

silk, which had been through many vicissitudes, which had been remade, and turned, and trimmed, and altered, so often that she herself could not recall what it was like in its original form. Dean Bullock did well to recognize his hymn when he saw it. The name of Sir H. W. Baker is always associated with that of the original author.

A few years ago, when a new church was being consecrated on the site of the one for the dedication service of which this beautiful hymn was written, the sermon preached by the Dean seventy years before, at the opening of the first church, was read again, and this hymn was again sung.

In a brief sketch of Dean Bullock's life, published a few years ago, a story is told of a somewhat sensational scene which occurred one Sabbath morning in his church. No sooner had he pronounced the opening words of the service, than a stranger excitedly and audibly exclaimed, "That's Bullock,—that is the man who saved my life." The stranger when a boy had been a ship-mate of young Bullock. One evening on a severe reprimand being given him, he, in a crazy fit, leaped overboard, when the ship was under full sail in mid-Atlantic. His friend Bullock went after him and held him up till a boat brought both safely back to the ship. It was a happy meeting that Sabbath morning after many years.