Yet not for these alone  
The incense of Thy children's love  
Arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way ;  
When helpless, hopeless we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light.

Because, when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wast not the avenging Judge,  
But gracious Father still :  
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;  
Because we have forsaken Thee,  
Yet Thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love ;  
Because Thy Son came down to die,  
That we might live above ;  
Because, when we were bound by sin,  
Thou gavest hopes of heaven ;  
Yes ; much we love, who much have sinned,  
And much have been forgiven.

*Julia Anne Elliott*

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With rarely an exception, Mrs. Elliott's hymns bear the stamp of refined poetic taste, and all of them possess a deep religious feeling; and it is strange that they have not won a larger place in our hymnology.

## SUSAN ELIZABETH MILES

**I**N Dr. W. Garrett Horder's "Hymn Lover" (London, 1889), he gives Mrs. Miles the honor of writing a hymn of such distinctive merit that it has become known "all over the English-speaking world." The hymn is entitled, "Looking unto Jesus," and was first published in "The Christian Examiner," Boston, in 1827. I quote the original text from Putnam's "Songs of the Liberal Faith":

Thou who didst stoop below  
To drain the cup of woe,  
Wearing the form of frail mortality;  
Thy blessèd labors done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy throne on  
high.

Our eyes behold Thee not,  
Yet hast Thou not forgot  
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in  
Thee.

*Susan Elizabeth Miles*

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Before Thy Father's face  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That where Thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,  
Which, through this world of ours,  
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread ;  
And shall we, in dismay  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O Thou, who art our life,  
Be with us through the strife ;  
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed :  
Raise Thou our eyes above,  
To see a Father's love  
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

And Oh, if thoughts of gloom  
Should hover o'er the tomb,  
That light of love our guiding star shall be :  
Our spirit shall not dread  
The shadowy path to tread,  
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to  
Thee.

While this hymn ranks high both as to its  
poetry and spirituality, it is not found in  
any standard American hymnal compiled

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in recent years. I do not mean to infer that its exclusion from our latest and best church hymnals is due to the want of poetic taste or discernment on the part of hymn-book editors; but it is surprising, nevertheless, that the hymn is not in more general use in the United States. In Great Britain, where hymnologists take very kindly to good American hymns, "Looking unto Jesus" is counted worthy of a place in several important collections.

Mrs. Miles was a native of Boston, born in 1807, and was the daughter of Nathaniel W. Appleton. She was married to Solomon P. Miles in 1833, who died in 1840. The closing years of her long life were spent at Brattleboro, Vermont. She is the author of several sacred poems which possess two essential qualities, — good form, and deep spiritual tone, — and it is supposed that most of them were written in her young womanhood. Mrs. Miles was a member of the evangelical division of the Unitarian denomination, and her hymns breathe the spirit of her beautiful Christian life.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

**M**RS. BROWNING, manifestly one of the most distinguished poets among women of modern times, was a native of London. Wonderful indeed was the early development of her talents. In her tenth year she could read Homer in Greek; and her epic on "The Battle of Marathon," coming from her pen when she was fourteen, was a marvellous performance for one so young. At eighteen Miss Barrett was seriously injured in the spine in an effort to saddle a horse, and for many months was compelled to remain in a recumbent position. Some ten years after the accident she went to Torquay for treatment. There her brother Edward, while paying her a visit, was riding in a skiff with some friends, and by the capsizing of the boat all were drowned. The tragedy was a dreadful shock to Miss Barrett; to quote her own words, "It gave a nightmare to my life for ever."

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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In 1846 Miss Barrett was married to Robert Browning, and on account of her fragile health they made Florence, Italy, their home. There Mrs. Browning died in 1861, at the age of fifty-five years.

Mrs. Browning has been described as "a soul of fire inclosed in a shell of pearl." Like her celebrated husband she was deeply religious. Once she wrote of their work: "We want the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature as it touched other dead things; we want the sense of the saturation of Christ's blood upon the souls of our poets that it may cry through them, expounding agony into renovation."

Mrs. Browning's sacred pieces are numerous, but only a few have been chosen for hymnals. Her best hymn is, "He giveth His belovèd Sleep," which was sung at Mr. Browning's funeral service held in Westminster Abbey, in 1889. The earliest use of the hymn in this country was in 1855, when it was published in two parts in Henry Ward Beecher's "Plymouth Collection." In the "Plymouth Hymnal," by Dr. Abbott, it is given in the following form:



*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

---

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
    Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this :  
    " He giveth His belovèd sleep ? "

What would we give to our beloved ?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved ;  
    The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep ;  
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse ;  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows ?  
    " He giveth His belovèd sleep. "

" Sleep soft, beloved ! " we sometimes say,  
But have no power to charm away  
    Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
    " He giveth His belovèd sleep. "

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
    Though on its slope men toil and reap,  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
    " He giveth His belovèd sleep. "

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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While Mrs. Browning's sacred poems show the thoughts and feelings of a pure poetic genius, it has been found difficult to popularize them as hymns either in America or Great Britain.

## JANE FOX CREWDSON

**N**UMBERED with the large company of women who “learned in suffering what they taught in song,” is Mrs. Crewdson, who was the daughter of George Fox, of Cornwall, England. In 1836 she was married to Thomas Crewdson of Manchester. Invalided in early womanhood, her years, though full of pathos and suffering, were one sweet song to the day she passed to that sublimer life, at the age of fifty-four years.

Mrs. Crewdson’s poetical works consist of four volumes, and it is said that all her productions were written between paroxysms of pain. Many of her hymns are admirable, both in poetic beauty and spiritual feeling, yet a very small number of her pieces have found a place in church hymnals. One of her finest hymns is the following, which breathes the true spirit of peace and thankfulness :

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

O Thou whose bounty fills my cup  
With every blessing meet !  
I give Thee thanks for every drop —  
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,  
And for the river-side ;  
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,  
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for both smile and frown,  
And for the gain and loss ;  
I praise Thee for the future crown,  
And for the present cross.

I thank Thee for the wing of love,  
Which stirred my worldly nest ;  
And for the stormy clouds which drove  
The flutterer to Thy breast.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,  
And for the waning joy ;  
And for this strange, this settled peace,  
Which nothing can destroy.

The patience with which Mrs. Crewdson carried the burden of pain, and found joy in sorrow, is exemplified in a pathetic hymn of two stanzas which was written only a short time before her death :

*Jane Fox Crewdson*

---

O Saviour, I have nought to plead  
In earth beneath or heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need  
And Thy exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,  
Exceeding great but quickly o'er;  
The love unbought is all Thine own,  
And lasts for evermore.

MARY STANLEY BUNCE SHINDLER

**A**S tunable a hymn as can be found in our church collections is "Prince of Peace, Control my Will," the author of which was Mrs. Shindler, and not Mrs. Barber, as a few books have it. Mrs. Shindler was the daughter of the Rev. Benjamin M. Palmer, at the time of her birth (in 1810), pastor of the Congregational Church at Beaufort, South Carolina. In 1814 Dr. Palmer became pastor of the Circular Church at Charleston, and in the schools of that city Mary was educated. She was married to Charles E. Dana of New York City in 1835, who died at Muscatine, Iowa, four years later. Mrs. Dana returned to Charleston, where she established her reputation as a poet. Her productions include "The Southern Harp," "The Northern Harp," "The Parted Family and Other Poems," beside many successful contributions to leading periodicals.

## *Mary Stanley Bunce Shindler*

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Mrs. Dana was united in marriage to the Rev. Robert D. Shindler in 1848, at that time professor in Shelby College, Kentucky. In 1869 he began his rectorship at Nacogdoches, Texas, where Mrs. Shindler died in 1883.

Mrs. Shindler's chief hymn is the one already named :

Prince of Peace, control my will ;  
Bid this struggling heart be still ;  
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,  
Hush my spirit into peace.

Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Opened wide the gate to God :  
Peace I ask — but peace must be,  
Lord, in being one with Thee.

May Thy will, not mine, be done ;  
May Thy will and mine be one :  
Chase these doubtings from my heart ;  
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

Saviour, at Thy feet I fall ;  
Thou my Life, my God, my All !  
Let Thy happy servant be  
One for evermore with Thee !

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Her life was not without bitter disappointments and sorrows, and her feelings were expressed in the pathetic poem, "Pass Under the Rod," which has been set to music by Mrs. Sue Ingersoll Scott. Mrs. Shindler's "Sabbath Hymn" reveals the pathos of her life :

Blessèd Sabbath ! how I love thee,  
Sacred pledge of coming rest !  
Sweetest solace, may I prove thee,  
For a heart with woes oppressed !  
Surging billows, rolling o'er me,  
Seek to whelm my trembling soul ;  
But thy tokens pass before me,  
And the waters backward roll.

Pealing anthems, loud resounding,  
Seem like blissful songs above ;  
In thy temple, joys abounding  
Bathe my soul in seas of love :  
Prayerful odors, upward stealing  
From the altars of the heart,  
Heavenly glories there revealing,  
Call my spirit to depart.

Faith's bright visions thus unfolding,  
Here would I my sorrows bring,  
Till my raptured soul, beholding,  
Soars aloft on steady wing :



*Mary Stanley Bunce Shindler*

---

Then, forgetting all my sadness,  
Gloom and doubt will pass away ;  
Drooping sorrow change to gladness,  
Cheerless night to glorious day.

In giving voice to poetic inspiration Mrs. Shindler was eminently successful ; and frequently she selected some of the most delicious airs and wedded to them the flowing words of her own saint-like and sorrowing muse.

## JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY

I BELIEVE that I do not permit my enthusiasm to get the better of my judgment in saying that one of the most exquisite hymns on *Guidance* to be found in English hymnology, is that written by Mrs. Saxby, daughter of William Browne of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, England. Her first volume of poems, "The Dove on the Cross," was published in 1849, and in this appeared the loveliest of all her hymns, for the text of which I am indebted to Dr. Horder's "Congregational Hymns":

    Show me the way, O Lord,  
        And make it plain ;  
    I would obey Thy Word,  
        Speak yet again ;  
I will not take one step until I know  
Which way it is that Thou wouldst have me go.

    O Lord, I cannot see ;  
        Vouchsafe me light :  
    The mist bewilders me,  
        Impedes my sight :

*Jane Euphemia Saxby*

---

Hold Thou my hand, and lead me by Thy side ;  
I dare not go alone, — be Thou my Guide.

I will be patient, Lord,  
Trustful and still ;  
I will not doubt Thy Word ;  
My hopes fulfil :

How can I perish, clinging to Thy side,  
My Comforter, my Saviour, and my Guide ?

This composition is worthy of all the honor that can be paid to it by editors, but I am not able to find it in any American hymnal. The statement made in some books that “The Dove on the Cross” was first published in 1819, when Mrs. Saxby was only eight years old, is clearly an error. Her marriage to the Rev. S. H. Saxby, vicar of East Clovendon, Somerset, took place in 1862. Two volumes of new poems were published in 1875 and 1876, and further than this her personal history is not recorded.

A note of tenderness and plaintiveness pervades most of Mrs. Saxby’s hymns, and in Dr. Julian’s “Dictionary of Hymnology” I find this explained by herself: “I wrote

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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most of my published hymns during a very distressing illness which lasted many years. I thought that I was then in the 'Border Land,' and wrote accordingly."

## HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

**T**HIS remarkable member of one of the most remarkable families produced by any country, reached well-nigh the summit of human distinction by the authorship of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." During a large portion of the last half of the nineteenth century the name of Mrs. Stowe was more familiar in all civilized countries of the globe than that of any other woman excepting Queen Victoria. In 1882, when a garden party was given in honor of Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday, Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem from which I quote one stanza, which correctly, as well as facetiously, illustrates the universality of her fame :

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,  
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,  
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,  
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,  
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,  
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo  
Would shout, "We know the lady!"

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

The story of Mrs. Stowe's life is so familiar, or is so easily accessible, that a biographical sketch is unnecessary here. She wrote three hymns for "Plymouth Collection" (1855) which were set to music by her brother Charles. I can include only two in this volume. Taking the psalmist's words, "When I am awake, I am still with Thee," Mrs. Stowe sings :

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning  
breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with Thee !*

Alone with Thee ! amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;  
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So, in this stillness, Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee ! As to each new-born morning  
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,  
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,  
Breathe each new day, nearness to Thee and  
heaven.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe*

---

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,  
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,  
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;  
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought — *I am with Thee.*

The second hymn, which is equally beautiful, was suggested by the words of Jesus, " Abide with Me : "

That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord!  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;  
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,  
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee ;  
From this good hour, oh, leave me nevermore !  
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,  
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me ; o'ershadow by Thy love  
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of  
sin :

Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,  
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

As some rare perfume, in a vase of clay,  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,  
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it  
thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,  
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine ;  
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,  
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

*Abide in me* : there have been moments pure  
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy  
power ;  
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,  
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare ;  
Abide in me, and they shall ever be :  
I pray Thee now, fulfil my earnest prayer —  
Come and *abide* in me, and I in Thee.

These hymns, though not popular with many congregations, have distinct merit. Their poetry is faultless, and their spiritual tone lofty. Of late years the musical settings of the hymns have been greatly improved, which should largely extend their usefulness in American churches.



## JANE BORTHWICK

**A** CONSIDERABLE number of beautiful hymns are translations, and some of the best come from the rich treasury of German sacred song. Miss Borthwick and her sister, Mrs. Sarah Findlater, have rendered the cause of English hymnody a priceless service in translating over one hundred German hymns, which were published in a volume entitled, "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

The most widely known of her translations is the following :

My Jesus, as Thou wilt :  
    Oh, may Thy will be mine !  
Into Thy hand of love  
    I would my all resign :  
Through sorrow or through joy,  
    Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
    My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt :  
    If needy here and poor,  
Give me Thy people's bread,

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Their portion rich and sure ;  
The manna of Thy word  
Let my soul feed upon ;  
And if all else should fail,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt :  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear :  
Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt :  
All shall be well for me ;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with Thee :  
Straight to my home above,  
I travel calmly on  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

The spiritual use of this hymn is very great. The original was the heart-song of Benjamin Schmolck, a Lutheran minister and a noted hymnist of his time. To persons who suffer as he suffered, and bear the sorrows he patiently and trustfully

*Jane Borthwick*

---

bore for many years, the hymn is indeed a consolation. It has been suggested that Schmolck's resignation to life's severe discipline made the hymn exceedingly precious to Professor Thomas Harvey Skinner, of Union Theological Seminary. It has doubtless had the same influence over many thousands of hearts in this and other lands.

Mrs. Findlater's rendering of Gerhard Tersteegen's "God Calling Yet," is given below in its usual form, the original translation having been considerably changed :

God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumber lie ?

God calling yet ? shall I not rise ?  
Can I His loving voice despise,  
And basely His kind care repay ?  
He calls me still ; can I delay ?

God calling yet ! and shall He knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock ?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare His spirit grieve ?

God calling yet ! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live ?

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

I wait, but He does not forsake ;  
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !

God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;  
My heart I yield without delay :  
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart:

Tersteegen was a pious mystic, and was born in Westphalia in 1697. It is written in his biography that at the age of twenty-one he wrote a covenant between his Saviour and his soul, using his own blood for the transcription and the signature. He was a member of no sect ; he belonged to no church ; he was a celibate. His hymns number about one hundred, many of which have been rendered into English.

Miss Borthwick was born in Edinburgh in 1813, and died in 1897. Mrs. Findlater was born in 1823, and conjointly with her sister translated and published "Hymns from the Land of Luther," which passed through many editions. Good authority says that hardly a hymnal in America or England has appeared in late years without containing some of these translations.

## JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE

**M**RS. LUKE, who has contributed a hymn of ringing merit to the rich storehouse of children's sacred song, was the daughter of Thomas Thompson, of Islington, England, and was born in 1813. The brief story of her life reveals the fact that she had unusual talent. At the age of thirteen she edited "The Juvenile Magazine," and in her young womanhood she made important contributions to the periodical press. Her first volume, "The Female Jesuit," was published in London in 1851; and in the following year the sequel to that volume was given to the public.

But these works are now dead, and Mrs. Luke's name lives only in church hymnody. She wrote one lyric which is often sung in many lands, and "which," says Dr. Horder, "deserves to be reckoned classic." This is the complete form of the hymn :

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His  
fold,

I should like to have been with them then ;  
I wish that His hands had been placed on my  
head,

That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when  
He said,

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love ;

And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven,

And many dear children are gathering there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;

I should like them to know there is room for  
them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,

The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

## *Jemima Thompson Luke*

---

The hymn had its origin in 1841, two years before Miss Thompson's marriage to the Rev. Samuel Luke, a Congregational minister. She prepared the manuscript in a stage coach when on her way to Poundsford Park, near her father's home, and designed the hymn for the use of the children in the village school. It is regrettable that a mind and heart so gifted in song was not inspired to write more than one hymn.

## JANE ELIZABETH LEESON

**I**SAAC WATTS was the pioneer writer of hymns for children. It is nearly two hundred years since the first edition of his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children" was published. It was a work greatly needed at the time, and its meritorious character kept it in popular use for a full century. But the hymns in that volume, like the hymns of the same class by other writers of that period, have fallen into disuse, and have passed almost out of memory.

The fact cannot be overlooked that men have written some very serviceable children's hymns; but it must be admitted that they do not possess in as large a degree as women the peculiar gift for writing songs which children love to sing and can sing understandingly. Women, "having a deeper insight into, and a tenderer sympathy with child life than men," are better equipped for the work of furnishing hymns which are best adapted to reach



*Jane Elizabeth Leeson*

---

the hearts of children and which will inspire in them the spirit of song worship.

Among the large number of women who have made valuable contributions to children's hymnody is Miss Jane Elizabeth Leeson. Like Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, of whom I shall speak presently, she possessed a rare faculty for writing hymns suitable for children's services. One of her best pieces (included in leading hymnals in England and America) is the following :

Saviour ! teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move ;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace ;  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ —  
In obedience all her joy ;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe ;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

Her "Sweet the Lessons Jesus Taught," is very tender in expression, and as the reader will note, is beautiful in form, but somehow it has not won the same popularity as the hymn just quoted. It is a lovely little hymn, notwithstanding many editors of hymn-books have not recognized its merits :

Sweet the lessons Jesus taught,  
When to Him fond parents brought  
Babes for whom they blessing sought —  
Little ones, like me.

Jesus did not answer nay,  
Bid them come another day ;  
Jesus did not turn away  
Little ones, like me.

No, my Saviour's hand was laid  
Softly on each infant head ;  
Jesus, when He blessed them, said  
Let them come to Me.

Babes may still His blessing share ;  
Lambs are His peculiar care ;  
He will in His bosom bear  
Little ones, like me.

## *Jane Elizabeth Leeson*

---

Saviour, on my infant head  
Let Thy gracious hand be laid,  
While I do as Thou hast said,  
Coming unto Thee.

Of Miss Leeson's personal history but little is known. She must have possessed a remarkable store of modest reserve, for while she was endued with large ability and had excellent poetic taste, she never sought great things for herself. Her best years for service were spent in retirement from the world. Her life began in England in 1815 and closed in 1883. She published "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood," and her various writings fill a dozen volumes, nearly all being poetical and designed for children. At her own request all her works were first published anonymously. Miss Leeson was a member of the Church of England for many years, but late in life her mind found rest and her heart consolation in the communion of the Church of Rome.

## CAROLINE MARIA NOEL

**T**HIS author of a noble Processional hymn was a native of London, and her father, himself a writer of repute of sacred verse, is known in hymnological literature as the Hon. Gerald Thomas Noel. Miss Noel's first hymn was written when she was seventeen years old, but for many years after her poetic moods were fitful. In 1861 she published a volume of verses especially designed for the sick and lonely. An enlarged edition was issued in 1870 which bore the title, "In the Name of Jesus, and Other Poems," and from this volume her Processional hymn is taken :

At the name of Jesus  
Every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess Him  
King of glory now.  
'T is the Father's pleasure  
We should call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning  
Was the mighty Word.

*Caroline Maria Noel*

---

At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight —  
All the angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders  
In their great array.

Humbled for a season,  
To receive a name  
From the lips of sinners  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it,  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed.

Bore it up triumphant  
With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height ;  
To the throne of Godhead,  
To the Father's breast,  
Filled it with the glory  
Of that perfect rest.

Name Him, brothers, name Him,  
With love as strong as death,  
But with awe and wonder,  
And with bated breath ;

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

He is God the Saviour,  
He is Christ the Lord,  
Ever to be worshipped,  
Trusted, and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him ;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true.

Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour,  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again  
With His Father's glory  
With His angel train ;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

This hymn, one of the best of its class, is happily growing in favor in the United States. It has found a place in several of the standard hymnals published during the past ten years.

Very little is known of the personal history of Miss Noel. It can be said,

## *Caroline Maria Noel*

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however, that many years of her life were laid on painful and dismal lines; that her first volume of poems, dedicated “to the sick and lonely,” was the glass that reflected the condition of her heart and mind; and that in 1877, at the age of sixty, with her life’s work well done — she rested.

## ELIZABETH PRENTISS

**A** SHINING example of how the language of the soul when expressed in a simple, yet beautiful hymn, will touch the hearts of Christian people, is seen in Mrs. Prentiss's "More Love to Thee, O Christ." It is an ideal hymn-prayer, and on this continent it has been honored with greater recognition than any other hymn written by an American woman.

Mrs. Prentiss was the daughter of Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland, Maine. She was married in 1845 to Prof. George Lewis Prentiss, a Presbyterian minister, who for many years occupied the chair of Pastoral Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Mrs. Prentiss's health was always delicate, and excessive literary work, and many domestic afflictions, greatly increased her invalidism. On the thirteenth of August, 1878, at the age of sixty years,



## *Elizabeth Prentiss*

---

she joyously entered into that peaceful rest of which the psalmist tenderly sings: "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Mrs. Prentiss's greatest achievement in prose was "Stepping Heavenward," of which two hundred thousand copies were sold in America, and which in a translated form has been extensively read in many foreign lands. But it is by her hymn that her memory will be kept green for many generations:

More love to Thee, O Christ,  
More love to Thee !  
Hear Thou the prayer I make,  
On bended knee ;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest ;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best :  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain ;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise ;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

Dr. Prentiss says that the hymn belongs probably as far back as 1856. This was a period of great sorrow. She wrote the hymn so hastily that the last stanza was left incomplete, the fifth line having been added in pencil when, fourteen years afterwards, she showed it to her husband for the first time, and was persuaded to have it printed for distribution among a few of her friends. The hymn is exceedingly delicate in thought and pure in spirit, and is a true transcript of her intensely spiritual

life. In "Hymns Historically Famous" I give an incident to show how "More Love to Thee" was valued by the converted Chinese, and make a note of the historic fan, with the words of the hymn in Chinese characters engraved thereon, which was presented to Dr. Prentiss by the native Christians upon hearing of Mrs. Prentiss's death. Wishing to obtain the true story of the fan, I wrote to Dr. Prentiss, and answering me from New York City, he said: "The story, as you have heard it, is not exactly in accordance with the facts. The fan, of which I inclose a reduced picture, was kindly sent to me by the Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, of the American Board in China. It is a translation of the hymn which, as Mr. Goodrich writes me, is a great favorite with the native Christians, one of whom engraved the fan for me. I was greatly touched, as you can believe, by the gift. I beg your acceptance of a copy of 'Stepping Heavenward,' in which you will find a facsimile of the original MS. of the hymn, and also of the Arabic version."

Dr. Prentiss also inclosed a copy of a

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

letter written to him by Dr. Nicolas S. Nimr, dated at Cairo, Egypt, February, 1902. The doctor is a Syrian, but joined the Egyptian army fifteen years ago as a medical officer. He says he can never forget the occasion when he first heard Mrs. Prentiss's hymn sung in Arabic at Beirut. He has lost none of the impression it made on his mind at that time ; and whether in action or on hard marches, the singing of the hymn affords him great consolation. The letter also contained an account of a recent visit Mr. Sankey made to Cairo. He gave the people the pleasure of hearing his voice in gospel song, and when he had concluded he expressed a wish to hear an Arabic hymn, and to the surprise and gratification of the singing evangelist, the Syrian doctor responded with his favorite, " More Love to Thee."

## JULIA WARD HOWE

THE most famous war lyric ever written by a woman is described by Rudyard Kipling as "the terrible Battle Hymn of the Republic." Much has been written about this wondrous song, but the story of its inspiration is still worth retelling, for if any lyric ever came spontaneously from the heart of a woman it is Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn."

Mrs. Howe's daughter, Florence Howe Hall, once told in "The Independent" the story of "The Building of a Nation's War Hymn." I can quote only a few lines from that part of the story which tells how the hymn was inspired :

"It was in December, 1861, that Mrs. Howe, in company with her husband, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and other friends, visited Washington, itself almost in the condition of an armed camp. On their journey thither, the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps gleamed in the

darkness, the railroad being patrolled by pickets. Mrs. Howe has told of the martial sights and sounds in the national capital, and of her drive to a distance of several miles from the city to see a review of our troops. An attack of the enemy interrupted the programme, and the return drive was made through files of soldiers, who occupied almost the entire road. To beguile the tedium of their slow progress, Mrs. Howe and her friends sang army songs, among others, 'John Brown's Body.' This seemed to please the soldiers who surrounded them like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the interval crying, 'Good for you!' Our poet had often wished to write words to be sung to this tune, and now, indeed, had she 'read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel.'"

The visit to the army of the Potomac gave Mrs. Howe a vision of the commotion of war, of lives sacrificed, and of the stress and agony of the government in its mortal grapple with rebellion. These scenes deeply touched her heart, which

throbbed in unison with the great heart of the nation; and in the following night she sprang from her bed and wrote the expression of her soul in these words of living power :

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord ;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored ;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His ter-  
rible, swift sword :  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred  
circling camps ;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening  
dews and damps ;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps :  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows  
of steel ;  
“ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my  
grace shall deal ;  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.”

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-  
ment seat ;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,  
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you  
and me ;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make  
men free,

While God is marching on.

On Mrs. Howe's return to her home in Boston she showed the manuscript of the poem to James T. Fields, editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and it was he who suggested the title "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It occupies a place on the first page of the February "Atlantic," 1862, and bears no signature, and no mention is made of its author. Mrs. Hall says that practical people may be interested in the fact that her mother received five dollars for her poem.



This soul-inspiring "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was the incarnation of patriotism and martial feeling pent up in the tune of "John Brown's Body." It was struck out of the white heat of unconscious inspiration — the soul's product of a mighty moment. It is indeed the most resonant and elevating of all American battle hymns.

When James Russell Lowell was editor of "The Atlantic," he declined to publish a poem written by Julia Ward Howe, and gave as his reason therefor that no woman could write a poem, and said that "Mrs. Browning's efforts were a conspicuous illustration of this fact." But Mrs. Howe did write a poem which "The Atlantic" did accept, and although Mr. Lowell wrote many verses which will long live in our literature, he produced nothing that will touch the popular heart as deeply as the glorious anthem —

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming  
of the Lord."

## MARY FAWLER MAUDE

**T**HIS writer of one excellent hymn was the daughter of George H. Hooper, of Stanmore, Middlesex, England, where she was born in 1819. In 1841 she was married to the Rev. Joseph Maude, who was curate of Chirk, near Ruabon. The hymn that made Mrs. Maude's name familiar to many church people is the following :

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

Thine for ever : Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife ;  
Thou the life, the truth, the way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever : Oh, how bless'd  
They who find in Thee their rest !  
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend.  
Oh, defend us to the end.

*Mary Fawler Maude*

---

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

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

The hymn was written in 1847 for Mrs. Maude's class in the girls' Sunday school at St. Thomas, Isle of Wight. It fulfils the requirements of a confirmation hymn as completely as any hymn in the language.

## ANNE BRONTË

**B**ETWEEN the years 1816 and 1820, three remarkable sisters were born—Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë—daughters of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, who was vicar of Haworth, Yorkshire, England. The first literary venture of note of these sisters was a volume of poems published in 1846 under the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Shortly after the issue of this volume each sister agreed to write a novel, using the same pen-name as before. Charlotte wrote “The Professor,” Emily, “The Romance of Wuthering Heights,” and Anne, “Agnes Grey.” The publishers rejected “The Professor” on the score that the plot was deficient, and immediately Charlotte set to work on “Jane Eyre,” which was published in 1847, and gave its author international fame.

Not long after the appearance of “Agnes Grey,” Anne’s health began a serious de-

cline, and during her last days, when blasted hopes and bodily weakness pressed heavily upon her, there came from her heart two plaintive and spiritual hymns. The more familiar of the two is the following :

Oppressed with sin and woe,  
A burdened heart I bear ;  
Opposed by many a mighty foe,  
Yet will I not despair.

With this polluted heart  
I dare to come to Thee,  
Holy and mighty as Thou art,  
For Thou wilt pardon me.

I feel that I am weak,  
And prone to every sin ;  
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,  
Wilt give me strength within.

I need not fear my foes ;  
I need not yield to care ;  
I need not sink beneath my woes,  
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name,  
I give myself to Thee ;  
And, all unworthy as I am,  
My God will welcome me.

But her finer hymn is very solemn indeed, and is associated with her fatal illness. Her death occurred in 1849, at the age of twenty-nine. The deep pathos of the hymn will appeal to all those in sorrow, and to such it cannot fail to be a helpful study :

I hoped that with the brave and strong,  
My portioned task might lie ;  
To toil amid the busy throng,  
With purpose pure and high ;  
But God has fixed another part,  
And He has fixed it well ;  
I said so with my breaking heart,  
When first this trouble fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,  
These days of misery,  
These nights of darkness, anguish-tossed, —  
Can I but turn to Thee :  
With secret labor to sustain  
In patience every blow,  
To gather fortitude from pain,  
And holiness from woe.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,  
More humble I should be,  
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,  
More apt to lean on Thee :

*Anne Brontë*

---

Should death be standing at the gate,  
Thus should I keep my vow :  
But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,  
Oh, let me serve Thee now !

A few years ago "The Nation," reviewing the works of the Brontë sisters, said: "Upon these twin sisters (Charlotte and Emily) many telescopes are turned, and then there swims into the beholder's view this third, mild shining star of the tenth magnitude, which otherwise would have remained invisible." For a time it may have seemed as though Anne was the "mild shining star of the tenth magnitude"; but is it not quite probable that her hymns, which comfort and strengthen many hearts, will outlast the influence of "Jane Eyre" and "The Romance of Wuthering Heights?"

## ANNA LÆTITIA WARING

**B**UT little is known of this author of two charming hymns. It can be said, however, that she was born in South Wales in 1820; that in 1850 she published "Hymns and Meditations"; that for some years her life was one of pain and struggle; that though counting herself as having filled a small place in this life, she has had "love and respect bestowed upon her in no common measure"; that she is supposed to be a member of the Friends Society; and that as late as 1898 she was living near Bristol, England.

Miss Waring's hymn on the subject of Resignation is almost universally known. It is properly classed among the world's best hymns. The original consists of eight stanzas, but seldom more than six or seven are found in hymnals, and in the latter form I give it here:



*Anna Lætitia Waring*

---

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
The changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see ;  
I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
That seeks for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
A work of lowly love to do  
For Him on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied ;

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

A mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side :  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

Briers beset our every path,  
Which call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
A constant need for prayer ;  
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee  
Are happy everywhere.

In service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me ;  
My secret heart is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free,  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is one of liberty.

It is evident from the letters received and published by Mr. William T. Stead, of the "London Review of Reviews," that this hymn has made much noteworthy spiritual history. The other hymn by Miss Waring is entitled "Safety in God." In personal experience and beauty of diction it seems to be equal to the first. That it can be found in almost every standard church collection in America is a deserved tribute to

*Anna Lætitia Waring*

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the hymn. Here is the hymn in its original state :

In heavenly love abiding,  
    No change my heart shall fear  
And safe is such confiding,  
    For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
    My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
    And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,  
    No want shall turn me back ;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
    And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
    His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
    And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
    Which yet I have not seen ;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
    Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
    My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
    And He will walk with me.

## ELIZA FANNY MORRIS

ONE very beautiful hymn comes from a large number of verses written by Mrs. Morris. It is entitled to the recognition it has received at the hands of discerning editors of the more modern hymnals. Its author, of whose life little has been written, was born in London in 1821. Her maiden name was Goffe, and in 1849 she was married to Josiah Morris.

In 1858 Mrs. Morris published a volume called, "The Voice and the Reply," consisting of two parts. The first part gives "expression to God's utterances, whether in the still small voice of conscience, or in invitation, warning, or pity." The second part expresses man's reply, and it is to this portion of the poem that we are indebted for the excellent hymn — "The Prayer in the Temple":

God of pity, God of grace,  
When we humbly seek Thy face,  
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:  
Hear, forgive, and save.

*Eliza Fanny Morris*

---

When we in Thy temple meet,  
Spread our wants before Thy feet,  
Pleading at the mercy-seat :  
    Look from heaven and save.

When Thy love our hearts shall fill,  
And we long to do Thy will,  
Turning to Thy holy hill :  
    Lord, accept and save.

Should we wander from Thy fold,  
And our love to Thee grow cold,  
With a pitying eye behold :  
    Lord, forgive and save.

Should the hand of sorrow press,  
Earthly care and want distress,  
May our souls Thy peace possess :  
    Jesus, hear and save.

And whate'er our cry may be,  
When we lift our hearts to Thee,  
From our burden set us free :  
    Hear, forgive, and save.

Mrs. Morris wrote many sacred poems, but only one hymn of hers has won extensive approval.

## ELIZA SCUDDER

**I**N sacred song written by American women there is nothing more exquisitely beautiful than some of the verses by Miss Scudder. She did not write much, but among her productions are several hymns of rare charm. The late Horace E. Scudder, for some years editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," was a relative of hers, and in 1896 he edited a small but an exceedingly rich volume of her poems entitled "Hymns and Sonnets," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. In the preface he says: "There is an interval of fifty years between the first and last poem. But the same spiritual fire burned in the later and earlier, and we think we are not carried away by enthusiasm when we say that there is a quality of spiritual passion in Miss Scudder's poems and religious fervor which we find nowhere in

the range of English poetry except in Miss Rossetti's."

Miss Scudder was the daughter of Elisha Gage Scudder, and was born at Barnstable, Massachusetts, in 1821. Her uncle was the celebrated Unitarian divine, Edward Hamilton Sears, known throughout the English-speaking world as the author of two remarkable Christmas hymns, "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night," and "It Came upon the Midnight Clear." For some years she lived in Boston, and later in life made her home at Salem. At first she associated with the Unitarian society, but did not formally connect herself with that denomination. I judge, from reading the introduction to the late edition of her "Hymns and Sonnets," that Phillips Brooks was the prophet that brought the message which changed Miss Scudder's religious views and afterwards gave her so much sweet contentment as a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Mr. Scudder says her life had been one of much privation as regards health, but that she was one of the most cheerful of

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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sufferers. He then relates this pathetic incident: "On Sunday, September twenty-seventh, 1896, Mrs. Andrews died after a very brief illness, at Weston, Massachusetts. Her sister Eliza left the house in which she lay, and retired to her cousin's, near by. It was a few hours only before she also suddenly, and without pain, taking leave of those dear to her, rejoined her sister."

Among Miss Scudder's "Hymns and Sonnets" are several pieces of exceptional value. They certainly rank with the finest hymns of modern times. One of these is called "The Love of God," and was written in 1852. I am sure that the reader will be deeply impressed with its lovely poetic quality and its rich spiritual tone:

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,  
A shoreless, boundless sea,  
Wherein at last our souls must fall:  
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,  
A soft hand blinds our eyes,  
And we are guided safe and slow:  
O Love of God most wise!



*Eliza Scudder*

---

And though we turn us from Thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace :  
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind.

But not alone Thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win ;  
We know Thee by a dearer name :  
O Love of God within.

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free,  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God ! to Thee.

Another hymn is entitled " Truth," and begins with the line, "Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed." In strength it is hardly inferior to "The Love of God." But the hymns which Mr. Scudder says breathe the air of divine content, are "Lines for Music," and "The Vesper Hymn." The tender beauty of the former is shown in the first stanza :

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

As the lost who vainly wander,  
As the blind who widely roam,  
Vexed with doubt, our spirits ponder  
Till we come to Thee — our home.

But I am inclined to the opinion that the most exquisite of Miss Scudder's productions is "The Vesper Hymn." Of its class there is nothing finer in our hymnology. It is a masterpiece of lyric poetry. It is the fervid and sincere expression of her deeply spiritual life, and all who read it thoughtfully will surely "refreshment find and rest." The hymn was written in 1874:

The day is done; the weary day of thought and  
toil is past,  
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray, on the tired  
earth at last;  
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends  
oppressed,  
In Thee alone, the soul out-worn refreshment  
finds and rest.

Bend, gracious Spirit from above, like these o'er-  
arching skies,  
And to Thy firmament of love lift up these long-  
ing eyes,

*Eliza Scudder*

---

And folded by Thy sheltering hand, in refuge  
still and deep,

Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop  
the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed, the soul once more puts on  
new life and power,

Oh, let Thine image, Lord, alone gild the first  
waking hour!

Let that dear Presence rise and glow fairer than  
morn's first ray,

And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of  
the day.

So in the hastening evening, so in the coming  
morn,

When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher  
life be born,

Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that  
deepening gloom,

And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-  
spring to illumine.

I cannot dread the darkness, where Thou wilt  
watch o'er me,

Nor smile to greet the sunrise, unless Thy smile  
I see;

Creator, Saviour, Comforter, on Thee my soul is  
cast;

At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou  
my First and Last.

FRANCES JANE CROSBY  
VAN ALSTYNE

**T**HE most prolific writer of gospel songs is Mrs. Van Alstyne, better known in the books by the name of Fanny J. Crosby. She has marvellous facility for producing the popular songs so widely and frequently used in Sunday schools, praise services, and revival meetings; and it is perhaps true that the world is singing more of her productions in these departments of Christian endeavor than those of any other sacred-song writer.

Mrs. Van Alstyne became totally blind in infancy through maltreatment of an affection of the eyes. She was well educated in the New York Institution for the Blind, became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1855 was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, a musician, and also blind. At the age of eighty she is living in New York City, and occasionally makes additions to her stock of gospel

*Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne*

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songs which now numbers not far, it is said, from three thousand. Her best known piece is "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," but by no means is it her most meritorious production. "Rescue the Perishing," written as far back as 1869, is popular, and has been very effective in many evangelistic and reform movements in America and Great Britain. It is somewhat of a wonder that this is the only hymn written by Mrs. Van Alstyne that has thus far been included in any recent church hymnal of prominence; it is found in the temperance department of "In Excelsis."

It is true that Mrs. Van Alstyne's chief thought has run on the plane of "gospel songs," but at times she has risen to a higher standard of poetic feeling, as will be seen from the following hymn found in her "Bells at Evening," published by the Biglow & Main Company:

Great is Jehovah, King of kings!  
Oh, magnify His name;  
Praise Him, ye nations of the earth,  
His mighty works proclaim;

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

When darkness hovered o'er the deep,  
And all was veiled in night,  
At His command, in beauty smiled  
A morn of purest light.

Great is Jehovah, King of kings !  
The stars together sang ;  
Sweetly the new created earth  
In joyful concert rang ;  
But oh, our souls ! in wonder lost,  
Behold, by faith sublime,  
In man's redemption from the fall  
God's greatest wisdom shine.

Glory to Him whose boundless love  
The debt of sin has paid !  
Glory to Him whose precious blood  
Our sacrifice was made !  
With Him we die, through Him we rise ;  
To Him all praise be given,  
Who lives, exalted and adored  
By all the hosts of heaven.

This hymn has a meritorious ring, and is good enough to claim inclusion in our better class of hymnals. Several of Mrs. Van Alstyne's songs — perhaps a dozen or more — are worthy of admission in public worship ; but editors of later church hymnals do not seem to share in this appreciation of

*Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne*

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her finer, though less familiar hymns, and hence have passed them by.

I think it was in 1897 that Mrs. Van Alstyne wrote the following Easter poem for "The New York Press":

"Hallelujah! Christ hath risen!"

Sing for joy, O sons of earth!

Hail His glorious resurrection,

Ye who once proclaimed His birth!

Christ hath risen! See it flashing

From the cloudless arch above.

Written there in light resplendent

By His hand whose name is Love!

"Hallelujah! Christ hath risen!"

Mighty conqueror o'er His foes,

And thro' Him a gate is opened

That shall never, never close.

Blessed gate, that all may enter;

Blessed gate of life and peace,

Leading every true believer

Where the troubled waves shall cease.

"Hallelujah! Christ hath risen!"

Ring the bells in tuneful chime!

'T is the day of our redemption;

Sound it forth to every clime.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Bring the fragrant Easter lilies,  
Gather blushing roses fair,  
Lay them on the sacred altar —  
Let them bloom in beauty there.

“ Hallelujah ! Christ hath risen ! ”  
He shall reign the King of kings  
And the faithful He shall cover  
With the shadow of His wings.  
Lo ! the seal of death is broken  
And the gloom of night has fled !  
He hath rent the grave asunder,  
“ He who liveth and was dead.”

“ Hallelujah ! Christ hath risen ! ”  
So triumphant we may rise,  
And forever in His kingdom  
Dwell with Him beyond the skies.  
“ Hallelujah ! Christ hath risen ! ”  
Angels, strike your harps again !  
Heaven and earth, in chorus blending,  
Shout once more the loud amen !

This is one of the best pieces that have flowed from Mrs. Van Alstyne's wondrous wellspring of sacred song, and it may be appropriately classed among the more suitable hymns for public use at Easter time.



## CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

SOME one has said that the reason why a woman's poetry is generally true to nature and humanity — so far as she touches it — is that she is throughout tender, “for tenderness is a deep characteristic of truth.” Mrs. Alexander was always in touch with the thoughts and feelings of children, and being indued with fine poetic gifts, she surpassed all other writers of sacred song in meeting a growing demand for children's hymns — hymns attractive in their simplicity, picturesqueness, and pathos, and yet without blemish in hymnic beauty.

Mrs. Alexander, whose maiden name was Humphreys, was born at Strabane, Ireland, in 1823. In 1850 she was married to the Rev. William Alexander, afterwards bishop of Derry and Raphoe. Her volume of verses for the use of schools was

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published when she was twenty-three years old; and two years later her "Hymns for Little Children" was issued, of which two hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold. These publications were followed by others, and while most of her hymns are not of the highest order, many of them have gone to the hearts of young people and have made lasting sacred impressions. Writing and publishing hymns for children, and giving all the proceeds therefrom to charity, was the inspiring work of Mrs. Alexander till her death at Londonderry, Ireland, in 1895.

Almost every hymnal in America contains the following stanzas, which are child-like in simplicity, and which the great Gounod set to beautiful music :

There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.  
We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear ;  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

*Cecil Frances Alexander*

---

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.  
There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin ;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh! dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.  
For there's a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

Another charming hymn from Mrs. Alexander's heart and pen, which has gained almost universal use is the following :

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea ;  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, " Christian, follow Me."  
As, of old, St. Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake ;  
Turned from home and toil and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us, — from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us, —  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

Jesus calls us. By Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

The third hymn I shall quote from Mrs. Alexander has not only caught the ear of young people, but of singing Christians in many English-speaking lands :

The roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away.  
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,  
Oh, for the golden floor :  
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness  
That setteth nevermore !

*Cecil Frances Alexander*

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The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint !  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
Oh, for the heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a soul washed white,  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
Oh, by Thy life laid down :  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown.

It is said that Mrs. Alexander was deaf to applause, but when some one wrote to her to tell of a great change in heart and life that had come to a man by hearing "There is a Green Hill Far Away," she sprang from her chair and exclaimed: "Thank God! I do like to hear that." Those who knew her best have said that beautiful as many of her hymns are, her life was more beautiful still.

## PHŒBE CARY

**I**T is no small wonder that nearly every church hymnal in the United States and several in Great Britain contain the hymn familiarly known as "Nearer Home." Its author, Phœbe Cary, a sweet singer of beautiful and pathetic memory, was born on a farm near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1824. An affair of the heart had greatly shattered the health and deeply wounded the spirit of her sister Alice, and in November, 1850, the latter removed to New York City, and in the following April she was joined by Phœbe.

In a few years these loving sisters attained to distinction in the literary world, and established a home that was noted for its charming hospitality, and became a centre of attraction for many of the brightest people of America. It was the privilege of Alice to publish more works than her sister. Phœbe was the stronger of the

*Phæbe Cary*

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two, — Alice suffering from illness for several years, — and therefore she took charge of the affairs of the household, which gave her less time for literary labor. She wrote much that will not soon be forgotten, but the composition that has carried her name into all lands where the English tongue is spoken, is her “Nearer Home.” The poem in its original form is as follows :

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before :

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night ;  
Is the silent, unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abysm :  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrisim.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink ;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think ;

Father, perfect my trust ;  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith !

Various changes have been made in the hymn ; and a rearrangement in six stanzas by Miss Cary was included in "Hymns for all Christians," which she compiled in 1869 in collaboration with Dr. Charles F. Deems.

No doubt many writers make too free a use of the word "inspiration" in connection with the birth of many hymns ; but I think it can be truly said that in a large sense Miss Cary was inspired to write "Nearer Home." The hymn came from her heart one Sunday noon in 1852, immediately after she had returned from the



## *Phæbe Cary*

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Church of the Puritans, where she heard the distinguished George B. Cheever preach a touching sermon on the brevity of human life. Despite the fact that the rhythm of the hymn is faulty, and that its author never designed that it should be sung, it has become a universal favorite, particularly as a solo, and has charmed more composers than any other American sacred song. Lovers of this hymn who desire to become better acquainted with the important history it has made, can find some interesting facts in my "Hymns Historically Famous."

Phœbe Cary had enjoyed reasonably good health till the death of her sister in February, 1871. When Alice had departed, Phœbe suffered intense sorrow, and her constitution became shattered beyond repair. In the following July, these two devoted sisters, "whose mutual affection and inability to live apart attracted much sympathy," were united in the Home of which Phœbe so sweetly and touchingly sang in her popular hymn.

## ANNE ROSS COUSIN

**I**N most of the more modern American collections will be found a popular hymn called "Immanuel's Land." The authorship belongs to Mrs. Cousin, whose maiden name was Cundell, and who was a native of Leith, Scotland. She was the wife of the Rev. William Cousin, a minister of the Free Church at Melrose, whose death occurred many years ago. In 1857 Mrs. Cousin's familiar hymn was published in "The Christian Treasury." There are various arrangements of the hymn, the most acceptable of which for public worship is perhaps the following:

The sands of time are sinking;  
The dawn of heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

*Anne Ross Cousin*

---

O Christ! He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fulness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted by His love;  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of Grace —  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His piercèd hand —  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

There is pathetic interest in the history that suggested this hymn. Samuel Rutherford was called by Dean Stanley "the true saint of the Scottish Covenant." He was

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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born in Scotland in 1600, and died in prison at St. Andrews, in 1661. He was a great preacher, a fearless and well-trained teacher of Calvinistic doctrine, and the courage of his convictions cost him his life. At the sinking of the sun in the afternoon of his last day of earth, he said to some friends who were at his bedside: "Oh, that all my brethren in the land may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day! I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with His likeness. This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the vail; and I shall go away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morning. Glory! glory to my Creator and my Redeemer for ever! Oh, for arms to embrace Him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp! Glory! glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!"

Mrs. Cousin wrote a poem of nineteen stanzas which she called, "The Last Words of Samuel Rutherford," in which she skilfully wrought the dying and triumphant words of the Scottish saint, and from which comes her popular hymn.

EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE  
ELLIOTT

**A**MONG Christmas hymns designed for children two of high rank have been written by Miss Elliott. One begins with the line, "There came a little child to earth," which is popular in England, but is not known to many singing congregations in America. The second hymn is just as suitable for adults as for youthful minds, and has the ring of a true Christmas song. It was privately printed in 1864 for the use of the choir and school of St. Mark's Church, Brighton, England. The hymn has passed into almost every standard hymnal published in the United States during the past ten or twelve years. The best text available is the following:

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly  
crown  
When Thou camest to earth for me :

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

But in Bethlehem's home was there found no  
room

For Thy holy nativity :

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;  
But in lowly birth Thou didst come to earth,  
And in great humility :

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest  
In the shade of the cedar tree ;  
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
In the deserts of Galilee :

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word  
That should set Thy people free ;  
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
They bore Thee to Calvary :

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

When heaven's arches shall ring and her choir  
shall sing

At Thy coming to victory,

*Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott*

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Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there  
is room,  
There is room at My side for thee":  
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Regarding Miss Elliott's history, the facts are very slender. The date of her birth is unknown, but it is supposed to be about 1825. She wrote a large number of hymns which were issued in book form in 1866, and following this volume came "Chimes for Daily Service," and "Chimes of Consecration." Her death occurred in London in 1897. With the exception of the two Christmas hymns Miss Elliott has made no important contributions to hymnology. The hymn I have quoted is an admirable production, and is usually sung to the music by Barnby or Matthews, and in either setting it makes a delightful addition to the Christmas song service of the sanctuary.

## ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

ONE of the brightest names among the women whose hearts have been wellsprings of poetry is that of Adelaide Procter. Her father was Bryan Waller Procter of London, who was more commonly known by his pen-name, "Barry Cornwall." At a tender age his daughter displayed a glowing love of poetry, and before she had attained to her eighteenth year many of her poems found a prominent place in English literature.

The following interesting story concerning Miss Procter was contributed by Charles Dickens to "The Atlantic Monthly," for December, 1865 — nearly two years after her death at the age of thirty-nine years.

When Mr. Dickens was conducting "Household Words" he received a short poem for publication in the spring of 1853, which in merit was far above the "shoal of verses perpetually seething through the



## *Adelaide Anne Procter*

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office of such a periodical." It bore the name of Miss Mary Berwick, but who she was, or where in London she lived, no one knew. She was supposed to be a governess, and although she became a household word to the readers of the weekly journal, no one, not even Mr. Dickens, had seen her. On Christmas day, 1854, he was invited to dine with his old friend "Barry Cornwall," and took with him a special issue of "Household Words," and on reaching the Procter home he remarked that the journal contained a very pretty poem by a Miss Berwick. The next day Mr. Dickens learned that he had "so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence, and that the name had been assumed by 'Barry Cornwall's' eldest daughter — Miss Adelaide Procter."

In 1859 Miss Procter's "Legends and Lyrics" was published, and from this delightful volume several hymns have been taken. As an evening hymn there is nothing in our hymnology more beautiful than this:

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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The shadows of the evening hours  
    Fall from the darkening sky ;  
Upon the fragrance of the flowers  
    The dews of evening lie.  
Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,  
    We kneel at close of day ;  
Look on Thy children from on high,  
    And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
    Oh ! do not thou despise ;  
But let the incense of our prayers  
    Before Thy mercy rise ;  
The brightness of the coming night  
    Upon the darkness rolls ;  
With hopes of future glory, chase  
    The shadows from our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;  
    So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
    That one by one depart :  
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
    Within the heavens shine ;  
Give us, O Lord ! fresh hopes in heaven,  
    And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord ! Thy peace, O God !  
    Upon our souls descend ;  
From midnight fears and perils, Thou  
    Our trembling hearts defend ;

*Adelaide Anne Procter*

---

Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes,  
Through the long day we suffer, Lord ;  
Oh ! give us now repose !

The depth of Miss Procter's seriousness and the beauty of her trust and resignation, are shown in the following hymn, which is widely sung to several fine musical settings :

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road ;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet ;

I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :  
Lead me aright,

Though strength should falter and though heart  
should bleed,

Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here ;

Give me but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see ;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine  
Like quiet night.  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
Through peace to light.

All of Miss Procter's hymns are delicate, musical, and spiritual, but I am inclined to rank the one on Thankfulness the loveliest of the eight which are in use in the United States and England. Bishop Bickersteth says it is a most beautiful hymn, and " touches the chord of thankfulness in trial, as perhaps no other hymn does." The form of the hymn has been altered in several ways — without improvement — but I give the original :

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright,  
So full of splendor and of joy,  
Beauty and light ;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right !

*Adelaide Anne Procter*

---

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
    Joy to abound ;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
    Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
    Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy  
    Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours,  
    That thorns remain ;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
    And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
    Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
    Yet all with wings,  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
    Diviner things !

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
    The best in store ;  
I have enough, yet not too much,  
    To long for more ;  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
    Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
    Though amply blest,

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest —  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast!

The most solemn of Miss Procter's hymns is entitled, "Life a Pilgrimage." It is strangely impressive; once I heard a gentleman say that the impression it made on his mind when he first heard it sung was as lasting as life. Miss Procter was almost a helpless invalid when the language of her heart was expressed in the hymn:

The way is long and dreary,  
The path is bleak and bare,  
Our feet are worn and weary,  
But we will not despair;  
More heavy was Thy burden,  
More desolate Thy way:  
O Lamb of God! who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
*Have mercy upon us.*

The snows lie thick around us,  
In the dark and gloomy night;  
And the tempest wails above us,  
And the stars have hid their light;

*Adelaide Anne Procter*

---

But blacker was the darkness  
Round Calvary's Cross that day :  
O Lamb of God ! who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
*Have mercy upon us.*

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,  
Heavy and hard to bear ;  
For we dread the bitter morrow,  
But we will not despair ;  
Thou knowest all our anguish,  
And Thou wilt bid it cease :  
O Lamb of God ! who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
*Give us Thy peace !*

The mind and ear of many thousands of persons have alike been charmed by "The Lost Chord," the most popular of all Miss Procter's songs ; set to the music of the late Sir Arthur S. Sullivan it has been one of the most successful songs of modern times. While it cannot properly be called a hymn, it possesses so much poetic excellence and appeals so strongly to our spiritual natures, that I believe I shall please the reader by giving it a place in this volume :

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then ;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife ;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.



*Adelaide Anne Procter*

---

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again ;  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

The brief story of Sullivan's music is interesting. For three weeks Sir Arthur had constantly been by the sick-bed of his brother Frederick. Death was fast approaching, and one night in the solitude of the watch, when the patient had fallen into quiet slumber, the composer read from a little volume the verses of "The Lost Chord." Five years before, he had tried to give them a musical treatment ; but he was not inspired, and he failed. The reading of the lines in the sick-room, and almost in the presence of death, touched him profoundly : he seized a sheet of music paper which lay near by, and the music that flowed spontaneously from his soul was then and there wedded to the immortal verse of Adelaide Procter.

In 1851 Miss Procter became a member of the Catholic Church, and then she entered into the work of love and mercy with such self-denial and constancy of en-

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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thusiasm as eventually made her a hopeless invalid. Of her last hours Charles Dickens gives the following pathetic account: "It was at midnight, the second of February, 1864, that she turned a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up. She quietly asked as the clock was on the stroke of one, 'Do you think I am dying, mamma?' 'I think you are very, very ill, my dear.' 'Send for sister. Lift me up.' Her sister entering as they raised her, Adelaide said: 'It has come at last.' And with a bright and happy smile, she looked upward and departed."

## CAROLINE SPRAGUE SMITH

**I**T is an interesting fact that no inconsiderable number of sacred verses which were never designed for public worship, and whose origin was not associated with any unusual circumstances, have been moulded into useful hymns by the force of their melody and simplicity. A hymn of this class is "Tarry with me, O my Saviour," a poem of much impressiveness, which was written by Mrs. Smith. She is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and her maiden name was Sprague. In 1852 she was married to the Rev. Charles Smith, pastor of the South Congregational Church at Andover. Mr. Smith died in 1887, and in the following year Mrs. Smith removed to New York City, the residence of her son, Professor Charles Sprague Smith, who at the present time has charge of the People's Institute at Cooper Union.

The original of "Tarry with Me" consisted of seven six-line stanzas, and its

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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first publication was anonymous. Some unknown hand made a recast of the stanzas for the "Plymouth Collection" in 1855, and since that time the hymn has passed into many hymnals. It is winning its way into public favor, and that it should be rendered into Syriac, and become a favorite with the converts in the East, afforded its author deep gratification, although in her innate modesty Mrs. Smith never quite felt that in its hymnic form the composition could be called her own. But recently, after reading the hymn in one of the later collections, she writes me that she finds more of the original in it than she had imagined. For the hymn in the following form I am indebted to the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church:

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,  
For the day is passing by;  
See! the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be a night of rest?

*Caroline Sprague Smith*

---

Lonely seems the vale of shadows ;  
Sinks my heart with sudden fear ;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms ;  
Let me underneath my weakness  
Feel the everlasting arms.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;  
Tarry with me through the darkness ;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour !  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning, — then awake me, —  
Morning of eternal rest.

Mrs. Smith has written many hymns and poems for special occasions, nearly all of which are of a religious character. One of these, bearing the date 1880, was sung at an important missionary event. With her permission I give it to my readers.

Jesus, o'er the grave victorious,  
Lord of life and death Thou art ;  
Jesus, Saviour, Son of Mary,  
Thou hast still a human heart.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Bethany hath heard Thy groanings ;  
    “ Jesus wept.” O hearts that grieve,  
He hath said the Father’s glory  
    Ye shall see, if ye believe.

When afar in heathen darkness,  
    Woman wails beside her dead,  
Look, O Lord ! in tender pity,  
    Bid her soul be comforted.

Jesus wept, our tears to banish ;  
    Jesus died that we might live ;  
May we, Lord, Thy great salvation  
    Given freely, freely give.

Let us spread the precious message,  
    Jesus wept and Jesus died,  
Till we see our Father’s glory  
    And the earth is purified.

## ELIZABETH CHARLES

THE "Princeton Review" once said that no modern writer for the religious public had attained to a higher position than the author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," and "The Voice of Christian Life in Song." Mrs. Charles was the daughter of John Rundle, a London banker and member of Parliament. She was married to Andrew Paton Charles, a barrister-at-law. At a comparatively early age she became thoroughly versed in many branches of human knowledge. Up to 1888 she had published twenty-four distinct works which covered a wide field, including fiction, travels, history, biography, general religious literature, translations from the Latin, Greek, Swedish, and German languages, poetry, and hymnology. "The Voice of Christian Life in Song" is particularly interesting and valuable, as it contains numerous and admirable transla-

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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tions of the hymns of many lands and ages.

Mrs. Charles is the author of several original hymns of considerable value in that they give a forceful impression of her spiritual life. Among them are "Never Further than the Cross," and "Around a Table, not a Tomb," both quite familiar. But the best of all her hymns is entitled, "Sympathy," which has not yet found a place among good church hymns in America. It is a wonderfully suggestive hymn, and its recognized merit and sympathetic spirit make it grow with acquaintance :

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting ? rise and share  
it with another,  
And through all the years of famine it shall serve  
thee and thy brother :

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy hand-  
ful still renew ;  
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast  
for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its wealth  
is living grain ;  
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scatter'd fill  
with gold the plain.



## *Elizabeth Charles*

---

Is thy burden hard and heavy ? do thy steps drag  
wearily ?

Help to bear thy brother's burden ; God will bear  
both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou  
sleep amidst the snow ?

Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together  
both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle ? Many wounded  
round thee moan ;

Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that  
balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty ? None but God  
its void can fill ;

Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless  
longings still.

Is the heart a living power ? self-entwined, its  
strength sinks low ;

It can only live in loving, and by serving love  
will grow.

The closing years of Mrs. Charles's active life were spent near London. During months of invalidism, which were not free from great anxiety, she wrote a series of small devotional books, and having finished her labors, passed away in 1896.

## HARRIET PARR

**T**HREE widely known hymns have come into being as portions of works of fiction. Two, which are conspicuously great, are "Lord of all being, throned afar," and "O Love Divine, that stoops to share," which were taken from "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The third is the pathetic prayer, "Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father," which had its origin in the story of a shipwreck, by Harriet Parr, who was born in England in 1828. Miss Parr is the author of several novels, but conceals her identity under the pen-name of "Holme Lee." When Charles Dickens was editor of "Household Words," Miss Parr contributed a story entitled "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," for the Christmas number of 1856.

When the vessel was on a voyage to California it collided with an iceberg, and the passengers, who were placed in small

boats, suffered great privations for several days. To pass away the time as merrily as the distressing circumstances would permit, they repeated stories; and Dick Tarrant, a wild young man, told of his experience in this wise:

“What can it be that brings all these old things to my mind? There’s a child’s hymn I and Tom used to say at my mother’s knee, when we were little ones, which keeps running through my thoughts. It’s the stars, maybe; there was a little window by my bed that I used to watch them at; and if I were ever afraid, as boys will be after reading a good ghost story, I would keep on singing the hymn till I fell asleep.” “That was a good mother of yours, Dick; could you say that hymn now?” “It’s as clear in my mind at this minute as if my mother was here listening to me,” said Dick, and he repeated:

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
Ere I lay me down to sleep;  
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,  
Round my bed their vigil keep.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Great my sins are, but Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one ;  
Down before the cross I cast them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,  
Underneath its boundless shade ;  
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,  
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience,  
By the span of human thought ;  
None shall bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

Pardon all my past transgressions ;  
Give me strength for days to come ;  
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing  
Till Thine angels bid me home.

This hymn has attracted the attention of many hymn-book editors, and its tender pathos has made it one of the popular and helpful hymn-prayers of the Church.

## CATHERINE WINKWORTH

**A**S the author of many fine renderings of German hymns, the English-speaking churches of Christendom owe Miss Winkworth a large debt of gratitude. Born in London in 1829, her life came to a sudden close in 1878. She had a deep sympathy for women, and much of her time was devoted to the movement to secure higher education for women in England.

But Miss Winkworth's chief endeavor was to make English and American churches better acquainted with the wealth of German hymns. All her translations are found in her "Lyra Germanica," published in 1855 and reissued in 1858. In 1869 appeared her comprehensive and interesting work, "The Christian Singers of Germany," which contains many biographical sketches and numerous admirable translations of the hymns of the land of Luther.

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The German hymn which approaches Luther's "Ein feste Burg" in popularity is Martin Rinckhart's "Now thank we all our God." Miss Winkworth's version supersedes all others in faithfulness and fine poetic art, and is as follows :

Now thank we all our God,  
    With heart, and hands, and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
    In whom His world rejoices ;  
Who from our mothers' arms  
    Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
    And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God  
    Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
    And blessèd peace to cheer us ;  
And keep us in His grace,  
    And guide us when perplex'd,  
And free us from all ills  
    In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God  
    The Father now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
    With them in highest Heaven,

## *Catherine Winkworth*

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The One eternal God,  
Whom earth and Heav'n adore,  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

The original was written about 1644. Rinckhart was minister at his native town, Eilenburg. His pastorate covered the period of the 'Thirty Years' War, and during that time he and his people lived in severest distress. The plague of 1637 added misery and terror to the situation. He was called upon to bury more than four thousand persons. After he had made great personal sacrifice and had been reduced to almost unspeakable suffering, the war ended, the plague was stayed, and Martin Rinckhart wrote, "Now Thank we all our God," which has been the *Te Deum* of Germany for more than three centuries, and is sung at all national festivals of peace and war. Mendelssohn fully appreciated the merit and power of the hymn and introduced it in his "Hymn of Praise."

Another notable rendering by Miss Winkworth is "Lift up your Heads, ye Mighty Gates," by the Rev. Georg Weis-

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sel of Koenigsberg. He was born in 1590, and died in 1635. The translation illustrates how abundantly competent was Miss Winkworth to popularize and beautify German hymns for use in English churches. A rearrangement of the stanzas, with a number of lines omitted, is extensively used in England and the United States; but the form that is quite suitable for public worship with a greater proportion of the lines retained, and the stanzas arranged as Miss Winkworth designed they should be, is the following:

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,  
Behold the King of glory waits!  
The King of kings is drawing near,  
The Saviour of the world is here;  
Life and salvation doth He bring,  
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing.

The Lord is just, a helper tried,  
Mercy is ever at His side;  
His kingly crown is holiness;  
His sceptre, pity in distress;  
The end of all our woe He brings,  
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.



Oh, blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the ruler is confessed !  
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,  
To whom this King in triumph comes !  
The cloudless sun of joy He is,  
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

Fling wide the portals of your heart,  
Make it a temple set apart  
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;  
So shall your Sovereign enter in,  
And new and nobler life begin.

Redeemer ! come ; we open wide  
Our heart to Thee ; here, Lord ! abide :  
Thine inner presence let us feel,  
Thy grace and love in us reveal ;  
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,  
Until the glorious goal is won.

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

SHELLEY once defined poetry as “ the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds ” ; whereupon the “ London Saturday Review ” remarks that there is a tuneful meditativeness about Miss Rossetti’s verses which in a manner stamp them thus, as “ records of the best moments of one of the happiest minds.”

This wonderfully gifted poet was the daughter of Gabriele Rossetti, the exiled Italian patriot and philosopher, and was born in London in 1830. She began to write verses when she had just reached her thirteenth year, and before she was seventeen a volume of her poems was privately printed. In after years Miss Rossetti wrote a considerable amount of prose, but her fame rests almost wholly on her lyric poems. Her poetic gifts were hardly less brilliant than those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with whom she is frequently

## *Christina Georgina Rossetti*

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compared; and among her productions are some of the noblest examples of religious lyrics to be found in English literature. There is a touch of pathos in many of her hymns, but no complaining note. Her life was darkened by much physical suffering. She was doomed to an incurable malady; but through it all she was trustful and patient, and during those weary years she wrote numerous hymns and sonnets of exquisite beauty. Death released her from work and sorrow in December, 1894.

Many of Miss Rossetti's sacred poems are pervaded by a religious feeling that is very touching, and are not without tunefulness, yet none of them are found in American hymnals. In Great Britain, however, where appreciation of the high character of her lyric verses is becoming greatly enlarged, a number of her hymns are included in various church collections.

A hymn that beautifully illustrates Miss Rossetti's Christian trust while lingering in deep tribulation, is the following, which comes from a volume of hers called "New Poems," published by Macmillan & Com-

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pany, New York. It is perfect in poetic quality, and sweet in its tenderness of tone :

I will not faint, but trust in God,  
Who this my lot hath given ;  
He leads me by a thorny road  
Which is the road to heaven.  
Though sad my day that lasts so long,  
At evening I shall have a song ;  
Though dim my day until the night,  
At evening-time there shall be light.

My life is but a working day,  
Whose tasks are set aright ;  
Awhile to work, awhile to pray,  
And then a quiet night.  
And then, please God, a quiet night  
Where saints and angels walk in white ;  
One dreamless sleep from work and sorrow,  
But reawakening on the morrow.

That Miss Rossetti's hymns possess a large degree of purity of emotional thought, and particularly a great depth of devotional spirit, is shown in her lovely lines on "Weary in Well-doing" :

I would have gone ; God bade me stay :  
I would have worked ; God bade me rest :

*Christina Georgina Rossetti*

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He broke my will from day to day,  
He read my yearnings, unexpressed,  
And said them nay.

Now I would stay ; God bids me go :  
Now I would rest ; God bids me work :  
He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro,  
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk  
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me ;  
Day after day I plod and moil :  
But, Christ, my God, when will it be  
That I may let alone my toil  
And rest with Thee ?

Miss Rossetti was a communicant of the Anglican Church, and occasionally engaged in Christian work in a quiet way, but otherwise she lived a very secluded life. All her poems and sonnets, especially those of a devotional kind, came spontaneously. Her brother William Michael, who edited her works in 1895, says his sister would "feel" as if she ought to write, and at once her hand simply obeyed the dictation.

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE

ONE of the most stirring gospel songs of our era is "The Ninety-and-Nine." It is not a church hymn, it cannot be employed in the stated services of the church, but it is a beautiful poem, and probably has made as much history during the past twenty-five years as any sacred solo that can be named. The story of the poem is of unusual interest.

One morning in May, 1874, during Moody and Sankey's tour of evangelism in Great Britain, they were about to take a train at Glasgow for Edinburgh, when Mr. Sankey bought a copy of "The Christian Age," a London publication, in which he hoped to find some news from his homeland. After finishing the news, he found in the poet's corner of the paper, the following graphic poem on "The Lost Sheep":

*Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane*

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There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay  
    In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
    Far off from the gates of gold ;  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

“ Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety-and-nine ;  
    Are they not enough for Thee ? ”

But the Shepherd made answer : “ This of  
    Mine

    Has wandered away from Me ;  
And although the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
    How deep were the waters crossed ;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
    passed through,

    Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry —  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

“ Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the  
    way

    That mark out the mountain's track ? ”

“ They were shed for one who had gone astray  
    Ere the shepherd could bring him back.”

“ Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and  
    torn ? ”

“ They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.”

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And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,  
“ Rejoice ! I have found My sheep ! ”  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
“ Rejoice ! for the Lord brings back His  
own ! ”

Mr. Sankey says his soul was thrilled by the poem, and after reading it two or three times, he placed it in his scrap-book for future use. On the second day after the evangelists arrived in Edinburgh, a vast meeting was held in Free Assembly Hall. Mr. Moody preached on the Good Shepherd, and at the close of the sermon he asked Mr. Sankey if he could sing something appropriate for the meeting. The poem he found in the newspaper came to his mind like a flash. But he knew no music for such a metre. The thought struck him to try an impromptu air. He sat at his little organ and, without hesitation started off on the key of A flat, not knowing, he says, where he would land. He caught the spirit of the words as if by inspiration in singing the first stanza, and



## *Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane*

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when he had concluded, a wave of deep emotion seemed to pass over the great audience. The Scotch people, who are not easily touched by song, were moved to tears. It was a signal triumph for Mr. Sankey ; and Mr. Moody, with much feeling and surprise, said he never heard anything like it before.

While the audience in Free Assembly Hall was being thrilled by the new song a woman sat in one of the back galleries. She was deeply affected by the singing, although the words were not new to her. She was unable to meet Mr. Sankey in the confusion that followed the close of the service, but when he reached Dundee a few days later, he received a letter written by her at Melrose, in which she said : " I thank you for having sung the other day my deceased sister's words. She wrote them five years ago." It was not till Mr. Sankey read this letter that he knew the authorship of the poem, as it was published anonymously in the paper from which he clipped it.

" The Ninety-and-Nine " was written by

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Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane at Melrose, Scotland, about 1868. She was born in Edinburgh in 1830, and died in 1869. She wrote several hymns, and some time after the incident in Free Assembly Hall, Mr. Sankey had the privilege of examining all of them, but only "The Ninety-and-Nine" and "Beneath the Cross of Jesus," were found suitable for musical settings. Miss Clephane began to write poetry at an early age, but none of her productions appeared in print until 1868. In 1874 her poems were published in "The Family Treasury" under the title, "Breathings on the Border." There is pathos in the fact that Miss Clephane's death occurring early in 1869 she never heard her hymns sung, or saw them printed in permanent form.

## EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

**M**RS. MILLER has won international fame as a poet and a writer of popular stories for young people, and is not without an honorable name in church hymnody. She is the daughter of Thomas Huntington, M.D., of Brooklyn, Connecticut, where she was born in 1833. Graduating from Oberlin in 1857, she was married to John E. Miller, who, for several years was professor of Latin and Greek in the Northwestern College at Plainfield, Illinois. Nine years after their marriage they removed to Chicago and became interested in "The Little Corporal," a famous juvenile publication of the time. For a few years Mr. Miller was associated with Mr. Alfred L. Sewell as publisher, and Mrs. Miller was its associate editor; but eventually Mr. Miller became sole proprietor, and his wife took up the work of editor-in-chief. It was during the years that Mrs. Miller was connected with the

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editorial department of this journal that it attained to a phenomenal circulation. The publication office was lost in the great conflagration of 1871, and four years later the magazine was merged in *St. Nicholas*. After the death of Mr. Miller in 1882, Mrs. Miller engaged in general literary work. She has written some twenty volumes of stories and two volumes of poems. For seven years she delighted the readers of "The Christian Union" (now "The Outlook") with her charming "Home Talks"; and for our "Young Folks," a first-class magazine published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, she wrote the series of "Songs of the Months." The poems were so highly prized by the publishers that they employed Theodore Thomas to set them to music for the magazine.

Since 1891 Mrs. Miller has been dean of the woman's department and associate professor of English literature in the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois.

Mrs. Miller's contributions to hymnology are not numerous, but good. A hymn which is perfect in structure and

*Emily Huntington Miller*

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admirable in its worshipful spirit, was written in 1861 for the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Akron, Ohio :

Enter Thy temple, glorious King !  
And write Thy name upon its shrine,  
Thy peace to shed, Thy joy to bring,  
And seal its courts forever Thine.

Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,  
Our strength, our comfort, and our light ;  
Sun of our joy's unclouded day !  
Star of our sorrow's troubled night !

If from Thy paths our souls should stray,  
Yet turn to seek Thy pardoning grace,  
Cast not our contrite prayer away,  
But hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

Grant us to walk in peace and love,  
And find, at last, some humble place  
In that great temple built above,  
Where dwell Thy saints before Thy face.

But of all the hymns Mrs. Miller has written, the one entitled "Because He Loves me So," is the most popular. It is a beautiful and unique children's hymn, and was first published in "The Little

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Corporal." Its melody of expression makes it very singable. It was honored with a place in the famous "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," in 1875, and Dr. Horder, of London, uses it in his "Congregational Hymns." The text is as follows:

I love to hear the story  
    Which angel voices tell,  
How once the King of glory  
    Came down on earth to dwell.  
I am both weak and sinful,  
    But this I surely know,  
The Lord came down to save me,  
    Because He loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
    Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
    His little ones may be;  
And if I try to follow  
    His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
    Because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy  
    My sweetest songs I'll raise;  
And though I cannot see Him  
    I know He hears my praise;

*Emily Huntington Miller*

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For He has kindly promised  
That even I may go  
To sing among His angels,  
Because He loves me so.

“Kingdom of Light” is the title of another good hymn by Mrs. Miller. It was written for the Missionary Congress held at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893; and since that time it has been given prominence in a hymnal, and is frequently used in missionary and social meetings:

Kingdom of Light! whose morning star  
To Bethlehem’s manger led the way,  
Not yet upon our longing eyes  
Shines the full splendor of thy day.  
Yet still across the centuries falls,  
Solemn and sweet, our Lord’s command;  
And still with steadfast faith we cry,  
“Lo, the glad kingdom is at hand!”

Kingdom of Heaven! whose dawn began  
With love’s divine, incarnate breath,  
Our hearts are slow to understand  
The lessons of that life and death.  
Yet, though with stammering tongues we tell  
Redemption’s story, strange and sweet,  
The world’s Redeemer lifted up,  
Shall draw the nations to His feet.

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Kingdom of Peace ! whose music clear  
Swept through Judea's starlit skies,  
Still the harsh sounds of human strife  
Break on thy heavenly harmonies.  
Yet shall thy song of triumph ring  
In full accord, from land to land,  
And men with angels learn to sing,  
" Behold, the kingdom is at hand ! "



## FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

**T**HIS is truly an attractive name in later English hymnology. It is a name as tenderly beloved by American churches as by Christian worshippers of her native land. Miss Havergal was the daughter of the Rev. William Henry Havergal, vicar of Astley, Worcestershire, England, who himself was a writer of several good hymns and a composer of much acceptable sacred music.

To show the wonderful gifts of this saintly woman I quote a paragraph from my "Hymns Historically Famous": "A study of her short life reminds us that she could read at three; that she wrote verses at seven with remarkable fluency; that in her girlhood days she knew the whole of the New Testament, the Psalms, and Isaiah by heart, and afterwards memorized the Minor Prophets; that when fourteen years old she had a glowing spiritual enthusiasm;

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that she early acquired the French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; that she daily read the Old and New Testaments in the original; that she could play through Handel and much of Mendelssohn and Beethoven without notes; that she had a sweet singing voice and was a reputable composer; and that in her school days, though having a frail constitution, she climbed the Swiss Mountains that she might revel in the scene of perpetual snow."

Miss Havergal's physical qualities were never strong, and her mental activity which many times was extremely severe, brought on rapid bodily decline, and in 1879, when she had just passed her fortieth year, she entered immortality.

Five years before Miss Havergal passed away she wrote the following consecration hymn which may be commended as one of the finest of its class :

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

*Frances Ridley Havergal*

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

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

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

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

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

The hymn is not only popular with English and American churches, but it has been rendered into nearly all European languages, and is even sung in the tongues of the Africans and the Asiatics.

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In 1872 Miss Havergal wrote "A Worker's Prayer" which in poetic purity and spiritual beauty is not less admirable than her consecration hymn. In some prints it has been badly marred; but the text, as it came warm from the heart of its author, is as follows:

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones, in needful hour.

*Frances Ridley Havergal*

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Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blessèd face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Her hymn on "The New Year" is very lovely :

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

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest.

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

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

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Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love ;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

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

I wish to quote another composition from the heart and brain of Miss Havergal. It is not a hymn, but a charming and suggestive sacred poem. She wrote a number of hymns of high quality, but I think she produced nothing that is finer than "Not Lost" :

Where are the countless crystals,  
So perfect and so bright,  
That robed in softest ermine  
The winter day and night ?  
Not lost ! for, life to many a root,  
They rise again in flower and fruit.

Where are the mighty forests,  
And giant ferns of old,  
That in primeval silence  
Strange leaf and frond unrolled ?  
Not lost ! for now they shine and blaze,  
The light and warmth of Christmas days.

*Frances Ridley Havergal*

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Where are our early lessons,  
The teachings of our youth,  
The countless words forgotten  
Of knowledge and of truth ?  
Not lost ! for they are living still,  
As power to think and do and will.

Where is the seed we scatter,  
With weak and trembling hand,  
Beside the gloomy waters,  
Or on the arid land ?  
Not lost ! for after many days  
Our prayer and toil shall turn to praise.

Where are the days of sorrow,  
And lonely hours of pain,  
When work is interrupted,  
Or planned or willed in vain ?  
Not lost ! it is the thorniest shoot  
That bears the Master's pleasant fruit.

Where, where are all God's lessons,  
His teachings dark or bright ?  
Not lost ! but only hidden,  
Till, in eternal light,  
We see, while at His feet we fall,  
The reasons and results of all.

Poetic afflatus is as inconstant as the wind ; and like all other writers of many hymns or other sacred verse, Miss Haver-

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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gal wrote a larger number of the former than the churches will ever sing. There are perhaps some twenty or twenty-five of her productions in use in the United States, and these, with many that are not quite suitable for public worship, remain as a transcript of her daily life. From her consecrated girlhood to the hour of her departure, her prayer was that her life might be one anthem unto her Redeemer.



## MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER

**T**HIS delightful poet — justly called “America’s household friend,” and whose maiden name was Munson — was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1838; and at the age of twenty was married to George Sangster. In her girlhood days she gave evidence of uncommon literary ability, and ever since her young womanhood she has been known and loved as a poet.

That Mrs. Sangster has led a remarkably busy life can be seen from the large number of magazines and journals to which she has been a voluminous contributor during the past thirty years. She has filled editorial positions on the old “Hearth and Home,” “The Christian at Work,” “Harper’s Young People,” and from 1889 to 1899 she was editor of “Harper’s Bazar.” Mrs. Sangster has written much for such high class publications as “The Independent,” “The Christian Union” (now “The Outlook”), “The Congregational-

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ist," "The Christian Herald," and "The Ladies Home Journal."

Among Mrs. Sangster's prose works are several volumes of stories for children, and "Little Jamie" was written when she was seventeen years old. "Hours with Girls" and "Winsome Womanhood" are her most popular works. Her poetry in book form includes "Poems of the Household," "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," "On the Road Home," and "Easter Bells."

A hymn which appeals strongly to lovers of sacred song is her "Te Deum Laudamus," found in "Easter Bells" published by the Harpers. It is an expression of the deepest religious feeling, and breathes the very spirit of a heart song:

We praise Thee! We bless Thee!

O Saviour, risen to-day!

Thou who didst drain the bitter cup,

Thou who Thy life didst offer up,

To take our sins away!

We praise Thee! We bless Thee!

O Lord of death and life!

We follow where Thy feet have gone,

Through deepest night to fairest dawn,

To peace through stubborn strife!

*Margaret Elizabeth Sangster*

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We praise Thee! We bless Thee!  
Even when our hearts are riven!  
Thou art anear the dying bed,  
Thy hand beneath the fainting head,  
And Thou Thyself art heaven!

We praise Thee! We bless Thee!  
Besides each lonely mound  
That daisy-starred or lily-sown,  
Is but the cover gently thrown  
O'er one in Jesus found.

We praise Thee! We bless Thee!  
With every pulse and breath.  
Ours is the never-ending hymn  
That saints began in ages dim,  
Thou Conqueror of Death!

We praise Thee! We bless Thee!  
This happy Sabbath day.  
Through earth and skies the chorus rings,  
O Lord of lords and King of kings,  
Who takes our sins away.

Mrs. Sangster has also given us "Thine is the Power," which is becoming one of the tones of the Church. The hymn is beautiful in its simplicity, and is a fine example of how her soul-feeling naturally and gracefully flows into verse. I give the full text:

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Thine is the power, Lord :

Humbly we crave,  
Thou wilt Thyself reveal,  
Mighty to save.

Thine is the power, Lord :

Help us to win,  
Hard are we now beset,  
Striving with sin.

Thine is the power, Lord :

Lowly we bend,  
Trusting Thy gracious word,  
Kinsman and friend.

Thine is the power, Lord :

Grant us Thy peace ;  
Now, from the tempter, Lord,  
Grant us release.

Thine is the power, Lord :

Keep us in sight ;  
Let us not wander, Lord,  
Lost in the night.

Thine is the power, Lord :

Shield us from ill ;  
Yet in the evil day,  
Trust Thee we will.

Thine is the power, Lord ;

Ours is the need ;  
'T is in Thy gracious word,  
Dare we to plead.

## Margaret Elizabeth Sangster

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Thine is the power, Lord :  
Are we not Thine ?  
Be Thou our watch and ward,  
Saviour divine.

Mrs. Sangster's writings impress the reader that her life is intensely religious. From her early childhood she has been a devout communicant of the Dutch Reformed Church. How her divine songs came into being is interesting. Once a gentleman asked her when she wrote her poems, and her immediate answer was, "I do not know." Of course she did not mean to infer that she was totally unconscious either of the times or circumstances that produced her hymns and devotional pieces; but afterwards she as much as intimated that they were the products of what might be called a sub-conscious mood, and "while she was riding to and fro on the cars or walking the streets." The songs which are the sweetest and best, and sink deepest into the human heart, are those which poets do not *try* to write.

## EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

I TAKE it for granted that many patriots, particularly the members of the noble army who served in the Civil War, still remember the expressive poem entitled "Freedom Reigns To-day." It was written by Miss Proctor and adapted to the immortal air of "John Brown's Body." The poem was suggested by the Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln in September, 1862, and going into effect on the first day of January, 1863. The author was born in Herkimer, New York, in 1838. She early acquired a taste for poetic literature; at twenty she began to publish in the public prints, and from that time "she has been in the circle of the best writers, preachers, and teachers of this generation."

Miss Proctor's first volume of poems came from the press in 1866; and in 1872, after making a tour of Europe, she wrote a volume called "A Russian Journey." Her "Song of the Ancient People," which

is a rendering of Moquin-Zuñi (Indian) thought, is said to take rank "as one of our creative American poems." In 1892 she wrote the thrilling lyric, "Columbia's Banner," for the national school celebration on Columbus day, which was recited with uncommon interest and emotion in the schools throughout the country. When President Harrison made a personal appeal to Miss Proctor to employ her pen in the cause of protecting the forests of the White Mountains, she wrote the striking poem entitled, "The Doom of the White Hills." She has also written poems entitled, "Heroes," and "By the Shenandoah," which are widely known.

Miss Proctor has contributed but one hymn to our hymnology, and this consists of three stanzas :

Through storm and sun the age draws on,  
    When heaven and earth shall meet,  
For the Lord has said that glorious  
    He will make the place of His feet ;  
And the grass may die on the summer hills,  
    The flower fade by the river,  
But our God is the same through endless years  
    And His word shall stand forever.

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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“What of the night, O watchman set  
To mark the dawn of day?”  
“The wind blows fair from the morning star,  
And the shadows flee away.  
Dark are the vales, but the mountains glow  
As the light its splendor flings,  
And the Sun of righteousness comes up  
With healing in his wings.”

Shine on, shine on, O blessed Sun,  
Through all the round of heaven,  
Till the darkest vale and the farthest isle  
Full to thy light are given!  
Till the desert and the wilderness  
As Sharon's plain shall be,  
And the love of the Lord shall fill the earth  
As the waters fill the sea!

The hymn was written for the Woman's Congress of Missions of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, and was read there by herself as part of a longer poem. This stirring missionary song has been set to music and has frequently been sung. It is published in the report of the Woman's Congress.



## MARY ARTEMISIA LATHBURY

**I**N speaking of the poetic gifts of this author of several exceedingly fine hymns, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says: "She has marvellous lyric force which not five people in a century show, and her chance of having a name two hundred years hence is better than that of most writers in America."

Miss Lathbury — of whom a writer in "The Chautauquan" says: "Those who know her best will freely and unreservedly admit her to the list of uncanonized Women of Great Love" — was born in 1841 at Manchester, New York, where she lived eighteen years. Entering the school of art at Worcester, Massachusetts, she gave to one year of study such devotion, and exhibited such remarkable faculty, that she was appointed to teach drawing, painting, and French, in the Conference Seminary at Newbury, Vermont. She afterwards taught five years in Fort Edward Institute, Fort

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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Edward, New York ; and six years in the Ladies' Seminary, at Carmel, in the same State. In 1874 Miss Lathbury was engaged by the Rev. Dr. Vincent (now Bishop), as associate editor of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school publications ; and in those periodicals, which circulated all over the land, appeared scores of her charming pictures and stories of child-life. "The Chautauquan" suggests that Miss Lathbury shares with Mary Hallock Foote the honor of being a pioneer in the field of book and magazine illustration by women.

In addition to her authorship of books (which includes "Felda and the Voice," a book of fairy tales, "Out of Darkness into Light," "From Meadow-Sweet to Mistletoe," "Seven Little Maids," "Ring-Around-a-Rosy," "Idyls of the Months," and "The Child's Story Bible," — all of which, except the last, are illustrated by her own hand) Miss Lathbury has done much to brighten the pages of "The Youth's Companion," "St. Nicholas," "Wide Awake," and Harper's "Young People." Some of her best literary pro-

## *Mary Artemisia Lathbury*

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ductions have been published in "The Outlook" and other high-class journals; but her regular work has been chiefly confined to the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school publications.

Lovers of beautiful song will quite agree with Dr. Hale as to the abiding influence of Miss Lathbury's lyric force. Her contributions to church hymnody are very important. The hymns she has been inspired to write possess a charm that has carried them into many lands. Take, for instance, the little gem — "Break Thou the Bread of Life" — which is admirably simple, and full of sweetness and beauty. It was written in 1880 for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and set to delightful music by the lamented Professor William Fisk Sherwin :

Break Thou the bread of life,  
Dear Lord, to me, ·  
As Thou didst break the loaves  
Beside the sea.  
Beyond the sacred page  
I seek Thee, Lord;  
My spirit pants for Thee,  
O living Word!

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,  
To me — to me —  
As Thou didst bless the bread  
By Galilee ;  
Then shall all bondage cease,  
All fetters fall ;  
And I shall find my peace,  
My All-in-All !

It is gratifying to observe that nearly all of the later standard hymnals have found a place for this hymn ; and Dr. W. Garrett Horder, of London — one of the ablest of British hymnologists — includes it in his “*Congregational Hymns.*”

In 1881 Miss Lathbury wrote a hymn entitled “*The Nameless Fold,*” a plea for Christian unity. It is a composition of great merit, and is winsome in its beautiful melody and graceful rhythm :

O Shepherd of the Nameless Fold,  
The blessed Church to be,  
Our hearts with love and longing turn  
To find their rest in Thee.  
Thy kingdom come ! Its heavenly walls  
Unseen around us rise,  
And deep in loving human hearts  
Its broad foundation lies.

*Mary Artemisia Lathbury*

---

From out our low, unloving state,  
Our centuries of strife,  
Thy hand, O Shepherd of the flock,  
Is lifting us to life ;  
From all our old divided ways  
And fruitless fields we turn  
To Thy dear feet, the simple law  
Of Christian love to learn.

O holy kingdom ! happy fold !  
O blessed Church to be !  
Our hearts in love and worship turn  
To find themselves in Thee ;  
Thy bounds are known to God alone,  
For they are set above :  
The length, the breadth, the height are one,  
And measured by His love.

It seems to me that there is hardly anything in sacred song more peculiarly impressive than Miss Lathbury's "A Song of Hope," which has justly received very wide recognition :

Children of yesterday,  
Heirs of to-morrow.  
What are you weaving ?  
Labor and sorrow ?  
Look to your loom again.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Faster and faster  
Fly the great shuttles  
Prepared by the Master.  
Life 's in the loom !  
Room for it —  
Room !

Children of yesterday,  
Heirs of to-morrow,  
Lighten the labor,  
And sweeten the sorrow.  
Now — while the shuttles fly  
Faster and faster,  
Up, and be at it,  
At work with the Master.  
He stands at your loom ;  
Room for Him —  
Room !

Children of yesterday.  
Heirs of to-morrow,  
Look at your fabric  
Of labor and sorrow.  
Seamy and dark  
With despair and disaster,  
Turn it, and — lo,  
The design of the Master !  
The Lord's at the loom ;  
Room for Him —  
Room !

## Mary Artemisia Lathbury

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In 1880 our "Chautauqua Poet" wrote a vesper song for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and probably it will never be dissociated from the lovely tune composed by Professor Sherwin. The original hymn consisted of two stanzas and a refrain, but when it attained to an extensive popularity, Miss Lathbury was urged to add more, and the third and fourth were written in 1890. Let the reader note the exquisite tenderness, the poetic beauty, and the deep spiritual tone of the hymn. As an evening song there is none in the language superior to it:

Day is dying in the west ;  
Heaven is touching earth with rest :  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets her evening lamps alight  
Through all the sky.

*Chorus.* —

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts !  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee !  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
O Lord most high !

Lord of life, beneath the dome  
Of the Universe, Thy home,

## *Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Gather us who seek Thy face  
To the fold of Thy embrace,  
For Thou art nigh. — *Chorus.*

While the deepening shadows fall,  
Heart of Love, enfolding all,  
Through the glory and the grace  
Of the stars that veil Thy face  
Our hearts ascend. — *Chorus.*

When forever from Thy sight  
Pass the stars, the day, the night,  
Lord of angels, on our eyes  
Let eternal morning rise  
And shadows end. — *Chorus.*

In 1894 Miss Lathbury wrote eleven songs for a collection called "The New Era of Song," and among them is "The Hymn of Life." I regard it one of the finest long-metre hymns of recent years. In grandeur of thought and poetic purity it ranks very close to Oliver Wendell Holmes's sublime hymn, "Lord of all being, throned afar." The readers can study both hymns and judge for themselves as to their comparative merits :



*Mary Artemisia Lathbury*

---

Lord of all life, the near, the far ;  
From the low glow-worm to the star ;  
Within Thy works Thyself we see,  
And with all angels worship Thee.

In age-abiding rocks that bear  
An elder Scripture written there ;  
In the red hearth-glow, and the flame  
Of countless suns, we read Thy name.

The crystal and the daisy grow  
From heav'nly types that angels know,  
And ev'ry weed and common clod  
Is crowded with the thoughts of God.

O heavenly Teacher ! Saviour dear !  
To thought so far, to love so near !  
Though lost in Thy immensity,  
Our hearts have found a Home in Thee.

Miss Lathbury's father was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church ; in that communion she was reared, and remained a member until 1890, when she associated herself with the New Jerusalem Church. Her spiritual life has been one of great activity and rich in experience. She once told her dear friend Frances E. Willard, that when a young woman she knelt in

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a prayer of consecration, and definitely asked a heavenly baptism of brain and hand. Miss Lathbury did consecrate what she knew to be her dawning gifts of song and pencil, "to Him who is the best friend that woman ever knew." That consecration has had an inspiring influence. Many thousands of children have had their little lives gladdened by her drawings, stories, and poems; and the church service has been enriched by her songs.

## FRANCES COAN PERCY

**I** AM indebted to "The Plymouth Hymnal" for two very tuneful hymns written by Mrs. Percy. She is the daughter of Richard D. Coan, and was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1843. She early became a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in 1864 was appointed by the American Missionary Association a teacher among the freedmen at Norfolk, Virginia. The schools of which the Association had charge were under the personal supervision of Mr. Henry C. Percy, to whom Miss Coan was married in 1866. During her residence at Norfolk, which covered a period of many years, Mrs. Percy was much out of health, and was a great sufferer. After leaving Norfolk her home was at New Haven, Connecticut, for some years, and since the death of Mr. Percy in 1898, she has lived in New York City with her son and only

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

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child, Richard T. Percy, who is organist at the Marble Collegiate Church.

One of Mrs. Percy's hymns is a very tender prayer for guidance, and was written in 1882 :

O Father, hear my morning prayer,  
Thy aid impart to me,  
That I may make my life to-day  
Acceptable to Thee.

May this desire my spirit rule ;  
And as the moments fly,  
Something of good be born in me,  
Something of evil die.

Some grace that seeks my heart to win,  
With shining victory meet,  
Some sin that strives for mastery,  
Find overthrow complete.

That so throughout the coming day,  
The hours shall carry me  
A little farther from the world,  
A little nearer Thee.

There is a good deal of sweet trustfulness in the second hymn, which is appropriately set to expressive music by John B. Dykes. The date of this hymn is 1892 :

*Frances Coan Percy*

---

As swiftly, silently draws near the night,  
And into gloom the daylight dies away,  
I praise Thee, Heavenly Father, for Thy light,  
That shineth ever, an eternal day.

I praise Thee that Thy weary child may see  
The way to Thee, though darkness gathers  
deep,  
I come, O Father, to receive of Thee  
Thy pardon and Thy blessing ere I sleep.

I lift to Thee this burdened heart of mine,  
Filled with the shadows of the deepening night ;  
Thou floodest me with rays of love divine,  
And darkness flees from me, and all is light.

O Father, as the night of life draws near,  
And fast earth's fading brightness ebbs away,  
In growing glory may Thy light appear,  
Until for me it always shall be day.

By special request Mrs. Percy sends me  
a hymn entitled "A Prayer of Prayers,"  
written by her in 1898, and which is not  
less meritorious than the others :

Lord, if one prayer alone  
I unto Thee might offer, it should be  
That Thou, Lord, wouldst make known  
The secret of Thy presence unto me.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Not for a transient hour  
Would I petition for this grace divine,  
But I would crave its power  
For every moment of this life of mine.

If all the way I go  
Thou, Lord, wert present to my spirit's sight,  
No darkness could I know,  
Nor ever lose the path, for Thou art Light.

The trials sore of earth  
And all its sorrows I should rise above,  
And bravely bear all dearth  
Of human fellowship, for Thou art Love.

The tumult and the strife  
Of anxious cares and fears, for me would cease,  
And all my earthly life  
Be filled with heavenly calm, for Thou art Peace.

Grant, Lord, that I may see  
Thee present alway whatsoe'er befall,  
Then will remain for me  
Naught to desire, for Thou art all in all.

Mrs. Percy has written about fifty hymns, and of them it can be said that their dominant note is an uplifting, unwavering, and beautifying faith.

## MARY WHEATON LYON

**I**N the issue of the "The Outlook" for May 4, 1901, a hymn was published entitled "An Hour With Thee," and was credited to Mary Wheaton Lyon. Being greatly moved by the depth of feeling the hymn contains I wrote to Professor Ernest Neal Lyon, of Jersey City Heights, New Jersey, son of the author, and elicited some interesting facts concerning her life and character. Mrs. Lyon was born at Fabius, New York, in 1844. She was graduated from Cazenovia Seminary in 1865, and as the valedictorian of her class she received the prize for the best literary composition, a poem called, "The Eloquence of Silence." In 1868 Miss Wheaton was married to the Rev. A. Judson Lyon, a Baptist minister at Delaware, Ohio. When Mrs. Lyon sang—

"Life's toil will soon be past, and then,  
From all its sorrows free" —

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

she was nearer to the door of eternity than she perhaps thought, for she passed away suddenly in 1892. I quote the full text of the hymn :

My heart is tired, so tired to-night ;  
    How endless seems the strife —  
Day after day the restlessness  
    Of all this weary life !  
I come to lay the burden down  
    That so oppresseth me,  
And, shutting all the world without,  
    To spend an hour with Thee,  
        Dear Lord,  
    To spend an hour with Thee.

I would forget a little while  
    The bitterness of tears,  
The anxious thought that crowds my life,  
    The buried hopes of years ;  
Forget that woman's weary toil  
    My patient care must be.  
A tired child I come to-night  
    To spend an hour with Thee,  
        Dear Lord,  
    One little hour with Thee.

A foolish, wayward child, I know,  
    So often wandering ;  
A weak complaining child — but, oh !  
    Forgive my murmuring,



*Mary Wheaton Lyon*

---

And fold me to thy loving breast,  
Thou who hast died for me,  
And let me feel 't is peace to rest  
A little hour with Thee,  
Dear Lord!  
One little hour with Thee!

The busy world goes on and on,  
I cannot heed it now,  
Thy sacred hand is laid upon  
My aching, throbbing brow.  
Life's toil will soon be past, and then,  
From all its sorrow free,  
How sweet to think that I shall spend  
Eternity with Thee,  
Dear Lord,  
Eternity with Thee!

Professor Lyon says he does not know what occasion prompted the hymn, except that it was some heart-impulse to worship. That the lines appeal to many hearts is shown from the fact that the Professor is continually receiving words of appreciation of them from all parts of the country. Mrs. Lyon frequently wrote in poetry, and occasionally published articles in the "Philadelphia Ledger" and other prominent journals. An exquisite hymn of hers, entitled

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“God Knoweth Best,” appeared in “The Independent” in 1897, which I append :

The gates of life swing either way  
On noiseless hinges night and day.  
One enters through the open door,  
One leaves us to return no more.  
And which is happier, which more blest —  
God knoweth best.

We greet with smiles the one who comes  
Like sunshine to our hearts and homes.  
And reach out longing hands with tears  
To him, who in his ripened years  
Goes gladly to his heavenly rest :  
God knoweth best.

He guards the gates ; we need not dread  
The path these little feet must tread,  
Nor fear for him who from our sight  
Passed through them to the realms of light.  
Both in His loving care we rest :  
God knoweth best.

Mrs. Lyon was active in missionary and temperance endeavor, and often wrote of these themes. Her son writes me that she was one of those “rare and beautiful souls that are, like the wood-violet, too modest and sensitive to covet the glare of the sun.”

*Mary Wheaton Lyon*

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Her life, indeed, may be summed in her own words in the lovely little poem called "Realities":

All the worth of living  
Is loving, hoping, giving,  
Love survives the breath;  
Hope grows bright in death —  
Gifts that God returns to Thee,  
With increase, through Eternity!

## SARAH DOUDNEY

**W**HEN one beholds the long list of volumes written by Miss Doudney he is amazed at the prolificness of her pen. Up to 1889, when she had attained to her forty-seventh year, she had published in London over forty different works. She began her contributions to magazines at the age of eighteen, but a year or two previous to that time she had written the favorite and well-known poem, "The Lessons of the Water-Mill," in which is found the impressive refrain which has been quoted around the world, "The mill will never grind with the water that is past." Miss Doudney says she found the words of the refrain in an old scrap-book, where it was placed under the picture of a mill, but further than that she could not trace it. I may add that Hoyt & Ward's "Cyclopedia of Quotations" credits the proverb to "Gen. D. C. MacCallum," which no doubt is an error. Putnam's Sons' "Proverbs,

Maxims, and Phrases," classes it among those of French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese origin, and probably this is correct.

Miss Doudney has written numerous sacred and secular poems which have been widely read in Great Britain. Her "Psalms of Life" was issued in 1871, and in 1881 appeared her "Children's Hymn-Book." From the former work we get her most familiar hymn, which begins with the line, "Saviour, now the day is ending." But a hymn which seems to me to be stronger in thought and expression, and finer in diction, is the following, also from "Psalms of Life":

For all Thy care we bless Thee,  
O Father, God of might !  
For golden hours of morning,  
And quiet hours of night ;  
Thine is the arm that shields us  
When danger threatens nigh,  
And Thine the hand that yields us  
Rich gifts of earth and sky.

For all Thy love we bless Thee :  
No mortal lips can speak  
Thy comfort to the weary,  
Thy pity for the weak.

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

By Thee life's path is brightened  
With sunshine and with song ;  
The heavy loads are lightened,  
The feeble hearts made strong.

For all Thy truth we bless Thee :  
Our human vows are frail,  
But through the strife of ages  
Thy word can never fail ;  
The kingdoms shall be broken,  
The mighty ones will fall ;  
The promise Thou hast spoken  
Shall triumph over all.

Oh, teach us how to praise Thee,  
And touch our lips with fire !  
Yea, let Thy Dove descending,  
Our hearts and minds inspire !  
Thus toiling, watching, singing,  
We tread our desert way,  
And every hour is bringing  
Nearer the dawn of day.

Such hymns as this do much to inspire  
heart-felt worship, and add enrichment to  
the hymnals of the Church.

## ADA CAMBRIDGE CROSS

**I**N the “tuneful sisterhood” is Mrs. Cross, the author of several fine hymns and litanies which, I regret to note, are not familiar in the United States. She was born in Norfolk, England, in 1844, and in 1869 was married to the Rev. George Frederick Cross, who became incumbent of Coleraine, Australia. In 1865 she published a volume called “Hymns on the Litany,” which contained some verses of great beauty entitled “In Affliction.” The hymn, as originally printed, consisted of seven stanzas of eight lines each ; but this length not being suitable for public use, the following abbreviated form has been adopted :

Saviour ! by Thy sweet compassion,  
So unmeasured, so divine ;  
By that bitter, bitter passion,  
By that crimson cross of Thine ;

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

By the woes Thy love once tasted  
In this sin-marred world below,  
Succor those in tribulation,  
Succor those in sorrow now.

Lord, Thou hast a holy purpose  
In each suffering we bear ;  
In each throe of pain and terror ;  
In each secret, silent tear ;  
In the weary days of sickness,  
Famine, want, and loneliness :  
In our night-time of bereavement,  
In our soul's Lent-bitterness.

All the needful sweet correction  
Of this gentle hand of Thine ;  
All Thy wise and careful nurture,  
All Thy faultless discipline ;  
All to purge the precious metal,  
Till it shall reflect Thy face ;  
All to shape and polish jewels  
Thine own diadem to grace.

Lord ! we know that we must ever  
Take our cross, and follow Thee  
All along the narrow pathway,  
If we would Thy glory see.  
Then, oh, help us each to bear it,  
By Thine own hard life of shame ;  
Let us suffer well and meekly,  
Let us glorify Thy name.



Mrs. Cross also published a volume of hymns on the Holy Communion, and among them is one for Sunday morning: it is through this hymn that she is somewhat known in America. Of this hymn of sweetness and rhythmic beauty there are several abridgments, but I give the whole text:

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet summer morning  
After a night of pain :  
It comes as cooling showers  
To some exhausted land ;  
As shade of clustered palm-trees  
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

O day, when earthly sorrow  
Is merged in heavenly joy,  
And trial changed to blessing  
That foes may not destroy ;  
When want is turned to fulness,  
And weariness to rest,  
And pain to wondrous rapture  
Upon the Saviour's breast.

Lord, we would bring for offering,  
Though marred with earthly soil,  
A week of earnest labor,  
Of steady, faithful toil ;

*Songs from the Hearts of Women*

---

Fair fruits of self-denial,  
Of strong deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit  
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
In Thy pure presence kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed ;  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone, —  
So many talents wasted !  
So few bright laurels won !

So be it, Lord, for ever !  
Oh, may we evermore,  
In Jesus' holy presence,  
His blessèd name adore,  
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,  
Within His temple walls,  
Type of the stainless worship  
In Zion's golden halls ;

So that, in joy and gladness  
We reach that home at last,  
When life's short week of sorrow,  
And sin, and strife is past :  
When angel-hands have gathered  
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,  
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,  
Most Holy Trinity !

## *Ada Cambridge Cross*

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Mrs. Cross has been a voluminous contributor to periodical literature, and has written some ten or twelve volumes of popular stories; but if in the years to come her name shall live, it will be through her hymns, which are characterized by gracefulness and fervid spirituality.



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