

he is precious, was condensed into the poetical epitome which we now reckon as one of our noblest hymns—

"Jesus I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear."

In like manner that sweet Sabbath morning strain, which is sung so often in both hemispheres at the opening of a service, was appended originally to a sermon on "the rest that remaineth for the people of God":

"Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs whi from the desert rise.

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

"No more fatigue, no more distress:
No guilt the conscience to oppress:
No groans to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

"O long-expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love;
But wait the nobler rest above."

"Most of the sermons," says Dr. Hamilton in the *North British Review*, "to which these hymns originally pertained, have disappeared for ever; but, at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother-tongue is spoken." People would hardly care perhaps at this day to read his discourse on Genesis xxxi. 13, "I am the God of Bethel;" but will the Church ever forget that loveliest of hymns composed at the close of this sermon,—

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

And as an advent hymn, that will bear comparison with the finest Christmas hymns ancient or modern, not excepting even Heber's, Doddridge's will long continue to delight—

"Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song."

Doddridge laboured for many years, with exemplary zeal and diligence, as a Nonconformist minister, in Northampton, and rose

to great eminence as a divine. At the age of fifty one, symptoms of consumption appeared. He visited Lisbon in the hope of receiving benefit from a warmer climate.—But here he was to find a grave. Laid low on his death-bed on a foreign shore, where only his wife was with him, he was followed by the warm sympathies of good men of all denominations in his native land. It is interesting to know that the hymn book of his beloved friend, Dr. Watts, was often the solace of his last moments of suffering. He died in 1751, and was interred in the burial ground of the British Factory at Lisbon. Dr. Johnson refers to Doddridge's well known epigram on his family motto as one of the finest in the English language. The motto was the heathen one—"dum vivimus vivamus"—let us live while we live. Thus beautifully was it paraphrased by Doddridge,—

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my life let both united be;
I live in pleasure while I live in Thee."

We pass on now to notice briefly the authors of the *Olney Hymns*—William Cowper and John Newton. There is no other life of a christian man and poet that awakens such profoundly tender and mournful interest as that of Cowper. Stricken down, before his conversion, by the terrible malady which for a time dethroned his reason, he emerged, strange to say, from that thick gloom an entirely changed being—a new creature in Christ, and with a mind calm and transparent—full of genius and power. For eight years after this he enjoyed angelic light and peace. Then again the clouds gathered; the mysterious malady once more swooped down upon him, and, a second time, reason abdicated her throne. Once more the clouds of insanity dispersed; but Cowper came forth a different man.—The brightness of his former hope and joy was gone for ever; a remnant of the dark cloud hung about him ever after—a gloomy delusion, which we must regard as a tinge of insanity, and which would not be charmed away, settled upon his mind. He persisted in believing himself an outcast from the mercy that flows from the cross. So entirely did he lose a personal religious hope, that his condition became that of almost habitual despair. In every other respect his recovery seemed perfect. His mind was strong and clear; his heart tender, affectionate, humble. And yet in him we see the strange spectacle of a noble-hearted christian walking in darkness, truly loving the Saviour, yet thinking himself shut out from the mercy that saved the thief on the cross—with the brightest and