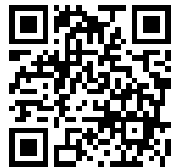


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Near the Throne

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

THE SWEET SINGER AND THE  
ROYAL WRITER

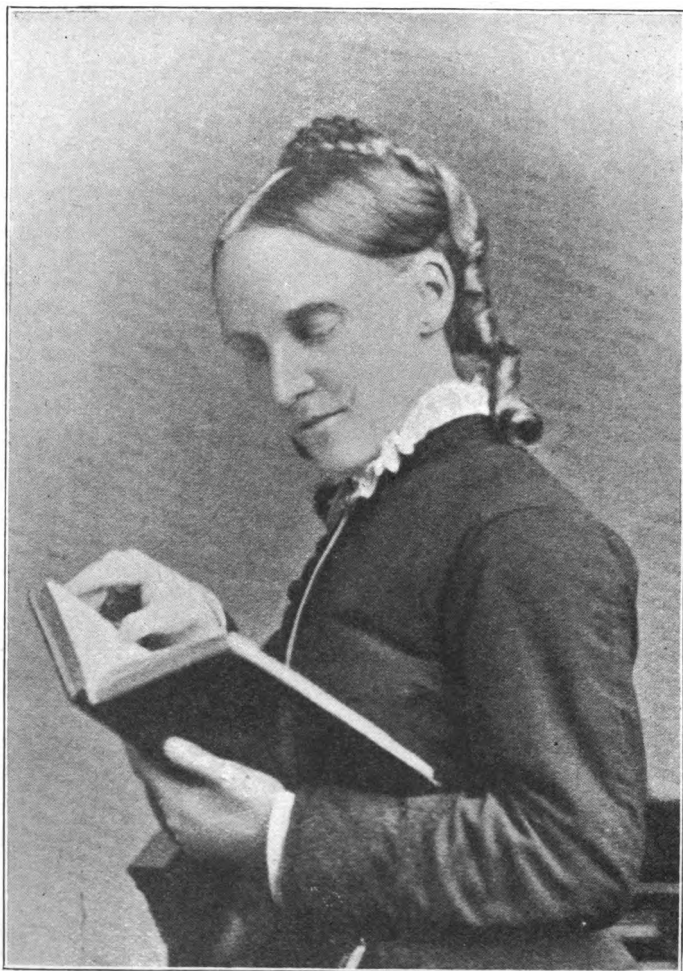
By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.





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*From a Photograph*

[by Messrs. ELLIOTT & FRY.

*C. M. Naverul*

# "NEAR THE THRONE"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL:

THE SWEET SINGER AND  
THE ROYAL WRITER

BY

CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

*Formerly Rector of St. Nicholas', Worcester,  
Author of "The Way Home," "The Old Gospel Ever New," etc.*

"All the lessons He shall send  
Are the sweetest ;  
And His training in the end  
Is completest "

*F. R. H.*

"How splendid to be so near the gates of Heaven"  
*Almost last words*

*NEW EDITION*

LONDON

"HOME WORDS" PUBLISHING OFFICE

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### **"Yet Speaketh."**

[From memorial lines by "F. R. H." to her sainted Father, now so touchingly applicable to herself.]

*" ' Yet speaketh !' In the memory of those  
To whom SHE was indeed ' a living song' :  
The voice, that like fair morning light arose,  
Rings on with holy influence deep and strong."*

*" ' Yet speaketh !' O our SISTER, now we hear  
The far off whisper of thy melody ;  
Thou art ' yet speaking' on the heavenly hill,  
Each word a note of joy—and shall we not ' be still' ?"*



## PREFACE

“THINGS new and old.” “Things new,” in Christian Biography are always welcome : but “things old” ought not to be forgotten. The treasury of the past is stored with spiritual wealth in the lives of those who have “walked with God.” Amongst these, Frances Ridley Havergal, whose “work of faith” and “labour of love,” and “patience in suffering,” won the deep affection of so many, will long hold a prominent place. Her consistent aim was “to *live* the Bible”—the sure way to realize, beyond the possibility of doubt, its Divine origin—and she herself became “an Epistle of Christ,” whose witness none who knew her could fail to recognize.

One generation may pass and another may come, but the memory of “the Sweet Singer,” and “the Royal Writer,” is often recalled by tens of thousands whose hearts have been gladdened and stimulated, in the sanctuary as well as in the home, by her hymns of faith and hope and joy.

The writer, whose privilege it was to be her venerated and beloved father’s curate, and to enjoy for many years her Christian friendship, has thought that an effort to present some personal and treasured reminiscences may be acceptable and prove useful.

He has specially aimed to present a study of her religious life *as a whole*—which may serve to show how truly that life, from first to last, was pervaded by the one aspiring aim to “*grow in grace.*” “I trust every day to *progress, continually pressing forward,* led by the Spirit of God.”

The title of this volume will recall to many the characteristic humility of heart and sweet joyousness of spirit which marked her as “a King’s daughter.” She dwelt “*Near the Throne*”: and He who “sat upon the Throne” was to her, in active daily life, “a living, bright Reality.” And so, when the Home Call came, she only “saw Jesus”—not death: and her happy thought was this—“How splendid to be so near the gates of Heaven!”

From “within the Palace Gates” she “yet speaketh.” One of her last utterances to those who watched the closing hours of life, might well be regarded as a priceless legacy to the Church of Christ:—“Not one thing has failed: tell them all round. Spite of the breakers, not a fear. I want you all to speak *bright words about Jesus.*”

Her last effort, we are told, was an effort to sing—

“Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul.”

And now—“*Near the Throne*” indeed—she

“Rests and sings upon the stormless height,  
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light.”

COOMRITH, EASTBOURNE.

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“SWEET SINGER, AND YET STRONG”

SWEET Singer ! Singing long  
Songs that have found an echo in the heart  
Of thousands, in life's conflict bearing part—  
Sweet Singer, and yet strong !

The strength and sweetness meet  
In thee, as day dawn on some mountain's head,  
Or summer sunset on the ocean shed—  
Strong singer, and yet sweet !

Wise singer ! To the sad  
Giving the comfort that thy God gave thee ;  
Even to “all” thy “living”—it may be—  
Wise singer, making glad !

Glad singer ! Upon eyes  
Opened to see the light that shone for thine,  
A brighter light—thy singing brought—would shine—  
Glad singer, making wise !

God's singer ! In a land  
Of alien thought and language thou didst sing  
The songs of Zion ; now before thy King,  
Blest singer, thou dost stand !

Thine earthly singing o'er—  
Thy singing sweet, and strong, and glad, and wise—  
Thou art, among the choir of Paradise,  
A singer evermore !

G. R. TAYLOR.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

**“WITHIN THE PALACE GATES.”**

BY

THE AUTHOR OF “ELIJAH AND OTHER POEMS.”

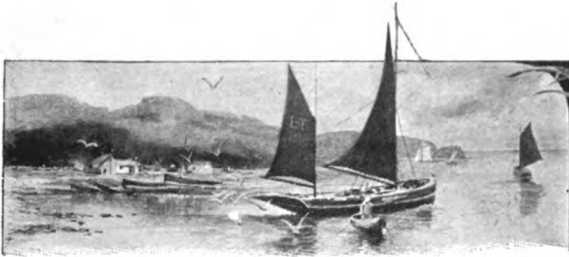
**S**HE stood in the glorious shadow  
Of the Father's house of love,  
But she saw not the shining threshold  
Where the Angel-Watchmen move ;  
She heard not their garments faintly stir  
As they opened the golden gates for her.

She had toiled in the blessed Vineyard,  
And as she toiled she sang,  
Till far through the sunny distance  
That sweetest music rang ;  
And her fellow-workers, far and near,  
Gave thanks to God for her words of cheer.

And those who were watching at midnight,—  
Watching in pain or fear,—  
Heard oft in that sorrowful stillness  
One sweet voice ringing clear :  
For God her Maker, her God and King,  
Had given her “ songs in the night ” to sing.

And now, in the King's own Palace,  
She sings to her harp of gold,  
With the seal of God on her forehead,  
In her spirit His peace untold,  
Where never a sorrowful step nor cry  
Shall break on the lull of Eternity.





## “NEAR THE THRONE.”

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

### I.

#### EARLY DAYS.

**F**RANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL was born on the 14th of December, 1836. Her father was then Rector of Astley, Worcestershire. Her name of Ridley, given her after her godfather, the Rev. W. H. Ridley, she greatly loved.

But “what the R doth represent”  
I value and revere :  
A diamond clasp it seems to be,  
On golden chains, enlinking me  
In loyal love to England’s hope,  
The Church I hold so dear.

The name of Havergal is thought to be derived from “Haver-gill,” the heaving or rising of the brook or gill. It may well be regarded as a significant



illustration of her life. "The tiny spring" was "hidden in" her "mountain home." It "gathered strength in its downward course," met with many an "obstructing boulder," passed through many an "unfrequented valley," and "traversed here and there a sunless ravine." But the river deepened and widened, and was "most known, most navigable, just as it passed away for ever from our gaze, lost in the ocean depths" of God's eternal love.

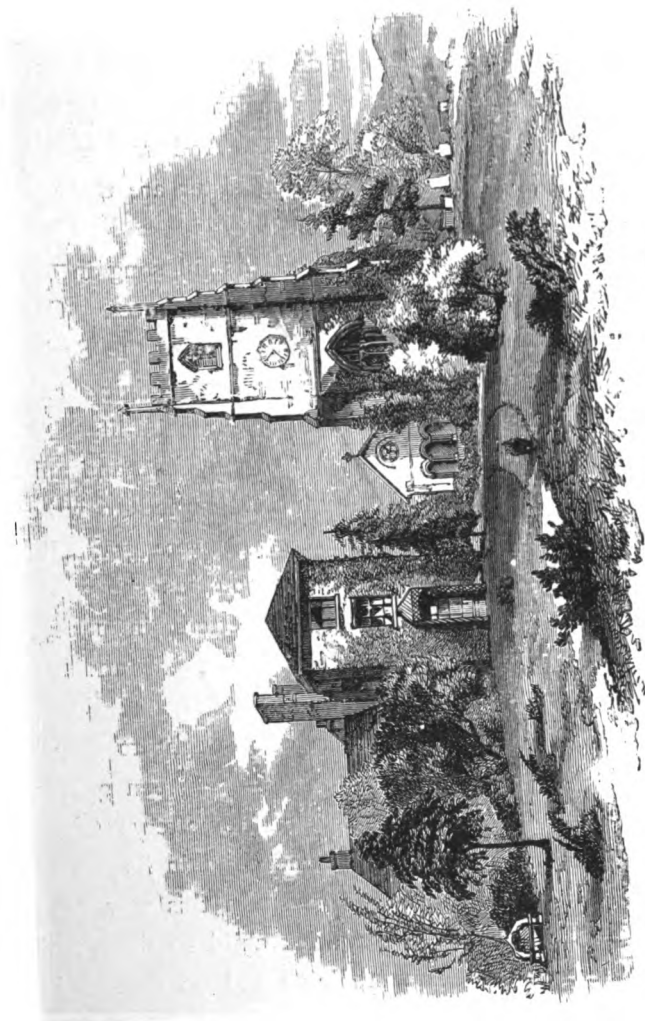
The recollections of child life in her happy home are sweetly told by her sister Maria in her "Memo-rials." \*

"Our Sunday evening hymn-singing is vividly recalled, in which little Fanny soon took part. Her fairy form and golden curls seem fitting now amongst the home scenes that rise and fall in the dimming past. One of her godmothers, Elizabeth Cawood, once said of her, when but a child, 'I believe she will *die singing*,' as indeed she did.

"My dear father at this time was still suffering from the effects of an accident, and music was his alleviation. Long before the little one could speak, she would coo in time with the nursery rhymes that brother Frank actually sang before he was a year old.

---

\* "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal. By her Sister, M. V. G. H." (London : J. Nisbet & Co.)



ASTLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY, FROM THE NORTH WEST.

Our father's arms and shoulders were their first music-stool, and there they sang his melodies to 'Twinkle twinkle, little Star,' and others. And so our first and last memories of our darling sister are those of happy song."

"Beside the rich chords and tuneful song in our home, there were wise and holy influences. Our parents' prayers and example in searching the Scriptures, and their loving, cheery ways, activity, and punctuality, were the key-notes of our child-life. At four years old, Frances could read the Bible and any ordinary book correctly, and had learned to write in round-hand. French and music were gradually added. From nine years old and upwards she wrote long and amusingly descriptive letters, in perfect rhyme and rhythm, to her brother Frank and her young friends."

The wisdom of the mother, who sought to dispel "those mysteries to little minds"—the open graves in the churchyard at Astley, which they often watched—"by taking them to see some child in its happy sleep of death," is noteworthy. In this way "the thought of Jesus hushing the sick child to sleep, and that there would be no medicine and no doctors in heaven—only sweet songs and happy days," took away all fear of dying. Happy is the home in which

the children bear the testimony that "Sunday *was* a happy, pleasant day—*the* best of all the seven."

The following will suggest its own lesson to parents :—

"Mother's large Bible always lay on the table in her room. Often I wondered why at four o'clock every afternoon she went into her room and locked the door till nearly tea-time at six. At last I tried the door, and it was not locked—mother was reading her Bible! That made me think more of the Bible than ever before."

The study of books and the study of nature went together, and the knowledge of household matters was not neglected. The children, too, were taught to care for the poor people, and carry milk and broth to sick folk. Sometimes they went with their father on his visits of comfort. What a picture of the country parson and the blessings of a pious home is conveyed by the following :—

"We saw how kindly he shook hands, how gentle were his ways : and then he felt the invalid's pulse, and saw about the medicine, for he was skilful, and the parish doctor thanked him for saving him visits ; and then he read to them Bible comfort, and prayed.

"My father's early rising and his punctuality are stereotyped in all our ways and likings. Our home-

call bell went with the clock, and our meals came to a minute, which saved both temper and time. Order and neatness reigned in our rooms; father's large desk was a wonder when sometimes he opened the inner lid."

A visit at the age of six to "Grandmother Havergal at High Wycombe" introduces us to one of the first Sunday-school teachers in England. Every Sunday till her seventy-second year "she was punctually at her post as superintendent of the Sunday-school by 9 a.m."

A governess at home was the next step, and we read: "My governess was truly happy, and kindly treated; and my father helped her in his old age. But *little* makes sunshine in the life of a governess. My father used to say, 'I cannot give you fortunes, but I can give you good educations.'"

The loss of the beloved mother when Fanny was eleven years old left impressions on her mind which influenced her whole life. After much suffering the testimony was full and clear. "'It is finished,'—the whole work of redemption completed for me. Christ is all in all to me. I find Him faithful to all His promises; in Him they are indeed 'Yea and Amen.' If I had been told what pain I had to go through, I should not have believed it possible that I could bear it.

Oh, I hope you will sing and rejoice for me when I am gone ; the very bells should all ring for me then ! The Saviour is my strength and my song. It is so wonderful that my fear of death is quite gone, and I have only a longing desire to die. Oh, why tarriest Thou ?” In perfect peace she passed away on the evening of July 5th, 1848.

The loss was bitterly felt by Fanny. In after years, in her “*Four Happy Days*,” under the name of “*Annie*,” she reveals the deepness of her first grief. Her sister writes :—

“ We can almost see her in her tiny bedroom as she describes Annie : ‘ Kneeling on the chair, leaning her little arms on the window-seat, and feeling as if she wished she had something to lean her little heart on too.’ ” This passage in the little book is so beautiful that it must be given in full. She writes :—

“ The clouds had been Annie’s great friends since she had had no trees to sit in and make up fancies about. Sometimes she watched the clouds and wondered all sorts of things about them, and especially wished she could reach the splendid white ones which looked like snow mountains that could be climbed and rested upon. But she found in a book that they were only vapour like the others, and that there would be nothing to rest upon and look down

B

upon, only dismal thick mist and rain. Poor child! there are other bright things besides shining clouds which, when reached, are only mist and tears. . . . She was musing over some words which had just been spoken in her mother's room. 'Annie, dear, pray to God to prepare you for all He is preparing for you.' Her mother said them very feebly and solemnly when she said good-night, and now they seemed to sound over and over again, so that they never should or could be forgotten. 'I wonder what He is preparing for me,' she thought. 'Oh, I do hope He is preparing one of the many mansions for me! How I wish I knew whether He is! But I don't think He is preparing me for it, else I should not feel naughty so often.' But her mother meant something sadder and nearer, which she knew God was surely preparing day by day for her little girl; she knew it could not be very long before she would be singing the 'new song' in perfect joy, while all her child's little songs would be hushed in great sorrow, the greatest that a child can know. Her mother saw how strangely she was unprepared for all this, and she never would stay to listen to anything her sisters said about their dear mother being worse."

Only a few weeks before her own death, Frances

referred to this : "The words mother taught me in 1848 have been a *life prayer with me* :—' Pray to God to prepare you for all that He is preparing for you.' This 'preparing' goes on ; it is as when gaining one horizon, another and another spreads before you. So every event prepares us for the event that is next prepared for us. Mother's words I also remember :—' Dear child, you have your own little bedroom now ; it ought to be a little Bethel.' I could not *then* make head or tail of what she meant, and often wondered, till some months after, when reading in Genesis I came to the chapter ; and then I understood it. Having that small room to myself developed me much as a child ; it was *mine*, and to me it was the cosiest little nest in the world."

The description of her mother's funeral, also given in "Four Happy Days," under the name of "Annie," is full of pathos, and strikingly shows the intensity of feeling which pervaded her whole life.

"Annie [Frances] was standing by the window in a front room, looking through a little space between the window and blind. All the shops were shut up, though it was not Sunday. She knew it would be dreadful to look out of that window, and yet she felt she *must* look. She did not cry, she only stood and shivered in the warm air.



"Very slowly and quietly a funeral passed out of the front [Rector] gate, and in another minute was out of sight, turning into the church. Then she stood no longer, but rushed away to her own little room, and flung herself on her little bed, and cried, 'Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma!' It seemed as if there was nothing else in her little heart but that one word. The strange hope which had lasted all that week was gone. She had found curious things in books, and one was, that people had sometimes been supposed to be dead and yet it was only a trance, and they had revived and even recovered. And so, when no one was near, she had gone again and again into that room, and drawn the curtain aside, half expecting to see the dear eyes unclose, and to feel the cold cheek warm again to her kiss. But it was no trance. The dear suffering mother was at rest, seeing Jesus face to face. Only the smile of holy peace was left on that lovely face, and that remained to the last, telling of life beyond death; she had never seen the solemn beauty of that smile before. But now all hope was gone, and she knew that she was motherless."

In her little book of poems she wrote :—

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Neither can man's heart conceive.

The blessed things God hath prepared  
For those who love Him and believe.

*July 5th, 1848.*

And again :—

Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,  
Soon, soon would I be at my rest ;  
I would fly to the Saviour I love,  
And there would I lie on His breast.

*July 9th.*

In 1859, at the age of twenty-two, "F.R.H.," with the simple view of a ministry of comfort to others "in case of her death," wrote "an autobiography of her *inner* life," which was designed to testify, after her decease, to that faith in Christ, which, with touching humility, she feared the *outer* life had not in her early years sufficiently made apparent. This autobiography, in all its truthful simplicity, reveals the "shadows on her morning pathway," which contrast with the light that shone more and more unto the perfect day : and it will, we believe, prove most helpful to many who in the early stages of Christian life share a somewhat similar experience.

Perhaps we may find in the intense feeling associated with the loss of her mother a key to some passages in this autobiography,—indicating what we deem to have been an over-wrought anxiety as to her spiritual experience at this time. Unless she

felt *intensely*, she was evidently under the impression that she did not feel at all. Her religious experience did not enable her to say much, and therefore she said nothing, and imagined there was nothing to say. She writes: "I do not think I could ever have said any of those 'pretty things' that little children often do. Anything like hypocrisy was the sin of all others which I could least understand, and imagined the most *impossible* to commit. How *could* any one say or seem *more* than they felt?" And yet there was evidently the hungering and thirsting after righteousness,—not always indicated by saying "pretty things,"—which clearly proved that spiritual desires had been quickened in her. She tells us, God spoke to her in "the beauty of nature." She writes: "I think I had a far more vivid sense of the beauty of nature as a little child than I have even now." And at the same time she was fully sensible of the insufficiency of nature to satisfy the soul. "I did not feel happy in my very enjoyment. I wanted *more*. I do not think I was eight when I hit upon Cowper's lines ending,

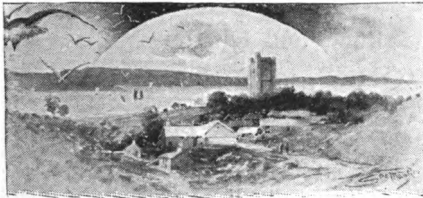
"' My Father made them all'

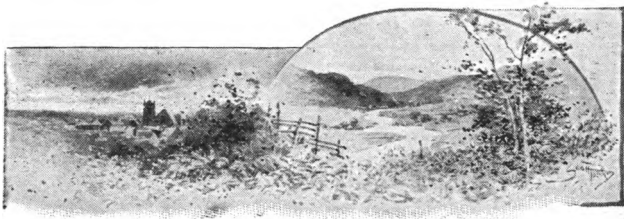
That was what I *wanted* to be able to say."

The want thus felt was the sure token of Divine

teaching, although for wise ends the spiritual desire was not at once or entirely met. Unable and unwilling to reveal her state of mind to others, she kept her secret longings almost absolutely to herself. But the slow teaching of the Spirit, "guiding into all truth," was sure teaching. God does not "make haste," but what He does shall stand. The seed, it is true, was being sown in the bright morning of life in tears and sadness (though to the eye of others she was only the "happy, thoughtless child with the merry laugh"); but the reaping time of joy in after years would explain the mystery.

And so we find, in referring to this period of early impressions, she unhesitatingly writes at the age of twenty-two: "He *must* have been teaching me. And *who* teacheth like Him?"





## II.

### SCHOOL LIFE.

**M**ANY glimpses of early life are sweetly given in the only too brief autobiography to which we have referred. The gradual development of spiritual experience is a noteworthy feature throughout; and the apparent unconsciousness for a time of the fact that it was really spiritual experience may help to encourage those who are apt to “despise” in themselves—what God does not despise—“the day of small things.” We mark the humility of her judgment respecting herself. “Never have I dared to think myself ‘as good as others,’ for even as a little child I knew and felt the sinfulness of my own heart.” “‘O God, unto whom all hearts be open,’ etc., is one of the sweetest things in our sweet Litany, to me, and it is wonderful what confidence it has often given me.” “As a child I read a good deal of the Bible, Isaiah being nearly my favourite book from the time I was ten or eleven.” Looking

back upon the five years ending with the spring of 1850, when she was just over thirteen, she says : " It was a time full of many recollections which I should like to retrace, had I not determined to abide by my intention of recalling only the history of what I would now dare to hope, though for many years I doubted, is God's own work in me, which He, according to His promise, will perfect in His own time."

In August, 1850, she went to school with Mrs. Teed, and here early influences were greatly deepened. Mrs. Teed exercised over her " a sweet and holy power ;" and one of her companion school-girls, whom she made a confidante, gave her the wisest counsel. " She begged me to go to Jesus and tell Him I wanted to love Him and could not, and then He would teach me to. The words of wise and eminent men have since then fallen on my ear, but few have brought the dewy refreshment to my soul which the simple loving words of my little Heaven-taught school-fellow did." Some of the other girls who were at the time the subject of similar religious anxiety speedily found " peace and joy in believing :" but the Master who was " moulding the vessel for future service" saw the need of a deeper and more tried experience in the case of " F. R. H.," and she speaks of " a course of weary seeking, inconstant and

variable, often departed from but as often renewed, and by God's grace never entirely given up; brightened from time to time with a gleam of hope; sweetened from time to time with a drop, though but a drop, of the still fountain of heavenly peace; yet, as a rule, passed in the cold mists of doubt, and the chilly storms of temptation and inward strife, and the dim twilight of miserable and even disappointed longing. Many may have thought mine a comparatively thornless path; but often when the path was smoothest there were hidden thorns within, and wounds bleeding and rankling."

Little did she deem this severe discipline indicated that she was now in "the Refiner's fire," and that He was watching the progress of His own work, which, if hastened, would have been surely marred. In after years she read the mystery of her "fiery baptism" well. Only thus could she have spoken with such wondrous power to the hearts of others. The law of her own life must be this:—

Learning long before your teaching,  
Listening long before your preaching,  
*Suffering before you sing.*

Her poems and books were to be verily written with her life-blood.

With your life-blood ! None will know it :  
You will never tell them how.  
Smile ! and they will never guess it :  
Laugh ! and you will not confess it  
By your paler cheek and brow.

Every lesson you shall utter,  
If the charge indeed be yours,  
First is gained by earnest learning  
Carved in letters deep and burning  
On a heart that long endures.

But though the "full portion" was long delayed, there were many periods of spiritual "refreshing," earnestness of what was to follow. During a visit at Okehampton, as the result of some conversations with Miss Cooke (who afterwards "became her kind mother"), she says, "Then and there I committed my soul to the Saviour—and earth and heaven seemed bright from that moment."

In 1851 she once more went to school at Powick Court, near Worcester ; but severe erysipelas in her head from overstrained effort brought her home again, and all study was prohibited. Her sister writes : "I well remember her patience even then, when almost blind, and passing many weeks of precaution, wearisome to her naturally active mind and body. She was so extremely agile in every movement, a very fairy with her golden curls and light



step, her dear father calling her his 'Little Quick-silver,' that to 'lie still' was no light trial."

In August, 1857, she went to Colwyn, North Wales, for her own and her father's health. She writes: "The donkey-girl teaches me Welsh. I think I learn it very fast, and I have a Welsh Testament and Prayer-book. At what Mary calls the 'Taffy service' I can sing and chant and respond as fully as the natives themselves."

A visit to Germany followed, and her studies were resumed. Her progress was remarkable. In a characteristic letter she tells of her success in a model tone of paradoxical pride and humility which only those who knew her well could fully understand.

"You will like to know the result of my last examination. Only fancy, when the testimonies were given out at the Louisenschule, amidst heart beating and cheek flushing (especially mine), 'Frances Havergal, *Numero Eins!*' broke the still silence of the awed assemblage. You understand German enough to know that *eins* means one. Proud I was, partly on account of being a daughter of Britain. I did not go to sleep till nearly midnight, for pure delight and satisfaction. I can't be satisfied without telling my friend the whole of the history. In the Louisenschule, when a girl has not learnt everything

(as you know I did not), she receives merely her testimony, but *no number*. This half-year, however, it seems that all the masters, in council assembled, were so very well pleased with the *Engländerin's* (English girl's) papers and conduct that they agreed to break their rule for once, and honour me with *Numero I.*, a thing which they had never done before !”

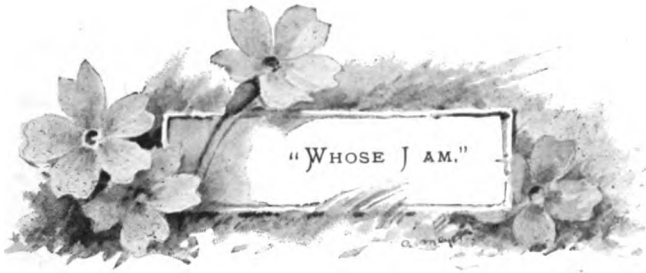
In her autobiography, referring to her German student life, she says there were 110 girls. “I do not think there was one besides myself who cared for religion. This was very bracing. I felt I must try to walk worthy of my calling, for Christ's sake ; and it brought a new and very strong desire to bear witness for my Master, to adorn His doctrine, and to win others for Him. It made me more watchful and earnest than perhaps ever before, for I knew that any slip, in word or deed, would bring discredit on my profession.” A word in season for Christian travellers on the Continent !

Her German master, Pastor Schulze-Berge, in a letter to her sister since her death, writes :—“Our lessons were more pleasure than work. She showed from the first such application, such rare talent, such depth of comprehension, that I can only speak of her progress as extraordinary. What imprinted the

stamp of nobility upon her whole being and influenced all her opinions, was her true piety, and the deep reverence she had for her Lord and Saviour, whose example penetrated her young life through and through."



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.



### III.

#### CONFIRMATION.

IN July, 1854, "F. R. H." was confirmed in Worcester Cathedral. Her confirmation was indeed a reality, and her account of it is a profitable study for all who are contemplating this act of public decision for God and His service. We give the following extract, found in one of her "sealed papers."

"In the procession to Worcester Cathedral, Ellen Wakeman was my companion. On reaching our seat, very near the rails, I sank on my knees: the thought of 'Whose I am' burst upon me, and I prayed, 'My God, oh, my *own* Father, Thou blessed Jesus, my *own* Saviour, Thou Holy Spirit, my *own* Comforter,' and I stopped. It scarcely seemed right for me to use the language of such strong assurance as this, but yet I did not retract. The Litany only was chanted; and, though my thoughts would fain have flown with each petition heavenward, yet every

little thing seemed *trebly* a distraction, and the chanting was too often the subject of my thoughts.\* While the solemn question was being put by the bishop, never I think did I feel my own weakness and utter helplessness so much. I hardly dared answer; but 'the Lord is my strength' was graciously suggested to me, and then the words quickly came from (I trust) my very heart: 'Lord, I cannot without Thee; but oh, with Thy Almighty help, I DO.'

"I believe that the solemnity of what had just been uttered, with its exceeding comprehensiveness, was realized by me as far as my mind could grasp it. I thought a good deal of the words, 'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling'; and that was my chief comfort. We were the first to go up,

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\* If the singing service of our cathedrals had this influence on the mind of "F. R. H.," accustomed, as she was, to musical excellence, how much more difficult must it be to confirmation candidates generally to avoid distraction. How far better the hearty, responsive service of our parish churches, where the people are manifestly the worshippers, and the choir is really a help, and not a substitute. Until custom has wrought in us a habit, no one, we think, would fail to share, especially in seasons of deep devotion, in the feelings expressed by "F. R. H."—whose love of music was so intense.

and I was the fourth or fifth on whom the bishop laid his hands. At first, the thought came as to who was kneeling next to me : but then the next moment I felt alone, unconscious of my fellow-candidates, of the many eyes fixed upon us, and the many thoughts of and prayers for me ;—alone with God and His chief minister. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head (and there was a solemnity and earnestness in the very touch and manner) I cannot describe, they were too confused ; but when the words, ‘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,’ were solemnly pronounced, if ever my heart followed a prayer, it did then ; if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words, ‘Thine for ever.’ But, as if in *no* feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing ‘oh, that I desired this *yet* more earnestly, that I believed it *yet* more fully.’ We returned to our seats, and for some time I wept, why I hardly know—it was not grief, nor anxiety, nor exactly joy. About an hour and a quarter elapsed before all the candidates had been up to the rails ; part of the time being spent in meditation on the double transaction

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which was now sealed, and in thinking that I was now more than ever His ; but I still rather sadly wished that I could *feel* more. Many portions of Scripture passed through my mind, particularly parts of Romans viii."

The paper was not finished, nor can any account of her first communion be found. In her manuscript book of poems she wrote :—

"THINE FOR EVER."

OH ! "Thine for ever," what a blessed thing  
To be for ever His who died for me !  
My Saviour, all my life Thy praise I'll sing,  
Nor cease my song throughout eternity.

*In the Cathedral, July 17th, 1854.*

She always kept the anniversary of her confirmation day. When at Celbridge (1875) her juvenile instructor in Hebrew (John H. Shaw) remembers on one of these occasions missing her at their hour for study, and that she spent most of the day in holy retirement. So lately as 1876 and 1877 she seems to have renewed her confirmation vow, in the following verses :—

A COVENANT.

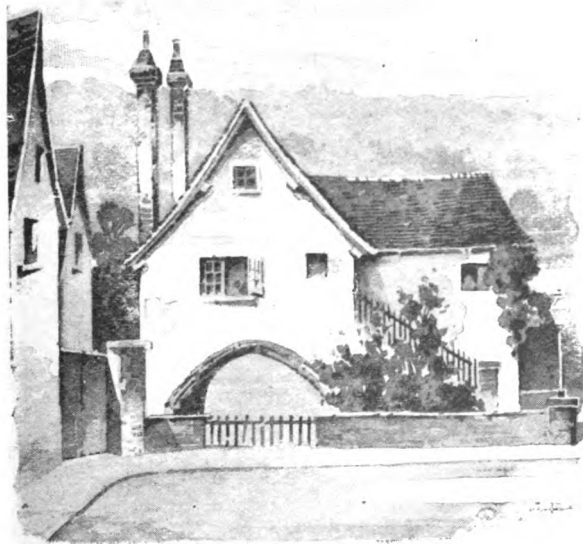
Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,  
I would be wholly Thine ;  
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,  
And Thou art wholly mine ;

Oh, take me, seal me as Thine own,  
Thine altogether—Thine alone.

*July, 1876.*

ONLY for Jesus ! Lord, keep it for ever,  
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life !  
Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of endeavour,  
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife !

*July, 1877.*



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL FERRY.





*From a Painting*  
by S. COLE.

*Engraved by*  
R. & E. TAYLOR.

Faithfully Yrs.  
W. H. Havergal.



#### IV.

##### HOME LIFE.

GREEK, Hebrew and German were all taken up at this period with equal enthusiasm ; but the diligence of "F. R. H." as a student involved no restraint of the outflow of the home affections. Her heart was as much occupied as her head, and found abundant opportunity for the active ministry of love. Her devotion to her father especially was intense. No doubt his partial loss of sight, the result of a carriage accident, tended to deepen and call into exercise her filial affection ; but those who, like the writer, knew, and therefore venerated, William Henry Havergal, felt that the worth of the father only found its fitting response in the reverence and attachment of the daughter. What a picture of home affection and home piety is given in the following extract from a letter in which she writes of her father's return from Gräfrath in 1855, "with his eyesight much better."

"Is not this glorious? Such sudden improvement we hardly dared to hope for. We shall see papa in the reading desk on Sunday, where he has not been for nearly four years! Oh, we are so happy! Papa and mamma came home on Saturday. We welcomed them in style. I made a triumphal arch over the hall-door with flowers and greenery, over the study-door papa's crest in flowers, and over the dining-room a banner, with the words, in rosebuds and leaves, 'Welcome Home.' Oh, it was so nice that dear papa was able to *see* it; directly he came in he knelt down with us all, and offered such beautiful prayer or rather praise!"

Truly of that home it might be said, it presented an earnest, a type of the home above!

An Irish schoolgirl, one of her class during a visit to Ireland, in 1856, describes her as "like a bird flashing into the room! Flashed! yes, I say the word advisedly—flashed in like a burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze, and stood before us, her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh sweet voice ringing through the room."

Another of the class felt, all the time, that "there must be the music of God's own love in that fair singer's heart, and that so there was joy in her face,

joy in her words, joy in her ways." And the secret cry went up from that young Irish heart: "Lord, teach me, even me, to know and love Thee too."

The Word of God was now more than ever a lamp unto her feet and a light unto her path. She knew the whole of the Gospels and Epistles, and gradually learnt the Revelation, the Psalms, Isaiah, and the minor Prophets. This full "entrance of God's Word" brought increasing "light." In August, 1859, she writes (and these and similar passages in her letters should be noted by those who, in dwelling on the later stages of her Christian experience, have somewhat ignored the equal reality of its earlier stages): 'I have lost that weary bondage of doubt, and almost despair, which chained me for so many years. I have the same sins and temptations as before, and I do not strive against them more than before, and it is often just as hard work. But, whereas I could not see why I *should* be saved, I now cannot see why I should *not* be saved if Christ died for all. On that word I take my stand, and *rest there*. I still wait for the hour when I believe He will reveal Himself to me more directly; but it is the quiet waiting of present trust, not the restless waiting of anxiety and danger. *His death* is really my confidence, and I have tasted the sweetness of one new thing, *praise!*'"

No doubt, *present* impressions to such a vivid and impulsive temperament were always apt to obscure and even cause her to misapprehend to some extent the experience of the past: and "the weary bondage of doubt and almost despair," here referred to, must be understood as we now understand later references to her religious experience at this time. Her path from her earliest years we cannot doubt was that of "the shining light"; but as the light shone "more and more," advancing to "the perfect day," her own mind was so possessed, absorbed with present brightness, that by contrast the past *appeared* to her to be comparative darkness.

In 1860 Canon Havergal resigned the Rectory of St. Nicholas', Worcester. Rich in gifts as well as rich in grace, his ministry was a rare possession in any parish. Never did pastor love his people more: and never did preacher declare more fully the "glorious Gospel of the Blessed God." His daughter writes of one of his sermons. "Lately, my dear father preached one of the special sermons in the nave of our Cathedral to such a mass of hearers, and we are told that his voice was more distinctly heard than any one's, even than the Bishop of Oxford's. His text was Acts v. 20: 'Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.' So

appropriate! And 'the words of this life' were explained as the glorious life-giving truths of the Gospel. Fanny said it was a wonderful sermon, and he went flowing on with such animation and eloquence. Poor child, she is too proud of her father. Well, I prayed that some jewels might be added to the Redeemer's crown."

Although with fitting reticence no allusion is made to the subject in the "Memorials of F. R. H.," it ought to be known, as an instance of the noble and disinterested services rendered by many of the clergy, that for fourteen years the devoted and highly gifted pastor had given himself to the Master's work in this important parish with an income which, after meeting, as he did in the most liberal manner, a curate's stipend, exceeded very little more than "forty pounds a year." His *honorary* canonry, bringing no endowment, was the only other ecclesiastical recognition he received of a ministry remarkable for its mental and spiritual power, and of musical endowments which have made the universal Church his debtor.

A serious illness preceded his removal to the little country parish of Shareshill. Well does the writer of these lines, whose high privilege it was to be with him as curate during the year before his resignation,

remember the holy influence which seemed to pervade the room of the patient sufferer. "F. R. H." describes it in fitting words :—

"It is wonderfully thrilling to see him in illness : such utter peacefulness, such grand conceptions of God's absolute sovereignty in everything, such quiet rejoicing in His will, be it what it may ; such shining trust in Him, in and for everything, personal or parochial."

He left St. Nicholas' with multiplied testimonies of the love and affection of his flock ; and during the period of his residence at Shareshill he gained a similar place in the esteem and gratitude of the parishioners.

In 1861, Frances undertook the instruction of her two youngest nieces, and made Okehampton her second home. The occupation and companionship were mutually beneficial. Without severe study there was life-teaching. She entered with zest into her nieces' recreations, riding and scrambling, swimming and skating, croquet and chess, and excelled in them all. And, whilst thus fervent in business and pleasure, she never forgot "Whom she served," and steadily aimed to educate for eternity "in the realities of faith and holy living."

A paper kept in her Bible may indicate her high

tone of Christian life, and be helpful to many. It gives "the subjects of her prayers."

*"For daily Morning Prayer.*

"Watchfulness. Guard over temper. Consistency. Faithfulness to opportunities. For the Holy Spirit. For a vivid love to Christ.

*"Mid-day Prayer.*

"Earnestness of spirit in desire, in prayer, and in all work. Faith, hope, love.

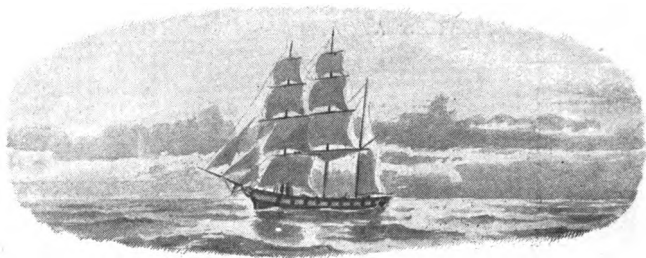
*"Evening Prayer.*

"Forgiveness. To see my sinfulness in its true light. Growth in grace. Against morning sleepiness as hindrance to time for prayer."

The initials of all her relatives and friends are distributed to each day, and various items of intercession added, such as :—

"That my life may be laid out to the best advantage as to God's glory and others' good. For the Church Missionary Society and Zenana work. For success and usefulness with my subscribers. For the poor whom I visit. For the Irish Society. Guidance and (if it is God's will) success as to music. For my Sunday-school class. For the servants."





V.

LIFE UNFOLDING.

**A**NOTHER visit to Germany in 1865-6 led to an interview with Hiller, the great German musician. Her main point was to find out whether he thought she "had musical talent enough to make it worth while to devote myself to music as a serious thing, as a life work?" His reply was, "Sincerely and unhesitatingly, I can say that you have." He added: "As for your harmonies, I must say I am astonished." Naïvely she writes of this interview:—"Papa is vexed because when Hiller asked, 'Spielen Sie gut?' (Do you play well?) I replied simply, 'No, not well,' because I thought he would judge by a professional standard. Papa says I ought to have then offered to play one of my things; but I had not the pluck or the presence of mind. . . . I suppose you would like to hear *all* about Hiller, else it seems conceited to have written so much."

Her sister says:—

"It may not be out of place here to mention that

such was the strength of her musical memory, that she would play through Handel, and much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, without notes." Her touch was instinct with soul, as also was her singing.

In 1866-7 her nieces went to school, and "F. R. H." returned to her Leamington home. Letters and manuscript papers, written at this period, are full of spiritual gems of Christian thought. We transcribe the following :—

"I have been so happy lately, and the words, 'Thou hast put gladness in my heart' I can use, as true of my own case, especially as to one point; I am *sure* now that I do love God. I love Him distinctly, positively; and I think I have loved Him more and longer than I thought, only I dared not own it to myself. Oh that I loved Him more and more! How I abhor myself for having loved, for loving, so little."

Her return to her Leamington home is thus referred to :—

"Pyrmont Villa, Leamington,

"Dec. 27, 1867.

"My first note in my new room in our new home must be to you. It is solemn to think of what I may go through in this room; probably many happy

hours, certainly many sorrowful ones. In all human probability it will be my room until the great sorrow falls which has already often seemed imminent, unless I die before my precious father. I have just been praying words from my own mamma's lips, when I was a little girl, 'Prepare me for all that Thou art preparing for me.' Yet, spite of these thoughts, I have not been at all in a good frame of mind; oh, how often hidden evil is brought to light by some unexpected Ithuriel touch. Every one calls me sweet-tempered; but oh, I have been so ruffled two or three times, that I wonder and grieve at myself. I always suffer for being naughty; I lose all enjoyment in prayer directly. 'Oh for a heart that never sins!'"

The growth of a poem is thus described:—

*February, 1868.*

"I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way, Minerva fashion, full grown. It is so curious. One minute I have not an idea of writing anything, the next I *have* a poem; it is *mine*, I see it all, except laying out rhymes and metre, which is then easy work! I rarely write anything which has not come thus.



**THE REV. CANON HAVERGAL.**

*From a Bust by ROBERT PAUER,  
of Creuznach, in 1868.*

*Engraved by  
R. & E. TAYLOR.*

“Yet speaketh!” E'en the shadow, poor and dim,  
Of sun-traced portrait, and the cold white stone  
(All that the stranger-artist guessed of him),  
Speak to our hearts in gentle spirit-tone,  
Vocal with messages of faith and love,  
And burning thoughts that fall, like swift stars, from above.

F. R. H.

'Hidden Leaves' is the title ; I wonder how you would work it out after this beginning :—

" Oh, the hidden leaves of life,  
Closely folded on the breast ! "

"Many pictures," writes her sister, "could be drawn of Frances's home life at Leamington. Especially did she value the sympathy of her dear father in all her studies. With him she delighted to talk out hard questions ; and his classical knowledge, his poetic and musical skill, settled many a point. She would rush down with her new poems or thoughts, awaiting his criticisms. And very charming was it to hear her lively coaxing that he would 'just sing,' as she accompanied his sacred songs ; while at other times I have seen her absorbed with his improvised melodies, fugues, and intricate progressions, thrilling yet passing. His holy and consistent example, ever holding forth the Word of life and sound doctrine, had been as a guiding light on his child's path. Of this Frances writes in 'Yet Speaketh' :—

" ' Deep teachings from the Word he held so dear,  
Things new and old in that great treasure found,  
A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,  
A trumpet with no dull, uncertain sound ;  
These shall not die, but live ; his rich bequest  
To that belovèd Church whose servant is at rest.' "

For the shadow of death was soon to fall on this happy home. "On Easter Eve, 1870, her father was unusually well, and had walked out during the day. Later on he sat down to his harmonium, playing and singing the tune composed by him in the morning.\* He rose early, as usual, on Easter Day; but apoplexy ensued, and, after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness, he passed away.

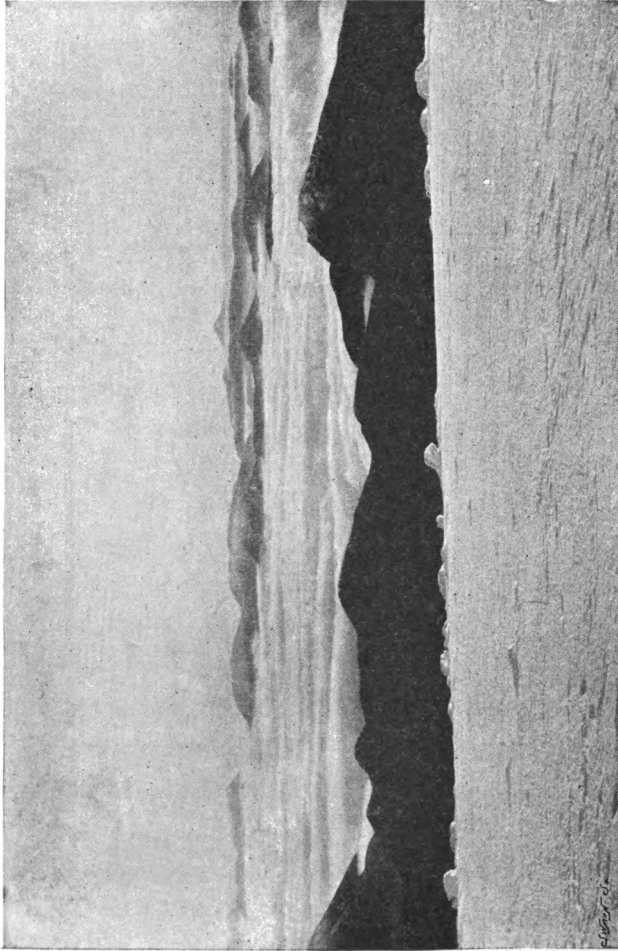
"'Yet speaketh!' there was no last word of love,  
So suddenly on us the sorrow fell;  
His bright translation to the home above  
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell;  
His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,  
And then began the songs of endless Easter there."

In Astley churchyard, under the fir-tree (the place which he had chosen years before) he rests "till that day"—the text on his tomb, "A faithful minister in the Lord."

Soon after her father's death Frances undertook the preparation for the press of "Havergal's Psalmody," which afterwards was largely used in connection with the Rev. C. B. Snepp's Hymnal, "Songs of Grace and Glory." In June, 1871, with her friend Elizabeth Clay, she spent some weeks in Switzerland, travelling with "just carpet bags and knapsacks."

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\* No. 163 in "Havergal's Psalmody."



*From a Photograph*

*[See page 51.]*

**THE FIRST ROSE-FLUSH.**

"A rose-light clear and tender,  
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before the day." —F.R.H.

Her enjoyment was boundless. She writes:—"We are in a most exhilarated state of mind, just like children ; and have been in the wildest spirits. The glissades are simply delicious." Poetry of description has seldom approached, and never excelled, the following :—

"Now I have seen it at last, a real Alpine dawn and sunrise to perfection ! When we came out we saw the 'daffodil sky,' which Tyndall describes, in the east—a calm glory of expectant light, as if something positively celestial must come next, instead of merely the usual sun. In the south-west the grand mountains stood, white and perfectly clear, as if they might be waiting for the resurrection, with the moon shining pale and radiant over them, the deep Rhone valley dark and grave-like in contrast below. As we got higher, the first rose-flush struck the Mischabel and Weisshorn, and Monte Leon came to life too ; it was *real* rose-fire, delicate, yet intense. The Weisshorn was in its full glory, looking more perfectly lovely than any earthly thing I ever saw. When the tip of the Matterhorn caught the red light on its evil-looking rocky peak, it was just like a volcano, and looked rather awful than lovely, giving one the idea of an evil angel, impotently wrathful, shrinking away from the serene glory and utter purity of a holy angel, which that Weisshorn at dawn





**MONT BLANC: THE MONARCH OF  
THE MOUNTAINS.**

**"In the presence of that great white throne."—F. R. H.**

might represent if anything earthly could. The eastern ridges were almost jet, in front of the great golden glow into which the daffodil sky heightened. By 4.30 a.m. it was all over, and thenceforth we devoted ourselves to getting up the Sparrenhorn."

"F. R. H." literally "revelled" in Alpine scenery. Writing on another occasion—

"Alone with the glory of Alpine snow,  
Alone with the splendours of eventide,  
In the presence of that great white throne,"

she thus described a Sunset on Mont Blanc—

"It is coming, it is coming!  
That marvellous up-summing  
Of the loveliest and grandest all in one;  
The great transfiguration,  
And the royal coronation  
Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.  
  
Crowned with ruby of resplendence,  
In unspeakable transcendence,  
'Neath a canopy of purple and of gold outspread;  
With rock-sceptres upward pointing,  
While the glorious anointing  
Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon his head.  
  
Then a swift and still transition  
Falls upon the gorgeous vision,  
And the ruby and the fire pass noiselessly away;  
But the paleing of the splendour  
Leaves a rose-light, clear and tender,  
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before the day.

Oh to keep it ! oh to hold it,  
 Where the tremulous rays enfold it !  
 Oh to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst again !  
 Yet less lovely if less fleeting,  
 For the mingling and the meeting  
 Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow in pain.

It is passing, it is passing !  
 While the softening glow is glassing  
 In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its rose :  
 Ever faintly and more faintly,  
 Ever saintly and more saintly,  
 Gleam the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

Oh pure and perfect whiteness !  
 Oh mystery of brightness,  
 Upon those still, majestic brows shed solemnly abroad !  
 Like the calm and blessed sleeping,  
 Of the saints in Christ's own keeping,  
 When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for their  
 God !"

We must not add words to these—no words could  
 be more exquisitely beautiful and expressive ; but  
 if this vision of the temple gates of heaven be  
 glorious, how will the City within excel in glory !

"Alone, alone ! yet round me stand  
 God's mountains, still and grand !  
 Still and grand, serene and bright,  
 Sentinels clothed in armour white,  
 And helmeted with scarlet light.  
*His Power* is near,  
 I need not fear.

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Beneath the shadow of His Throne—  
Alone, alone ! yet *not* alone.

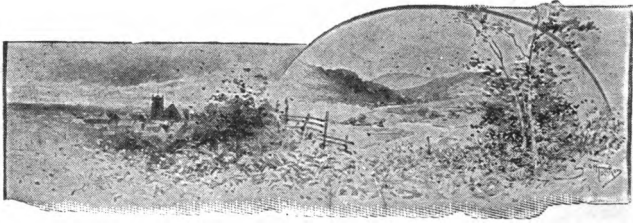
Alone, alone ! yet beneath me sleep  
The flowers His Hand doth keep ;  
Small and fair, by crag or dell,  
Trustfully closing star and bell,  
Eve by eve as twilight fell.  
His *Love* is near,  
I need not fear.

Beneath the rainbow of His Throne—  
Alone, alone ! yet not alone.

Alone, alone ! yet I will not fear,  
For Power and Love are near.  
Step by step, by rock and rill,  
Trustfully onward, onward still,  
I follow home with hope and will.  
So near, so near,  
I do not fear.

Beneath the Presence of His Throne—  
Alone, alone ! yet not alone !”

Christmas Day was spent at Leamington. She writes to E. C. :—“Christmas has as much of pain as of joy in it now, *more* perhaps, and yet one would not blot out the memories which cause the pain. I have found this second return home after my dear father’s death fully as trying as the first. . . . One or two pet schemes are defeated ; but let me rather dwell on Christmas mercies, and much that can infinitely satisfy one’s cravings.”



## VI.

### THE SWEET SINGER.

Learning long before your teaching,  
Listening long before your preaching,  
Suffering before you sing.

—*The Ministry of Song.*

IT cannot but be deeply interesting to notice the reflex influence of the life and works of an author; how intimately the one is often connected and associated with the other. This was especially the case with Frances Ridley Havergal. Those who were not able now and then, in the closeness of familiar friendship, to glance a little “under the surface,” probably imagined that her bright and happy spirit knew comparatively little of suffering. Great was their mistake. She triumphed indeed *over* suffering, and rejoiced *in* suffering; but mentally, physically, and spiritually, she knew full well that the way of “tribulation” is the way to “the kingdom.” The

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extreme sensitiveness and sympathy of her nature made her more susceptible than others to the discipline of life and its varying experiences; and this was, in fact, an essential part of her education and training for the high service of the King. Depth of feeling is as truly a secret of power over others as brilliancy of intellect; and combining the two, as she did in a remarkable degree, she exercised an influence which often excited surprise and even wonder.

The reader of her poems will find in them the best key of her life. Emphatically she was one of God's own poets. The great Tunist had laid His Hand of love upon her, and as she wrote and sang others read and heard more and more perfectly the melody of the growing life of consecrated service. Her poems clearly indicate this progressive advance. In handing to the writer for publication in *The Fireside* for January, 1878, one of her longest poems, entitled "Zenith," which evidently portrays much of her own heart experience, she spoke of the possibility of the "Zenith" being reached in her own case; but added, that if a third volume of her poems appeared, the grand topic would be "Praise." How fitting the progression! Her first volume one of "ministry"—"The Ministry of Song;" her second one of "Consecration"—"Under the Surface;" the third,

in purpose at least—"Praise:"—praise begun on earth and perfected in Heaven.

The "prelude" to her first book, "The Ministry of Song," exquisitely expresses the high desire of *service* and usefulness to others which guided her pen from the first:—

Oh, be my verse a hidden stream, which silently may flow  
 Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys  
     grow ;  
 And often by its shady course to pilgrim hearts be brought  
 The quiet and refreshment of an upward-pointing thought ;  
 Till, blending with the broad bright stream of sanctified  
     endeavour,  
 God's glory be its ocean home, the end it seeketh ever.

More fully rendered we have this aim of life portrayed in "One Question : Many answers."

What wouldst thou be ?  
 A blessing to each one surrounding me ;  
 A chalice of dew to the weary heart,  
 A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart :  
 To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon light,  
 A nightingale song in the darkest night,  
 A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,  
 An angel of love to each friendless soul :  
     Such would I be.  
 Oh that such happiness were for me !

And then, as if anticipating the future still brighter stages of her spiritual life of Consecration, she continues :—

What wouldst thou be ?  
With these alone were no rest for me.  
I would be my Saviour's loving child,  
With a heart set free from its passions wild,  
Rejoicing in Him and His own sweet ways ;  
An echo of Heaven's unceasing praise ;  
A mirror here of His light and love,  
And a polished gem in His crown above.  
Such would I be,  
Thine, O Saviour, and one with Thee !

The answer to this prayer of desire may be read in every page of her life's subsequent story. Many a glimpse is given in her poems of the progress of Divine teaching. She began more fully to realize that "making poetry" was a mission that would cost her much : that only out of the depths of her own experience—her own fiery baptism—could she speak words that would truly minister grace to others.

'Tis the essence of existence  
Rarely rising to the light  
And the songs that echo longest  
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,  
With your life-blood you will write.



With your life-blood ! None will know it :  
You will never tell them how.  
Smile ! and they will never guess it :  
Laugh ! and you will not confess it  
By your paler cheek and brow.

There must be the tightest tension  
Ere the tone be full and true :  
Shallow lakelets of emotion  
Are not like the spirit-ocean,  
Which reflects the purest blue.

Every lesson you shall utter,  
If the charge indeed be yours,  
First is gained by earnest learning,  
Carved in letters deep and burning  
On a heart that long endures.

Day by day that wondrous tablet  
Your life-poem shall receive,  
By the hand of Joy or Sorrow ;  
But the pen can never borrow  
Half the records that they leave.

You will only give a transcript  
Of a life-line here and there—  
Only just a spray-wreath springing  
From the hidden depths, and flinging  
Broken rainbows on the air.

Still, if you but copy truly,  
'Twill be poetry indeed,  
Echoing many a heart's vibration :  
Rather love than admiration  
Earning as your priceless meed.

Will you risk it? Will you brave it?  
 'Tis a strange and solemn thing :  
 Learning long before your teaching,  
 Listening long before your preaching,  
*Suffering before you sing.*

And again, in the poem entitled "Zenith," already referred to, speaking of—

The startling forms and beauties hardly dreamt, yet latent,  
 Which the poet-touch evokes, strong, marvellous, and fair,

how exalted is the appreciation of the poet's mission :—

For there are long, slow overtures before  
 Such bursts of song ; much tension unconfessed,  
 Much training and much tuning,—years compressed,  
 Concentrated in ever-filling store ;  
 Till thoughts that surged in secret deep below,  
 Rise from volcanic fount in sudden overflow.

Much living to short writing ! Such the law  
 Of living poems, that have force to reach  
 Depths that are sounded by no surface speech,  
 And thence the sympathetic waters draw,  
 With golden chain of many a fire-forged link,  
 Gently, yet mightily, up to the pearly brink.

Perhaps the clearest revelation of her inner life at this period will be found in the introduction to "The Moonlight Sonata." She felt herself to be "the child

at school," called to submit to "strange dealings" through what she terms "the trial season."

He traineth so  
 That we may shine for Him in this dark world,  
 And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled ;  
 That we may show  
 His praise by lives that mirror back His love—  
 His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

In "Now and Afterward" we have the same lesson :—

Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing,  
 Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !  
 Afterward the plenteous bearing  
 Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now the spirit conflict-riven,  
 Wounded heart, unequal strife ;  
 Afterward, the triumph given,  
 And the victor's crown of life.

Now the training, strange and lowly,  
 Unexplained and tedious now ;  
 Afterward the service holy,  
 And the Master's "Enter thou" !

Her second volume of poems, "Under the Surface," contains abundant evidence of that "increase of grace" which was to issue in fuller consecration. If

the "*ministry of song*" was before her in all she had hitherto written, her one aim now was to "speak of the things which she had made touching the King." The sweet-toned harp was now in her hands in order that she might, with a more single, whole-hearted purpose, sound the praises of Him who is "fairer than the children of men." The fountain which welled up so brightly and copiously in "*The Ministry of Song*" burst forth with a sweeter and fuller music than before. There are depths in "*Under the Surface*" which the poet had not hitherto reached. The eye for the beauties of nature is as keen: but the surpassing beauties of the kingdom of grace present to her glance "the glory that excelleth." How grandly, for example, she depicts a vision of

#### THE ONE REALITY.

Fog-wreaths of doubt, in blinding eddies drifted  
Whirlwinds of fancy, countergusts of thought,  
Shadowless shadows where warm lives were sought,  
Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, uplifted  
On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-rifted !  
What marvel that the whole world's life should seem,  
To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,  
From which the real and restful is out-sifted !  
Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing Dove

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Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,  
 The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,  
 Firm rock beneath ; a royal-scrollèd Tree,  
 And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love,  
 The Son of God who gave Himself for me !

And how touching, too, the picture of herself, which all who ever heard the singer (holding all hearts entranced, because so manifestly she "tasted the solemn happiness of knowing that the King Himself was listening as she sang") will feel is so true to the very life :

Be near me still, and tune my notes,  
 And make them sweet and strong,  
 To waft my words to many a heart  
 Upon the wings of song.

I know that all will listen,  
 For *my very heart shall sing*,  
 And it shall be Thy praise alone,  
 My glorious Lord and King. \*

As an example of the simplicity of her faith and

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\* In "Kept for the Master's Use," the following incident is given as showing that "God's multiplying power" is often brought to bear on a consecrated voice :—"A puzzled singing master, very famous in his profession, said to one who tried to sing for Jesus, 'Well, you have not much voice, but mark my words, you will always beat anybody with four times your voice.' He was right, though he did not in the least know why."

her realizing sense of the Divine readiness to hear and bless "exceeding abundantly, above all we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us," what could exceed the beauty of—

"HOW WONDERFUL"

He answered all my prayer abundantly,  
 And crowned the work that to His feet I brought,  
 With blessing more than I had asked or thought —  
 A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.  
 I stood amazed, and whispered, "Can it be  
 That He hath granted all the boon I sought?  
 How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!  
 How wonderful that He hath answered me!"  
 O faithless heart! He said that He would hear  
 And answer thy poor prayer, and He hath heard  
 And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?  
 Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?  
*More wonderful* if He should fail to bless  
 Expectant faith and prayer with good success.

Her "Loyal Responses" may be regarded as having furnished added evidence of the deepening spirituality and consecration of her poetic talent. The little book is a casket of rare and brilliant gems, precious to all: equally adapted for the learned and unlearned reader,—the prince and the peasant. Many of these poems appeared as "Wayside Chimes," in *Home Words*; and are familiar to our hearts as

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household words. The Whitsuntide "Chime," written to express her ever-deepening sense of the infinite importance of the Holy Spirit's work, is exquisite in its simplicity.

#### ASKING.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children : how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him ?"—*St. Luke xi. 13.*

O Heavenly Father, Thou hast told  
Of a Gift more precious than pearls and gold ;  
A Gift that is free to every one,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thy only Son :  
For His sake, give it to me.

O give it to me, for Jesus said,  
That a father giveth his children bread,  
And how much more Thou wilt surely give  
The Gift by which the dead shall live !  
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

I cannot see, and I want the sight ;  
I am in the dark, and I want the light ;  
I want to pray, and I know not how ;  
O give me Thy Holy Spirit now !  
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

If Thou hast said it, I must believe  
It is only "ask" and I shall receive :  
If Thou hast said it, it must be true,  
And there's nothing else for me to do !  
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need  
Is very great and real indeed.

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On the strength of Thy Word I come and say,  
Oh let Thy Word come true to-day !  
For Christ's sake, give it to me !

Another "Chime," written at Blackheath, in response to the writer's suggestion that a hymn on the believer's life of conflict, and yet triumph, might be useful to many, is rich in Gospel teaching.

"KNOWING."

"I know Whom I have believed."—2 *Tim.* i. 12.

I know the crimson stain of sin,  
Defiling all, without, within :  
But now rejoicingly I know  
That He has washed it white as snow :  
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,  
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,  
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint ;"  
But now I trust His touch of grace,  
That meets so perfectly my case :  
So tenderly, so truly deals !  
Because I know that Jesus heals.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,  
When life in sin was life in death :  
But now I know His life is mine,  
And nothing shall that cord untwine :  
Rejoicing in the life He gives,  
Because I know that Jesus lives.



I know how anxious thought can press,  
 I know the weight of "carefulness ;"  
 But now I know the sweet reward  
 Of casting all upon my Lord :  
 No longer bearing what He bears,  
 Because I know that Jesus cares.

I know the sorrow that is known  
 To the tear-burdened heart alone ;  
 But now I know its full relief  
 Through Him who was acquaint with grief :  
 And peace through every trial flows,  
 Because I know that Jesus knows.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,  
 The longing for the love of earth ;  
 But now I know the Love that fills,  
 That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills --  
 That nothing mars and nothing moves :  
 I know, I know that Jesus loves !

I know the shrinking and the fear  
 When all seems wrong and nothing clear ;  
 But now I gaze upon His throne.  
 And faith sees all His foes o'erthrown :  
 And I can wait till He explains,  
 Because I know that Jesus reigns.

And whilst thus leading the humble seeker to the fountain of Grace, she equally delighted to dwell on the inexhaustible fulness of Grace. Who will forget

## GOD'S REITERATED "ALL."

God's reiterated "ALL!"

O wondrous word of peace and power !  
 Touching with its tuneful fall  
 The rising of each hidden hour,  
 All the day.

Only *all* His word believe,  
*All* peace and joy your heart shall fill,  
*All* things asked ye shall receive :  
 This is thy Father's word and will,  
 For to-day.

"*All* I have is thine," saith He.  
 "*All* things are yours," He saith again ;  
*All* the promises for thee  
 Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,  
 For to-day.

He shall *all* your need supply,  
 And He will make *all* grace abound ;  
*Always all* sufficiency  
 In Him for *all* things shall be found,  
 For to-day.

*All* His work He shall fulfil,  
*All* the good pleasure of His will,  
 Keeping thee in *all* thy ways,  
 And with thee always, "*all* the days,"  
 And to-day !

How truly she was a sister of consolation to sufferers, as one who knew so well what suffering is,

may be gathered from her inimitable "Song in the Night."

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
 From Thine own Hand,  
 The strength to bear it bravely  
 Thou wilt command.  
 I am too weak for effort :  
 So let me rest,  
 In hush of sweet submission,  
 On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
 As proof indeed  
 That Thou art watching closely  
 My truest need :  
 That Thou, my Good Physician,  
 Art watching still,  
 That all Thine own good pleasure  
 Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus !  
 What Thou dost choose  
 The soul that really loves Thee  
 Will not refuse :  
 It is not for the first time  
 I trust to-day ;  
 For Thee my heart has never  
 A trustless " Nay ! "

I take this pain, Lord Jesus !  
 But what beside ?

'Tis no unmingled portion  
Thou dost provide.  
In every hour of faintness,  
My cup runs o'er  
With faithfulness and mercy,  
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As Thine own gift ;  
And true though tremulous praises  
I now uplift.  
I am too weak to sing them,  
But Thou dost hear  
The whisper from the pillow—  
Thou art so near !

'Tis Thy dear Hand, O Saviour,  
That presseth sore,  
The Hand that bears the nail-prints  
For evermore.  
And now beneath its shadow,  
Hidden by Thee,  
The pressure only tells me  
Thou lovest me !

Her ardent missionary zeal, commemorated by "The Frances Ridley Havergal Church Missionary Memorial Fund," is exemplified in her animated and eloquent "Tell it out!" which is now so often sung by assembled thousands. It was written at Winterdyne one snowy Sunday morning when unable to go to church. As she afterwards said: "In reading the

Psalms for the day I came to 'Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,' and I thought, what a splendid first line! and then words and music came rushing in to me." When the church-goers returned, hymn and harmonies were all beautifully written out, and then sung, in quick tune, and with the spirit which only those who heard her can imagine.

"TELL IT OUT!"

*Ps. xcvi. 10.—P.B.V.*

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King !  
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !  
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing !  
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !  
 Tell it out, with adoration, that He shall increase ;  
 That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace ;  
 Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,  
 That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore !

Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns !  
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !  
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains.  
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !  
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives ;  
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;  
 Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;  
 Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above !  
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !  
 Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love !  
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home ;  
Tell it out across the mountains and the ocean foam !  
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,  
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea !

But we must pause. Enough has been said to show how truly she advanced "from grace to grace," from "strength to strength," in the Divine life. Some of her later poems seem almost to have antedated her entrance within the King's Palace. We wish we could quote them all. The reader will at once recall the triumphant hymn of Consecration, "From Glory to Glory," which surpasses in its spiritual "depths" and "altitudes" anything of the kind we have ever read. The religion which could inspire such a hymn needs no evidences of its Divine origin to satisfy the thoughtful mind : and if "the music of its Divinity" did but sink into the soul, and breathe forth in the life, Christians would indeed be "epistles of Christ, known and read of all men."

But glancing over the pages of her poems, there are three "anticipatory" poems which are probably less known, and for this reason we give them here. They will suggest much to comfort mourning ones, and stimulate others to "follow" her as she "followed Christ."

## WAITING.

"My times are in Thy Hand."

Just when Thou wilt, O Master, call !  
Or at the noon or evening fall ;  
Or in the dark, or in the light ;  
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,  
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home !  
Or when the snows have crowned my head,  
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,  
"Rise up, my love, and come away !"  
Open to me Thy golden gate,  
Just when Thou wilt, or soon or late.

Just when Thou wilt, Thy time is best ;  
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,  
Marked by the sun of perfect love,  
Shining unchangeably above.

Just when Thou wilt ! no choice for me  
Life is a gift to use for Thee !  
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst  
With Thee, my King, my Saviour Christ !

## "WITHIN THE PALACE GATES."

That strange "new song,"  
Amid a white-robed throng,  
Is gushing from her harp in living tone ;  
Her seraph voice,  
Tuned only to rejoice,  
Floats upward to the emerald-archèd throne.

No passing cloud  
Her loveliness may shroud,  
The beauty of her youth may never fade ;  
No line of care  
Her sealèd brow may wear :  
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

No stain is there  
Upon the robes they wear,  
Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed ;  
Like woven light,  
All beautiful and bright,  
Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

No sin-born thought  
May in that home be wrought,  
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart ;  
No tear, no sigh,  
No pain, no death, be nigh  
Where she hath entered in, no more to "know in part."

Her faith is sight,  
Her hope is full delight,  
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain :  
Her untold bliss—  
What thought can follow this !  
To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

Her eyes have seen  
The King, no veil between,  
In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed ;  
No earth-breathed haze  
Can dim that rapturous gaze ;  
She sees Him face to face on Whom her guilt was laid.



A little while,  
And they whose loving smile  
Hath melted 'neath the touch of lonely woe,  
Shall reach her home  
Beyond the star-built dome ;  
Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too shall know.

## ETERNITY.

But Eternity is long,  
And its joys are manifold !  
Though the service of its song  
Never falters or grows cold :  
Though the billows of its praise  
Never die upon the shore,  
Though the blessèd harpers raise  
Alleluias evermore,  
Though the eye grows never dim  
Gazing on that mighty Sun,  
Ever finding all in Him,  
Every joy complete in one,—  
Yet THE INFINITE is He,  
In His Wisdom and His Might  
And it needs eternity  
To reveal His Love and Light  
To the finite and created !  
Archangelic mind and heart  
Never with His bliss was sated,  
Never knew the thousandth part  
Of the all-mysterious rays,  
Flowing from Essential Light,  
Hiding in approachless blaze  
God Himself, the Infinite.

Infinite the ocean-joy  
Opening to His children's view ;  
Infinite their varied treasure,  
Meted not by mortal measure—  
Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,  
Through Eternity's great leisure,  
Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessèd sowers' gladness  
In the free and royal grace  
Should be crowned with added glory,  
Woven with their earthly story ;  
Linked with time and place.  
Glad surprise ! for every service  
Overflowing their reward !  
No more sowing, no more weeping,  
Only grand and glorious reaping,  
All the blessing of their Lord.





## VII.

### ROYAL BOOKS.

THE "poetry of prose" has seldom been presented in a more winning form than in the series of Royal Books from the pen of Frances Ridley Havergal which so speedily gained an almost unexampled circulation.\* It is often thought that religious books must be dull and wearisome reading. Probably many answer too faithfully to this description; and it would be well indeed if such books were never published at all. But the welcome accorded to F. R. H.'s works abundantly shows that religious teaching, if pervaded with the simplicity and freshness of heart-experience, will never lack interested and grateful readers. Her "Royal Books" are heart-to-heart appeals; full of life and brightness; free from

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\* "Kept for the Master's Use;" "The Royal Invitation;" "Loyal Responses;" "My King;" "Royal Commandments;" and "Royal Bounty." (J. Nisbet & Co.)

long words and mystifying sentences ; framed, as it were, on the model of the Sermon on the Mount, and therefore equally suitable for all readers, learned and unlearned, whether in palace halls or cottage homes.

No doubt the "apples of gold," the full and faithful Scriptural truths upon which she ever dwelt, were the more attractive because her poetic genius enabled her to set them in "pictures of silver": thus emulating the poetic teaching of the Bible, and the Divine Teacher Himself in those "earthly stories with heavenly meanings" which caused "the common people" to "hear Him gladly"; but may we not fairly gather from the acceptability of her books the importance of giving more heed, both in religious books and religious teaching generally, to the qualifications which are too often either not possessed at all, or if possessed, not exercised or cultivated? The book and the sermon which fail to win the attention and *interest* of the reader and hearer, must assuredly fail to instruct.

Perhaps, however, the chief secret of F. R. H.'s influence as an author is found in her sympathy. Her words came from the heart and they went to the heart. Not that she was ever lacking in faithfulness, but her faithfulness was never offensive. She "spoke

the truth in love," and so did not "undo by her manner" what she said or wrote in her "matter." Winning, and not driving, was her plan: and the bright, happy sunlight of her example gave added weight to her words. "It is remarkable," writes one who knew her well for many years (the Rev. S. B. James, D.D.), "that with all her strong decision for Christ, together with her invariable outspokenness against everything that was worldly and unbecoming saints, her books are so much respected by even non-religious people, and praised by secular papers that are too ready to call some of God's other servants narrow-minded and unreal. I never heard a disrespectful word uttered with respect to Frances Ridley Havergal or Frances Ridley Havergal's many writings. That does not mean, of course, that no such word was ever uttered; but I cannot say so much of any other friend in the world, or out of the world, as I have just said of her."

It would, of course, be impossible in these pages to introduce, as we could wish, illustrative quotations from the prose writings of F. R. H. But the following paper—the last which reached us from our long-fast friend for *The Day of Days*—will suffice to confirm all we have said of the simple, grand, and sympathetic heart-poetry of her prose writings:—

## "THY HAND."

"Thy Hand presseth me sore."—*Ps.* xxxviii. 2.

"WHEN the pressure is sorest, the Hand must be nearest. What *should* we do in suffering if we were left to imagine that it was Satan's hand that presses so sore! Our Father has not left us in any doubt about it. This settles it:—'Thy Hand.' 'Thou didst it.' 'It is the blow of Thine Hand.' 'Thy Hand was heavy upon me.'

"It cannot be otherwise: for 'in the shadow of His Hand hath He hid you,' and how can any other press you there? What is hid in God's Hand must be out of reach of Satan's.

"The hand is the most sensitive member, gifted with the quick and delicate nerves of touch. When it presses, it instinctively measures the pressure; the contact is the closest possible; the throb which cannot be seen is felt, truly and immediately. This is how His dear Hand is pressing you; this is what the pain means.

"Have you ever watched the exceedingly delicate and yet firm pressure of the hand of a skilful tuner? He will make the string produce a perfectly true note, vibrating in absolute accord with his own never changing tuning-fork. The practised hand is at one

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with the accurate ear, and the pressure is brought to bear with most delicate adjustment to the resistance ; the tension is never exceeded, he never breaks a string ; but he patiently strikes the note again and again till the tone is true and his ear is satisfied, and then the muscles relax and the pressure ceases. The string may be a poor little thin one, yielding a very small note ; but that does not matter at all : it is wanted in its place, just as much as a great bass one that can yield a volume of deep sound. The tuner takes just the same pains with it, and is just as satisfied when it vibrates true to the pitch, retaining its own individual tone. That string could not tune itself, and no machine was ever invented to accomplish it ; nothing but the firm and sensitive pressure of the tuner's own living *hand* can bring it into tune.

"Will you not trust your Tuner, and begin a note of praise, even under the pressure ?

'Yet take Thy way ; for sure Thy way is best ;  
Stretch or contract me, Thy poore debtor :  
This is but the tuning of my breast,  
To make the musick better.' *George Herbert.*"

The tuning of the instrument is perfected now, and the songs so sweetly sung on earth are but exchanged for still higher and holier songs in "the presence of the King."



## VIII.

### SWISS LETTERS.\*

ST. PAUL knew the value of *letter-writing*. “Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand” (Gal. vi. 11). He did not live, as we do, in days when the Printing Press has fulfilled the dream of Luther about “the hand that held a thousand pens”; but he used his own pen well. What would the New Testament not lose if we lost St. Paul’s *Epistles*—his Letters to the Churches?

St. Peter’s Epistles, too, are wonderful. It has been strikingly said :—“There was a humble fisherman on the lake of Palestine, who wrote a short treatise so replete with heavenly truth, that Archbishop Leighton, whom Dr. Doddridge calls ‘that wonderful man,’ employed years of intense and de-

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\* The substance of this chapter was addressed to a congregation at Chamonix. It recalls to my mind many grateful and happy thoughts of a summer chaplaincy. Many of the tourists were most anxious to borrow my copy of “Swiss Letters.” It should be read by every tourist. (London : J. Nisbet & Co.)

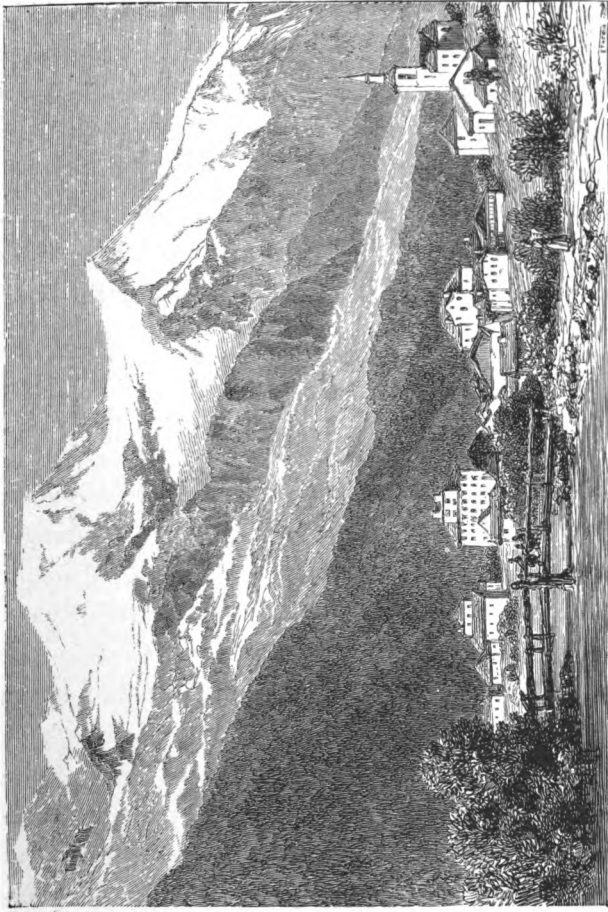


lighted labour in illustrating the rich and heart-affecting lessons it contains." If you have never read Archbishop Leighton on St. Peter's Epistles, take my advice and read the volume.

But the inestimable value of "letters" is equally, or rather more fully seen in St. Paul's numerous Epistles. We are too apt to forget that these Epistles are *letters*. They possess all the personality, local incident, and charm of letters; and I think the simple fact that so much of *Divine Revelation* is conveyed in this form of communication ought to impress upon us all the importance of letter-writing in our own case. If *God* has chosen this medium for making known His truth and His will, ought we not to consecrate our pens to high and useful and holy use?

Tourists especially should bear this in mind. They are moving about from place to place, and they see much of the "wondrous works of God." Voices are reaching them from hour to hour. When they look up to snow-clad heights, the voices seem to come from the very palace gates of Heaven.

There are preachers all around them. Every flower and fern, with multiform beauty and colour, in Nature's carpet beneath their feet—every square foot a little world of beauty—bears witness of its



*From a Photograph*

**CHAMOUNI, AND MONT BLANC.**

Maker's grace and wisdom and power. The rushing stream reminds them of "living water" from Divine fountains. The graceful forest trees, in the freshness of the year, point upward to the Paradise of God, and remind them of "leaves" that are for "the healing of the nations." And the glorious mountain rocks, sublimely grand and massive, and often *cleft*—do they not speak of that Divinely-riven Rock, of which we sing—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee"?

These "voices" many should surely have *our* voice added to them. The Psalmist says: "All Thy works praise Thee"; and he adds, "Thy saints give thanks unto Thee." That should be *our* voice. We should *speak* of these wonderful works of God to one another, and strive to "rise through Nature up to Nature's God." But beyond conversation, I think we should remember also *correspondence*. What letters have we written during the week? We write to friends at home who have never seen what we have seen, or felt as we have felt. Have our letters contained not only a descriptive record of these happy days, but a record of experience and lessons learned, which may help those at home to share both our

interest and our profit? We may be sure of this, wherever we are, whatever we do,—

“A solitary blessing few can find ;  
Our joys with those we love are intertwined.”

I have been glancing through the pages of Frances Ridley Havergal's "Swiss Letters." Of course her gifts were special. But if she had not written those "Letters," if she had been content with passing, personal—shall I say only self enjoyment—why, no amount of money could have represented the loss! The *true* wealth of the world is not *money* wealth. The other day I asked a working-man whether he would take £1,000 for a sunny-looking boy he held loyally on his knee in a railway carriage. I need not tell you his answer. Not £10,000 would tempt him to such an exchange. Then said I to his comrades who were by his side, "You see where *true* wealth is to be found—in the *heart* and in the *home*. You did not think your friend was so rich a man as he is!" So, in a far higher sense, must we estimate "the *unsearchable* riches of Christ"—the wealth of the man who is "rich towards God"—of whom "the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose Name is Holy," saith, "I dwell in the high and lofty place—*with him also* that is of a *contrite* and *humble* spirit." A thankful heart, or a humble heart, or a

heart that longs to be "whiter than snow," is more precious in God's sight—there is, in fact, *no* comparison—than the multiplied millions of the richest millionaire! Hence, I will undertake to say that these "Swiss Letters," to which I refer, contain "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—thoughts and words pregnant with untold blessing; and who shall estimate their value to the multitudes who have read them?

I wish I could give any adequate idea of the contents of these Letters—written by their author without any thought of future issue to the world. The descriptive portion—the scenes of Alpine grandeur and loveliness witnessed—could scarcely be more graphic. But the golden thread of unassuming *Christian usefulness* is also found on every page.

A Belgian maidservant, for example, has escaped a serious illness. "This was an opportunity to speak of Him who 'healeth all our diseases.' She stayed talking with me half-an-hour, and promised she would pray for the Holy Spirit. After she was gone, I marked all I most wanted her to notice in a French St. John's Gospel, and gave it her next morning. She seemed pleased, and promised to read it." Very simple, but who can trace the harvest of the simplest seed thus faithfully sown?

Then another talk occurs with a German about the love, and tenderness, and sympathy, and all-sufficiency of Jesus. "I tried," she writes, "simply to carry out the lines:—

"Tell them what *you know is true*,  
Tell them *what He is to you*."

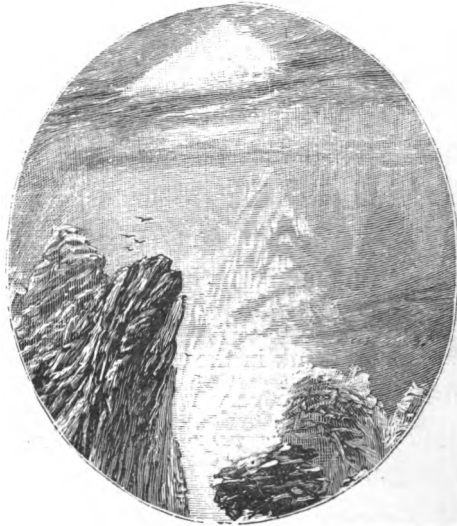
Ah! what a searching question—How much can you and I tell of what the Saviour "is" to us?

Then comes a record of the first sight of snow mountains. "The dream of my life is realized: I have seen snow mountains! I have always thought of *eternal* snow and *perfect* peace together. I longed to see the one and drink in the other. And I am not disappointed, not in the very least. The mountains seem to lead me up *the very steps of the Throne*." Have the mountains done this for us?

An aged Swiss pastor gives her another striking sentence in a sermon which she heard:—"Who of all on the face of the earth," said the old man, with a patriotic emphasis worthy of a son of Tell, "should so praise God for the splendour which He has poured out upon His works as *we Swiss*, in this our blessed and beautiful Fatherland?"

Then we have a description of what I have termed "Nature's carpet"—"Sheets of flowers around us, all

delicate and tiny and exquisite—just the other pole of the Beautiful." Presently a Scotch friend gives her a vivid glorious thought. "We spoke of *cloud shadows*. 'Yes!' she said, 'but they are the shadow



THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.

"The dream of my life is realized—*eternal snow and perfect peace.*"

of His chariot: for "He maketh the clouds His chariot."'"

A good many pages in these "Swiss Letters" are devoted to incidents of Christian work—*mission* work, for that is true Christian work—and are most suggestive to all who would act upon the three verses which

precede St. Paul's reference to his "letter":—"He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

French tracts and portions of God's Word found glad acceptance everywhere. "Such eagerness is displayed for the little books. Such gratitude, such attentive listening, such tears—as we touched the chord of suffering, still vibrating among the poor people, to whom *war* had just been an awful reality. A deputation came to us from a party of workmen asking for a few more tracts for their comrades, who 'would be too happy to possess them.'"

Then those who serve in the little inns and hotels were not forgotten. "A few kind words and smiles won the heart, and then a marked St. John's Gospel—'star-texts' to catch the eye—was gladly accepted. 'One maidservant at Zermatt had *never seen a Testament*: and no one of the many English ladies whom she had served had ever spoken to her about these things. Every evening this servant contrived to come to my room, and we read the German New Testament and prayed together."

Another day an aged woman in the fields roused



her interest. "I read to her, very slowly, most of the eighth chapter of Romans, pointing with my finger to every line as she looked over me, dwelling on and repeating the most comforting words. I was little prepared for the effect of the thought, so entirely new to her—'No separation.' She took hold of it with unquestioning faith, and with wonderful joy. 'Has He said that I shall never be *separated* from Him?' At my last glimpse of her she was poring over her Epistle to the Romans!"

One other paragraph is painfully noteworthy: "We never came upon ground trodden by *any other sower*, except among the *guides*. We did find a few of them who had at least '*heard* of these things.' They are intelligent and superior men, and seemed more often ready and disposed to converse *seriously* and *freely* on important subjects than any class of men there or elsewhere. One guide told me an English lady had spoken to him, and on her return to England had sent him a New Testament. This he had read daily. He had no other help, but found in it that he might pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and from that time had constantly done so." Have we discovered as much as this, and acted accordingly? Mark the result in his case: "He had no doubt but it was *God's own Word*, because he felt its power and

preciousness." "Life," he said, "is a different thing to me now." Could we say as much as this?

I think if our letters home contained records in some measure approaching these "*Swiss Letters*," we should enjoy a higher and a truer happiness ourselves, and find the Apostle's words, I have quoted, very richly fulfilled: "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." Words in season, loving, faithful, joyous words of testimony, are not spoken in vain. They are verily "words on wheels," and they travel far. How little Frances Ridley Havergal could have thought that *we* who read these pages would, more than twenty years after her Home Call, be listening to her as one who "*yet speaketh!*" Even the "congregation of *one*" is not to be despised. We speak to *one*, and that one may be, like the stone thrown in the lake, a *centre* of influence to reach the eternal shore! I have known words passingly uttered, forgotten by the speaker, yet recalled years after as "the seed of eternal life" to the heart they had unknowingly entered.

Be watchful—be watchful for *opportunities*—as the sower watches the sky who desires to see the ingathered harvest. Write letters that may live when you are gone, and especially to your *children*. It may cost a little time and thought, but *all* our time

and all our thoughts are *His* who gives us all we have.

Only be sure, first of all, that you are yourselves "*Epistles of Christ.*" That is the main point, after all. Think over the expression, and be sure you understand its meaning. If Christ the sinner's Friend is yours, and you are Christ's, then Christ *liveth* in you: and your *life*—*His* life in you—in its tone, its character, its spirit—(not in its *perfection*, for "in many things we offend all," but in its tone and spirit)—*will* speak for Him Whose you are and Whom you serve.

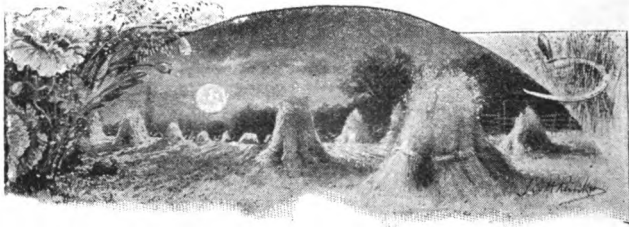
Day by day, as Frances Ridley Havergal did, place the heart—the redeemed heart the Saviour purchased at so great a cost—at God's disposal. Ask Him to write His holy law—by His Spirit—more and more clearly on that heart of yours: and then ask Him to *use your life*, your daily life, your business life, your recreation life, your home life, as *you would use a pen*. Let *God* hold the pen, and then, by His Spirit of Grace working in you—unworthy as you are, and humble as you must ever be—you shall nevertheless be a true "Epistle of Christ,"—a letter written by God's own Hand, which others will not fail to read, and bless the Giver of all grace that it was ever written.

Oh for more of "the *mind of Christ!*" Let us seek it at the Throne of Grace, where He who gave Himself waits to fulfil to each seeking soul the promise of the Father, in His Gift of the Divine Teacher and Sanctifier. Let us invoke that "Gentle, Gracious, Holy Guest" to bless us indeed and make us blessings.

"Like the dew, Thy peace distil,  
Guide, subdue our *wayward* will,  
*Things of Christ unfolding* still,  
Comforter Divine."

"For every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone."





## IX.

### THE EARLY INNER LIFE.

IT may be truly said that the life of "F. R. H." is emphatically a complete study. It cannot be appreciated unless it is taken as a whole. A partial glance at her Sister's charming biography might convey a very imperfect, and even untrue, impression of her character and experiences, especially in her early days. The hidden life of those who are being disciplined for high service is not easily comprehended by others who are called to more quiet and retired walks. Her Sister well observes:—

"Deep borings, even down into darksome depths, often precede the supply of unfailing springs of refreshing water. Thus my dear sister knew much of doubt and gloom, so that she might be able to comfort others and reveal to them God's deep teachings in the darkness. Then, when she afterwards found such joy in the wells of salvation, she drew forth these teachings, refreshing other weary and thirsty

ones with her words of sympathy, both in poetry and prose."

At the same time we believe these "darksome depths" and days of "doubt and gloom" were only exceptional experiences, and that the characteristic feature of her Christian life, even from the *first*, was a vivid perception and realization of spiritual truth, which gave her remarkable power over others, and enabled her to commend religion by a really bright and unselfish example. How few, far less tried in the school of discipline, could write:—"It is only one or two who know about my clouds, though many know what I *believe* about *sunshine*." Most of us are far too ready to talk about our "clouds," and very slow to speak of God's "sunshine."

A record of her inner life in the year 1866, given in her own words, contains a volume illustrative of this compressed in two or three pages. We give a few thoughts:—

"I look at trial and training of every kind, not in its effect upon oneself *for* oneself, but in its gradual *fitting* of one to do the Master's work. So, in very painful spiritual darkness or conflict, it has already comforted me to think that God might be leading me through strange dark ways, so that I might after-

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wards be His messenger to some of His children in similar distress."

Then, conscious of her possession of a brightness of spirit which would lead others to "wonder that I write this when I was so merry with you at L——," she continues:—

"Among the best gifts of God to me I count a certain 'stormy petrelism' of nature, which seems to enable me to skim any waves when I am not actually under them. I have an elasticity which often makes me wonder at myself, a power of throwing myself into any present interest or enjoyment, though the sorrow is only suspended, not removed.

"But once I seemed permitted to suffer mentally in an unmitigated sort of way, which I never knew before. Perhaps to teach me how to feel for others who have not that 'stormy petrelism' which bears me through most things. For that forsook me utterly, and I felt crushed and forsaken of all or any help or cheer, to an extent I never felt before."

"I wish I rejoiced more, not only on my own account, but, if I may so say, on *His*: for surely I should praise Him more by both lip and life. Mine has been such a shady Christian life: yet 'He led them forth by the right way' must somehow be true here, though I don't see how. I ought to make one

exception; I have learned a real sympathy with others walking in darkness, and sometimes it has seemed to help me to help them."

The reader will notice how exceptional was the occasion of "unmitigated" depression referred to in this passage, and how readily she finds the key of the mystery. The tendency to contrast her even then advanced Christian experience with the highest aspiration of which a sanctified mind is capable, and the consequent humbling sense of deficiency, is equally manifest. What desire can rise higher than this—to "praise Christ by both lip and life, not only on my own account, but on *His*"? Can we wonder that with such a lofty spiritual aim she was often, like Paul, ready to exclaim, "I count not myself to have attained": nay, "I know," by the very cravings of my spiritual nature, "that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing"? Yet herein was the sure evidence of progress—the "pressing forward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus." And meanwhile light and peace and joy were by no means absent. She speaks of "the Lord leading me into a calmer and more equable frame of mind"; "Texts light up to me very pleasantly sometimes"; "I have been appropriating all the promises with a calm sort of twilight happiness,



waiting for a clearer light [heaven's own light] to show me their fuller beauty and value." "I have been so happy lately, and the words, 'Thou hast put gladness in my heart,' I can use as true of my own case." "I think I have loved God more and longer than I thought: only I dared not own it to myself. Oh that I loved Him more and more! How I abhor myself for having loved—for loving, so little."

A few words in the first letter written in her new home at Leamington (already quoted), indicate a similar high tone of sensitive regard to the second great commandment. "Every one calls me sweet-tempered, but oh! I have been so ruffled two or three times, that I wonder and grieve at myself. I lose all enjoyment of prayer directly. 'Oh for a heart that never sins!'"

Then we have a birthday gift to E. C., testifying to her love for "the sincere milk of the Word." "I send for your birthday the result of a year's daily and loving thought for you [a Bible marked]. It is the worse for wear, having been with me in boxes, bags, and pockets. I have marked what struck me as containing food, light, and teaching of some sort. I do hope you will find my markings a help and pleasure, because not one chapter has been read without prayer for the Holy Spirit's teaching . . .

Can you not take Psalm xxiii. 6 as a birthday text? Only the goodness and mercy *are* following all the days, even when their bright outline is lost in the shadow of closely pressing trials, and sometimes in our own shadow."

A season of illness follows, and she pens that striking message to her sister:—"I only send you two words; but they are and will be seen to be, the true 'theme' or 'subject,' speaking musically, carried through all the majors and minors of life: 'MARVELLOUS LOVINGKINDNESSES.'"

Then an accident, which lays her sister aside from work, prompts the following:—

"I only heard of your accident last night. My dear old text flashed upon me the instant I heard of it:—'Meet for the Master's use.' Surely it is for that He has taken His vessel away from active use, that it may be made more meet. I feel so disposed to look out for much marked blessing upon you and your work when He permits you to resume it. Let me give you another:—'He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry.' That has comforted me often, more than any promise of answer; it includes answers and a great deal more beside; it tells us what *He is* toward us, and that is more than what He will *do*. And the 'cry' is

not long-connected, thoughtful prayers; a cry that is just an *unworded dart upwards* of the heart, and at *that* 'voice' He will be very gracious. What a *smile* there is in these words!"

The passages we have quoted will abundantly suffice to show how close and sanctifying was the "walk with God," which from her early years marked the growing inner life of "F. R. H." We deem it important to notice this, since it may guard against a misapprehension as to what is termed (we think without Scriptural authority) "the higher Christian life," which sometimes arises from forgetfulness of the fact that Christian experience has its earlier as well as its later stages. It is "one life" all through. We do not for one moment question the possibilities of grace in deepening and strengthening the continuity of early experience. But the *reality* of the work of grace and the identity of its character from first to last must be maintained as a principle; and in the case of "F. R. H." this was as unquestionable in her childhood, "the day of small things,"—which God never "despises,"—as in the fuller development of the later years of her life, when grace was almost budding into glory.





## X.

### THE LATER INNER LIFE.

“F. R. H.’s” poem entitled “Zenith” (date 1878), in which she sketches the earthly zeniths, and compares them with the broad sunlight of the true zenith—the true shining, is evidently autobiographic. One verse might well be said to sum up the progressive Christian experience of the author:—

And so the years flowed on, and only cast  
Light, and more light, upon the shining way,  
That more and more shone to the perfect day  
Always intenser, clearer than the past ;  
Because they only bore *her*, on glad wing,  
Nearer the Light of Light, the Presence of *her* King.

“More and more” is in truth the unfailling law of Christian life, and never was this law exemplified more strikingly than in the later stages of the inner life of Frances Ridley Havergal.

Doubtless the close of the year 1873 was a marked

turning-point, not indeed in the reality of her Christian experience, but in its brightness and depth ; but we should greatly mistake if we were led, as some have been led, to suppose that the nature of her experience was at all changed, or that the law of progression was then or at any future period arrested. One writer has said, that at this date "she was gratefully conscious of having for many years loved the Lord and delighted in His service ; but there was in her experience a falling short of the standard, not so much of a holy walk and conversation as of uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment of the Divine life." And in support of this view a letter to this writer has been quoted, in which she said :—"I do so long for deeper and fuller teaching in my own heart. I know I love Jesus, and there are times when I feel such intensity of love to Him that I have not words to describe it. I rejoice too in Him as my 'Master' and 'Sovereign' ; but I want to come nearer still, to have the full realization of John xiv. 21, and to know 'the power of His resurrection,' even if it be with 'the fellowship of His sufferings' ; and all this not exactly for my own joy alone, but for others. . . . So I want Jesus to speak to me, to say 'many things' to me, that I may speak for Him to others with real power.

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It is not knowing doctrine, but *being with* Him which will give this."

In reading this passage, whilst we are well aware that from this period an "exceeding blessing" undoubtedly rested upon her, we think it important to remark that every word employed would as truly, and we may say as fully, have been applicable to her inner life down to the very moment of her entrance "within the Palace Gates." There was unquestionably a clearer perception of Divine truth, and it may well be said, "Henceforth her peace and joy flowed onwards, deepening and widening under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost"; but this had *always*, in its measure, been the case: and the fresh elevation only served to show her more clearly as she advanced what, in the passage already quoted, we are told she saw, though less distinctly, from her first starting-point—"a falling short of the standard, not so much\* of a holly walk and conversation as of uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment of the Divine life." She had, in fact, scaled a heavenly height in response to her longing desire for "deeper, fuller teach-

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\* We should say "quite as much." The holier the life, the more humbling will be the sense of deficiency. This *must* be the case, so long as the aim is to be "Christ-like" and to bring forth the "fruit of the Spirit."

ing in her own heart"; but the very brightness of the revelation, the very height to which she had attained, made her the more intensely feel her need—increasing need—of "deeper, and fuller teaching," and deeper and fuller sanctification still.

This, we believe, is the key to the later stages of her inner life so impressively illustrated in the latter portion of her biography. She saw clearly that "there must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness,"—that God admits us by the one into the other; and henceforth the sincere and hearty aim of her renewed life was "surrender," "consecration," that yielding of the "body, soul, and spirit" as a "reasonable and acceptable service to God," which the Apostle tells us springs from a realization of His mercies in the Gospel of His grace. Just so far as she was enabled to make this "surrender," she "adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour." But she never "counted herself to have attained." The surrender she contemplated she felt must be renewed again and again. She writes at this time: "There may be a *fuller* surrender even long after a surrender has once, or many times before, been made." And then she adds: "As to sanctification [which some have confounded with 'surrender' or 'consecration'], that it is the work of the Holy Spirit and *progressive* is the

very thing I see and rejoice in." "As to 'perfectionism' and 'sinlessness,' I have all along, and over and over again, said I never did, and do not hold either. 'Sinlessness' belongs *only* to Christ now, and to our glorified state in heaven."

She simply felt what every Christian whose soul is in a healthy, happy state must feel—"God has brought me into the 'highway of holiness,' up which I trust *every day to progress*, continually *pressing forward*, led by the Spirit of God." Hers was no "will faith," but it was faith inwrought by the Spirit of God. It enabled her to cry, "Abba, Father!" and we may justly say, the highest aim of her spiritual attainments was to *realize* her adoption, and to live the life of a "happy, trusting child."

That such an aim is in harmony with the teaching of God's Word, none can doubt; and that it tends to promote a holy walk in life is equally unquestionable. "Never, oh, never before," she writes, "did sin seem so hateful, so really 'intolerable,' nor watchfulness so necessary—and a keenness and uninterruptedness of watchfulness too, beyond what one ever thought of, only somehow different, not a distressed sort, but a happy sort. It is the watchfulness of a sentinel when *his captain is standing by him* on the ramparts, when his eye is more than ever on the alert for any sign of



the approaching enemy, because he knows they can only approach to be defeated." "But"—she again repeats the words—"understand me: it is 'not as though *I* had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, . . . I press *toward* the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'"

It is impossible to trace out as we would the future workings of this spirit of consecration. We can only gather a few brief paragraphs which illustrate it.

God's way of answering the heart's desire for higher service, was, we think, most apparent in what at the time was felt to be one of the strange enigmas of her life," the typhoid fever which laid her prostrate in 1874. She entered upon that illness with the earnest prayer that she might be helped to glorify God. She speedily grasped His purpose in the trial. After a night of sleepless pain she said, "The Master wants me to bring forth more fruit, more patience." And this she truly did. There were seasons of partial cloud in her vision of God. "Sometimes I could not *quite* see His Face, yet there was His promise, 'I will never leave thee.' I knew He had said it, and that He was there." And then the brightness was unveiled: "Death often seemed to me to be a going up to the golden gates and lying there in the brightness,

just waiting for the gate to open for me ; it was like a look into heaven." Those around her marked the growth in grace. The servants, when rest was felt necessary for them, still "pleaded to be let sit up in turn with 'dear Miss Frances :'" and even when in acute pain—doubly acute to her sensitive frame and temperament,—we are told "she would say lively things to divert our thoughts from herself." Her sister writes : "I well remember a remark she made to me : 'Oh, Marie, if I might but have five minutes' ease from pain! I don't want ever to moan when gentle sister Ellen comes in. How I am troubling you all!' 'But,' I replied, 'we should not think it trouble to minister to the Lord Jesus!' 'Well, no, she said ; 'I only hope relationship won't preclude a big "inasmuch" for you all.'"

After her recovery from this and a succeeding illness, we have this remarkable testimony :—

"I have been thinking that only the Holy Spirit can teach any one the mystery of 'the blood which cleanseth from all sin.' For years I believed it, without seeing as I do now into the mystery ; and there are depths yet unseen, which God's Spirit reveals as His work of sanctification goes on."

In another letter she speaks of "one dark hour" in her illness, when she feared, or rather felt she had

not "glorified God in the fires," because, after she had lost all her strength, she could not bear the pain without moaning and crying out, and showing eagerness for remedies. "But," she adds, "He so tenderly assured me of pardon, and gave me 'He knoweth our frame,' that even that cloud soon passed."

Again she asks, "Do you not find that, even in proportion as we realize this marvellous power upon us and in us, we realize as never before our utter dependence upon it, and utter weakness without it, AND our utter vileness and sinfulness were the cleansing power of His precious blood withdrawn for one moment? But why should we ever refuse to believe in its glorious fulness? (1 John i. 7.) Faith is just holding out your hand, and taking God's promises. It is what I am *learning* [only 'learning'] every day, and it makes me happy."

Writing to a gifted friend (J. G. M. Kirchhoffer) on the use of her "talent," she says :—

"You will need to be very watchful, for Satan will try to sow tares among your wheat, and to introduce *self* into what we want to be *only* for Christ. But His grace is sufficient, and if He keeps you, by that grace, humble and looking unto Him, the gift He entrusts to you will be a help to yourself, and I hope to many others, and the enemy will not be able to turn it into

a hindrance. . . . I send you one of my favourite texts, 'He *is* precious.' Think of the absolute '*is*,' always and unspeakably precious, whether we realize it or not. How *little* we know of His preciousness yet! but how much there is to know! and how much we shall know! Press on then to find more of His preciousness."

Passing on to 1876, we have a letter written to "J. T. W.," in which the continuance of conflict as a part of the Christian life is very fully recognised in her own experience. She speaks of "breaches made in the enclosure, not by any outward foe, or even 'the religious world,' but by self, which I wanted to be crushed out of me, that He might take its place wholly. . . . It has dimmed not only the inner brightness, but the free-hearted testimony. I do feel ready to say 'sinners, of whom I am *chief*,' and no expressions of self-bemoaning are too strong for me. And yet I have wandered without knowing it, except by finding that He withdrew the brightness of His shining—graciously so, because I felt the chill; and yet, at times, off and on, it has even of late been very bright, very happy: only it has not been the steady and growing brightness. . . . I have immense temptations. I don't mean that as any excuse, only it is so; temptations to self-seeking, self-compla-

gency, etc.; and I am made too much of, looked up to by plenty who should rather look down on me, both here and by strangers; and I thought I was on my guard against it all; and yet I see it has insensibly undermined the 'enclosure,' even though I have been having exceptionally great outward privileges."

Another letter of tender Christian faithfulness on the subject of speaking of others' faults in their absence "without some right and pure object which Jesus Himself would approve" reveals a "battlefield" in her own heart, of the existence of which few if any who knew her in real life would have dreamt.

"Do not think I am condemning you without seeing my own failures. It is just because it is a *special* battlefield of my own that I am the more pained and quick to feel it, when others who love Jesus yield to the temptation, or do not see it to be temptation."

How true it is, those who sin the least are those who see sin in all its forms, and especially sin in themselves, to be exceedingly sinful! And these, too, love the sinner most.

Writing in 1876, after another "slight edition of my previous illness," we have an apt illustration of the dealings of the Great Husbandman with her. "Just before this last attack I was in my sister's con-

servatory watching the gardener cut off every bunch he could find upon a splendid vine. He has been training it for twelve years, never let it bear even one bunch of fruit for two years, and now it is 200 feet long in the main stem alone, and 400 feet with the principal branches. He has pruned off a thousand bunches this spring. 'And what do you expect it to bear by-and-by?' 'Four hundredweight of grapes! and, please God I live to manage it, it will be the finest vine in the country.' He was having long patience for *fourteen years* with this choice vine: and I suppose my Husbandman's waiting with me won't be as many months: so that is not a very long trial of trust."

"No, I am not 'basking in the sunshine'; it is not bright and vivid. I seem too tired, somehow, for brightness, but it is not dark either. I know He is faithful, and I am learning and resting. I think I miss outward helps and privileges, and having no direct work for Christ; I know that is all right too, so I am not fidgeting about it."

To the same friend she writes with reference to her hymn:—

"But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!  
 Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God;  
 Thou, Thou art enough for me!"—

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"All the same, I see I can't be satisfied till I get to heaven, in the other sense; I shall be wanting 'more and more' of His gifts, and His gracious words and manifestations of *Himself*. And then she adds in words which find their keynote in the Apostle's testimony to the highest attainment of Christian experience possible on this side of the grave, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things" :—

"God has been leading me out for some time by a way which I knew not, both outwardly and inwardly. I want closer contact with Jesus, more constant communion, more patience, more everything! Sometimes I seem to have *nothing*, only that I know Jesus will not fail, will not loose me."

In a later letter she speaks of "The utter blessedness of 'taking God at His word,' trusting in Him about everything, even the least little worries, and at all times, and with all the heart; and the marvellous preciousness of taking 1 John i. 7, just as the Holy Spirit caused it to be written—'*cleanseth*' not 'did cleanse,' nor '*cleanseth now and then.*'" "The promises," she adds, "are thus no longer seen 'afar off,' but possessed. One finds them come true in their own blessed faithfulness. 'We which have believed do enter into rest.' And even if there is a little sadness (and very often there is tenfold sadness

for "a little while"), we are of course soon filled with gladness and wonder, because 'through faith' we *obtained* promises. We again *take* the gifts which our loving Father is ready to give, and which we see Him give again and again, when they are simply wanted and asked."

In another letter the same realizing sense of God's full purpose in grace to "bless us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus" is evinced. "It is not from gloom to gloom, nor even from gleam to gleam, but 'from glory to glory' that it is our blessed Lord's will to lead us: so that the future *may be one vista of brightness and blessedness.*"

But this progression—this "growth in grace" was really, and to the end, a growth in knowledge, in humility, in holiness, springing from *new* and *fuller* discoveries of "the things of Christ" revealed to her by the Divine Teacher, and meeting her *growing* sense of need. And thus, up to the last she sweetly sang:—

O *precious* blood! Lord, let it rest on me!  
I ask not only pardon from my King,  
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee  
Just as I came at first—a simple helpless thing.

O Saviour, bid me "Go and sin no more";  
And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow  
Of Thy perpetual fountain. I implore,  
That Thy *perpetual* cleansing I may fully know.



And so also she ever felt that in order to the daily walk of holy, happy, *bright* communion with God and usefulness to man—there must be unceasing prayer for the continued *increase* of faith. "Let us," she writes in one of her latest letters to a dear friend, H. B., "let us *ask* Him together to *increase* our faith, so that we may *more and more* come under the beautiful description of those who 'through faith *obtained* promises.'"

She never lost sight of the fact that the possibilities of faith depend upon the strength and exercise of faith: and that this strength of faith, as the gift of faith itself, can only find its source in the Covenant grace of God. It was not, as we have said, "*will* faith," but "Gospel faith," inwrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit, in which she rejoiced. She did not "trust to or in her trust." She saw clearly that this would only be "removing a subtle dependence upon ourselves one step farther back, disguising instead of renouncing it;" that "if Christ's keeping depends upon our trusting, and our continuing to trust depends upon ourselves, we are in no better or safer position than before, and shall only be landed in a fresh series of disappointments." "The old story, something for the sinner to *do*," she continues, "crops up again here, only with the ground shifted from 'works'

to trust. We can no more trust and keep on trusting, than we can do anything else, of ourselves. It must even in this be 'Jesus only': we are not to look to Him only to be the Author and Finisher of our faith, but we are to look to Him for all the *intermediate* fulfilment of the work of faith (2 Thess. i. 2); we must *ask* Him to go on fulfilling it in us, committing even this to His power.

For we both may and must  
Commit our very faith to Him,  
Entrust to Him our trust.\*\*

She knew full well that as conviction of sin results alone from the Divine Spirit's teaching, so faith or trust in the sinner's soul is from the very first equally the work of God. And she knew also that "no less must it be the work of God that we *go on* believing and that we *go on* trusting." † Grace, in a word, must,—and who would wish it otherwise?—grace must have all the glory. In one sense, it is true, faith in the Saviour is a command, just as the words to the man with a withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand," might be termed a command; but it is essentially a command of *grace*, and not of *law*. The Gospel is a proclamation, an invitation from Calvary, not a

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\* "Kept for the Master's Use."

† Idem.

fresh commandment from Sinai. Indeed, if faith—the trusting faith of the child—were a work to be done, the sinner could as easily create a world as do it. But it is not a work :—

It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the *gift* of God.

Instead of possessing merit as a work done by man, it is, on our side, the confession, yea, the very act of de-merit. It springs into existence only in the heart convinced of sin by the Divine Spirit of holiness ; and its continuity and strength entirely depend upon that *growing* sense of need, and poverty, and unworthiness, which will deepen with our Christian experience here, and be the measure of the intensity of the part we take in the song of the redeemed who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Hence, as the sinner desiring to feel his guilt and need is encouraged by the Gospel of God's love in Christ to ask for the Spirit of conviction, and when conviction is wrought to ask for the gift of saving faith ; so in order to the daily walk or holy, happy communion with God and usefulness to man, it is the Christian's privilege to wait ever at the throne of grace for the continual renewal and increase of faith. Never can we pass beyond the line where the Collect

of our Church would cease to be applicable to us :  
“Give unto us the *increase* of faith, hope, and charity,  
and that we may obtain that which Thou dost promise,  
make us to love that which Thou dost command.”

And so in the case of Frances Ridley Havergal,  
“growth in grace” was never arrested. It was her  
happy experience to be ever “asking,” and ever  
“receiving.” Always one of whom others would take  
note that she “had been with Jesus,” those who knew  
her best could not but mark—especially in later years  
and later months—the increasing evidence of a still  
growing and deepening conformity to the “likeness”  
of the King. The “bright and shining light” was  
shining “more and more” clearly, *because* the “per-  
fect day” was at hand ; and when the guest was  
ready the King’s message reached her waiting  
spirit, “Come up higher”—enter “within the Palace  
Gates.”

Thine eyes shall see the *King!* the Mighty One,  
The Many-crowned, the Light-enrobed ; and He  
Shall bid thee share the kingdom He hath won—  
Thine eyes shall see.





## XI.

### LIFE TRAITS.

IT will be seen that the early and later "Inner Life" of Frances Ridley Havergal, of which we have spoken, was markedly evidenced by the consistent outer life, of which the world as well as the Church takes note.

Dr. James, who as her father's curate during her earlier years enjoyed special opportunities of friendship, in a recent "Lecture-Sermon," conveys in a few sentences the marked influence of character which she always exerted:—

"I am restrained and I would fain hope chastened by a sort of half belief in her presence, and a warning finger held up before me, as I remember it when she was a young girl, and when we laughed and talked together without restraint, till suddenly—quite suddenly and unexpectedly—there would come over the expressive features, as a summer cloud comes over the noonday sun for a moment, a look of indescribable gravity and solemnity. I am thus speaking



*From a Photograph  
by ELLIOTT & FRY.*

*Engraved by  
R. TAYLOR.*

**FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.**  
*[Believed to be the latest Portrait taken.]*

to you, not only in the presence of God, but under the impression of my deceased friend's presence also. She says to me, 'Tell them the old, old story—say as little about poor me, over-praised and too much exalted me, as is possible, and as much as you can, and as earnestly as you can, and as impressively as you can, about my Lord and Master, Whom I endeavoured to minister for.'

And then follows the testimony which after all *cannot* be restrained:—"I never detected—or rather, as that is not a pleasant word, I never observed—in my dear friend the least flinching from her work, the least faltering in her allegiance to Christ: and I think I never came into intimate contact with man, woman, or child, who thought so little about herself and so very, very much about Jesus Christ and how to spread abroad His love."

One incident mentioned by Dr. James, which we have not seen recorded before, gives as it were a perfect photograph of what we may term her enthusiastic and absorbed unselfishness:—

"After a garden party in Somersetshire, where she had almost exhausted herself, she happened to overhear the hostess's regret that the servants of the house had not been present. 'Oh, if it is work for the Master,' she exclaimed, 'of course I can do it.'

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And though she had been just stung by a bee upon the hand, and was suffering intense pain, she threw off hat and gloves, took her seat eagerly at the piano, and—I was going to say ‘charmed,’ but it would be truer to say impressed a whole retinue of servants with the beautiful piece from the *Messiah*, ‘Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ And when it was all done she stood up and said, ‘Now I am going to tell you what *you* must do when you yourselves have accepted the invitation ;’ and she sang out before that humble, spellbound audience, ‘Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,’ to music of her own recent composition, promising them, as they lingered and seemed reluctant to go, and as other people had stolen in among them to hear, that she would send them copies ; one of which copies had a subsequent solemn history of its own which has not room to be told here. Only future revelation will tell how many hard hearts have been softened by her songs and letters, as well as by her exemplary and consistent life. One person at least was turned to righteousness in that musical afternoon of which I have spoken.”\*

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\* “Frances Ridley Havergal : A Lecture-Sermon.” By Samuel B. James, D.D., Vicar of Northmarston, Buckingham. (Aylesbury : Lewis Poulton.)



As the discipline of life advanced, her *acquiescence in the will of God* and her *patience under suffering* became most prominent features of her character. Thus she writes :—

"After four months' illness and weakness, I am told that I must not expect to be able for any sort of work for at least six months longer ; but I do not feel one regret. Somebody wrote to me about resignation the other day ; but I don't feel as if the word suited at all ; there is an *undertone* of 'feeling it rather hard nevertheless' in it, of submitting to a will which is different from one's own. He has granted me fully to *rejoice* in His will."

A few months later she writes again :—

"I can do a little, write an hour or two, see one or two people, sing one song, go to church once on Sunday and subside all the rest of the day ; but that is the length of my tether. I came upon some verses which seem just to express it—

'I am not eager, bold, or strong :

All that is past ;

I'm ready *not* to do,

At last, at last.

My half-day's work is almost done,

'Tis all my part ;

I bring my patient God

A patient heart.'

“For I am quite satisfied to do *half-day's* work henceforth, if He pleases ; and well I may be, when I have plenty of proof that He can make a *half-hour's* work worth a whole day's if He will : yes, or half a minute's either !”

As a special instance of patience, as well as of acquiescence in God's will, we must quote a letter written after receiving the intelligence that the whole of the stereotypes of her musical edition in connection with the Appendix to “Songs of Grace and Glory” had been totally destroyed by fire. She says :—

“The signification hereof to me is, that, instead of having finished my whole work, I have to begin again *de novo*, and I shall probably have at least six months of it. The greater part of the manuscript of my Appendix is simply *gone*, for I had kept no copy whatever, and have not even a list of the tunes ! Every chord of my own will have to be reproduced ; every chord of any one else re-examined and revised. All through my previous ‘Songs of Grace and Glory’ work, and my own books, I had always taken the trouble to copy off every correction on to a duplicate proof : but finding I never gained any practical benefit, I did not (as I considered) waste time in this case ! Of most of the new work, which has cost

me the winter's labour, I have not even a memorandum left, having sent everything to the printers. However, it is so clearly 'Himself hath done it,' that I can only say, 'Thy way, not mine, O Lord.' I only tell you how the case stands: not as complaining of it—only because I want you to ask that I may do what seems drudgery quite patiently, and that I may have health enough for it, and that He may overrule it for good. It may be that He has more to teach me, before He sets me free to write the two books to which N— alludes, and which I hoped to have begun directly. Perhaps they will be all the better because I cannot now write them for next season.\* Thus I am suddenly shut off from the bright stream

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\* Her sister writes: "We may regard the pages in 'My King' as the fruit of her patiently taking back 'the turned lesson' which prevented her writing for so many months."

Alluding to her lines:—

Was it not kinder the task to turn,  
 Than to let it pass,  
 As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?  
 Is it not often so,  
 That we only learn in part,  
 And the Master's testing time may show  
 That it was not quite 'by heart' ?  
 Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,  
 That lesson again  
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

of successful writing, and stopped in all my own plans for this spring, and bid work a few months longer in the shade at what is to me special exercise of quiet patience. . . . I have thanked Him for it more than I have prayed about it. It is just what He did with me last year ; it is another *turned lesson*.

“ I had mourned over not bearing pain in my first illness, and so He gave me another opportunity of learning the lesson by sending me another painful illness at Winterdyne, instead of giving me up as a hopeless pupil ; and now I have been eager to get done with ‘Songs of Grace and Glory’ that I might hurry on to begin work of my own choosing and planning, and so He is giving me the opportunity *over again* of doing it more patiently, and of making it the ‘willing service’ which I don’t think it was before. If I could not rejoice in letting Him do what He will with me, when He thus sends me such very marked and individual dealing, I should feel that my desire for sanctification, for His will to be done in me, had been merely nominal, or fancied and not real.”

*Humility*, as a grace of the Spirit, was equally manifest in her estimate of her own gifts.

“ I can understand others being used, but not my being used. There are few things one feels so un-

worthy of as even to bear His messages, let alone see His seal set upon them. I can only say I am not worthy of the least of His mercies."

To a friend she writes :—

"Thanks for your sweet benediction. If you remember me in prayer, will you ask that I may be kept always and only at Jesus' feet : never anywhere else. It is the only place safe from vain-glory."

Emphatically her piety was *piety at home*. Her affection was naturally warm and strong : and it found its first and most fitting objects in the home circle. Her "vivid" character and sunny brightness gained her hosts of friends, for wherever she went her presence was—

Like a flash of meteor light,  
Strangely gladdening and bright ;

but her home was the special spot of loving ministry. "She was"—said a voice trembling with deep emotion, at her grave—"She was an angel in the house." Sweetly she connects this thought of ministry with the associations of her name, "Frances," lovingly rendered "Little Fan" in her early home days.

Now in the crowded halls of life  
May it be mine to bring  
Some gentle stir of the heated air,  
Some coolness falling fresh and fair,  
Like a passing angel's wing.

What she thus was "in the crowded halls of life" she ever was in her own dear home. There is a volume in one of her sentences in early life—"How I love my brothers!" and her sister's testimony, referring to their journey to Switzerland in 1876, is equally expressive. "That delightful journey! Her sisterly care and unselfishness in revisiting well-known places just to give *me* the pleasure! It was with difficulty I persuaded her to go to any new scenes for herself." Her loving sympathy and deep love for her dear second mother, whose devotedness could hardly be exaggerated, finds frequent mention in her "Memorials," and we read—"On the last day of her mother's life, after long unconsciousness, she suddenly recognised Frances, who was kneeling by her. Her smile was startlingly sweet; it was the last." But her affection for her father, whose truly remarkable gifts she so fully shared, was intense and absorbing. Although all loved him equally, she perhaps could best appreciate some features of his winning and attractive character. Her devoted admiration and love, and the full response it ever called forth, are alike sweetly exhibited in "A Line Left Out"—a page in the Appendix to the Memorials, which her sister tells us was discovered after they were compiled, in the shape of "a little note among our dear father's papers."

"Frances had just received her first cheque from the publishers for contributions to *Good Words*, and she writes to her mother in 1863:—

"The cheque is so much larger than I expected, £10 17s. 6d. Now will you please give £10 of this to my precious papa for anything he would like to employ it on; either keep it for church alterations, or if any more immediate or pressing object, I would rather he used it for that; I should be so delighted to be able for once to further any little object which he may desire. I should be glad if you would send 10s. to J. H. E. for the Scripture Readers' collection, and the 7s. 6d. to keep for any similar emergency.'"

No wonder the note was carefully preserved, and her father's response also. The latter, found among Frances' papers, reads thus:—

"My dear little Fan can hardly think how much her poor papa loves her, thinks about her, and prays for her. Yes, he does.

"Thank you, dear child, for remembering me; I will keep all your love, but not the cheque. Our God send you His sweetest and choicest blessings.

"W. H. H."

Beyond the circle of home, the same spirit of

generous loving ministry was ever ready to do its part. *Sympathy* with the suffering and *kindness* to others was the law of her life. She always seemed to those who knew her best to have—

“A heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathise.”

The writer well remembers what a “sunbeam” she was on the path of many a wayworn and weary pilgrim in her father’s parish of St. Nicholas’, Worcester: and throughout her life her ministry of affection seemed to win the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. The servants in her own home, and at Winterdyne, delighted to render her “the service of love”; and she was ever seeking to show her interest in them. Wherever she visited she would hold Bible readings in the servants’ hall, kindly talk with them alone, and kneel with them in helpful prayer. Her night-school boys at Leamington were devoted to her. Her sister says: “Characteristically, on our last home evening, Frances sent for a number of night-school boys, giving them baskets of books and magazines, maps for their library, a magic lantern, etc. And I don’t think they have forgotten how she gathered them round her piano, singing with them ‘Tell it out’; and then followed her bright farewell words.”



Her *zeal* and *earnestness* as a Christian worker were indeed untiring. All who knew her wondered at her active—might we not say never-resting?—life.

She evidently held that the "labour of love" is the secret or the condition of true Christian joy. Thus she writes :—

"Enjoyment seems to hold almost an invariable proportion to work for Christ. I never knew any idle Christian really a rejoicing one (I do not of course speak of invalids) ; and, conversely, if you see a man or woman, whatever their position, doing all they can for the cause of Christ, giving up time to work for Him, and trying hard to win others, either rich or poor, for Him, you may be almost certain that they are happy in Christ. (Mark, I do not say those who merely ride religious or benevolent hobbies, or who work for the *externals* of religion—these are often as miserable as any ; but those who are working *for Christ.*)"

*How* she worked, all who knew her can tell. Her interest in the schools and visiting the poor at Worcester was unceasing ; and certainly her "charity" whilst it "began at home" did not "end there." The mission work of the Church abroad always found in her a ready helper. Her sister writes :—

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“It is impossible to give even an idea of her efforts for many Societies. Just at this time she was wishful to give lessons in singing for the Church Missionary Society; and her steady work in collecting for it never ceased. The Jews’, the Church Pastoral-Aid, and the Bible Society were equally valued. Skilfully did she induce others to take an interest in them; and in the February of her last winter (1879), one bitter night, she headed a number of Welsh neighbours and lads to go, for the first time in their lives, to a Bible Society meeting at the Mumbles.”

Her gift of her jewels to the Church Missionary Society is known to most; and perhaps we may trace, at least to a great extent, to the influence of that noble offering, the thousands of contributions which have formed since her death a Memorial Fund for Missionary purposes in connection with her name and work.\* The Pastoral-Aid Society also received as an offering “the much-valued piano left to her by her beloved father, which originally cost 110 guineas, and realized £50 for the Society’s work.” Her special missionary interest in the Irish Society

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\* The fund thus raised exceeded £2,000. It was not collected by canvassing, but was sent spontaneously by the readers of *Home Words* publications, chiefly in small sums, from almost all parts of the world where her books have been read and valued.



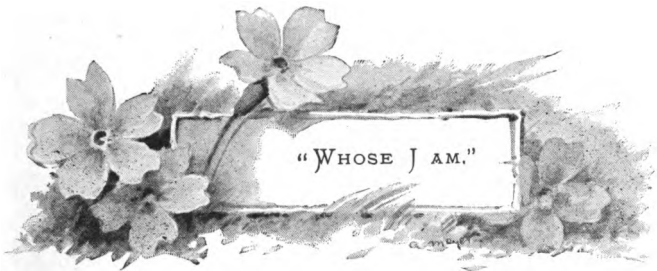
*From a Photograph by Messrs. ELLIOTT & FRY.*

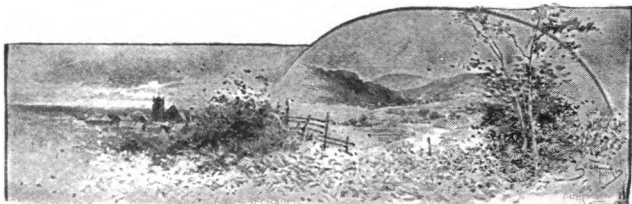
*Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.*

**MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.**

“The one passion of her life was to visit the sick and needy.”

led to the formation of a distinct branch, called the "Bruey Branch," after the name of her first collector in Worcester. No less than £1,024 10s. 10d., as stated in the Society's annual Report, was received in 1880 from this "Branch." It will be remembered she had planned a journey to Ireland to see the Society's work and prepare a series of papers for *The Day of Days*, when the call to enter into rest came to her at Caswell Bay.





## XII.

### SUNSET HOURS.

THE life at Caswell Bay is graphically and touchingly described by her sister. On their first arrival, being unexpected, they found the rooms carpetless and everything unprepared. But "F. R. H." rose to the occasion :—

"Never grumbling, but brightly setting things in order, with little elegant contrivances making the most of what she had, her hands seemed a fairy wand in transforming bare rooms and walls. 'Give me American cloth, bright nails, and a hammer, and you will see, Marie!' So our rough packing-boxes were made into music-stands and tidies. How I wish 'F. R. H.' could have been photographed as the merry carpenter, dovetailing and contriving!"

The household and other visitors were at once invited to daily prayers ; and their windows looking eastward, "made our tent seem pitched like Judah's 'towards the sunrising.'"

Amongst the incidents recorded we have the following :—

“‘F. R. H.,’ in one of her walks, met old John in his threadbare coat. He has shown me the very spot, far down the steep cliff, where she got a stake of wood, and bidding John put his burden of wood down, passed the stake through, and lifting one end, she helped to tug it up the cliff, and then called Davie to conclude it through the village, for she would not do things to be looked at.

“The winter was severely cold ; but my sister bravely visited every house, both in Newton and many of the Mumbles cottages, with almanacs and books. I have the hammer and nail-box she carried to put them up.

“The village school was her untiring delight—singing with them, and giving Bible-class lessons, and then finally she made the offer of a new Bible to each child who repeated perfectly the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.”

An interesting story is told at this time of the Princess Beatrice in connection with “F. R. H.’s” poems. When revising the proofs of “Life Mosaic,” the Alpine illustrations and artistic borders led her to exclaim one day, “Oh, I should so like to send one to the Princess Beatrice! You know, I so specially

pray for her." The loyal wish was soon after realized in a somewhat remarkable way.

"During a visit to London, Frances was invited to an amateur musical evening. Some classical music was rendered, and F. was especially riveted by the finished singing of an Italian lady. Presently my sister was invited, last of all, to the piano. True to her resolve, 'Let me sing only, always for my King,' she chose a song of Handel's. Then the hostess gracefully pressed for one of her own compositions: so she sang, 'Whom, having not seen, ye love.' She always sang so rejoicingly the words 'Though now ye see Him not, yet believing ye rejoice,' up the scale of joy—she knows better now—and then the deep, adoring thrill, 'With joy unspeakable and full of glory.' The rooms were hushed; and then the Italian stranger, with tears in her eyes, sought her as she left the piano, with, 'Miss Havergal, I envy you; your words and face tell me you have something I have not.'

"I may not write more detail; but this lady knew well the Princess Beatrice. And as pleasant correspondence followed this interview, F. ventured to express her longing for 'Life Mosaic' to reach the Princess. The volume was graciously accepted: and Her Royal Highness's autograph was written be-

neath her charmingly sensible face, and sent to my sister, with a pleasant assurance that she admired her poetry. In my sister's desk there still lies, where she placed it, the Royal portrait. This explains the entry in F.'s 'Journal of Mercies'—'For reaching the Princess Beatrice.'

"Long after my beloved sister had passed beyond the reach of praise, we were gratified to see an extract from our sister's lines on 'September' entwined by the same Princess with heather and autumnal leaves in her artistic 'Birthday Book.'

"So that test of singing only sacred words brought about this pleasant Royal favour to the truly loyal singer for her King."

"Once when she was about to converse with a clergyman, she said, 'Marie, when an hour is up come in.' There was F., her hand waving, and I just caught this characteristic end of her talk—'Oh, why don't you preach the Gospel of Christ?' Answer, 'My congregation are well educated and well acquainted with the truths of salvation; if they were Zulus, I should preach differently.' F., 'Then I will be a Zulu next Sunday, and just preach at me!' To her delight, a real Gospel sermon was the result."

"My sister's needlework was most rapid and perfect. She would say, 'People never give me credit



for needlework ! I do like getting a whole pile of socks to mend when I visit busy mothers ; and at the missionary working-parties it amused me to see my plain sewing handed round.' "

" Then how delicious Fan's touch on the pianette she bought specially for me ! Sometimes rapid waves of melody, rising, falling, ebbing into softest ripple, then full glorious chords, so reminding me of dear father's harmonies. Often she sang for me her recitative and air to the words in Isaiah xii. : ' And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise Thee ; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.' Then a brilliant, ' Behold, God is my salvation ; I will trust, and not be afraid.' But the third verse, ' Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation,' was real water music ; the notes seemed sparkles of water dropping gladly, and the illusion was so perfect that one's soul seemed refreshingly sprayed with joy ! "

Of course her literary work, especially during the latter years of her life, was her chief occupation ; and the best idea we can form of this may be gathered from her sister's graphic " sketch of her, at her study table in her favourite chair from Astley Rectory, older than herself " :—

“Her American type-writer was close by, so that she could turn to it from her desk: it was a great relief to her eyes, but its rapid working often told me she was busy when she should have rested. Her desk and table drawers were all methodically arranged for letters from editors, friends, relatives, strangers, matters of business, multitudinous requests, Irish Society work, manuscripts; paper and string in their allotted corners, no litter ever allowed. It was at her study table that she read her Bible by seven o'clock in the summer and eight o'clock in winter; her Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, and lexicons being at hand. Sometimes, on bitterly cold mornings, I begged that she would read with her feet comfortably to the fire, and received the reply: ‘But then, Marie, I can’t rule my lines neatly; just see what a find I’ve got! If one only searches, there are such extraordinary things in the Bible!’

“Her harp-piano was placed on a stand she contrived by dexterous carpentering. It was at this instrument she composed her last sacred song, ‘Loving all Along,’ and many other melodies to her hymns in ‘Loyal Responses.’ Often I heard flashes of melody thereon that came unbidden amid severer work.”

We are told she had hoped for rest, “a lull in life,” in Wales; but it never came.

"Rest!" she writes. "There is none for me, apparently. Every post brings more letters from strangers alone than I and my sister can answer. It is nine months since I have had a chance of doing a stroke of new work! But letters were a trouble to Nehemiah as well as to me (Neh. vi. 4), and I must try to make it always work for my King."

The following requests, which came by one post, will show what labour was required in answering them all.

"Request for contribution to *Irish Church Advocate*. Hymns for special New Year services wanted. To write cards suitable for mourners. For set of six more 'Marching Orders.' Request for poems to illustrate six pictures. For prayer, for sympathy, and counsel (two sheets crossed). Two sheets from a septuagenarian, requiring thought. Request to write a book suitable for Unitarians. Sundry inquiries and apologies from one who had been printing her verses with another author's name. Request to reprint an article, with four explanatory enclosures. Also to revise a proof and add my opinion. To revise many sheets of musical manuscripts. Three requests to supply cards for bazaars. Advice wanted how to get articles inserted in magazines. To recommend pupils. To promote a new magazine. To give opinion on an

oratorio. Some long poems in manuscript to revise and advise thereon. Besides packets of leaflets and cards wanted."

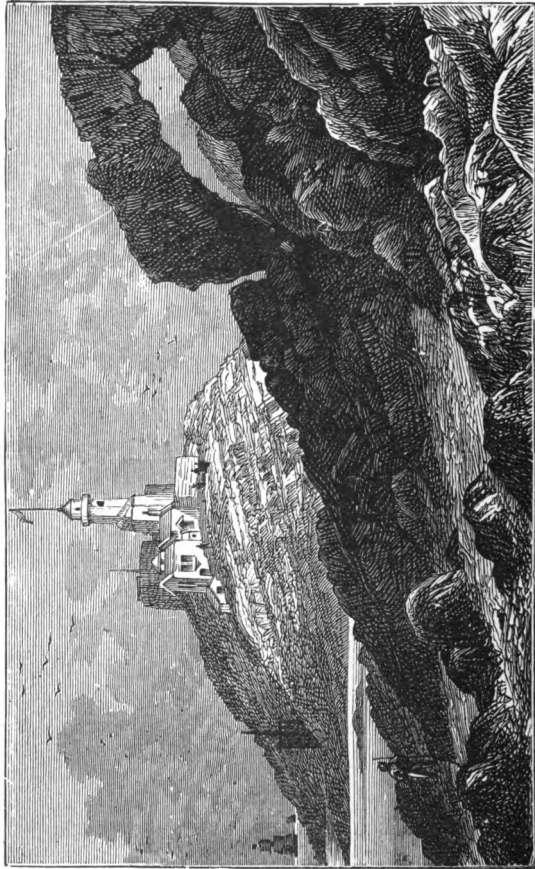
"In addition to all this, musical proofs reached her almost daily, which often required many hours of careful revision and thought; and those accustomed to the sight of *The Fireside Almanack* will remember how 'the sayings of the Lord Jesus' had there been arranged by her for the year which was her last. All this absorbed an amount of time which can scarcely now be realized; and yet she always wrote pleasantly and cheerily, and many a word of refreshment came from that wearied hand."

A List of "Work for 1879: 'If the Lord will,'" found in her desk, bespeaks her marvellous capacity and willingness to work.\*

"To write 'Starlight through the Shadows,' daily book for invalids. Six more Church Missionary Society papers:—'Marching Orders.' Set 'Loyal Responses' to music. ‡ Prepare 'Kept' for press. To write 'Lilies from the Waters of Quietness' (poem). 'About Bible Reading and Bible Marking,' magazine article. † 'All things'; work up my notes.

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\* The daily pressure of letters prevented many of these being attempted; ‡ denotes those completed.



*Drawn by W. H. J. BOOTH.*

**THE MUMBLES LIGHTHOUSE.**  
(NEAR FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL'S LAST HOME.)

'*Particularly* good to me,' verses or short article. 'The Stray Kitten,' juvenile paper. Work up C. S. S. M. anecdotes into papers or book. ‡ Complete twelve 'Wayside Chimes' for *Home Words*, ‡ Select or write 'Echoes from the Word' for *The Day of Days*. ‡ Double sets of New Year's mottoes (Caswell). 'Bright Thoughts for Dark Days.' Series of Irish Sketches for *The Day of Days*. On 'Sunday Postal Burdens'; how to relieve the postmen. 'Our Brother'; or daily thoughts for those who love Him. ‡ 'Morning Stars,' daily thoughts about Jesus for the little ones. 'Evening Stars,' or promises for the little ones."

Thus active to the last "about her Father's business"—working and watching—as by a "chariot of fire" she passed from earth and entered "the Palace of the King." On Tuesday morning, June 3rd, 1879, after a short but very painful illness, she sank into "the everlasting arms," in "holy peace," her testimony to those around her—an echo of her sweet joyousness in life—"How splendid to be so near the gates of heaven."

Among her latest utterances were these: "Not one thing hath failed; tell them all round. Trust Jesus: it's simply trusting Jesus." "I want all of you to speak bright words about Jesus." "Spite

K

of the breakers, not a fear!" "I am just waiting for Jesus to take me in." "I have such an intense craving for the music of heaven." Then, as if longing to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better," she added, "Why tarrieth His chariot?"

Once she whispered to her sister :—"I am sure 'I am not worthy to be called His son,' or His servant ; but Jesus covers all." And when her sister rejoined : "Not *our* worthiness, but 'Worthy is the Lamb,' " the ready reply was, "Yes, that is it!"

As she lay a-dying, she had the text hung up close to her bed, where she could constantly see it—"The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin : " and this was the very text she herself chose as the one to be placed on her coffin, underneath or around her name—the word from heaven, under the shelter of which she could peacefully, yea, triumphantly, "fall asleep."

In much suffering she was enabled to testify—"There is no bottom to God's mercy and love—all His promises are true." One of her sisters repeating, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," she immediately said, "He *must* keep His word."

Her last effort—earnest of the songs of Heaven—was an effort to "sing." Her sister Ellen repeated the first verse of the hymn—

“Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul.”

To their surprise she began to sing it to her own tune (*Hermas*). Another attack of suffering compelled her to cease. It seemed to be the prelude of the end, and she gasped, “Blessed rest!” She looked intently up with the brightest radiance in her eyes, and almost as if speaking to some one.

She stood upon life's utmost peak  
And hailed the glow of opening Paradise.

*R. Wilton.*

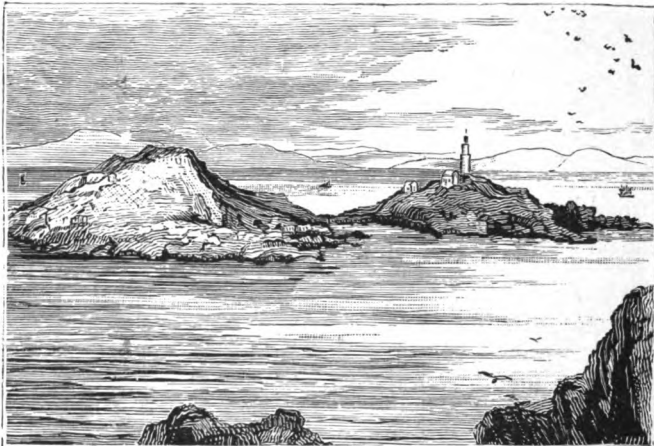
After a few minutes she again tried to sing, beginning a line with the word “*He*.” But she got no farther: this was her last word, and she calmly and gently passed away to “*Him*.” Verily “He was all her salvation, and all her desire.”

“The day after,” writes her sister, “she lay smiling and lovely, covered with white flowers and crowns of myrtle and roses.” In her own beautiful words, those who gazed upon the much-loved form saw but

The calm and blessed sleeping  
Of the saints in Christ's own keeping,  
When the smile of holy peace is left,  
Last witness for their God.—*Life Mosaic.*

Scarcely three months before, our friend had placed in our hands the following lines, which almost seem to have anticipated her call to sudden glory:—





*Engraved by W. BALLINGALL.*

*[From a Sketch by F. R. H.]*

**THE MUMBLES, NEAR SWANSEA.**

**FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL "fell asleep" at Caswell Bay Road, the Mumbles, 3rd June, 1879.**



*From a Photograph by F. C. EARL, Worcester.*

*[Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.]*

**ASTLEY CHURCH, THE RECTORY, AND CHURCHYARD.**

*The Early Home and Resting Place of F. R. H. The Tomb is beneath the spreading fir tree.*

Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children's holy sleep :  
He is with them in the passing through the waters cold and deep ;  
Everlasting love enfolds them, softly, sweetly to His breast,  
Everlasting love receives them to His glory and His rest.

The funeral took place at Astley. Here, beneath the shadow of the House of God in which her honoured and venerated father for so many years preached "the faithful Word," "the simple Gospel," and near the old Rectory where she was born, "all that was mortal" of one of the sweetest singers of the sanctuary reposes in her father's grave. "There had been heavy storms on the day of the funeral, but as the service ended, the sunshine came, and a chorus of birds burst forth : and so her sunny life and death ended in a BRIGHT ALLELUIA ! AMEN."

By a remarkable coincidence, a poem written in the midst of Alpine scenery a month or two before the peaceful "translation" of her gifted father, thus touchingly expressed the yearning thought of affection which, then true of him, is as sweetly true of the loved one who now sings by his side "upon the stormless height."

#### THE COL DE BALM.

Sunshine and silence on the Col de Balm.

I stood 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, a seen, though silent psalm :

Crossed with one discord—only one. For love  
 Cried out, and would be heard, "If ye were here,  
 O friends so far away, and yet so near,  
 Then were the anthem perfect!" And the cry  
 Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry if *first* I stand  
 Upon the mountain of our God, and long  
 Even in the glory and with His new song  
 Upon my lips, that you should come and share  
 The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.

Dear ones! shall it be *mine* to watch you come  
 Up from the shadow and the valley-mist,  
 To tread the jacinthe and the amethyst:  
 To rest and sing upon the stormless height,  
 In the deep calm of love and everlasting light?"

Our task of privilege is done. Never have we felt so much the difficulty of selection. We have but gleaned a few handfuls from the harvest which those will fully reap who prayerfully and thoughtfully *study* the "Memorials of F. R. H.," by her Sister. One of the deepest thinkers of the age remarked to the writer, that he could not remember a biography which possessed more absorbing interest. It throws marvellous light upon God's dealings with His children both in providence and grace. It winningly enforces practical piety as the secret of a happy life. It appeals almost irresistibly

to any who may doubt the Divine origin of Christianity :—

Oh, make but trial of His love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His Word confide.

Who *can* doubt—who would *wish* to doubt—a religion which enabled its possessor—“the sunny radiance of her countenance sealing her testimony” —to sing such words as these?—

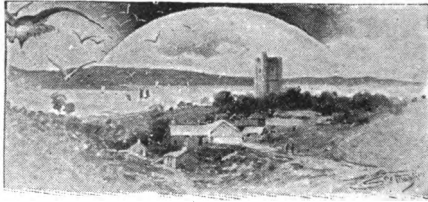
The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way ;  
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day ;  
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love.

But especially to the Christian indeed, in the hour of trial, perplexed and troubled under life's discipline because “the need-be” is not just at present amongst “the things seen,” the experience of Frances Ridley Havergal must prove invaluable ; and to these, in closing, we commend two gems of spiritual thought which, in themselves, comprise a treasury of rare Christian experience :—

“That splendid sovereign will of our God, made up of infinite love and infinite wisdom—nothing seems

out of perspective when this is our standpoint ; all His ways then stand out, harmonized and beautiful."

"Perhaps in heaven we shall be permitted to remember all the way the Lord led us, and to recall distinctly all the puzzling parts of His guidance and providence : so as to see glory reflected *back* from them, as it were, upon His wonderful wisdom."



Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.

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