

quadruped lordship did not seem to be quite in the mood for that sort of thing, and totally refused to have anything to do with the raft. Efforts of every kind were in vain. At length some one wiser than the rest proposed that the raft should be removed and the elephant secured to a steam launch by means of a strong cable, in order that he might be made to swim after the vessel to the side of the river designed for him. His majesty had no objection to the swimming part of the business, and therefore willingly allowed himself to be drawn into the water. But, to the infinite surprise and merriment of all the spectators, he had no sooner got fairly into the water, after tamely following the steam launch a little way, then he suddenly turned round, and swimming in the opposite direction, had strength enough to drag the vessel back with him, landing the whole party just where they had been at first, the "monarch of all he surveyed."

Of the Bishop's journey to Akyab, distant from Rangoon 500 miles, and of other events described in the closing chapters of this volume, we are unable from lack of space to give any account. The Bishop did not visit Mandalay, but he gives some interesting information concerning that city from one of the Missionaries who had laboured there. Prince Theebau was educated in an English School; and, at one time, Missionary prospects in Upper Burma seemed bright.



#### ART. IV.—THE VENI CREATOR.

AT the close of one of Canon Liddon's University Sermons occurs the following paragraph:—

"If you make it a rule to say sincerely the first verse of the Ordination Hymn every morning without failing, it will in time do more for you than any other prayer I know, except the Lord's Prayer," were the words of one who had a right to speak from experience and who has now gone to his rest.

Veni, Creator Spiritus,  
Mentes Tuorum visita :  
Imple supernâ gratiâ  
Quæ Tu creasti pectora.

Certainly this prayer does not take long to say; and perhaps fifty years hence in another state of existence some of us will be glad to have acted on the advice.

This almost unequalled Latin hymn, "was probably introduced into the Service late in the eleventh century, when it occurs in the Pontifical of Soisson. Dean Comber observes that the composition of this hymn was ascribed to St. Ambrose: it is not, however, claimed by his Benedictine editors."<sup>1</sup> Even in this

<sup>1</sup> See *Annotated Prayer-Book*, page 560.

venerable hymn there are some variations current ; but as given in the *Liber Precum Publicarum*, (Rivingtons, 1877), it is as follows :—

Veni, Creator Spiritus, Mentes Tuorum visita : Imple supernâ gratiâ Quæ Tu creasti pectora.	Hostem repellas longius, Pacemque dones protinus : Ductore sic Te prævio Vitemus omne noxium.
Qui diceris Paraclitus, Altissimi donum Dei : <sup>1</sup> Fons vivus, ignis, caritas, Et spiritalis unctio.	[Da gaudiorum præmia ; Da gratiarum munera ; Dissolve litis vincula, Adstringe pacis fœdera.] <sup>4</sup>
Tu septiformis munere, Dextræ Dei Tu digitus, <sup>2</sup> Tu rite promissum Patris, Sermone ditans guttura.	Per Te sciamus da Patrem, Noscamus atque Filium, Te <sup>5</sup> utriusque Spiritum Credamus omni tempore.
Accende lumen sensibus, Infunde amorem cordibus ; Infirma nostri corporis Virtute firmans perpeti. <sup>3</sup>	Sit laus Patri cum Filio, Sancto simul Paraclito ; Nobisque mittat Filius Charisma Sancti Spiritus. <sup>6</sup>

Amen.

This noble hymn is mainly known to the English Church through the very beautiful, but much abbreviated, translation of Bishop Cosin, which is found in his private devotions, 1627 :—

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

<sup>1</sup> Qui Paraclitus diceris  
Donum Dei altissimi.—*Annotated Prayer-Book*.

<sup>2</sup> Digitus Paternæ dextræ.—*Pontificale Romanum Romæ* (1818).

<sup>3</sup> Perpetim.—*Annotated Prayer-Book*.

<sup>4</sup> This verse is omitted in the *Pontificale Romanum* and in the *Annotated Prayer-Book*.

<sup>5</sup> Teque.—*Pontificale Romanum*.

<sup>6</sup> This verse in the *Pontificale Romanum* is very different :—

Deo Patri sit gloria  
Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
Surrexit, ac Paraclito  
In sæculorum sæcula ;

but may probably have been in Bishop Cosin's mind when he wrote the fine line—

That through the ages all along.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.  
Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of Both, to be but One ;  
That through the ages all along  
This may be our endless song,  
Praise to Thy Eternal merit  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Nothing could ever displace this version from the sacred place it holds in our hearts. It has transfused itself into the deepest life of our Church. But the reader will observe that it only consists of eighteen lines, whereas the original has thirty-two ; and many of those omitted contain germs of thought which no one would willingly let die. It is true that these are for the most part preserved in the second version given in our Ordination office ; but this version is of far inferior calibre to Bishop Cosin's terse and sententious rendering, and amplifies as much as the other abbreviates the hymn, consisting of sixty-four lines against the Latin thirty-two. It contains some verses of great merit, but is far too long for ordinary use.

Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God, Proceeding from above, Both from the Father and the Son, The God of peace and love.	According to Thy promise, Lord, Thou givest speech with grace ; That through Thy help God's praises may Resound in every place.
Visit our minds, into our hearts Thy heavenly grace inspire ; That truth and godliness we may Pursue with full desire.	O Holy Ghost, into our minds, Send down Thy heavenly light ; Kindle our hearts with fervid zeal To serve God day and night.
Thou art the very Comforter In grief and all distress ; The heav'nly gift of God most high No tongue can it express.	Our weakness strengthen and confirm (For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail) :
The fountain and the living spring Of joy celestial ; The fire so bright, the love so sweet, The Unction Spiritual.	That neither devil, world, nor flesh Against us may prevail. Put back our enemy far from us, And help us to obtain Peace in our hearts with God and man (The best, the truest gain) ;
Thou in Thy gifts art manifold, By them Christ's Church doth stand ; In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law, The finger of God's hand.	And grant that Thou being, O Lord, Our leader and our guide, We may escape the snares of sin, And never from Thee slide.

Such measures of Thy powerful grace	And that we may with perfect faith
Grant, Lord, to us we pray ;	Ever acknowledge Thee,
That Thou may'st be our Comforter	The Spirit of Father and of Son—
At the last dreadful day.	One God in Persons Three.
Of strife and of dissension	To God the Father, laud and
Dissolve, O Lord, the bands,	praise,
And knit the knots of peace and	And to His blessed Son,
love,	And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
Throughout all Christian lands.	Coequal Three in One.
Grant us the grace that we may know	And pray that we our only Lord,
The Father of all might,	Would please His Spirit to send
That we of His beloved Son	On all that shall profess His Name
May gain the blissful sight.	From hence to the world's end.
	Amen.

There remains Dryden's very excellent hymn, which is justly entitled in his works "The VENI CREATOR paraphrased." It is a paraphrase and not a translation. It has held its place in the Church for two hundred years, and many modern hymnals include it ; but with so many variations, that evidently great difficulty has been felt in singing it as it flowed from Dryden's classic pen :—

Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every pious mind ;  
Come pour Thy joys on human kind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete !  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire.  
Come and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command.  
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence !  
Refine and purge our earthly parts ;  
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul ;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe ;  
Give us Thyself that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

It is with much diffidence, after reviewing the labours of others, that I venture to offer to the reader yet another version of this noble hymn. But there are at least three admirable translations of St. Ambrose's *Jesu, dulcedo cordium*, by Neale, Caswall, and Ray Palmer, all of which are in frequent use. So that possibly another rendering of the *Veni Creator* may find a niche in our English Hymnology. I have striven to keep as closely as possible to the Latin ; and, with the exception of transposing a line in the third verse, have been surprised to find with what facility the original yields itself line by line, and often word for word, to the rules of English verse. If this version shall make this devout prayer, which has come down to us hallowed with the recollections of centuries, more available in its completeness for the present use of the Church, it will be an abundant recompense for the pleasurable labour spent upon it.

1.

Creator Spirit, make Thy throne  
The hearts which Thou hast seal'd Thine own ;  
With grace celestial fill and warm  
The bosoms Thou hast deign'd to form.

2.

To Thee, Great Paraclete, we cry ;  
O highest gift, O God most High.  
O fount of life, O fire, O love,  
Baptize, anoint us, Holy Dove.

3.

Thou finger of God's hand in heaven,  
The Father's promise duly given.  
Sevenfold in Thy munificence,  
Enrich our lips with eloquence.

## 4.

Enflame, enlighten all our powers ;  
 Breathe love into these hearts of ours ;  
 Our body, strengthless for the fight,  
 Strengthen with Thy perpetual might.

## 5.

Keep far aloof our ghostly foe,  
 And ever-during peace bestow ;  
 With Thee our Guardian, Thee our Guide,  
 No evil can our steps betide.

## 6.

With heavenly joys our service crown ;  
 On earth pour heavenly graces down ;  
 From chains of strife Thy saints release,  
 And knit them in the bonds of peace.

## 7.

Vouchsafe us in Thy light to see  
 The Father and the Son and Thee,  
 Our God from all the ages past,  
 Our God while endless ages last.

## 8.

Be glory to the Father, Son,  
 And blessed Comforter, in One.  
 Grant we may through the Christ inherit  
 Thy grace and glory, Holy Spirit. Amen.

The reader will observe I have allowed myself a little more freedom in the last two stanzas, for the precision of Latin, when treating of the highest mysteries of our Holy Faith, renders any transference into English more difficult without the appearance of stiffness ; and I was also glad to try and preserve with Bishop Cosin the grandeur of the version *in sæculorum sæcula* rather than the feebler expression *omni tempore*. The introduction of the word "glory" in the last line is hardly beyond the full meaning of the word *Charisma* in the light of such Scriptures as "The Lord will give grace and glory," and "The Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you."

But if it is thought better to adhere more closely to the structure of the original, these verses might be rendered thus :—

Vouchsafe us in Thy light to see  
 The Father, and the Son ; and Thee,  
 Of Both the Spirit, to adore ;  
 Our refuge now and ever more.

Praise to the Father and the Son,  
 And Holy Paraclete in One.  
 Grant we may through the Christ inherit,  
 Thy chrism of grace, Eternal of Spirit.

If "chrism" is not deemed too antique, it seems to retain, by its reference to "the Christ" in the previous line, the force of *Mittat Filius charisma.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Since the above translation was written, I have seen two other versions, which were before unknown to me, or quite forgotten by me, one by E. Caswall, and the other by R. Campbell, in Mr. Godfrey Thring's new Hymn-book. And I have also discovered that Caswall's version, though with many variations, is given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and in the "Hymnary." It is curious that, without any reference to, or remembrance of, their efforts, my fifth and sixth lines should be almost identical with Caswall's, and my twentieth line with Campbell's. But that two other writers in recent days should have essayed the same thing, may be at least an apology for my attempt. The common object of all must be to reproduce as nearly as possible in English the condensed thought of this noble Latin hymn.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.



ART. V.—THE RISE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

PART II.

1. *History of the Rise of the Huguenots.* By HENRY M. BAIRD. Professor in the University of the City of New York. Two Volumes, pp. 577, 681. Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.
2. *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.
3. *Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre; Life of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre.* By MARTHA WALKER FREER. Hurst & Blackett.

THE thunderstorm which was to destroy *Huguenotrie* was slowly gathering over the heads of these devoted men. Yet only a few black drops were to fall during the reign of Francis I. The King—whom the German Reformers had dubbed Sardanapalus—was no lover of cruelty; his proclivities were towards the literary, the æsthetic, and the ideal. It is probable that he would never have been a persecutor at all, had not political expediency forced him to it. And by his side, always