

A name honoured for his sacred hymns wherever the English language extends.  
 Especially the friend of children and of youth, for whose best welfare  
 he laboured well and wisely, without thought of fame or gain.

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“From all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator’s praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer’s name be sung  
 Through ev’ry land by ev’ry tongue.”—WATTS.

A purse of £5 was offered for the best poem in connexion with the event; twenty-one were sent in, but if we may judge of the remaining twenty from the one which obtained the prize, we fear that the mantle of Watts has not fallen upon any of the aspirants. We cannot refrain from quoting a short estimate of the poetry of Dr. Watts, also from the *Hampshire Independent*.

“The writings of this sweet and gentle poet were not for an age, but for all time, and it is impossible to exaggerate their effect in leading the youth of our land into the paths of piety and virtue. Coming into the world just as the mighty Puritan bard of the Commonwealth was about to pass out of it, we may say that the mantle of the author of ‘*Paradise Lost*’ was left behind with Watts, whose special mission it was to popularise in sweet-flowing numbers the grand theme of man’s disobedience and redemption, which had been sung in more majestic measure by his glorious predecessor. We do not claim for this noblest of Southampton’s sons to have been a poet of as high an order as Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton. The verse of these great master-minds will continue to flow like some noble river down the course of time, exciting the wonder and admiration of future ages, while the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts will be like the refreshing spring that came gushing forth from the rock of Horeb when touched with the wand of Moses, to cool the parched lips of a multitude ready to perish. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the Divine songs of the sweet ‘Poet of the Sanctuary’ will ever be popular, because, while proclaiming the blessed future that awaits the just in another and a better world than this, he is always true to nature. In those ‘sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,’ he tells us in language that comes home to every heart alike, and that is drawn from the pure well of English undefiled, that the true and faithful Christian shall be rewarded far beyond all our ideas of earthly bliss, ‘when suns shall rise and set no more!’ We go to the poetry of Watts for hope and consolation, as a weary traveller is delighted to discover in the desert a pure and life-sustaining spring where all around is barren.”

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From the Annual Report of THE ENGLISH CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL BUILDING SOCIETY, we get a glimpse of the efforts put forth to provide church accommodation for the people of England. It says—

“During the eight years of its existence, besides preparing a small manual on Chapel-Building; adopting an improved form of Trust Deed; preparing plans; and giving much practical guidance by official visits and correspondence; the society has voted, in grants and loans, £31,570 in aid of 132 Chapels, the aggregate entire cost of which may be estimated at £200,000; and the accommodation at 70,000 sittings. Of these chapels, 107 are completed; eighteen are building; and seven are to be commenced forthwith.”

And this it must be remembered, is but a small portion of the work being done. Among Churchmen and Dissenters of all classes, there is an earnest desire that the spiritual accommodation shall bear something like a decent proportion to the population, and that the opportunity for worship shall be brought as it were, to every man’s door.