

of England, the Romish Church, the Unitarian Church, as well as his own; representations of all the professions; of all the public bodies, and of all classes of the community, testifies that he was a man of vast worth as well as of great talent. Indeed he was such a man as Ireland may well glory in—one of the very greatest of which that country can boast.

It is about five years since the writer last had the pleasure of his society at his own table. He was still bright and genial, but had lost sensibly his former vivacity. His preaching, too, was not so brilliant as it had been, but there was more of the practical, and of what is called "unction." Grace was beautifying the ruined towers of intellect. Latterly he did not take very much of the business of the Assembly on hand, but he was always present, and would sometimes rise to send forth flames of the fires of youth.

Peace be to his ashes. He is gone to his reward with that Saviour whom it was his delight to crown with all divine honour. Among all recent worthies who have gone to their rest, we shall delight to meet with Henry Cooke in the Spirit land, as one of the most excellent of men who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb

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### CHRISTIAN HYMNOLOGY.

By REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

#### No. III.

It was by a profoundly philanthropic thinker (Fletcher of Saltoun) that the oft-quoted aphorism was first uttered, "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I care not who makes her laws." Beyond all question, the simple song and the national ballad have a wonderful influence in moulding the thoughts and character of a people. No other vehicle of thought and emotion obtains such a tenacious hold upon the memory, or goes so directly to the popular heart. All ranks, all ages, all hearts, thrill alike under the influence of the song. A nation celebrates its victories, records the deeds of its heroes, bewails its

wrongs and oppressions, breathes out its joys, hopes and aspirations in its songs.

You may judge of what a nation is, at any period of its history, by an examination of the songs and ballads that have got hold of the popular heart. I believe the same holds good, in a far higher and more significant sense, of the hymn. It might be truly said, that "if we have the making of a Church's hymns, it matters little who makes her creed." Far more potent in moving the popular heart, in kindling that spiritual emotion which leads on to action, in diffusing great truths, than all articles of belief and confessions of faith, is the religious hymn. The man who is gifted and honoured by God to write a genuinely good hymn—one that can melt and move the heart—one that gives voice to faith and love and hope, or tells, in a few burning words, the spiritual struggles and experiences of a life-time—one which worshippers feel to be at once impressive and expressive in praise,—such a man is a benefactor to the Church and a blessing to the world at large. And what an enviable privilege is his! Centuries after the hand that wrote it has crumbled into dust, that little hymn will be lifted up by the great congregation, Sabbath after Sabbath, or sung by father, mother and children, in their domestic worship, or whispered fervently by lips that are getting cold in death. That silent messenger of God goes forth, bearing on its angel-wings the truths that fell from the lips of Jesus, carrying them away over many lands "to the huts where poor men lie," and making thoughts familiar there, beneath the low and smoky roofs, higher and holier far than ever flowed from the lips of Grecian sage, meditating amid the magnificence of his pillared temple. That little rill of holy song penetrates where nothing else can go; mingles with the thoughts and memories of innocent childhood; clings to the heart of the wandering prodigal, and awakens and talks with him at the midnight hour, telling him of home and of the pardon of God. It sinks into the heart of the poor, the ignorant, the man who cannot even read a verse in the Bible; it whispers hope