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# *The Sisters*

Charles Bullock



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*J. M. Moody*

# THE SISTERS:

REMINISCENCES AND RECORDS

OF

Active Work and Patient Suffering.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

BY

CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

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

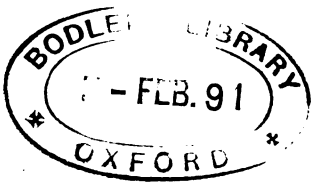
"All the lessons He shall send  
Are the sweetest ;  
And His training in the end  
Is completest."

*F. R. H.*

London :

"HOME WORDS" PUBLISHING OFFICE,  
7, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

THEY shall see God ! O glorious fruition  
Of all their hopes and longings here below !  
They shall see God in beatific vision,  
And evermore into His likeness grow—  
Children of God. W. H. BURLEIGH.





## P R E F A C E.

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“**T**HINGS 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 intellectual wealth in the lives of those who have “walked with God.” Amongst these, Frances Ridley Havergal and Maria V. G. Havergal, “the sisters,” whose work of faith and “labour of love,” and “patience in suffering,” won the deep affections of so many whilst they were with us, will long hold a prominent place.

One generation may pass and another may come, but the memory of “the Sweet Singer” especially, will often be recalled by tens of thousands whose hearts will be gladdened and stimulated in the sanctuary as well as in the home, by her hymns of faith and hope and joy. To her Sister, who knew no higher gratification than the honour assigned to

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“F. R. H.,” the Christian Church is deeply indebted for a memoir so touching in its simplicity, so spiritual in its tone, and so just in its appreciation of genius and poetic talent, that it may well be described as “worthy of the life.”

The writer, whose privilege it was to enjoy for many years Christian friendship with both Sisters, has thought that an effort to present the double portraiture in a single volume may be acceptable and prove useful. In the case of F. R. H. he has been able to introduce some personal reminiscences, and has aimed to present a study of her religious life as a whole—which may serve to show how absolutely that life, from first to last, was pervaded, not by any thoughts of “sinlessness” or “perfectionism,” but by the one aspiring aim to “grow in grace.” “I trust every day to *progress*, continually *pressing forward*, led by the Spirit of God.” In the sketch of M. V. G. H. the autobiography is mainly quoted. Those who may be unable to obtain the full biographies, will, it is hoped, find in these pages at least sufficient to stimulate Christian devotedness in service and Christian submission in suffering.





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I.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



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.

F. R. II.



## The Sisters.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL :  
*THE SWEET SINGER.*

### I.

#### EARLY DAYS.

FRANCES 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 in her *Biography*.\* "Our Sunday evening hymn-singing is vividly recalled, in which little Fanny soon took part." "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

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

rhyme and rhythm, to her brother Frank and her young friends.

The loss of her mother when she was eleven years old left impressions on her mind which influenced her whole life. In her "Four Happy Days," under the name of "Annie," she reveals the bitterness of this 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 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 mamma 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 mamma 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 mamma saw how strangely she was unprepared for all this, and she never would stay to listen to anything her sisters said about their dear mamma being worse."

Only a few weeks before her own death, Frances referred to this: "The words mamma 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. Mamma'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 [Rectory] 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

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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

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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 in this autobiography; and the apparent unconsciousness 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

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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 even 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 Heaventaught 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."





### III.

#### CONFIRMATION.

**I**N 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

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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 could listen to the unnatural monotone and musical performance of a cathedral service without sharing the feelings expressed by "F. R. H." "Performance" and "worship" are incongruous.

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

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.*





#### 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,

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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. 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 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.

ANOTHER 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."

She describes a model east window which she saw in Christ Church, Hampstead. "Nothing in the window line ever made such an impression upon me. It is all filled in with simple arabesque and diaper work, merely quiet harmonious colour, nothing to arrest the eye, except the centre light, and in that is a white scroll on a blue ground, with just the words in crimson and gold letters, 'Till He

come.' It sent quite a thrill through me. It is so exactly what one would like to look up to from the holy table. . . ."

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. ‘ 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

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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.”

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\* No. 163 in “Havergal's Psalmody.”

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." 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 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."

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

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.

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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, counter gusts 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

household words. The Whitsuntide "Chime" 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 !

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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.

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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.)

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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—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

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.*





## VIII.

### THE EARLY INNER LIFE.

**I**T 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-

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. We do not for one moment question the possibilities of grace in deepening and strengthening the continuity of this 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.





## IX.

### 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 unfailing 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 holy 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!"—

“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.

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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 of 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.



**G**





*From a Photograph  
by ELLIOTT & FRY.*

*Engraved by  
R. TAYLOR.*

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



## X.

### LIFE TRAITS, AND SUNSET HOURS.

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

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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,'

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 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*.†

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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?

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“ 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-

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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.



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 *carnestness* 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

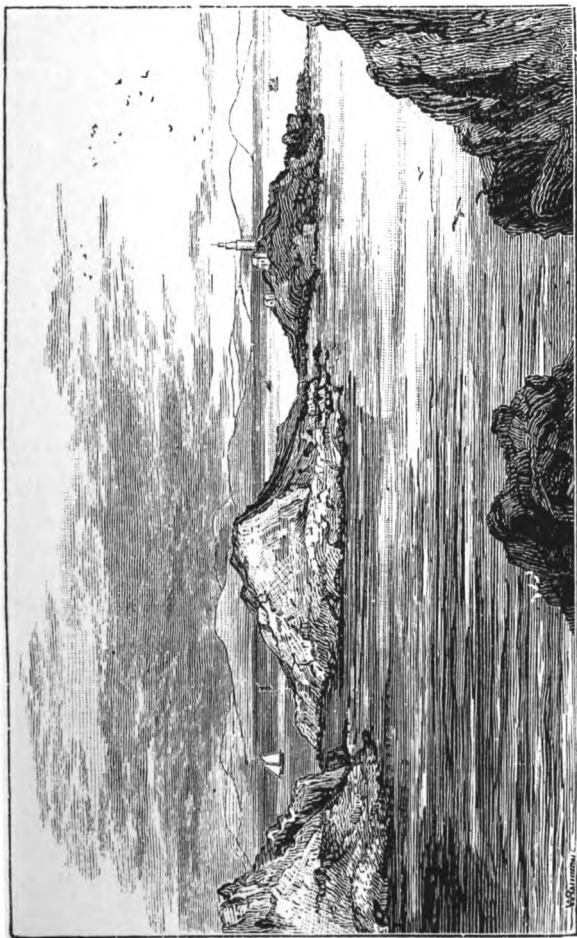
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\* The fund thus raised exceeded £2,000. It was not collected by canvassing, but was sent spontaneously by the readers of *Home Words* publications, chiefly in small sums, from almost all parts of the world where her books have been read and valued.

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.

But her literary work, especially during the latter years of her life, was, of course, 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



Engraved by W. BALLINGALL.

**THE MUMBLES' LIGHTHOUSE, NEAR SWANSEA.**

*(From a Sketch by F. R. H., taken from the Mumbles' Head, in 1854.)*

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





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.

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“ 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. '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*. (Since published as a shilling volume at *Home Words* Office.) † Double sets of New Year's mottoes (Caswell). 'Bright Thoughts for Dark Days.' Series of Irish Sketches for *The Day of Days*.

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\* The daily pressure of letters prevented many of these being attempted ; † denotes those completed. The Sunday Morning Crumbs are now published under the title, "*My Bible Study : for the Sundays of the Year.*" The "Studies" have been re-

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. Complete the series of 'Sunday Morning Crumbs.' Six poems for *Sunday Magazine*."

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

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produced in *fac-simile*, in order to retain their fresh and original attractiveness, and so "render them more distinctly a personal memorial of one who ever urged the study of the Word, and from day to day brought forth from it the 'hid treasures' which enriched herself and helped her to enrich others." A cheap printed shilling edition has also been published for wider circulation. (London: *Home Words Office*.)

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.”

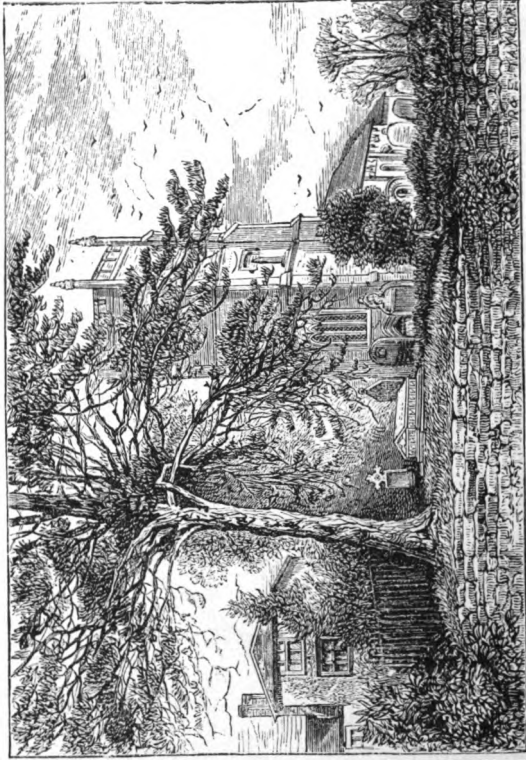
“The day after,” writes her sister, “she lay smiling and lovely, covered with white flowers and crowns of myrtle and roses.” In her own beautiful words, those who gazed upon the much-loved form saw but

The calm and blessèd 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 R. & E. TAYLOR.]

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

**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 in the perusal of any memoir 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.”

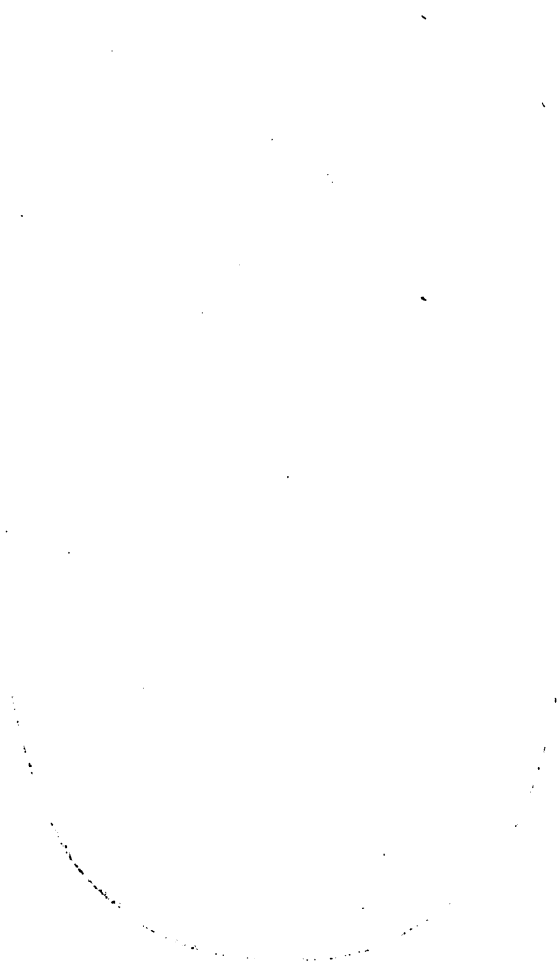


II.

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

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 lines that mirror back His love—  
His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

F. R. HAVERGAL.







*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.”— *Page 131.*



## MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

### I.

#### EARLY DAYS.

THE simple fact that we are indebted to Maria V. G. Havergal for the model memoir of her sister, Frances Ridley, is sufficient to arouse deep interest in her own "Autobiography, Journals and Letters."

"Ceaseless activity," so long as health and strength were continued to her, well describes the life-work of Maria V. G. Havergal. Affectionate, sympathetic, generous, and energetic in religious devotedness, she exemplified the epitome of St. James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." "The one passion" of her life, to use her own words, "was to visit the sick and needy, relieving not only their temporal but their spiritual necessities."

In the retrospect of her early days given in her autobiography" we have some bright glimpses of

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the home life at Astley Rectory.\* The wisdom of the mother, who sought to dispel "those mysteries to little minds"—the open graves in the churchyard, 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

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\* "The Autobiography of Maria V. G. Havergal. With Journals and Letters." Edited by her Sister, J. Miriam Crane, Author of "Records of the Life of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A." (London : J. Nisbet and Co.).

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together, and the knowledge of household matters, down to the "Astley apple turnovers," 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 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. Even the cats and dogs knew his step, and many a paper of game or little bones has he taken to some poor Betty or Molly's cat !

"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. I can see it now ; the box with 'sacramental alms,' the nook for memoranda, the box of jujubes for Sundays ; the wonderful, sensitive fish, and some C. M. S. curiosities, were shown to us at times."

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. Her grandmother had spent her school life in a French convent, and this had strengthened her in the Protestant faith. "She had seen the reality, and so understood well what our Church calls 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.'" 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 on the life of a governess. My father used to say, 'I cannot give you fortunes, but I can give you good educations.'"

Later the sisters went to a London school, Great Campden House, Kensington—a model school, where religious teaching held its fitting place. The great poets were certainly not neglected here. "Eighty lines was an average task. I remember a sensation when it was reported to Madame that Miriam Havergal repeated five hundred lines, and Maria three hundred, faultlessly, one morning." "Peripatetic classes were included in the school system—lessons given in the pure air our Father *means* us to

breathe." With admirable practical sense, Miss Havergal asks: "Why do not governesses foresee the healthy impetus of a turn out of a school-room in the midst of morning lessons, opening all windows? Twenty minutes would sweep away the cobwebs of listlessness and ill-temper, and more real work would be done."

The birth of Frances Ridley Havergal, "a sweet baby sister," on December 14th, 1836, quickened all a sister's fondest and loving thoughts. One of the godmothers, Elizabeth Cawood, once said of Frances Ridley Havergal, 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. 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."

An attack of scarlet fever at school is recorded, and some religious impressions were undoubtedly made; but it was as yet "the day of small things."

On returning home after recovery, Mrs. Teed's farewell gift was a morocco pocket Testament. On the first she wrote indelible words: "A shepherd *is* a keeper of his sheep."

"Simple words! but to me a lifelong legacy. I have read them at sea when the fog-bell was ringing, and hushed the trembling passengers at midnight. On wild, lonely Irish bogs, when tracked by priest or spy; on Swiss mountains when I have recklessly lost the track; or in lonely châteaux, with thunder crashing and lightning piercing the pines—those words were always a power. It was long before I found their Scripture place in Jeremiah."

The season of Confirmation, which soon after followed, found her truly "seeking"; and the promise we need not say, was fulfilled to her, "They that seek Me early shall find Me." The autobiography, however, seems to us to indicate at this time a somewhat morbid tone of thought. Conscience was awakened, but the fulness of God's grace was not realized. There was much looking within and too little looking to Christ, and the result was severe self-accusations of insincere profession which held back the joy and peace which ought to have been flowing like a river.

At this period it was decided at Campden House to give up the dancing classes. It was thought the

school would be ruined, but the ultimate result was still wider prosperity. Miss Havergal wisely remarks "The power to say when asked, 'Thanks, I never learnt dancing,' sets many a fair foot free from the lurking snare."

She adds:—"Our deportment, our walking, and our calisthenics were sufficient guard against clumsy ways and lazy postures."

The religious influence exercised over her pupils by Mrs. Teed was certainly very great, and Miss Havergal says in her own case it was "lifelong."

Her death in 1838 must have been a sore bereavement to the school girls. It is thus recorded:—

"Mrs. Teed's departure, 5th January, 1838, was a true sunset in calm radiancy, steadfast faith, and joyful anticipation, based on the Atoning Blood. Her dying words were, 'I am fast going home; but I find the Blood of Jesus *my all-sufficient sufficiency!*'"

And so the school-life ended. "On the 17th of June, 1838, I bade farewell to Campden House—farewell to the royal rooms and chapel, and terraces and walks; farewell to the holy teachings, prayers, and songs; farewell to my ever most revered, most beloved friend on earth; farewell to clever teachers and masters; farewell to those eighty-five school-



fellows of girlish beauty and loving ways ; farewell  
to the Campden chorus, whose echo ever lingers,—

“Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !”





## II.

### HOME LIFE AND PARISH WORK.

THE home life at Astley, after leaving school, is traced with the ready pen of a daughter's filial and grateful remembrance of the most loving and devoted of parents.

“God's ‘everlasting love’ might be the shining motto of those happy days. Shielded from even ordinary temptations, but enjoying intensely all the charms of our beautiful neighbourhood ; with a father never too strict, never too indulgent ; with a mother teaching us thrifty elegance in our dress, and self-helping habits, order and cheerfulness,—a truly merry and happy household were we.

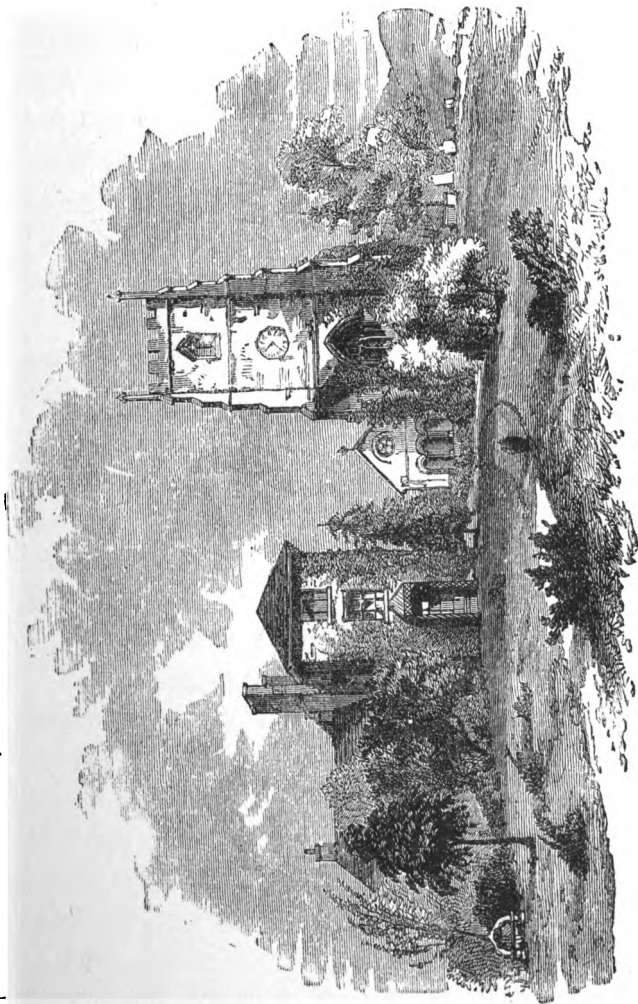
“My bedroom had white dimity hangings, and pretty pink ruching from mother's tasteful hand, a table for my desk, and the queer assortment of books I revelled in. The window was trellised with a vine ; below was mother's garden, with a few flower-beds and the grassy bank, a light railing only dividing it

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from the churchyard ; and the little fir-tree, planted by father, that *now* stands sentinel over that holy resting grave of my nearest and dearest (with just room for *Maria* also) ! Beyond was an undulating meadow, fringed with firs and elms, and the road leading down to the steep Toot hill. Away, valleys and slopes, rising to Yarron, an Elizabethan Farm, and the twin round hills, surmounting the lime quarries ; beyond these the Abberley range, and Woodbury, with its fir-tree crown and ancient British encampment. To the south the Church Bank, or, as we called it, the Adders' Bank, where once young Lord Louth finding two large specimens, brought them alive, with Irish innocence of reptiles, to my father, happily gripping them by the neck. The Adders' Bank is a steep declivity, with a rippling brook below. By an old tree-plank we crossed into Galshampton Park, still skirted by the snowdrop wood and daffodil and narcissus beds."

The Galshampton mansion had been at great cost enlarged and beautified, but at a feast given to the workmen on the completion, the ashes from a pipe set fire to shavings, and the whole mansion was totally destroyed, and never rebuilt. An incident in connection with this fire is well worthy of record.

Soon after, as the Rev. D. J. Cookes, the new pro-



ASTLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY, FROM THE NORTH WEST.



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prietor and restorer, was surveying the smoking ruins, he saw one of the carpenters sitting on some planks reading a Greek book. Naturally surprised, a conversation followed, in which Mr. Cookes learned that his name was John Lee, that all his tools had been burnt in the fire, that as a boy he was at school in Shropshire, was apprenticed to a carpenter, and that Archdeacon Corbett, discovering his talent for languages, had himself instructed him in Latin and Greek. The apparently accidental burning of his tools was the circumstance which determined him to pursue more exclusively his classical studies, and he became master of the Bowdler Schools, near Shrewsbury, and afterwards entered the University of Cambridge, where he became the distinguished Professor Lee.

Religious impressions naturally deepened in the associations of a pious home, and soon became "the spring of what I may humbly term the very passion of my life, visiting not only the nearer cottages, but scouring over unfrequented fields with tracts and my dear Campden Testament, speaking (feebly of course) of and for Jesus Christ my Lord."

The Sunday-school was another opening, and Church missionary meetings at Astley, Bewdley, and Worcester were occurrences of rare interest. "There

were no dull, prosy speeches there! Of course we thought our father's eloquence supreme; his musical voice and lively anecdotes, and the graceful wave of his white hand, were followed by more cheers than for others."

A visit to Oxford, where her brother Henry was, at the age of eighteen, was an exciting occasion. "I went to breakfasts and soirees, and to see the Bodleian and up to great Ben of Oxford, and under the great bell, received compliments and bows—'That is not the only *belle* we see,' etc. And one discreet old Astley friend at an evening reception whispered, 'Miss Havergal, don't mind all that is said to you. Mr. G. compliments every one.' That sobered me, and the unsatisfying reaction set in; there was no real pleasure in the chat and laugh, and amid all the real interest of the Commemoration Day, thoughts of better joy stole in."

On her return, "dear Astley home ways seemed sweeter than ever." Reading was a constant resource. Young ladies may learn something from the list of books read, if only they will follow Miss Havergal's example.

"I was a great reader; I liked having half a dozen books going—great volumes of Calvin, Flavel, Pearson on the Creed; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Works, in

7 volumes ; Newton on Prophecy, and all the Reformation Series ; Bishop Jewel's folios ; Jeremy Taylor, and Gurnall's Christian Armour. The Homilies I knew well, and wish they were not out of sight now. Then there was Calmet's Bible Dictionary, and Scott and Henry. For secular reading, Belzoni's Travels, Robertson's America, Hume and Smollett's History of England. I never read novels, and so enjoyed sound, wholesome food. I always thank my father for his express wish on that subject ; and so, when in after visits I saw them, not ever a wish came to me. Two words always settled the point—'give account ;' so I would rather not read what I could not give account of."

The "novels" thus referred to, we need hardly say, were of the ordinary society-library stamp. Miss Havergal knew how to appreciate "earthly stories with heavenly meanings," whether in the Master's words, or as now conveyed by those who consecrate the talent of imagination to the Master's service.

Intense spiritual anxiety at this period attended the sacramental seasons. "Oh, how diligently I examined myself, how tearfully I read over the story of the Cross and Passion! And yet I always came away from the sacrament unsatisfied." We believe there are many similar cases, and Miss Havergal's

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after conclusion may be very helpful to such anxious ones: "I see now the Lord was teaching me not to place undue or exclusive value on any means of grace, and I have found the most vivid and exquisite manifestations of Himself and His exceeding love may be on the lone mountain or in the still chamber of suffering."

After the removal from Astley to Henwick House, near Worcester, another bright glimpse is given of happy home life. "We had a large garden and long terrace (shortened since) overlooking the Severn. And what happy evenings we had of song and music when we were all at home! our then little darling Fan joining with wondrous facility. Her fairy form and golden curls seem flitting now amid the home scenes that rise and fall and pass away in the dimming past."

The mistaken dependence on "the means of grace," instead of on the grace itself—as if the "means" were the end rather than the "means"—to which earnest, anxious minds are so prone, for some time troubled Miss Havergal. There was what she terms "a turn of High Churchism."

"I fasted no end, and believe my health was much injured by it: besides, I regret the almost untruthfulness of my excuses for being absent from meals. On Sunday, as I taught in a far-off Sunday-School, I

often gave my sandwich dinner away, partly from good nature, partly from supposed merit. In my dress too, I tried to deny myself in every possible way—wishing to give to the poor the cost of the silk dresses, etc. It was the looking away from Christ, substituting works for His exceeding love, and His one final and for ever sufficient work of our redemption.”

A visit to Scotland “seemed like the opening of a new page in God’s beautiful lesson-book, and introduces a remarkable narrative of a Swiss Protestant lady who ‘chose rather,’ in allegiance to Bible truth, ‘to earn her bread as a governess in a strange land,’ than to be ‘a loved wife and a countess in the castle of her ancestors.’ ”

“It was during this visit to Scotland that my father became acquainted with Dr. Laurie, of Moncton Manse, to whom he dedicated a lovely melody to ‘Burn’s Prayer.’ This had a piano accompaniment, and is the original air from which the popular tune ‘Evan’ was afterwards taken by Dr. Lowell Mason. When visiting my father, Dr. Mason was charmed with his singing it, and requested a copy. Turning to Frank, my father told him to give his copy to the Doctor, who took it to America. He wrote for permission to shorten the air to a C.M. hymn tune. My father did not think it in strict ecclesiastical style, and

would not allow his name to appear; hence it got published with his initial H. only, and appearing in Dr. Mason's collection, soon got his name instead of my father's."

In 1845 the Bishop of Worcester gave Mr. Havergal the important but poorly endowed living of St. Nicholas', Worcester. It was a great change from the freedom of country life to the centre of a town with all the responsibilities and activities of a city parish. Miss Havergal's account of the work here is full of interest.

"It was overwhelming even to walk through the alleys and courts and ins and outs of the Butts; but my resolve came to know them all. Very delightful were our visits to the four sets of almshouses; so many dear pilgrims in them just waiting to cross over. Some of their histories I have written in *Pleasant Fruits*, and I often picture their different surroundings now in the spirit-state of joy and felicity. Then there were house-to-house visits, finding out lodgers and hidden ones, the heart-aching ones, whom it did ease only to tell it all out. To listen is a great point in visiting; it opens the barred door, which all one's pious remarks will not.

"I remember pausing at every door for a look upward for wisdom, and, wherever possible, I read

God's Word ; proposing that they too should read verse about, awoke more attention. If the mother could not read, then let her children take turns ; to read and to talk *at* people is almost useless. In cold and heat, snow and rain, I plodded on for hours daily. Occasionally a country walk with my dear little sister was a treat. I often regret many an omission that would have brightened her path. As elder sister, I was too exacting of what *ought* to be done, and was more of John the Baptist than the tender, loving Saviour. Elder sisters have so much in their power, and, oh, that daily I had striven more to make every one happy ! In the parish it was all very well, and there I do think I was loved. My knowledge of the poor, the names of every man, woman and child, was a great help to my father, especially in the yearly distribution of the church gifts.

“ The Sunday-school under my dear father's supervision became a model. Punctually as the clock struck half-past nine, he gave out the hymn ; no waiting ever. Many of the elder lads turned out well, and several former scholars have come in after life to look at my father's portrait, and tell how they loved him, and how advice and kindly teaching had been golden in their effects on them. One of my scholars was a very clever lad, and I gave him lessons in the

evenings, and sent him to a night-school. When leaving St. Nicholas, I commended him to Miss Breay's excellent teaching, and to her he owed his future progress. It was pleasant to receive a letter from my old scholar, asking my earnest prayers on his ordination, and saying, that though he could not recall any exact words, 'It was your touch on my shoulder that became the call to a holy life.' His mother told me that on Sunday evenings he would come home from church and remain silent and absorbed. Asking his thoughts—'Mother, when I am a man, I should like to preach like dear Mr. Havergal, and stand in his pulpit.' The wish was realized.

"My dear father was now in the very zenith of his labours, preaching, and popularity. His church was densely crowded; the hearty congregation, singing to his own tunes and chants, testified to their interest, while his house-to-house visitation, with cheery, loving words, ensured the affection of his people. I remember how much his visits were appreciated by the families of our tradesmen; to some of the younger ones, especially at their confirmation time, he became much blessed."





### III.

#### REMINISCENCES.

A DAUGHTER'S fitting tribute is rendered by Maria V. G. Havergal to her devoted and gifted mother.

"I believe," she writes, "the prayers and holy example of our sweet mother were the spring of untold blessing to her children; and now that the fourth generation are rising, it is right they should know something of Jane Havergal."

Amongst the reminiscences of her mother we glean the following:—

"From a child my dear mother taught me to love my Bible, and this love for the Bible was her own shining way-mark through life."

"'F. R. H.'s' intense love of her mother in its secret influence bore a wealth of after-fruit in her life and words."

"In her last illness, her testimony was clear and full. 'I seem to see those words emblazoned in

shining light, "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."'"

Her sufferings greatly increased towards the end. On one occasion she said:—"I am in the depths of misery. 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! There must be no mourning for me when I am delivered from sin and sorrow. 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?"

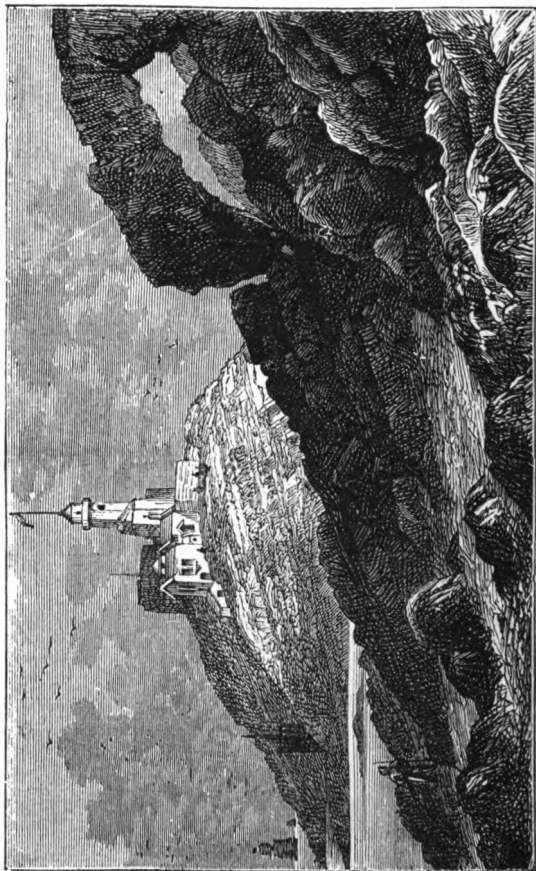
In perfect peace she passed away on the evening of July 5th, 1848.

From this period Miss Havergal's autobiography presents a blank for many years. Evidently failing strength compelled the writer to concentrate her mind upon the later events of her own life, and naturally her close association with her sister "F. R. H." led her to dwell chiefly upon these.

A charming picture is given of the sisters' home at Park Villa, Caswell Road. Arriving unexpect-







*Drawn by W. H. J. BOOT.]*

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

edly, "the carpetless, bare rooms were not yet ready;" 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, deftly 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 in the life at Caswell Bay 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.”

Maria Havergal was quite as active as her sister, although her own work is characteristically kept in the background. One visit to a distant Union involved a good deal of difficult travelling. She found a Christian master and mistress there, which leads to the remark:—

“Matrons and masters may live a noble life of unseen ministries of love.”

“Often again,” she says, “in spring days, did I revisit Ceyfan Bryn, where the Union house stood. Once I went down to Puldy, and up by High Penard, and so over the cliffs—a lonely ramble of hours—till I met a Welsh shepherd. Offering him a book his answer was, ‘I think *you* love my Lord.’

“‘Yes. How glad I am you can say “my”!’

“He looked intelligent, and his next remark was

forcible:—‘Did you ever notice in the Gospels that our Lord was never *present at* a deathbed? He saw the bier; He stood by the damsel and the grave of Lazarus; but *death could not face the Lord of Life!*’ Naming this to my sister F., she pondered it, and not long before her departure referred to it, also saying, ‘It *is* true, and our Lord’s words, “If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death,” confirm it. The believer will *so see* Jesus that he cannot see death at all! Isn’t that splendid?’ To her this was soon a glorious reality; her eyes verily met the King’s coming unto her, and so death was left behind her—not even a shadow dimming that bright tryst.

“The winter was most severe, and my alpenstock was useful in the icy lanes. I can’t think now how I took the almanacs to every cottage in far-off villages. Returning one day, I passed a farm-house of the better class, with a drive up and a porch. I was tired out, but hurried up to the door. ‘Ask your mistress if you may take these almanacs’ (I always bid servants ask leave). A pleasant, kindly person came out, and said, ‘Certainly, and I should like one for the parlour. May I ask your name?’

“‘I do not think you can know it—we are strangers; but it is Havergal.’

“‘Havergal! why, that’s the name of that good curate in Gloucestershire my old uncle is always talking about.’

“‘It must be my father, then, for he was curate of Coaley, in Gloucestershire, fifty years ago.’

“‘Coaley!’ said my new friend; ‘why, that’s my birthplace!’

“‘And mine too; so we must shake hands.’ So in the far-off Gower, that ice-cold day, the loved name of my father, remembered and revered, warmed me thoroughly. I often called afterwards, and heard glowing memories of his early labours in the Lord.”

An interesting story is told 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 beneath 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' enwreathed 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."

Three further brief extracts must close these deeply interesting recollections of "F. R. H."

"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,'—the very shout of a victor. 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!

"Alas! that precious manuscript is lost. Frances had written it all down within a few days of her death. I believe my sister told me she had sent it to some critic. I have inquired and searched vainly for this 'my lost chord.' The melody floats through and through me still, yet strangely I cannot sing it."







#### IV.

##### A VISIT TO COALEY.

[A charming picture of the faithful country pastor engaged in his Master's service, is given in the following extract from a record made by Miss Håvergal of a visit to Coaley, in Gloucestershire, the early scene of her father's ministry.]

SOON after my father's death, in 1870, I determined to visit my birthplace, Coaley, and if possible trace his footprints. The Vicar kindly secured me lodgings just opposite the church and vicarage. Though my father was curate for only three years, his life and his visits were well remembered by many in both cottage and farm.

It was Sunday, July 17th, 1870. The bells were chiming for church when I passed through the churchyard gate. The last time that gate opened for me was at my baptism! The old church is pulled down and beautifully rebuilt, the old tower remaining. Many of the tombstones bore the dates when my



From a Painting  
by S. COLK

Engraved by  
R. & E. TAYLOR.

Faithfully Yrs  
W. H. Haverd



father must have stood there. I saw some Sunday-school children laying flowers on a grave ; there were rails round it, but no stone. "Whose grave is that, dear child?" "It is our last clergyman ; we bring flowers every Sunday, and when the cowslips come we put so many !"

After church I followed two aged women, hoping to find they were like "*the elders that overlived Joshua*, and which had known all the works of the Lord that He had done for Israel" (Josh. xxiv. 31). In answer to my question, "Do you remember Mr. Havergal?" one said, "To be sure, and ha'n't never forgot him. Wasn't he kind to me and every one ! I'm the widow Philamore. Dear Mr. Havergal !"

It was not kind to keep her tottering there, so I promised to call at her cottage.

It was soon known in the village that 'a belonging of Mr. Havergal's' was come, and sundry visitors called, whose simple words shall now be given.

"My name is Eliza Workman ; you must have heard your dear father speak of me. I believe I was the first he spoke to. My mother was a dressmaker, and I remember Mrs. Havergal sending to know if she could go to work at the vicarage and sew a carpet for the study. My mother told me to go, but I was timid, and said, 'Perhaps Mr. Havergal will be ask-

ing me questions I can't answer.' But I went, and as soon as I saw him I was no more timid. He had such a way as won everybody. Dear Mr. Havergal; when my troubles came he was just everything to me. My mother died—his visits so comforted her. Then I went to live with grandmother, and was so cast down till Mr. Havergal called. Mr. Havergal is printed on my mind, and will be till my dying day.

“The congregations were wonderful. The church that was so empty hadn't even standing room. I've seen the road lined with horses, gigs, and carts from all parts. When the people knew he was going away, they thickened to hear him; and the last sermon! not a dry eye in the church. I can show you the hymn-book Mr. Havergal made for us. We used to say, 'Mr. Havergal is all music.' Old Thomas Cam, the clerk, was so too; and they did have such talks. The new hymn-book was so liked that my little cousin George took some eggs to the vicarage to get one. Mr. Havergal was out, but George soon had one. The school children loved him dearly. He was the one to keep a parish right, for they took all their quarrels to him and he squared them all.”

Another knock, and another visitor.

“Good-evening, miss. Why, you features your father uncommon!”

“Perhaps you will tell me all you remember—it is so pleasant to find my dear father is not forgotten.”

*George.*—“I was a stiffish lad of fourteen when Mr. Havergal came to Coaley, and I went with my father to work at the vicarage garden. The vicarage was new, for the old one was pulled down after the last parson had hung himself in it. The garden was covered with rubbish. I remember Mr. Havergal would work along with us sometimes, and he could put his hand to anything. He was a lithesome man—not a lithesomer in England. Such a one to be up in the morning; and he'd set the vicarage windows open to let out the night air! And to see him walk! why, he'd be at Dursley in twenty-five minutes, and it's three miles. He never touched the stiles; he'd go clean over them. When I heard you were come to the village, miss, I said to my missus, 'Her father did what few would do now-a-days.' There was a poor fellow, Joe Ford, convicted at Gloucestershire for horse-stealing. He was condemned to die, and when 'Size was over Mr. Havergal travelled every day to see him, though it's fourteen miles, and he mostly walked it. From his condemnation to his execution Mr. Havergal saw him daily. His body was buried under the church tower; there were over three hun-

dred at the funeral, and Mr. Havergal addressed them from the grave. The text of the sermon the next Sunday was, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"I remember how people said, 'Mr. Havergal do be in and out of the houses all the week, and that fetched them to church on the Sunday; and he do be as frequent to Dissenters as to the t'others.' Why, the head man at the chapel turned over to the Church!

"The old clerk, Thomas Cam, was a musicianer; he made pieces that were sung at Gloucester College. Mr. Havergal and he had mighty turns at it; and what seemed so curious to me was, that they both made tunes in their heads without stopping to play them."

Coaley Peak is one of the juttings of the Cotswold range. The long narrow lanes leading up to it are almost impassable in winter; not only "oxey" and clayey, but with water-springs overflowing the path. But through mud and water ankle deep did the pastor go after his flock. An old man remembered one night when, he said: "There was awful fighting highish up, quite at the hills. They ran to the vicarage and called him, though long past midnight. Up he went; he wasn't the sort to mind a journey night or day to do good, and he had some One to

watch over him. They say when he got up to the fighting they soon dropped their hands, and he reasoned them into lambs and got 'em all to shake hands and go home."

Returning down the lane, I saw a woman running after me, saying, "Will you please stop, miss; there's a woman wants to see you; she says she went to his class in the kitchen."

Going into the cottage, the good woman exclaimed: "I heard talk there was some one belonging to Mr. Havergal up this hill. I never see that kitchen without remembering him."

"What kitchen?"

"The kitchen down at the vicarage."

"Who taught you there?"

"Who? Him himself;" and she burst into tears. Then she continued: "He had the first class of girls every Wednesday to instruct in the Scriptures and in the answering. 'Twas him himself that tried to bring us to Christ; and if he had stopped longer we should all have come to the Lord's Table. Mr. Havergal had such a sweet, lovely voice. Yes, I remember it, and the hymns and chapters he taught us. I never shall forget him. And is he gone?" and she cried afresh.

The woman went on telling how he always went to the opening and closing of the Sunday school. "And



your mother, dear Mrs. Havergal, always came too ; the girls were under her education. I remember her well—such a pretty look ; we thought her a lovely lady.”

One of the Coaley lanes is called Silver Street. In one of the lonely cottages a woman asked me what my name was.

“Havergal.”

“Havergal!” She burst into tears. “Then I count it must be him I did love ; ay, I did love him well, and never heard of one as didn’t. It’s a few years back he called to see me ; my sight was very dim, so he put out his hand and said, ‘Don’t you know me?’ I could have fallen down before him ! Oh ! I loved him, and he was so friendly to us all. I warrant he knew all the Scriptures by heart. He’d have his little Bible on the pulpit cushion, and take it up now and then, but I never saw a sarmint book in his hand.”

Just then her husband came in.

“Tom, thee knowed Mr. Havergal ?”

“Knowed him ? ay, and loved him ; and is he alive ?”

“No ; he’s gone.”

“Ay, gone to his Lord’s kingdom. Many’s the time I’ve heard him preach ; but I was one of the

giddy multitude, and then it took no effect of me ; now I see the wall pulled down betwixt my soul and Christ. The wall must be pulled down before you can pluck roses on t'other side. But I must give account of all his texts and sermons. Was he ill long, miss ? ”

“ No, it was a very sudden call ; he never opened his eyes to bless us, nor could he pray.”

“ That was done afore ; he'd no need to pray then ; he had lived in the Lord, and he died in the Lord, not a doubt ”

They asked many questions, and listened eagerly as I told how he sang and played that last Easter Even.

They said, “ Ah, he was a musicianer ; he drewed out music on paper ; only he and old Cam the clerk could do that much.”

Then asking them if I should sing one of my dear father's tunes, I sang “ Evan,” the old man joining in the tenor.

He said, “ That tune is sung in all the churches and chapels around. I'll assure you we have some happy moments singing that sweet tune.”

The dear old woman exclaimed, “ I often think what I'll do when I gets to heaven ; I'll be such a poor creatur up there ! But I believe to see Jesus

will be my first look-out ; and I shan't take any sin in with me, for the hymn says,—

‘ Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
For none will gain admission there  
But followers of the Lamb.’ ”

Passing on to a wild common, I saw a man sitting on the trunk of a tree. I said, “ What a beautiful view this is ! ”

“ Yes, 'tis uncommon grand ; not that many travels to see it.”

“ Do you go to Coaley Church ? ”

“ Sometimes ; not as I did when a young 'un. The old church was crowded then. Mother told me she often stood three Sundays running. Mr. Havergal preached then ; a good minister he was, beloved by all far and near. They travelled from Uley and Dursley and Kingscote to hear him. He preached the Gospel, and that's the doctrine to fill churches. Not that I'm a possessor, and I ain't going to make any profession till I has possession. Mr. Havergal and other parsons have talked at me, but the world, the flesh, and the devil are again me ; and then the trials and troubles put out the thoughts of religion from my heart. I had a book lent me lately, ‘ Four Last Things : Death, Judgment, Hell, Eternity.’ ”

Sommat in it striking, sommat in it encouraging it's all my own disbelief that I'm not ready."

"Have you got a Bible?"

"Yes; it was my mother's, and Mr. Havergal gave it her; it's big print. My mother was an established Churchwoman. Often and often Mr. Havergal walked up to see her; and a smartish walker he was. One of his texts is plain afore me now, 'The way of transgressors is hard,' and many another comes round to me. Not that I'm religious, mind you, nor bein't going to profess it, to please any one."

One more cottage stood far on the hillside. An old man was mending shoes; the wife looked very ill. Looking keenly at the stranger, he said,—

"I count as thee belong'st to Mr. Havergal; he brought her and me t'gether at Coaley Church. But I didn't 'spect thee to travel so far. Mr. Havergal led the rabble of Coaley as asey as a shepherd leads his she'p dog. There was plenty of rabble when he cum'st to Coaley; and when he took to us, them that wudna hearken to nons't ud hearken to him. There was one particular bad fellow, not over eighteen. Mr. Havergal got him put in the stocks a few hours, just as long as he thought needful to soften him. Then he took him to the vicarage, and gave him a good supper and good advice. He'd hearken to no one; but in course he

hearkened to Mr. Havergal, for no one could go agen him. When my father was ill, that good parson came again and again, and he'd administer medicine to sowl as well as body—ay, a sight of medicine he guv for nothing—up till ten at night folks went for his mixtures. I remember Coaley Church was cram full, not a standin' empty. He was a plain-spoken man, preaching the Gospel, and that 'all our righteousness was filthy rags.' He's in my eye now—a very up-standing man, not his fellow in the pulpit, I know."

Another day I called on the daughter of Thomas Cam, "the musicianer." She was not so communicative as some, but told me of the wonderful music her father made in his head. From her garden, just under Coaley Peak, the Severn looked almost like the sea, and she seemed pleased with my admiration of the view, exclaiming:—"You may go hundreds of miles and not see such a sight! The tide comes up the Severn every twelve hours—it's ruled by the moon; it comes up like to the boil, and then lessens again; isn't it wonderful?"

I saw cottages still far away, and I knew my father's footprints would be "excelsior," and so I trudged on. Some women were churning at a cottage-door, so I could not hinder them; but I asked if they remembered Mr. Havergal.

“Yes, that I do, though I was only five years old. He preached a text mother could not find in all the Bible : so she said it must be in the ‘Pockrifa’; and I remember her sending me across the fields to ask missus at the farm to please to find it out in the big Book.”

“Can you tell me the words?”

“Yes : ‘His head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip.’”

I assured her it was in Leviticus ; but only carrying my Testament, I failed to convince her it was not in the “Pockrifa.”

Another footprint deep and clear! It is singular how the unobliterated track shines out unexpectedly. Returning Eliza Workman’s call, she told me that my beloved father was voluntary chaplain at the workhouse. “Mr. Havergal went of his own free will to comfort and instruct them. He used to take a three-legged stool and sit down among them as freely as if he was in a palace. There was one poor creature, Kate Twirling, who had been excommunicated out of the Church. ’Twas stricter rules in those days. Poor thing! she had been a beautiful girl, but so bad. Mr. Havergal could not rest till he brought her back to the Church ; and he knew that was not enough ; ah ! it was to Jesus he tried to bring us all. I re-

member after Kate died it was found that great property belonged to her. Never mind, Mr. Havergal showed her the true riches. All he did was out of love to God and free good-will to man."

Another man told me that when my father first came to Coaley, as soon as ever church was over the game of fives was played against the tower walls ; but for shame they could not play after hearing such sermons. An old pilgrim, John Stiff by name, remarked : " Ay, he preached the Gospel and the marrow of the Gospel. There was mighty little of that in the Establishment then. I used to walk five miles to hear Mr. Havergal preach. And all the Dissenters turned to Church. Ah! he preached Christ and he lived Christ, and now he's with Christ for ever. He was the first to tell us about the missionaries."

Nor was it only amongst the cottagers, but in many farmhouses I found pleasant footprints. One farmer said : " I shall never forget Mr. Havergal's confirmation classes. He was beloved by all ; such a nice-spirited man, and no bigot. Never was a better Churchman, and yet he never ran down Dissent. He was anxious to do good to every one's soul, and so won many. I remember how well he stood up in the pulpit ; such a fine proportioned man, his head erect,

his hand waving. And his voice ! no one could ever forget it, and no one's like it. We gave him a silver teapot when he went away, though there was not a rich man in the parish. Oh, how we wished to keep him ! and as a lad I used to think I'd follow him to the ends of the earth."

An elderly lady told me of his voluntary lecture in Dursley Church on Sunday afternoons, walking four miles there and back just in time for his evening service. She said his preaching attracted large congregations, and most blessed results followed from his faithful preaching of Jesus Christ : " I was quite a child, about ten years old, when your dear father left Coaley. His sermons were the means of my dear father and mother's conversion, but I did not then know the Lord myself. I remember the effort made by my crippled father to go and hear him. How well I recollect your father's beaming face ! He was so full of the love of Christ, it shone in every feature. Precious man ! every one loved him, every one looked up to him : for his life preached. It was not only his own parish he cared for, but many others ; and it was Mr. Havergal who first held missionary meetings in Dursley, Uley, and other places. His correspondence was much blessed to me. For two years I had not heard from him. I used to stand before his por-

M



trait and think, 'I should like to know if you are in Heaven.' I did not hear of his death for six weeks. Then I went to look at his picture, and thought, 'Now you *are* in the glory, and oh, what must your music be now!' And I knew my father would be with him, and both singing, 'Glory be to Thee, O God!' Yes; he has a glorious crown, and I can't tell you how sweetly I realize his glory."





## V.

### PATIENT SUFFERING.

THE narrative of the first discovery of the presence of the disease which at length proved the messenger to call Maria Havergal home is so exceptionally striking that we must give it in her own words :—

“It was Sunday night, in May, 1884, at the Old Rectory, Cavendish, Suffolk (a charming boarding-house for ladies), when, preparing for rest, I quite suddenly felt a large, hard substance extending under my right arm. The conviction flashed upon me—‘This is cancer.’ I trembled a little, but knelt down and simply prayed my Lord that, if it was so, I might glorify Him, and patiently bear all that might be coming. It was a solemn night, with thoughts of eternity nearing, and oh, the peace of resting one’s whole self on the word of Jesus, on His precious blood !

“In the morning, kind Mrs. G. tearfully confirmed

my idea: but I decided at once that I would not distress my dear sisters or friends, and only wrote to my doctor. His answer was reassuring—I might be mistaken, and of course he reserved opinion till he saw me. I was positively light-hearted, for had I not committed the whole burden to the Lord?

“I was anxious to finish writing out the journal and hymns of my cripple friend, Joseph Harrison. For I alone had the MS., and so it would be my fault if his little candle was not set on the candlestick. Many other papers and bequests I arranged; and I remember the very day before I was going to my doctor, Frances S. writing to say she was waiting for my préface to the second volume of F. R. H.’s poetical works, which she was arranging for me. Prefaces ought to be pithy. As this was my tenth it was a little difficult to prepare, especially as I was not at all well.

“The next day, Mrs. G., Miss A., and Mrs. R. kindly came with me as far as Cambridge. I had asked my dear friend Mrs. Snapp to let me stay at Perry Barr, Birmingham, so as not to go near my sister’s.

“I had arranged for my nurse, M. Farrington, to meet me at Dr. Malins’. He told me I was looking in very much better health. ‘And now, doctor, you

must tell me candidly what is the matter.' He looked grave, sat down silently, then most feelingly said, 'It is stone cancer, and not a shadow of escape from this conclusion.'

"So I thought ; what do you advise?'

'Only two courses—operation, or, if it runs on, certain death.'

"Now, doctor, why can't you do it at once, this afternoon, and so save my friends?'

"Impossible ; you don't know what an operation involves, and you would like to have a sister with you.'

"Oh dear, no! Mrs. Crane is abroad, and as to making my gentle sister Ellen suffer for me, oh, never, never! Mary is quite enough, and you know 'He Whom I trust in will be with me.'

"It is absolutely necessary your friends should know. I will write to-night.'

"Promising to secure suitable apartments for nurse and self, we left Dr. M., and I returned to Perry Villa. Heaven seemed nearer! the very clouds looked chariots, and oh, might it be I was really going beyond them! Sunday was the perfection of rest and enjoyment, and I talked with the maidens on the garden-seats with their Bibles. Monday a telegram, shortly followed by kind Mr. Shaw and

dear Ellen. It was the worst of all to distress her ; but I think she was relieved and astonished at my good spirits and strength.

“ *Tuesday Night, July 22.*—Drove to the lodgings. laden with flowers, fruits and luxuries from kind Mrs. S. Such a happy thought stole over me as I went into my new room ; there I should be shut in with Jesus !

“ Arranging the exquisite flowers was a great pleasure, and unpacking many a token of dear ones at Winterdyne. Sweet promises floated around me, and not a flutter of fear : verily it was the enfolding of His wing. Presently Dr. M. came in, and asked if he could do anything for me. I said, ‘ Yes ; will you kneel down with me ? ’ I just committed myself into God’s hand, asked for quietness, and that I might glorify Him ; for skill to my doctors ; and then, ‘ Thy will be done ’ came gladly from my heart. My doctor’s reverent, ‘ O Lord, grant this, for Jesus Christ’s sake, Amen,’ was a sustaining clench to me. He left me. I opened my dear Bible ; my eye rested on Hosea ii. 19 : ‘ I will betroth thee unto Me for ever ; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies.’

“ What could be sweeter ? This, then, was a second

betrothal time to my Lord 'in judgment,' quite as needful as the long-ago time of first love. Love, all love and faithfulness, and His strong arm closed around me as the doctor opened the door and said, 'All is ready.' Resolutely I inhaled the ether, and the inevitable suffocation feeling was conquered, and all was silence and darkness for three-quarters of an hour. Then the waking up—'Mary, when will it be over?' 'It's all done; see, you are nicely in bed, and doctors gone.' Then came the consciousness of utter weakness and helplessness. But truly, not one thing had failed me—not one word of His good promises had been unfulfilled to me; and now underneath were the everlasting arms, in a manner only those know who have felt them.

"I did not know till some weeks after how graciously God had answered my prayer, that I might glorify Him before the doctors. I had placed on the wall the identical card which my dear sister Frances called 'My own text,' 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' My nurse said to me, 'Before you were conscious of speaking at all, you preached a splendid sermon on the Blood of Jesus Christ.'

"The next few days passed in excessive weakness, and the sultry weather was against me. But I be-

lieve my teetotalism of sixteen years greatly contributed to my recovery. A friend of mine who was operated on, and kept up afterwards with brandy and milk and opiates, could hardly walk on two sticks at the end of ten months, whereas in three months I was walking to the top of Malvern Hill. Of course I had a specially skilful doctor, and I shall always gratefully recall his unremitting care, and his truthful candour when I have asked him as to the probable issue of symptoms. I do respect a doctor who can say, 'I never let my patients die in the dark,' or who will say, 'This is a glimpse into eternity.' I do think it is so wise and kind when the medical eye sees a fellow-traveller nearing eternity to tell them plainly.

"Nothing could exceed the devoted and unceasing watchfulness of my dear nurse. With all my attempts to conceal my wakefulness, I never could deceive her. I rarely slept after four, and used to watch the sun's finger of light moving on the opposite wall. One almost remarkable source of comfort was the distinctness with which I recalled dear Frances' singing and playing. Every chord and note, both of accompaniment and words, sounded softly around. Sometimes it was Handel's 'Comfort ye,' 'Rejoice greatly,' or 'He shall feed His flock.' Sometimes it

was her own melodies. Often when she had sung, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,' I had said, 'Fan, dear, I only hope you will sing that to me when I am dying.' Now I heard it all again, and her thrilling emphasis on the word 'I,' and those lovely soothing chords hushing down every ripple in death's river, and the last chord changing, as it surely will some day, into the first touch of heavenly harpings.

"This was not continuous, and the notes came unexpectedly. Perhaps when I was trying to look at a verse or two and wearily closing my Bible, then her recitative, 'Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation: wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations,' would come with irresistible power, passing through all her minor chords, and changing into that melodious major key of 'Whom having not seen, ye love;' but now for her, the negative is all left out; it is to her the fullest bliss of seeing Him face to face! And so my sister's ministry of song flows on, and the wish of her heart is fulfilled, 'With my song will I praise Him.'

"In this illness I learnt the value of having committed much Scripture to memory; for now I could



not dig into the mine of gold, but all my store of previous diggings were a safe and shining store. It is marvellous how the word of the Lord speaks to one's inmost soul, supplying its every need.

“It was strange indeed for me to lose the power of standing and walking, and be thankful for the first lifting on to the sofa. But as soon as I was told I might, I vigorously made effort to regain the unused power. Your own will and resolution has much to do with the regaining strength—one can try! one can shuffle and creep along by chairs, and merrily determine not to give way. I remember, when dear Mrs. Snapp's carriage came to take me a first drive, to go downstairs was the same as some precipitous glacier. How strange the world looked, after seeing four walls only; how exquisite the flowers and grassy banks in the People's Park! If ever I keep a carriage, shall it not minister as this one did to me? And what kindly ministries flew to me—such boxes of flowers, such jellies and grapes and peaches! Late one evening, when very feverish and thirsty, my doctor's little Lina came with most exquisite peaches in such a pretty box, with ‘To be taken immediately.’

“Then dear ones from Winterdyne came with all the homely things I used to like there. So the Lord

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cared for me, and in five weeks I was able to travel to dear Winterdyne.

“Long after I had left Mrs. L.’s apartments, where she had shown me most Christian and considerate attentions, she told me how remarkably my operation had nerved her for a far worse one soon after. I can give her words: ‘I often wondered why the Lord sent you to my house. Other invalids had come and gone, but you were to teach me a lesson. I stood on the staircase when Dr. M—— opened your door and said, “All is ready;” and never can I forget your calm, stately march into that room. I saw the support the Lord gave you, and three months after it gave me great encouragement; and I also received help and comfort from the Lord in my time of trouble, and my soul was filled with joy unspeakable.’”





## VI.

### LAST VISIT TO CASWELL BAY.

LIFE-INCIDENTS and reminiscences recorded in the closing months of Maria Havergal's devoted life, are, to a great extent, given without regard to biographical order. But they are the more interesting in the simple and natural form which they thus assume. We glean a few extracts.

While at Sidmouth, in June, 1886, we have the following striking note :—

“The evening communions at All Saints' were indeed a visit to the upper room and a quiet entering into the King's banquet and the King's own presence. Very strongly do I hold to the individual act of taking the bread—not having it laid in my hand. For as guilty Adam was forbidden to take—to eat—to live; so Christ my Lord reversed that prohibition, and said, ‘*Take—eat—live,*’—so I delight to put forth my hand and obediently *take* it. And then I liked our Lord's words being said *once* to each table in holy

sweet silence ; for who can prove our Lord kept on repeating them to the Apostles as often so wearisomely done ?”

A final visit to Caswell Bay—“our dear Welsh nest”—introduces many testimonies to the influence exerted by “F. R. H.” Miss Havergal writes :—

“Really my revisit here seems a continuous shower of friendship and flowers ! Such roses, choice in their bloom and foldings,—what hand folds like the Creator ? And the thought came that the same Hand will one day fold up the outstretched heavens—‘As a vesture shalt Thou fold them up.’ All this Saturday have friends come to the sacred study, and all my sympathies have been drawn out in the various trials told me. Thank God for giving me a word in season, and enabling me to kneel again and again and commit the burdens to Him. And I seem to be speaking in the light of a near eternity ; and so to testify to each of the reality and preciousness of Christ to me. To one dear friend I said, ‘You used to call in 1879. My sister did not see you, but she said, “Marie, have you been faithful to Miss—— ?” “No.”’ But when that dear voice was hushed, I told my friend of this, and said, ‘Now I shall always get the Bible, and have prayer when you call.’

“Even after nine o’clock, such an elegant basket

of flowers and peaches seemed a climax ; but there was deep sorrow in the kind donor's face, and so we knelt—for Jesus of Bethany is the same to sorrowing hearts now as then.

“The Lord sent me sleep, for I had been on the stretch all day, and it is just marvellous how I forget the hot consumings within, and smile and enjoy everything far more than in the days of my exceeding health and strength. And then I awoke on what will be my last Sunday in this dear room, with the words, ‘I shall be satisfied when I awake after Thy likeness.’ The *same* words that hushed me the moment of my sister's awaking in glory. ‘Thy likeness ;’ yes, Thine image shall again shine in place of the defaced impression. ‘We shall be like Him, *for* we shall see Him as He is.’ Dear father used to say that was a spiritual photography by the Sun of Righteousness's appearance to the rising saints, instantaneously producing His glorious likeness.”

A remark on the millennial controversy is worthy of record :—

“I remember my sister F., with her exceeding common sense, ending a long discussion by many strong pre-millennialists—*all* differing widely,—‘I think, when our dear Lord does come, not one of you will be able to say, “There, *I* told you it would be

so!" Of course both she and I believe and rejoice in the fact of His coming, as she wrote, 'Thou *art* coming, O my Saviour'; but the time, the how, the when, we leave where the Lord left it. 'Of *that* day and that hour knoweth no man, neither the Son, but the Father.' Some teach so much of a *coming* Saviour, that they overlook the reality of His presence *now*."

The farewell days at Caswell Bay form a touching tribute of sisterly affection and devotion to the Master's service:—

"I looked on the pictures and texts I had placed in holy memoriam. Over the last pillow, her hymn in large type, 'I take this pain, Lord Jesus, from Thine own hand.' Also the hymn she sang to her tune 'Hermas.' Over the mantelpiece her large card, 'Our motto, For Jesus' sake only'; and beneath it her photograph. Over the toilette the words, with white lilies and ferns, 'With Christ, which is far better,' and two coloured texts, the gift of brother Henry's widow, and other of F.'s hymns."

Then follows a note which some might have omitted, but which is full of character:—

"Just as I was a little sad came the ministry of cats!—which I as firmly believe in as of angels. Enter old pussy, the mother of our Dot and Trot in

1879. Every morning she had come purring and loving as of old ; but to-day she would not touch the milk, and restlessly departed. Up again, bringing me her new little kitten Dot, and off again for Trot the second, laying them in the safe, dear old place. Faithful pussy! thank you, thank you. Would that we Christians purred and praised more!”

Another entry is rich in lessons of Christian experience in times of trial, anxiety, and suffering :—

“*August 22nd, 1886.*—Restless and feverish last night. In vain I tried to lie still. Two or three times I knelt, confessing sin that rose before me ; and as I cried, ‘Father, I have sinned, I am not worthy to be called Thy son,’ His answering tenderness came afresh to me. For if our part of the parable be true, God’s part must be also. Then I asked to glorify Him by lying patiently awake, or that He would send me sleep. God’s sleep comes to me by soft shadowy lights passing before my eyes, and sometimes my mother’s or sisters’ faces, then fair flowers that are new to me, all in soft celestial light, and this invariably hushes me off into sleep.

“But last night, after prayer for God’s teaching by the Holy Spirit, the story of the faithful three in Nebuchadnezzar’s fiery furnace came to me vividly.

Perhaps as the flames of the furnace rose fiercely, God's word of promise, 'When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned,' were forcibly applied to their shrinking hearts. Then, instantaneously, the very presence of the Son of God, and thus the miraculous transmuting of fiery flame into crystalline coolness. How splendidly this proves the Divinity and Omnipresence of our Lord, even before His Incarnation! What manifestations of His love and sympathy and power might they not have rejoiced in! One could wish to know their mysterious intercourse. How truly He is Lord over every element, wind and wave, air and flame! Doubtless our holy martyrs experienced somewhat of the same miraculous presence, exchanged for the all-glorious reality of Himself as the flames became His chariot 'paved with love.'

"And thus the aged Polycarp refused support at the stake: 'Leave me as I am; for He that hath granted me to endure the fire will grant me also to remain at the stake unmoved, without the help of nails.' And when the fire was kindled, it is recorded that the flames touched him not. A high wind wreathed the flames into a triumphal arch around the victorious confessor of Christ, and there he stood unconsumed—fulfilment of His Master's promise, 'Neither shall the

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flame kindle upon thee.' The executioner's dagger swiftly released the martyr's spirit, according to his prayer, 'I bless Thee that Thou hast granted me this day and hour to receive a portion amongst the number of martyrs in the cup of Thy Christ, unto resurrection of eternal life, both of soul and body, in the incorruptibility of the Holy Spirit.'

"I wish that Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' were more read, and those glorious confessions and professions of faith in Holy Scripture, as so well recorded in the 'Parker Society's Lives of our Reformers,' pages once so familiar to me. But in the world to come, what unfoldings there will be of God's faithful keeping of His promise in the very letter as well as spirit!"

Deeply and keenly as the severance from all the surrounding of F. R. H.'s last days on earth was felt, farewells were at last all taken, and the last cottage call made. "The wagonette came up, passing the last bank, and the exquisite view of the little vessels moored in the blue waters beneath. I felt convinced it *was* my very last look, but no matter! 'So he bringeth them to the haven where they would be;' and just then a butterfly rose on glad wing, and I thanked God for pleasant days at Caswell, and pleasant hopes of soaring far beyond those cliffs and bays."







**THE GRIMSEL, NEAR GUTTANEN.**



## VII.

### A FEW WEEKS IN SWITZERLAND.

THE charm of the "Swiss Letters" written by F. R. H. is revived by her sister's most interesting journal of a visit to Aix les Bains and Switzerland with a niece and another friend in 1882.

Travellers' troubles awaited the party at Aix in search of rooms. At length they discovered what it was hoped would be "quiet rooms" at the Châlet Lubine. "I was to pay a franc a day for service; which service, I soon found, must be mainly my own. However, I made our table pretty with vine leaves and flowers under a shady tree. Only one day's civility! no 'service' evidently for us, and the third morning I found the breakfast plates locked up, and the teapot! and all our belongings poked into a small cupboard. I was very poorly, and felt altogether cast down. However, I got a plate for Alice, and said no more. I thought of One for whom there was so often 'no room.' It always answers to tell Jesus *first*."

Happily a change secured comfort—and “the most courteous treatment during our stay.” Ever on the watch for Christian influence, we have this incident:—

“We observed that madame never went to mass, and spoke very liberally of our Church. One day she told us that she was brought up a strict Catholic, with the greatest reverence for the holy Fathers. But when travelling with her parents, and at a large *table d'hôte*, in a town where some mission services were being held, three of the priests sat together, and were enlivening themselves and others with details of all the confessional secrets poured out to them that day, joking coarsely at what seemed to her so sacred. This, and their indulgence in wine, etc., so utterly disgusted her, that she never went either to confession or chapel again for forty years. ‘But,’ she added, ‘I must send for them *once*—when I am dying, for the last sacraments.’ I pleaded that, with the Lord Jesus for her Priest, she would not need this. ‘Ah, but then I should not be buried in the Church.’ We had many talks, and once she knelt down with me and prayed for the Holy Spirit’s teaching. Amen and amen.”

A conversation with a fellow-traveller is thus recorded:—

“One of the excursions is to ‘Les Innocents,’ about three miles away. We went by diligence, June 21st,

part of the way, or rather, being over-crowded, had a nice carriage, sharing it with an old priest, with such a sad, weary look. He told us of his wanderings in America, England, etc., and now he was come for the end of his days at the Monastery of the Haute Coombe. 'So,' I said, 'you are quite a pilgrim ; it is so happy to be Zion's pilgrim and the New Jerusalem in sight.' 'Ah, yes, yes, but we do not know.' So I took out my Bible and said how precious that Guide book was, more precious still *Jesus Himself* ; and I told him of F.'s joyful sure hope in life and death. He accepted the French leaflets, placing them in the leaves of his missal : but the end of the chestnut avenue was come, and we left the carriage for our walk. I do hope I shall get to that monastery some day."

At Geneva, the first visit, of course, was to the cathedral.

"We went into the cathedral and saw Calvin's chair. Many footfalls seemed to me still echoing in those aisles. And another memory still ; my own dear father once stood there, and I knew how his grand Protestant heart would thank God for the Reformation truths rooted there and remaining still. And others that stood with dear papa are all gone—gone! It was saddening, but the sun-ray stole in,

bringing the cheer, ' Jesus Christ, the Same yesterday to-day, and for ever.' ”

“ *Thursday, July 29th.* — To Vernayaz, passing Mouthey, where dear Fanny and I took the diligence for Chambéry in 1876. All so familiar ; all the same, except that sunny presence.

“ At Vernayaz we took a mountain carriage for the steep zigzag road which winds up the very face of rock and precipice. How the pines root in fissures and crevices ! and how the boulders in their glorious boldness jut in and out, hiding the tenderest ferns and mosses creeping far out of reach !

Wise little mosses ! surely you creep  
Over the boulders grand and steep ;  
Brave little mosses ! your song I would sing,  
Firm on the Rock I evermore cling.

“ The route was far more grand than I remembered it,—ravines and gorges, heights and depths, that just cannot be described ; and silent praise for all these works of the Lord—great and marvellous—seemed the only outlet possible.

“ We passed so many well-known haunts : Fanny’s favourite walks and seats, and the pines where we spend our church time on Sundays—even the very rose-trees with their dark red flowers recalled the past. It was pleasant to be recognised by Valérie Loufât at

the 'Pension du Mont Blanc,' at Fins Hauts ; and the old mother was specially warm in welcoming me back. 'Here are the same rooms, mademoiselle.' Yes, there it was, that little bare pine closet—the simplest bed and solitary chair that Fanny occupied. I wondered, as I often do, at her extreme content with the simple necessities of life around her, and her merry adaptiveness to what would be unendurable to many. And yet few had more elegant tastes.

“Deep love for her memory dwells in Fins Hauts—and to see the people kiss her photographs ! More than that, I found the truths she had taught and sung were firmly rooted. The mother's 'Bien sûr' followed all the promises I read with her ; and the father's response was also satisfactory.”

Recalling a former conversation with a servant, introduces another interview with a priest :—

“‘Katrine,' the priest's servant, was much on my mind ; and finding she was still there, I went to speak to her ; but the priest himself opened the door, and said she was gone to Salvans that evening.

“I said it would have been pleasant to see her. 'Possibly he remembered my coming for the loan of his Bible six years ago, and his correcting the hymn which I now offered him in print.' Yes, he did remember ; but he must beg me not to distribute



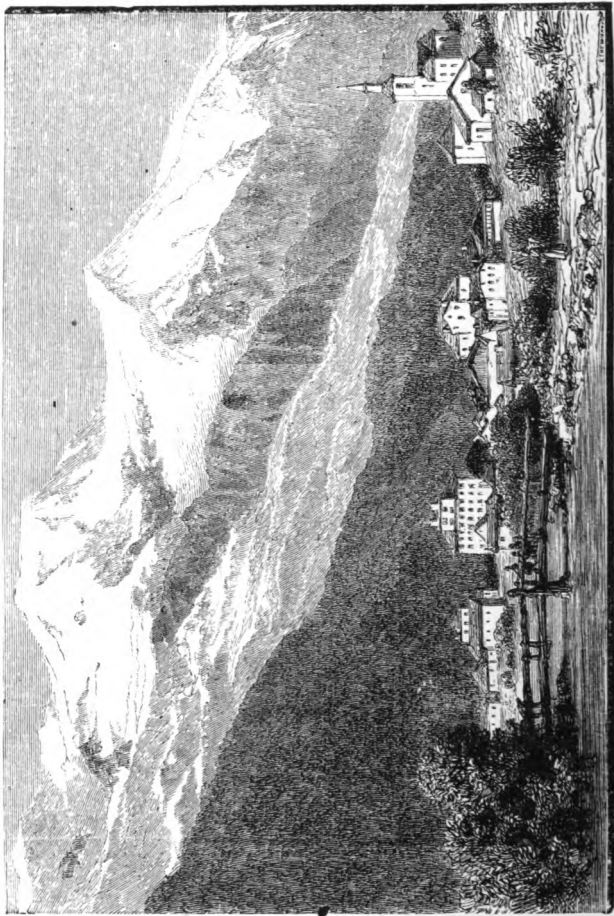
them in the village. He said, 'It is not the doctrine of our Church.' So I pointed to the lines, 'Tous mes moments, tous mes jours Seront pour Toi!' etc. 'Is not that your faith?' 'Yes; but you despise good works—you think nothing of them.' I said, 'Excuse me—see this line, "Que je vive et que je meure, Seulement pour Toi!" What can be better than every moment given to Jesus Christ?' 'Ah, yes; but you place no merit in it.' 'Certainly not!' and turning to Titus iii. 5, I read St. Paul's verdict.

"We talked some time, quietly, the priest looking at all the references I turned up. I told him of F.'s happy death, singing as she crossed the river; and that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' was her only confidence in death as it had been in her life. He said much that was truth, and admitted that when he came to die, if no priest were near, he should make his act of contrition to God only; and so we parted, he accepting F.'s 'Seulement pour Toi,' and 'Sans Christ.' (Her 'Invitation Royale' went by post some time before.)"

The record of the ascent of the Col de Balm touchingly recalls memories of F. R. H., and one of her most exquisite poems.

"*Tuesday, August 4th.*—Alice and I started on mules at 6 a.m. for the Col de Balm. Our guide was





CHAMOUNI, AND MONT BLANC.

so intelligent and pleasant. I found he was Pierre Devouassoud, cousin to Joseph Devouassoud, Fanny's favourite guide in 1869 and 1873. Because Joseph was just sixty, his name was taken off the list of guides. I sent him Fanny's little Memoir in French, 'Le beau Départ,' and her 'Invitation Royale.'

"And now I was really going up the Col de Balm, but not with my former strength when I *always* walked. The air was deliciously cool and clear; we seemed to have everything perfect—sunshine, blue above and beneath, the flowers in their smiles, away, Mont Blanc in whiteness, the dark rocks jutting into the Rhone valley with their pine fringe, and even the far-distant Oberland range all visible. Our guide said we could not have had a finer day. But we were not on wings, and poor Alice could not enjoy the jolting mule, the path was so torn up by late heavy rains. When at last I stood on the very summit, Fanny's lines came rushing over me, 'Sunshine and silence on the Col de Balm!'

'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.'

"I do believe in ministries of nature; so often the

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passing of butterfly wings, the song of bird, the happy hum in grass-land have soothed away some bitter moment. And so, just now when *her name* came with overpowering dearness to my lips, I saw two birds, one chirping feebly at the foot of the cross on the mound above us, the other on the very height, singing such a joyous song, and by-and-by the poor little chirper joined it, and both flew away *together* singing. Thus may it be!"





## VIII.

“THIS ONE THING I DO.”

AT home or away from home, the life-motto of Maria V. G. Havergal was ever, “This one thing I do.” Watchful for opportunities, “in season and out of season,” she was ready to scatter precious seed : and so winning was her ministry, that the simple words of truth always found ready audience, even from those who differed most widely from her. Swiss tourists might well study her journal as a model for imitation. Take the following picture of the Christian at work :—

“*August 8th.*—Feeling a little better, it was pleasant to begin again some walks and talks with my French tracts, leaflets, and New Testaments.

“New milk and bread was brought to me by 6 a.m., and the shadow of the great hills was a protection from the heat of the sun during the early part of my walks. Then the cool morning air, the dew on the flowers, and the utter quiet, were most

delightful. My first visit was to the village of Challes by an upward lane, with houses of the most wretched and filthy aspect, and the inevitable dunghills close to the doors. The state of litter and filth is indescribable, and the inner apartments, with few exceptions, were untidy and miserable. No flower-border, no kitchen garden, no trim shelves with plates and glasses, no arm-chair for the father, only the barest forms or stools. It seems hopeless to attempt anything, but the sure seed of God's word *can* root even here.

“I had made one friend out of this village—Marie, a little maiden who used to drive her mother's cows at 4 a.m. to some high pastures near our hotel. We had chatted often, and Marie had learnt several verses for me in the Testament I gave her, and while I sat under the chestnut trees, Marie would repeat them. She begged me to go and see her home. Some women were washing at the village pump, so I inquired from them where Marie lived. They use neither tubs nor hot water—every woman brings a plank, which she fixes into the wide trough of water flowing from the pipe. On this wood the articles are beaten, rolled, and screwed in a most noisy way. How they come clean I can't understand. When I came up, all the washing ceased, and a few kind

words were well received ; then other women came out, and I had a good opportunity of speaking of Jesus, 'the Way, the Truth, the Life,' and of the living water He offered, and of the cleansing no soap and water could ever effect, ending with that precious promise, 1 John i. 7.

"Then I found my little friend Marie Duisit. Her mother welcomed me, but I never saw such a yard of litter and filth. Plenty of hay, two cows, pigs and chickens. The house had been two hundred years in their family, as the blackened stone testified ; but to sit down inside was simply impossible ; and though the room was large, it was very dark. So we sat on logs, and two or three neighbours came near while I began to read from a Testament, but handed it to Marie, thinking the mother would be gratified, and then I could ask Marie to read the same again. Saying good-bye, one of the women asked me for tracts. I don't know why, but I said, 'Oh, I should like to come to your house ; may I ?' It was curious that out of two dozen women, I was led to ask this of the only one who had a sick daughter. The woman steered me past rather unsafe treadings in that dung-hill maze (I tried to forget Dr. Cazalis and what he would say), and went into her house, which was of a more tidy appearance than the last. She opened the



door into the bedroom, darkened with the clothes of the whole family hanging thickly all round the walls ; and as the four-post bed hangings were of endless garments, I could not at first see that there were three beds, and on one a pale-faced girl—Jeannette Noirey.

“ Though extremely astonished (for there are no lady or district visitors in France), she was pleasant and chatty, and soon told me all her sad history. Both knees were swollen and powerless from rheumatic stiffness, and for three years she had been laid up, with only a rare limping on two crutches into the outer world. It was nice to kneel down and tell Jesus for her all her need, and then I asked her to repeat with me a few simple words to Jesus. Then I sang (a very free translation !) Fanny’s hymn, ‘ I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.’

“ I was glad I had some peaches to give her, and Mrs. Grimké’s pretty text-cards. Jeannette entreated me to come again, and I did so several times, and gave her knitting materials ; and to my joy she accepted a French Bible as my farewell gift. Leaving Jeannette, I went up the village, leaving tracts at or under every door, till my bag was empty.”

Another entry in the journal introduces the worker in a new field of usefulness—hotel life—where too

often Christian friends shrink from "confessing" whom they serve "before men."

"I could fill pages with interesting remembrances of the many I talked with at our *table d'hôte*. It always answers to be polite and easy, and a little sympathy often unlocked many a confidence, and led the way to speak of Jesus, my King. Then it was a little wedge to offer a parting souvenir of F. R. H.'s 'Royal Invitation' in French. One young priest looked fearfully ill; his chiselled features and superior bearing were attractive. Another young priest and two most gentlemanly youths were with him. They did not mix with the others, and I never got beyond a word or two at table, till one day, when I had not been well enough to appear, and was sitting in the garden, they all passed (bowing, of course); but the priest stopped, and most courteously inquired for my health. And then I said, 'Now let me ask how you are? I have not quite courage to talk at table to those far off, but I have often sympathised for your ill-health.' Yes, he was ill; it was the will of God He had travelled much—twice to the Holy Land Egypt, etc. Then again he earnestly hoped my health would improve. I said, 'It may be for a little time; but I know, Mons. L'Abbé, my days cannot be long, nor do I wish them to be—to depart and be

with Christ is far better. It is so glorious to have that blessed hope.' He said, 'Very true, but might it not be a little selfish to wish to depart, so long as we could serve God or be of use, as I see you are to your niece, and as I am trying to be to my dear nephews here?'

"This led to further pleasant talk. One day when I went in the *salon*, I found him with F. R. H.'s books (which I always put on the table), and the younger priest said he knew a little English, and had been trying to read the Memoir. They had both read the few proof pages of Madame Duy's translation. On leaving Challes, both priests accepted F. R. H.'s 'Royal Invitation' and the smaller books from Caille's.

"Another well-to-do couple (my neighbours at table) grew from unreachable coldness to most warm and friendly intercourse, ending in the lady's freely talking to me, and coming to my room for prayer. She told me she had a pious mother who was praying and weeping for her; but for herself this world was enough. It was singular how she seemed to prize F.'s books. Another, a young mother, was in deep mourning for her only child, and, alas! her one thought was, 'God is so cruel, so hard; He should not have given her to me only to take away!' It is

most difficult to talk wisely ; the clue in such cases is the perfect felicity and happiness of the little ones in heaven, and let us take heed to get there too.

“A new arrival, a very delicate young man of most *distingué* appearance, sat in silence, because the stiff old militaire from Paris in the next chair did not bow or speak to him. So we drifted into smiles and bows and a few words. I said to Alice, ‘I believe he is of the best family of any.’ Poor fellow, how he gambled! and then he disappeared for three days, being too ill to get up. It stirred my compassion. Who cared for his soul? His mother was dead, and so no loving words from her could reach him. It was not till the last night or two I had an opportunity. After dinner, all stood about in the ancient courtyard chatting, and so in the twilight I got courage for a few words. He took it so gratefully. ‘Ah, madame, I see you pray that sinners may be converted.’ So that was the wedge that helped me to write him a farewell letter, with a Testament and F.’s books. Shall I ever see Monsieur le Viscomte d’Epiollaz again?

“Trying to get morocco Bibles for some of my friends led to the discovery that Bibles were not to be bought in Aix. All the booksellers informed me, Bibles are not read in Aix ; you will only find one

at the priest's. But we have one copy in four large volumes, for 200 francs!' Happily at the Scotch Presbyterian Asile Evangélique they kept the cheap Testaments, and of these I gave largely.

"The fruit and poultry market was a grand place to 'sow seed.' It was held under the lime-trees from 4 a.m. till 7.30. Of course I did not throw them away, but used to pray for some opening. By giving a tract or a leaflet to one peasant, others would gather round me and listen to the story of Jesus, the only Saviour and Mediator. Then hands would stretch out for my supply. The last morning I had to replenish my basket. One dear woman was most importunate for a Bible, and waited patiently while I went for one."

A characteristic and amusing episode concludes the journal. On an excursion on the lake Bourget the tourists landed at the Monastery of the Haute Coombe, where there is a splendid chapel with monuments of the kings and dukes of Savoie. Following the stream of sight-seers, they were received by two Jesuit monks in brown serge costume.

"Such a series of grilles, and bars, and bolts,—every tomb locked in! Really I felt nervous—one seemed so doubly locked in. Brother Frank would have been in raptures with the exquisite carvings

and tracery; but I kept seeing *one* weary face—the monk I met in the carriage two months before when going to Les Innocents.

“I said to Alice, ‘Do you mind my leaving you? I must find out that monk we met.’ Alice laughed, but I went up to our Jesuit guide and said I much wished to see one of their order who spoke English—was very tall and ill. ‘Ah, c’est Mons. le Supérieur. Go and knock’—indicating my route. I felt rather audacious, but proceeded. My knock brought a porter, and then a whisper travelled on from one to another, ‘Une dame Anglaise désire voir Mons. le Supérieur.’ I was conducted through stone corridors, and a door was unlocked into the reception room, and I was locked in. (I never do like locks.) It was barely furnished, but some paintings on the walls of saintly faces set me musing. The door opened, and a most stately form, arrayed in white flannel robes with blue silk facings and cordons, appeared.

“Yes, it was the weary face. I said, ‘Do you remember me in the carriage going to Les Innocents?’ ‘Oh yes, very well.’ ‘You looked so ill and weary, I came to inquire after your health.’ He was very gracious—seemed touched that any one should care for him. He told me he was so ill,

and that he had fasted that day. 'Oh,' I said, 'why fast? why not rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free? If He has done the work, no need for our additions. Oh now, do get some good beef tea!' 'Ay, yes; but we have a bad cook, and we get only *bouillon* and bad bread, but the fruit is good.'

"I cannot remember all that passed. He told me that he had three converts from London staying with him for instruction. Of course I had no intention of being instructed. It helped me much to tell him of Fanny's happy faith in life and death, and that led to sending him her Memoir and other of her books, which I have no doubt he will read."





## IX.

### THE INNER LIFE.

**G**LIMPSES of the inner life—the secret of the outer testimony—are given in a chapter of selections from several diaries kept during the latter years of Miss Havergal's life. We gather a few brief entries. Seldom have we met with sweeter tokens of a close walk with God.

*“January 1, 1883.—‘Jesus Christ, the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ ‘Able to subdue all things unto Himself’—just what I need. Lord, open every life-page for me. Specially may I live to edit Fanny's letters for Thy glory.*

*“January 2.—Whence came disorder? How one gets topsy-turvy; in vain I try to keep all in order. So, spiritually: yet I find gravitation to Christ as my centre.*

*“June 3.—At Caswell Bay. Darling Fanny's birthday into glory. She is present with her Lord and her words come to me—*

*‘Praising Him too, waiting for you.’*



Went on the cliffs in the evening alone. I often sing and praise the Lamb there. I did long to hear His still small voice.

“*Christmas Day*.—Awoke at midnight, and had comforting thoughts about ‘Emmanuel,’ that He was Man to understand my loneliness, and God to fill the gaps and void. Sometimes a sleepless night is God’s special lesson-time; heard all the hours strike till four. The point brought vividly to my mind was my life failure in not referring all little details to God’s will. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? It is a comfort to me to remember, ‘It is God that worketh in you to will and to do.’

“*Sunday, December 20*.—Met several ‘nowhere’ lads: spoke to them.

“*January 1, 1884*.—‘Emmanuel’ was much in my mind for the new year. That name was revealed, not imagined—‘with us,’ who are so straying from Him.

“*April 3 to 5*.—Went to Birmingham; saw some King’s daughters; one ill for twenty years said, ‘The arms that uphold the universe are stretched out for me, and are underneath me.’ I so enjoyed the intense delight of pleasing Jesus in these visits, but was very poorly afterwards. Oh, may I live to print dear Fanny’s letters!

"*June 19.*—Dear Nurse C. left ; she has so kindly ministered to me ; Lord say, 'Inasmuch,' etc.

"*December 31.*—Awoke anxious to write letters and give cheques more entirely all for Jesus. Went to see sick people.

"*May 1.*—M. has helped me to correct the proofs of Fanny's 'Letters.' So thankful they are done, for I fear my disease is returning. It must be 'the footsteps of the end.' Jesus is the end : so for myself I would rather go.

"*May 30. At Caswell Bay.*—Finally left dear F.'s 'nest' for Llandilo. The last minute gave thanks on her piano, the Gloria, to our father's chant 'Worcester ;' then F.'s last song, 'Jesus, I will trust Thee,' to her tune 'Hermas,' and my whole self did trust.

"*Llandilo, Sunday, May 31.*—Took the first class boys at the church Sunday-school ; such dear lads. One said, 'We remember your *texes* two years ago.' In the evening I took cripple J. a hair-cushion I had made for him.

"*June 1.*—Left 2, Bank Terrace, Llandilo, for Birmingham.

"*June 2.*—Saw Dr. M. He confirmed my opinion that cancer was re-forming ; but I felt quite happy and fearless. On to Winterdyne. On no account

shall I tell my sisters, to distress them. Nieces so kind and ministering. Tired out and had a sleepless night.

“*July 23.*—The first anniversary of my operation, when the Lord so unspeakably upheld me. I felt very ill, but told Him I was willing to suffer again. One’s deep sense of sin makes love seem so wonderful. I confessed all to Jesus my Saviour, and do utterly trust Him. So human, yet so Divine. Oh, that I could give Him joy! Oh, that He will work in me that which is well-pleasing in His sight.

“*December 31.*—Awoke early. That verse, ‘Thou are mine,’ was so comforting all day in very trying sickness. I feel such a strong desire really to please my King in all I do, and write, and give. These are the last words I am ever likely to write on a December 31: so my last look is and will be to Jesus, and my last hope is in Him; His blood cleanses from all sin. I know I am in His dear Hand, and hope God will keep me brave and bright so that I may not distress my dear sisters. Lord, I thank Thee for all the lessons Thou hast taught me in this illness.

“*January 15.*—Burnt a heap of letters, all of thanks for my parcels. I should not like to get their ‘inasmuch,’ and not the King’s.

“Wrote an answer to Count Bernstorff, giving permission for F. R. H.’s ‘Letters’ to be translated into German: and they were only published in December! Is not this the Lord’s seal in thus sending them to high places? It quite cheered me.

“*January* 16.—Sleep is a peculiar mercy to me. Often my restlessness is soothed by some hymn of dear Fanny’s. I seem to hear her singing every note, and so her ministry of song is not yet finished. ‘When thou passest through the waters’ comes to me often. I remember saying, ‘Oh, Fanny, I hope you will sing that to me when I am dying. It may be the memory of that air will come floating to me then.’

“*January* 29.—I feel sure my life will not be long; it is literally ‘dying daily’ since the shadow fell on me. I could only cry, ‘Lord Jesus, come for me’; and the hush came, ‘I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.’ Looked at the clouds; they have a soothing influence on me. It is curious how seldom I see any one looking up on God’s ever-changing panorama.

“*February* 8.—Have been thinking of John xvii. 11, 12. ‘Kept,’—what an unassailable security! ‘A shepherd is a keeper of his sheep’ was written in dear Mrs. Tced’s gift-Testament to me. What

a shield those words have proved! I have hugged them in storms and danger, in Irish bogs and sea fogs; and I shall be kept at His feet till I can look up and thank my Keeper for ever.

“*January 1, 1887.*—How much has happened since I last wrote in a diary! Dear sister Ellen gone to glory, and so my fear of being a burden to her is gone; her gentle heart will never be distressed at seeing any of us suffer and die. I rejoice now that I hid from her how much I was suffering. Often I prayed to be brave that she might not guess. How little cross she had! She was walking closely with God, and so had no need of the furnace fires as I have.”

The last entries are deeply touching. As tribulation abounded, faith seemed to triumph. The suffering from cancer must indeed have been grievous, but marvellous unselfish consideration for others was throughout a main thought.

“*March 14.*—I see one reason why my life is spared—to see dear E. Clay again: but she has not an idea of my state. I have saved her eighteen months' sorrow by not alluding to it in letters.

“*March 18.*—I do so wish to die here; it would so save them all at Winterdyne. To be a burden

to those dear nieces is my dread ; but I have put it in God's hands.

"*March 27, Sunday.*—Too suffering to go to church. Felt glad so many are praising Jesus in the height, and that Fanny is singing to Him. I had a cry for dear sweet Ellen ; but, oh ! her joy and rest ! Lord Jesus, I thank Thee.

"*April 2.*—It is real pain now ; I can hardly crawl to the near seats, but felt as content as when roaming and climbing the hill-tops. It is a great pleasure to recall Swiss journeys now, but the everlasting hills are nearer and nearer.

"*April 10, Easter Day.*—My very last here, the next at His feet. I am enabled to cry, 'Not my will, but Thine, be done.' His dear Hand really upholds me ; in the long nights the Holy Spirit teaches as never before.

"*April 30, Saturday.*—My pulse is 120, but Jesus has the key of death. O come, unlock the door, that I may fly away and see Thee !"

[*Note.*—This is the last of the very few entries in 1887.]





## X.

LETTERS.—POEMS.—CLOSING DAYS.

FROM a selection of Miss Havergal's "Letters" we give the first and last. Both are characteristic of her warm affection and tender solicitude for others. The first gives a glimpse of Worcester life. It is dated Llandudno, September 6th, 1858:—

"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



**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.





---

added to the Redeemer's crown by it. Fan was so delighted, because, previously, a chant and a long anthem of his were splendidly given by the choir.\*

"F. is very full of the Irish Society, and is made secretary to it in Worcester; it sends Irish Bibles, etc., to the Irish-speaking population. Mr. Shaw labours so for it, but the Spirit's teaching is needed to drink in its lessons of love. To realize 'This is my Beloved, and He is mine,' and 'I am all fair in His sight,' is what I glimpse sometimes, and long for more of His immediate teaching.

"It is not reading others' sweet thoughts of Christ, but one's own heart that must know His preciousness, and my hand must touch the hem of His garment. There seem to be such unknown depths in His love—as A. Newton calls it, 'the ocean fulness of His love'; and yet how content we are with a drop, a taste, when He bids us

---

\* Canon Havergal was no ordinary man. He was rich in grace as well as rich in gifts. F. R. H.'s veneration for her father was intense. His Biography by Mrs. Crane is a volume of rare interest. It gives charming pictures of home and parish life. The title is "Records of the Life of the Rev. W. H. Havergal" (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.). Price 6s. The portrait (page 163), and also the accompanying (page 225), taken from a bust by Robert Pauer, of Creuznach, are from this volume.

‘drink abundantly, O beloved.’ I feel Him near on these mountain-tops where Miriam and I roam. There is a quiet mountain church, where, as we chant, ‘The sea is His, and He made it,’ the waves mingle their praise.”

The other letter was written to her eldest sister, Mrs. Crane, at St. Moritz, in the Engadine, the day before her operation in Birmingham. It is dated July, 1884 :—

DEAREST M.,—I do specially want you to be quite happy about what you have just heard will take place before this reaches you. I am so wonderfully strengthened and supported. I have slept better than ever every night since Dr. M. told me. Do not make the slightest change in your winter plans, even if I do not go on favourably ; you are best among God’s solitudes. Last night I had a most comfortable view of the gladness it must be to the Lord Jesus to have borne death in our place, instead of us. It came from feeling so glad that this inherited disease has come to me, instead of any of my dear sisters ; it is nice to be a scape-goat, and you see I have natural courage to bear without the least fear. Also, with such a doctor and nurse, I want my dear sisters to see that it is wiser and better for me and them not to have any

one else. Dr. M. has taken rooms at No. 9, Francis Road, Edgbaston, and Mrs. L. knew about F. R. H., and is delighted to have me! I shall be well looked after. Now, please think of me in the Land of Beulah, just resting in the King's arbour, and there from His own Hand to receive the chastening for my profit; and I know whom I have believed, and just rest on the precious Blood to cleanse and gladden me now and ever.

“Your loving,

“MARIA.”

Although claiming no high poetic gift, “M. V. G. H.” could thoroughly appreciate the exceptional gift her sister so markedly possessed, and her own mind ran in the same channel of sanctified thought. Now and then she gave expression to her thoughts in verses which remind us of some written by “F. R. H.” The following were evidently penned in hours of suffering:—

AN INVALID'S PRAYER.

Must I be smitten, Lord?  
 Are gentler measures vain?  
 Must I be smitten, Lord?  
 Can nothing save the pain?  
 Thou trustedst me awhile:  
 Alas! I was deceived;  
 I revelled in Thy smile,  
 Yet to the dust I cleaved.

Then the fierce tempest broke—  
I knew from Whom it came ;  
I read in that sharp stroke  
A Father's Hand and Name.

I said, " My God, at length  
This stony heart remove ;  
Deny all other strength,  
But give me strength to love."

Less wayward may I be,  
More pliable and mild :  
In glad simplicity  
More like a trustful child.

Less, less of self each day,  
And more, my God, of Thee ;  
Oh, keep me in the way,  
However rough it be.

Less of the flesh each day,  
Less of the world and sin ;  
More of Thy Son, I pray,  
More of Thyself within.

*June 3, 1885.*

#### ANTICIPATIONS.

" Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—*Cant.* ii. 17.

Shadows so darkening,  
Dream-like are passing,  
Deserts so dreary,  
Footfall so weary,  
Lonely night weeping,  
Vigil watch keeping,  
Achings so trying,  
Tear-drops and sighing,

Conflicts assailing,  
Shadows unveiling,  
Mists fleeing away,  
Changing to day !

Shadows no longer !  
Day-dawning yonder,—  
Sweet voices calling,  
Seraph-chant falling,  
Palm branches waving,  
Stormy clouds breaking ;  
Welcome ! sweet morning,  
Glory-light dawning.  
Haven is nearing,  
No breakers fearing,  
Gaining the strand  
Safe, safe to land !

Thus I pass yonder,  
Lost in sweet wonder,  
Praising and soaring,  
Always adoring,  
Raiment all snow-white,  
Blood-washed and sunbright ;  
In Christ victorious,  
Visions so glorious !  
Hushed on His breast,  
There shall I rest ;  
Shadows all past,  
Daybreak at last !

*May, 1886.*

The closing scenes of Miss Havergal's life were in harmony with the life itself. Prolonged and severe

pain could scarcely restrain her active mind and body, whilst tender consideration for others and anxiety for the truest and highest welfare of all around her manifested itself till the last.

She joined her sister, Mrs. Crane, at Weston-super-Mare, on February 3rd, 1887. For two months after her arrival she was able to walk and drive out: and though she could no longer visit the sick or poor in their homes, she continued her "wayside ministries," speaking to those whom she met when resting on a seat, or standing to view the scenery around. She also took great interest in the Cabmen's Rest. One of the cabmen, in gratitude, carved on wood, with an ornamental border, the text, "God is our Refuge and Strength," and sent it to her when she was no longer able to leave the house.

During her illness she conversed but little, and could not often bear to be read to, or to receive messages. In quietness and confidence she looked forward to the end. Her life had spoken clearly enough, and no perpetual assurances were needed from her lips that she was "looking unto Jesus, the Author and the Finisher of (her) faith."

A few sentences written down by her nurse show simply and fully she was resting on the Rock of Ages.

“On hearing Psalm xvii. she spoke of the tenderness of God’s love, and on ‘the apple of the eye’ shrinking from being touched.” —“She prayed in her loved father’s words,—

‘Just as Thou wilt, O Lord, do Thou !  
I to Thy Sovereign purpose bow ;’

Only give me patience in suffering.’”

“Another day she said, ‘Miss Clay will have a missionary’s crown : but only to cast it at Jesus’ feet.’ She prayed for patience to wait God’s time, often saying so touchingly, ‘Only a little longer.’ Psalm xxxi. was read to her after a night of severe pain, and she thanked God for a little ease, and just remembered relatives and friends in prayer ; was too weary for more. She said, ‘Don’t tell Mrs. C. how bad the pain has been, it will distress her so. How could I bear for the dear loving hearts at Winterdyne to see my suffering?’”

Mrs. Crane writes :—“The last time my dear sister attended Divine Service was in Trinity Church, April 17th, at 3 p.m. for the Litany and Holy Communion, specially for invalids. Afterwards she said to me ‘My peace flows on like a river.’”

“April 24 was a day of much suffering. She said, ‘Whatever should I do now, if I had not the promises to rest on? I have not been able to read a word



of my Bible to-day.' It was answered, 'Who could expect you to do so? and God is not a hard task-master.' I think from this time she was never able to read anything. She continued, 'But texts pour into my mind, and I like to think the Holy Spirit is teaching me; Jesus is near, and I seem to have His very self with me.'"

"*May 4.*—She had a good night after taking bromidia, and said, 'Do not trouble about me, I am as happy as a queen, and happier. I am very glad it is not *my* jubilee!'"

"*May 6.*—She remarked at different times, 'I have been thinking so much of—"Fear not, thou worm Jacob;" a worm has no hands, and cannot cling; he is near the gate, and cannot open it. I go as a sinner to my Saviour: His promises have so comforted me; they have all come true; I have felt that He has been leading me all right. Except perhaps in moments of great pain, I have never regretted having this disease.'"

"*May 18.*—After some 'burning pain' she asked me to read a letter from her brother-in-law [Mr. Shaw], and said she found his remarks very comforting. She then referred to the parable of the Prodigal Son, saying that, like herself, he was not only forgiven, but the *best* robe was put upon him."

During the succeeding weeks she suffered much pain; but "on the 24th May she actually tried to sing Fanny's last piece of music—' Behold, God is my Salvation . . . therefore with joy shall ye draw waters out of the wells of salvation ' (Isa. vi. 2, 3)."

"*June 12, Sunday.*—I was struck with a change in dear Maria's face, it looked so death-like; but she soon opened her eyes, and said, ' None but Christ! I could not do without Jesus now; cling to Him.' I answered by the lines,—

' Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.'

"*Tuesday, June 21.* The sun shone gloriously on our good Queen's Jubilee. . . . The dear one lay quietly in semi-slumber nearly all that long bright day, and the only words I heard her utter were ' Water—ice—pray.'"

"*Wednesday, June 22.*—Dear Maria always loved the early morning hours, and last summer had written, ' If I had a wish it would be to hear the voice of my Beloved in the very day-dawning, and hear the lark's song as I wing my spirit-flight upwards.' And now the wish was to be realized. In the early dawn of that fair summer day we were summoned to her room. She was then muttering incoherently, and continued to do so an hour or more; then we caught

at intervals, in an indistinct but loud voice, these last words : ‘ How good the Lord is !—Glory, glory !—My Lord Jesus—He has done it all—The First and the Last—Come—Amen, amen, amen ! ’ Gradually the stillness of death fell, her face changed, her eyes were fixed ; the nurse said, ‘ How good God is to let her go so gently ! ’ and in a few minutes, just before six o’clock in the morning, we saw that she slept in Jesus.

“ Blessed sleep ! after the long days and longer nights in which we were tempted to say, ‘ Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious ? hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies ? ’ But now He had remembered her in her low estate, and had taken her to be with Himself for ever.

“ ‘ O change, O wondrous change !  
 Burst are the prison bars ;  
 One moment—there so low,  
 And now—beyond the stars ! ’

*Anon.*

“ ‘ 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.’

F. R. H.

“ On Tuesday, June 28th, 1887, the noon-day sun again lighted up the rock-hewn and flower-crowned

grave in Astley Churchyard, Worcestershire, in which our father was laid in 1870, his second wife in 1878, and his daughter Frances in 1879. The band of mourners were headed by her brother, the Rev. Francis T. Havergal, and her nephew, John H. Crane. Other relatives and friends, and many cottagers stood around, while our sister Ellen's step-son, the Rev. John Hall Shaw, impressively read the beautiful burial service over all that was mortal of

MARIA, VERNON GRAHAM HAVERGAL."



**"WITHIN THE PALACE GATES."**

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BY

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SHE 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.



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