

perhaps a wide trimming of the velvet appliqué which has been used this season, and which is put on with an outline of gold thread or cord, making the trimming of great richness.

The many who cannot wear the thick woollen dresses on account of their weight or bulk, use thin woollens, of which there are plenty to be found, making them up in skirts with single kilts and a tunic or polonaise over them. But, whatever is worn, the skirts remain narrow, though they may look fairly wide, and all the recent attempts at distending them with rounds of crinoline have failed. The last idea is a longish mattress filled with horsehair as a pad, and not more than one or two distending wires to raise the dress above the muddy streets, and keep it comfortably away from the heels of the boots.

The bodices, so far as I have seen, have all short basques; a few very novel ones have the tunic gathered up, and sewn to the basque, with a puffing of the material quite close to the bodice. I do not think this becoming, save to slight figures.

I have chosen several walking jackets and hats to show the most useful styles for girls for the spring. As the favourite season for marriages is rapidly approaching, I also have illustrated a simple inexpensive wedding-dress, which is not too difficult for the home dress-maker to execute, and not too costly, I think, for any of the purses of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The material may be satin, silk, broché, or even nun's veiling. The skirt is tucked, and below the tucks is a deep lace flounce. The bodice is full, and has a full front of piece lace which is extended over the front, and is turned back at one side, forming an overskirt. The back is draped with lace and satin; the veil is a tulle one, hemmed at the edge.

The two guests at the bridal show a pretty way of making a bridesmaid's dress on the right, of pink, pale blue, of cream veiling, trimmed with bands of velvet of a colour to match the dress, deep red on pink, dark blue on blue, and either a deep red or a brown on the cream colour. The bonnet is of cream-coloured lace and jet.

The left-hand figure wears an Ottoman silk dress of deep red, with a deeper velvet forming the plastron in front. The bonnet is white plush and red velvet with white plumes.

Bonnets, as I have often said before, I think, are more used than hats for walking in London, or, indeed, in any large town; but hats, singular to say, are more in favour at present for concerts, afternoon teas, and also weddings. In the country, or by the sea, hats are, of course, the usual thing; and I have endeavoured to show the most usual and the prettiest shapes in the large picture of a windy March day. The shapes are either low and large in the crown or are tall and narrow at the top. The first-named are worn over the eyes, and long wavy plumes are worn in them, like the large "Francis the First" hats. The high-crowned hats have stiffer feathers, wings, and aigrettes or a stiff cluster of tips.

It is a great comfort that the attempt to introduce very high bonnets amongst the English has failed. As worn in Paris they are the ugliest of headdresses. But here we all like something moderate in size and less absurd in height, and certainly more ladylike in appearance. The high peaks, or "gable ends," as they are sometimes called, will probably increase in popularity as the time goes on; they are fuller, and more puffy than they were, and consequently are more becoming. Several new ones I have lately seen have the brim entirely of jet beads, woven into a cross-away design, and left open and unlined, the crown being of jet and velvet, small ostrich plumes being in front. This was very becoming and pretty.

Satin ribbon is greatly used as a trimming

for the dresses of young girls, and is placed in horizontal rows round skirts, tunics, and flounces. It is also placed on tunics in diagonal lines, while as loops, edging for basques and tunics, it is very pretty and effective.

Terry is a very popular material for all kinds of mantles, and will be more so as the season advances. Crêpe materials, which have been seen in small quantities, are likely to be much used. Black crêpe cloth is very pretty. Corduroy is used for entire costumes, and also trimmings. Vigognes, with a rough face, are amongst the new introductions, and serges of all kinds, rough, smooth, fine, coarse, are in high favour. Poplin, both plain and figured, seems to be increasing in popularity, and, indeed, it is to be hoped it will do so, as it is a much suffering Irish industry at all times, and is steadily patronised by our good Queen. The following are the orders given by Her Majesty for the marriage trousseau of the Princess Beatrice, and the Irish poplin trade is much gratified by them:—

"The dresses selected are splendid specimens. One being expressly manufactured is ivory white in handsome Oriental design, interwoven with gold threads. Another is cardinal colour in the richest imperial quality, rivalling in appearance the best Lyons velvet, and there is a third in *ciel bleu* closely covered with sprays of forget-me-nots."

There seems no very decided ideas about colours; green appears to predominate, but there are several blues of dull shades that seem likely to be worn. Less red is seen, and, to make up for this, there are several brownish shades that are almost reds, and some new terra cottas, that are very warm and becoming. But just at the present moment it is much too early to say what will be the colours of the spring.

Apparently, the reign of stripes is not nearly over. Wide ones are used for skirts without kiting, as plain under-skirts, and many of the stripes meant for petticoats are employed as skirts for dresses. Petticoat stripes are also used with plain and self-coloured materials, and are put on the skirt as linings under pointed openings, or under tabs, at the skirt edge.

WOMEN AS HYMN WRITERS, AND WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.

By the Rev. T. B. WILLSON, M.A.

AT first, one would be inclined to think, women would have done great things in the field of sacred poetry. In those qualities which are necessary for successful hymn writers they are by no means deficient. In depth and intensity of religious feeling, in enthusiasm, women often, we might almost say always, exceed men; and these are just the characteristics which we should expect to exhibit themselves, and to find expression most naturally in verse.

But the actual facts hardly bear out our first impressions. It is indeed true that some of our noblest hymns are the products of a woman's pen—hymns which are known and loved wherever the English tongue is spoken; but, taken as a whole, women have not attained such eminence in this branch of sacred literature as we should have expected. Doubtless things are changing, and we rejoice for the change. In this paper we hope to show what progress has been made, and how women have aided in giving expression, in suitable poetry, to the thoughts and language of religious life.

In bygone days, in the darkness of mediæval times, education was, of course, almost denied to women, and under such circumstances their

record is, naturally enough, a blank in the world of literature. The convent cloisters gave no answering echo to the hymn of the monks. When the men who had fled for refuge to the great monasteries, in days when it was indeed true that "tyranny seemed unendurable and anarchy endless," comforted themselves with the thought of the Holy City wherein dwelt righteousness, and sang of—

"Urbs beata Hierusalem,"

no answer came back from the many women who had also sought, in those turbulent days, to find refuge in a religious life from the dangers to which they were so frequently and so naturally exposed.

Even when we come down to more modern days to

"The spacious times of Great Elizabeth,"

still we find a blank. There were, indeed, in those days women of the highest culture. The virgin queen herself was by no means uneducated, and we all know how the nine days' queen, Lady Jane Grey, was well acquainted with the ancient classics, as well as the splendid native literature of her own day.

We must come, however, to quite modern times, to the close of the last century, and the beginning of this, before we shall find, in our own language, women occupying the prominent position in the world of literature, which we see at the present time, or becoming famous as hymn writers.

I say, in our own language, for what account of women as hymn writers would be complete if we failed to remember that to women, "the holy women who trusted in God in old time," we indeed owe a few of the grandest hymns the world has ever known? Hymns enshrined for us in the pages of God's Word. Was it not the fearless Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, who burst forth into that paean of joy at the mighty deliverance of the people of Israel from the galling yoke of Jabin, King of Hazor, who for forty years had mightily "oppressed them," "a noble ode, which for poetic spirit and lyric fire is not surpassed by any of the sacred songs of the Bible." And when we pass from this with all its semi-barbaric grandeur, we call to mind the song of the gentle, loving Hannah; and how when she came to dedicate her God-given son to His holy service, she lifted up her voice in those words, both of poetry and prophecy, which we have recorded in the first book of Samuel. And lastly, can we forget the greatest of all earth's daughters, she whom "all generations shall call blessed," the "Virgin, named Mary," whose words of faith I hope are familiar to all our ears? How she praised God for the greatness of the honour which was to be bestowed upon the lowly Jewish maiden; can we be too grateful to St. Luke for, alone of the Evangelists, preserving to us those beautiful words which the Church of England has enshrined in her Evening Prayer?

But to return to our own land and modern times. Until we come to the latter half of the eighteenth century we do not find any women whose names are known in the world of religious literature—nor, indeed, with few exceptions, in secular literature either. Some of those whose names have come down to us we would most willingly forget. The period of the early Georges is not the one to which we would look for much vitality in religion. A state of torpor seems to have settled upon religious life in England; there was not even any stirring controversy. The days of fierce internal strife which marked the middle of the seventeenth century were ended, and both the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies seem alike to have been content to slumber and sleep. From this they were awakened by that wonderful revival of personal religious life which must be ascribed to the

labours and teaching of a clergyman of the Church of England, John Wesley, himself a hymn writer and translator of no little renown.

It is at the close of the eighteenth century that we shall find women first become known as writers of hymns and sacred poetry. One of the earliest of those hymn writers whose compositions are in use at the present day is Anne Steele. She was born in 1716, at Broughton, in Hampshire, where her father was a timber merchant, and also a local preacher among the Baptists. It was not, however, until the year 1760 that she published "Poems, on subjects chiefly devotional," in which we find some hymns still retained in various collections. Among them is one beginning—

"Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

"Fair distant land, could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more."

In the same collection we also find the hymn beginning "When I survey life's varied scene," in which the verse occurs—

"Give me a calm and thankful heart
From every murmur free,
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee."

She was also the author of the hymns beginning "To our Redeemer's glorious name," and "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss."

A contemporary of Anne Steele's, though she outlived her many years, was Anna Letitia Barbauld, whose maiden name was Aikin. She was born in 1743, and died in 1824. Her husband was a Frenchman, and a Dissenting minister in Suffolk, but who afterwards came to reside in London. She possessed many true poetic qualities, but her poems are now mostly forgotten, excepting a very beautiful little one which Mr. Palgrave has inserted in his "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," beginning—

"Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet."

She published in 1775 a book with a curious title, "Hymns in prose, for Children." Some of her sacred poems are worth preserving, as they are full of devout and, at the same time, truly poetic feelings.

In a list of the women poets of the eighteenth century, we cannot altogether omit the well-

known name of Hannah More, and although she cannot exactly take rank among famous hymn writers, yet she must not be forgotten in a paper such as this. Her poems were first published in 1786, and were lauded by such a famous critic and literary king as Samuel Johnson. It is, however, by her prose writings, more than her poetry, that the name of Hannah More will be remembered by posterity.

To Harriett Auber, who was born in London in 1773, and who died at the great age of eighty-nine in 1862, we owe a hymn which is probably one of the best known at the present day, and one which certainly deserves to remain for ever as a monument of what women can do for sacred poetry. I allude to that beautiful Whitsuntide hymn—

"Our blest Redeemer, e'er He breathed
His tender last farewell;
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell."

It appeared first in a volume of verse published in 1829, and entitled "The Spirit of the Psalms." The greater part of this collection was original, but not all. Few hymns are more deservedly popular than this one, breathing as it does such a true spirit of devotion, and being wedded to such appropriate music by the skilled hand of the late Rev. J. B. Dykes.

Pursuing, as far as possible, a chronological order in our sketch of hymn writers, we now come to the well-known name of Charlotte Elliott, the authoress of that world-wide known hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

A selection from her poems, with an interesting biographical sketch, has recently been published by the Religious Tract Society, as well as a volume of "Leaves from the Unpublished Journals, Letters, and Poems." These latter are interesting, as showing somewhat of the inner life of the poetess, being taken from a private diary, the very existence of which was unknown until after her death.

Charlotte Elliott was born in March, 1789, the third daughter of the late Mr. Charles Elliott, of Clapham. Her mother was daughter of the Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield, a prominent name among the leaders of the Evangelical revival of the end of the last century. The life of Charlotte Elliott was that of an invalid, though it was prolonged to a great age, she having exceeded the allotted three-score years and ten by no less than twelve years. Notwithstanding the suffering

she was often called upon to endure, she always preserved a bright and happy temperament, and her steadfast, unswerving faith never failed her, even in the many trials she was called upon to endure. In her sister's interesting memoir, prefixed to the volume of her poems just alluded to, we are told, "She was exceedingly fond of music, with a fine and delicate ear, and it was only the continual interruption of ill-health that prevented the successful development of this talent, as well as the kindred accomplishment of drawing, for which she showed great taste and aptitude. . . . Such tastes as these, combined with unusual powers of conversation, her high intellectual capacity, and her zest for every interesting subject, made her companionship very delightful and highly valued."

Space would not permit us to sketch the life of this talented woman, as we are obliged to speak of other writers as well. But we are sure our readers would like to know the circumstances connected with the famous hymn which will ever be associated with her name. It was in the year 1834 that Charlotte Elliott became acquainted with Miss Harriett Kiernan, a Dublin lady who was staying for the benefit of her health in the south of England. This friendship continued during the short remaining period of Miss Kiernan's life. It was at her request that Miss Elliott undertook to edit the "Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book," of which Miss Kiernan had been the first editor. For five-and-twenty years she continued to do this, and always gave the profits derived from the work to a charitable institution in Dublin which Miss Kiernan had founded. The "Invalid's Hymn Book" had been compiled by this same lady, but after her death Charlotte Elliott issued a revised edition of it, in which she inserted one hundred and twelve hymns of her own composition, including, amongst others, that hymn which has been reproduced in many languages of Europe—"Just as I am, without one plea."

We can do no more now than name some of the best known of this gifted hymn writer's contributions to sacred song, such as—

"My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done!'"

or, "Let me be with Thee where Thou art," "Holy Saviour, Friend unseen," "Unto Him whose name is Holy," and others too numerous to mention—all of them hymns full of the deepest trust in a Heavenly Father's love and care, and reflecting at once a life which had many trials, but at the same time a sure confidence in Him "in whom she had believed."

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

MAGGIE and Helen were returning from a walk along the edge of St. Martin's Common one crisp bright December morning. The hoar-frost was white on the grass, the sky was blue overhead, and clear though cold sunshine made the scene a cheerful one.

"And so my life at Heatherbridge has vanished like a dream!" said Helen to Maggie. "I can hardly realise that it only lasted between four and five months. Although the time was short, I lived vividly in it."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs,"

quoted Maggie. "I remember that was one of your favourite passages in Festus."

"Yes, but there were no deeds of special moment to record; still, a great deal seemed to happen in the time."

"How do you think you shall like living with the elder Miss Gascoigne?"

"Very much. I am really fond of her. Although she does not pretend to be a lady as to speech and knowledge of etiquette, she is one at heart, for she is kind and considerate to everybody, with true delicacy worth infinitely more than society varnish."

"If Adela really valued you as much as she professed to do, her letter was very heartless," said Maggie, indignantly. "Not a word of regret or distress at the parting! And to become engaged so quickly—first to one man, then to another! I cannot understand it."

WOMEN AS HYMN WRITERS.

By the Rev. T. B. WILLSON, M.A.

(Continued from page 346.)

WE have brought our sketch of hymn writers down to the well-known name of Charlotte Elliott, who died in 1871, but here we are obliged, more or less, to retrace our steps, as we have adopted a chronological order, owing to the remarkable longevity of many of those women who have been noted in that branch of literature.

We must now mention some names less known, indeed, as authors, but to whom we owe many equally famous and beautiful hymns as those composed by the writers to whose work we have already alluded.

Writers of hymns for children form almost a separate class, and here women have not failed to distinguish themselves, for to them we owe many a sacred song which little voices love so well to sing.

There is another class, also, whom we must notice, though, perhaps, strictly speaking, they do not fall within the scope of this paper. I mean translators. Here we meet with the names of many women, and, indeed, to them we owe some of the very finest and most spirited—while, at the same time, faithful—renderings into our language of the many noble hymns and psalms of praise which have been written in other lands. Especially—we might say almost exclusively—hymns from the land of the great Saxon reformer, Martin Luther.

Having considered some names in the various classes indicated, we must close with a brief reference to the services rendered to hymnology by the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal and by Mrs. Alexander, wife of a distinguished Irish prelate, the Bishop of Derry. Retracing, then, our steps, we come to the name of a noble lady, who was born three years after Charlotte Elliott, viz., in 1792. Lady Lucy Bridgeman, who married Mr. Whitmore, will probably be remembered for one hymn, which, though written for the purpose of family worship, is equally suitable for the public worship of the church. I allude to the one commencing

"Father, again in Jesu's name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

"O, by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O, by that love which every love excels,
O, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate and take us in."

This appeared in 1824 in a collection of "Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week, and Fourteen Original Hymns."

It is curious how, perhaps, one hymn out of a large number written by an author will gain great celebrity, while all the rest may perhaps be forgotten. This might be said of the writings of Sarah Fuller Adams, who was born in 1805 in Cambridge, where her father, Mr. Flower, was proprietor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. For the few who have heard of "Vivia Perpetua, a dramatic poem," or "The Flock at the Fountain," how many thousands, both at home and in America and the colonies, have loved those familiar words—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

I have seen somewhere an objection raised to this beautiful hymn that it does not contain allusions to the work of Christ—in fact, that it is merely a Theistic hymn; and it has been proposed to add another verse to it to remedy what was considered a defect. But how very

absurd such an objection is. On nearly the same principle might we refuse to sing many of the psalms of David. The hymn is in its way perfect, and certainly is in full harmony with the spirit and words of our blessed Lord and Master. It is rightly a universal favourite in all lands, and many of our readers will doubtless remember how it was one of the hymns specially selected to be used at the funeral of the murdered President of the United States, James Garfield, in 1881.

Another very beautiful hymn dates a few years later than the last mentioned—

"Thine for ever; God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

* * * * *
Thine for ever; Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven."

This we owe to Mrs. Maude, wife of a former vicar of Chirk, in North Wales. It appeared in a series of "Twelve Letters on Confirmation," published by her in 1848, and the hymn itself was written for the members of a confirmation class. It is one suitable for use by all, but especially for those who have been confirmed. Many will associate it in their minds with the day when the hands of one of the chief pastors of the church were laid on their heads and solemn words of prayer uttered.

"Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy Heavenly Grace, that she may continue Thine for ever; and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. Amen."

It is necessary for us to be very brief in enumerating the many women who within recent years have done such excellent service in the field of sacred verse. It has only been possible to pick out here and there some exceptionally popular hymns which have been, we might say universally, received and treasured by Christians everywhere. There are, of course, numbers of others, written by talented women, which deserve, and have obtained, a sure footing in our collections of hymns, and their number is being yearly increased, but we are obliged to pass on without particular notice of them.

We must glance for a moment at the hymns for children which have been written by women. Here we would naturally expect to find a woman's pen busy. The little child learns his, or her, first hymn, as well as prayer, from its mother; and women have loved to think of the "sweet story of old" and the child life of the Saviour.

New children's hymns were needed. Good old Dr. Watts did excellent service in his day, but perhaps the bright and happy side of the religion of Him who called the little children to Him was not as well kept before them in his compositions as it might have been. Besides, a child's hymn must be simple in its language "understood of the (little) people." For example, in a very popular hymn sung often by children, though not specially written for them—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

How many of the little voices who often sing it understand the meaning of the line—

"Safe from *corroding* care?"

A child's hymn must, then, as a very first essential, be simple.

One hymn which has been in use for nearly eighty years seems to fulfil this requisite. It was written by Mrs. Ann Gilbert, and published in 1809 in her collection of "Hymns for Infant Minds."

"Great God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I a poor child and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?"

We are indebted to Mrs. Duncan, wife of the minister of Cleish, in Kinross-shire, for the well-known—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

And to other writers we owe such hymns as—
"I think when I read that sweet story of old,"
by Mrs. Luke, of Clifton, or—

"Loving Shepherd of the sheep,
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep,"

by Jane E. Leeson. Nor can we fail to remember all the beautiful hymns for children which we owe to the talented writer to whom we must again allude, Mrs. Alexander, such as, "Once in royal David's city," "There is a green hill far away;" or, "We are but little children weak." These are but some of the many hymns which have been specially written for children by women.

We now come to the important service which has been rendered to the Church by those who have introduced us to the noble hymns of other lands. English-speaking people owe many of their finest hymns to other countries and other ages. The translations from the Latin have been very numerous, and the late Dr. Neale rendered many beautiful Greek hymns into English verse, such as—"The day is past and over;" or, "Christian, dost thou see them?" But where women have particularly shone as translators, has not been from the Greek or Latin, but from the German.

The land which gave birth to the famous author of "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" has produced many a grand hymn. We owe our versions of them in a great measure to the work of women, notably to the talented compiler of "Lyra Germanica," Miss Catherine Winkworth, and the joint authors of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," Miss Borthwick and her sister, Mrs. Findlater. To these we may add Frances Elizabeth Cox, whose book, "Sacred Hymns from the German," contains two such well-known ones as "Jesus lives! no longer now," from the German of Gellert, beginning—

"Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich,"

or the equally well-known—

"Who are these like stars appearing?"

a rendering of Heinrich Schenk's—

"Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne."

To Miss Winkworth we are indebted for such noble hymns as "Now thank we all our God," "Abide amongst us with Thy Grace," "God who madest earth and heaven," as well as "Lord Jesus who our souls to save," and that beautiful one for the burial of a child—

"Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping."

Among the many excellent hymns in the first collection named above, the joint work of Miss Borthwick and Mrs. Findlater, we have that fine hymn, not, perhaps, sufficiently known—

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless,
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go."

This is taken from the German of the celebrated Count Nicholas Ludwig von Zinzendorf, pietist and Moravian bishop, a most prolific hymn-

writer, whose collection was published in 1735; from it John Wesley translated the well-known "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," and, "As through this wilderness we stray."

It would be quite impossible to give even the names of the many fine hymns which have been translated from the German, and we must be content with mentioning one more. Few hymns are more popular at our almost universal harvest festivals than—

"We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O, thank the Lord,
For all His love."

This Miss J. M. Campbell has translated from the hymn beginning

"Wir pflügen und wir streuen,"

written by Matthias Claudius, who died at Wandsbeck, near Hamburg, in 1815, and who wrote a large number of hymns extensively used in Germany.

It is curious our women translators seem to have been restricted almost altogether to German sources. In very few if any of our collections do we find that either France or Italy has afforded any material for the purpose. The probable explanation is that hymn-singing in public worship seems much more the "use" of the Reformed Churches than of those in the Roman Communion, the Lutheran communities being especially remarkable in this respect.

We must close this paper by adverting briefly to two ladies who have done so much for sacred poetry, the one passed to her rest, the other still living, it is hoped, to enrich the Church with many more of those beautiful words of faith and prayer—Miss Frances Ridley Havergal and Mrs. Alexander.

The sketch of the life of the former is, I imagine, well-known to many of my readers, and those who have not yet read it, may do so with profit to themselves, for it is the record of a bright and happy Christian life, which may give many help and encouragement when they read of one who did so much to make others happy, and to help on God's work in the world. It is, however, her poems, especially her hymns, we are here concerned with. They are very numerous, and many of them hymns which will remain for ever as memorials of her, even after her name itself might be forgotten. Is it likely that having once learned to sing words such as—

"I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea!"

or to join in that grand strain of triumphant faith and joy which rings throughout—

"Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells.
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?"

we are ever likely to forget them?

In many other of her hymns we have a different style, for her sacred harp was tuned in many a key. The need of help and strength in Christian life and work is very beautifully brought out in this one, rightly placed in several hymn-books as among those "for lay helpers"—

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone,
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

* * * * *
O, strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers in the troubled sea."

These few samples of her sacred poetry are enough to show both her skill as a writer and the depth of her religious life. Her many other poems all breathe the same spirit. There is in many things a resemblance between the late Miss Havergal and Miss Charlotte Elliott. Both belonged to the same school of thought in religious matters, and were, more or less, under the same influences. It is remarkable how both were so much moved by the glories of the Alpine world. The "Morning on the mountains, golden vested, snowy browed," the glory of the noon-day sun, shining on great fields of snow and ice, and bringing out in striking contrast the deep hue of the pines, those "waves of everlasting green which roll silently into their long inlets;" the grandeur of the sunset, leaving "a rose-light clear and tender;" or the deep, mysterious silence of night, with the giant mountain peaks standing out with sharp outline against the clear vault of heaven, while "sentinel stars set their watch in the sky"—scenes such as these filled both with that sense of exaltation which Nature in her grandest moods generally produces, Miss Elliott speaking often of "the magical effect" of it upon her, so that, she used to say, she seemed to have "suddenly dropped the clog of the body;" while Miss Havergal was one who loved to stand

... "above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
With hallelujah light."

Of the hymns of Mrs. Alexander it is not necessary to say much. Many of them are, indeed, "familiar in our mouths as household words," and we must hope that such a talented writer may give us many more hymns which future generations will treasure as we do those we now possess. We have already alluded to her children's hymns, which are models of what such things should be. Her more general hymns are almost too numerous to mention. A large number of the more recently known ones appear in the last edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," as well as in other collections, and some of them, especially those written for saints' days, are doubtless known to many of our readers.

The authoress of "The golden gates are lifted up," "The roseate hues of early dawn," "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," "When wounded sore the stricken heart," has given us hymns which we "will not willingly let die." Many of her other sacred poems have already become classical, such as the "Burial of Moses," beginning—

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

It is unnecessary to quote more of this,

or the many beautiful hymns which she has written; we have said enough to show how much she has enriched our collections. We have thus completed our sketch of what women have done in the field of sacred poetry. One fact must strike every reader—namely, how much of recent years the number of women who excel in literature, both sacred and secular, has increased. For this we must thank the wondrous strides which the last thirty or forty years have made in education. Doubtless the numbers will increase.

We have left out many talented women whom we might have mentioned, whose names are, I dare say, well known to our readers. Miss Procter's hymns are found in many collections. But we have done enough, I think, to show that in the cause of sacred song women have played no small or unimportant part, but that many of the noblest hymns, both of praise or prayer, of faith or hope, we owe to the thoughts of a woman's heart and a woman's pen.

VARIETIES.

DEATH FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.—The ancients dreaded death, the Christian only fears dying.

GOOD WILL.

An eccentric character in Scotland was on his death-bed. A lawyer who was writing to his dictation, having written down legacies of five hundred pounds to this person, and a thousand pounds to that, and so on, at length laid down his pen, saying, "But, Mr. —, I don't believe you have all that money to leave."

"Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you, but I just want to show them my good will."

LOOKING BACK.

The present joys of life we doubly taste
When looking back with pleasure to the past.
—Martial.

AN ILL-TEMPERED WIFE.

A gentleman was out driving with his wife, who was noted for her bad temper, and in a narrow road met a waggon which they had some difficulty in passing. The lady, apparently thinking that the carter was not making as much haste as he ought to do to get out of the way, began to rate him pretty freely. Just, however, as they drew clear, the man stepped up to the carriage, and, respectfully touching his hat to the gentleman, asked whether he might speak a word. The lady, thinking he was going to apologise for his slowness, interposed and said very sharply—

"Yes, say whatever you have got to say."

Whereupon the man, again touching his hat, and looking hard at the gentleman, said very quietly—

"Sir, I do pity 'ee from the bottom of my heart, for I've got just such another brute at home myself."—*Rev. F. C. Egerton.*

IN THE MORNING AND AT NIGHT.—It is not generally known that people are taller on rising in the morning than when they go to bed at night. The reason for this is that the vertebrae of the backbone, twenty-four in number, yield considerably to the pressure of the body in an erect position in the day, and expand themselves during the repose of the night.

THE BEST CONVERSATION.—The happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression.