

sealed in death. No message ever reached the hospital unfolding the mystery of this stranger's life. But who can tell what bridges were thrown across the gulf of memory by the sound of these familiar words, and what angels of mercy travelled over them, bringing hope and comfort to the lonely voyager putting out upon the silent sea.

One of the most interesting incidents grouped around this famous hymn was in connection with a shipwrecked vessel that stress of storm had stranded on a rugged English coast. With pitiful hearts, but powerless hands, a group of shore people gazed upon this scene of suffering and death. Soon, however, the broken ship and all its living freight, save one, went down in the surging waters. Clinging to a fragment of the wreck one lonely man was seen. What could be done to help or save him? No boat could live in such a sea. Possibly some message of cheer might be wafted over the waters. So a trumpet was placed in the hands of the old village pastor. What could he say at such a time as this? He thought of texts and sermons and sayings. But the message must be brief. Then, raising the trumpet to his lips, he shouted, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?" Over the waves came back the answer, almost smothered by the tempest's roar, "Ay, ay, sir." They watched, they prayed, they listened. Suddenly one said, "He is singing." Then, bending to catch the message from the deep, above the tumult of the storm was heard the murmur of these lines:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

A great tide of emotion swept over the hearts of the listeners, as again they faintly heard:

"While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Then fainter still came the earnest prayer:

"Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

Still they listened for the soul's cry of need in the second verse, and soon it came. With faintest whisperings, yet in trustful tones, he sang:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

Then the frail raft, that held him above the waves, was shattered by the storm, and the singer's voice was hushed in the overwhelming flood. And on shore they said, "He has passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

Not only has this matchless hymn afforded solace to multitudes of suffering, dying mortals, but it has also been a shield from death itself. Some years ago the passengers of an ocean steamer were assembled in her cabin, on a Sabbath evening, for a "service of song." After many beautiful and beloved hymns had been sung, they all joined in "Jesus, lover of my soul," before they sought the night's repose. Among that ship's company of singers one man's voice sounded out with peculiar richness and power. Turning to him another fellow-passenger said, "I do not know your face, but I think I have heard your voice before. Were you in the Civil War?" The reply was, "Yes, I was a Confederate soldier." Again the questioner said, "Were you at such a place on such a night?"

The answer was, "Yes, and something most extraordinary occurred, of which this hymn has just reminded me. I was stationed on sentry duty, near the edge of a wood. The night was dark and cold, and as the enemy