

We are told that when Bishop Harrington was being dragged along the ground to a cruel death, he astonished his savage murderers and comforted himself by repeating this hymn in broken snatches.

One scarcely knows where to stop when writing of favorite hymns, but I cannot close this paper without reference to children's hymns.

Before the days of Isaac Watts, the children were wholly forgotten by hymn-writers. But Mr. Watts was never a father, and he wrote from the standpoint of the sterner 17th and 18th century; therefore, we miss the genial, loving tone and the hopeful theology of later hymnists for children.

Charles Wesley wrote one hymn for children, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," which gained much popularity, and is still very largely used. But women, especially women who were mothers, have excelled in the art of writing hymns for children.

Mrs. Duncan, wife of Rev. W. W. Duncan, wrote a hymn which is probably more used as a child's evening prayer than any other hymn, save perhaps Wesley's. The hymn referred to is,

" Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night."

Another child's hymn commencing, "I think when I read the sweet story of old," was written in 1841, by Mrs. Jemima Luke, for a village school near Bath, while on a stage-coach journey. It is not known that Mrs. Luke ever wrote another hymn, but the exceeding excellence of this one makes us wonder that the writer of it never gave others to the world.

In closing this paper, in which it has been possible to touch only here and there the vast field of hymnody, it is hardly necessary to make any plea for the study of hymns or their existence. One noteworthy fact may be instanced in proof of the assertion that hymns are the spontaneous expression of Christian life. Quakers, as is known, do not sing hymns in worship, and yet some of our best come from Quaker sources, among them that of John Greenleaf Whittier, athrill with poetic fervor and devout feeling:

" We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown."

ALICE E. FENTON.