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to insist, that the character of God, as we must conceive it, is a sufficient guaranty that sin, with punishment and with redemption, will be the occasion of greater honor to Him, than would have been a state of sinless perfection; and, furthermore, that eternal sin and eternal punishment, the last being the just and necessary consequence of the first, can be believed to be a part of the divine plan, on the infallible testimony of God's word, with as little difficulty, as we can believe that our own sin, and the unrest it brings, were foreordained of Him.

ARTICLE VI.

HYMNOLOGY.

[Continued from Vol. XVI. p. 229.]

THE TEXT OF HYMNS.

THE criticism on the text of church hymns is always perilous. They are associated with the most imposing scenes of the present life, or with the august realities of the future. If they become suggestive of mere verbal disputes; if their faults be made more prominent in the popular mind than their excellences, their sanctity is impaired. It is easy to lessen the influence of these odes, because many of them abound with faults. Some of the best of them are disfigured by mixed metaphors, strained comparisons, incongruous images. They live by their own spiritual power, which triumphs over their literary defects. Indeed, their rhetorical blemishes are, in one respect, a positive gain to the influence of the poetry; for they set off, by contrast, its vital force, and attest the superiority of pure and fervid sentiment over all the graces of style. But their diction is still open to criticism. It is easy to make this criticism, and to expose many

of our most precious hymns to ridicule. "Nothing is easier," said Napoleon Buonaparte, "than to find fault." There are no two books which can with more facility be made the theme of sport, than the Bible and the Hymn Book. "Wit," says lord Kaimes, "consists chiefly in joining things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise us because they are unexpected." The more sacred the composition, so much the more facile is it to startle men by connecting it with something secular or contemptible. This surprise is agreeable to an irreligious and vulgar mind. To such a mind, the unexpected association of solemn words with low images is one of the most fascinating, as it is the most demoralizing, species of wit. But in a free censure of some excellent hymns, there is danger of making ludicrous suggestions, and of degrading, if not spoiling, those forms of expression which are not commonly regarded as inappropriate to the worship of God. The spirit of even a just criticism often proves that the critic is unfit for his calling; that he has aspired to a sphere too lofty for him. He injures his own character, not less than his reputation, while he corrupts the minds of men who would have thought no evil, if he had not suggested it.

Still there will, there must, be discussion on the faults of hymns. Let it be conducted, then, in the spirit of decorum and of meek reverence. This discussion is most apt to arise when we are debating whether, on the one hand, we will adhere to the original form of our sacred odes, or, on the other hand, by certain changes in the stanzas, accommodate them to the real or imagined wants of the community. On this question, extravagant opinions are maintained by some advocates and by some opposers of alterations. All hymnologists unite in *practically adopting* alterations; but all do not agree in the theory that they ought to be adopted. Let us now examine, under various topics, the evils and the advantages of deviating from the original form of hymns.

§ 1. *The Relation of Changes in the Text to the Rights of Authors.*

It is affirmed by some, that an author has a perfect right to control the use that shall be made of his compositions; and that all alterations of what he has written are not merely "infringements" upon his property; they are "frauds," "trespasses," literary "theft," "robbery," "swindling," and (it has even been added), "felony." If we desire to print the hymn of an author, we must print it just as he wrote it. If we will not take his form, we have no right to take his hymn.

Now there is no question, that an author has a legal right to withhold from the community the productions of his pen; and also, if he publish them, and if he comply with certain legal conditions, he has a legal right to prevent their republication, in any form, during a limited period of time. But at the close of that period, all his legal rights expire. The benevolent law *gives* his productions, freely, to the world.

Further: there is no question that an author has a moral right to all the honor with which the merits of his work are fitted to crown him; and he may, therefore, within certain limits, claim to have his work presented to the public in that form which will be most creditable to himself.

But there are limits to this claim. The good of the community must not be sacrificed to the honor of a single individual. The whole poem may reflect a brighter glory on its author than a few detached parts of it; but those parts are all that can be sung in a church hymn, and they may be selected, even although the writer fail of securing all the praise which the omitted verses would have given him. As inapposite stanzas may be omitted, so inapposite words may be sacrificed, for more church-like phrases. If the author wrote his poem chiefly for his own fame, the omission of his inappropriate lines is a fit comment on his selfishness; if he wrote it for the general welfare, he will be willing to advance this end, even at the sacrifice of his personal reputation. When he publishes a hymn, he gives it to the com-

ing ages; he *gives up* his control over it. If he does not mean to give it away, he should keep it to himself. We are quite free from anxiety lest the bliss of Gregory, and Ambrose, and Bernard, and Baxter should be disturbed on account of the damage to their poetic fame, from the changes in their lyrics. The lines of bishop Ken breathe the sentiment of a dying psalmist:

“ And should the well-meant song I leave behind,
With Jesus' lovers some acceptance find,
'Twill heighten even the joys of heaven to know
That, in my verse, saints sing God's praise below.”

All this discussion with regard to the “rights of authorship,” may be terminated by considering that a manual for church song is not designed to perpetuate the renown of men. It is designed for the worship of God; and in some respects it would, better than now, fulfil its main intent, if it contained no allusion to the majority of names connected with its hymns. A church prayer book would lower its tone of sacredness, if it should append to each separate petition the name of its original writer; and, when a church hymn book parades the names and titles of its numerous authors on the same pages with the songs, it seems almost equally adapted to the glory of God and the renown of poets. The manual for church worship must not be regarded as the original repository of sacred songs; it must not be consulted as a literary witness; it must be looked upon as a book of prayer and praise. Its materials, in their original form, are found in other places. In those places, they may contribute to the honor of their authors. But in the church manual, the fame of poets should be lost in the glory of Him whom they adore.

Men of exclusively literary tastes, and also men who affect to be the *litterati* of the world, are apt to form an inaccurate and a low estimate of the very nature of a church hymn book. The book is considered as a collection of choice poems, specimens of the taste and genius of eminent composers. In this view it ought not to be, like the work of Dr. Vicessimus Knox, a volume of “*Elegant Extracts*,” for an

extract from a poem fails to display the symmetry of the whole. But if extracts are admitted, they must be quoted precisely as they were written. They are historical specimens. They profess to be mere reproductions. Of course, all changes of the original become falsehoods. An extract of six stanzas, which are consecutive in the hymn but not consecutive in the original, is a misrepresentation of its author. On the title-page of the book, and as a title of every song, is virtually published the announcement: "These are the beautiful or sublime words of this or that man." To deviate from these words, in such a case, falsifies the entire aim and pretension of the book. It is indeed important to have repertories or encyclopaedias of Christian hymns in their pristine form. But when we regard a hymn book as such an encyclopaedia, or as a beautiful abridgment of such an authoritative repertory, we substitute an historical and a scholastic standard for the higher standard of piety and devotion.

§ 2. *The Relation of Changes in the Text to the Encouragement of Authorship.*

If we concede that it is right, still is it expedient to leave an author uncertain whether the exact words of his hymn will be transmitted to posterity? Pained with the prospect of changes in his song, many an author will shrink back from giving it to the world. So far forth as a sensitive poet is deterred from authorship by the fear of these changes, they are an evil. The evil should never be encountered, except in the prospect of an overbalancing good.

But on this topic, as on the preceding, men entertain degrading views of the office of a hymn book. The poet is not dependent on the church manual for the faithful preservation of his words. They are guarded in the literary remains, in the scholastic repositories, in the archives of the university, in the historical collections. He is not injured by the fact that, superadded to all the literary and scientific channels through which his words may flow down to posterity, there

are more or less exact quotations from them, in manuals for public worship. Very frequently, the changes made in his hymn are the occasion of its being more widely known in its original form, than it otherwise would have been. Its real merits would never have been discovered by the majority of worshippers, if some critic had not removed the rubbish of uncouth or fantastic words under which the solid worth of the hymn lay hidden. As amended, it became a favorite lyric; when it had become such, its original was sought out; if it had not been pruned, it would have been forgotten. A man of poetic genius ought to be stimulated, rather than discouraged, by the thought that posterity will not willingly let his verses die, and that, even if they become antiquated in their present form, they will still live in new and fresh modifications, or become the germs of other and better songs. A philosopher propounds theories in the expectation that they will be improved by the scholars of a coming age. Does this expectation repress his love of contributing to the advancement of science? Was David deterred from giving his hymns to the world through fear that they would be modified by some future Milton or Montgomery?

There are two men who represent two classes of poets, in relation to this theme. Dr. Watts is one, and he is a representative of the larger class. These are his words, breathing forth his unselfish desire that his hymns be a "living sacrifice" to God, rising up to heaven, in any form which may be congenial with the devout aspirations of the worshipper: "If any expressions occur to the reader that savor of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences as little disturbance as possible. However, where any displeasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better; for, blessed be God, we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities."¹

¹ Watts's Works (Preface to his Hymns), Vol. IV. p. 149.

The noble-hearted psalmist who gave this authority, even to precentors, to make extemporaneous changes in his hymns, would not have regarded it as an outrage upon his rights, if he had foreseen that Wesley and Conder and Worcester would make studied and careful changes in them.

But there is another, less numerous, class of poets, represented by James Montgomery. In the year 1819, he united with Rev. Thomas Cotterill in the publication of a hymn book, and Montgomery contributed "the benefit of his judgment in the choice and *amendment* of available compositions from various quarters." In 1824, he said: "Good Mr. Cotterill and I bestowed a great deal of labor and care on the compilation of that book: clipping, interlining, and remodeling hymns of all sorts, as we thought we could correct the sentiment or improve the expression." Speaking of his toil on a lyric of Cowper, he then remarked: "I entirely rewrote the first verse of that favorite hymn, commencing: "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc. The words are objectionable as representing a fountain being *filled*, instead of *springing up*: I think my version is unexceptionable:

From Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood;
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloa's flood."

In the year 1835, Mr. Montgomery was officially requested, and he consented, to make an entire revision of the Moravian hymn book, containing twelve hundred hymns. "And it is hardly too much to say, that the time and thought spent in the reformation of such a mass of matter, much of it of a peculiar character, was not less than would have sufficed for the composition of a like quantity of original verse. He was often compelled either to change an obsolete or equivocal term, to soften down a too striking sentiment into a general meaning, or entirely to remodel the structure of a verse, or even of a whole hymn." He labored on these amendments, more or less frequently, through the lengthened period of twelve years. In 1849 the hymn book was pub-

lished, containing a multitude, but not the whole, of his emendations.¹

Notwithstanding this labor, continued at intervals for more than thirty years, in the modifying of sacred lyrics, Mr. Montgomery requests other men not to modify his own verses; and says, that "if good people cannot conscientiously adopt *his* diction and doctrine, it is a little questionable in them to impose upon him *theirs*." "When I am gone," he says, "my hymns will, no doubt, be altered to suit the taste of appropriators; for it is astonishing how really religious persons will sometimes feel scruples about a turn or a term."² What Mr. Montgomery predicted, has come to pass. There is not a hymn book, English or American, which contains twenty of his hymns, without modifying some of them. That remarkable man, John Wesley, also requested that his poetical effusions remain unaltered. But as he made many, and some splendid, changes in the lyrics of Henry More, Watts, and others, so his own lyrics are now more deeply imbedded in the hearts of worshippers, and the original forms of them are more faithfully studied, than they would have been, if they had not, in a modified style, been ingratiated into the love of the churches. The entreaty of these and other eminent poets, that there may be no changes in their songs, reminds us of Dr. Joseph Huntington's Introduction to his "Calvinism Improved:"³ — "The author has one request to make to all that may see or hear of this book. He asks that none would either *approve* or *censure* it, until after careful reading. And that all who may have read it with attention, and then speak freely their own opinion concerning it, as every one in that case has a good right to do, would also communicate this humble request from the author, to all such as have knowledge of it only by report." If men, because requested, are bound to withhold their condemnation of Dr. Huntington's treatise, they will soon be obligated, because they will soon be requested by some author, to pur-

¹ Memoirs of James Montgomery, Vol. III. p. 158. Vol. IV. pp. 69, 70. Vol. VI. pp. 266—268. Vol. VII. pp. 154—157.

² Memoirs, IV. p. 70.

³ See page xxiii.

chase some particular volume of his, to circulate it gratuitously, to write reviews of it, to read it semi-annually in a standing or kneeling posture. That petition, which will more probably be granted than any other, was made by Henry Vaughan, in the preface to his *Silex Scintillans*, p. 7: "And if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly, earnestly, beg that none would read them [my earlier writings]."

But it is asked: Should the hymns as altered, be ascribed to the poet who never indited them in that form? Is not this ascription a falsehood? We have already implied that there are evils connected with any allusion in a Hymn Book to the names of its authors, especially such authors as Barlow, Burns, Campbell, Dryden, Hogg, Thomas Moore, Pope, Walter Scott, and others who have no consecrated name in the church. Additional evils are connected with such allusions, where the stanzas appear in a new diction. If the hymn is essentially changed in style, or more especially in doctrine, and if the author's name be mentioned, there should be some announcement that the modifications are made.¹ Where the changes are not important, the notice of them would only confuse the reader. If all the alterations found in Worcester's "Watts and Select Hymns" were signified by an asterisk or dagger prefixed to the altered stanzas, the number of hymns without the asterisk or dagger would be very insignificant. But how could we, then,

¹ Often the Presbyterian Old School Collection makes a change in the doctrinal expression of its Psalms and Hymns, without giving sufficient notice of the change, as in the following instances:

ORIGINAL FORM.

Watts's 18th Psalm.

Or if my feet did e'er depart
'T was never with a wicked heart.

Watts's 32nd Psalm.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities.

Beddome.

When on the cross my Saviour died
A righteous God was pacified.

PRESBYTERIAN O. S. FORM.

Or if my feet did e'er depart
Thy love reclaimed my wandering heart.

*Before his judgment seat the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise.*

Hymn 106.

When on the cross my Saviour died,
God's holy law he satisfied.

distinguish, whether the modifications were important or trivial?¹

It must be observed, further, that *usage* has long ago explained the meaning of a Hymn Book when it refers an *altered* hymn to its original author. Long established custom has taught men, not to expect that the hymn will be always quoted with punctilious accuracy, not to look upon a manual for worship as a standard of weights and measures, of antique styles and historical phrases, but as a peculiar and a privileged volume, intended for nobler than antiquarian ends, and superior to the petty jealousies of authors. This being understood as the explanation of an Index to a Hymn Book, no wrong is done when a hymn is referred to a poet who did not give the present finishing touches to his lines. The reference is interpreted by custom; it is prescriptively right. The usage began and continues on the assumption, that the sweet Psalmists of Israel, even although they were once as tenacious as Pontius Pilate of what they had written, will now suffer their hymns to rise toward heaven in the incense of devotion, and in that form which is most congenial with the devotional spirit of the worshippers.

There are so many readers who desire to know the authorship of their favorite songs, that editors who prefer to do otherwise, feel compelled to gratify the general curiosity. And then there are so many precious influences flowing from an association of these songs with names like those of Cowper and Newton, Luther and Ambrose, that editors feel bound to connect the memory of a sanctified poet with the other rich reminiscences of the hymn, even when, as individual editors, they would prefer to fasten the worshipper's mind upon the *spirit*, rather than the *origin*, of what he sings.

¹ In Worcester's Watts there are not many changes affecting the doctrinal character of the lyrics. Where John Newton says of the Saviour: "Oh my soul, *he bore thy load*," Dr. Worcester says: "Oh my soul, *behold the load*." — Select Hymn, 174. Where Dr. Watts says of men: "Their hearts by nature *all unclean*," Dr. Worcester says: "Their hearts by nature *are unclean*." — B. I. H. 94. In changes like these, however, Dr. Worcester did not probably intend to modify the sentiment, but only the style.

In all this, they *mean* to be understood, and they *are* understood, as referring, not to the orthography, or punctuation, or symmetry, or completeness, or the minuter graces of the hymn, when they ascribe it to a particular writer, but rather as referring to its aim, spirit, and general phraseology. The pious Toplady, the devout Gibbons, William Bengo Collier, Josiah Conder, indeed a majority of the most accurate and exemplary compilers during the last hundred years, have openly announced that their selections from other authors have not been, in all instances, exact quotations. Here, as in a thousand other instances, common, immemorial usage interprets and justifies a well-intended deed. The conscientious Bickersteth, in the Preface to his Christian Psalmody (p. v.), thus explains the meaning of references to authors in a church hymn book: "As alterations have been made probably by every collector of hymns, the only effective way of enabling the reader to know what the hymn originally was, is to give the name of the author, by which reference may be made to it, as first written." Among the boldest advocates of the changes adopted in the Church Psalmody by Dr. Lowell Mason and Rev. David Greene, were Professor Ebenezer Porter of Andover,¹ and Dr. Benjamin B. Wisner of Boston, both of them distinguished for their punctilious accuracy, and both of them defending alterations of

¹ It is a great error to suppose, that all the changes adopted in the Church Psalmody, were first made by its Editors. Many of them had been long established in England and in this country. Dr. Porter of Andover, although eminent as a judge and critic of psalmody, yet, as we think, carried his love of alterations too far. He condemned indiscriminately the erotic expressions in hymns, even such as have their parallel in the inspired word. He insisted on modifying not only such phrases as *Dear God*, but also *Dear Lord*. He once remarked, that the line "Jesus Saviour of my soul," was "infinitely better" than the endeared line of Wesley: "Jesus Lover of my soul." It was Dr. Porter, also, who urged more strenuously than any other man, that the Church Psalmody should have on its margins the marks for musical expression. These are a blemish to the manual, and also to Worcester's Watts. What would be thought of a Prayer Book, which appended to its supplications the following rules: "Offer this part of the prayer *mezzo piano*;" "Utter these petitions *diminuendo*;" "Now pray *affettuoso*;" "Here pray *staccato*;" or — "*swell*;" or "*fortissimo*." A book of devotion is no more a book of elocution, than it is of antiquarian researches.

hymns, on the ground that a church manual *needs* them, and has a prescriptive right to them, and cannot properly be understood as implying that all its authors wrote the lyrics in the exact form which is demanded for public worship.

§ 3. *The Immodesty of Changing the Text of Hymns.*

There are indeed not many poets who can lay claim to an equality with Addison, Gerhard, Heber and Keble. A reverent mind will hesitate long, before it will even suggest an improvement of the words of such men. There is an immodesty in allowing one jot or tittle of their writings to pass away, unless there be an obvious reason for the change. But "*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*;" and even when the stanza of a great master is perfect in its pristine relations, it may be imperfect in a manual of church song. Milton wrote: "For His mercies *aye* endure;" but in our less obsolete form of his version of the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm we sing: "For his mercies *shall* endure." He said: "Let us *blaze* his name abroad;" an Episcopal hymn book substitutes: "Let us *sound* his name abroad." He crowds eight syllables into lines which admit only seven, and writes:

Who by' his wis'dom did' create'
The *paint'ed* heavens' so full' of state'.

The Episcopal version reduces these lines to their proper measure:

Who' by wis'dom did' create'
Heaven's *expanse'* and all' its state'.

Addison, also, with all the exquisite chasteness of his imagination, wrote a stanza which it was not immodest for the English hymnologists to modify:

ORIGINAL FORM.

Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it is too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

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ALTERED FORM.

Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 1280.
Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord!
Let mercy set me free,
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.

13

The exquisite Cowper, whose verses it were often profane to tamper with, has written the couplet :

Israel's *young ones*, when of old,
Pharaoh threatened to withhold.

This couplet appears in the 167th Select Hymn of Worcester's Watts, but there the word "*infants*" is substituted for "*young ones*." In the 47th Select Hymn of Dr. Worcester's manual, another stanza of Cowper remains unaltered :

Not such as hypocrites suppose
Who with a graceless heart
Taste not of Thee, but *drink a dose*
Prepared by Satan's art.

If now the choice minds of our most seraphic poets have sometimes let a word fall, which it is not indelicate to alter, can we regard the less admirable genius of other men as elevated above the reach of criticism? An American scholar, previously unknown to Wordsworth, suggested to him several emendations of the poet laureate's verses; and the author of the Excursion adopted, as his own, all the proposed amendments. It is not implied, in a criticism, that the critic regards himself superior to the genius in which he detects a flaw. Apelles modified his picture, at the hint of a cobbler. An artist who does not feel worthy to loosen the latchet of the shoe of Raphael, may yet discern a fault in the Transfiguration. There is no manifestation of vanity or arrogance in the editors of the Presbyterian (Old School) hymn book, adopting the following alterations of Dr. Watts's Psalms :

ORIGINAL FORM.

Watts's 7th Psalm.

For me their malice dig'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischiefs light
On their own heads at last.

Watts's 15th Psalm.

While others gripe and grind the poor.

PRESBYTERIAN O. S. COLLECTION.

Though leagued in guile, their malice spread
A snare before my way;
Their mischiefs on their impious head
His vengeance shall repay.

While others scorn and wrong the poor.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Watts's 34th Psalm.

To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine.

Watts's 35th Psalm.

Behold the love, the generous love
That holy David shows;
See how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes.

Watts's 37th Psalm.

His lips abhor to talk profane.

Watts's 49th Psalm.

Life is a blessing can't be sold.

Watts's 49th Psalm.

Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat.

Watts's 71st Psalm.

My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame
And drowned them in his blood.

Watts's 104th Psalm.

Tame heifers there their thirst allay.

PRESBYTERIAN O. S. COLLECTION.

To him the poor lift up their eyes
With heavenly joy their faces shine.

Behold the love, the generous love
That holy David shows;
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.

His soul abhors discourse profane.

Eternal life can ne'er be sold.

Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies
And leaves his glories in the tomb.

My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame
And saved me by his blood.

Thers gentle herds their thirst allay.

§ 4. *The Probability that a Poet's Inspiration will surpass
a Critic's Amendment.*

In the glow of composition, the thoughts are more genial and healthful than in the cold business of criticism. Images throng upon the mind of the *poet*, words come of their own accord, and marshal themselves in their own places; but the *critic* looks anxiously around to find more fitting images, and he seeks after more appropriate words; and the very anxiety of his search makes his conceptions unnatural, his phrases cold and chilling. Editors are often audacious, when they venture to omit or supplement a stanza once finished by a royal poet. They would less frequently attempt their rash enterprise, if they remembered that the poet indited his words in the fervor of inspiration, and was borne onward by the impulses of a mind and heart sanctified and therefore made accurate by the true spirit of song, and, above all, by

the Spirit of grace; while the *critic* comes up to his work in cold blood, and calculates, and measures, and counts syllables, and works up his faculties to find out some phrase which will *fit in*, and *fill out* a chasm made, often ruthlessly, by himself. There is no doubt that costly gems have been broken, and exquisite settings have been marred by the hammer and file of careless menders of hymns.

For ourselves, we have never studied a hymn book, printed during the last thirty years, in which we have not found many alterations that appeared to us unadvisable. It would be well nigh a miracle, for even *two* independent men to coincide perfectly with regard to the structure of the twenty thousand lines in a manual for church song.

But it is the prerogative of good judgment to use a good principle rationally. While we recognize the truth that the original readings are commonly the best, and that ill-considered changes are apt to turn poetry into prose, or sense into nonsense, we must also remember that no lyrist has yet attained perfection, and our duty is to "cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils." The afflatus of the poet commonly wafts him onward in a graceful or a sublime movement, but now and then the gales of his fancy bear him into the dry sand. Among the sacred lyrists of the English, or of any other language, there has not arisen a greater than Isaac Watts, since the days of supernatural inspiration. But we are compelled to own, that besides other far more unworthy stanzas, he wrote the following :

My foot is ever apt to slide,
 My foes rejoice to see't;
 They raise their pleasure and their pride
 When they supplant my feet.

Psalm 38, C. M.

Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
 The saint may profit by't;
 The saints, the glory of the earth,
 The men of my delight.

Psalm 16, C. M., first part.

In reading Dr. Worcester's Abridgment of Watts's Psalms and Hymns, we are surprised at the multitude of couplets and entire lyrics, so faulty "as seldom, perhaps never, to be given out in public," and therefore excluded from his Christian Psalmody. Many of these stanzas, as restored in Worcester's Watts, have never, we presume, been *sung* since their restoration, and some of them, as, for instance, Psalm 83, stanzas 4—6, have so infrequently been even *perused*, that their very existence is unknown to the great majority of worshippers using that manual.

§ 5. *Changes in the Text, as Affecting Old Associations.*

"I will make Jerusalem heaps;" "I will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling;" "I will make Jerusalem a burdensome stone;" "I create Jerusalem a rejoicing;" — such phrases are frequent, in the prophetic style. Dr. Doddridge preached a discourse on Isaiah 62: 6, 7, "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence; and give him no rest, till he establish, and *till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.*" One of his best hymns followed that discourse:

2. How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise;
Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise.

10. — And Zion, made a praise by thee
To thee shall render back the praise.

In some recent versions, the fourth line here quoted is exchanged for another: "*And thine own church be filled with praise.*" The Sabbath Hymn Book, hymn 1122, rejected this interpolation, because it is not hallowed by common use, and is in no way an improvement upon Doddridges's own biblical quotation. Yet an advocate of the original text has quoted the line in the Sabbath Hymn Book, "*And make Jerusalem a praise*"! and has appended to it an exclamation point, as if it were a *signal* instance of "clumsy and

prosaic alteration," "very objectionable innovation," and places over against it what he mistakes for Doddridge's own words: "*And thine own church be filled with praise.*" This is one among numerous examples of the love which a man acquires to verses which he has often perused, and the facility with which he sees more excellence in those verses than in any which can be substituted for them. The same writer objects to the 383d hymn in the Sabbath Hymn Book, as "in a form very different from what [he has] *been accustomed to,*" and yet every word remains precisely as Mrs. Steele left it, with the exception of the first line, where instead of "Triumphant *he* ascends on high," a more appropriate beginning is chosen: "Triumphant *Christ* ascends on high."

The same Review which contains the two preceding criticisms adds the following: "All other collections [than the Sabbath Hymn Book] in which this hymn [Wesley's 'Rejoice, the Lord is King'] is found, so far as our knowledge extends, gives the chorus of that hymn, repeated in every stanza, thus:

Lift up *the* heart, lift up *the* voice,
Rejoice *aloud*, *ye* saints, rejoice.

which (for some musical reason, surely, and no other) is changed by the Sabbath Hymn Book into

Lift up *your* hearts, lift up *your* voice,
Rejoice! *again I say*, rejoice!"

Now the truth is, that the Sabbath Hymn Book retains that chorus exactly as Wesley left it, and as it is still retained in Montgomery's Psalmist, the Revised edition of the Methodist Hymn Book, and in other authoritative manuals. Some manuals ascribe the hymn to Dr. Rippon, and we first discovered that *changed* form of it, which our reviewer prefers, in Rippon's Selection, printed in 1813. And then as to "*some musical reason surely, and no other*" which induced Charles Wesley to select his original reading in preference to Rippon's interpolation, — this "musical reason" is found in the fourth verse of the fourth chapter of the epistle to the

Philippians: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and *again I say*, rejoice." There is music in this inspired phrase, which breathes delightfully through Wesley's biblical hymn. His expressive quotation is as much superior to the altered form "Rejoice aloud," as an inspired, quickening, cheering, and reiterated call, is better than a *loud* joy.

The three criticisms just mentioned, develop an attachment to old poetic reminiscences, which is in itself amiable, and suggestive of important rules in church song. For, very peculiarly is our worship of the Ancient of Days affected by associating it with times gone by. There are some lyrics of historical celebrity, like the first English hymn for the Old Hundredth tune, "All people that on earth do dwell," and the old Scotch version of the twenty third Psalm, "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want," which in the simple homeliness of their style, transport us into the near, warm presence of our ancestors, as with tearful eye and aching heart, amid sicknesses, persecutions, and still more disheartening fears, they warbled forth these identical words. They should be in every Hymn Book. They should remain unaltered, even when a change would remove here and there a rhetorical blemish. The antiquity of their form is the prominent excellence of it. They are an exception from the general rule. They may be easily ridiculed, but in the final event, a spirit of reverence will prevail over the disposition to sneer at simple-hearted devotion.

Perhaps there are no words in the English language, that express more feelingly and more justly the importance of adhering to the original form of our sacred songs, than the following words of the late Professor B. B. Edwards. Speaking of those hymns which are "the product of earthly genius and of heavenly inspiration," "which had their origin almost in heaven," he says:¹

"These compositions should remain unchanged, so that the ancient recollections connected with them may be preserved. It is well known, that such associations are often

¹ Writings of Prof. B. B. Edwards, with a Memoir, Vol. I. pp. 156, 157.

a principal cause of the extraordinary effects which are produced by popular music. The poetry and the music may be indifferent, but the composition was used in some great crisis of the country, in some new turn of human affairs; and tradition, and popular sympathy, and recollection impart to it astonishing power.

“In like manner, some pieces of sacred music, some standard hymns, excellent as they may be in themselves, are greatly indebted to the reminiscences that have been clustering around them for ages. They were sung in the fastnesses of the mountains, when it was unsafe to utter the louder notes; or in some almost fathomless glen, where the eucharistic wine might be mingled with the blood of the communicant. Some of them aroused the fainting spirit of the reformer, when the fate of Protestantism was depending on the turn which a half enlightened human will might take, in the caprice of a moment. Others were sung on a wintry sea by pilgrim voices. Some are hallowed by missionary reminiscences, or by all the sad, yet joyful images of the chamber of death. A thousand times have they quivered on lips, which in a moment were motionless forever. A thousand times have they been wept rather than sung, while the grave was unveiling her faithful bosom; while a mother's precious remains were descending to their last resting-place, or while they came as life from the dead to the solitary mourner, whose entire household were beneath the clods of the valley. Everywhere, in innumerable burying places, fragments of them are engraven with rude devices, teaching the rustic moralist how to die, or pointing him to the sure and certain hope. They are embalmed in the most sacred affections of the heart. They often come like unseen ministers of grace to the soul. We would not lose a line, or suffer the alteration of a word. The *slightest* change breaks the link. It is sacrilege to touch them. They connect us with the holy dead on the other side of the ocean; they bring up the hallowed memories of Watts, and Wesley, and Cowper; they make us at home in the venerable churchyards where our forefathers' dust is garnered. We are *fellow-cit-*

izens with the great commonwealth of the happy dead in both hemispheres. We feel new chords of relationship to the saints in glory."

The author of this eloquent protest against altering the text of hymns, and especially those hymns which are "cut in the rock forever," was advocating a general principle, and was not intending to preclude all exceptions to it; for when he was called to prepare an epitaph for his first born, "the delight of his existence," he selected the touching lines of Henry Kirke White, and adopted that alteration of them which makes them so tenderly applicable to the graves of children. He did not carve on the marble, "These ashes *too*, this little dust,"¹ but

These ashes *few*, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

This incident recalls the suggestion already made, that an *altered* form often acquires more sacredness than the original. More precious associations may cluster around a *common* reading than around the first one. The same reason, then, which exists ordinarily for *avoiding* changes of the original text, becomes occasionally a reason for *retaining* them when made. Worshippers have become not only wonted to them, but also attached to them, and are pained, shocked, by a return to the pristine phrases which seem to them like innovations. What is old in reality, is new to them. The love of novelty in doctrine, leads one man to revive an ancient but exploded error. The purient desire of change induces another man to adopt some antiquated ecclesiastical ceremony. The same fondness for innovation betrays another man into the use of old terms, which have been so long disused as to appear like words just coined. We often hear objections made to certain changes in a hymn, on the ground that they break up the most cherished

¹ See Sabbath Hymn Book, H. 1276.

associations, when in fact the editor of that hymn would have restored the ancient text, were it not for the fear of disturbing the sacred memories clustering around the established departure from it. We should not *alter* the original line, says the objector, because we thus divert the pious mind from the solemnity of worship to the inquiry: "Why have my favorite words been displaced?" "We should not *restore* the original," says the editor, "because we thereby distract the attention of the worshipper with criticisms upon the words, which appear to him strange, and perhaps inferior. The *reasons* for and against the accommodated style, are often nearly balanced. The balance may often be struck in favor of that style, by the fact that custom *has* sanctioned, or seems *likely* to sanction the altered form; and that a deviation from what *is*, or is destined to *become*, the common reading would give more pain than pleasure. "Go now and boast of all your stores, And tell how bright *you* shine," are words which would startle many a worshipper as a novelty; yet they are the original words of Watts. Men have become familiar with the line, "Let the dark benighted pagan," who would be startled at the *innovation* of the *original* line, "Let the Indian, let the negro." It is common to condemn changes like the following, but they are adopted in the Sabbath Hymn Book, partly for the reason that a majority of those who will ever use that manual, would be painfully disappointed if their favorite changes had not been retained.

ORIGINAL.

*How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth compared to thine!*

Thorns of heartfelt tribulation. Cowper.

*O were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove, etc.*

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Hymn 132.

*Great God! how high thy glories rise;
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compared to thine!*
(See also Presbyterian O. S. Collection, Pa. 69.)

Hymn 964.

Scenes of heartfelt tribulation.

Hymn 199.

*Oh! were I like some gentle dove,
Soon would I stretch my wings,
And fly, and make a long remove, etc.*

ORIGINAL

Their feet shall never slide to fall.

And glory to th' eternal king
Who lays his *fury* by.

His loving kindness *is so free*,
— "*is so great*" — "*is so strong*,"
— "*is so good*" —.

Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My *Jesus* and my all.

But wisdom shows a *narrower* path,
With here and there a traveller.

The fearful soul that *tries* and faints.

And to his heavenly kingdom *keep*
This feeble soul of mine.

Stoop down my thoughts that *use* to rise.

While thine eternal *thought moves* on,
Thine undisturbed affairs.

The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly surveys each dark recess,
In these *abstracted* hours draw nigh.

The eternal *states* of all the dead.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever *lie*
At this poor dying rate.

And turn *each cursed* idol out
That dares to rival thee.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but *lost* for Jesus' sake.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Hymn 232.
Their *steadfast* feet shall never fall.

Hymn 309.
And glory to th' eternal king
Who lays his *anger* by.

Hymn 431.
His loving kindness, *Oh how free*,
— "*Oh how great*" — "*Oh how strong*,"
— "*Oh how good*" —.

Hymn 493.
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My *Saviour* and my all.

Hymn 548.
But wisdom shows a *narrow* path,
With here and there a traveller.

Hymn 548.
The fearful soul that *tires* and faints.

Hymn 1170.
And to his heavenly kingdom *take*
This feeble soul of mine.

Hymn 1172.
Stoop down my thoughts that *used* to rise.

Hymn 142.
While thine eternal *thoughts move* on,
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Hymn 1245.
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

Hymn 590.
O thou, great God! whose piercing eye,
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these *sequestered* hours draw nigh.

Hymn 1157.
The eternal *state* of all the dead.

Hymn 462.
Dear Lord! and shall we ever *live*,
At this poor dying rate!

Hymn 698.
And turn *the dearest* idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

Hymn 724.
Yes; and I must and will esteem
All things but *loss* for Jesus' sake.

ORIGINAL.

But ere *some* fleeting hour is past.

Watts.

But the *best* volume thou hast writ.

Wesley.

Love Divine all *loves* excelling.

And on the wings of *all the* winds.

Now *Satan* threatens to prevail.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Hymn 629.

But ere *one* fleeting hour is past.

Hymn 479.

But the *blest* volume thou hast writ.

Hymn 997.

Love Divine all *love* excelling.

Hymn 124.

And on the wings of *mighty* winds.

Hymn 617.

Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail.

During the last forty years, multitudes of American and English worshippers have been accustomed to the following variation of one of Doddridge's hymns; the variation making the hymn more appropriate to *public* worship.

ORIGINAL FORM.

My Saviour, I am Thine,
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign:
My soul is in Thy hands.

To Thee *I* still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal:
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

His Spirit shall unite
My soul to Him, my Head;
Shall form *me to His* image bright,
And teach *His path* to tread.

Death *may my soul* divide
From *this abode* of clay;
But love shall keep *me* near *His* side,
Through all the gloomy way.

Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If *He* in heaven *hath* fixed His throne,
He'll fix his members there.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Dear Savior! we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign,
Entirely to thy hands.

To thee *we* still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail!

Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form *in us thine* image bright,
And teach *thy paths* to tread.

Death *may our souls* divide
From *these abodes* of clay;
But love shall keep *us* near *thy* side,
Through all the gloomy way.

Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If *he* in heaven *has* fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

That indispensable hymn of Dr. Raffles: "High in yonder realms of light," consists of forty-eight lines, as published by William Bengo Collier in 1812. As published by Dr. Raffles himself, in 1853, it consists of thirty-two lines. As it ordinarily appears, in English and American hymn books, it is variously combined and altered. The following are specimen copies:

WILLIAM BENGOLLIER'S EDITION
OF 1812.

1
High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise :
Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they ;
Deck'd with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay !

2
Glad within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love !
Once, *indeed*, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears :

3
These, *alas* ! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way :
Oft on them the tempest blew
Through the long, the cheerless day !
Oft their vileness they deplor'd,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue,
Grieved they could not love their Lord,
Love him as they wished to do !

4
Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never — never weep again !

5
Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark — their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
Happy spirits ! — ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching heart,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind !

6
All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows !
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day —
Sorrow — in eternal rest !

DR. RAFFLES'S OWN EDITION OF 1853.

1
High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise ;
Glad, within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love.

2
Once the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak ;
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

3
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
Happy spirits ! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4
All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose ;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows :
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

Many worshippers would be shocked at the novelty of either of the first stanzas given above ; for the following appears as the first stanza in the Church Psalmody, the Presbyterian Old School and the Dutch Reformed Church Collections ; Nettleton's Village Hymns, the Sabbath Hymn Book, and many other manuals.

High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above ;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love :
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once *they knew*, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

§ 6. *Changes in the Text, as affecting the Uniformity of Worship.*

A great evil resulting from the alteration of hymns is, that various forms are used by various congregations ; and men, accustomed to sing from one manual, are confused by the new phrases which they find in another manual; and sometimes the same assembly utter, on the same notes, different words, or even different verses, and thus there is no distinction of sound, but "every-one hath a psalm," "hath a tongue," "hath an interpretation." This is an infelicity, and therefore manuals for song should adopt the original, partly because this is more apt to be the prevailing, form of the lyrics.

But *exceptions* prove the wisdom of this general rule. We must not blame the original collector of the "Psalms of David," even if we adopt a common theory, that he inserted the eighteenth Psalm in a form different from the original, as found in the twenty-second chapter of second Samuel. It has been remarked by those who believe that the Book of Samuel contains the *earliest* copy of that song, that the first notable instance of departure from the original draught of a sacred lyric, was made by the editor of the inspired Psalms. Many persons have been "shocked," still more have been "confused," and some have been ruinously prejudiced against the revealed word, by the fact that the old songs of the temple are "altered," when cited by the apostles ; and that the quotations made in the New Testament from the Old, are often so far "modified," that it is difficult, if not impossible, to recognize and identify them. We believe that, in many instances, the writers of the New Testament quoted the "changed form," simply because it had become more familiar than the original words, to the men whom the apostles immediately addressed. But the *original* form remains, and is now better known, and has become far more precious to many readers, than is the Septuagint, which the writers of the New Testament have preferred to cite. There were valid reasons for accommodating the words of the old poets

and prophets to the times of the new dispensation. So there were valid reasons for giving us two different versions of the Lord's Prayer, both of them promoting an excellent end, although the "*uniformity* of worship" is not always secured by them. In like manner, there are reasons for adapting to modern tastes some of the ancient hymns, notwithstanding all the inconveniences which attend the adaptation.

§ 7. *The Principle of Changes in the Text lies at the Basis of Modern English Hymnology.*

More than twenty English versions of Hebrew Psalms appeared before the time of Dr. Watts. They were written by Sir Philip Sidney, Christopher Hatton, H. Dodd, Dr. Henry King, Miles Smith, Dr. Samuel Woodford, John Milton, William Barton, Dr. Simon Ford, Sir Richard Blackmore, Dr. John Patrick, Mr. Addison, archdeacon Daniel, Dr. Joseph Trapp, Dr. Walter Harte, Dr. Broome, George Sandys, Sir John Denham, and others. It was the aim of their versions to represent, exactly, the spirit and style of the Psalter; but every one of them frequently, though unintentionally, failed in the correctness of its translation. The Psalter, as versified by Dr. Watts, introduced a new era into English psalmody, and constitutes the basis of our modern hymnological literature. But he has designedly "altered" the Psalms of David. "I could never persuade myself," he writes, "that the best Way to raise a devout Frame, in *plain Christians*, was to bring a *King* or a *Captain* into their Churches, and let him lead and dictate the Worship, in his own Style of royalty, or in the language of a field of Battel."¹ Accordingly, we find such notes as the following appended, frequently, to his *Imitations* of the Psalms.

¹ This quotation is made from page XIII of the first edition of Watts's Psalms. It was printed in London "for J. Clark, at the Bible and Crown in the Poultry; R. Ford, at the Angel in the Poultry; and R. Cruttenden, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside. 1719." The copy of this edition now lying before us was a presentation copy of the author himself, and contains his autograph on the blank leaf: "To y^e Rev^d M^r Stinton. — I. WATTS." From this copy the notes printed on the following pages are extracted.

Psalm 5. "Stanzas 2 and 5. Where any just occasion is given to make mention of Christ and the Holy Spirit, I refuse it not; and I am persuaded David would not have refused it, had he lived under the Gospel; nor St. Paul, had he written a Psalm Book."

Psalm 35. "Stanza 6. Among the Imprecations that David uses against his Adversaries, in this Psalm, I have adventured to turn the Edge of them away from Personal Enemies, against the implacable Enemies of God in the World.

Stanzas 7 and 8. Agreeably to the Spirit of the Gospel, I have here further mollified these Imprecations by a charitable distinction and Petition for their Souls, which Spirit of Evangelic Charity appears so conspicuous in the 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the Psalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a short, distinct Hymn, enlarging on that Glorious Character of a Christian — Love to our Enemies — commanded so particularly, and so divinely exemplified by Christ himself."

Psalm 37. "This long Psalm abounds with useful Instructions and Encouragements to Piety, but the Verses are very much unconnected and independent; Therefore I have contracted and transposed them so as to reduce them to three Hymns of a moderate length, and with some connection of the sense."

Psalm 39. "I have not confined myself, here, to the Sense of the Psalmist; but have taken occasion, from the three first Verses, to write a short Hymn on the Government of the Tongue."

Psalm 40. "If David had written this Psalm in the Days of the Gospel, surely he would have given a much more express and particular account of the Sacrifice of Christ, as he hath done of his preaching, vs. 9, 10, and enlarged, as Paul does in Heb. 10 : 4, etc., where this Psalm is cited. I have done no more, therefore, in this paraphrase, than what I am persuaded the Psalmist himself would have done in the time of Christianity."

Psalm 55. "I have left out some whole Psalms, and several parts of others that tend to fill the Mind with overwhelming sorrows, or sharp resentment; neither of which are so well suited to the Spirit of the Gospel, and therefore the particular Complaints of David against Achitophel, here, are entirely omitted."

Psalm 92. "Stanza 6. Rejoicing in the destruction of our personal Enemies, is not so evangelical a practice, therefore I have given the 11th verse of this Psalm another Turn."

It is common to speak of Dr. Watts's "Imitations" as model psalms. They are such, and they ratify the principle of occasional departures from the main text. It is a singular fact, that even although *he* is not condemned, when he

exchanges the idioms of David for more prosaic idioms, his *editors* are accused of trespassing on vested rights, when they reinstate the inspired phrases in the place of Dr. Watts's acknowledged innovations. They are accused of injustice when they substitute the biblical phrase "Within the tents of sin," for Watts's drawling line, "In *pleasurable* sin." Although many of his departures from the sacred text are needed, yet some of them are unwarrantable. What and where would be the end of the obloquy poured on a modern editor, who should interpolate into one of Watts's hymns, such stanzas as the following, which he has thrust into the old Hebrew lyric? In that magnificent eighth Psalm, which begins: "O Lord, our God, how wondrous great, Is thine exalted name," we find the sixth stanza devoted to one of our Lord's miracles:

The waves lay spread beneath his feet ;
And fish at his command,
Bring their large shoals to *Peter's* net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

As the prince of English psalmists has changed not barely the words, but also the images and the ideas of the text which he versified, so have succeeding lyrists modified the style of the hymns transfused by them from the Greek, Latin, German, French, and Welch tongues. Luther's imitation of the old "Media in Vita," and his looser imitation of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus;" the versions of the hymns of Gregory, Ambrose, Bernard, Thomas von Caelano; Wesley's translations from Gerhard and other German lyrists, abound with deviations from the original text. The favorite lyric, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," is rather more distant from the old Welsh, than Walter Scott's lines, "That day of wrath, that dreadful day," are different from the old "Dies Irae." All the English translations of Gerhard's passion hymn, "O sacred head, now wounded," differ from the original German, as that, in its turn, is diverse from the Latin ode on which it is founded. In fact a literal translation of any, and especially an ancient, poem, must be too artificial and

frigid for an English or American worshipper. As our versions of foreign lyrics are necessarily accommodated to our Anglo-Saxon tastes, so we have several favorite songs founded on antique English poems. They disagree unnecessarily, sometimes, with the stanzas from which they are derived; but even this disagreement illustrates the truth that our hymnody, as well as psalmody, has adopted the fundamental principle of departing from the original text. The hymn extracted from Milton's poem on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, is a signal example of this free accommodation. At least four highly acceptable hymns have been culled from an old English poem, the MS. of which is now in the British Museum, and begins with the well-known words: "Jerusalem, my happy home."

There is no question that, in several particulars, the original of these hymns is better than either and all of the abridgments and imitations; yet, for various reasons, the original cannot be introduced into our hymn books. Not only private hymns, but also the *standard* psalms of the English church, began to be altered very soon after they were printed. The first edition of the *entire* Psalter versified, and authorized to be sung in the church of England, was published in 1562, and contains in the very *first* stanza of the *first* psalm, a variation from Sternhold's original text, printed in 1549, and 1552. The edition of 1696 exhibits numerous variations from that of 1562, and the edition of 1726 adds yet more and greater amendments. The version by Tate and Brady supplanted that by Sternhold and Hopkins; but this new version never maintained a uniform text. What is true of the hymns, is also true of the tunes; they have all been varied to meet the real or the imagined wants of various ages. Some of the amendments have been ill-advised; but the practice and the theory of the church has been in favor of *some* innovations adapted to new exigencies.

§ 8. *The principle of deviating from another's text, is substantially the principle of quoting another's words.*

When we make a quotation from a writer, we need not quote everything which that writer has affirmed. We may cite one-half, or one-eighth, or one verse, or one clause of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, without imposing on ourselves an obligation to repeat the whole. We may quote the entire fifteen stanzas of Tate and Brady's lyric: "Let all the land with shouts of joy," etc., or we may quote only four of them, or only four couplets, or four phrases, or four words. If the substance of the psalm be thus derived from those veteran hymnologists, the whole may, in an indiscriminating style, be ascribed to them, while it is understood that, in stricter speech, there must be some exceptions and abatements. We often pay honor to Watts, as the original versifier of the psalms and hymns ascribed to him. But he has frequently and frankly confessed his obligation to preceding writers. His versions of the 6th and 63d psalms are in great degree borrowed from those of Dr. Patrick; his imitations of the 21st, 112th and 139th psalms are largely taken from those of Tate and Brady. Many of his admirable "first lines," are transferred from the Psalter of Sir John Denham. Some of these psalms cannot properly be ascribed to the sole authorship of Dr. Watts, as they are by Dr. Worcester and others. If they be attributed to any versifiers, they should be referred in a general way to Watts *and* Tate and Brady, or Dr. Patrick or Sir John Denham, from whom the characteristic features of them were borrowed. It is further evident that these altered forms of the psalms must have "confused" the minds of worshippers in 1719, as much as other quotations have "created disturbance and confusion" in the nineteenth century. The old forms of these psalms were inwrought into the fond associations of thousands. The "new version" of Tate and Brady was an authorized part of the English church service. The dissenting poet of Southampton "dislocated" the favorite

stanzas of men, "inverted" the order of long-cherished phrases, impaired the "uniformity" of worship, etc. These were real evils. Were they not counterbalanced by superior advantages? It is also evident, that the charge of "plagiarism," wrongly made against recent poets who have borrowed lines from their predecessors, may, with equal propriety, and, we prefer to say, with equal impropriety, be made against the very prince of our sacred lyrists. From the days of Homer down to those of Shakspeare, from Shakspeare to Longfellow, men have blended with their own verses the phrases, the metaphors, the prevailing air and tone of other poems. The principle on which these and other poets have incorporated the words of preceding writers with their own words, is the very principle on which the lyrists of the sanctuary have constructed hymns embodying entire stanzas from their predecessors.¹ They have borrowed sometimes more, sometimes less, from lyrics in which they discovered elements too precious to be lost; but whether more or less, they esteemed the borrowed words as substantially a quotation, and equally justifiable with every other quotation. In all our more popular hymn books, there are what may be termed *composite lyrics*, which are made up of extracts from other songs, and which fuse into *one* hymn the better portions of two or three. In the Presbyterian Old School Collection, the 14th, 21st, 33d, 66th, 75th, and 124th Psalms; the 129th, 139th, 169th, 174th, 381st, 559th, 601st hymns, are either "*composite lyrics*," or else contain new interpolated lines or stanzas; so in the Presbyterian New School collection, are psalm 21; hymns, 6, 137,

¹ When we begin to insist on entire originality in a hymn, we know not where we can end. Pope writes:

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-balls pour the day.

Dr. Doddridge was no plagiarist, and still wrote:

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

205, 350, 533, 553, 624, 661, and others; likewise in the Connecticut Collection, are the 152d, 220th, 393d, 373d, 699th, and other hymns; also in Mr. Beecher's Plymouth Collection, are the 75th, 215th, 264th, 273rd, 545th, 688th, 813th, 1113th, 1158th, 1256th, 1291st, 1317th, 1318th, and other hymns.

§ 9. *Difficulty of Ascertaining the Original Text of some Hymns.*

"If four persons have used four different selections [of lyrics], it will be found on comparison that many a verse has four different readings, while perhaps the original differs from them all; in coming, therefore, to the use of one book, three of them at least must find a different reading from that with which they are familiar. In some popular hymns, the various readings are so numerous that identity is almost lost, and the original cannot now be ascertained."¹

This fact suggests the reason why it has become so common to condemn certain phrases as *departures* from the original, when in fact they are *returns* to it. The author's own words have been stigmatized as innovations, even in a lyric so celebrated as :

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
 Secure, insensible! etc.

O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my *thoughtful* heart
 Eternal things impress, etc.²

The Village Hymns of Dr. Nettleton, the manual commonly known as Worcester's Watts, the Presbyterian N. S. Collection, the Reformed Dutch Hymn Book, and more than one Episcopal Selection, substitute for the second and fifth of the preceding lines: "*Yet how insensible,*" "*And deeply on my *thoughtless* heart.*" These latter readings have been

¹ Preface to the fifty-third edition of the English Baptist Selection of Hymns, p. vi.

² See Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 495.

even cited as illustrating the great superiority of the author's own words to the interpolations of critics. But in the first editions of Wesley's lyrics we find the words "*secure*," "*thoughtful*."

Even a hymn so noted and so new as Montgomery's "Forever with the Lord" (Sabbath Hymn Book, 1237), is seldom published correctly. Often it is made to contain the following words:

My father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's *far-seeing* eye
Thy golden gates appear.

Frequently the word *discerning* is substituted for *far-seeing*. In the dislike of such a prosaic term, some have exchanged it for *aspiring*, thus imitating Doddridge, who sings of an "aspiring eye." But others who commend this phrase in Doddridge, condemn it as infelicitous when it appears in Montgomery, and insist that the original *discerning* is more poetic. But the truth is, that not one of these three words was chosen by Montgomery. His term was, — and it is superior to either of the other three, *foreseeing*. It so appears in the earlier and better editions of his works.

The Missionary Hymn of Heber is generally printed with the following inaccuracies:

"*Shall* we whose souls are lighted," etc.
"*Shall* we to *man* benighted," etc.
"*Till earth's* remotest nation," etc.

The editors of the Sabbath Hymn Book originally printed these lines as they were written by their author:

"*Can* we whose souls are lighted," etc.
"*Can* we to *men* benighted," etc.
"*Till each* remotest nation," etc.

By the importunity of a friend, who remonstrated against violating the sacred associations of the word *shall* in the first two of the above cited lines, the editors were induced to

restore the common, which is, however, what certain critics are pleased to call a "*garbled*" reading. But it has been necessary to consult numerous editions of Heber's writings, before his own chosen words could be indisputably ascertained. Dr. Raffles of Liverpool possesses the identical manuscript which Bishop Heber sent to the press, and we have now lying before us an exact copy of that manuscript, corresponding precisely with the first printed impressions of the Missionary Hymn, and with the version in the Sabbath Hymn Book (H. 1132) except in the use of "*can*" for "*shall*."

Now if in four such favorite compositions from authors so recent and eminent as Charles Wesley, James Montgomery, and Bishop Heber, the common readings have been inaccurate for so many years, how much more difficult must it be to ascertain the exact form in which older and less familiar hymns, from less conspicuous authors, originally appeared? The difficulty is greater than can be rewarded by the *practical* (we do not say the *historical* and *antiquarian*) results of the search. Still further: in numerous instances it is not barely arduous, it is impossible to determine which is the primitive of many conflicting versions; and in these instances the charge of departing from the primitive style is made in blank uncertainty, whether the charge be true or false. Here, the author is unknown; there, the original copy is unknown. Even in an author so near us and so noted as Doddridge, we are not always sure that we have his own words. The honest Job Orton, who first edited Doddridge's hymns, says in his first Preface to them, p. x.: "There may perhaps be some improprieties [in these hymns], owing to my not being able to read the author's manuscript in particular places, and being obliged, without a poetic genius, to supply those deficiencies, whereby the beauty of the stanza may be greatly defaced, though the sense is preserved." With some persons, if a hymn deviates from Worcester's Watts, the deviation is thought to be a departure from the original; but a careful scrutiny has disclosed the fact, that in only nine hundred and twenty-five of even the more common lyrics in that manual, there are fourteen hundred and four-

teen alterations, besides a large number of omissions. There is a multitude of readers who rely implicitly on the text of the Presbyterian (Old School) Collection; and regard every instance of departure from this text as a violation of the rights of authorship; yet in seven hundred and forty of the more common lyrics in that Collection, there are thirteen hundred and twenty-seven variations, exclusive of the frequent omissions. In the preface or advertisement of that manual it is stated: "The psalms have been left without alteration; the Committee believing that it would be extremely difficult to furnish a more acceptable version than that of Watts. The hymns, as may be seen, have undergone great and essential modifications," p. 3. But in the three hundred and forty-five versions of psalms contained in the Collection, there are six hundred and ninety-seven alterations. Indeed there are not one hundred and ten of these psalms unaltered. In seven hundred and seventy-four of the most noted hymns in the Presbyterian (New School) Collection, there are thirteen hundred and thirty-six variations of the original text. In eight hundred and ten familiar hymns of the Connecticut Hymn Book (two hundred and fifty at least of which are hallowed by long use), there are eleven hundred and twenty-six changes. In five hundred and fifty well-known hymns of Mr. Beecher's Plymouth Collection, there are nine hundred and seven changes. In many English manuals for song, the departures from the original text are still more numerous. We believe that there has not been published, either in England or America, during the last thirty years, a single hymn book in which there are not more changes of the text than there are hymns. Among the less noted lyrics, the diversity is greater than among the more noted; and amid all this diversity the labor of determining the author's primitive reading is often great, and not seldom utterly fruitless. If editors have blundered in altering the text, critics have blundered far more in conjecturing what was the first draught. On this theme, as well as others, we are apt to be positive in proportion to our ignorance.

There has been a singular and a prolonged misunderstanding with regard to both the text and the authorship of a noted hymn, which appears in the following, among other versions :

HYMN AS ASCRIBED TO TOPLADY.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

Exalt the Lamb of God,
The *sin*-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption *by* his blood,
Through all the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of *pard'ning* grace ;
Ye *happy* souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye *mourning* souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN REPRESENTED AS ALTERED.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye *mournful* souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God, —
The *all*-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive.
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear, —
The news of *heavenly* grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

This hymn is ascribed to Toplady in Worcester's Watts, in the Methodist Protestant, the Presbyterian (Old School), the Connecticut, the Dutch Reformed Church, the Plymouth, and, indeed, in nearly all the Collections that adopt the hymn as it is given in the left hand column above. Many admirers of Toplady seem to reason thus : " *he* was a more gifted lyrist than his successors ; therefore his version is superior: the origi-

nal is always better than the altered form ; his is the original ; therefore it is the preferable one." But so far as we can ascertain, Toplady did not publish this hymn until 1776, and the hymn is found as early as 1755, in a little tract entitled "Hymns for New Years' Day," containing only seven odes, and all of them by Charles Wesley. Toplady *altered* the hymn, and published it *as modified*. Some of his admirers, then, must reason thus : "Toplady was superior to Wesley ; therefore his version of this hymn is to be preferred to Wesley's : the original is always superior to the altered form ; therefore Wesley's *first* draught must be preferred to Toplady's *second*." The Sabbath Hymn Book has rejected seven, and adopted only three of the ten changes made by Toplady, and has omitted (as several other manuals have done) the fourth and fifth of Wesley's stanzas. But an advocate for the original readings has condemned the Sabbath Hymn Book, because it has "omitted" these twelve of the original thirty-six lines, and has "altered" the hymn ; and then the reviewer adds : two of the stanzas are "*most unpoetically transposed. By a curious coincidence the genius of Toplady is again the victim.*" It is indeed curious. But the transpositions are all on the other side. The Sabbath Hymn Book rejects the transpositions made by the "genius of Toplady," and it holds fast seven of the ten phrases given up by that genius, and excludes seven of his interpolated words, which are now called superior, because original ! This is one of a hundred instances in which we believe that a verse is admirable, when we imagine it to have come from a favorite lyricist, but if that same good come out of Nazareth, it is a root out of a dry ground.

§ 10. *Changes in the Text, as affecting its Biblical and Evangelical Character.*

"We must have versifications of all the Psalms, because our hymn books must be modelled after the Bible." This is a common plea. It is an extravagant expression of a great truth. Our hymn books *must* be conformed to the standard

of the inspired word. A *sacred* song becomes, often, the more poetical by becoming more biblical. The word of God has in, and around, itself a *poetic* association. When a hymn is transformed from its mere human to a divine idiom, it is restored to its proper original. If there come forth an aroma from the very name of Watts, there comes a still more fragrant incense from the name of David. If there be a kind of poetry in the mere fact that a phrase has been sanctioned by Reginald Heber and Henry Kirke White; yet more, that it has been sanctified by Isaiah or Jeremiah. A profound emotion is often excited, by the sudden out-breaking of an inspired thought or phrase from the human song. The Bible, too, is our standard of sentiment, as well as style, and it is often an advantage to see that our poetry is the exact expression of revealed science. "Show thy *reconciling* face," is not only more poetical, but more instructive and biblical than "Show thy *reconciled* face,"¹ as, in the scriptures, God is repeatedly affirmed to "reconcile" men to himself; never, to be "reconciled" to men.

In such changes as the following, the biblical language is more nearly retained, by altering the phrases of the hymn.

ORIGINAL FORM.	SABBATH HYMN BOOK.
<i>What's man, say I, Lord, that Thou lov'st To keep him in thy mind?</i>	<i>Hymn 170. Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign To bear him in thy mind?</i>
Thy friendly <i>crook</i> shall give me aid.	<i>Hymn 219. Thy friendly rod shall give me aid.</i>
The <i>med'cine</i> of my broken heart.	<i>Hymn 253. The healing of my broken heart.</i>
Till Christ, with his reviving light, <i>O'er</i> our souls arise.	<i>Hymn 312. Till Christ, with his reviving light, Upon our souls arise.</i>
Nor in thy righteous anger swear, T' <i>exclde</i> me from thy people's rest.	<i>Hymn 461. Nor in thy righteous anger swear I shall not see thy people's rest.</i>
<i>Mark and revenge</i> iniquity.	<i>Hymn 600. Be strict to mark iniquity.</i>

¹ Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 55. See also Presbyterian (O. S.) Collection.

ORIGINAL FORM.

A fane unbuilt by hands.

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill.

Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name.

The *antidote* of death.

Fanned by some *angel's purple* wing.

"The Lord has risen indeed:
Then hell has lost its prey."

Jesus, our Lord, *arise!*
Scatter our enemies
And make them fall.

Up to the Lord our *flesh* shall fly.

That were a *present* far too small.

The *Patron* of mankind appears.

Come, at the *shrine of God* fervently kneel.

Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, *insidious Death*, thy sting?

Say "Live forever, *wondrous* king:
Born to redeem and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, where's his sting,
And *where's* thy victory, boasting grave?"

Nor leave thy *sacred* seat.

And, *midst th' embraces of his God.*

Thy sacramental cup I'll take.

Oh *bid us turn, Almighty Lord!*

Erect your heads, eternal gates.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Hymn 1038.

A house not made by hands.

Lord God of hosts! oh! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful *incense* fill.

Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name.

The *conqueror* of death.

Fanned by some *guardian angel's* wing.

The Lord is risen indeed:
The grave has lost its prey.

Hymn 474.

Jesus, our Lord, *descend!*
From all our foes defend!
Nor let us fall.

Hymn 1210.

Up to the Lord our *souls* shall fly.

Hymn 316.

That were an *offering* far too small.

Hymn 855.

The *Guardian* of mankind appears.

Hymn 952.

Come to the *mercy-seat*, fervently kneel.

Hymn 1193.

O Grave, where is thy victory now?
And where, *O Death, where is* thy sting?

Hymn 388.

Say, "Live forever, *glorious* King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And *where's* thy victory, boasting grave?"

Nor leave thy *mercy* seat.

Hymn 873.

And, *in the Father's bosom* blest.

Salvation's sacred cup I'll take.

Oh *turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!*

Hymn 363.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates.

There are many hymns which, if they do not become more biblical in language, yet become more biblical, or at least more evangelical in sentiment and spirit, by slight modifi-

cations of their style. Sometimes they contain phrases of classical but pagan origin; sometimes, of the fashionable secular poetry; sometimes, of economical prose; which may well be exchanged for phrases more intimately associated with the Gospel.

ORIGINAL FORM.

He rears his *red right* arm on high,
And *ruin bares* the sword.

The *muse* stands trembling while she
sings.

Chained to his throne a volume lies.

Go, return, immortal Saviour!

He bids his *blasts* the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He *sits like an angel* 'mid the storm,
And *smiles* the winds to peace.

The king of terrors, then, would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away:
Unclogged by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount *upon his sable wings*
To everlasting day.

ALTERED FORM.

He rears his *mighty* arm on high,
They fall before his sword.

My soul stands trembling while she
sings.

Before his throne a volume lies.

Reâscend, immortal Saviour!

He bids his *gales* the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He *paints his rainbow* on the storm,
And *lulls* the winds to peace.

The king of terrors, then, would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount, *I'd fly with eager wings*,
To everlasting day.

It is indeed a biblical truth that there are evil spirits, and that incorrigible men will be consigned to "everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." But the Bible does not inform us of the unrenewed soul, that "*devils plunge it down to hell.*" This line of Dr. Watts produces an impression more exactly biblical, and better adapted to the spirit of sacred harmony, if it be modified, at least as much as in the Sabbath Hymn Book, H. 1172:

Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It [the soul] mounts triumphant there,
Or *plunges guilty* down to hell
In infinite despair.

Hymnologists have differed among themselves with regard to the propriety of the line: "When God the mighty Maker died."¹ The Connecticut Hymn Book has written it:

¹ An old German hymn contains the couplet:

O welcher noth
Gott selbst ist todt.

“When Christ, the Lord of glory died.” The Church Psalmody has: “When Christ th’ almighty Saviour died.” Others have: “When Christ, the mighty Saviour died,” or “When the almighty Saviour died,” or “When Christ, the mighty Maker died.” The line is thus changed, because it is said to be unscriptural, as well as revolting, to speak of the death of God. Others contend that the idea is scriptural, and they refer to the passage (of which there are various readings, however), “Feed the church of *God*, which *he* hath purchased with *his own* blood;” Acts 20:28. But the contested line of Watts has become endeared to so many Christians, and is so carefully inwrought into the inmost texture of his celebrated Hymn (the ninth of his second book), that it is probably safer to retain it, even although it is repugnant to the tastes of a large, and certainly an honored, minority of those who use it. A similar reason exists for retaining the lines, “Beheld our rising God,” and “The rising God forsakes the tomb,” in the Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymns 59, 358. Still there can be no doubt, that the ordinary style of the Bible is to represent *Christ*, rather than *God* as dying; just as it represents God, and not the son of Mary, as eternal. The usual style of the Bible then is more exactly represented by the lines:

“Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where *my Redeemer* loved and died;” — (Hymn 848).

than by the original lines of Watts:

“Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where *God the Saviour* loved and died.”

One of Dr. Watts’s deeply affecting hymns begins thus: “Here at thy cross, my *dying* God.” The Presbyterian Old School Collection modifies the line: “Here at thy cross, *incarnate* God.” The Sabbath Hymn Book substitutes the words, “my gracious Lord.” In the fourth stanza of the hymn, Watts wrote:

Hosanna to my *dying* God,
And my best honors to his name.

The Presbyterian Old School Collection expunges *dying* and supplies its place by "Saviour." The Sabbath Hymn Book has :

Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And loudest praises to his name.

Whatever of doubt may linger in any mind with regard to the wisdom of these changes, there can be none with regard to the impropriety of such stanzas as those of Watts, Book L 13 :

" This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored."

Dr. Worcester omitted this couplet from his Christian Psalmody, but felt compelled to insert it in his Worcester's Watts.

We are accustomed to the biblical phrases: Christ will *draw* all men unto him, the Father *draws* his children to him; but we are not so much wonted to the phrase, that God *forces* us to become his friends. Therefore, it is more agreeable to the inspired idiom to celebrate the love " That sweetly *drew* us in," than the love " That sweetly *forced* us in;" see Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 1055.

§ 11. *Alterations in the Text, as affecting its Dignity.*

" Lift up thy feet, and march in haste." This is the call sent up to Jehovah in the seventy-fourth of Dr. Watts's Psalms. It is made more harmonious to an occidental ear, by an alteration in the Church Psalmist:¹ " Oh, come to our relief in haste." It is defended by some as an imitation of the old Hebrew Psalm 74:3. But this may be translated: " Lift thy steps to the perpetual ruins." Besides, if our English version were the only accurate one: " Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations," it would not justify the paraphrase of Watts. There are inspired words, which ought not to be repeated except with literal

¹ Presbyterian (New School) Hymn Book, Ps. 74.

exactness. This version of Watts is one example, there are many far more faulty instances, proving that in the heat of the first composition, an author sometimes neglects, if he does not despise, that elevated manner, which, even when dependent on the *minutiae* of rhetoric, is singularly conducive to the great ends of worship. A change so insignificant as that of the familiar, for the solemn style, will often elevate a domestic song into a sacred hymn, a stirring lyric into a solemn prayer. "To what a stubborn frame, *Hath* sin reduced our mind," is a more dignified couplet than the original "*Has* sin," etc. A mother, retiring from her household for her twilight devotion, may well sing, "I love to steal awhile away, From *little ones* and care;" but when she prepares these lines for the sanctuary, she may exalt them by saying, "From *every cumbering* care." Dr. Watts, in view of death, addresses his Saviour thus: "Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms." The Presbyterian (N. S.) Hymn Book has made the line less indecorous by changing it thus: "While in the Saviour's arms." Many a hymn composed for the seclusion of private thought, has admitted commonplaces which need to be transformed into more select idioms, when that same hymn is transferred from the closet to the temple. The persecuted Madame Guyon wrote in a familiar way:

*"My Love, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!"*

but in the assembly of worshippers at the house of God, it is more appropriate to sing,

*"O Lord, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!"*¹

A favorite hymn of Watts,² begins with the stanza:

*He dies, the Heavenly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.*

¹ Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 140.

² Ibid., Hymn 358.

But there is a greater majesty, as well as a delicate and biblical propriety, in the stanza as thus transformed by Wesley :

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

So in the following instances, there is either a familiarity or an uncouthness which may fitly give place to a more elevated style :

ORIGINAL FORM.	SABBATH HYMN BOOK.
When <i>he</i> , dear Lord, will bring me home.	<i>Hymn 433.</i> When <i>my dear</i> Lord will bring me home.
<i>I yield to thy dear conquering arms.</i>	<i>Hymn 435.</i> <i>Incarnate God ! now to thine arms.</i>
<i>Sweet Jesus ! every smile of thine.</i>	<i>Hymn 1252.</i> <i>My Saviour ! every smile of thine.</i>
<i>O dear almighty Lord.</i>	<i>Hymn 440.</i> <i>O thou almighty Lord.</i>
Jesus ! my Shepherd, <i>Husband</i> , Friend.	<i>Hymn 441.</i> Jesus, my Shepherd, <i>Guardian</i> , Friend.
Shepherd, Brother, <i>Husband</i> , Friend.	<i>Hymn 442.</i> Shepherd, Brother, <i>Lord and</i> Friend.
Oh that I could forever sit <i>With Mary, at the Master's feet.</i> (Wesley.)	<i>Hymn 703.</i> Oh that I could forever sit <i>In transport, at my Saviour's feet.</i>
Oh that I could forever dwell <i>With Mary, at my Saviour's feet.</i> (Dr. Reed.)	<i>Hymn 788.</i> Oh that I could forever dwell <i>Delighted at the Saviour's feet.</i>
While his [God's] <i>left hand</i> my head sustains.	<i>Hymn 886.</i> While he <i>my sinking</i> head sustains.
Here speaks the Comforter, in <i>God's name</i> , saying.	<i>Hymn 952.</i> Here speaks the Comforter, <i>tenderly</i> saying.
And breaks the <i>curved</i> chain.	<i>Hymn 312.</i> And breaks <i>th' accursed</i> chain.
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride, — <i>O God ! is this the crucified ?</i>	<i>Hymn 1267.</i> By power oppressed, and mocked by pride, — <i>The Nazarene, the crucified.</i>

ORIGINAL FORM.

*Things of precious Christ he took,
Gave us hearts and eyes to look.*

*Meet it is that we should own,
What thy grace has done for us.
Saved we are by grace alone;
And we joy to have it thus.*

*My soul doth long, and almost die,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see.*

He shall be damned, who wont believe.

*Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I shall prevail.*

*Such peace as reason never planned,
As worldlings never knew.*

*I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly, fear.
A sensibility to sin.
A pain to feel it near.*

*I want that grace that springs from thee.
(Cowper.)*

*And when his saints complain,
It sha'nt be said. etc.*

From now my weary soul release.

Oft abused Thee to thy face.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

*Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.*

Hymn 1007.

*Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us, as we trace
All the deeds thy love has done,
All the riches of thy grace.*

Hymn 13.

*My soul doth long, and fainting sigh,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see.*

Hymn 1135.

And they condemned who disbelieve.

Hymn 1237.

*Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Help, and I shall prevail.*

*Such peace as reason never planned,
Nor sinners ever knew.*

Hymn 635.

*Oh for a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
Oh for a tender dread of sin,
A pain to feel it near.*

Hymn 708.

Oh for that grace which springs from thee.

Hymn 1034.

*Nor when his saints complain,
Shall it be said, etc.*

Hymn 461.

O Lord, my weary soul release.

Hymn 592.

Oft have sinned before thy face.

§ 12. *Changes in the Text, as affecting its Vivacity.*

“ There is no other name than thine,” “ O speak of Jesus,”
“ I lay my sins on Jesus,” “ O gift of gifts, O Grace of
Faith,” “ 'Tis not that I did choose thee,” “ Oh where is
he that trod the sea,” “ Come, let us sing the song of songs,”
“ I've found the pearl of greatest price,” “ There is laid up
for me a crown,” “ Thou must go forth alone, my soul,”
“ That solemn hour will come for me,” “ Gently, my Saviour,

let me down," "No, no, it is not dying," "I love thee, O my God," "Jesus, the very thought of thee," "Thy mighty working, mighty God," "Oft in sorrow, oft in woe," "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," "Oh where are kings and empires now,"¹—as we listen to the ring of the true metal in lyrics like these, we long for the day when men will be allured to the sanctuary by the liveliness of the song, and the heartiness with which the whole assembly offer it to the Lord. We are confident that often the vivacity of hymns has been impaired by so altering them, as to secure some other excellence. In aiming at one perfection, critics have, here and there, sacrificed a different and a higher one. The allegation is not true, however, that the changes in our psalmody have always been intended to improve its musical adaptation, at the expense of its poetic liveliness. Certainly this has not been the design of such changes as "*Swift* on the wings of time it flies," for "On *all* the wings of time it flies;" "*Wide* let the earth resound the deeds;" for "Let the wide earth resound the deeds;" "*Come let us* bow before his feet," for "*Now we may* bow before his feet." Instead of deadening our psalmody, wise alterations will enliven it. Many hymns, frequently those of Doddridge, gain a new animation by so slight a change as that of a masculine or feminine, for a neuter pronoun; a singular for a plural noun; the present for the past tense, thus:

ORIGINAL FORM.

Still would my spirit rest on thee,
Its Saviour and its God.

Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At its Redeemer's feet.

And tell the boldest *foes* without
That Jesus reigns within.

God of my life through all *its* days.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Hymn 736.

Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and *my* God.

Hymn 736.

Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At *my* Redeemer's feet.

Hymn 736.

And tell the boldest *foe* without
That Jesus reigns within.

Hymn 961.

God of my life through all *my* days.

¹ Sabbath Hymn Book, 302, 434, 746, 240, 297, 339, 439, 753, 1173, 1174, 1183, 1177, 681, 687, 1154, 896, 902, 1038.

ORIGINAL FORM.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail.

In wild dismay | *Fell* to the ground
The guard around | And *sunk* away.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Hymn 961.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all *my* powers of language fail.

Hymn 356.

In wild dismay | *Fall* to the ground
The guard around | And *sink* away.

It is an interesting fact, that the same excellences which augment the solemnity of worship, may also favor its vivacity. While they prevent giddiness they promote liveliness. The *prayer* is more animating than the *history*; the personal appeal, than the instructive comment. Dr. Watts wrote the inimitable poem, "*Keep silence all created things,*" in twelve stanzas, not designed at first for public worship, but now adapted to the sanctuary by omitting a third or half of its verses. As thus accommodated we often find the animated prayer, "My God, I *would not long* to see my fate with curious eyes." But in the original, we have the more biographical and less precativè announcement, "My God, I *never longed* to see, etc.

The following Hymn of Doddridge becomes the more inspiriting, when it is felt to be our own *present* utterance in relation to *present* scenes; our united expression of what *is*, rather than an individual and historical narrative of what *was*.

THE PRIVATE POEM.

My Helper God! I bless *his* name:
The same *his* power, *his* Grace the same.
The tokens of *his* friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by *his* guardian hand;
And see, when *I* survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far *his* arm, hath led *me* on;
Thus far *I* make *his* mercy known;
And while *I* tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in *his* bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

THE GENERAL HYMN.¹

Our Helper God! we bless *thy* name,
The same *thy* power, *thy* Grace the same;
The tokens of *thy* loving care
Open and crown and close the year.

Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by *thy* guardian hand;
And see, when *we* survey *our* ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far *thine* arm hath led *us* on;
Thus far *we* make *thy* mercy known:
And while *we* tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in *thy* bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

¹ See Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 1151. The same is found in the Presbyterian (N. S.) Collection, and with different modifications in "Hymns for the Church of Christ," compiled by Drs. Hedge and Huntington.

Sometimes the vivacity of a hymn is increased, by changing its measure from the long to the common. The common metre is more permanently enlivening, than any other. Hence it is the prevailing measure of the old English ballad. By repeating several times continuously a stanza in the long metre (having four lines each of them divided into eight syllables, four feet), and then immediately repeating a stanza of the common metre (having four lines, of which the first and third have four feet, eight syllables, and the second and fourth have only three feet, six syllables), we cannot fail to notice the superior ease, elasticity, liveliness of the more varied measure. Let the experiment be tried on the simple letters of the alphabet, arranged in Iambic feet, and by frequent repetition of them, especially with music, we soon become wearied with the long drawn monotony of the one measure, and are suddenly relieved by the quicker, more flexile movement of the other. We are aware that the sentiment of some hymns requires the majestic and uniform rhythm of the old hundredth psalm. "Not to the mount that burned with flame," "Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb," "Thee we adore, eternal Lord," are the first lines of hymns too majestic for the measure of the English ballad. But the sentiment of many other hymns is more congenially expressed in that ballad form. For instance, the eighteenth psalm of Tate and Brady, contains forty-four stanzas in long metre, of which four are ordinarily extracted for a modern hymn. The following are the four stanzas, and in a parallel column are the same in the more quickening measure:¹

ORIGINAL FORM.

No change of *times* shall ever shock
 My *firm* affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A *fortress* and defense to me.

ALTERED FORM.

No change of time shall ever shock
 My trust, O Lord, in thee;
 For thou hast always been my Rock,
 A sure defense to me.

¹ The altered form is found in the Sabbath Hymn Book, H. 669. Substantially the same alterations are in the Psalmist, the popular Hymn Book of the Baptists, also in the Church Psalmody, and other collections. For similar changes of metre in the Connecticut Collection, see Psalm 93, second version; also Hymn 319.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
My trust is in thy *mighty* power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home, my safeguard and my tower.

To thee *I will* address my prayer,
To whom all praise *we justly* owe ;
So shall *I*, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my *treach'rous* foe.

Who then *deserves* to be adored
But God, on whom my hopes depend ;
Or, who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend ?

ALTERED FORM.

Thou my deliv'rer art, O God ;
My trust is in thy power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
My safeguard, and my tower.

To thee *will I* address my prayer,
To whom all praise *I* owe ;
So shall *I*, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

Then let *Jehovah* be adored,
On whom my hopes depend ;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend ?

A favorite hymn in six stanzas by William Bengo Collier has been reduced to four stanzas, and also pruned of its superfluous words, and in becoming more concise, has taken a movement more rapid, and more appropriate to the stirring sentiment of the lines :

ORIGINAL FORM.

Return, O wanderer, return !
He heard thy deep *repentant* sigh ;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no *intruding* ear was nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe *away* the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, no longer mourn ;
'Tis *mercy's* voice invites thee near.

CHURCH PSALMODY.

Hymn 263.

Return, O wanderer, *now* return !
He hears thy *humble* sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no *one else* is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, *now* return,
And wipe the falling tear !
Thy *Father* calls — no longer mourn :
'Tis *love* invites thee near.¹

In like manner, a hymn of Swain, "*Firmly* I stand on Zion's mount," "The lofty hills and *stately* towers," "The vaulted Heavens shall melt away," was reduced by the editors of the Connecticut Collection from the common to the short metre by simply omitting the words "*firmly*" and "*stately*," and changing *melt away* into "*fall*." Is not the change vivifying? Compare Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 681, with Church Psalmody, Hymn 429.

The old English ballad metre not only gives to some hymns more vivacity than they would have in the stately

¹ The adverb "*now*" is inserted in the first line of each stanza, because the word "*wanderer*" is in fact ordinarily *sung* with only two syllables, and has a drawling sound when *sung* with three. The Psalmist, edited by Rev. Dr. Baron Stowe, and by Rev. S. F. Smith, avoids this trisyllabic utterance of "*wanderer*," so tedious in song, by substituting the words: "Return, my *wandering* soul, return."

march of four uniform feet, but it also sometimes makes their style less flaunting, and more appropriate to the worship of God. The majestic hymn of Mrs. Barbauld, "When as returns this solemn day,"¹ if used as a poem to be *read*, should not be reduced to the common metre; but when it is sung in the solemn assembly, there is a greater chasteness, a more modest reverence, more sober earnestness in the lines: "Shall clouds of incense rise;" "The costly sacrifice;" "Thine offerings well may spare;" than in the original lines: "Shall *curling* clouds of incense rise;" "The costly *pomp* of sacrifice;" "Thy *golden* offerings well may spare."

"Praise to the Spirit *Paraclete*;" "Above the *ruinable* skies;" "Sweet *lenitive* of grief and care;" "In all the *plenitude* of grace;" "Be universal honors paid, *Coëqual* honors done;" "Their *name* of earthly gods is vain;" "An *instantaneous* night;" "Thou dwellest in *self-existent* light;" "With *serious industry* and fear;" "Ye *dangerous inmates*, hence depart;" "Tell me, *Radiancy* divine;" "Unmeasurably high;" "T' *invigorate* my faint desires;" "Ye *specious* baits of sense;" "With *diligence* may I pursue;" — all verses like the above, containing long, Greek, Latin, abstract, or prosaic words, tend to benumb a lyric, and may sometimes be made more vivid by modifications like the following:

ORIGINAL FORM.	SABBATH HYMN BOOK.
Great God ! I would not ask to see What my <i>futurity</i> shall be.	Hymn 234. Great God ! I would not ask to see What in my <i>coming life</i> shall be.
Jesus <i>dissipates</i> its gloom.	Hymn 360. Jesus <i>scatters</i> all its gloom.
Dark and cheerless is the morn <i>Unaccompanied</i> by thee.	Hymn 425. Dark and cheerless is the morn, <i>If thy light is hid</i> from me.
Oh, sweetly <i>influence</i> every breast.	Hymn 531. Oh, sweetly <i>reign</i> in every breast.
Should I, to gain the world's applause, Or to escape its harmless frown, Refuse to <i>countenance</i> thy cause. <i>The captive surety now is freed.</i> Thine <i>obvious</i> glory shine.	Hymn 802. Should I, to gain the world's applause, (Or to escape its harmless frown, Refuse to <i>love and plead</i> thy cause. <i>Now is the mighty captive freed.</i> Thy <i>power</i> and glory shine.

¹ Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 41.

§ 13. *Changes in the Text, as affecting its neatness.*

While the words chosen in the fervor of original composition, are apt to be more vivid than those which the critic substitutes for them; yet, on the other hand, the liveliness of a hymn is often gained at the expense of its neatness. There are graces of style, there are delicate niceties of structure, which are overlooked in the onward march of the first composition. They may be supplied in the critical review. Often the neatness of a hymn may be promoted by even a *literal* change in its phraseology. Why need the most punctilious opponent of alterations in the text, forbid our singing: "And bends his footsteps *downward* too," "Our soaring spirits *upward* rise," "*Upward*, Lord, our spirits raise," instead of "*upwards*" and "*downwards*," as in the original? What harm to the rights of authorship will come from our singing: "Wonder and *joy* shall tune my heart," instead of the original, "*joys*." It is certainly neater to say:

"In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield."—SAB. H. B. 1006.

than to mingle the incongruous metaphors:

"In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate, my shield."

Sometimes the want of chasteness in the style of a hymn, calls away the attention from its religious aim; and the mind is repelled, by disagreeable associations, into a train of thought uncongenial with worship. The following instances will suggest others of a still more objectionable character.

ORIGINAL FORM.	SABBATH HYMN BOOK.
And on the <i>eye-balls</i> of the blind To pour celestial day.	<i>Hymn 274.</i> And, on the <i>eyes long closed</i> in night, To pour celestial day.
His heart is made of tenderness, His <i>bowels melt</i> with love.	<i>Hymn 424.</i> His heart is made of tenderness, — It <i>melts</i> with pitying love.
Oh, let thy <i>bowels</i> answer me.	<i>Hymn 547.</i> Oh, let thy <i>mercy</i> answer me.
My <i>bowels</i> yearn o'er dying men.	<i>Hymn 547.</i> My <i>spirit</i> yearns o'er dying men.

ORIGINAL FORM.

And dances his glad heart for joy.

A moment give a loose to grief :
Let grateful sorrows rise ;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

Then will the angels *clap their wings*
And bear the news above.

I lay my soul beneath thy love :
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

My God, my God ! on thee I call ;
Thee only would I know ;
One drop of blood on me let fall,
And wash me white as snow.

H K. White's Hymn on the Resurrection.
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

And there's no weeping there.

To snatch me from eternal death.

And thy rebellious worm is still.

Behold the gaping tomb.

In the dear bosom of his love.

Those wandering cisterns [clouds] in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

Hymn 318.

And bounds his gladdened heart with joy.

Hymn 359.

A moment now indulge your grief :
Let grateful sorrows rise ;
And wash the crimson stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.

Hymn 516.

Then will the angels *swiftly fly*
To bear the news above.

Hymn 566.

I lay my soul beneath thy love :
Oh, cleanse me with atoning blood,
Nor let me from thy feet remove.

Hymn 705.

My God, my God ! to thee I cry ;
Thee only would I know :
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

Hy. 1276 (see, also, Conn. Hy. Bk., h. 393).

And the long-silent voice awakes,
With shouts of endless praise.

Hymn 1210.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
There hopes unfading bloom.

Hymn 286.

And weeping is not there.

Hymn 725.

To save me from eternal death.

Hymn 780.

And thy rebellious child is still.

Hymn 1180.

Behold the opening tomb.

Hymn 882.

Safe in the bosom of his love.

Hymn 1150.

Thy showers the thirsty furrows fill ;
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still —
Thy goodness crowns the year.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.

May purge our souls from *sense and sin*.

*Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear.
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.*

*And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.*

Wait thou his time ; *so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.*

SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

*Hymn 518. (2 Cor. 6 : 2)
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour :*

*Hymn 1002.
May purify our souls from sin.*

*Hymn 524.
Drawn by his bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above ;
The Shepherd's voice now hear.
Let whosoever will now come ;
In Jesus' arms there still is room.*

*Hymn 585.
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.*

*Hymn 676.
Wait thou his time ; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.*

It is often objected that we make a hymn feeble by making it neat. The attempt to prune it of its rank growth, results in destroying its masculine vigor. But a song may be energetic, and yet chaste in its diction. Indeed, an immodest or extravagant air is often fatal to the manly robustness of a sacred lyric. The strength of it is impaired, when it contains any word which dissipates the thoughts of the singer by awakening a suspicion of excess or wildness in the poet. There is a degree of soberness which is the hiding of the Christian lyricist's power. The line of Mrs. Steele, "*Tremendous judgments from thy hand,*" is not so forcible as the altered line, "*Dark frowning judgments from thy hand*" (Sabbath Hymn Book, H. 1118). It is very true that some of the alterations made for the beauty of a hymn may interfere with its energy. Some of them may mitigate the force of a *single line*, by toning down its boisterous spirit, while the power of the entire hymn is heightened, by giving a more considerate meaning to its violent words. Some of the changes in the Presbyterian Old School Collection are tamer than they need be ;

still they augment the general impressiveness of the lyrics which contain them; thus

ORIGINAL FORM.

Watts, 6th Psalm.

In anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm,
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

Watts, 9th Psalm, also 99th.

And make his vengeance known.

Watts, 11th Hymn.

On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death.

PRESBYTERIAN O. S. HYMN BOOK.

In anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm,
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.

And make his justice known.

On impious wretches he will rain,
Sulphureous flames of wasting death.

§ 14. Changes in the Text, as Affecting its Vigor.

The great evil in the alteration of hymns, consists in its lessening their energy. It is better that they be forceful and rough, than "coldly correct and critically dull." Nothing but a taste well cultivated, can determine when to leave an extravagant phrase in its pristine wildness, and when to chasten it. But we err, if we suppose that all the changes in a hymn are designed to augment its refinement and delicacy. Some of them are intended to invigorate its more languid phrases. When we are singing of *God*, we form a weaker conception of his omniscience, if we say, with *Watts*, that he "*often*" looks down upon our dust, than if we say, as in the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, H. 1274,

God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

Injudicious criticisms are often made on an alteration of lyrical phrases, because it suggests no one *prominent* reason in its favor. But in fact there may be several different reasons combined in its behalf; as in the following instances, where vigor is one of the attributes gained in the change:

ORIGINAL FORM.	SABBATH HYMN BOOK.
The joy and <i>labor</i> of their tongue.	The joy and <i>triumph</i> of their tongue. <i>Hymn 824.</i>
O mem'ry! leave no other name [than Christ's]. So deeply graven there.	O mem'ry! leave no other name But his recorded there. <i>Hymn 1056.</i>
Our cautioned souls prepare.	Our anxious souls prepare. <i>Hymn 1279.</i>
Jesus! in that <i>important</i> hour.	Jesus! in that <i>momentous</i> hour. <i>Hymn 704.</i>
To Jesus, our <i>superior</i> King.	To Jesus, our <i>eternal</i> King. <i>Hymn 325.</i>
Atoned for <i>sins</i> which we had done.	Atoned for <i>crimes</i> which we had done. <i>Hymn 310.</i>
And hence our hopes arise.	Hence all our hopes arise. <i>Hymn 308.</i>
Creatures as numerous as they be.	Creatures that borrow life from thee. <i>Hymn 118.</i>
I urge no merits of my own, For I, alas! am all that's vile.	I urge no merits of my own, No worth to claim thy gracious smile. <i>Hymn 723.</i>
Come, <i>humble</i> sinner.	Come, <i>trembling</i> sinner. <i>Hymn 558.</i>
His the <i>fight</i> , the arduous toil.	His the <i>battle</i> , his the toil. <i>Hymn 380.</i>
Grant that we, too, may go.	Oh, grant that we may go. <i>Hymn 366.</i>
No cloud those blissful regions know, Forever bright and fair.	No cloud those blissful regions know — Realms ever bright and fair. <i>Hymn 1236.</i>
No chilling winds or poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore.	No chilling winds, no poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore. <i>Hymn 1234.</i>
Let the whole earth his power confess; Let the whole earth adore his grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In work and worship so divine.	Let every land his power confess; Let all the earth adore his grace; My heart and tongue with rapture join, In work and worship so divine. <i>Hymn 159.</i>
Stronger his love than death and hell, Its riches are unspeakable; The first-born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see; They cannot reach the mystery, And length, and breadth, and height.	Stronger his love than death or hell: No mortal can its riches tell, Nor first-born sons of light: In vain they long its depths to see; They cannot reach the mystery — The length, the breadth, the height. <i>Hymn 703.</i>

§ 15. *Alterations in the Text, as Affecting its Poetical and Lyrical Character.*

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The ways of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

This fourth line suggests a wholesome thought, but is not a *lyrical* ending of a hymn. Yet the excellent Dr. Thomas Gibbons has admitted it as the close of a church lyric. The final verse of a hymn should often condense into itself the whole spirit of the preceding verses ; and, like the rudder of a ship, control all that goes before it.

“ His love hath animating power.”

This is a didactic peroration of an affecting ode by Doddridge. It is a judicious verse, but is not poetry. The hymn will close with a line more in sympathy with all that precedes it, if it be modified in one of the following methods :

“ His work my hoary head shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love's constraining power.”
(*Connecticut, and Plymouth, Collections*) ; or,
“ His saving love, his glorious power.”
(*Church Psalmody*) ; or
“ His dying love, his saving power.”
(*Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 832.*)

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.
(*Sabbath Hymn Book, Hymn 926.*)

This is the closing line of a hymn by Mrs. Steele. It is like the final tone of an anthem. It appears in all our choicest hymn books. But it is not the line with which her exquisite hymn closed at first. *Her* concluding words were less crowning :

“ And bless its happy end.”

A lyric is that kind of poetry which prompts us to *sing*. We are not incited to utter in musical cadence, phrases merely instructive; turns of encomical or philosophical discourse. It is more in harmony with the very nature of a lyric to exclaim: "In the cold prison of the tomb, The *great Redeemer lay*," than "The *dead Redeemer lay*" (we need not hear that he was deceased, if he was entombed); to sing: "*When in want, or when in wealth*," than "*Whether then in want or wealth*;" to cry out: "Nor could the *bowers of Eden give*," than "Nor could *untainted Eden give*." All feeble, stale, hackneyed phrases, like Watts's "Yet I would not be much concerned," "Nor milk nor honey taste so well," may be exchanged for lines better adapted to awaken the spirit of song. The following are specimens of numerous alterations made in one standard Hymn Book, on purely lyrical grounds:

ORIGINAL FORM.	PRESBYTERIAN O. S. COLLECTION.
<p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 105th Psalm.</p> <p>A little, feeble band.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 105th Psalm.</p> <p>Each some Egyptian spoils had got.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 107th Psalm.</p> <p>'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 107th Psalm.</p> <p>Who trade in floating ships.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 112th Psalm.</p> <p>While envious sinners fret in vain.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 113th Psalm.</p> <p>And makes them company for kings.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 132d Psalm.</p> <p>Not Aaron in his costly dress, Made an appearance so divine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 132d Psalm.</p> <p>But we have no such lengths to go, Nor wander far abroad; Where'er thy saints assemble now, There is a house for God.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 144th Psalm.</p> <p>Happy the country where the sheep, Cattle, and corn, have large increase, Where men securely work or sleep, etc.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Watts, 135th Psalm.</p> <p>Their gods have tongues that cannot talk.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">A small and feeble band.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Who tempt the dangerous way.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">While envious sinners rage in vain.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">And seats them on the thrones of kings.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Not Aaron in his costly dress, Appears so glorious, so divine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">We trace no more those devious ways, Nor wander far abroad; Where'er thy people meet for praise, There is a house for God.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Happy the land in culture drest, Whose flocks and corn have large increase, Where men securely work or rest, etc.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Their gods have tongues that speechless prove, etc.</p>

Dr. Watts, in more than one hymn, speaks of "wild world;" more vivid than "wide world," to which Dr. Worcester changes it, Bk. ii. 73 and 138. Dr. Watts writes: "We shout with *joyful* tongues;" more animating than "*cheerful* tongues," as written by Dr. Worcester, Bk. ii. 42. "And unbelief *the* spear," is the line of Watts; made less lively by Worcester: "And unbelief *a* spear," Bk. ii. 95. Cowper writes: "And if her faith was firm and *strong*, Had *strong* misgivings too;" which, feeble at best, is still feebler in Worcester's Watts: "Had *some* misgivings too." (Select Hymn, 76.) Dr. Watts writes: "As potter's earthen *work* is broke;" Worcester does not *mend* this line by saying: "As potter's earthen *ware* is broke," Ps. ii. The following alteration is not disrespectful to the Olney Hymns:

John Newton's original.

He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Connecticut and Plymouth Collections.

He himself invites thee near —
Bids thee ask him — waits to hear.

The spirit of song often disdains the trammels of a precise philosophy. It flies aloft, and leaves the rules of logic in the low ground of unimpassioned thought. The naked statement of a truth is sometimes poetical; but at other times the truth must be intimated in metaphors, or veiled in some attractive drapery. When the rationalists of the last age gained possession of the German pulpit, they found that the poet had written in their hymn book, concerning the midnight hour: "Now *all* the world is locked in sleep." But this is not philosophical. The earth is round; therefore the rationalists merged the poet's hyperbole into the more undeniable theorem: "Now *half* the world is locked in sleep." The Presbyterian (Old School) Collection of hymns has stumbled at the simple line of Watts, concerning *that* sound which "Bid the new-made *heavens* go round." This line is not true. It falsifies the Copernican system. The "*heavens*" do not go round. Hence that Collection has reduced the poetry of the line to accurate astronomy, thus: "That bid the new-made *world* go round."

On the same principle, the Hymn of Watts: "Once

more, my soul, the rising day," is changed from an expression of lively praise, "To Him that *rolls* the skies," into the more philosophical dictum: "To Him that *rules* the skies." In another instance, however, a scientific line is metamorphosed by the same Presbyterian Collection into the freer poetical form; the poet wrote: "How *most exact* is nature's frame;" the critic has preferred to write: "How *fair and beauteous* nature's frame." The 65th Psalm of Watts affirms that sailors are especially affrighted

"When tempests rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore."

It has been objected that the further off from the shore the sailors are in a tempest, so much the safer are they. But, however this may be in prose, it is not so in poetry. A favorite hymn asserts: "Fire ascending seeks the sun." This is not the fact in *midnight* prose; but shall we therefore qualify the poetic assertion?

If a hymn leaves a decidedly erroneous impression, and is adapted to deprave the moral sentiment by its false doctrine, it should be either omitted or amended. Truth is more essential than poetry. An injurious influence is worse than a prosaic expression. If, however, the hymn does not inculcate an unsound doctrine by its unscientific style; if it merely employ a less technical, or more indirect, or ambiguous phrase, than is demanded by a precise theology, the uses of the hymn require that the old form be retained for the explanation of a didactic hour, rather than that the flow of song be checked by a rigid analytic emendation. We query whether the Presbyterian Old School Manual (Hymn 549,) has at all heightened the moral excellence of Mrs. Steele's stanza, by translating the affectionate words:

"'Tis thine, *Almighty Saviour*, thine,
To form the heart anew,"

into the more accurate language: "'Tis thine, *Eternal Spirit*, thine," etc. On the other hand, the Connecticut Hymn Book, Hymn 86, has made a more healthful impres-

sion by describing the divine goodness as "*unceasing*," than was made by Doddridge, who represents it as "*redundant*."

While all poetry shrinks from the cold argumentative methods of science, lyrical poetry urges a peculiar demand for the lively, impassioned, stirring diction. In the present state of hymnology, we cannot look for a strict adherence to the rules; still, the rules are admirable which are thus laid down in the Preface to the Church Psalmody (p. vi.):

"Sentences and clauses should contain, as far as is practicable without occasioning a stiff and tedious uniformity, *complete sense in themselves*. A succession of clauses bound together by weak connectives, exhausts the performer, by allowing no opportunity for pausing; while, by multiplying unmeaning words, and keeping the mind too long on the same course, it also wearies the hearer. It contributes greatly to the spirit and force of the hymn, as well as to the ease of the performer, to throw off rapidly, in a concise form, one thought after another, each complete in itself, and with each beginning a new rhetorical clause.

The structure of each stanza should be such that the *mind shall perceive the meaning immediately*. All hypothetical clauses, placed at the beginning, or other clauses containing positions or arguments having reference to some conclusion which is to follow, are to be avoided. They contain no meaning in themselves, and bring nothing before the mind expressive or productive of feeling, till the performer reaches the important words at the close of perhaps the second or fourth line. The only method of wading through such lines, set to music, is for the performer to suspend all thought and feeling, and struggle hard and patiently, till he shall come to the light. The first word should, if possible, express something in itself, and every word should add to it. But, from a spirited clause at the beginning, the mind may derive an impulse which shall carry it through a heavy one that may follow. Clauses, however, which follow the main one, to qualify it, connected by a relative, are always heavy and injurious."

In all our hymn books we can discover many violations of this rule. Prof. B. B. Edwards has cited the following violation, in a manual which is remarkably free from this species of fault.¹

"The 15th Psalm, 2d part of the Church Psalmody, furnishes a specimen of the complex [structure of hymns]. In the second stanza begins a protasis, and the fifth stanza

¹ Writings of Prof. B. B. Edwards, with a Memoir, pp. 143, 144.

contains the apodosis. Thus the second stanza introduces the condition :

The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands ; —

The third and fourth stanzas continue in the same style, and the last two lines of the fifth introduce the consequence :

His [whose] hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor : —
*This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure."*

One of the most radical emendations of a church song is that made by Logan on a hymn of Doddridge, and subsequently modified by an English hymnologist.¹ The main superiority of the amended over the original hymn, is the quicker and more direct expression of its thought, the avoidance of the far-separated protasis and apodosis, and also of the apparently *conditional* homage.

ORIGINAL FORM.

O God of Jacob, by whose hand
Thine Israel still is fed,
Who thro' this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our prayer,
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

If thou, thro' each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide ;
If thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment wilt provide ;

If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till these our wand'ring cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace :

To Thee, as to our Cov'nant God,
We'll our whole selves resign :
And count that not one *tenth* alone,
But all we have is thine.

AMENDED FORM.

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

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

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

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

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

¹ Logan's modified emendation is found in the Sabbath Hymn Book, II. 216, and in nearly all the recent manuals.

§ 16. *The Adaptation of a Hymn to the State of Mind in Public Worship.*

We are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time,
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.
 Hark! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray.
 Hark! what soundeth? is creation
 Groaning for its latter day?

Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
 With your music and your wine?
 Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
 God's own arm hath need of thine.
 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
 Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
 Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging — heaven beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On — right onward, for the right.
 Oh! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages — tell for God!

This lyric, found in one of our church hymn books, is an excellent illustration of certain principles, easily misunderstood. A song may be vivid, vigorous, highly poetical, and still not church-like in its tone. The statements already made in the 12th, 14th, and 15th sections, may be misapprehended as favoring that kind of giddiness which we often find in an Independence ode, but which we never ought to find in a sanctuary hymn. As men of exclusively literary tastes are prone to sigh for the standard old text, so men of exclusively poetical aspirations are prompted to cry for verses that are soul-stirring, that "sound like a trumpet." The flowers of rhetoric cannot grow too luxuriantly and rankly

for these children of the imagination. They insist upon retaining all such lines as "Now resplendent shine his [Christ's] *nail-prints*," "A *bottle* for my tears," "My prayers are now a *chattering* noise," "And *fling* his wrath abroad," "Then will the angels *clap* their wings," "And *claps* his wings of fire," "Behold what *cursed* snares," "Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord," "How terrible is God in arms," "Wind, hail, and *flashing* fire," "And pours the *rattling* hail." Such lines are good because they are rousing, it is said. Many of them may be sung with an accompaniment of drum and fife.

But a just and refined taste is needed for distinguishing between the appropriate brilliancy or strength of a church song, and that of a martial or even a temperance ode. A delicate Christian sentiment in regard to hymns, is like common sense in regard to the affairs of daily life; it knows how, where, and when, to make an exception to a rule. Vivid images, glowing metaphors, breathing words, do give immortality to a song of praise. Critics, however, mistake the nature of a hymn book, when they treat it as a bouquet of bright flowers, or a coronet of glistening jewels. That is not always the best church song, which sparkles most with rhetorical gems. There are spangled hymns, which will never excite devotional feeling. The state of a congregation during the worship of God, is peculiar. The rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the strong-minded and the superannuated, are uniting in a solemn address to Jehovah. When the conceptions of the song are too brilliant, when its rhetoric is too gorgeous, when its allusions are too brisk and lively, there are untutored minds which *cannot* comprehend them, and there are cultivated minds which *will* sympathize with the unlettered, and demand a simpler mode of speech. *Alleviating* the line of Watts, who says that God "*pushed*" the wheels of the universe "into motion first," Dr. Worcester wrote "*put* them into motion first," Bk. ii. 13. Many young men will prefer "pushing" to "putting;" not so with the old, however. Frequently a hymn is a prayer; and it is a rule for the structure of prayers, that they ex-

clude all those recondite figures, dazzling comparisons, flashing metaphors, which, while grateful to certain minds of poetic excitability, are offensive to more sober and staid natures, and are not congenial with the lowly spirit of a suppliant at the throne of grace. All individualities of expression, all idiosyncracies in which few worshippers will feel a sympathetic interest, and from which the majority will turn away with disgust or mere indifference, are infelicitous parts of a church song. A simile may be shining, but it may not be exactly chaste; and a hymn prefers pure beauty to bedizening ornament. In his one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm Dr. Watts has written :

Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies, in all your shining forms,
Praise him that drest you so.

All such lines may be called *lively*, but they are too *buzzing* for a hymn of worship. It were better to retain Mrs. Steele's long word: "Their bright *inimitable* dyes," than to introduce Dr. Worcester's more *picturesque* alteration: "The smallest worms, the meanest flies," Select H. 1. It is true, that sometimes Dr. Worcester has added to the intensity of the original verses by such changes as: "Can make this *world* (for *load*) of guilt remove," Bk. ii. 41; but more frequently he has relieved the intense phrases, as: "Nor let thy fury *grow* (for "*burn*") so hot," Ps. 6; "Herself a *frighted* (for "*frightful*") ghost," Bk. ii. 2; "Rebelle*d* *against* (for "*and lost*") their God," Bk. ii. 78; "*Impatient* (for "*insatiate*") panting for thy blood," Select, 16; "And scatters slaughtered *millions round*" (for "*heaps around*"), Select, 114. Often, if he does not chasten a rank phrase, he marks the entire hymn for omission, as: "*lumps* of lifeless clay," "*heaps* of meaner bones," "My wrath has struck the rebels dead," "My *fury stamped them down*," Bk. i. 24 and 28: The Connecticut Hymn Book abounds with lenient alterations; as: "*Before the moth we sink to dust*," for "*A moth may crush us in the dust*." Hy. 61; "And put the *hosts* of hell

to flight," for "*troops of hell*," Ps. 68; "Of *dust and worms* thy power can frame," for "Of *meanest things* thy power can frame," Ps. 8; see, also, Hymns 84, 380, and others. The terms *wretch, wretched*, are so often used in an extravagant and ironical way, that they may, here and there, be exchanged for more biblical terms; as in Sabbath Hymn Book, 595, 73.

The prosperity of religion is so intimately involved in the improvement of our hymnology, that we feel impelled, but are forbidden by the want of room, to discuss the disputed questions: How far may a hymn, which was written for a peculiar time, place, or occasion, be modified in order to become appropriate to other times, places, or occasions? In what circumstances may a hymn, consisting of ten, fifteen, twenty, fifty stanzas be abridged, and thus subjected to that most perilous form of "mutilation," the omitting of many, sometimes the majority, of its original stanzas? How far may the parts which are retained in the shortened hymn, be altered, so that stanzas which the author never designed to put in close proximity, may be adjusted to each other? How often may changes be made, in order to promote the verbal purity, propriety, transparency of a hymn; its adapt- edness to the service of song; its consistency with itself; its harmony with the other hymns associated with it in the Collection; its general availability for use in worship? The answer, which general custom prompts to these questions is, that the main excellence of a lyric is neither its newness nor its oldness, but its inherent fitness to express religious emotion; that we are not to sacrifice the best reading to our love of novelty nor to our love of antiquity; but are to sacrifice all our fondnesses for the novel or the ancient, to that reading which is the best in itself and on the whole.

ARTICLE VII.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE ON SOLI OF CILICIA, WITH AN INSCRIPTION; BY FISK P. BREWER, TUTOR OF GREEK IN YALE COLLEGE.

SOLI is now easily reached from the port of Mersina, about five miles to the east, where a British consul resides, and a line of French steamers, between Smyrna and Beirut, stop once a fortnight. From there we visited the ruins on the 11th of Feb. 1859.

The plain between was covered with scattered shrubs and a very few groves of low trees. We crossed on our way a brook about fifteen feet wide, at the mouth of which was the magazine of a European trading company, with a pile of lumber on the beach. This stream may be the *Liparis*, of which Vitruvius speaks; but we did not observe any oiliness in the water. Far outside of the ancient city, the road was lined with rubbish of coarse bricks and tiles. On raking it over, a few bits of oxidized glass, and a single fragment of the fine-grained, bright-red pottery of the ancients were found. The ground in some places seemed as if prepared for the erection of new buildings, trenches showing where the stone foundations had been dug out for use in Mersina. In only one spot did we see white marble.

Passing on, we climbed the side of a low, but steep hill, which proved to be the wall of the theatre. Traces remain of twenty-three rows of seats. Here we saw fragments of stone mouldings, and the scroll of an Ionic capital.

Proceeding westward, we came upon two rows of columns, which meet at right angles, the angular column at the south-west corner being gone. In the row parallel to the sea, there were two columns standing, of which the more remote only was fluted. In the other row, there had been seven columns, of which one at each extremity is wanting. Their circumference was ten feet four inches, and the intercolumnar spaces, measured on the stylobate, were eight feet eight inches. A low foundation wall indicated the other two sides of the inclosure. The five standing pillars had consoles near the middle of the shafts, or showed the square holes in which they had been fixed. From a fragment of one which was lying on the ground, the following inscription was copied. The stone, a dark marble, not well adapted for its use at first, was corroded by the weather. Pains was taken to copy only those marks which were unmistakably made by the chisel, disregarding some which, in a more favorable light, might have been recognized as original. The unbroken stone may have contained three lines more, or two or three additional letters at the beginning and end of each line.

... Λ Λ Α F P. I I I. Ε ...
 ... Γ Ε Μ Ο Ν Α Κ Ι Α Ι ...
 ... Α Ι Ο Ν Α Π Ο Δ Ε Δ ...
 .. N O N T O N .. N O N K ...

In line first, the dot after P was on the stone. F is evidently a mistake, either for Γ, or possibly for Τ or Π.

Boeckh gives an inscription (No. 4435) from Soli: *in quinta columna stoa, a septentrione in orientem*,—and another *ex eodem genere*. From collating the two, he infers that each should be read

Ἀρμένιον Περιγεγῆτον τὸν λαμπρότατον.

Ours also is an honorary inscription, with the principal noun in the accusative. If, in the second line, the last letter but one be considered Λ, the whole may be naturally completed :

ΤΙΒΚ]Α ΑΓΡΙ[ΠΠ]Ε[ΙΝΟΝ
 ΤΟΝΗ]ΓΕΜΟΝΑΚΙΑΙ[ΚΙΑΣ
 ΡΩΜ]ΑΙΟΝ ΑΠΟΔΕΔ[ΕΙΓ
 ΜΕ]ΝΟΝΤΟΝ[ΑΓ]ΝΟΝΚ[ΑΙ

Τιβ. κλ. Ἀγριππεῖον ἡγεμόνα Κιλικίας Ῥωμαίων, ἀποθεθειγμένον τὸν ἀγὸν καὶ δίκαιον. There are not letters enough given in the first line to fix the reading. The name Titus Aelius Agrippinus is found in a Pisidian inscription. The word *ἡγεμών* is used in speaking of the towns of Cilicia by Strabo (xiv. 5), who alludes to the disadvantage of their being *ὕπὸ τοῖς Ῥωμαίοις ἡγεμόσι*. He also refers to a governor of Tarsus, as being honored, both *παρὰ τοῖς ἡγεμόσι* and in the city. But Eckhel maintains (Doct. Num. 1, 14, page 243) that, though the word may be used as a general term for any magistrate, the officers called *ἡγεμόνες* were properly Roman prefects, who governed a whole province, and not local city magistrates; and also that they belonged to the provinces of Augustus, and not to those which were assigned to the Roman senate. Rasche, in his Lexicon, accordingly says: *Ἠγεμόνες plerumque dicti, non qui populi, sed qui Cæsaris provinciis præerant*. Our inscription, if rightly read, confirms this view, as we know that Cilicia was an imperial province.

The row of five columns is but the beginning of a longer one which runs back from the sea. Thirty-five more are standing with vacancies which show that there must have been not far from sixty-four when the series was perfect. Though all were of the same size and material, they differed in their ornaments. Ten had consoles on their western side, bearing inscriptions, which were illegible to me on the ground. One near the northern extremity had four human heads on the sides of the capital. On another, nearer the centre, there was represented in high relief a full length figure, carrying a branch, probably symbolic of victory.

Beaufort, whose description, in his "Karamania," published in 1818, is quoted in the *Modern Traveller*, and in *Smith's Dictionary of Ancient Geography*, speaks of "a double row of two hundred columns, which, crossing the town, communicates with the principal gate towards the country." The second row entirely escaped my observation. In his plan of the city, the standing columns are represented in two parallel rows. This is certainly erroneous. All except the two first mentioned, are in the same line, as I repeatedly observed.

The part of the city to the westward seemed to have been more densely built. In one house, on passing under a brick arch into an entry, the doorway on the right opened into an apartment which had a double walk on two sides, forming a broad gnomon around a small room; but there was little to direct attention to one building more than another. The piles of masonry on the seashore were noticeable only for their size; for the construction was rude. On returning by a different route, after descending the ridge which Beaufort lays down as the fortifications, the only remaining objects of antiquity were two large and plain sarcophagi of white marble. The roof-shaped cover of one lay near it.

ARTICLE VIII.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RECENT WORKS ON MATERIALISM.

THE old controversy about matter and spirit, which occupied the attention of the Greek philosophers long before the time of Socrates and Plato, and which has never since been entirely at rest, was revived in its full force by the French, near the end of the last century. From that time to the present, little of importance has been written on the subject, except in the works which we are about to notice. This question, which has generally been considered as turning on points purely metaphysical, has of late been reopened by a class of youthful and bold spirits, who have no particular distinction out of the department of physical science. Modern science is, therefore, the armory from which they profess to draw their weapons. The leader, and ablest representative, of this new school of materialists, is J. Moleschott, who commenced a somewhat brilliant career as an academic teacher and author, but finally lost his place in the university in consequence of his avowed materialism. Finding that his pupils were strongly inclined to adhere to him, he opened a private course of instruction, and his lecture-