

ing to the peculiar turn of mind in the writer and the style of expressing christian truths employed by the denomination to which he belonged." Of his *Divine Songs for Children* another writer says, "It may appear at the last day that this little work was the most useful of all his publications. He has done very much by it to christianize more than one quarter of the world."

So great is the number of beautiful and impressive hymns written by Watts that it is difficult to make a selection. Our own small collection of *Paraphrases* contains twenty-one hymns from the pen of Watts, being nearly a third of the whole. It is difficult to say why some of his noblest hymns are excluded from that selection. The following now finds a place in all modern hymn-books. Of it a writer in the *Presbyterian Review* says truly, "Every image in it is scriptural, every suggestion appropriate, every association holy. Perhaps no other uninspired production has oftener softened the heart or moistened the eyelids."

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore,

Almost equally touching is hymn "Give me the wings of faith to rise." What heart does not feel the exquisite beauty and pathos of these lines!

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death."

How many death-beds have been softened and how many tears have been dried as the sufferers sang,

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

Perhaps one of the best hymns ever written, in any age, has come from the pen of Watts:—

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood."

"Where the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The finest of Watts' versions of the Psalms is, I think, that of the nineteenth Psalm:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

Almost equally meritorious are his renderings of the 84th, the 100th, and the 121st Psalms. If it be the great mission of hymns to express the praises of the congregations, to be lisped by infancy, murmured on the bed of death and welcomed wherever christian sorrow or joy moves and melts the heart, then the hymns of Watts have had a glorious destiny, and will long continue a part of the Church's most precious heritage.

One of Watts' dearest friends and most valued fellow-workers was Philip Doddridge, whose name is now so well known as the author of "*Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*," and "*The family Exposition of the New Testament*." Perhaps, however, he is more widely known and revered as the author of some of our choicest hymns which are familiar in our ears as household words. The origin of his poetical compositions is singular. When he had finished the preparation of a discourse, and while his heart is still warm with the subject, it was his custom to throw the leading thoughts into a few simple stanzas. These were sung at the close of the sermon, and supplied his hearers with a compend of his instructions, which might greatly aid their memories and their devotion. Thus, for example, a sermon on the text, "To you who believe