

hundredth anniversary of the founding of Albany, the first chartered city in America. It must be a grateful experience to such authors of hymns to be surprised to hear, far away from home, a holy song composed merely for some parish church, as when Bishop Coxe, worshipping in Westminster Abbey, some years since, heard, sounding from the great choir of singers, his own, "Savior, sprinkle many nations." This was much the case with Doddridge—many of his hymns were appendices to his sermons, and of the whole three hundred and seventy four written by him, many were for special occasions.

Still, all this is only analogous to other inspired psalms. They grow out of individual experiences. We do not exactly thank God that Paul was a sinner, so he could write the seventh and eighth of Romans, and yet we feel rather resigned to it! And we feel sorry for David that he had so many enemies, and sometimes himself was such a transgressor; but we condone it, and do not cry over it, inasmuch as his tribulations evoked such holy prayers and his deliverances evoked such holy praise for use of God's imperfect children afterward. The products of individual experiences have been the seeds of widespread harvests of blessings to the Lord's people in all ages since.

All this is in consonance with a great part of literary productiveness. Many of the most brilliant poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, William C. Bryant, and others, were suggested and inspired by passing social, educational, or national events. Supreme crises in national history have called out the supreme national anthems, our own "Star Spangled Banner," the French "Marseillaise," and German "Wacht am Rhein." Luther's "Ein feste Burg" had possibly never been written and become the triumphing song of more than one Reformation, had it not been for the young monk's dangerous but plucky journey to the be-

devised "Diet of Worms." And we all know how Dante, striving to save fair Florence from the demagogues, but failing so to do, and sent into banishment, besides having all his property confiscated, was thereby moved as by a very inspiration to write his immortal "Divina Commedia."

Three instances of the origin of hymns I wish to give, one because I am not aware of its having been published. From Professor J. H. Gilmour, of Rochester University, at one of those delightful Indian conferences assembled from year to year at Lake Mohonk, by Mr. Albert K. Smiley, I drew the story of "He Leadeth Me." It was a Sabbath evening that some friends in Rochester were talking of the twenty-third Psalm, and it was proposed each should make comments on it. It so happened that all dwelt on the second verse and especially on the *leading*. It struck the professor there was a sweet suggestion in that one word, and while the others chatted, he sat on the sofa, and without the least effort his muse sang the changes on that second thought of the divine guidance.

The hymn by Dr. Henry C. Cobb, of the Reformed Church Board of Missions, "Father, Take my Hand," was composed when the author was a young missionary in Oroomiah, Persia, for the comfort of a sister off in New Mexico, sick and lonely. It was published in *The Evangelist*, and since that time has appeared by the millions, in all the English countries, in books, in leaflets, on scrolls for chambers of sickness, and will to the end of time be used to express the fear and faith of those who cry, "The way is dark, my Father," but hear the reassuring answer:

"The way is dark, my child, but leads to light;  
I would not always have thee walk by sight,  
My dealings now thou canst not understand;  
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home,  
My child!"

The way in which Dr. Isaac Watts