

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL



Maria V. G. Havergal



M. V. G. H.

Olin

CT

788

H38

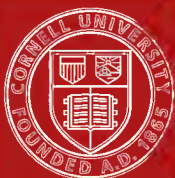
A3

1888

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 1924 051 327 504



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.,

**PLEASANT FRUITS; or, Records of the Cottage
and the Class.** By *MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.*

With Frontispiece, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 1s.,

OUTLINES OF A GENTLE LIFE. *Memorials
of Ellen P. Shaw. Edited by her Sister, MARIA V.
G. HAVERGAL.*

Crown 8vo, 1s.,

CRIPPLE JOSEPH: A Story of Grace. By
MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

** * * The profit on the sale of this book will be given to
the Havergal Hall Schools, Limerick.*

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

MARIA VERNON GRAHAM HAVERGAL,

With Journals and Letters.

EDITED BY HER SISTER,

J. MIRIAM CRANE,

AUTHOR OF "RECORDS OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. WM. H. HAVERGAL, M.A."

"Ye read her story,
Take home the lesson with a spirit-smile;
Darkness and mystery a little while,
Then—light and glory,
And ministry 'mid saint and seraph band,
And service of high praise in the eternal land!"

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

Third Thousand.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1888.

MORRISON AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

*The Portrait in this volume is reproduced from a Photograph taken
by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

P R E F A C E.



IT seems fitting that some record should be made of the writer of the "Memorials" of our gifted sister, which has attained such an unusual circulation; the biographer herself having also written other pleasant pages, and being well known as an active and faithful Christian worker.

And this my dear sister, Maria V. G. Havergal, herself felt, when two years ago she asked me to promise to write her life, in the event of her decease. I declined doing so, as I then thought it unlikely that I should be the survivor.

Last year, when she felt the seeds of death again springing up within her, the request was renewed. I then advised her to write an Autobiography, saying it would probably be more edifying, and certainly more amusing than anything I could write. Hence the present volume, which I feel sure will be welcomed by many known and unknown friends.

As the Autobiography is by no means consecu-

tive, I have added Journals and Letters, which supply some of the missing links, and outline her ceaseless activities. Miss Clay, who for ten years was her devoted fellow-labourer in Bewdley, has kindly contributed a notice of that period.

I need not dwell on my sister's affectionate, sympathetic, generous, and energetic character, as her own records fully reveal it.

She exemplified in her life 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." To use her own expression, it was "the one passion" of her life to visit the sick and needy, relieving not only their temporal but their spiritual necessities. By holding forth the Word of life, the glorious gospel of the only Redeemer, she was the means of turning many to righteousness, who with her will shine in the heavenly kingdom "as the stars for ever and ever."

J. MIRIAM CRANE.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE,

October 1887.

CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. EARLY DAYS.	I
II. SCHOOL LIFE.	15
III. HOME LIFE AFTER SCHOOL.	35
IV. RECORDS OF MY MOTHER, 1846-1848.	56
V. THE SISTERS' HOME AT THE MUMBLES.	66
VI. SUFFERING AND SUPPORT.	88
VII. FROM SIDMOUTH TO WALES.	100
VIII. VARIOUS INSTANCES OF GOD'S IMPULSES IN MY LIFE.	135
—————	
TEN YEARS IN BEWDLEY. BY MISS ELIZABETH CLAY.	154
EXTRACTS FROM MISS S. HEAD'S JOURNAL RESPECTING M. V. G. H.'S STAY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.	176
JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO AIX-LES-BAINS AND SWITZERLAND IN 1882.	182
DIARIES FROM 1883 TO 1887.	245
THE HAVERGAL ALBUM.	270
LETTERS FROM M. V. G. HAVERGAL.	273
CLOSING SCENES. BY J. M. CRANE.	304
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF SYMPATHY TO M. V. G. H.'S SISTER, J. M. C.	322
POETRY. BY M. V. G. H.	328

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.”—Ps. xxiii. 6.

“We have turned every one to his own way.”—ISA. liii. 6.

“GOODNESS and mercy,” and our “own way,” are the epitome of my life. The days of that life are closing, and it is toward eveningtide—the shadows are merging into a sunset glow. Looking backwards from the home-height nearly gained, the evening radiancy lights up the pathway—the windings, the by-ways, the short cuts, the snares, the pitfalls, and all the mistakes of my “own way.” And again—I see the golden line of God’s everlasting, ever overruling love; I see the “right paths” in which He has safely led me, and the

goodness and mercy which has surely followed me. And now, tarrying as it were in the land of Beulah, I desire to write down recollections of the past ; and may all I write be to the praise of the glory of His grace !

My greatest spiritual mercy has been the experience of God's everlasting love. "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3). My greatest temporal mercy was having wise, loving, holy parents, whose training has been a life-long fence ; but I too often chose my own way, and long delayed giving up my will wholly to the Lord.

Our Church collect exactly expresses the desire that would have saved many a mistake :—"O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee, mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in *all things* direct and rule our hearts."

Still I can, and do humbly and heartily, as one of His unworthy servants, join in the thanksgiving :—"We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and for the hope of glory."

I was born at Coaley Vicarage in Gloucestershire on November 15, 1821, being the third child of the Rev. William H. Havergal and his wife, Jane. . I

was christened on March 19 by the Rev. Jeremiah Smith, author of two volumes of sermons and some family prayers. When still an infant, my father left this sole charge for Astley, Worcestershire. I never revisited my birthplace till after his death in 1870. My father's footprints shone out clearly after fifty years. Their record I wrote for my father's Memoir by my sister Miriam, chap. iv.¹ My vivid realization of original sin was singular when at fifty years old I gazed on the window of the room where I was born and the churchyard gate through which I was carried to my baptism. Certainly my own childish memories prove that I was not regenerated in baptism.

In my Coaley rambles I met the old man who remembered my father at the Vicarage, and he told me of his liberality when a poor curate. "You feature your father uncommon, Miss! Well, he was a good-giving and good-living man. Ah, yes! I remember when you were born. Master sent me late at night some nine or ten miles to fetch your nurse. Says he, 'What's your charge, James?—Anything, sir.—There's six shillings. Well, that was handsome and no mistake! Ah, the folks did fill the church then, and this lane was full of gigs

¹ Chap. iv. of *Records of the Life of the Rev. William H. Havergal*, by his daughter, J. Miriam Crane, published at *Home Words Office*, 7 Paternoster Square.

and carts awaiting on Sundays. He told us plain out, of Christ, and just how a man could get to glory ; and he was a musicianer, such a fine voice to be sure. Why, he made tunes in his headpiece, and made a new hymn-book."

My first remembrance at Astley Rectory was suffering, when about two years old ; it was night, and I remember being frightened with some leeches applied by an old Betty ! and longing to get to my loving mother's arms. Yes, I remember the nursing and the rocking chair (still existing at Winterdyne) ; and far more do I remember the loving, lovely face of my mother.

My next distinct memory was faith. I may have been four years old when I broke a large pane in the dining-room window. I was alone. I can see now the black horse-hair sofa where I knelt down crying, " Please, God, mend the window ! " Then, still kneeling, I looked back, verily expecting to see it done ! Again I prayed, fearing the punishment when found out. I do not think that getting no answer disturbed my childish faith, for I was not punished.

My Sunday memories stand out most clearly from six years old. We then wore green silk bonnets and pretty pink gingham frocks with fine cambric frills, plaited by our ironer, Ann Lane. At eight o'clock the church tenor bell rang out.

Punctually at a quarter-past eight all assembled for prayers, the youngest child sitting on father's knee. He always read a Sunday Psalm, *i.e.* having some reference to holy worship. Then he gave the child on his knee the Church missionary plate; this was carried round for pence and half-pence; and joy when a visitor's shilling brightened the coppers! And then my father prayed for God's blessing on the missionaries and the heathen. (His first sermon for the Church Missionary Society was in 1825, and the record of his Church Missionary Society sermons and speeches as a pioneer in Devon, Cornwall, and Yorkshire are full of interest.) The money on the plate was changed into silver, and put in the missionary box, which often yielded four or five pounds per annum.

I was too young to go to the Sunday school like my eldest sister Miriam did, but to sit by dear mother at church was considered a treat and not a bore. Even the Sunday dinner had example in its arrangement. Beef and chickens, roasted on Saturday, potatoes, apple tart, and custard, all prepared then. So the maids went to church comfortably twice as we did. (A very homely parenthesis to mistresses!—Do see that no dishes are washed up on Sunday. Early rising on Monday sets all straight.) Oh that lodgers in pleasant seaside holidays would "*consider* their ways" and abstain

from hot dinners and suppers, which make poor maidens say, "Oh, there is no Sunday for us all the season!" On Sunday afternoons we might sit in the pleasant garden, under the yew trees, or in the shrubbery where the arbutus and evergreens hid us cosily. The churchyard, too, had its little hiding-places, behind the tombs; and there we sometimes stood and watched the open graves and the coffins put in—those mysteries to little minds, wisely dispelled by our mother taking us to see some child in its happy sleep of death; and so the thought of "Jesus hushing the sick child to sleep, and that there would be no medicine and no doctors in heaven, and only sweet songs and happy days," took away all fear of dying. Four o'clock in the summer was our "happy time" with mother—Bible texts said over, Dr. Watts' *Divine and Moral Songs*, or Ann Taylor's unsurpassed *Hymns for Infant Minds*. Wholesome divinity therein! crumbs of sweet comfort that have fed me all my journey, ever and anon chiming their gospel truths. I can say those books, now, from end to end!

When older, collects, catechism, and the epistle or gospel learnt, and some of the morning sermon talked over. After tea, service at six; then the garden walk, and supper from gooseberry and currant trees, and milk from Lily and Rose, our dear cows; and as the holy light faded, our mother's

good-night words and prayer, forgotten maybe, but tiny seeds sown *for ever*—that Sunday *was* a happy, pleasant day, “*the best of all the seven.*”

One hymn in mother's Bible I have never seen elsewhere—it was given her by the Rev. John East of Bath:—

“And is the Sabbath come?
And have we still a day
To mind our everlasting home,
To sing, and read, and pray?
Then let us up with speed,
The work is very great;
And beg of God our souls to feed
With never-dying meat.
That we may strengthened be
To run the heavenly road,
Until at last we come to Thee,
Our Saviour and our God,
Ever with Thee to spend,
With saints in perfect light,
A Sabbath that shall never end,
A day that has no night.”

Mother's large Bible always lay on the table in her room. Often I wondered why at five 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.

A few incidents from my fifth to my ninth year, recalling my parents' training and my happy Astley days, still present themselves to my mind,

Our little week-day lessons were taken by dear mother, except when tall sister Miriam came from school for her holidays. How clever we thought her, and what pains she took with our writing! My brother Henry went to school; so gentle sister Ellen, my junior, was my dearly loved companion. We were very different: "Good little Ellen," or "Papa's harmless dove," just describes her. Even then she would tastefully dress her dolls and quietly amuse herself; while my restless activity fed the poultry and hushed the chickens to sleep under my hand. I had sundry pets, including nests of field-mice, and I even loved the toad that always came for bread and butter at tea-time. Busily gardening, helping mother sow the seeds in our garden-beds, in which the dear old larkspur, bachelor's button, Canterbury bells, and marigolds grew happily together; and the old York and Lancaster, the cinnamon, and China roses, — not tied martyr-like to stakes, but twining with honeysuckle and jessamine.

And even then mother taught us useful ways; we could beat the eggs for cakes and custards, and strip the fruit for pies, and pare the apples for those "Astley apple turn-overs" I never see now. We

were taught to care for the poor people, and fill their cans with milk or broth, and take little baskets of pudding to sick folk. Not often, but sometimes, we went with father on his visits of comfort, and 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 he sometimes opened the inner lid. I can see it now : the box with "sacramental alms," the nook for memorandums, the box of jujubes for Sundays ; the wonderful sensitive fish and some C. M. S. curiosities were shown us at times.

I cannot remember any good thoughts when a child ; there was no spark of love or holy desire, not even a wish to go to heaven. For a child's soul is either dead or alive, either quickened by God's Spirit or asleep in original sin. Natural amiability

and even obedience to parents may exist without any grace. My first conscious impression was one Sunday night, after Ellen and I were in bed. My mother came and sat down by us and spoke with tender earnestness of God, of Christ, of heaven, of hell,—her words I forget, but they roused me, and I cried, and felt “Mamma and Ellen love God and are quite sure to go to heaven, but I am not fit; I can’t love God a bit.”

When six years old, a great event came—going to visit Grandmother Havergal at High Wycombe. Places then were secured days before, in the day or night coach, from Worcester to London, a twelve hours’ journey. Father took me; the yellow post-chaise and a postilion in blue came from the “Hundred House” for the eleven miles’ drive, the coach leaving at 6 P.M. The six horses up Broadway Hill impressed me; still more the moon shining through a wood, and I thought the trees were running from us. At Oxford, the midnight supper and the guard’s horn hurry us to our places, and then a nap on father’s arm till the horn awoke me at the “Red Lion,” Wycombe, about 3 A.M.

My Wycombe memories are pleasant, and I soon loved my wise and holy grandmother, whom my father called “the pole star of his life.”

Grandmother was an early riser, so was I. From six to seven she always sat by a round table with a

green baize cloth, near the window, reading her Bible. I would run off and peep again—"Why ever did grandmother shut her eyes? Was she sleepy?" so I asked. "I am meditating,—run away and play." "Meditating" was not in my spelling-book, and old Nanny did not know. One day grandmother told me all about it; so I thought God must be very near her, when she reads all those Psalms and chapters, and that "meditation" was their talk together afterwards.

I looked in some brown books with red leather backs,—*Hervey's Meditations*, but the words were too hard.

Father did not stay long,—he left some large books, for all her life grandmother was a great reader. She gave me lessons in French, and told me of her school-life in a French convent, and when the Revolution came, about her escape in an open boat from Calais. The Lady Abbess and the Sisters came to England. Her letters were beautiful, and had much of the spirit of the Port Royalists. But it was the convent life that strengthened grandmother in the Protestant faith; she had seen the reality, and so detested what our Church calls "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." I was quite sure I never would pray to a woman, and how could the Virgin Mary hear all over the world! It was so kind of Jesus to die for me, and as I

could not find out the Virgin ever did that or anything else for me, I decided I would never be a Roman Catholic.

My early Protestant notions were confirmed in after life by residence in Ireland and France.

On Sunday my grandmother left early to superintend the church Sunday school. She was one of the first Sunday-school teachers in England, and was punctually at her post by 9 A.M., till her seventy-second year! She was the honoured friend of the Rev. Charles Bradley, that "prince of sermon-writers;" and as the dozen and more little B.'s came into this troublesome world, the senior babies were trotted off to her care for some days! The successor, Rev. G. W., also needed the same nursery relief; and I remember well seeing grandmother packing fowls and ham into a large basket for the curate's table. (Why should not a Saturday's basket always find its way to all our good working curates from squires and well-to-do people?)

Nanny was the very type of the good old domestic,—living sixty years in the family, and retiring with a pension into an almshouse. Nanny talked to me about "Master William," then my father, and how he was called "curly rosy Willie Havergal." One of those curls is by me, and singularly matches the curls of his daughter Frances

(though his hair became dark). Nanny told me "the naughtiest thing Master Willie ever did, was taking the cat to bed!" Also how wonderfully the same Willie played on the big organ at Wycombe Church.

A chamber organ was grandpapa H.'s amusement, and my chief memory of him is, his singing and playing on it; and then his pennies for me to buy gingerbread on market days. I thought "Alderman Havergal" sounded grand. Once he drove me in a gig to Windsor. My memory must be good, for I could describe it all: the silver drawing-room and tables, and the flags in St. George's Chapel, impressed me most, and there I first heard a real anthem, and "very heavenly" was my childish verdict.

That Wycombe visit was repeated, and led to frequent correspondence with my honoured grandmother, whose wise judgment in all things was a very bulwark to me in after life.

Returning home, a governess, Miss Bulgin, was the next event. Of course sister Ellen was good; she always was! and I tried to be so, and she gave me two prizes for good conduct, — Thomson's *Seasons* and Johnson's *Rasselas*.

My governess was truly happy and kindly treated, and father helped her in her old age. How very *little* makes sunshine in the life of a governess!

My sister Miriam was then at Great Campden House, Kensington. My father said, "I cannot give you fortunes, but I can give you good educations." Her school tales riveted me, and to find that Signor Guazzaroni taught the young Princess Victoria Italian, and then came to Great Campden House and gave lessons to *my* sister, seemed wonderful.



CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL LIFE.

IN August 1833, when nearly twelve years old, I joined my sister Miriam at Great Campden House. From a quiet country rectory to a London school with from sixty to eighty girls, was a change.

(I have written a description of my life there, and it was printed in the *Sunday at Home* in 1863. I received many kind letters from old Campdenites and the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, thanking me for my notice of the lovely Juliana Howard.)

Some further details occur to me. One excellent idea was, offering as a privilege a quiet half-hour's retirement to any pupil who really wished for such time to read and pray. It was unobtrusively done,—a pencil note, laid on our dear Madame Teed's table, ensured an interview in her room—a very sanctum, a holy place where the Good Shepherd often met and folded the little ones. If our desire seemed sincere, our name, the hour and the name of the room, was

entered on a card and kept in our Bibles as our passport to quietly leaving the schoolrooms. Mine is extant—



This was principally for the senior girls, the younger ones had "happy times" with one or other of the teachers or elder girls.

The plan of motherhood was good,—the elder girls taking kindly charge of the preparation of lessons, and the conduct of two or three little ones. My sister Miriam was mother to Charlotte Long (Mrs. Howard of Greystoke Castle), M. A. Jessop, and myself.

Our studies were more simple than in these days of brain-pressing torture! Our repetition lessons were heard before breakfast, in the summer at seven, when we walked up and down the broad

gravel walk, by the side of our various teachers, repeating Magnall's Questions, Guy's Geography, Lindley Murray's Grammar, and once a week repetition of poetry. Cowper's *Task*, Wordsworth and Milton, and scraps from Shakespeare. We brought a variety in the "Oxford Prize Poems," containing Bishop Heber's *Palestine*, and Mrs. Hemans' and also Miss Emra's poems. Eighty lines was an average task. I remember a sensation, where it was reported to Madame, that Miriam Havergal repeated five hundred lines and Maria three hundred, faultlessly, one morning. Often Miss Stewart would say, "Maria, I shall hear your repetition last, for a *bonne bouche*." In winter we made these repetitions walking up and down the long schoolrooms, and so got warm for prayers at eight. Breakfast over, came our morning walk, from nine to ten. Our wide gravel walk, the terrace by Queen Anne's Chapel, a shady wood in summer, and our little gardens were sufficient variety. The elder girls were taken twice a week to walk in Kensington Gardens, or to the gravel pits, Notting Hill, which was then waste, unbuilt ground. In these walks, English might be spoken, the only exception to our French conversation the whole half-year. We dined at two, and after dinner had an hour or more in the garden.

Why do not professors give peripatetic classes

in the pure air our Father *means* us to breathe? Why do not governesses foresee the healthy impetus of a turn out of the schoolroom 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. Rainy days were never doleful, forms and tables were cleared away for a good hour's exercise of games or drill; quick martial music gave zest to our jumping steps, for which I and others got awards for doing heartily.

The religious instruction given us by Madame was of no ordinary standard. Short pointed remarks and questions at our morning and evening prayers, weekly Bible classes on consecutive subjects—types and prophecies, comparing the Old and the New Testament, the Articles of our Church, with Scripture references thoroughly learnt—chapter and verse always given, so that a *real* Campdenite would be her own concordance! Thankfully do I bear testimony to the value in after-life of all Scripture committed to memory. It was a crucial test, repeating to Madame those chapters in Exodus xxv. to xxxii. about the taches and loops and sockets of silver; and the elder class will remember failing in the almonds and knops and branches, and Madame's dignified exit with the only two lights, leaving us to repentance in the dark!

Far deeper were Madame's appeals to our consciences; vividly did she set forth the way of salvation. Most winningly has she put her arms round me, when admitted to her own room, and told me of Jesus' love, that He was calling me, that He first loved me; but no answering chord was touched in my still sleeping heart. Others of my age "believed in Jesus," and that unmistakeable smile was theirs. I wonder if the promised sealing in the forehead (Rev. vii. 3) means outwardly that restful smile God's children wear? I had now been nearly twelve months at school; sister Miriam had left, taking first prizes in the first classes and the annual silver medal from Mons. De Rivière, the drawing master.

I was fairly forward in my classes, and always got marks for repetitions. Though I had no musical execution, I remember my music teacher bidding other girls notice M. H.'s "soft touch," and how well she played chords for twelve years old.

In December 1836, when the arrangement for the home journey came, I was sent to my cousin Mrs. Usborne, in London, first. There I found my loving Aunt Stratton, and in the pretty drawing-room, my aunt and cousin told me of the wonderful home secret! A sweet baby sister had come on December 14th—a little sister! and the new pulse of love awoke that eternity will never exhaust. I

was fifteen, and brother Frank, the youngest, was seven years old; so the novelty was exceedingly sweet.

I remember her christening day; the fine cambric cap, worked by Miss Ridley, and a wee relic of her christening robe, are among the treasures in my large F. R. H. album. The Rev. John Cawood—that standard-bearer of gospel and Protestant truth for fifty years at Bewdley—received her into Christ's Church. Her godfather, Rev. W. H. Ridley, was not present, or Lucy Emra, but her other godmother, Elizabeth Cawood, held the babe. It is remarkable that this godmother said (when F. was but a child), "F. R. H. is an angel now, what will she be in heaven? and 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," "Thank you, pretty cow," and others. And so our first and last memories of our darling sister are those of happy song.

[*Note.*—The next pages describing our sister

Ellen's school life are omitted, as they are identical with those published this spring in *Outlines of a Gentle Life*. J. Nisbet & Co.—EDITOR, J. M. C.]

My love of the Beautiful nearly led me into scrapes. It was against rule to leave the school-room ; but having once seen some beautiful portraits in the drawing-room, I stole in for another look. But one face haunted me, that of Lady Juliana Howard (a former pupil), and I risked the forbidden *entrée* to gaze on my ideal. I thought she must be in heaven, or she would not be painted ; so Lady Juliana must be among the angels.

Another ungratified wish was to discover the secret "Cats' Gallery," which some of the elder girls had seen. Visions of purring pussies and kittens ; whole baskets of them must surely live there. Audaciously I ventured up to the fifth storey, to find only a gallery of chests of drawers and our home boxes—no pussies at all ! I noticed some mysterious-looking green baize doors, but did not venture to try them. Of these more anon.

It was October 1834 when we noticed one and another of our schoolfellows disappeared, also a governess. One morning I felt sick and hot, and my teacher told me to lie still till Lizzie came. Lizzie was the lady's-maid, and the confidante of all the headaches. Duly at 11 A.M. Lizzie and a waiter of black doses and little crusts of bread came

into the schoolroom, administering the same to all complainers.

Lizzie came to me and looked serious, and said, "Doctor Merriman is coming soon." Pleasant name and pleasant doctor! His visit over, Lizzie and a housemaid came and wrapped me in blankets, and carried me up through the veritable "Cats' Gallery!" The baize doors opened, and I found myself in an inner room, in the whitest of beds, and there I saw the missing schoolfellows,—a pleasant introduction to the scarlet fever hospital!

Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget what followed. An hour passed, when my dear, kind Mrs. Teed came in with a tumbler of deliciously-cold raspberry vinegar and water. She sat down by me, and spoke so tenderly, not much, but asked, "Does my little Maria believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" Alas! I answered "Yes;" and it was not a sudden or excusable "Yes." For some days I had planned, "If Mrs. Teed asks me again, 'Do you believe?' I shall say 'Yes;' it will please her so."

"But, Maria, is there any verse that helps you really to believe on Jesus?"

"Yes; 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" Alas! all this was pre-arranged by me, just to deceive my kind teacher, and so get more thought of by her. With a loving smile she left

me, deceived by my false profession. When that dear friend came again she brought a little tract, "Poor Joseph," a half-witted man, who chanced to hear Dr. Calamy preach from those words I had claimed (1 Tim. i. 15): "Joseph is a sinner—Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—why not poor Joseph?" I said nothing, and I clearly remember that never again had I anything to say, nor had I any of the happy feelings that naturally ooze out when believing is a reality. As I got better, a dull remorse came; but I was not brave enough to own my fault. All those sweet counsels and prayers were listlessly heard. Jesus Christ was nothing to me. I had not believed in Him, hence I did not even care to hear about Him.

Soon pretty pink three-cornered notes came upstairs from my class-mates: "We are so glad you believe in Jesus; is it not very, very happy to find such a Saviour?" and then they sent me strings of promises that would have shone as pearls had my eyes been opened.

My dear parents were informed of my happy confession, *alias* a deceitful veil, which thickened more and more darkly around me. (I perfectly exonerate dear Mrs. Teed; the Lord alone knoweth what is in man.) When convalescent, I returned home. I remember the thoughtful niceties for my

journey, but the parting prayer fell unheeded. Mrs. Teed's farewell gift was a morocco pocket Testament. On the first page she wrote indelible words : "A shepherd IS a keeper of his sheep." Simple words! but to me a life-long legacy. I have read them at sea when the fog-bell was ringing, and hushed the trembling passengers at midnight ; in 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.

But when first given to me I heeded them not. Reaching home I forgot the past, and being still weak I was nursed and petted. Dear Mrs. Teed wrote me a lovely letter, which referred to my supposed happiness in being a child of God.

I showed the letter to Miriam. She wisely and gravely told me that she could not discover any good change, and that she "had never seen me read my Bible." It was quite true, and no test is so sure as feeding on or neglecting God's holy Word. St. Peter gives the same test : "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby" (1 Pet. ii. 2). The analogy is perfect. "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God,

which liveth and abideth for ever." "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you" (John xv. 3). The same word becoming by the Holy Spirit's power the invisible seed and germ of new and spiritual life in the soul, it follows that the life must be nourished and increased by the same means—the Word. "Man shall not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. iv. 4). Our Lord confirms this: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life;" and in His last prayer, "I have given them Thy word" (John xvii. 14). Hence with children, or giants in the faith, who grumble at their experience and moan over their shortcomings, the question comes—are you honestly "desiring," "searching," meditating on holy Scripture pure and simple?

No special occurrence marks the next few months, till my return to Campden House. It was delightful to return, for I deeply loved and revered Mrs. Teed, and also had many school friends. Being good-natured, I often helped some to whom our Church Articles and Scripture references, and also our chronology lessons, were rather a trouble. No books but Bibles were allowed in our bedrooms, and this prevented any early study, but *vivâ voce* coaching did help my friends. Three of us had the privilege of a bedroom without a teacher

in it, and we had permission to speak, the wise rule of "Not one word in your rooms" being enforced in the larger bedrooms, such as Queen Anne's Room, Queen Anne's Chapel, and the Long Room, where watchful teachers ensured quiet and order.

How I admired some of our companions! Annette Maria Francisca Celestina, with her Spanish loveliness; the dark Russian, Sophia; some fair West Indians; and then four charming daughters of Lady C. L. came, in their novel Swiss hats. The Layards from Ceylon, and Scotch and Irish, gave variety to our nationalities.

Madame Teed's piercing eyes were most character-discriminating, and the *on dit* "Madame is an angel and a witch" often proved true. Of course some of the gay girls did not love her, did not like the "education for heaven" as well as for earth; but doubtless in the last great gathering, many a gem from Campden will be found in the Lord's casket of jewels.

The time of the confirmation came, and I was a candidate. Sincerely and humbly did I crave that it might be a time of blessing to my soul. I had no assurance of forgiveness, only hazy hopes and dreamy satisfaction. The "hungering and thirsting" for Christ, the delight in His word, the thrill at His name, the real pleasure in holy conversation

in our prayer unions, were wanting. My replies, my confirmation papers, were all satisfactory, and also my interview with our good chaplain. Well I remember his wise and holy counsel, as I walked by him in the garden. It is strange, that even then, confession of my deceitful profession *never* occurred to me. I am thankful I did not again make any false statements, so it was taken for granted I was all right. Long ago I had tearfully asked forgiveness for all my sins, and one wish, one good desire was in my heart—the fruit of God's everlasting love — that in confirmation I might indeed be confirmed by God the Holy Ghost.

Large old-fashioned carriages took us to St. James' Church, Paddington—no veils or caps were usual then—only plain white dresses and capes, so there was nothing to distract our attention (as the almost bridal attire must now-a-days). The high pews effectually screened us, and I remember most earnestly praying for God's Spirit, and very heartily saying "I do." As I walked up the long aisle to the holy table and knelt there, the one cry arose, "Give me now the Holy Spirit. Oh do, do." And so God's everlasting love drew me then (the unworthiest of all there) nearer than ever before. Returning to Campden House, in the long silent drive, unmistakably the Spirit brought to me with assuring words, "My beloved is mine, and I am His."

My first communion was in the Rev. C. Smalley's Church, Bayswater. I have no distinct remembrance of it, but for years my sacramental times were tearful longings, intense hungerings after Christ, rather than the joyful experience of many. So, even now, I look back on my communions with the Lord Jesus in His word, rather than at His table, as the most vividly precious seasons.

At one period Campden House was noted for its dancing, the Princess Victoria's master giving lessons; and the breaking-up dancing soirées gave opportunity for the graceful ones to enhance the popularity of the school with the noble of our land.

But the time came when the Lord arrested the principal herself; I cannot distinctly record her conversion, but it was a most complete passing from death unto life.—old things passing away, all things becoming new. The test of this new life was the consequent anxiety for the salvation of her pupils, and the determination to put away the accomplishment which was the charm and attraction of her school; because she saw the lurking evil, and that dancing well must lead into the world's bypaths. It was at the risk of breaking up the school, but the brave plunge brought its full reward. For a time numbers lessened, but a reflex tide of popularity with high-minded parents set in, and God

gave the brighter blessing of many young feet choosing for themselves the paths of pleasantness and peace, and finding in Christ the abundance of joy and those life-satisfying pleasures, which end in His presence, where there is fulness of joy.

For it is not giving up, it is getting; it is not self-denial to please the Beloved of your soul. A betrothed one joyfully foregoes any pursuit that would risk the loss of her engagement ring or the smile of approval.

Oh that parents and the principals of schools saw this matter in the light of eternity! The very fact that "my governess did approve—she was a Christian—so it can be no harm to dance," has been the life-hinge into the world's vestibule; whereas the simple fact, "My parents and my governess did not approve, and I really cannot do it to the glory of God; I should not like to die in the ball-room," becomes a safeguard. "Thanks, I never learnt dancing," sets many a fair foot free from the luring snare.

Our deportment, our walking, our constant curtsies, and our calisthenics, taught by the same Mr. Jenkins, were sufficient guard against clumsy ways and lazy postures.

Occasionally we were all invited in turn to breakfast with Mrs. and Miss Teed. I have copied from a large MS. book, by C. Bosanquet, many of the

quaint, spicy, yet profitable remarks of Mrs. Teed at these times.

Then the good Rev. James Parker, our domestic chaplain, held noble sway over his young charge. Bible classes, confirmation preparations, communicants' instruction, were all helpful. His sermons, with their four divisions and maybe eight or nine "little heads" under each, were good memory pegs, and helped us in our Sunday sermon writing. That has been a life-help to me, so without shorthand I could faithfully give fair reports of any sermon till sixty-three years old.

It is sadly that I record the way in which God's everlasting love led me to deep penitence and real humblings, more than a year after that deceitful profession of belief in Jesus. Of course my dear governess believed me; and so treated me as a child of God. I think I was really a favourite with her, for my outward obedience and my accurate lessons and replies in divinity. Doubtless, I was the last girl in the school she could suspect of any breach of God's laws; so when some cake was missed from the drawing-room, it distressed and pained her exceedingly. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," "The eyes of the Lord *are* in every place," was solemnly dwelt upon at prayers. Again my naughty audacity in gazing on portraits and the beautiful things in the drawing-room, was the

step into the horrible fall of purloining her cake ; this time Lizzie was on the watch. That evening I was summoned to the dear place, where such tender love, such holy pleadings had gone up for me ; and now I stood as the culprit. Wisely and faithfully she drew me to confession ; even now I can see that dear face grieved to the quick—grieved most that one who had so professed should so grievously have fallen. She pictured the grief to my dear and holy parents—the disappointment to the teachers that I could no longer be trusted, that my high place in her esteem was gone. Wisely she spared me the shame of punishment before the whole school, but some special marks of favour were withdrawn. And then the sin against the Lord, the grieving Him. I do not think I then or for years realized clearly that first false step in profession, so Mrs. Teed dealt with me as a tempted, fallen child of God—that I had listened to the devil and forsaken Christ.

My privilege of going alone was still mine, and then I could sob and cry and confess to Jesus, all the sins which now glared out on my soul. The rest of that half-year was a very sorrowful time, and I believe God's Spirit showed me the evil of my own heart. Still it never occurred to me to tell Mrs. Teed of that deceit. But I loved my friend increasingly. I remember watching for the first

rose to blossom in my garden for her—and then writing with it a pencil note “that I was so unworthy, but I am your loving, sorrowful child, Maria.”

My conviction of sin was deepened by a solemn warning. One of our schoolfellows was taken ill, M. L., the only child of parents who most reluctantly parted with their beloved for this her first half-year. Her recovery was prayed for. The elder girls joined in fervent supplication for the life of her soul. One midnight we heard carriage wheels, and next day the elder ones knew that London doctors came. In those days there were no large printed texts. The dying child needed a living Saviour—Jesus only. “The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world,” was written large and clear, and the card soon put where Mary could see its glad message. And Mrs. Teed’s believing prayer was that by His own word, life and light would shine into the child’s heart. “He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life,” became the Lord’s own “verily,” His own “Talitha cumi ;” and so in the twilight the glad, unasked-for confession came. “Mary *wants* a Saviour—Jesus my Saviour—God sent Jesus to save me. Yes, it is all true, all mine.” The parents had come, and again the dying child pointed to the text, and with touching eagerness

begged her father to believe also. Again God sealed those words, and the hitherto unawakened ear heard and believed. With all the agony of farewell to their only one came the new joy that Jesus was precious to them also, and as the pearly gate opened for her, so would it also for them. Silently all knelt round her dying bed, silently did One more draw nearer and nearer, even the Saviour of the world, completing His work by receiving her unto Himself, His shepherd arm safely gathering and carrying her home on His bosom. The "shoulder" for the straying sheep—the "bosom" for the folded lamb.

I might recall many more answers to Mrs. Teed's believing prayer and trust in the efficacy of God's own word. In some cases her dear scholars returned to homes with no sympathy, but rather opposition. To these she counselled obedience and cheerful home piety. One, who was prevented from further intercourse with her friend, sent the assuring message, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure."

Mrs. Teed's influence over me was salutary and lifelong. Her own departure (5th January 1858) was a true sunset in calm radiancy, stedfast 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 now 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 schoolfellows 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 in our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!”



CHAPTER III.

HOME LIFE AFTER SCHOOL.

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 ruchings from mother's tasteful hand, a table for my desk, and the queer assortment of books I revelled in ; the window trellised with a vine ; below was mother's garden, with a few flower-beds and the grassy bank, a light railing only dividing it 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, fortunately 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 Glashampton Park, still skirted by the snow-drop wood and daffodil and narcissus beds. Only the large stables are left, where lived Widow Sayce and her pretty tabbies. From my window I could just see the magnificent elms that root in the foundation ruins of a once noble house, all burnt to ashes on the eve of its completion! It is a digression, but the Glashampton story has a shining of God's ways, and how He brings good out of evil.

Long before my father came to Astley it was, at great cost, enlarged and beautified. It had a picture gallery for valuable paintings, which were still in the packing-cases, and so were saved. A large organ was rescued, which by a singular coincidence was afterwards in my father's church of

St. Nicholas, Worcester. A feast was given to the workmen, and in the after-carousal ashes from a pipe set fire to shavings, and the whole mansion was totally destroyed, and never rebuilt. A print of the old house is in Nash's *Worcestershire*. Soon after, as the Rev. D. J. Cooke, the new proprietor 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. Cooke 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.

Back to my window! It was a July Sunday evening, soon after my home-coming, and the afternoon had been rather sleepily spent. The bells were chiming for evening service, and I looked out on the people assembling, and standing by the graves here and there, the living and the

dead ; the silence of those graves, the hum of the living voices above them flashed on me the solemn thought, that every one standing there, and I too, must lie dead and silent also. And a very glimpse of eternity, of the reality of heaven and hell as real places, where each one of us must be for ever, burnt in me a new and powerful desire to help some at least to find the Lord Jesus I trusted in. I knew dear father preached faithfully ; I knew dear mother, though in feeble health, visited the poor. (Never forgotten were her words in old Molly's house, "We are saved only by the blood and through the merits of Jesus Christ.") I knew that sister Miriam taught the first class in the Sunday school, and covered tracts and lent them ; but I had never done a thing, I had never spoken of Jesus, and when He came in His glory, might He not say, "Ye visited me not." *That* was the spring, of what I may humbly say became 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.

A class of girls was given me, and most diligently did I prepare the Sunday lesson, first studying the subject and consulting Scott and Matthew Henry's Commentaries, and then writing down every word of what I intended to say ! (Some of these

“Lessons for the Little Ones” I sent up anonymously to a magazine, and they were printed with commendation.)

On Sunday, in the summer afternoons, all the forms were carried to our orchard and lawn, and those open-air times led me always to adopt the same when superintendent of larger schools. We gave two tea treats—summer and winter; it may help some country vicar to carry out the Astley plan. It was the custom for every resident, or farmer, to send a cake once a year; this divided the expense fairly with the rector. Scripture texts were given for punctuality and good lessons; kept in the scholar's little bags, a dozen when learned perfectly were exchanged for a penny ticket. At school treats, these again were changed into Bibles, Testaments, prayer-books, and the few children's books then extant. The great event of our ecclesiastical year (excepting the festivals) was our Church Missionary Sunday. My dear father records that the first C. M. S. sermon at Astley was preached by the Rev. John Davies, of St. Clement's, Worcester, in 1823. Finding that the Astley Wake was a time of influx to the parish, my father wisely made that Sunday attractive by some stranger preaching for the C. M. S., with special hymns and lively tunes of his own composition. (See *Records of W. H. H.*, p. 135.) All our missionary boxes

were opened ; and very interesting it is to look back on the names of the cottagers and their monthly or quarterly pence.

Our missionary interest was further enlivened by the meetings at Bewdley and Worcester ; seldom any 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.

I was just eighteen when an invitation came to dear grandmother's, with the delightful prospect of staying at Oxford and seeing my brother Henry at New College. Dear mother went with me for wardrobe replenishings to Worcester ; she chose a white straw bonnet, with pink and white watered ribbon, and some delicate pinky flowers were shown. We never wore flowers—we wished to be examples in our Sunday school ; but how I begged for these and got them ! Then at Scott's, how I teased for a gay pink muslin ! but mother wisely chose me a soft dove cashmere, and a neat *mousseline de laine*. Arrived at Wycombe, my pink flowers did not escape grandmother's eye ; I think just then I had a turn at pomps and vanities, and received some attentions from a schoolfellow's sailor brother. The Oxford Commemoration was near, and my visit at Wycombe nearly past, but

not profitably. I contrived to get a white muslin dress, with white satin trimmings, made unknown to grandmother, and Aunt Mary lent me a splendid black lace shawl. I could write pages of my Oxford visit, staying with the Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall (where my father graduated in 1816, and two of his grandsons did so in 1882 and 1886). I went to breakfasts and soirées, 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. I think the exquisite music in New College Chapel was my greatest delight; it thrilled through me, and then, as ever, I liked to shut my eyes, that melody alone might possess my whole being.

On my return, dear Astley home ways seemed sweeter than ever; the exceeding beauty of our walks, the botanical treasures, and in the lime-kilns hammering for fossils, was a change.

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 higher reading, Belzoni's Travels, Robertson's America, Hume and Smollett's History of England, in close print. 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 even a wish came to me. Once I did, as a trial, read one, to see if I could close the book and go with appetite to other studies. No. I felt the whirlpool of imagination stirred, but the dreamy mawkishness and unreality disgusted me. Often in travelling, books and *Punch* have been offered me. Two words always settle that—"give account ;" so I would rather not read what I could not give account of.

With all the charms of our Astley life one was wanting—friends of our own age. The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. L., and one son and several daughters, at Astley Hall, supplied the void. The eldest, H., became my most valued friend ; she was older and far in advance of my faith and knowledge. We studied the Bible together, we read and then

talked over our abstracts of various authors, and our repetition of poetry kept us in practice. My love for her was enthusiastic—her footsteps even sent a thrill through me! Together we systematically visited the cottages, some far away; and she and her sisters in after years were valuable teachers in the Sunday school. My friend was an especial help to me in sacramental seasons. I loved Christ, and longed for more than the outward form. I wanted deeper communion with my Saviour. Oh how diligently I examined myself, how tearfully I read over the story of His cross and passion! and often I would go in our quiet chancel on the week-day to seek the Lord. The church standing close to our garden was rarely locked, and often in the summer I have been in it by five o'clock to secure early prayer. And yet I always came away from the Sacrament unsatisfied, and often so tearfully that I had to get off from dinner and ask for bread and milk in my room. 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.

Dear H.'s friendship continued after her happy marriage with the excellent Rev. S. R. W. I wish some record had been kept of her pattern life as

wife, mother, and devoted parish worker. My father had the greatest esteem for her, and she appreciated his teaching, and carefully did she keep notes of his Astley sermons. Mysteriously was this valuable mother suddenly called from her eight little ones; but in the glory all life-enigmas are solved.

But dear H. E. L. was not married while we were at our dear and much regretted Astley, and she was one of my sister M.'s bridesmaids from our next and temporary home, Henwick House. This was in the parish of Hallow, where my father awaited his promised succession to a living in Worcester. 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 fitting now amid the home scenes that rise and fall, and pass away in the dimming past.

Then came the first flight from our home nest—our eldest sister Miriam's marriage. Truly her father's daughter—clever, generous, and noble; her artistic etchings and sketches, and her descriptive verses, deserve a passing mention. It was very pleasant that her beautiful home should be in Astley parish, and the boon Oakhampton was

to all of us, and dear F. especially, no words can tell.

[*Note.*—The EDITOR allows *part* of the sisterly panegyric to remain, as showing how M. V. G. H. followed the precept, “in honour preferring one another.”]

About this time a desire arose that God would really rule my life, and I think too rigid and ascetic ideas possessed me, also 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 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.

My father gave me a ring of rubies, but once I was touched by some missionary details, and having but little pocket-money, I put my ring on the plate. I never had another ring till, four years after my dear sister's death, I received a letter from the north of Scotland, saying that a dying girl had taken off her ring, and wished it might be sold for

the F. R. H. Memorial Fund, for it was her books that had led her to Christ. I telegraphed back that I would redeem the ring.

It became an increasing delight to me to visit the cottages, my swift walking taking me to many a lonely corner. I marvel now at my activities, and believe they sprang from love to God, and much delightful communing did I hold with the Lord Jesus on the wayside. He was more and more to me, and when my early retirement at night was smiled at, they little knew the delight of being alone with Jesus my Lord.

In 1843, I paid a visit to some kind and holy friends in Bath. The Rev. John East was my father's college friend, and his church of St. Michael was at once his life-work and his tomb. I returned much refreshed to my parish duties with many new resolutions.

In the summer of 1844, my dear father took me to Scotland with a friend, who had suffered from an engagement being broken off. Untwine any clasping tendril, how helplessly torn the blossoms lie—the beautiful Augusta! it seemed strange indeed any one could forsake her.

We were favoured in travelling with my father, his pleasant talks and that invisible sympathy that tears not open lattice-grief, and withal that alluring to the truer love of a patient Saviour, waiting

for the torn blossom to revive under His healing smile.

To me it was all novelty—the steamer, the sea, Ailsa Craig, and the beauties of the Highland lochs and mountains,—all seemed the opening of a new page in God's beautiful lesson-book.

How unconsciously we carry out God's purposes—how the travelling day chosen for one's own convenience may be the crossing of another's pathway in need of our sympathy! I was watching the sunset at sea, and the crested waves parting in foam against our steamer, when I saw the distressed face of a foreigner, who failed to make the captain understand her rapid questions in very broken English. She sat down lonely and sad; I offered to be interpreter, and so get the information wanted. She had friends in the island of Arran, but where or how to reach them she knew not. We, too, were bound for Arran, but must sleep at Ardrossan. I told my father that the Swiss stranger was evidently in difficulty; so he arranged to frank her there, and she went with us to our hotel.

The next day I was deeply interested in her history, but however could she find her Genevan school friends with no clue but Arran? We landed at Lamlash, and we went in search of lodgings, Mr. following us.

All at once I saw two graceful girls approaching, and the cry, "My friends! my friends!" was the happy result. Of course they called to thank us for our attention to their friend, and we joined in rambles to Loch Ranza and Goatfell. The elder became Augusta's friend; only two years passed, and both met on another and more shining shore. The younger charmed me with her intellect and grace, and some twenty years after she married into our family!

Andrienne Vignier subsequently visited us, and by her tender nursing of my beloved mother, and in other ways, proved a friend in trouble. Her history ought to be written in full,—a brief outline must suffice.

An only child of Protestant parents, their castle and estate could not be inherited by her, but passed to the brother's son. He was a Roman Catholic, and from childhood was Andrienne's ardent lover. Owing to an accident when ten years old, Andrienne was taken to Italy for spinal treatment. There every effort was made to induce the child to abjure her Protestant notions. She described to me the endeavour to frighten her; after some brave refusal, she was told evil spirits would come for her if she were not in the true Church. And phosphoric outlines of horrible forms were made to pass before her on the wall as she

lay in bed. All in vain ! Then she was taken one evening into the chapel to confess ; refusing to do so (I only wish I could repeat her clever answers), she was locked up all night alone in the chapel. The morning found the brave child firmer than ever ; and when the priest told her he should go to heaven, but she must be lost for ever, she exclaimed, " If you will be in heaven, I never wish to go."

Years went on till her coming of age was to decide the choice—to be a loved wife and a countess in the castle of her ancestors, or to earn her bread as a governess in a strange land. No dogma, no obstinacy ruled here ; in the strong, firm persuasion that Roman Catholic doctrines could not be proved by Holy Scripture, and that as they detract from the glory of Jesus Christ and substitute the merits of Virgin and saints, this true follower of Christ counted all things but loss, and literally gave up lover, house, and lands for His name's sake. It was soon after this that I met her in that singular way.

Once again, after the trial of loneliness, the count tried again. She was walking with her pupils (Augusta's sisters, for I had introduced her to Norton), when an Italian greyhound ran caressingly to her. She knew then its master was not far distant. Two interviews followed, not only with

herself, but her English friends ; but when Jesus Christ is a reality in the heart, we must be more than conquerors.

Her later path was one of wonderful ministry ; not only in England, but away in Naples, noble deeds could be told of her generous rescue of some in distress. Andrienne gave me a singular detail of her assisting two escaped nuns, and their revelations strongly confirmed my Protestant faith. I will not give particulars, as I did not write them then. Brave Andrienne ! when the Son of man comes in His glory, your name and your confession of faith shall be confessed by Him, and His smile will be your eternal compensation.

It was during this visit to Scotland that my father became acquainted with Dr. Laurie, of Monckton Manse, to whom he dedicated a lovely melody to "Burns'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.

Would that more had heard my father's exquisite touch and extemporized fugues and harmonies—waves of melody, now richest chords, then gentlest adagios. His voice was sweet and clear, and his long-sustained shake would hush us completely.

My brother Henry also had musical talent, and his chants and tunes deserve to be better known. His set of Christmas Carols, both words and music, are extremely bright and varied. It is not many who have built two organs, and he was master of several musical instruments. His power in architectural drawing was also considerable, and when he was sub-librarian at the Bodleian, he made an illuminated catalogue of the music, which so delighted Dean Gaisford that he made him a present of £50, and it is preserved among the treasures of Christ Church Library, Oxford. My brother Frank also built his own organ, a very sweet one, on which his daughters play, and the youngest extemporizes beautifully.

In 1845, the Bishop of Worcester gave my father the important 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 large parish. 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. It is sometimes my indulgence to recall the names of all God's saints I have known, and as it were rejoice in their exceeding joy.

But it was not among saints only the Master called,—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 would read verse about, awoke more attention. If the mother could not read, then let her children take turns; to read to and 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. Poor child, it was not

a happy time for her, and 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. Memory recalls so much for regret in the home-life, while outwardly I was supposed to be all that was energetic and good. Elder sisters have so much in their power, and, oh, that daily I had striven 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 hundreds of 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. The boys' school had been disorderly, so my father tried the new plan of the teachers being all ladies, and it answered admirably. 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 angel 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 lie silent and absorbed on the hearth-rug. 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.

Several of our dear scholars died in the Lord ; my father's beautiful account of "A wise and holy Child" might well be reprinted. I supplied him with notes of her conversations, and I do prize the fact that it was our *own* sweet mother's remarks on the hymn she gave out in the Sunday school, that bore fruit in Elizabeth Edwards' life and happy death. My mother's health failed soon after we came to St. Nicholas, but not till she was known and loved, and I may say admired, as I remember noticing when she went in the High Sheriff's State carriage to the cathedral at the time my father was chaplain to his Astley friend, T. S. Lea.

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 genius, 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.



CHAPTER IV

1846-1848.

DURING the illness of my dear mother, I kept an account of many remarks and conversations. As the mother of Frances Ridley Havergal, surely these records ought not to be folded up in the oblivion of the past. They may strengthen the faith and patience of some who may likewise be called to endure the inevitable sufferings of that dire and unmanageable disease—cancer. A large MS. book is lying by me ; it is impossible to copy it as it is, and my own aching arm warns me to hasten in whatever I write, so I will make some extracts only. I believe 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. I was myself but a tiny child when I was shown a window pane, with “lovely Jane Head” indelibly written on it.

I have a long letter from an eminent Christian, written to my mother when quite a girl. It was in

answer to her own statement of difficulties, which really proved how deep and true was the work of grace in her soul, and also referring to the time of her conversion. My dear mother told me what follows. "When I was about twelve years old, a good lady, Mrs. K., took much interest in me, and when I went to visit some friends in London, her advice kept me firm in refusing to go to a dancing party. I also remember, when visiting my eldest sister at her pretty home, that I took Scott's Commentary to my room and delighted in reading it. Indeed, from a child, my dear mother taught me to love my Bible, and I can remember always securing quiet time for reading." This love for her Bible was her shining way-mark through life. Her knowledge and love of hymns was great, and her voice was sweet and true. As a curate's and rector's wife, she admirably guided the home details. The cottagers loved her, and when we left Astley Rectory in 1841, a solid silver cake basket was presented to her by the parishioners. Her health failed soon after my father took the Rectory of St. Nicholas, Worcester; but one of her Sunday-school addresses bore special fruit, as may be read in the little memoir of "A wise and holy Child."

The intense love of her youngest child Frances for her mother, and the deep grief, told with such

force in F.'s "Four happy days," reveal the secret influence, that bore such a wealth of after-fruit in her child's life and words. And the very same Bible promises were precious alike to mother and child, the very same hymns were chosen by them in dying hours, and fully has the early prayer been answered—

"Bring me, oh bring me to Thy house of light,
That there with my loved mother I may dwell,
And e'er rejoicing in Thy presence bright,
May praise Thy love, who doest all things well."

F. R. II.

November 1846.—My mother was so ill that her absent children were sent for, and my Aunt Stratton came. Brother Henry was the first to arrive, and kneeling by her, with her hand on his soft hair, she said, "There is nothing like loving the Lord Jesus, He is indeed precious—such a Saviour! I think that ever since I was sixteen years old, I have really loved Him, but not of myself, it is God's free mercy that gave me the least spark of living grace; no merit, no righteousness in me."

Directing something to be done orderly, mother added, "What order there will be in heaven!" When taking food, "The bread of life is mine, I shall soon be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb." To my father, "I hope I am safe; nothing of my own to trust in, all vile and worth-

less, nothing to be satisfied with in myself, the merits and righteousness of Christ are my only trust. In the night it was as if the heavens were open to me, and, like Stephen, I saw Jesus interceding for me." When we were all watching around, my mother said, "Dear children, few mothers are so blessed as I am in you—it is God's love." By her wish, it was arranged that we should join with her in commemorating the death of Christ. Previously, she contrasted our service with that of extreme unction. "Of what avail could that be—enough for me that I am complete in Christ. I seem to see those words emblazoned in shining light, 'It is finished,' the whole work of redemption completed for me." (Years after, her child wrote, "It is finished" is the central word of eternity!) Calling Fanny, she told her to go and change her frock. "You are going to see us receive the Sacrament, darling; if you live to grow up, I hope you will understand it, and partake of its inward grace; never forget you first saw it in your dying mother's room. It is the emblem of Christ's love in dying for you—for me."

Some hours afterwards, my mother said how much she enjoyed the time. "Oh yes, I have so *much* comfort, Christ is all in all to me. I find Him faithful to all His promises; in Him they are indeed 'Yea and Amen.'" Then we all sang hymns,

and she told us what comfort she often found in repeating them and texts of Scripture. My brother Henry especially ministered to her in repeating Scripture and playing hymn tunes in the next room. His godfather, Rev. John East, she often spoke of. "Our intimacy has been a great earthly blessing—such a man of God! dear Henry, may his prayers for you be abundantly answered." My mother's thankfulness was ever rising. "My breakfast—how new are God's mercies every morning, I feel them in everything."

Saying I feared I did not do all I should for her comfort, she replied, "Dear Maria, I am abundantly satisfied with all your care; I often think of poor creatures who have no one to minister to them as I have."

To Aunt S.: "I have often thought of that text, 'Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee; I too may touch the hem of His garment and shall be whole. Will you repeat 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds?'" Then Henry repeated "In this world of sin and sorrow." "Yes, that hymn has often comforted me; Henry, you sing it, and I will try and join."

Often have I lamented my inability to speak to others, and repeating hymns has helped me to express my feelings.

Then mother chose these to be sung: "O Zion,

when I think of thee," "O God, our strength in ages past," "There is a land," "In vain my fancy strives to paint," "Whence those unusual bursts of joy," saying, "*That* is just the song for *me!*"

But the danger passed, and our mother was again able to join us occasionally. On Sundays it was her delight to follow the congregation in the church services. One of her windows in St. Nicholas' Rectory opened close to the church, so that the reading and singing could be heard. And she remarked how much enjoyment she gained by knowing the same Scripture was read by our Church throughout the world, and thereby enjoying the communion of saints, though alone in her sick-room. My father too always told her his texts and the outlines of his sermons.

Our sister Miriam's visits from Oakhampton with flowers and fruit were a great enjoyment; and these were shared with many a cottage invalid, dear father carrying them.

In August 1847, my mother was able to go for change on Rainbow Hill. The refreshing air and view of the Malvern Hills were very pleasant. Once I stood with her at early dawn, and as we watched the mist rolling away, she said, "Soon will all my shadows flee away, and the bright morning of eternity dawn for me." Again, "Think of the distance between a holy God and sinful

man—such a chasm! but all is filled up, bridged over with redeeming love. But there must be a great change in the natural heart, or it could not enjoy the pleasures at God's right hand." Another time, reading 1 Pet. i. 8, "Whom having not seen ye love," etc., our mother said, "I had glimpses of that in the night, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory—so, so happy!" Returning to St. Nicholas' Rectory (it is taken down now), she could again closely join in the services, and even heard my father's voice in the pulpit. Afterwards she remarked, "I think preachers need so much prayer that God's Holy Spirit will accompany their word, and that God may speak through them."

September 1, 1847.—One of her daughters asked, "Do you ever wish or pray to get better?"

"Oh no, I pray to be prepared for worse pain than this, for I do not know what God is preparing for me. But what God orders must be best,—all is quite right, all suffering is for my good. I do not shrink from pain; if that is God's will, I could bear more, and pass through all the fiery trial appointed for me. Patience is so often mentioned in Scripture, so it must be necessary for His people."

That night mother exclaimed, "How beautiful!" "What is beautiful?" "The hill of Zion, and Dr.

Watts' hymn, 'Come ye that love the Lord,' gives me such happy thoughts. Then I have been thinking of the lovely gardens at Oakhampton, and that dear little Miriam, and how I long she may walk with me in the golden streets. Yes, I do get happy moments even in pain, and see my Saviour almost as if face to face."

January 1848.—Calling dear Fanny to her side, her mother said, "Now you see dear mamma on her dying bed,—you too will come to die, how will you feel then if you are not safe in Christ? I am more anxious about you than your sisters, because I hope their hearts are fixed on God their Saviour. Always remember it would be my greatest pleasure to see you loving heavenly things. When you are tempted to do wrong, pray to the Holy Spirit to guide you. Nothing but the precious blood of Christ can make you lovely in God's sight. It is my heart's desire that you may be saved with His everlasting salvation. Now say that hymn, 'Life is the time to serve the Lord,' and often think about it."

After some very intense pain, our dear mother said, "What am I that God should take notice of me, even to afflict me! Oh, why should He thus care to purify me, why should He thus love me?"

'Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm-constrained to be!'

Yes, grace, free grace, will ever be my song. Precious Saviour, sanctify me, prepare me to see Thee face to face. Oh that it may please Thee speedily to deliver me from the burden of this sinful and suffering flesh."

June 1848.—Dear mother 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. All things will be ready, and I shall be summoned to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

June 20.—As sister Miriam and her husband were supporting her, she said, at intervals, "Oh, these bitter, bitter pains! but I know the Lord's mercy will not fail me. Christ has done all for my salvation, nothing else could give me comfort now. My 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?" Dear papa said, "My dear, I think you have not many days now to wait for Him." She replied, "Oh, praised be His name! How glorious to know that I shall soon see Him who was pierced for me!" That evening she was

easier, and listened with enjoyment while Miriam played some hymns—"Come let us join our cheerful songs," etc., and little Miriam sang to her, "Come to that happy land."

After this time her words were very few, but full of holy peace. Sometimes she exclaimed, "My Saviour! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

In perfect peace our beloved mother passed away on the evening of July 5, 1848.



CHAPTER V.

THE SISTERS' HOME AT THE MUMBLES.

October 1878.—Arrived at Park Villa, Caswell Road, and found our thirty-two packages of home books, pictures, plate, and china had arrived.

The next evening my dear sister Frances came unexpectedly, and no room was ready for her. Her first words were, "I am so glad to get to you, Marie!" She was very weary and exhausted after giving Bible addresses at Plymouth, and much pleasant intercourse with strangers. She spoke of her visit to "B. M." as a very intellectual treat. The elegant surroundings there were a strong contrast to the carpetless bare rooms not yet ready here. Her spirit of content with any lack of things tasteful, though so consonant to her refined nature, struck me much.

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. We could not get help at first, and so we two nailed down her study carpet; and good Tucker unpacked Frances' dear study table and the Astley arm-chair, and the little couch from Pymont Villa, and Davie and Johnnie carried up the books, the remnants of our father's and her own library. It was strange how my darling counselled me not to bring *many* of our pretty home things,—“it will only cumber us, Marie.” But I was determined her study should be cosy, and have blue damask curtains to match the blue chair coverings.

And now she could freely invite her friends or the villagers to her study; and many a Nicodemus crept up there and unburdened the sorrows or the awakening difficulties in their souls, finding Christ, or entering into the full blessedness of true, whole-hearted consecration to the King. If F. R. H.'s study walls could speak, what messages of love, what words of holy, tender pleadings would they unseal!

By seven o'clock my sister would begin her “One hour with Jesus,” and then the half-hour till our morning prayer-bell rang was one of her

freshest thought times. We carried out our early home punctuality to the minute, and also our early retiring for the night.

In these lodgings, as elsewhere, and following dear father's example, we invited the household to daily prayer. When other visitors came, intimation of the same was given, so that often our parlour was full. My sister played and led the hymn, and then came verse by verse reading. She always liked me to throw out any thought or comment, giving us herself some deep findings from her own spoils in the Word.

Then at our breakfast, the sun shining through the bow-window made our tent seem pitched like Judah's, "towards the sun-rising."

Often my darling would rub her hands, crying, "What emancipation! it is jolly! I had no idea it would be such fun living with you, Marie!" The breakfast parlour was my room, containing dear father's bust, and Astley Church, and St. Nicholas. A picture of convolvuli and marguerites and ferns, enwreathing brightly "Joy cometh in the Morning," was painted for F. by dear Florence M. Photographs of sister Miriam's home and conservatories, and her Constance's wedding group—then brackets by dear nephews, and flowers were everywhere.

But the postwoman's step and knock disturbed our talks, and my sister would come in, both arms

full of letters, with their too often postal burdens, that frittered away the precious health and time, which, but for them, would have written volumes more of rich legacies of thought. For my sister always attended to letters first, answering if possible by return, and often doing exceeding kindness to strangers in answering their various requests.

At noon a run to our cliffs. Once she wanted to watch the moment of the highest tidal wave—the wind was furious. Presently she turned towards me—"Marie! I am faint." I laid myself on the grass, and drew her on me, as it was damp. How ill she looked! I had some warm lozenges with me, and by and by she recovered. Very slowly did I get her home. Even then F. unselfishly said, "I have spoilt your watching those grand waves—Marie, you will be better without me!" Little did she know how tear-graven those words echo even now in 1886. "Better without me,"—ah, I would exchange anything to have my darling!

Another day she and I strolled on the cliff, and down into Caswell Bay. I left her sitting on a seat, that she might be quiet, and turned upwards. Presently a stranger came up the road, and sat down by her. What followed I did not know till three years after my sister's death. Going into a

Mumbles shop, the mistress exclaimed, "Then it *was* Miss Frances I saw!" "What do you mean?" "Oh, miss, it is three years ago—I had landed from a sailing-boat in the bay, and sat down very tired. The lady was singing a hymn so softly by herself. Then she spoke to me—oh, so sweetly, of Jesus, and the joy of trusting Him; and she was pleased I knew Him too. Just then she heard a call. I looked up and saw you, miss, far on; and the dear lady just bent and gave me a gentle kiss on my forehead, saying, 'My sister is calling me—good-bye.' I never knew who it was till now I know you are Miss H. and she that angel."

Another day we had taken donkeys to Bishop-town valley, and dismissed them at the school and church. In the churchyard a mother was crying while putting flowers on her daughter's grave. I do not know all that F. said to her, but she gently placed her hand on her shoulder with "Think of the meeting, not of the parting!" Simple but inexhaustible comfort! instead of our thoughts dwelling on the last looks and words and coffin and funeral day, rather looking on—on to the sure meeting, the loving welcome home in the many mansions, where we have been long waited for. "Beside the crystal sea, I wait for thee."

Another incident of her walks I give in the "Memorials" when she met old John in his threadbare coat. He has shown me the very spot, far down the steep cliff, and how 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 made the offer of a new Bible to each who repeated perfectly the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

It was much impressed on me to get to the Union Workhouse, standing far up the hill of Ceyfan Bryn. I did not know the way, but thought by sleeping at the Gower Hotel I could walk there and back the next day. So I laid in packages of gingers and peppermints, and tea, and books, and tracts. But snow fell, and it was far too deep to risk unknown paths. Still I longed to get there somehow. I was told a 'bus left Swansea

at 5 P.M., and thereby I could cross the moor, arrive at the hotel at 8 P.M., and so in the morning visit the Union. It was a weary wait till the 'bus started at six from Swansea, whither I went by train. A deserted wife and her children were my companions, and a man. Soon the driver stopped. "All please to walk up this pitch"—icy indeed; then in again, rattling over the wild moor, the moonbeams on the snow and the desolation—I might have been in Switzerland! and enjoyed it accordingly, quieting the children with gingerbread. The man listened respectfully to the snow lessons that sparkled around. Nine o'clock P.M., and we drove up to the Gower Hotel. "Can you give me a quiet room, please?" and seeing the look at my late appearance, added, "I am a clergyman's daughter, and am going to visit the Union." "Pray, step in, ma'am—it's a bitter night. Very sorry, but we have no rooms in the winter." "Can you tell me of one in a farmhouse? If it was summer, I could sleep in the hay!" "No, miss, nothing at all. You had best go on in the 'bus to the inn at Reynoldstone." But the 'bus was gone! and I stood roofless under the stars and on the ice! Then the woman directed me to a Mrs. Jenkins, where once the curate lodged. That was hopeful; and off I tramped merry enough, but very cold. Soon I heard running behind me, and a lassie who

exclaimed, "I could not catch you. Mistress sent me after you to show you the cottage." "That is kind. What is your name?" "Mary Tucker." And so my little guide turned out to be niece to our good landlord at Park Villa. Knocking at Mrs. J.'s door, the very picture of a Welsh wife, trim and clean, appeared, when I repeated my only certificate, that I was a clergyman's daughter going to the poorhouse, and nowhere to sleep! "Come in, come in!" were welcome words at 10 P.M. Such a fireside, and such a white cosy bedroom all ready. After thawing, such tingling pain and fever came on, I thought I never should move again. While getting my supper, a knock at the door. "Please, have you got any raspberry vinegar?" "No, indeed—good-night." That question struck me; some one must be very ill, some one might be dying—might, oh, might *this* not be the answer to that strange impulse to brave such a journey? Enquiring, I found that a lady *was* very ill in a mill near; that she was come from Bath to die near her old Gower home. Much I prayed that night that if *this* was to be my King's errand, the door might be opened for me. So I called next day, explaining how accidentally I heard of the illness. Readily was I shown upstairs. The unmistakeable shadow of death had fallen on the sufferer with cancer, and all its

attendant suffering. She thanked me warmly, listened eagerly, and seemed just to need the voice in the wilderness to clear away the fear and doubt; she wanted the finger to point to the Lamb of God—to the atoning blood which cleanseth from all sin. (I did *not* take notes, so I make up no conversations.) Just as my visit was ended, worthy Philip G. drove up with a sack of corn. Depositing that at the mill, he gave me a seat, for he was going as guardian to my ultimatum, the Union.

It is a wondrous view from the Union windows: below, the Needles Bay with the three Aiguille rocks; through the trees the church tower; away to the right, Oxwich Bay with its sweep of sand; and to the north, the summit of Ceyfan Bryn, from whence you see the peculiar boot-shaped promontory of Gower.

Gwyn's introduction secured me the entrance to all the wards. Dear old pilgrims, some in the land of Beulah, some groping in by-paths. Old blind Nanny was specially happy with hot butter toast and tea! and she assured me the Union was "almost like heaven! Jesus Christ loved her, and she could sing to Him now." One lonely man's history was sad indeed—a clergyman's son. My impression was he had been wronged, and his rightful mother's property wrested from him.

I saw many proofs of how much comfort is utterly in the hands of the master and matron. Here the home-made bread and butter, the currant cake I saw in the orphans' bags on their way to school; and going into the kitchen, the matron showed me the potato scones she was frying in dripping—"Such a treat in the wards, miss. I never sell my perquisites; and if it's cold-meat dinner, I make warm gravy and put it on their potatoes; it's a pleasure to make the most of their food for them." Matrons and masters may live a noble life of unseen ministries of love, or they may screw down to desperation the helpless ones, whose cry reaches only One, who will avenge. Work-houses have ever been a special visiting interest; and many a tale could I have written years ago of histories told to me.

After three or four hours among the wards, the mistress gave me refreshment, and then I mounted Gwyn's trap for the drive home. He waited while I called again on the dying one—the life fast ebbing out into the deep ocean of eternity. Surely the clinging clasp would be met in the strong hand that is never shortened that it cannot save.

Often again in spring days did I revisit Ceyfan Bryn. Once I went down to Puldy, and up by High Pennard, 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 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 farmhouse 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 at 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.

One more coincidence arising from that wintry visit. Many weeks after, when my beloved sister was dying, a stranger then visiting at this farm called asking to see me. Reluctantly I went down, and there stood R. Kingscote of Kingscote, once my father's pupil at Astley, whom I had not seen since I was "little Maria," and now he was a veteran in the King's service. He spoke most warmly of my father. I asked him to pray with me, for I was sorely troubled. It was soothing, and his farewell words often come back to me with the King's

power: "*Nothing* can break our relationship!" *i.e.* once in Christ, God is our Father, Christ our Brother, for ever and ever.

Another freezing day I went a long round, praying some work might turn up. In a lonely farm I was told of a dying farmer at some distance, and the information that "he didn't see his danger, body or soul," led me to earnest prayer. The lanes were slippery and all ice-bound; but my sister had taught me the firm heel-stepping on glaciers, and I delighted in the keen air. Certainly my brisk powers of walking have been unusual; in Ireland I was called "the walking lady," as my father was called the "lithomest man in England." I found Thomas Jones far on in consumption, without a glimmer of light for the valley. He asked me to come again, and again the Holy Spirit, the Lord and giver of life, blessed the words of Jesus: "The entrance of Thy words giveth light;" "He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life" (John v. 24). O blessed grammar! O joy-giving present tenses! It is a marvellous, ever-perpetual "now!"

Thomas sent for me when dying, to thank me for bringing him to Christ, and died in sure hope.

Christmas Day, 1878.—My sister was very ill, and yet she arranged on a tray presents for all in

the house, and she sent Mary with warm cuffs and comforters to many cottages. It was the first Christmas without singing my dear father's carol, "How grand and how bright!"

Dear Frances and I had some time before returned the call of an aged and saintly pilgrim—a clergyman's daughter living in retirement. Her carpetless floor caught Frances' attention. She consulted with me how to send a warm carpet as a Christmas gift, and so we managed that it should surprise her. Very sweet was that brief intercourse, now resumed for ever.

Towards the end of January 1879, dear Frances went to London. I plaited some fine tulle ruchings, which suited her well, and how pleased she was, saying, "That will do if I go to the Duchess of —." I entreated her to get a sealskin jacket. "I never had one, Marie; I will think about it." Dear sister, instead of getting the needed sealskin, she bought two fur cloaks and made presents of them, and just got a plain cloth jacket for herself. All through life she ever gave to others rather than supply her own wants.

Dear Frances was absent three weeks in London. Many saw her, and it was the last time. She told me of her shaking hands with Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, as she so admired his hymns, and poem 'Yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' And fifty years

ago his honoured father and ours travelled together on Church missionary pioneering work.

One morning she went unwillingly to be photographed. She was cold and weary, and always regarded it "as resignation to torture." Messrs. Elliott & Fry were most painstaking, but no ray could transfer her radiant expression. Mr. Fry treasures the basket and crochet she held. The standing pose, with her large Bible, I think is the best.

Frances told me of a very pressing offer of marriage in that London visit, and how difficult it was to shake off the "pure and holy love laid at her feet."

In writing her Memoir I did not allude to several such proposals all through her life, or the one secret disappointment which gives a minor in some of her poems. But I may now say my sister bravely and unreservedly severed a correspondence and friendship which, though it scathed her heart, brought her into the fullest joy of being henceforth "only for Jesus." This bitter fruit yielded an afterwards of exceeding sweetness, and enabled her to counsel others who were tempted with the golden chain of matrimony under the delusion that they might win their beloved one to Christ. "Only in the Lord" was my sister's safe rule and practice.

During our evenings in the last spring, dear

F. told me many incidents I could not print in the Memoir, so I shall only record some as bearing on her life-story. At this time she was revising the proofs of *Life Mosaic*, and when the copies came down, with their Alpine illustrations and artistic borders, F. exclaimed, "Oh, I should so like to send one to the Princess Beatrice! You know, Marie, I so specially pray for her." Then F. told me of an incident that led to this loyal wish coming to pass.

During a previous 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 Royal Princess. And it 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 H.R.H. Princess Beatrice admired her poetry. In my sister's desk there still lies, where she placed it, the Royal portrait. Here again 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.

Another anecdote I must veil as to names and locality.

My sister was requested to call on some young ladies who had come for the season of hunting and balls. The call was followed by a walk, and then an invitation to luncheon. She went prayerfully, and it was well. There she found a clever, dashing

stranger, who launched a severely critical attack on religion in general, asking my sister her opinion of theatres and plays and operas, and then ridiculing her replies. The sneer was not even covert, and never had F. been so painfully and ungenerously quizzed. She quietly endured it; the host seemed perplexed. The mother was an invalid, and not present. The ordeal over, my sister was invited to visit the invalid mother, and there she found an eager listener as she told of the peace in Jesus, the utter rest for the world's weary ones.

Then the ladies proposed a walk, which F. would have declined, but the host said, "I shall have the pleasure of walking with Miss H.," so further attack was checkmated.

Frances had just returned from abroad, and had visited the fortifications at Belfort and other Franco-German places. She gave a lively description of these, and also showed her accurate knowledge of fortification, which extremely amazed and delighted the courteous general.

But the lady's attack left F. but one course; she wrote a polite note that she would not again call, and could only remain their silent and sincere friend.

Some months after, F. received a note of apology and distress for the pain given her.

Without giving details, I will say that my sister was blessed to all the family; and that general knelt with F., and gave his allegiance to her King, and the invalid's welcome to my sister's visits was a pleasant "afterwards."

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 strongly believed in the power of intercessory prayer, and gave me this glimpse. "Conversations are no use without prayer. There was Mrs. —, whom I specially wanted to attend our Young Women's Christian Association meeting. The night before, I prayed for her only, till very late, that the Lord would graciously reveal Himself to her, and that she might receive the full blessing. Next day I saw her come in. I was asked to take one of the prayers. I prayed, believing that there was one kneeling among us, waiting and desiring to receive the blessing. I pleaded that the Lord

would then give it her in all its fulness, that He had promised they who asked should receive, and I believed Him. When we rose from our knees, Mrs. — just turned towards me, and her face was simply transfigured. I saw the answer was given. We had no conversation till some days after; she then told me of the fulness of her joy and peace in Christ Jesus Himself.”

Doubtless many young ambassadors in Christ's Church are even now reaping the legacy of those mighty intercessions. And yet my sister could sympathize with those whose prayers seem unanswered; and after her death I found a book with many initials only, and this clue, “Unanswered petitions;” and a longer list of initials with “That these may be fully consecrated.” But every such burden was cast on her Lord. I copy one of our talks.

“Do you think, Marie, that this simile holds good: that when we *first* cast our burdens on the Lord, He cuts the strings that bind it on, then if we gave a leap it would all slide off; if we don't, it sticks, and on we go, toiling up hill,—I mean if we just thanked and praised at once, and believed the Lord took the burden, it really would be gone?”

Marie. “Were you thinking of the burden of sin?”

Frances. "Yes, or of any other trial, aggravations, —things one can't bear."

M. "If the Lord carries *us*, then He carries our burdens too."

F. "Ah, there our 'Little Pillow' for last night comes in. 'I will carry you,'—how safely, how tenderly a child is carried, it does not *see* the way!"

M. "Is not carrying His first and last act—the lost sheep carried on the shoulder—the departing spirit carried to His bosom; so He bringeth them to the haven."

F. "Yes, but perhaps the winds won't carry the vessel in just the tack one expects."

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 priceless 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. Dear Cecilia is the only one who remembers somewhat of its melody.



CHAPTER VI.

SUFFERING AND SUPPORT.

IN May 1884 circumstances led me to visit the Old Rectory, Cavendish, Suffolk. Dear Nurse Carveley invited me to be her guest for a few days. She had prepared for me such tasteful rooms, with photographs and hymns of my dear sister Frances everywhere. The Old Rectory is a charming boarding-home for ladies, Mrs. Green supplying most liberally every comfort. I remained here some weeks, much enjoying the quiet, and also the pleasant society of other ladies. It has a large garden, shady walks, and a delightful abundance of garden fruit, which we gathered at any time. Mr. Green conducted family prayers, and the order and punctuality suited me. It was a time of preparation for a sudden page in my life, which more than any other proved the faithfulness and loving-kindness of my Lord. It is to glorify Him that I testify how, in minutest need as well as greater, His strength was sufficient for the day. My health was variable, occasional sickness and weakness;

but still I could walk far, and was in good spirits and able to amuse the guests with accounts of my walks and talks in Ireland and Switzerland, and on Sundays giving simple Bible talks after hymn-singing and prayer.

It was Sunday night 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* preface to the second volume of F. R. H.'s Poetical Works, which she was arranging for me. Prefaces ought to be pith. 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. Snepp to let me stay at Perry Villa, so as not to go near my sister's. Perry Villa is full of holy remembrances. There my dear sister Frances was often the honoured guest, and her memory mingles with much labour unto the Lord, whether in classes, choir, or joint editing of *Songs of Grace and Glory* with good Mr. Snepp. "Many a hymn Miss Frances has written there," said the maid. "Ah, she was loved!"

It was soothing to me to wander in the lovely garden and the shady walk to church, and I could rejoice for them—the holy sleepers—now spirit-free and serving their Lord with songs of glory only.

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. I slept fairly well, and quite enjoyed my breakfast. 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 prepared and stamped a telegram for Winterdyne. 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 loving-kindness, 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, the inevitable suffocation feel was conquered, and then 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 all 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 believe 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. The secret fear and dread of death may be there, and false hopes of life may lead them to defer the momentous looking into their soul's safety till it is too late—too late for ever and ever.

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 then 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 the 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 it 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 little *homey* things I used to like there. So the Lord 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 slaughter-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."

September 1884.—Set out alone for West Malvern, disregarding entreaties to take an attendant. It has been one of my mercies not to be dependent on others, and solitude intensifies my enjoyment of hills and cloud-land. Telling the driver to take me to Mount Pleasant, I decided on the cheerful rooms. I could not use my right arm freely, and so the mistress unpacked a hamper and saw my name. She quietly said, "You have forgotten me, but I knew your face directly. Your father, Mr. Havergal, often called me to hold his hymn-book and tell him the words (after he lost his sight) in St. Nicholas Sunday school!" Of course, I remembered her name, and my frequent visits to her mother, and the musical talents of her brother. So again and again my father's dear name has been my herald from north to south.

Family prayers were reverently announced, and I joined them. An aged lady attracted me, and in a few days I was told Miss C. would like me to come in her cosy room. That opened the way to mutual and loving intercourse. Dear aged pilgrim! her tale of ninety years was the record of God's love; but the deepest humility tinged all her reflections, and the deepest adoration her anticipations of the coming glory. She said to me, "Every morning I look out early and see the trees shining in the early dawn, and I like to begin praising my Lord with the little birds. And I think it can't be long before He comes in His glory and in His wonderful, wonderful love; He won't forget me, the least and most unworthy of His people. And I can never thank Him enough for sending *you*—your voice is so distinct, I always hear you, and my deafness often shuts me out from friends' conversations. It is a long time since one of the Lord's servants was so permitted to comfort me. I had a very dear friend, a Polish count, who from persecution in his own land came to reside here. His Bible readings and teachings were such a help to me. We always went straight to the Bible, and then straight to the Lord, and that's the surest, quickest comfort." Once I took her some grapes and fruit, and it seemed she had been "so longing for a little dessert," but would

not expend on herself. She was greatly interested in my tales of East Africa, and my brave missionary Archie, and Amy's work there. Unasked she gave me half-a-crown to help build the new church at Rabai, whose stones Archie had quarried out under the burning sun. I believe *that* half-crown lies with our Queen's coins in the foundation-stone. And months after, when I wrote and told her of little Havergal Shaw, she sent another half-crown for his baby hand to give at the opening of his father's church. His photograph was sent her, and many a prayer ascended over it. Very strongly she hoped their little son would always be called Havergal, and live to be a missionary.

I really felt parting with my aged friend, and her words, "My heart has been sighing for you, my darling, and now it is farewell, but we shall surely meet in His kingdom." (I visited her again in 1885, and on June 11, 1886, she passed into the glory so long watched for.)



CHAPTER VII.

FROM SIDMOUTH TO WALES.

I LEFT Sidmouth June 1, 1886. The previous month was one of daily pressure—letters came, interviews were wanted, applications made for all kinds of information or charities. Of course, it is delightful to receive constant testimonies of my darling sister's work, and the blessing on every line she has written is so wonderful, but the labour of replying is very great. I had brought down to Sidmouth piles of my old diaries and MS. books, hoping to arrange them and to have dear sister Miriam's valuable oversight; but there they are untouched, and no one else can know their dates and plans.

Most pleasant were my closing calls on my kind friends at Sidmouth. And oh, what a comfort it was to have my Bible at hand, and thus read the Word, and then with prayer commend each to the Lord's safe keeping!

I cannot describe the comfort and privilege of attending the All-Saints' services. The orderly

conducting of the whole was so like my own dear father's cheery churchmanship, with nothing to irritate or distract the eye ; none of those excessive decorations that always seem to me desecrations of God's temple, bringing in Pagan offerings or Romish rites. Oh, the comfort of saying one's own Amen ! and with reverent and lowly voice asking for His mercy, instead of hurried intonings and irreverent scrambles. Then the Rev. R. B. M.'s thoughtful, logical, scriptural sermons, suggestive food that you *must* think about and be the better for. No Christless sermons, but truths radiating to Him the centre,—Christ first, Christ last, Christ all in all. And I freely say my Church privileges at All-Saints revived and cemented my love for the dear old Church of England, which did get shocks and shakes from her unfaithful pastors and un-Protestant innovations.

The evening communions there 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 ?

Farewell, All-Saints, both pastor and pastorene, with your faithful, loving labours ; may rich blessing descend on all, so that after many days fruit may abound to the praise and glory of God.

I left Sidmouth for temporary lodgings at Edgbaston—joined by dear cousin H. H.

June 2.—Dr. Malins called ; I had not seen him or any doctor since November, and wished to know candidly my present state and the possible duration of life. At the end of our interview he said gravely, but in his own kind way, “ The disease has not made the progress I expected. Your general health is improved, but notwithstanding all this, the goal is in view.” Yes, your goal is in view, and you are hastening to it now. Was it not like catching the sound of the Astley church bells, as so often I had done when nearing home !

Dr. Malins approved of my going to Mid Wales and try bracing air with my good cousin H. H. If ever travellers were told where to pitch their tent, we were. I did not know even the name of the place Nurse F. had passed through in 1883. I guessed at Lanwrtyd Wells just before starting, and could not even pronounce it right. The 'bus landed us in a field, and the stepping-stones over the stream to

Dolgoy were almost impassable (a stranger told us there were rooms). Cousin bravely jumped through the spray, and soon returned with Catherine the strong, who helped me over to quiet rustic lodgings. Oh such foldings of hills and mountain breezes, and here we tarried thankfully.

PARK VILLA, CASWELL ROAD, *July 9, 1886.*—The prayer of months is answered! In past days of weariness and sickness, it seemed an impossibility I could revisit our dear Welsh nest, and I had honestly given up all self-will about it, leaving the wish in His dear hand.

The driver of the waggonette was the first to welcome me at the station. "Why, P., I never put my name to the order!" "No, miss, but I knew your writing, and very glad to see you back among us." *There* was a trophy of God's grace and temperance! When I had an evangelist and a tent for three weeks on the Mumbles sands in 1882, P. was one I especially prayed for; and, thank God, in my sister's study he signed her temperance book, with three of his sons, and after I left every one of his family did so. And he has stood firm five years now, and at Swansea I had the pleasure of seeing him bring his wife up for the blue ribbon. He became valiant, and many a coachman has he won over; yes, and gentlemen too, who would tempt him with the old

“tip and treat,” have themselves paused at his stedfast “No, thanks, I have something better now.” During our drive he told me of his eldest son’s death in the Brazils, and so another of my sister’s band has, I trust, passed into rest.

It was a glorious evening, the lighthouse standing picturesquely in the blue sea, and every cliff and point bringing back memories of 1879.

And now I am writing in her room! it was a gracious message the Lord whispered to me as I first entered it, “*Thine* eyes shall see the King in His beauty.” I was on the very spot where her eyes first visibly met the King’s—where her joyous, loving welcome to Him was, “Oh—oh—He—He is come.” I can’t describe that faint, dying, thrilling tone of exquisite satisfaction; it returns to me with the smile and that wondrous musical “He”—and then her life ebbing away in melody and love. Yes, and she has beheld the land that is very far off or (margin) the land of “far distances,” so expressive of those wondrous spirit flights into distances of glory! But the message was, “*Thine* eyes”—*mine* too—all dim and veiled now—“shall see” the same King; and again as I knelt by her bed, the promise came to me too, “Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; behold, thy King cometh unto thee,”—not only going *to* Him, but He coming *to* and for His sin-forgiven one. So He comforted

me. I remembered once talking over this-verse with dear F., and she said, "Marie, that shall be a chapter in *My King*, and you have made a royal contribution to it. I ought to put 'M. V. G. H.' under it." (See chapter vi. p. 24, "Thy King cometh unto thee!")

It is pleasant to find good and abiding fruit of my sister's work here, though seven years have passed. I will just daily jot down exactly what is said about her.

Returning from our favourite walk, by the fields to the old chimneys, where the sea view is gained at once, and the nook in the cliff to the right, where we sat riveted with the MS. of Prout's *Never say Die*, I met the father of Fred P. Enquiring for him, the father said, "If your sister had lived, she would have brought a blessing to every one, she had such a way with her. Lads don't take to every one, but I do believe they would have given their life for her. In course she didn't go on with a thing for a few hours like, but she brought it to an end; the lads loved her so, and just saw into what she did; and Miss F. in course could make them do anything."

Calling on deaf Mrs. P., she kissed my hand. I showed her F.'s photograph, which she wanted to put in her bosom and keep. One visit before this, she saw the tears in my eyes, and

said, "Vexing, vexing for *her!* She's happy; she would not come back for a thousand worlds—*there's no moaning among her singing!* Pretty creature! I did like to see her shake her pretty curls. She come and come when my hip was broken, and brought me pudding and tea and gingerbread. Look! here's Miss Frances' own roll of texts; she put a nail and hung it up before me; and the last time she brought a posy of primroses—my dear Miss Frances! Here's the warm cuffs she made for Christmas; I keep them rolled up."

July 23, 1886.—The anniversary again of God's goodness and support in 1884. I was singularly happy that I was able this morning to minister to a sick woman operated on yesterday. So I knew how to refresh her; and she always says it was my going with a hot bottle and flannels that saved her life previously. Often had I prayed in my days of helplessness, that if raised up, it might be to minister to others; so the Welsh woman's thanks mingle with this sentence from dear Amy in Africa, "Dear Aunt Maria, our hearts are full of love for you; it always does us good even to think of and talk about you. If you are spared for nothing else, you certainly are to comfort and encourage your missionary Africans."

And on this anniversary evening I have reached

Llandilo! The elder class of lads in the Sunday school prayed nearly a year that I might come and teach them once more. It is truly in weakness and inability even to prepare a lesson, save what I did on the hillside days ago. So I trust the Lord will prepare me by this utter self-emptiness, and that I may just bring His message, not mine at all.

Tuesday, July 26.—It is all past now, my pleasant Llandilo visit.

After a restless night, to find I could not rise on Sunday morning threw me on the promise, "As thy days, thy strength shall be;" and I knew I should be better by two o'clock. Dry bread and gruel dinner! The boys' teacher had arranged I should meet the class in the open air, as I could not stand the hot schoolroom. It was not far to a quiet hill crowned with shady trees and dry grass in Dynevor Park. I was there first to select the most comfortable place, and welcome the dear lads as they came smiling up. We had a general talk first, even touching on politics, as their teacher told me they enquired what Miss H.'s views were on Gladstone and Disestablishment. As I had lived in Ireland, I gave them a few facts of what Popery is, and what it will do if ever in the ascendant. I knew Maynooth, and could speak of the unfairness of robbing the Irish Protestant Church to enrich

that. I could tell them of the loyal Bible lovers in Ulster who would be driven to desperation. I pictured our churches and cathedrals desecrated by secularists and infidels. No Church means no Queen, no God! no peace, no order. The example of our Lord in paying tribute to Cæsar rivets the question of obeying the powers that be. In Old Testament times certainly, Church and State were cemented by God.

Then we came to their own welfare, and my thanks for their many messages and letters, and their photographs. For these I had brought my own, and gave them round with some of dear F.'s books. It is always best to leave nothing secular till afterwards. We knelt in prayer that the power of God's Holy Spirit might descend on each of us. John xv. was our portion, dwelling on being in or out of Christ, being a dead or living branch, the possibility of being a dead branch in Christ's Church, and mistaking that for living union with Him. We may be ecclesiastical branches, baptized, confirmed, communicants, and yet never *in* Christ. The evidence of life being sap flowing, fruit bearing, so the living branch has the Spirit's life and the Spirit's fruits. (See Gal. v. 22.) What blessed safety and nearness when *in* Christ!

And I testified to what I had found Jesus Christ to be to me, and what I knew He was to some of

them, and how to each that loving voice now said (Rev. iii. 21), "If *any* man hear my voice, I will come in to him," etc. Then I asked them to sing a hymn in Welsh. After prayer, a silent waiting for God's Spirit, and it seemed an opportunity for renewed yielding of ourselves to the Loving One, who was so manifestly with us.

" In full and glad surrender,
We give ourselves to Thee.
O Son of God, who loved us,
We will be Thine alone ;
And all we have and all we are
Shall henceforth be Thine own."

As I was first on the woody height, it may be I shall be first at a better and holier trysting-place, and watch them safely crossing the river, and resting on His holy hill. Amen and Amen.

[*Note.*—See F. R. H.'s poem on the "Col de Balm."]

Not long after, I received from Edward H. Davies, one in the class, a large crayon likeness of myself, with indications of latent talent if not genius.

Monday morning, I was off by nine to visit Johnnie Howells. Kneeling down by his chair, I said, "Johnnie, who is it?" "It is my friend." Dear little cripple, it was worth a good deal to fetch that happy smile on your pale face. He was

eager to repeat all the texts and hymns remembered for two years. And we sang again, "Jesus loves me, this I know," to my father's tune. "Johnnie must come and dine with me if mother can manage it." He was a dear little guest, and over and over he said, "My dinner is beautiful." Before he went away we had a happy time; and I felt assured this was one of Christ's own lambs. "Tell me, Johnnie, would you like to get quite well and grow a tall man, or would you rather go to the Lord Jesus?" "I would rather go and see the Lord Jesus." "So would I, Johnnie, dear; and I think we are both going soon. It will be nice to see His face." When the mother came for him, she said he had one wish, he so wanted to have my likeness! "And if you please, miss, we have been saving money to have our Johnnie's likeness taken for you; but I am afraid it will cost four shillings." "Well, Mrs. Howells, suppose Johnnie and I are taken together! You take him now to the photographer; I am leaving in two hours." It was quite interesting to fix Johnnie and his crutch on an easy-chair, and to see his astonished looks at the surroundings. His dear little face came out beautifully, with the King's smile on it. The photographer was quite interested; and we sang his hymn again. Johnnie was carried down to his chair; and as I stooped to say good-bye, he said,

“May we meet in heaven.” Last Christmas I sent a warm scarlet jacket, an accordion, a scrap-book, and one shilling to Johnnie Howells, North Bank, Llandilo. I wonder who will do it next?

[*Note.*—John Howells died in the next month, August 1886.]

I returned to Lanwrtyd Wells. The surroundings of hills and mountains, lanes fringed with ferns, shady woods, where many of these pages have been written, quiet nooks where often I have found amid the sparkles of the morning dew and the early song of birds much sweet soul-rest, and enjoyed soul-outpourings with the Invisible.

The quiet and rest at Dolgoy improved my general health wonderfully. The weather was fine, and often I went out with my writing for some shady seat. How strange with all the life and energy I felt, with the ability to jump over stiles and climb high and higher, and yet to know by that hot inward monitor that my doctor's words must be true, and the goal was in view! Thoughts came as rapidly as the clouds, whose changeful beauty ever soothed me. How seldom you see even *one* in a crowd ever looking up! Clouds have been one of my mercies; their speechless lessons, reflecting light, painting earth's landscapes with

those veilings of blue or bright shiftings of light and shade. Clouds are the dust of His feet, as well as His chariot. And what marvellous words have come through cloud-veilings, whether on Sinai or in the mystic Shechinah! But none more marvellous than those when the Lord entered the clouds on Mount Olivet. Contrast that mount of victory with the mount of temptation,—Satan showing Him all the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, with the vauntful lie, “All these things will I give thee;” and so in the final moment of victory our Lord recalls that Tempter’s assault, and quenches it for ever with His Kingly assertion, “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.”

The mother of some of F.’s brightest “temperance officers” told me that “the last time that Miss Frances called on me, I was very low about my eldest son, who had just joined the volunteers, and I was afraid of the company it would get him into, and she told me to pray on and trust on that God would answer prayer, and she knelt with me by that sofa, miss—I can’t forget it—and her prayer is answered; my boy after that was different, and took no delight in bad company. Miss Frances had such a loving way, I always thank God I knew her.”

Mrs. W. told me that “once Miss Frances

stopped more than an hour over my Willie—she wanted to get him to Christ ; it cut my heart, and I never, never did hear it put so how the Lord suffered in His love. Miss F. seemed to see Him on the cross straight before her.” “ And has Willie kept on ? ” “ Yes, miss, I do believe it, and the first time he went in the vessel to France, the captain gave them all ‘ treat money ’ to go ashore. Willie would not touch a drop, and instead he bought mother a present, and if you please he brought a bottle of the best lavender scent. He said, ‘ I can’t give it Miss Frances, she’s gone, but I can give it her sister. ’ ” Certainly that scent is fragrant to me !

I called at L.’s, the last cottage my sister went to. The son William, for whom she stitched the paper bag for tracts to take to sea, had sunstroke, and the poor fellow is in the asylum. I was glad to hear that even in delirium he asked for his Bible and sang hymns. This affliction may be a safe road to the kingdom. His father spoke with tears of my sister. “ If ever there was an angel among us, it was Miss Frances ! I was bad out and out till she came ; and didn’t she shake hands so friendly—I never shed more tears than for her, and little Ben is as firm as a rock. A man held brandy and water to him and a knife, and said he would cut his throat if he didn’t drink it, but Ben kept his pledge.”

Even when my sister went by the tram her words flew home. A young artist sent her apple blossoms painted on china, as a remembrance of her bringing Christ to her on the tram-car.

Our old friends Mr. and Mrs. L. met me. "Never, never can I forget her beautiful spirit, and that gleam on her face—so sunny and yet always a distant look, as if she saw farther than we did."

One of Frances' constant attendants at her Bible reading described her standing and her face so earnest, "and no one ever did play music like Miss F.; she touched up the notes sharp, and brought such a sound out of them, and her voice—I hear it now—no, no one ever sang like Miss F.!"

July 16th.—It is pleasant that Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, and Davie and Johnnie, come up to prayers as in F.'s time. Mrs. T. said, "I often see Miss F. as she used to stand by her piano in the readings, and she spoke so earnest, every word seems printed, and she made it all so clear, and her hand waving up and then turning to the references, and she did like us all to have Bibles and follow her; she was a blessing in my house."

Hearing that Mrs. G., our postwoman, was very ill, I went down to the far end of Mumbles to see her. She was in bed with incessant cough, and so emaciated. I will just quote her words as I

gave her Frances' photograph to look at: "Yes, that's my dear, dear Miss Frances. Out of the hundreds of visitors I've taken letters to—no one like her—she was *my one!* I can see her now, with her beautiful hair so smooth, and once she said, 'You think I can do nothing but write! but you shall see me sew; look at this white body I have made.'

"She did work hard; twenty and six-and-twenty letters a day, and rolls besides; she worked hard, I know, but always that beautiful smile; and when I didn't bring so many letters, *you* would be so delighted and say, 'Now she will have a little holiday!'"

I asked, "Do you remember the last words Miss F. said to you?" "Yes, 'I am waiting by the gates to enter in!' I saw her four times in that illness, and she was always happy in her pain; and oh, how she wanted to go to Jesus. She said, 'He won't deceive me this time.' And now I am going too. I am a very great sinner, but Jesus died for me. I do, *do* trust Him, and He has sent His beautiful smile to me; don't I look happy? I am so contented; and are you happy, dear Miss Havergal? Yes, you are not altered a bit, Jesus is with you, and we shall not meet again here—but there." I asked her what I should ask the Lord to do for her. "Oh, to wash me and keep me in the precious

blood. Stand one minute, I want to see your face ; yes, it's happy, happy ! and we shall meet very soon." So, with the "Gloria" and "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us to God by His blood," I knelt and commended her to the God of all grace.

She then touchingly reminded me of my dear brother Frank, and all he did that week in June 1879. "I can't forget meeting your brother on the road ; he wanted the plate for that dear coffin. It was registered, and he said, 'There, you shall be the first to see it !' So he opened the Baroness's parcel—hadn't she painted the roses and forget-me-nots beautiful, and how quickly ; then there were some of Miss F.'s last words, 'There hath not failed one word of all His good promise.'"

I told her this plate was photographed and printed in the book *The Last Week* ; so I sent it down to her the next day. I could not but recall how strongly F. felt for all "Postal Burdens," and the employment of so many on Sunday. I am so grieved that some of my sister's temperance lads, now fine young men, are getting robbed of their Sundays. Some leave their homes here at 4.30 P.M. to catch the train to Swansea for office work, and then off with the mail train to Gloucester—sorting letters and delivering bags all Sunday evening, while we are enjoying holy worship.

Then leaving Gloucester at 2 A.M. and on till 7. Very well these summer nights, but, oh, what in the freezing winds! Staunch soldiers not to get alcohol then! O nieces and nephews of F. R. H.; you at least will not receive or send letters on Sunday! thus robbing thousands of their God-given rest. It is true the trains go, but my letters going in them make me a partaker of the national sin. Never shall I forget a dying postman say, "Government has paid me for my time, but who will pay me for my soul!"

I do rejoice that one dear nephew followed his grandfather's example and worked nobly against the tide, till he won hundreds of signatures, and so secured the postmen Sunday rest.

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 Son of Righteousness's appearance to the rising saints, instantaneously producing His glorious likeness.

Both my dear father and sister did *not* hold the popular *pre*-millennial views, and the more I read the more clearly does Scripture seem to point to one final coming again of Christ in glory at the day of judgment. Christ's promise is, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." All admit this is an invisible present presence, and, taking the words as they stand, point to that same presence *to the end* of all things. The *pre*-millennial view also does away with the glorious outpouring of the Spirit, and the restoring of the Jews, and their being the great converters of the heathen world. It seems all a golden chain to me, a spiritual millennium, a time of special manifestations of Christ. But, oh dear, how can this curseful earth be fit for His blessed feet till the consumings "of the elements," and after the final judgment! *Then* comes *down* the New Jerusalem to the *new* world out of the ashes of the old; then the saints are caught up to be for ever with the Lord; then no confusing of Gog and Magog wars,—all is over with the *one* final advent of Christ—never to return. And the *pre*-millennialists so wrongly put away the thought of death. "Oh no, *I* shall not die, my Lord will come." And I know where some most eminent saints have had a cloudy death-bed from indulging in this false hope, and their doctor says, "*You are* dying!" and so the fallacious hope of rising in the

clouds is a mistake, and for the moment it shakes their faith. Only a moment, for Jesus as surely comes to the bedside as in the air. To me it is all one—"to die is gain," to pass through the valley is as momentary and as gloriously light as if through the air.

" But this I do find—we two are so joined,
He'll *not* be in glory, and leave me behind ! "

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.”

And I do think these dear students of prophecy map out their own views and hopes, and twist Scripture to support it. Also, they teach so much of a *coming* Saviour, that they overlook the joyful reality of His presence *now*. I so look forward to my body's quiet rest in the grave, and the spirit's entrance into bliss, unfettered with return to earth.

But it is time for prayers, and Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, and Davie and Johnnie, and some dear little lodgers and maids, are in F.'s study. We read the last chapter in the Revelation, with that lift into the world above, and the throne and the Lamb. Always the *Lamb*—in that world of glory every ray, every song, every smile, must all radiate back to Calvary's cross, where the Lamb slain procured the joys unspeakable and eternal. And then I bid them mark, in verse 17, the threefold call,—the "Come" to whosoever will.

Some stay to sing at Frances' harp-piano her words and music, "I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus." Breakfast over, a group of dear children are announced, and books I had given are brought for inscriptions; and again I give them words from the Word of Life, and we all kneel and in that consecrated place tell Jesus we do all wish to be washed whiter than snow, and we will say, "Jesus, I *do* trust Thee, trust without a doubt." And we sing dear Frances' melody to those words on the same harp-piano her hands used to touch.

It is not time for service yet. There are those peaches; how they would refresh the dying post-woman! So I pack them in a basket with flowers, and a copy of *The Last Week*, that has the floral inscription Mrs. G. wished to see. Little George can take the wee basket without hindering his

being in time for church. This gives me opportunity for a talk with his worthy mother, and she pours out that secret heart-consuming grief—the trial of suspense—when month after month brings no letter from her husband in the far-off land. “You will pray for him, dear Miss Havergal? I have so longed to tell you! I can bear it better now, and I shall feel you are praying with me.” We take the burden to the Lord. And it seems laid upon me to find some gold that will enable her to provide some little furnishings, so that she can let a room. To miss the father’s monthly supply is a trial. Ah, dear! the sorest hearts rarely complain.

Ten minutes to spare! so away to dear deaf P.’s cottage. How Spirit-taught she is! His voice reaching the life-long silences, and she smiles and points to her dear Miss Frances’ text-roll. “She put it on the nail there, just where I could see it; she never forgot me.” But I make signs that I am going to chapel. She answers, “Miss F. always went to church.” So do I when Jesus Christ is preached, and now failing strength will not allow of the long steep walk.

Dear P. sits by me in the little chapel, and I turn up all the sermon references for her, and I should like to hear the commentary that lights them to her mind.

I walk home with cousin and the kindest of ladies, whose gentle presence is ever a charm to me. Just when tired and reaching Park Villa, there is a row of maidens, smiling and curtsying. Can they know *me*? Yes; it is my dear old Bishops-town class, come by mistake for three o'clock! Such a walk, and two hours' wait! I had provided plenty of buns, and a meat-pie; raspberry jam was quickly sent by kind Mrs. Holme, so a repast was spread. And then Captain H. brought a large basket of gooseberries. "See, girls, how God cares for you in all this, from strangers." Yes, truly, "Love is of God," whence all goodness flows.

Making enquiries for absentees, I find two of my class are sleeping. Ah, teacher! no voice reaches the coffin. Now, now, now! is the lesson for me. Thankfully do I hear that both Ellen and Ann spoke of trust in Jesus, and going without fear to the better land.

Our quiet room seemed favourable for close questioning. I should never, never teach them again, and that each might really be "in Christ" was my heart's longing. The quiet, stedfast confession of faith and trust came from each. We read John xvii., that prayer of holy keeping,—the prayer that still goes on within the veil, the prayer that must prevail. Verse 24, that grand "*Father, I will.*" All through Christ's earthly ministry, the

Father's will, the Father's work, seems first ; but now Christ claims His divine sovereignty, and in sight of His completed atonement and ransom price, gives promise of His glory. Lord Jesus, Thou hast kept nothing for Thyself! Thy love shares all. What earthly monarch likes his throne to be halved? Thou givest Thyself, Thy life, death, kingdom, throne, and glory! The listening disciples had seen Thy weariness, Thy marred face, and soon in the garden's shade would see the sweat, like great drops of blood ; they would see their Master's face with no beauty, and the bruising of the serpent's heel in the death pallor ; they would bind it in the death-clothes. But can, oh ! can they forget this triumphant "I will" ?—"that they also whom Thou hast given me may behold my glory." And for me remains this glorious "behold." When the shadows are past, I shall, I must, behold Thee in Thy glory. Amen.

With farewell love my dear class left me, and I felt each was in the Lord's safe keeping.

I had been on the stretch for seven hours, so I did not go to evening service. It was getting late, when two strangers were shown in dear F.'s study, apologizing for intrusion. The youngest said just this : "I had such a longing to see you once more, Miss H. I must thank you for what you said to me two years ago. It was your last

Sunday at Bishopstown School, and you spoke to me in the churchyard, entreating me to take up the work you were leaving. I cannot tell you the blessing that school has been to me. It was the beginning of my own learning of Jesus and finding in Him all grace, and then wisdom to teach. You will never know the blessing you were to all Bishopstown, nor how that school has prospered from your labours there. You began it all, and if you knew how the children love you, and love to talk of you! Now Mr. T. superintends, and lately I was struck to see the attention of his first class—young men of 24 to 25, eagerly drinking in the words spoken; and the dear girls in your class who died were safe in Jesus.” I could but say, “Lord Jesus, I thank Thee!” And in the twilight followed touching disclosures of the briars, difficulty, and temptation in the young disciple’s path, and my heart’s sympathy flowed out as I counselled her to give up all for Jesus,—that “only in the Lord” was imperative, but would bring the King’s compensating “I also for thee.” Prayer again, just where my sister so often found the King’s ear. “Farewell!” with a golden after-light on Caswell Bay. “So shall thine afterward be, O Lord!”

Supper, and exhausted. Cousin saying, “You shall see no one else.” How restorative hot bread

and milk!—unfailing to me these eighteen years of teetotalism.

But a knock, and Loney: "If you please, could you come in the kitchen?" I did not feel tired now! and what a dozen or more of smiling, loving faces are come to say good-bye! The Lord gave me words. Had I not in many a sick hour asked Him to let me testify once more of what Jesus was to me?—of His strong arm, strong love, and how the precious blood was a peace-bringing passport, when the golden gate seemed near? As I cannot remember *exactly*, I will write nothing of my farewell. But again all sang her Caswell song of trust and triumph in death.

Very gracious was the sleep sent; once on my pillow, my strength was gone. Never mind! such a happy, happy Sunday!

Such a good night and waking promises for grace and strength sufficient for the day, which I felt would be a keen severance from all the surroundings of my beloved sister's last days on earth.

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 "Herma's." 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.

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! And your kitties are the *fac-similes* of those that loving hands here caressed and petted.

I *must* record another strange cat-ministry. It was at Winterdyne in 1879–80. I was in the quiet, far-up north room, where I had written nearly all the Memoir of F. R. H., with hundreds of letters to read and choose from. I was writing the last pages, and scalding tears came uncontrollably as I endeavoured to picture that holy death scene, that sweet song, that radiant look, that tender, tender entreaty, "O don't disappoint me, any of you!"—as if her glory would be marred if one were absent.

No wonder the tears blinded me, when through the door ajar stole in the fine cat Ginger. It jumped on my shoulders and literally, gently and purringly, licked the falling tears away. That soft loving purring was a ministry; and had not my own dear father, as well as Frances, loved Ginger too? And so I laid my pen down and let Ginger purr and soothe me.

But I must keep to this Monday, July 26, 1886—probably my last day in Caswell Bay. From the study windows the bays were blue under the clear sky, and Ceyfan Bryn looked tempting to ascend.

Within the surroundings are changed. F.'s study table, with drawers intact, her neat desk, her book-stand just as she left it, the arm-chair she wrote in,—these are all now transferred to Winterdyne. Only her harp-piano and my father's music-stool, and a little chair and table remain. And all her pictures are safely cared for. But it has been my pleasure to leave speaking mottoes on the walls. An enlarged photograph, which gives her "massive forehead" and holy smile, seemed to be so lonely. The thought flashed, "Why not let all Frances' dear ones surround her?" So I put a bracket for flowers beneath the large portrait. To the left, a chromo of our lovely mother with her child's verses, "My mother's last request." Then dear father and sister Miriam, brothers Henry and Frank. By

gentle sister Ellen I placed her good husband, and last myself.

On the other side of dear Frances I placed the group of dear brother Henry's widow and their seven children; Amy with her African boys' class, and Archie with his converts; also the photographs from his "Leopard" story, with little Havergal sitting on its skin. On another wall were arranged Astley Churchyard and the quiet tomb; the Consecration Hymn, "A Worker's Prayer," "Do what Thou wilt," etc. etc.

Again the rising sadness of the last look around was dispelled by the ministry of flowers and fruit brought by kind Captain H. How kindness does help one!

August 22, 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 to end 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 flame kindle upon thee." The executioner's dagger swiftly releasing 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!

The talks in eternity will be all of His goodness and faithfulness, and it will be delicious to hear His praises, with no mingling of sighs.

After thinking of this I slept, and seemed to hear Fanny singing her hymn—

" Is it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so weak and sinful,
O shall I thus be blest?"

And then I dreamt of her deep humility and abhorrence of any self-perfection, and I awoke up

on God's own Sabbath, strengthened and assured that for all the future I need fear no evil, for "Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

" Upon Thy Word I rest,
 Each pilgrim day,
 This golden staff is best,
 For all the way.
 What Jeſus Christ hath spoken,
 Cannot be broken."—F. R. H.

August 24.—Some of my thoughts and prayers last night exactly correspond with those of my dear niece, A. E. S., expressed in her note received to-day ; so I copy them. " It does seem so strange why God should send *you* all this dreadful pain ; truly His ways are not our ways, and I can trust Him only to do what is best for you, though I cannot see the wherefore, and I do ask Him constantly to spare you as much pain as is possible, and to strengthen and uphold you with His right hand ('and so face to face') through it all ; that His sweet presence may so engross you that the pain may be forgotten, and that you may lose yourself in the ocean of His love." The last words I read in Frances' room were hers,—

" ' Jesus only ! ' In the glory,
 When the shadows all are flown,
 Seeing Him in all His beauty,
 Satisfied with Him alone ;
 May we join the ransomed throng,
 ' Jesus only '—all our song !"

Farewell to kind motherly Mrs. Tucker and worthy husband. One tap on my father's barometer and away:

Something impelled me to go into a cottage near, where Myles was converted by *Never say Die*, and long after went safe home, saying, "What steps up to the gate." I was startled to find little Ethel apparently dying—only time to kneel at Jesus' feet for her, and point to His cleansing blood.

In Newton school just rapid words of His love, and a prayer and promise left, to speak, maybe, in years to come, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." "I will uphold thee with the *right* hand of my righteousness" (Isa. xli. 10). "I the Lord thy God will hold thy *right* hand," ver. 13. How splendid F. R. H.'s inference—"therefore face to face!"

But for these dear trots, simple words of the safe holding of His hand—the dear red hand that was wounded with the nails before it could wipe out every sin of those it holds, or as my little rhyme runs:—

" O how good is Jesus!
May He hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To the better land."

I asked dear worthy Mrs. M. to let them sing the other sweet words, and so I slipped away.

As I passed by the school boundary wall, I remembered how Frances arranged all the school there to sing for Sankey, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and then how she jumped in their carriage, and at the bottom of the hill answered Sankey's "We shall meet again," by waving her hand skyward and saying, "If not here, in the bright city there!"

The door of L.'s cottage was open; there sat brave Ben, who valiantly keeps his pledge. The mother told me that poor William was no better, but that he read his Bible and a book I had sent him. So that was the last cottage call. The waggonette 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.



CHAPTER VIII.

VARIOUS INSTANCES OF GOD'S IMPULSES IN MY LIFE.

GOD'S impulses may generally be distinguished from our own, and prompt obedience is safest. If Philip had not "*run*," he would have missed the eunuch! During my work in Bewdley, I tried *not* to get up early on Sunday mornings. There was the steep walk to Wyre Hill, to open school at 9.30 A.M. Often standing the whole time, and if teaching the gallery of little ones, needing much liveliness and action. Dear little dots, I did love teaching them, and, whenever possible, took them outside the school. Then there was the walk to Ribbesford Church, over so many stiles, that singing of hymns was a great help to order. Sitting with the school at church, and then the avenue walk home; dinner, and up again to open P.M. school, play and lead singing, give closing address, and *vivâ voce* examination of boys and girls. I found it answer to keep one class behind in rotation for a short, loving, personal talk about "Jesus only," and

thereby getting to know more of the dear children. And when fatal fever broke out, some of them when dying repeated texts and hymns, and spoke of Jesus and His love. At one time I also took the harmonium at the evening church service, then a visit or two in the almshouses, *my* land of Beulah; so no wonder I did not try to get up early! But Whitsunday morning I awoke soon after 4 A.M. with the unusual impulse to go at once to P. B., an elder scholar, seriously ill. I rose and stole noiselessly downstairs, and through the quiet streets. P.'s house door was open, and her mother came down, telling me that ever since two o'clock her child had begged I might be sent for. The shadow of death had fallen, and distressing was her cry, "O teacher, am I safe? Oh, if I am lost after all." No church, no sacramental grace sets safe stepping-stones for the soul's last footing. Christ only, His promise only, can guide through the cold waters. Softly repeating the comfortable words of our Saviour Christ and, slowly too, giving time for the soul to grasp them, then silent prayer, then the familiar hymn,—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest,'"—

and comfort came. I had brought a fan and *eau-de-Cologne*, and after using them she seemed easy and refreshed. And now the shadows were

passing, the Shepherd was come, and she heard and knew His voice. Just as the clock struck seven, leaning on my arm was exchanged for Jesus' strong arm, swiftly receiving her unto Himself,—

“ Do you ask me for pleasure,
Come, lean on my breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You shall joyfully cry,
‘ If this be called dying,
’Tis pleasant to die ! ’ ”

—M'CHEYNE.

When at West Malvern, I was purchasing some niceties to send a great sufferer, and telling Mrs. L. about her, she said, “ I have a lodger recovering from cancer, and I have been praying so that God would send some one to comfort her.” It is pleasant to be a personal Amen! This led to many visits to Mrs. H. My heart ached for her; she was incessantly in pain, and could hardly walk. I persuaded her to diminish and gradually give up all stimulants and opiates, and she did so, thereby improving in general health. And I believe *this* had come between her soul and Christ, for she was walking in darkness and despondency. Every day I spent a little time with her, sending the nurse to my breezy haunts meanwhile. God's Word

became the light to her path, and it was beautiful to watch the entrance of the Sun of Righteousness, when the dark shutters of unbelief were unbarred. Still I was not quite happy about her, recovery was hopeless, and it became a weight of responsibility to be her only visitor. Just then a dear Rev. nephew came for two nights only. I told him the case, and with her consent he called. I left them and walked up and down the road in the twilight, praying that God's Holy Spirit would bless his message.

Yes, that *was* the meeting moment of her soul with Christ, the transfer of her sins to the Substitute, and as A. said, she then consciously grasped the promises that led her into the joy of peace and pardon.

To comfort and encourage her was delightful work, and joyfully she confessed, "Jesus is my precious Saviour." She died the following spring in much suffering, but in much joy.

Sometimes the work was not pleasant. One Saturday evening after ten o'clock, I was led to visit a dying man, with some nourishment for the night. Turning up a sad street of public-houses, I was just in time to rescue one of my Sunday scholars (twelve years old); her drunken mother was literally beating her head against a wall. "My poor child, why is this?" "Mother is beating me because I

won't go in with her to drink." This explained the sad, weary look I often noticed on Sundays. I took her to sleep at her grandmother's; that led me to pass the door of a fine young husband in my night class. There he stood, breaking every dish, and all the pretty crockery lay in bits on the floor. The wife, with baby's forehead bleeding from its drunken father's blow, stood crying in the street. I saw her safely to her mother's, who herself knew what it was to take refuge in a pig-sty. No wonder I am a strong teetotaller, and nothing is so convincing as to be able to say, "See, I have tried it myself, and even when ordered brandy medically, I have just turned it out and taken hot water and ginger."

Another strange impulse was the almost positive conviction that seemed given me of people living in hidden sin. Once I was riding a pony in unfrequented lanes, and took a narrow turning which led me to two cottages. Women and children were in both. Fastening the pony to the gate, I knocked at the first door, and was civilly asked to sit down while getting some tracts out of my bag. Then, asking God's guidance, I opened my Testament at John iv. When I read the verse, "He whom thou now hast is not thy husband," I looked at the woman and exclaimed, "You must forgive me if I am wrong; I am a perfect stranger; I never heard of you or these cottages, but I think you are not

married, and just living here to hide your sin. You cannot hide it from God, and He has sent me to tell you so. Let me be your friend, won't you?" The woman started, covered her face, saying, "You are right." I do not remember more sufficiently to write it down, but paid many more visits.

Once I had taken lodgings in a secluded farmhouse in Devon, with such a nice mother and daughters, and the cleanest of rooms. Going down to breakfast the first morning, the large sash window was closed. As I put my hand to unbolt the upper part, it suddenly fell, dragging my thumb and fingers between the sashes. The pain was intense; I am not given to fainting or fear, but was glad to lie down. I stopped the bleeding, but saw my right thumb was twisted wrong. Wet bandages, lying still, and not writing of the mishap, followed. Three or four days after, I heard of a dying girl, and went to visit her; she was all right—trusting, and not trying. Just then a doctor called, who from Christian sympathy occasionally came a very long drive to see her. I asked would he look at my thumb; he commended my treatment and paste-board splints. Offering him a book and leaflets, he looked at the name. "Oh, I have had the great pleasure of meeting this lady. Do you know F. R. H.?" That was pleasant in this outside place, and this

was in 1874, before many of her books were published.

Patience and splints were my holiday lesson—still I could walk, and visited every cottage. Once I went miles through lanes and moorland with no vestige of houses, till I saw a white cottage, and smoke out of the chimney, which brought a vision of tea-kettle and tea-pot. It was comfortably furnished, many books and little elegancies not often found in cottages. I produced my groceries—I generally carried some—and was welcomed to the tea-pot. Only general conversation passed. The woman told me of her son in the Midland Counties, whom I had seen.

We are told that the disciples returned and told Jesus all things that befell them. That has often encouraged me to tell my Master of walks and talks, and so some new guidance has followed. Thus, whenever I thought of that pretty lone cottage, an uncomfortable suspicion arose. I tried to stifle it as very uncharitable, but that revealing verse at Samaria's well would speak, and impelled me to take the long walk again. I remember praying that if the Lord had really any message for me to deliver, the woman might be at home. Yes, the door was open; she looked constrained and surprised to see me again. At once I told her frankly, but kindly, how unaccountably I was im-

pressed with the fear that sin had come between her and God, for she had spoken of early faith and love. I told her how painful it was to me thus to intrude on a stranger, but I knew how tenderly the Good Shepherd followed the sheep if wandering in the mire of forbidden sin. I then knelt down and asked God, for Christ's sake, to show us both any hidden sin against His pure and holy law. Tears were in my eyes as I spoke to the still silent woman; then she unburdened the sad story, which I cannot write. Once again I called, and the man being at home, God gave me courage openly to remonstrate and show it was possible to repent and retrieve this sad life.

Going to another part of Devon, I took lodgings on very high ground. Resting half-way up the hill, a young carpenter was passing by, to whom I spoke. No mistake about his colours. He told me an instance of presence of mind as the result of looking up. He was fast asleep one midnight, but his mother, a godly woman, had sat up reading her Bible, but on carrying the paraffin lamp into her bedroom she upset it, and was enveloped in flames; her cries aroused the husband, who seemed powerless; the son awoke with the cry of fire; he looked to his Lord, and going to his mother's room saw the wave of fire just reaching the bed-clothes. He threw the blankets over his mother and extinguished

her flames, and quick as thought threw all his Sunday clothes on and stamped the fire out; and though only in his night attire and flames all around him, he was mercifully preserved. All night he applied oil, and soothed the poor mother, who was frightfully burnt. She was removed to the hospital, and the son asked me to visit her. And the little ministry to her led to my making friends with the nurse, whose cheery countenance was most attractive. She came from Mildmay, that great pulse of love to God and man. Nurse told me of the sad loss of her purse on the journey, containing not only money, but a valuable locket and keepsakes. Another day she told me somewhat of her early history and living in Hereford; so I asked, "Did you happen to know the Rev. F. T. Havergal?" Oh yes, he was the kindest and best of friends to me, temporally and spiritually. It was pleasant to hear of my dear brother so very far away, and how generously he had helped her. So this encouraged me to show her my thumb, and she improved my bandages. After three or four opinions, I finally went up to Hutton, the bone-setter in London, and he instantly discovered the wrist was out of joint, and as instantly twisted my thumb into place. Poor thumb! it had hard lessons once and again. An aged man with a sore leg and no one to dress it regularly, seemed a little bit of work. For a

month I went daily, and then got my own thumb poisoned. Real pain and sleepless nights followed, but they were times of refreshing too, and I had a most vivid sense of leaning where St. John did.

Once again, years after my thumb was out of joint, when little able to bear it, a dying woman had sent for me, and as the carriage was going into K. first, I went for the drive and shopping. Just as the carriage door was shutting, my thumb got in for a squeeze, and I saw and felt it was out of place again. Still I told the coachman to set me down at poor Mrs. S.'s, and as heavy snow came on I bade him take the horses home. I went upstairs, the woman opened her eyes, saying, "Miss Havergal, you have deceived me, it's too late now, I am a lost soul, the flames have been round me already." She closed her eyes, and I knelt down, overcome with her words and my own pain. Silently I pleaded for the poor creature, and tried to recall what I could have said to deceive her. An hour passed, when she roused, and with fearful earnestness said, "You told me of Jesus, but you did not tell me of my sins and this hell that is begun; don't I see the pit; don't I see the devil? Too late, too late; I am lost, lost." "Lost!" O Saviour, Thy foreseeing love provided for this cry from a soul hovering over the blackness of darkness.

No time for talk or reasoning now, only God's

living word could reach that sinking soul: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." This I repeated slowly, again and again, with that other life line, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The woman looked at me more calmly, and I said, "Mrs. S., let us come straight to the Lord Jesus." She repeated a simple prayer after me, and was again unconscious. Two hours had passed, the snow was deepening; I had two miles to walk, with my thumb in pain. But I went round to my walking nurse and arranged for her to go and stay the night with the poor creature, knowing she would point to the one Saviour. The poor woman lived a week; I was only able to go once more. That death-bed taught me that sin was sin—hell was hell. The woman was not in my district, but I had accidentally met her, and had spoken of Christ, not of sin and its wages.

"And He must needs go through Samaria" may also be the clue to some of His servants' journeyings. The Good Shepherd's eye still searches in the wilderness for the lost and straying, and so He impels the errand feet to take this or that turning. When visiting my dear sister Ellen in Ireland, my walking power was often graciously used. There were many lovely carriage drives, which served as pioneer observation of lonely cabins, to be visited

on foot. I cannot tell of much result, but know that God's word and message reached many. When welcomed, I gladly returned again and again. One widow told me, years after my first call, that her husband took all the portions and little books given him to the workhouse, and hid them in his razor bag, reading them when possible. Another aged woman, whom I found in great horror of going to purgatory, saying, "Och, and I must be burning for ever; shure a lone widdy has no one to pay masses to relase me." If ever our Queen's reprieve brought joy in a condemned cell, far more did the grand reprieve and free pardon through the blood of Christ unlock the binding chain of Rome and set her soul free.

Sometimes they seemed afraid to ask me into their cabins, but would follow me a little way, and then, sitting down amid the purple heather, listen to the story of love. I wonder now at those long rambles, when rejoicing in the flush of health; truly did I say, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet." Resting and singing awhile, with hat thrown off, on a moor-side, a girl crept cautiously to the other side of the hedge, watching my movements, so I hailed her. "Shure an' I thought it was an angel!" She sat down and we had a long talk, for by listening first one wins confidence, and without arguing they soon disclose their belief and trust in the

Virgin, clinging to her mediation with the Son, praying to her, adoring her equally with God. I know this is smoothed over in England, but I could give hundreds of conversations, proving the absolute trust for salvation in the Virgin Mary: *e.g.*, "Well, I'll trust to the blessed Virgin to the last minute, and I'll die in her blessed arms; she's got the power in heaven and earth. There, my lady, look at this blessed picture—there's the real ladder to glory—isn't the mother of God helping them safe up, and them on Christ's ladder a tumblin' into hell?"

Of course the priests heard of these rambles, not that they ever visited the poor, unless sent for the last viaticum. Nor could I ever find the same friendly and fatherly visits which our working clergy delight in.

A woman, suffering with cancer thankfully received my visits. While reading a chapter, another woman rushed in, "O acushla, run, run, Father W.'s coming down the lane, and I am never the one to see me darlint lady under his anger—run, run!" I told her I was not going to run, and should like to speak to Father W.

Enter Father W. with courtéous bow.

"Miss Havergal, I presume." I bowed assent.

Father W. "Allow me to enquire why you are visiting one of my flock?"

“Certainly, her husband works for my brother-in-law, and she has thanked me for my visits.”

Father W. “Your intentions may be more than mere charity ; you cannot possibly know the doctrines of our holy and true Catholic Church without instruction. Willingly will I give you such instructions at my own house (seeing my wonder), or I can meet you at your sister’s.”

“Thanks, I have the Douay Bible, Missal, and Catechisms, and I have read more than you imagine.”

Father W. “Then why do you go about teaching doctrines contrary to the Catholic Church?”

Handing him my open Testament, “God’s word is what I read, God’s word my rule of faith and doctrine, and holy Scriptures are able to make wise unto salvation.” Then looking at his pale, worn countenance, “O Father W., you go to the dying, and instead of pointing to Jesus only, bidding them ‘behold the Lamb of God,’ instead of teaching them, ‘Neither is there salvation in any other,’ instead of teaching the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ, you distract the dying gaze to Virgin, Saints, and Sacraments,—there it is in this Missal.” And I spoke tenderly too of the preciousness of Christ for him and for me.

He listened and paused, and then finding I declined all interviews, he rose and poured out the

most cutting, satirical, withering condemnation of my Church and my profession, adding that henceforth my footsteps would be closely watched, and that my visits would be prohibited next Sunday.

I listened in silence, rose and bowed, simply saying, "May God bless you, Father W.," and left.

I never mentioned this interview lest my friends should check me, or be uncomfortable at my long walks. Certainly I got a pelting of stones once or twice, and when I saw the priest's horse in the distance I have taken another lane, but I never found any other hindrance, and many portions of God's pure word were safely given.

Some five Irish miles away, beneath a railway-arched crossing, there were three dwellings. I should never have discovered them, but met an aged woman in a field; she looked so very sad, and just a few kind words seemed pleasant to her. She asked me to come and rest—just two stools in the barest of cabins. And the withered hand seemed groping in the dark towards the living Hand coming down to hers. Poor old granny; the dear red Hand to wipe out the sin that burdened was just what she wanted. Surely it was the impulse of God's love that led me to that corner. Again I went; the neighbours next door rejecting my visits, and a growling dog was rather unpleasant. Thankfully she listened

and learnt off a verse each time. Another day came a strong now or never impulse. I was not well, not equal to the long walk, and there was to be an infant school treat that day. Fortunately I heard the carriage was going near the bridge; it was an effort to bid the coachman set me down, but now or never was irresistible. Never did I regret it; that was my last visit and my last walk in Ireland! Cheering was her evident grasping of the Hand, from which none can ever pluck away—God's word was the power unto salvation, and in that safe keeping I expect to meet her in the kingdom. And my dear Master took care of me, for, most unexpectedly, a friend's carriage passed on returning, and took me up. The next morning I was very ill, and never saw my cabin friends again. When able, I was carried down to the carriage for drives, and lying there bade silent farewell to my former haunts, and then returned to England, never to revisit Ireland.

Workhouses are a special opportunity of ministry, and even a casual visit, when waiting for trains, has been God's impulse to carry His message of love.

In 1870, when visiting my birthplace, Coaley, I found some of my father's old parishioners were in the Dursley Union. How their faces lighted up at the mention of his name,—the young curate they loved so well. As I was leaving the men's ward,

an aged man with earnestness said, " May I ask *you* one question ? "

" Quite fair, Richard, for I have asked many. "

" Is Jesus Christ precious to *your* soul ? "

Wise and searching question ! how it thrilled to one's deeper self. Often have I passed my lesson on, and so old Richard's question reached many an ear in railway or drawing-room or cottage.

Passing into the women's ward for a general address, I was interested in R., a cripple girl, and left her the *Dayspring* Magazine and other books. Three years after, she wrote, having found my address in one of them, so I continued to post her the Magazines. Three years, and she wrote again, from a workhouse in Derbyshire. She had been visiting a sister, who one day turned her out in the street, literally stript and starving, because she had reproved her for drunkenness and worse sin. Kind neighbours took her in, but could only pass her on to the workhouse. She had one longing wish, which was, " Oh that I could get back to Dursley, and see father again ; but the guardians won't pay my fare. " I wrote comfortingly, and told her to pray about it, and meanwhile be industrious.

Health took me to Buxton, and looking in *Bradshaw* for my return journey, I found I could wait three hours in —, and visit R.'s workhouse. The master and mistress spoke well of her, so she

was sent for. As she told me of her longing to see her father, and how she prayed to get to him, the sudden impulse came, "Take her to-day." So I told R. to kneel down and we would tell our Father in heaven all about it. I then went to the master. "Can I take R. to-day? I shall send her to her father." "Oh, certainly, if you choose to be responsible." Still two hours to wait, so I asked, "Can I go in the sick wards while R. gets ready?" "Oh yes, it's not the visiting day, but there are two cases—dying." "Dying." One was a negress, with thick curls, and the poor thing grasped my hand tight, for the solemn loneliness of death was creeping over her. She knew something of Christ, and was just ready for the King's message of free pardon, "Nothing to pay," for His blood had paid all her debt. And as I knelt with the two dying ones, surely the Lord heard their cry, the same Lord Jesus so ready to forgive. Poor Blackie! how she kissed my hand and blessed the Lord for all His love!

R. was ready; all her belongings on her! She was very lame. I had sent for a fly, but it never came. I rushed towards the town, saw a waggonette standing at a spirit shop. "Driver, can you take me to the station?" "It's private, miss, but you can ask master in there." "Do pardon me, I am anxious to catch the train with a lame Union orphan; could you possibly oblige a clergyman's

daughter?" "Oh, certainly; give my man your orders." I looked at his glass, looked at him. "That often leads to unquenchable thirst; there is living water, Christ gives it—oh so satisfying! From my heart I thank you for kindness to the orphan," and offering a nice book, I bowed and left. R. was hoisted up, and as we drove rapidly off, her look was enough. A kind porter, seeing my dilemma at the long steps, put us in the lift, and soon after we reached Birmingham. "He that hath two coats" opened my carpet bag, and her wretched boots were exchanged for spare ones, with a little packet of necessaries. I telegraphed to her father, put R. in charge of a kind-looking Sister of Mercy, and father and child met at last. He only lived two years,—a little colportage work of Bibles, and F. R. H.'s books helped him. One evening he was at a prayer-meeting and prayed; in a few hours all was over, and the gate entered. R. was comforted; she had two happy years, and saw father die in peace.



TEN YEARS IN BEWDLEY.

IT was during the summer of 1867 that Maria and Frances Havergal paid a visit to Morecambe Bay, and invited me to join them in order to talk over a home missionary effort which had been laid upon their hearts. In consequence of their brother-in-law, Mr. Shaw, having settled at Winterdyne, near Bewdley, they had become with him and Mrs. Shaw deeply interested in the spiritual condition of the neighbourhood. At that time in the large and scattered parish in which Winterdyne is situated, regular schools and district visitors were unknown. No lay efforts were being made for the good of the people, except in one corner, called Wyre Hill, where a native of the place, Miss Pountney, having herself been brought to a knowledge of the Lord under very unfavourable circumstances of life, desired to make Him known to her poorer neighbours. She devoted her spare hours to doing what she could, and taught of God, and through the instrumentality of books which came

in her way, she gathered the women around her for a mother's meeting; the children were collected in a cottage and taught on Sundays, and older ones were instructed in a night-school in the same place.

This quiet but true work was carried on more or less for several years, but about the time that Mr. Shaw came to Winterdyne, the health of the earnest worker failed, and it was feared that it must be given up. Maria Havergal was at that time watching for God's guidance. Her father having just retired from his active labours, and settled with Mrs. Havergal in the well-worked town of Leamington, no longer needing her help, she felt herself called to a more distinct mission sphere. This seemed to be the call for which she was waiting, and the autumn found her settled in Bewdley in company with a younger helper, who had loved and looked up to her from childhood, and who has ever felt it a great privilege to have been associated with her in the work.¹

Miss Havergal's first object was to aid and strengthen the work already established on Wyre Hill, but at the same time house-to-house visiting was immediately set on foot. The entire parish of Ribbesford was explored, and divided for con-

¹ Miss Elizabeth Clay, the writer of this paper.

venience into districts, in which every house was included, not omitting the public-houses, of which there were an unusual number. The farmers' wives nearly always welcomed the loan of a helpful book, and amongst the poor a selection of tracts, or pictorial papers sewn together, were regularly circulated and exchanged. This naturally opened the way to conversation, and wherever there was opportunity a portion of the Bible was read.

Such visits being an entirely new thing, at first occasioned great surprise; they could not understand their object. The people, however, soon learned to regard her as their friend, and in cases of sickness she was constantly sent for.

It was her rule from the beginning that she and her fellow-helper should always visit separately, and take up different branches of the work. By this means much more could be accomplished, and kind and willing helpers arose by degrees who could give a portion of their time to assist in the night-schools for boys, factory girls, the mother's meeting, or other efforts.

Extracts from a manuscript book written to interest friends during the second and third years of her Bewdley life, will give the best idea of her work at that period. It is much to be regretted that an earlier book, known to have been filled,

cannot be found, and that in her later years at Bewdley she did not write such accounts.

This second book was begun at the close of 1868, when dark clouds had for a time obscured the early promise of the mission, which M. V. G. H. recounts as follows:—

“No journey without a hill, no sky without a cloud, no work without failure.

“For a year and a half our work had gone on smoothly. A large new mission-room had been built, and opened by the Bishop of Hereford. The Sunday and day schools had multiplied threëfold. Perhaps a little pride crept in as the new superintendent saw new and rigid rules resulting in new order and new diligence. One rule relating to the expulsion of feathers and flowers, which was ruthlessly enforced on the little wearers of real red cocks' tails, etc., brought about an outside improvement. Compensation was offered by the promise, ‘Bring your hats to Park Lane; they shall all be cleaned and nicely trimmed.’ This brought an extensive millinery trade, not very profitable! Very much to the credit of the Rector's daughter and teacher of the first class of girls, she cheerfully volunteered that most valuable of all aid—example. Forthwith the great girls set the same example to the more tenacious feathery tribe below.

“It was pleasant to see the large numbers arranged in the spacious well-ventilated room, and there were no more casualties of broken forms, or restless children who must stand because they could not sit. It was pleasant to begin a Wyre Hill Church Missionary Association with the help of pictures, large as life, lent from dear old Shareshill schools. . . .

“We are first sketching the sunshine before the storm. The attendance of elder boys and young men was

especially good. These were allowed to walk first by themselves to church, instead of two and two with boys and girls down to five years old. It is always well to spare occasion for the sneer and laugh at young men's attendance at any class.

"The night-school was flourishing. Poor lads! it was wonderful why they came at all. The average had walked six or seven miles, besides standing at their work all day, either in the Kidderminster factories or the distant coppices, etc. Half-past four o'clock A.M. all the week round is early rising. And yet they came, and their fun, which it is not wise altogether to repress in a voluntary school. From 7.30 till 9 P.M. writing, arithmetic, and reading went on. Then singing, which was greatly improved by the very good harmonium. A few verses, a few questions, and one thought to take home, and then all knelt. Rising we sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Then wishing to set an example of manners, I bow to them all, with 'Good-night, boys,' answered by antiphonal chorus. Lanterns were lighted by the more fortunate ones, and for the boys living at Park End, full two miles away through woods and over streams, it was certainly desirable at 9.15 P.M.

"Sometimes a boy would stop behind for another word from the teacher. One evening a bright open face seemed sad and cloudy. As the boy lingered, I said, 'What is the matter, W.?' 'Please, miss, I have had a loss this evening, and I am frightened to tell father and mother.' 'What is it?' 'It is my mason's rule; I dropped it coming back from work, and that made me late at school. I had walked seven miles from my master's, and mother leaves me a crust and cup of tea at Mrs. Aston's close by the school here, as I live too far off to get home. So I went without that, and I went a long way back to look for it, but it's no use. They are bad off at home, and I am only apprentice, and so don't get much yet.' 'I am very sorry for your

loss, W., and I am glad you told me, because I want to be your friend as well as your teacher. I am pleased to tell you how much your quiet orderly behaviour helps me. On Sunday our lesson was about three lost things, the *lost sheep*, the *lost silver*, the *lost son*. But every one was *found*. You have lost your tool, but you have given up looking for it, so it will never be found. Is not this different to that Friend who is looking, "*until He find it*"? The Lord Jesus not only looks but finds. Is He not looking for you?' 'I hope so, miss. I think a great deal more about Him than I used to. What you said a few Sundays ago helped me to bear my master's unkindness; he swears at me so, it's so hard to bear. You told us how the Lord was with Joseph when a servant lad, and how He would be with us too.' We had more nice talk as he walked with me down the hill. It was an allowable pleasure to give the unasked-for help towards another tool, and perhaps it will fasten the thought how the Shepherd looks until He find it."

It was about this time that, stirred up by the extra drinking which preceded a contested election, the workers began Temperance work. Miss Havergal thus mentions her first attempt in the boys' night-school:—

"Another evening the teetotal principle was set before them. A bright medal and some attractive cards and Band of Hope almanac were examined, and details listened to."

(These details related to the very successful Gospel Temperance work of Miss Breay in Worcester, and of Miss Crockett in the neighbouring parish at Bewdley.)

“Then a white blank book was produced, called Register of the Wyre Hill Temperance Society. Of course the pledge was solemnly read and signed first by myself. About thirteen boys came forward and signed also. Some of the boys would not, because when they had colds, ‘rosemary and cider were such a cure.’ Others said, ‘Father drinks and mother, why should not we?’ Still thirteen names in the white book gave a ray of sunshine. Then came the storm. I had overheard whispers at the writing desk, ‘There’s a treat to-night; mother is going to the —, and lots of women, to drink.’ Leaving the school later than usual, the clock struck half-past nine as we came near our lodgings. Suddenly I said to my faithful helper, Miss C., ‘I will go to the — and see if it is true about these treats, and if our own poor mothers really do go. Let us see for ourselves who do drink, then we shall know who deceive us and who are innocent.’ We went on silently, prayerfully, that God would give us wisdom for this hour.

“In the court-yard several women were standing, some we knew and begged them to go home. They assured us they were come to look for their husbands in the men’s drinking room. ‘Which is the women’s room?’ ‘There, miss.’ I tried the door, it was locked. Knocking was vain, but I determined to get in, so waited till a man came up with a tankard of ale. He knocked and shouted through the key-hole, ‘Here’s your ale.’ The door opened, and I followed closely in. Whispering to Miss C., ‘Soyez tranquille, pas un mot,’ we entered the room. There were women, wives and mothers, some nursing infants even as the poison cup was quaffed. Between forty and fifty women were sitting or standing, or stamping round a blazing fire. Overhead were the tramping feet of drunkards, and their shouts and cheers mingled with the shriller voices below. I stood quietly watching what was going on, turning my face aside. Several men came in and began dancing with a young woman. I looked at them and said calmly, ‘This is

not your room, please to go out.' Some knew me, and they all went away. The fearful scene was intensified to us because the woman foremost in warming the ale over the fire, and then loudly enticing all to 'drink away,' was a Wyre Hill mother, one who not long before had been very ill, and then professed deep contrition and tearful desire to hear of Christ and holiness. Some had slunk under the table, but were identified by coarse remarks, as 'Mrs. B.'s a-saying her prayers under the table.' They shouted, they screamed, they stamped, they jumped up and down. Two or three songs were being sung; the language of one chorus rolled as waves of burning pitch on my ear.

"But it was no use to stand there. I whispered, 'E., tell me the names of all of our women, your eyes are better than mine.' On the back of a temperance reward card did I pencil the dark list. Then I spoke to a few near me, begging them to go home. One was a sister whose brother had died only a fortnight before, and sad to say—the young widow, the mother, the sisters, all were here. Also a girl whose mother had only just died. A few did go, but others were unmoved. The noise grew louder as a fresh tankard came in. Just then a stout woman jumped up and said, 'I'll give you a song.' 'No,' I said, 'you must hear me.' I bolted the door and stood with my back to it facing the whole crew. Taking out my little Testament, I raised it saying, 'I am come here as your friend, and, because I am your friend, I warn you. Many of you know me, but there is One Eye in this room who knows every one of you. And every one of you will give account to God. Is this the place for wives and mothers? This Testament shall tell you what God says about drunkards.' I turned to Gal. v. 2; 1 Cor. vi. 10, etc.; 2 Cor. v. 10.

"There was perfect quiet as I read, but only a tempest lull. Angry voices cried, 'I am not drunk. I can do as I like.' Argument was no use there. The warning given, we left the room. . . .

“Not only at the — but in twenty-eight other public-houses were these nights of drunkenness going on—men, women, and even children constantly enticed to sin. One night in particular some of our night-school lads drank till they lay sick in the streets all night, their mothers coming to them at early morning to send them off to their work. Not only was it drunkenness, but other dark results—quarrelling, swearing, fighting, parents upbraiding their children, children their parents. A nice girl in Miss C.’s night-school said, ‘I am ashamed of my mother; she is always drunk now.’ One of my best night-school lads had gone quietly to bed, when his mother returned at midnight, drunk to infuriation, and turned him out of the house.”

But we will turn away from this dark cloud which for a time lay so heavily on the Mission (hindering and even breaking up classes and meetings), to brighter scenes. Miss Havergal’s account of conversations in the two farthest districts, three and four miles from Bewdley, to which she and her helper usually started together, each visiting one of them alternately, will doubtless interest many.

“Lye Head and Bliss Gate are the names of our two farthest districts. To reach them we often had the loan of an Irish car, which set us down fresh for our work, after which a leisurely walk back through lanes and coppices was pleasant.

“Taking away the negative, I find it well to act on the positive maxim, ‘If any man work, he shall eat.’ Consequently, we generally stored lunch with our tracts and books. But I found it gave great delight to one humble friend to boil the kettle and fry some cottage ham, taking care she should be the gainer. As she partook of our London tea she exclaimed, ‘Well, this

is comfortable, to eat and drink together, and what will it be up there?' Our visits here were always refreshing; the poor cottagers in their scattered homes, far from the street sins of Bewdley, seemed to be a simpler, purer type. Lye Head is a lonely place, containing only a few cottages and small farms; but the view is lovely, a sweep of forest, hills rising far beyond, and the foreground of apple and cherry orchards and heather and gorse patches. Our first visits were quite a phenomenon, it was such an unheard-of event for ladies to bring tracts to their doors. 'Not had a tract for years, miss, unless they give them out at the chapel or we pick one up on the road.' 'What brings you here, and who do you belong to?' was the evident expression of their faces. Showing them our Testaments and tracts, and assuring them that the rector knew us, was always a satisfactory introduction; and a few words of the great love of the Lord Jesus, who had healed our sin-diseased souls, and that therefore we longed for them to come and touch Him too, would often unlock the ready heart-response of these simple cottage believers. 'In His hand are all the corners of the earth' might be written over many an arm-chair in the fireside corners of Lye Head and Bliss Gate.

"Visiting one cottage farm with cherry trees thickly round, even to the door, a little maid asked me to walk in and see the master. He was aged and infirm, and could not leave his arm-chair. I had called two or three times before, but either dinner or churning or baking had prevented my going in, and I had only left tracts. He put out his hand, and, as I took it, said, 'It warn't your goodwill that brought you here to-day.' 'Oh yes, it was. I have walked three miles to come and see you.' 'No, it warn't your will; it was Christ's will! You're His servant, and so He put it in your heart to come and see me. Sit you down, and welcome. Ever since you left those tracts I've been praying the Lord would bless your work out here, and I know He will. You'll get some for His crown of glory at Lye Head.'

“ ‘Thank you so much for praying. I am sure you could not pray for others if you did not know the Lord Jesus. What brought you to know Him?’ ‘Cause I thought the devil would have me! It was the text of a sermon first made me think, “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” * I felt I had not accepted pardon, and knew nothing of salvation. For three weeks I was in agony of mind and could find no relief from the fright of being lost. One day I was at work in the field, miserable, but still thinking over that text. In a moment I saw it. I believed salvation was for me, *now*, to-day. I could have jumped the hedge for joy. I threw down my spade. I couldn't work. I wanted to get on my knees and thank my Saviour, for my heart was full of joy and love. I can't describe my happiness. I wanted nothing else but Christ. This was many years ago. The Lord never gave me up, though I went backwards many a time, and, like Peter, followed Him too far off. But He comes nearer to me now than ever. Through faith a man can do anything. It's believe and live. I see that in every page of the Gospel, and I think, miss, it's believing Christ Himself. The best way to explain it is —have Christ in your heart. I shall go up with Him very soon ; yes, I shall hear it and go.’”

“Then he showed me his large Bible, and asked me to read a chapter, and his explanation was so simple and fresh. When I said good-bye, he said, ‘Come again very soon. He'll be with you and give you utterance to speak for the benefit of poor sinners. It is He that opens the heart.’”

“My next visit was after the sudden death of his niece, who lived close by. Her first baby died when three days old, and in about three weeks, just as the young mother was dressing to come downstairs for the first time, she fell, turned black in the face, and died before any help could be obtained. It is very solemn to a visitor to find that one so lately spoken to is gone for ever, and where? Vainly we try to recall the last words spoken. Was I

faithful? Did I point to the Lamb of God? Did I read and pray with her? Oh, how often can we only humbly cry, 'Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God.' The old man had got on his crutches into his little fields to look at his sheep. 'He'll sort them, take the sheep from the goats. That'll be a glorious time—one family, one fold. Christ knows all His sheep without marking them.' After getting to his easy-chair he told me how happy he was. 'I am in Christ, and so out of the devil's reach. Ah, I was in the devil's paw once; all alike—all have sinned and come short of His glory. It's out of our power to save ourselves. It's when you can feel Him in your heart that makes you happy. There are many sects and parties, but it makes no odds what a man is called, so that He is in Christ.'

"April 1, 1870.—Long had we waited for weather for our distant work. Keen wind and rain at last rolled away, and April came with a smile on her face. A merry party of little nieces and nephews waited for us in the waggonette near our lodgings, and soon we were on our way, thankful the horses could take us up the long, steep hills, and set us down untired for our visiting. One young visitor we left at her newly-chosen district. With twenty-one districts, Miss C. and myself were most thankful for any subtraction of work. Our rector's daughter takes another. I found S. very much worse; he had been ill with bronchitis, or the 'brown creatur' as I hear it called. Dear old man! his happiness was quite overflowing. He said, 'All fear has long passed away. He's here, my blessed Jesus. He is good to me. I can bear anything with Him so near. He's all my study, precious, precious Jesus.' His old sister said, 'It isn't only when he is awake, but when he's asleep, he hoots out, "Glory, glory, glory," and about his blessed Jesus.' S. 'Yes, I'm always dreaming of Him, but waking or sleeping I'm happy. I can't describe the beauty of Jesus now, and what will He be when I see Him in glory! Ah, we shall see nothing in all heaven better than Jesus.

That'll be the time up above. I'll sing glory then. Oh, the blessed Jesus!' I left him where he seems to dwell, just on the threshold, looking through the door, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

"Another warm welcome always greeted us at Mrs. J. O.'s. Without any questioning, she began telling me of her early history. 'I think it was very soon that I knew the love of Christ. I had great trials as a girl; we were thirteen in family, and bread was so dear. I remember wheat being twenty-five and twenty-seven shillings a bushel. We really were lost for want. I believe some of the little ones died from not having enough food. Calico that I get for threepence now was then a shilling a yard. It was about the war time, and the Waterloo fight, that I used to hear my mother praying, that made me think. And then when I saw my little brothers and sisters lying dead and cold, that made me think more. Then I went three miles and a half to Mr. Cawood's school in Bewdley. Mr. Cawood prayed with us times and times. Ah, I remember it. I was led to see myself nothing, nothing but a wretch, nothing but sinfulness in me, but *all* help in Christ Jesus. That's the way to go to Christ, and He will still lay His hand on me and heal me. I often wake with Him, and I lift up my heart and say, "Oh, teach me; Oh, speak to me." This hymn is often running in my mind:—

"O teach me more of Thy blest ways,
Thou Holy Lamb of God;
And fix and root me in Thy grace,
As one redeemed by blood.

O tell me often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess
That thence comes all my gain."

She continued, 'We are quite left alone here in this little wilderness. No one ever came to see us till you and the other good lady called. Oh, it is so comfortable to see you come. But yet I am not alone, for I do

realize Him so near. Like John, I seem to lean on His bosom. I see more and more what He has done for me. "All our righteousness is as filthy rags." I enjoy Him more and more, and soon I shall be like Him and see Him as He is.'

"Another visit she told me she had been very ill, but so happy. 'The book you lent me was such a comfort to me. I have read it twice through, but can't spare it yet.' It was sermons by my old revered school clergyman, the Rev. J. Parker. 'The matchless beauty of Jesus.' And here in this out-of-the-world cottage was one who could say, 'Yes, He is altogether lovely to me, the chief among ten thousand. He is precious, and He is mine.' I asked her if we should sing and pray together. It was so pleasant to hear her voice joining in the old hymn, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.'"

Visits to another country district Miss Havergal has thus recorded:—

"One pleasant walk brought us to a district which we had to name afresh. It went by a fearful name suggestive of murder, 'The bloody Hole.' And yet such a lovely little dell; the lane fringed with ferns and flowers, and only a few cottages which no visitors had ever reached. Mrs. B.'s heart was quite won by her visitor offering to re-trim the faded bonnet. It was of wonderful dimensions—a real bonnet in the coal-scuttle style of fifty years ago. It was amusing to hear her ejaculations as new bows and strings were sewn on. 'To think of a lady touching my bonnet! Why, it looks as good as new. Shan't it be lapped up for Sundays.' Her thanks were followed by the offer of some eggs, which being declined she would bring some of her parsnips. 'The next time you boils a bit of mutton, miss, please to put in my parsnips, and think of me. Never no lady troubled about me before, and I hope the Lord will return your kindness better than I can.'

“One evening she told me her little history. ‘I’ud not tell any stories—the truth’s the truth. Years ago I was as gay as any one; never troubled about my soul. I am quite sure as the Lord put the first thought into me Hisself. One day I was going to the coppice to cut heather for besoms. I was alone and in a very lone place. A feeling came over me that I was not safe. I thought something might happen, and I felt so trembling and frightened. I put down the burden of wood, and knelt down under a tree. I often pass the tree now. That was my first prayer in earnest to the Lord Jesus Christ. I axed Him to give me His Holy Spirit. He put the prayer in my heart, and from then I took to seek the Lord. He says, “Seek, and ye shall find;” yes, and I have found peace and comfort in the Lord. I love Him for wearing the crown on His brow, ay, that I do. I want you to lend me the hymn you sing at the reading, miss, “I lay my sins on Jesus.” I must get him perfect. I love a bit of singing. Be you come for the tracts, miss?’ ‘Yes; will you like a book this time?’ ‘I should; I’ve had many spells at t’other. What a-many years I lived here, and no one ever came! You know, miss, I go to church; and you goes to church, but it doesn’t cense it into me like. And there’s Miss C. Her’s a good cratur; warn’t she a great friend! She is good. She used to say, “Now, do come to Jesus!” Ah, poor thing! I am hurt about her suffering so, but her’s very stedfast. If it warn’t for you ladies, we poor souls might live and die and be lost for ever, for what any one else cares. There are some as ain’t in Jesus as makes remarks; but I think it’s no disgrace to humble myself and say, “Well, I am a poor sinner.” My husband’s a-trying at it too. Ah, it’s to catch hold of Jesus! I cares for nothing—nothing in this world now. When I can get to my prayers, then I’m happy. I mind two or three children all day, and you can’t pray with them about you. Then my husband comes home, and I leave him to his prayers, and I go for mine to be alone with

Him. You can't go on without prayer. Then I feels happy; I don't know what I wants, but He does. Warn't the thunder very serious? it makes my narves go cold. But I'm not afraid; no, I've got a Protector. It's all His blessed handiworks. If I had the head on my shoulders twenty years ago that I have now, 't would have been happy!

"Another evening I found Mrs. B. full of delight with a new book just given her. 'He's fitted me out beautiful. Look at this book! something for every day. Oh, its lovely! Poor as I am, I wouldn't take a gold sovereign for it. Ah, I am a deal happier than I used to be, though I am under the frowns of the world and such a poor object (from skin disease). Don't you think as He helps me? I know He does give me what I axes for. I am like the woman as had the issue of blood. I comes behind Him at first; now I have more faith, more hopes; I do believe Him, and I am never terrified now, nor fretted, nor put out. If I haven't a bite of bread in the house it don't vex me now, for He knows when to send it. He watches over me. Yes, I've great faith. I does believe Him. If ever I am weary with the toils of the day, I gets His book and reads; that's my comfort. And my husband never worries me. Ah, he's *the beauty!* He never controls, never axes where have you been! Yes, he is a beauty of a husband!

"Another evening I called at a widow's house to change the tract. She was out, but her son, aged about twenty, was reading the Bible. I knew that he was a total abstainer, and, better still, a real convert. 'You look very happy, John.' 'Yes, indeed; but I warn't used to think as I do now. The world and the things of the world took all my thoughts. I often grieve now to think how I gave all my attention to what I now hate. I was more for pleasure—not a drunkard. I never went the lengths some do, but my mind was full of races and gambling. Oh, how miserable I was when brought to see my state by nature! It was in attending Miss Crockett's

meetings I began to think, "What am I living for? and what is eternity? If it has no end, all that I am sowing now must be reaped then in misery." It was eight or nine months before settled peace came. I can't get on without prayer; it seems as if I can't leave off when I begin, the Lord Jesus seems so near me. A sermon I heard from Mr. Fletcher in Dowles Church was a great comfort to me. As he was preaching, it seemed to burst in on my heart the new life there was in Christ. Oh, if wicked folk could but see what there was in Him! But I didn't either. I should have carried on a few years, and got harder and blinder; but He caught me in the right time. When I am at my mason's work, I get solid thoughts; all our building is vain unless we are building on the chief corner-stone. If I hear a text I puzzle over it, and I think the Holy Spirit works in me by the Word. I quite wonder sometimes how I mortally hate the things and pleasures I used to love. I can't bear to hear them mentioned even. Before, I used to listen to sin; now, I broil at it, I get away from it. And oh, how sweet it is when the Scripture fills my heart with thoughts of Jesus!"

Sundays were always very busy days. Twice up the steep hill to Wyre Hill and back, to morning and afternoon school as superintendent, was no trifle, and in addition there was usually the walk with the children to church after morning school. Yet, that the devoted labourer found opportunity for extra work also, the following account will show:—

"Sunday evening work. This is necessarily very scanty, —just calling on two or three sick people, or looking after stray lads from the Sunday school, and generally

ending in a visit to J. H., to see if he is sober. One Sunday evening a kind helper from Winterdyne, Miss E., accompanied me to try and stir up the absentees from the first class boys to start again. We met a group of four; all promised to come. Up, up the uneven, stony path of Sandy Bank to a boy who in the week had been caught by machinery at his factory. A word there; then to some mothers who were thankful to have their Charlies and Johns looked after. 'Will you come and see H.?' 'Who is he?' replied my companion. 'It is the poor man who has so often broken the pledge; he came drunk to Mr. B.'s temperance meeting, and said he had spent five shillings that day in drink. He took the pledge next day, kept it three months, got a good suit of clothes, went to Miss Crockett's meetings, and then alas! fell. This is the door.' H., in very old dirty clothes, is sitting with a Testament and book on the table. Really not any chairs for visitors. 'Good evening, H. How is it with you?' 'Very bad, miss; very bad.' 'Have you been drinking?' 'Not to-day, but I was all the week nearly.' 'But why do you do it, H.? You are very miserable, are you not?' 'Yes, that's right enough; but it's company, you see—it entices a man on.' 'You trust in your own strength, H. You have never really come to the Lord Jesus, who would give you grace against this sin.' 'I often think I will, and I get reading.' 'Have you been to the service?' 'No; I couldn't go in these clothes.' 'But where's your nice new suit?' 'Oh, they are gone.' 'To the pawn?' 'No; I parted with them for nothing as you may say; let 'em go for five shillings a-Tuesday.' 'And I suppose they cost you thirty shillings.' 'Yes, and more. I wasn't in my senses like, and so threw them up for the drink.' Miss E. then spoke kind words to beg and encourage him to return; to come now—'to come just as he was to Him who waits to receive sinners.' Prayer followed, and then we went home under the starlit sky, praying that poor H. may yet be one for whom there shall be joy in the world beyond the stars.

“A contrast to this visit was one last Sunday evening. Coming out of church, Miss E. said, ‘Do let us go and see H. again.’ Miss C., ever ready for any work, said she would accompany her; so I went to an invalid out of our district. She had long been suffering, long rejoicing, long waiting. I found her in an easy-chair, with a blanket round her, suffering from extreme bronchial oppression of breath and restlessness. An interval of relief came, and she poured forth such praises. Long years ago she had been in my dear father’s Astley Sunday school, in my sister Ellen’s class. It would encourage Sunday-school teachers to hear her testimony. ‘Oh, the comfort the hymns and the verses I learnt are to me now! I remember one Sunday morning I could not say my hymn and gospel, and did not like to go to school. My parents were godly; you remember that? Well, father called me and helped me, and heard me say the lessons. Then he took me to church, and put me with the children. After church and school I never went off playing as many did. What I learnt seemed to stick to me, and kept me from ever going to fairs, or dances, or theatres. I went to service, and the last time I saw your dear father was coming from the place. I met him on Astley Common, and you were with him, and he stopped and talked to me, and gave me such good advice. Oh, he was loved! and it’s so wonderful some of his family come to see me now. Praise the Lord! After that I went to the service of a Mrs. C.; such a good woman. At this time I was very unhappy about my sins. I was often afraid to go to sleep at night, thinking I should wake in endless torment. One day I opened my Bible at “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” That comforted me, and I thought I will seek on. One day I was reading John xx., and how the Lord said, “Behold my hands and my feet.” Oh, I can’t tell how clear it all seemed then. Jesus died for me; His hands and His feet were pierced for me. I seemed to see all my sins lying like a great bunch at the foot of

His cross, and by faith I was enabled to cast them all on Jesus. Oh, I was so happy! And my Saviour has never left me; no, He will never forsake me. I have often been cold and wandering, but He is the same. Oh, I long to see Him, and I shall be like Him.' Afterwards we read the 8th of Romans, and then I sang a hymn, which the poor invalid much enjoyed. Before going, I told her the great privilege we all had of hearing the gospel so plainly set forth by Mr. L. (at some evangelistic services); that he asked this question, 'Where are your sins?' With unhesitating confidence her answer was, 'I have cast them all on the Lord Jesus, and He has taken them all away.'

"But there is the same Spirit, the same Teacher for all God's sons and daughters, and therefore all learn the same lessons.

'I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.'"

During the later years at Bewdley, when the lodgings of the first three years had been exchanged for a house rather further from the rougher districts, Miss Havergal's practice was to devote a portion of Sunday evening to the almshouses near at hand, visiting especially the sick and infirm who were cut off from public worship, and who greatly valued her ministrations.

The progress of years brought various changes in the details of work, but the foregoing extracts will give an idea of the spirit which pervaded all, and are fuller than letters which contain the chief, if not the only record of her work in subsequent years. Some accounts may, however, be found in

her well-known book, *Pleasant Fruits from the Cottage and the Class*.

Reference has already been made to life-size missionary pictures which were exhibited in the Wyre Hill Sunday school. The interest thus awakened was deepened in the summer of 1870 by a visit from Miss Neele, of the C. M. S., which led to the support of two little girls in the Agarpara Orphanage, one of them by the Sunday school. Later on, Miss Havergal interested by her pen other children in different places, and by this means and other efforts, another orphan was supported in the Ludhiana School, then under Miss Jerrom's care.

Although circumstances obliged her to give up regular work at Bewdley in 1877, yet whenever she stayed at Winterdyne it was her habit, so far as she was able, to visit old friends amongst the poor. This explains an interesting fact which has just come to light, and which illustrates how wonderfully God uses His willing instruments, often quite unconsciously to themselves. A worker in Bewdley says that about a year and a half ago a woman from Bliss Gate came to her, begging to know where she could find Miss Havergal, as her husband wanted to see her, and no clergyman or any one else would do. He was then very ill, and died happily, but wanted to tell Miss Havergal that,

accidentally hearing her voice praying at the bedside of a sick child through an open window while he was in the garden, was the *turning-point in his life*, and he longed for the same sweet voice beside his own dying bed. Miss Havergal was then ill and far away, and probably never heard here of this result of her faithful labours.

This brief memorial of an important period of her life must surely impress every reader with her faithfulness and devotedness. Truly she was a bright example. Although she never ignored the bodily needs of the people, and might often be seen carrying soup or other food to the houses of the sick and poor, renewing the hats of the Sunday-school girls, and helping the poor in innumerable ways, yet her supreme object was to win souls for Christ. For this she was "instant in season, out of season," watching for opportunities, and faithful in using them, never sparing herself, "stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;" and we know that her "labour was not in vain in the Lord."

ELIZABETH CLAY.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS S. HEAD'S JOURNAL

RESPECTING M. V. G. H.'S STAY IN THE
LAKE DISTRICT.

By the kind providence of our God, I was invited by my very dear cousin, Maria Havergal, to join her at the English lakes.

August 12, 1880.—On arriving at Keswick I spied dear M. looking out for me, and to my surprise she was lame. She had not told me that she had had a narrow escape from a serious accident after parting with her brother at Hereford. She gave me a sweet welcome, and we proceeded to the charmingly-situated hotel where she was staying till she could get rooms, the town being full on account of the Keswick Conference, which had just closed.

August 13.—M. planned a row on Lake Derwentwater, and a young man staying in the hotel, with whom she had had a little intercourse, proved a good knight-errant. For two hours we rowed about this most beautiful of the lakes; mountains bound it on all sides, forcibly reminding us, as dear M. said, of that descriptive verse of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people."

August 14.—Dear M. being still lame, we rowed again on the lake with a dear Irish girl, M. F., mentioned in F. R. H.'s *Memorials*, and her ministering friend, Miss Ward J., who has a rich voice, and as we glided along she started some hymns in which we all joined, thus greatly heightening our enjoyment.

August 15.—Sunday. A bright, hot day. Canon Battersby preached from 2 Cor. iv. 7: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," etc. He very touchingly alluded to the sad drowning of the Rev. H. Wright in Coniston Lake on the previous Friday. This devoted servant of God preached his last sermon at Keswick on Sunday, called on M. on Monday, attended an evening meeting, and proceeded to Coniston on Tuesday, and on Friday while bathing with his sons he was seized with cramp and drowned. Bishop Ryle preached in the evening on the death of Mr. Wright, whom he had known from a boy, and whose loss is so great to the Church Missionary Society. While I was at church, dear M. addressed the ostlers and stablemen under a tree; she said they listened most attentively. At night, three of the maid-servants went to her room to have a talk about their state. Though sorely needing rest, she seems unable to resist the opportunity of winning souls to Jesus.

August 17.—Moved with M. into lodgings.

August 19.—Rowed to Lodore Falls, landed, and M. sat on a mossy stone while her three nephews, who arrived two days before, ascended by the Falls. I went by an easier route as high as I could, and had a superb view, though the mountain-tops were veiled. Later we called at the Rectory and received a kind and pastoral welcome, and at eight went to hear the wonderful musical rock-stones.

August 20.—Excursion to Ulleswater, and the next day the nephews to Skiddaw.

[*Note.*—These and other excursions are not described, as M. V. G. H. could not join in them from her lameness.]

August 21.—In the evening we sat in the churchyard. I knitted while M. talked in her own sweet way. I am so glad we came to our quiet lodgings, for she was getting very weary; hotel life is restless, and her intense yearnings to bring souls to Jesus was a perpetual strain. For three

consecutive nights the young people came and knocked at her door for spiritual talks.

August 22.—My second Sunday at the lakes. Family prayers at 9 o'clock, M. playing a hymn, then a Sabbath Psalm read verse by verse, our good landlady and servant joining, and dear M. prayed so nicely. Then we all went to church, morning and evening, enjoying the services and Canon Battersby's preaching. After evening service we sat on Castle Hill and enjoyed the lovely prospect of mountains and Lake Derwentwater, the sun setting in glorious majesty on one side, the moon rising in calm beauty on the other, the clouds fleeting, and the moon gradually as it were surmounting and leaving them all behind,—a comforting emblem of the Church, and therefore of each individual member being brought safely through all obstacles and shadowy difficulties until safely reaching the home that we long for.

August 23.—M. roused us all up at 6 A.M. with a proposition that we should start as early as possible for an ascent of Helvellyn. So we had prayers at 7.15, and the young men engaged a waggonette for the day. We drove to Wythburn, at the foot of Helvellyn, and finding there that Mr. F., of Eaton Square, was going to Grasmere, M. proposed that he should go with us there, and then our party go on to the lake. It was very lovely all the way; two small hills were pointed out called the Lion and the Lamb from their resemblance, and another like a young lady playing on a piano. During our drive we met a carriage, and Mr. F. recognised three of the ladies, who proved to be very dear Worcestershire friends of M.'s. They flew to her with open arms, and we went to their lovely summer home called The Hollens (this is the old Saxon word for hollies). It was then settled that the nephews should return and ascend Helvellyn, while M. and I remained quietly with her friends. M. calls them "the Doves," as when she first saw them they were all dressed in dove-like silk, with white

satin cap ribbons. After luncheon they took us to see a cottage in their grounds, and dear M. then engaged it for a fortnight, so we go on September 1. She was wanting when her nephews left to move to a quiet spot; she is getting known at Keswick, and many call from all parts, and she often looks so weary. In the evening we drove back to Wythburn, where we took up the nephews, and returned to Keswick, having exceedingly enjoyed our adventure.

August 26.—Just as day was breaking, I could see as I lay the sun peeping from behind the mountains, and watched till the earth was flooded with his rays; then I got up and was on Castle Hill by 6.45. On returning to breakfast at 8.30, I found that M. had been before me, descending by a different route; so we did not meet. She is now busy editing *Life Chords*, some of her sister's poems, illustrated by the Baroness Helga von Cramm. M. and I went to an evening prayer-meeting. Canon B. spoke very forcibly on the abiding union in Christ. I do feel very thankful for this real help to spiritual life. Our Father is so good in providing rich pastures in the wilderness.

August 28.—Another intensely hot day; one of our party, the Rev. J. E. R., left for London; he is one of the Rev. Webb Peploe's curates; we shall miss him, but our young men's sisters, A. M. S. and A. E. S., arrived in the evening.

August 31.—M. called us up at 6 A.M., proposing as it was such a gloriously clear morning to go in the churchyard, asking us to take our Bibles and "say our prayers" there. Alice and I obeyed the summons, and certainly the mountains were exquisite in the early morning. It was a great scramble to get W. off, as he had fixed to leave by the early coach. This was the day we had arranged to move to Grasmere, and as we drove away lowering clouds made the grand mountains look a deep purple. One very fine effect was a rainbow on the side of one,—the prismatic colours were very visible.

It was raining fast when we arrived at our cottage, called Hollens Lodge.

September 2.—A glorious morning after the rain, so M. proposed a little mountaineering. We went up a near hill, and were rewarded for the toilsome ascent by marvellously beautiful views. We spied six lakes and three tarns, and nestling far below, the village of Grasmere with its picturesque church, looking like a lovely miniature set in a vividly green framework. At one of the tarns we met five little girls going to bathe. Of course, dear M. had a sweet little talk with them about learning God's mountain lessons, and they are to call tomorrow for *Morning Bells* and *Little Pillows*. In the evening M. went to see her friends "the Doves."

September 3.—Our kind friends took us in their carriage to Ambleside. We passed Southey's house, and on through ever-varying beauties to Rydal Mount, and had permission to go into Wordsworth's garden and the summer-house where he most frequently wrote. After seeing Ambleside, we drove quite a different way back by the enchanting little Loughrigg tarn, dear M. exclaiming and I re-echoing, How beautiful! and how good God is to let us see all this!

September 5.—Sunday. Dear M. very poorly and restless, and could not go to church, but she did not lose anything,—a disappointing service. In the evening we passed the church; M. looked in and accosted the verger, saying, "I am so sorry, so sorry." Said he, "What for, ma'am?" She replied, "To see this cross and candlesticks and flowers; I am a Protestant, and we have no business with these symbols in our church; it is breaking the second commandment, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, etc. Thou shalt not bow down to them.'" He answered, "The teaching is not amiss, and people need not look at the things;" but she maintained that it was decidedly wrong.

September 12.—Sunday. My last day at Hollens Lodge opened brightly. I went to church alone in the

morning, and with M. to hear the catechizing in the afternoon, and in the evening we attended a drawing-room meeting at the Hollens; it was a real communion of saints—most refreshing.

September 13. — We left Grasmere for Ambleside, steamed down the graceful Lake Windermere, thence by rail to Furness Abbey, and the next day I bade adieu to the lakes and mountains, thanking our Father for this wondrous recruiting of mental and physical power.

[*Note.*—Many more expeditions were made before September 13, but as no more of M. V. G. H.'s sayings were recorded, the accounts are not copied here.]



JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO AIX-LES-BAINS AND SWITZERLAND IN 1882.

“That instant.”—LUKE II. 38.

“THAT instant” seems one of life’s hinges, the opening or shutting of events totally new to us, but proving that our moments, our steps, “even” as the “hairs of our head,” are all counted and ordered beforehand by our loving Father.

So with the aged Anna, that temple worshipper and watcher. The key-note of her life-long yearning seems given—that she was “looking for Redemption.” And so when God’s “instant,” the fulness of time, was come, the Redeemer visibly entered the temple of this His fallen world, and in “due time” was manifested in the temple at Jerusalem.

By the Holy Ghost, Simeon came “that instant” into the temple, took in reverent arms Immanuel. Then came the golden “instant” of Anna’s life; she came, she saw, she believed, she praised, and henceforth “spake of Him.” Forgotten all her weary vigils—her dim, yearning lookings; the Christ was

born, the Redeemer had come to His people, and she saw and rejoiced!

It seems a "come down" to choose this superscription, "that instant," for things that happened during a few weeks' stay in Switzerland. Yet the words did often flit through my mind, when God's tender overrulings consciously hovered over our steps. May it be *only* for His glory!

May 25, 1882.—Left London with my niece, Alice E. S., reaching Dover in clouds and rain and rough waves. From Calais we proceeded to Paris, and at 9 P.M. reached 77 Avenue Wagram; welcomed by our Champéry friend Margaret C. And the last time I saw her! darling F. stood waving her hand, at Pension Schonfels, in 1876.

Miss Leigh was absent, but her manifold organizations seemed all alive and beating time truly. Many histories were written in the numerous faces that flitted past me the next morning, and some spoke of my sister F., and the blessing her books were to them; and it *was* a little "afterward" to me, to be told that my *Memorials* of her had helped and taught them.

Miss G. not only told me of the liftings she received by F.'s works, but the marvellous power some of her thoughts have had with infidels. She gave me particulars of one most learned man who was staggered by the genius, the master

thought of F.'s argument in her *Thoughts of God*.

I was much impressed with the utter self-denial of Miss Leigh's lady workers. Dear Margaret C., for instance, did not seem to have one hour to call her own—seven classes weekly, ten hours' readiness to interview the hundreds of applicants for advice, situations, sympathy or help, and listening to the sad and weary—investigating the tangled threads of many a young life.

And all this in an atmosphere of ceaseless clang and direful din night and day. We never slept one night in Paris, though Avenue Wagram is called quiet; so we rushed gladly away by night train to Dijon. A young Italian lady and lovely child were with us—such beautiful eyes! And when her darling was cozily tucked up for the night, we *saw* God's lesson in that mother's watchful eye and care. They were going to Naples, a forty-eight hours' journey. It was pleasant to have her gentle response to a few words, and after speaking of Jesus and His great love, the Italian kissed my hand so gracefully.

About 3 A.M. we left the train for a few hours' rest at Dijon; how the faint dawn and utter calm reminded me of 1876, when dear F. was with me, and we were shown to the same rooms in the Jura Hotel. Left Dijon at 1 P.M. for Aix-les-Bains,

and ought to have arrived at 8 P.M., but it was nearly 11 P.M. when we reached Aix.

We had written for rooms at the "Hotel de la Paix." We saw on the platform a solitary figure, evidently not knowing what to do; so I spoke, and she said it was too late to go to some friends, and would be glad to follow us to our hotel. While Alice and I were enjoying tea and chicken, we both wondered if the stranger had like fare. So I went on a voyage of discovery *au troisième*, and as usual hit the right door. "No, she lunched at one, and would now take some water!" Soon Alice and I stole up the staircase, for our fowl had wings to spare. We met again occasionally, and Medora C. told us she was a special correspondent of some Herald, both in poetry and prose. From the far West she seemed to have wandered to Paris, and then to Aix, to find an artist friend, who, however, had left.

Sunday began as we laid down; but truly no outward calm, no Sabbath at Aix, only an hour's quiet; then tramp, tramp, and before four, workmen and carpenters' hammerings and sawings and shoutings were incessant. Alas! we were just opposite a theatre and casino. The little English Church was overflowing, so I brought chairs from our hotel and sat in the open air. Medora came and looked over my

hymn-book. It was rather a comfortable service. Again but little sleep ; so by 4 A.M. on Monday I was off to the high outskirts of the town to reconnoitre for more peaceable quarters. I wandered far and high, every one was astir, at least the natives. No lodgings to be found, but at "that instant" I met a woman resting her bundle, so I chatted awhile. She looked sad, and told me she had just said adieu to her husband and two dear little ones. He could not work, so she was going to Lyons to get in an hotel, and earn for them. I had no books with me, but said, "If you will come to my hotel, I will give you one at 9 o'clock." She hesitated, so I said, "Will you come with me, then, now." "Oh yes;" so we had a long talk, and passing by the image of the Virgin, gave me the right to protest. I *always* do, and find it answers to speak boldly against trusting to any one but Jesus. She sat down at the hotel while I wrote her name in F.'s *L'Invitation Royale*; it was delightful to send one to Lyons. Of course I helped her for the journey.

After breakfast Alice and I took a carriage in search, and found quiet rooms at the Châlet Lubini—paying 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, and madame was hard, and I told her ladies never did what I was obliged to do there, especially as I paid her own terms—seven francs per day for two very small bedrooms, no salon and no food. I was so very poorly also, and felt altogether cast down. Madame even grumbled at our garden-table. However, I got a plate for Alice, and said no more to her. I thought of One for whom there was so often "no room." It always answers to tell Jesus *first*. Then, at "that instant," I remembered the night before our doctor met us coming from the Baths, and desired us to walk a longer way back, and that *en passant* I had just seen a lovely villa, with roses and arches and orange trees—a very Eden. I went straight there, and Madame de Lille came in her dressing-gown and night-cap. It was evident it was very first-class, and soon she told me only duchesses, countesses, and even pashas came there—sixty and seventy francs per day for a suite of rooms. I told her exactly how it was,—for the first time in my life I had found *incivility*; the abstraction of the plates and teapot seemed to touch her, and furthermore she frankly informed me she "liked my face very much!" so then I

opened my brooch, and she was so taken with my father's *distingué* features, that she at once offered me two rooms for eleven francs daily, and our meals would be served in a pretty vestibule, but on rainy days in a *salle à manger*. I said I would bring my niece to see them.

I was so glad not to tell Alice of the cloud till the "*instant*" guidance had come with it. So we went, and were treated most courteously then, and during the whole of our stay. The rooms were charming. The garden of little terraces and slopes covered with flowers and roses climbing up the tulip and lime trees; roses growing as nature meant them to, not tied like martyrs to stakes, our stiff English way. Such arbours and trellises of Virginian creepers; many orange and lemon trees; in the distance, the blue lake of Bourget, and above the "Deut du Chat;" and to the left, far heights that caught the sunset glow, and shone in true Swiss rose-tint.

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.

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 overcrowded, 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 her 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. After a toiling hot walk we reached one of the establishments where the Angora rabbits are kept in large numbers, for the sake of their soft fur. This fur is pulled from them, the motherly dame showing us how to do it, and assuring us they liked it. Some were pure white, others dark slate colour. The fur is twisted on a primitive wheel.

Then we tried to follow the guide-book, and did at last stand on a railway bridge, overlooking the Lake Bourget. But my pen will never give an idea of that glorious revelation of pure and perfect sky-reflections—here azure, there opaline, and again deep ruby shimmerings on the lake; while the steep banks of the “Deut du Chat” seemed microscopically clear, in the bluest of blue shadings.

Returning, we were tired and hungry, and so sat down under the shady trees of a little roadside restaurant for bread and milk. Presently Alice said, “Auntie, I see some one very ill inside the door.” I asked the daughter if any one was ill? “Oh yes, my mother has been ill for some years; she can seldom come downstairs.” So it was *an* “instant,” for if Alice had not seen her I might

never have had the privilege of speaking to one of God's hidden ones. Instantly I found the right ring—that indescribable *something*, that shine of Christ's own love and light. And as I repeated my little stock of God's promises in French, I was delighted to find her taking the verses up, and repeating them without me. Thus she knew John xiv. 6, John iii. 16, 1 John i. 7, and others. Then I lifted my heart for what else to repeat, and it was singular that when I repeated John x. 27, 28, 29, that seemed just *the* comfort she needed. For the fear *had* come. I will quote her words. "Would Jesus hold her *always*? How, when death came? Sometimes she had no fear; again it came, for she was almost blind and could not read, and no one ever came to speak of Jesus, *my dear Jesus*, as you, the kind stranger, do. Ah yes, these are good, good words. And when I was a child at school, the first words I ever learnt are these that you say to me to-day. Ah yes, then I learnt the gospels and the epistles, and all my life those good, good words have come to me again and again. They are God's words, and so they cannot die. Ah, why do they not teach them now? It is wrong, so wrong; the children never learn them now, and how can they find the good Jesus if they don't know His good words by heart? In my long dark nights the good words of God come again to

me, and now you repeat the same. God must have sent you!" etc.

She was so thankful when I knelt and came with her to the Good Shepherd. I left her rejoicing in His promise, "None shall pluck them out of my hand." Dear old Constance! would that the School Board Bible extinguishers had learnt your logic!

It was pleasant to post her a Testament and F. R. H.'s French books.

Then we explored one of the oldest castles in France, quite deserted, only cats and chickens about in the dark entrance-hall. We had to hurry back, taking short cuts through vineyards, to catch our return diligence, and verily we were but just an "*instant*" in time. After our three hours' excursion; and the sun just grilling, we were thankful to ride back.

We were extremely interested in the gardener and his wife, the *cuisinière*, at Villa Bel Air. They were Vaudois, and, as they said, "Protestante and Evangélique." They had formerly a little farm, six cows and some goats, and dear little ones—Ida and Albert. The good man signed a bond for his friend, and in time creditors came for his little all, "thus smarting for his suretyship." All was sold up, the children left with the grand-parents, and husband and wife obliged to go into service. And *French* service and *servitude* is different indeed from

English. On Sunday, cleaning and gardening went on; it did so jar one's own happy rest to see this good man at work, raking all the gravel paths and clipping the trees. Often he said, "There is no rest for us; it is not like this in Switzerland." I saw his poor wife Jenni crying, and asking why,— "because she had not once been allowed to go to church, though Félice was allowed to go to mass at 5 A.M."

Whereupon I made little Sunday parables to madame, describing the happy rest the English servants had, particularizing on Sundays at Oakhampton and Winterdyne; the idea of the gardeners and coachman, etc., sitting down on morocco chairs and round the dining-room table, by 9.30 A.M., with their masters and Bibles, was a forcible contrast. Anyway, it so far hit the mark that the next Sunday Emil was allowed to church at noon. The succeeding Sabbath he and Jenni and Félice were sent out for a walk.

June 16th.—By train to Chambéry, fifty miles, to visit Challes, whose sulphurous springs are very famous. Several omnibuses were waiting; Alice chose an open one with a canopy fringed like a great parasol; this took us to the "Hotel d'Angleterre," and it was the very nicest of all, and here we camped for a long day. I was washing my hands in an upper corridor, when a door opened to let

loose a boy, who had evidently longed for the same. His mother saw me, and bowed and spoke in French. I answered we were strangers just come for the day.

“Would I not come in and rest in her room?”

After a few quite general remarks, the lady said in English, “You *are* Miss Havergal. For a fortnight I have been trying to find you in Aix. At last I asked Dr. Cazalis, and he said you were at Villa Bel Air, and I was coming to call. Your sister’s writings have been such, such comfort to me, also to an invalid friend; indeed, the Bible and F. R. H.’s books were the only ones she read.”

I found M. Watson had instructed this Mrs. Parry to seek me out! Her opening the door “that instant” was the missing clue.

Alice went with me roving among boulders and flowers; a splendid dark red orchis, with spurs three inches long, was quite new to me. Returning, I felt wistful for one bit of work, and speered about vainly, till on the stairs a scrub-maiden, all in the rough, but with wavy hair and soft dark violet eyes, stopped and eagerly took some cards. She told me she was from Italia, far from her mother. She knew French, and learnt off a text and a prayer. Her name was “Jacinth,” and why shall I not hope to meet her again within the city whose foundations are garnished with “jacinth” and precious stones.

Tuesday, June 27.—Left Aix at 7.45 A.M. for Geneva.

The route was a succession of lovely surprises, by the shores of that exquisite Lake Bourget. The Rhone was on the other side, as we left it roaring through boulders, with woods and heights and valleys smiling far and near.

Arrived at Geneva soon after 10 A.M., we deposited our baggage on a convenient stage, whence our steamer for Chillon would leave at 1.20. We took a carriage to drive round the city. Beautiful Geneva! with the rushing Rhone of deepest blue.

We went into the cathedral, and saw Calvin's chair. Many footfalls seemed to me still echoing in those aisles—my godmother's, Mrs. Vernon Graham—and how I wished I could go to her tomb at Petit Sacconnex! Then I remembered how sister Miriam and that happy party were there in 1869; and now darling Minnie and Fanny have met for ever in the temple above. And one older 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."

We had prayed for guidance that morning, so of course it was given ; and in one case, our turning up the right-hand street, and not the left, led to a singular "instant." We passed some musical-box manufactories, but being hungry we thought we would find a restaurant first, and out of many chose one facing a very large music-box manufactory. Lunch despatched, we went in, asking permission to hear one or two of the boxes play, but said that we should *not* be purchasers. Chairs were politely placed, and at "that instant" a party entered for the same purpose. I did not look at the gentleman and his wife and two sons, being absorbed in the novel adjuncts to our ordinary musical-boxes. One had two combs, producing the double effect of violin and piano. Another, sweeter still, gave a harp accompaniment. After a time the gentleman said, "Have you any sacred music? these are all secular airs." "Yes, we have Sankey's." Turning to me, the man snapped his fingers, saying, "Sankey's music is weak—it is nothing." I said, "Still there is a marvellous power in Sankey's tunes. I grant you that the harmonies are weak, but they move the masses in England." "Ah, ah! you mean those revival services. As for that, they are all humbug. I am a Jew. I have been in London, and you Christians will spend hundreds to turn one of us from the faith of our

forefathers—that execrable Society!—and you let your poor starve. Give me a religion that feeds men’s bodies!”

I answered, “Granted there are poor, but with many it is their vice and their drunkenness, and our English charities provide abundantly for the deserving.”

“Ah, yes,” he said; “but what is the use of your grand excitement meetings?”

I said, “What is the use of your making all this lovely music if no one comes to admire and hear it? We Christians know the music of the name of Jesus, the Saviour, and we know He is preparing celestial music; so we do want all these poor, wretched ones to come and share it with us, and often Sankey’s songs induce them to learn the way to heaven.”

“Ah! you are sincere, I daresay; but it is nothing to me, and Sankey’s music *is poor!*” (The party meanwhile had gone into the next saloon.)

“Well,” I said, “wait till you hear Sankey sing; that is magnificent!” Before this I said to Alice, “*Was that Sankey?*” I thought she said “No,” and being short-sighted thought no more of it, till a shopman came to the irate Jew, saying, “Hush! that is Mr. Sankey himself!”

I rushed into the next room to Mr. Sankey, and he advanced with—“Maria Havergal!” He gave

me a chair, for "that darling Frances" was all that I could say, as the last time we met she was with us in full health and vigour, standing with the children of Newton School, leading and singing with them "Safe in the arms of Jesus" as Mr. and Mrs. Sankey's carriage passed by, after their pleasant visit to us at the Mumbles, April 1879. And then Mr. Sankey got out to thank them, and to shake hands with old Mrs. Barry, his washer-woman. Dear Fanny then jumped in the carriage, and went a short way, leaving them at the bottom of that steep pitch, that cold east bank, where not long after her glory warrant reached her in that singular rain-cloud. Sankey told me how bright and young she looked, and when he said, "We'll meet again," she said, "Yes; if not here, in the bright city there!" and her upward finger and waving handkerchief was his last sight of F. R. H.

It was comforting to hear from him and dear Mrs. Sankey of so much blessing from her words and the Memoir, which seemed specially useful to young converts. But my time was passing, and it was well that Alice reminded me we had only a quarter of an hour to find our steamer and embark.

The day was perfect for our lake views, and the clear waters reflected the blue sky. It was not till nearly 6 P.M. that we neared the landing pier at

Chillon, and found, as I had arranged, our faithful maid, M. Farrington, waiting for me.

I was more interested than I expected in the interior of the Castle of Chillon, and we saw that curious flickering on the ceiling of Bonnivard's prison, the reflection of the movements of the ripples on the lake, which Fanny so well describes in *Swiss Letters*, and no other traveller seems to have noticed. One could not help hoping those same reflected sun-rays may have cheered the heart-hopeless prisoners with thoughts of Him, the Light of Light.

The audience-chamber of the Duke of Savoy and the bedroom of the Duchess stirred up olden memories of troublous times.

Thursday, July 29. — 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.

—M. V. G. H.

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 spent 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 barest necessities of life around her, and her merry adaptativeness 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. Both the following days were wet; so we only had a beautiful gleam or two.

Sunday brought sunshine, and Alice went with me to the high walk where we could see Mont Blanc.

I hoped a few could come for a Bible reading ; but no notice being given, it was a failure. In the afternoon I went among the châteaux, and found the old friend, who at once remembered me and our talk about the one "bon bâton." Several came out of their châteaux, and brought chairs, so there was a little seed-sowing, and the children took cards and verses home.

After tea, I passed some ladies, and offered F.'s leaflets. They at once exclaimed, "Oh, they are *dear* Miss Havergal's!" They were from Lausanne, and knew all her books well.

"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.)

Monday, we left Fins Hauts, an hour's easy walk down to Châtelard, where carriages pass for Tête Noire, or Chamouni. The Hotel Royal there is kept by Frederic Loufât, Valérie's brother. Six years ago he was master of the Couronne at Argentière, where we passed a fortnight. It was touching to see that man's feeling for Fanny—with tears telling me all he remembered of her, and the

impression indelibly left. He had seen much sorrow. His first-born son died in a few weeks. He said, "Oh, how I grieved! I could not say, God's will be done. Then we had another beautiful boy, and I said, 'O God, it is Thy child!' And when in eight months it sickened, I never prayed for its life, only 'God's will be done;' and so He sent for my little one. Again, a most lovely boy was given us for eighteen months only. God took it. I cried, but I did only say, 'It is the Lord's will;' and I knew how very safe it would ever be." This simple submission was surely good fruit.

The wife's remembrance of Fanny was even more distinct and almost wonderful,—how she kissed the photograph! Some time after, in the most earnest way she implored me to spare her one for her treasure. I do not like to repeat all her soul confidences, but gladly did she accept my proposal to go upstairs that we might quietly seek the Lord, and verily I believe it was a time of finding and trusting. Most encouraged was I when she told me that some simple words I had said to her six years ago had followed her almost daily. Of course I had forgotten them; but she said that when I went to say good-bye in her room, I spoke of the one Saviour—the one hope as so sure and sufficient, and, pointing to my alpenstock, said, "One good staff is enough."

Thus one passing word was blessed. May this encourage fellow-travellers.

We had to wait *five* hours there before a carriage passed which could take us on to Chamouni; but I could not regret the delay. And singular to relate, on coming again in three days, I found poor Madame Loufât seriously ill, and in such agony, that I could only sit by her, and say a word or two. So I was thankful I had taken the "instant," given on Monday for that prayer. Her husband seemed so tender to her, and I am glad they have one little boy living.

In our carriage to Argentière were some most lively French girls. The road was very steep. Alice walked much, but I could not. We passed the terrible bridge where a year ago, as a carriage was passing, it gave way, and the travellers were dashed in the strong current beneath, among the boulders. The father, mother, and daughter were drowned. No trace of the poor girl was found till lately her hair was discovered. The driver was saved, but went quite mad from the terrible scene.

Not very far on the same road we came to a bridge which from rains needed repair, and one plank was gone. All got off the carriage except the driver and I, so the French girls said, "Vous n'avez jamais peur." This opened the way for speaking of the joyful confidence of a good hope in Christ.

Before arriving at Argentière, we all had to walk down the very steep hill ; and my young French companion was truly interested about dear Fanny's happy death. That she had no fear *then* seemed marvellous to her,—or that she could really be “happy” when the doctor said she could not live. They all seemed quite pleased with some leaflets. They went on to Chamouni ; but we stopped at the Couronne at Argentière. I found my way to the same bedrooms as in 1876. It was nearly 7 P.M. when our repast was over. I was tired, but knew it was my only “instant” to find a girl I had been much interested in. So Alice and I started towards the rocky nest of châteaux. The path seemed very steep now, though I thought nothing of it then. The rose colour was on Mont Blanc. It seemed but yesterday since Fanny and I saw so many golden sunsets. But Marie Carrière was in my mind ; and just as I wondered how to reach her, I saw three boys some way off, and hailed them, “Do you know Marie Carrière?” “Oh, yes, yes!” “Then will you tell her, her friend the English lady is come again, and is waiting here to see her.” Off they ran, and in ten minutes Marie came bounding down the rocks, and was indeed glad to see me.

It was her own brother to whom I gave the message. Curious he should have been there the

“instant” I needed some one to take it. For the rose colour had paled, and twilight was fast coming. Marie sat by me on a boulder, and we went over the precious promises I longed should be good seed. Then she walked with me to the hotel for a French Testament and a little present. It was almost dark, and I did not see a gentleman there till the waiter came. I don't know *why*, but I said, “Possibly you want your supper, so I will not hinder the waiter.” The stranger said (in French), “Thanks, I am quite exhausted, as I have tasted nothing since morning.” We chatted till his supper came—only a jug of milk and dry bread! Then I ordered my bread and milk, and, turning to the traveller, said, “You seem like me, in the Land of Promise!” He replied in English, “You may do it from *choice*—mine is from *necessity*; for the last three months I have taken nothing else, and only twice a day. For five or six years I have been travelling about as an evangelist. I go in these valleys among unfrequented châteaux. I preach wherever I can. Sometimes I sell New Testaments and portions; but my stock is exhausted.” I said it would be pleasant if he would accept some of my stock to disperse, and went and brought him a selection, including F.'s “Sans Christ” and “L'Invitation Royale,” and some English leaflets. The moment he saw her name, he exclaimed,

“Ah, I know that blessed life!—no other books have taught me like F. R. H.’s. They are so Scriptural; they seem inspired.” Of course I told him she was my sister. He thanked me, and was extremely interested in seeing her photographs.

Without any request, he told me that some years ago he was curate to Rev. A. Dallas; knew Mr. Cory and other clergymen. He gave some very singular instances of God’s providing for him. Some time before, he was at Geneva, and after paying his lodging, on Sunday morning found himself without francs or food. He walked through several streets (not knowing any one), and was singularly impelled to knock at the door of a fine-looking pension. It was opened by an old servant of a cousin. At once she recognised him, and begged him to walk in! Food and lodging followed. Another Sunday he was breakfastless, and thought he would see if there was any prayer-meeting, and seeing a lady with her Bible, enquired. She led the way, and being too soon, a person fell into conversation with him and invited him to lunch. He was a grocer. Finding Mr. Amersley was an evangelist, he gave him twenty francs, and thus, he said, “My need was supplied in answer to my prayer, as I walked hungrily up and down the streets.” I suggested that if he worked with some society he would not come into so great straits;

but he said, "He walked as the Lord led him, and so far had been much blessed." He told me sometimes it was very difficult to get a hearing, that he met such bigotry and superstition. I told him how often it was my prayer that God would order my steps; and specially that morning had I asked to be let do something for Jesus my Lord, and so I should think it a privilege if he would accept help as from the Lord. So I wrapped up thirty francs, rejoicing I had returned to the room "that instant," or I never should have met this worker.

Tuesday, August 4.—Alice and I started on mules at 6 A.M. for the Col de Balm. Our guide was 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; so that though equally competent, he lost many chances. I sent 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!" etc.

"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 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!

We returned to Argentière, and after four hours' rest went to Chamouni. Two priests were in our carriage ; one was intelligent and pleasant. We had a tussle of course ; it is firm arguing when St. Paul is on one side (Rom. v. 1). We started at 6 A.M. the next day, in brilliant sunshine, and so

saw all in crystal dew and morning brightness, and returned from the Mer de Glace before 10 A.M., and just as we gained the hotel down came soaking rain, through which numbers of tourists came in drenched. Fires were lighted in both salons. We waited till two o'clock, and then dismissed our guide, and resolved to stay for the night. It was so cold; but then we were dry, and I was sympathizing with some fellow-travellers less fortunate, when one of the ladies suddenly said, "You *are* Miss Havergal! When I saw you talking to my friends, and you left to make some enquiry for us, I said to one, 'Do you know who you were speaking to?' I am convinced it is Miss H. from her likeness to the portrait in the Memoir." Of course I assured her how grievous that wood-cut is, and was glad to show them a better likeness of my sweet one. The next morning came, the rain was gone, the clear shining come. So with a real "thank God," we rose early, and got back to our very comfortable hotel, the Union. Again in our descent the clear atmosphere revealed all the beauty of Mont Blanc and the attendant Aiguilles. Our farewell look at the Aiguille du Dru was through pines—very towers of strength and beauty, and a light cloud beneath seemed to be the only wing that could ever scale its inaccessible heights.

I was almost sorry to be told that one, and one

person only, had ever climbed there—that was the guide who won an English bride in another perilous ascent. Pierre told me they were “très brave,” and are still together making grand ascents. Their children, a boy and girl, will have good training. We saw the pretty villa built by the lady. In the afternoon we went to look through the large telescope towards Mont Blanc. I wished specially to look at the Grands-Mulets, because dear Fanny was there in 1873. It was very singular that we should have chosen the instant when a lady and her guides were very near it. The telescope had tracked her all day, and now we saw them all. Alice saw her fall in the snow, then bravely on till we saw her step into the same châlet which F. had rejoiced in gaining. Then the telescope was turned to show us some of the crevasses and marvellous blocks of ice, and also the points of some of the Aiguilles. The gallery of Loppé’s pictures was open, and we quite enjoyed seeing sunrises and sunsets else unattainable.

Friday, July 7.—As neither of us had strength for the usual excursions, it seemed wiser to hasten back to Chillon, where we had left our heavy trunks. Again a fine day, and we had a comfortable carriage and pair to take us through the Tête Noire to Martigny. Our farewell looks at Mont Blanc and those shining heights just brought the vivid impression to me, that the next time I saw

them, it might be looking down! We lunched at the hotel half-way through the pass, and there I remember F.'s meeting some young girls she had previously sighted, and how eagerly they seized upon her for more help. So she asked me to go quietly on and wait till her work was done. Quite an hour passed till I saw her springing along to the boulders where I waited, and then, however did we toil up to the Forclaz! and then I saw the rough "auberge" where we slept the night, just that Fanny might again talk to the poor woman she remembered three years before. And then our early rapid walk down, down those endless zigzags to the road for the great St. Bernard. Delicious days!

And now I was doing all this in a carriage! At Martigny we rested and dined at Hotel Mont Blanc, partly because I wished another talk with a special of mine, the diligence conductor—such a nice fellow.

It was 9.30 P.M. as we reached our Hotel d'Angleterre at Chillon. *Just* as we entered it down came the thunderstorm which we had watched hurrying over, and the lightning on the lake was very grand. And the next day, Saturday, came drenching showers. In the intervals I ventured by steamer to Vevey to find out Monsieur Caille. It was pleasant to see F. R. H.'s books in

his shop. Asking for one, he said, "If you will come in this room you will see *all* Miss Havergal's works, and I am just writing a letter to her sister about the translation of the *Mémoire*." I said, "Your letter need not be finished, I am the sister!" He was very pleased, and I saw the translations of many of F.'s books I did not know of before, as "*Jésus et Ses Dous*," "*Une heure avec Jésus*," "*Celui à qui nous avons affaire*," "*Les choses précieuses*."

He asked me about reproducing the portrait of F. in the French translation of the *Memorials*, but I begged him *not*, as it gives a most unpleasant idea to strangers of her sunny self! He told me that Madame Duy was a most clever translator, and it was by his wish she had applied to me about it. I had previously asked Mademoiselle Tabarié to translate it, and believe she has far more spiritual sympathies, but as she declined, and is throwing all her mind into "*Kept*," I must trust it will be fairly done.

Instead of pushing on, we took a good rest till Monday. Sunday was very rainy, and though dressed for church it was impossible to go. In the afternoon I had a little Bible and music lesson with the five children of the hotel; it was pretty to hear even the wee ones sing "*Seulement pour Toi*," and repeat texts (on their fingers, my infant class way).

August 10, Monday.—We left Chillon at 8.20 A.M. for Lausanne, Fribourg, Berne, down Lake Thun to Interlachen, Lauterbrunnen, and up to Pension Wengen. I arranged to take M. Farrington with us, that she might see some of her dear Miss Fanny's favourite haunts. She has been attending a painfully interesting case in the neighbourhood. We stopped at Fribourg to hear the organ that F. so well describes in "Swiss Letters." We were half an hour too soon; a large school of country children came in, and a great many strangers. It was painful to see the irreverent way in which some knelt, and while rapidly moving their lips, stared in our faces. Some again were devout. I had secured a programme, the only one, and so handed it to others. Some English ladies were in the next row before us, and with the programme I handed some of F.'s leaflets and her "Seulement pour Toi." Afterwards they followed us out of the cathedral, and were certain it was M. V. G. H., and gave such an outpour of all the blessing the Memoir and F. R. H.'s books had been to them. One of the ladies had seen her at Mildmay, and said she was so impressed with her bright sunny face. I was afterwards accosted by a young lady saying, "I must speak to you, Miss Havergal; could you spare me one of those leaflets?" And then she tearfully told me how she longed for

F. R. H.'s full trust. It was my privilege to encourage her with the thought that God's promises were as rich and as sure for her as for F., and told her the verse that so often comforts me: "God is able to make all grace abound towards you" (2 Cor. xx. 8). And then that Jesus was the same, the very same for her.

But to go back to the organ; yes, it was thrilling and singular in effect. A fugue of Bach's, and then that delicious minuet in Handel's "Sampson" was succeeded by "The Invocation." In this the "vox humana" seems to accompany in most human tones. I never heard anything that so gave me the idea of *ceaseless*, pitying intercession, pleading with depth of love that would not be denied. Ah! one hardly fathoms that Jesus is ever living, is ever interceding. The "Tempest" was very curious, but not quite so delusive as at Lucerne, where I involuntarily said, "It really *is* raining!" and we both preferred the distant chords and voices singing a hymn tune after the lightning and thunder. But both the organ and organist at Fribourg seemed infinitely superior to those at Lucerne.

By 3.20 we were again *en route* for Berne. My *vis-à-vis* was a Spanish gentleman from Malaga, who gave me much interesting information generally, and specially about Pastor Fliedner's evangelical work in Madrid. He was taking his boy to

school in Germany, who, though only ten years old, could speak English and French fluently.

Approaching Berne I thought I must treat ourselves to the Bernerhof, so that from the roof we might hope to see a repetition of Fanny's first sunrise on snow mountains. The evening was stormy, but we went down the long arcades to the Bear Garden.

August 11.—Awake before dawn, and with M. Farrington watched all the snow peaks flushing into rose, and thoughts of *that* daybreak came back to us, when we watched for *her*, all shadows fleeing away. Afterwards Alice joined us on that most enjoyable Bernerhof roof.

Berne is a bright clean city, and the older part so quaint and strange. We left in sunshine, but immediately clouds and rain pursued us, and we could only see the dim outlines of the Niessen and Beatenberg from the Lake of Thun. Just as we landed it was fair, and on reaching Interlachen we proceeded in an open carriage to Lauterbrunnen. I told them how in 1876 F. and I with our knapsacks rushed on, and how swiftly she steered me to a little pension at Gsteigwyler. And then we passed the steep path to Eisenfluh, from whence Helga painted her marvellous "Moonlight on the Jungfrau," and where F. and I had quite an adventure in the kind widow's little *châlet*. It is one of

the grandest drives beneath the bastion rocks of the Hunnenfluh, and then to get into real snow peeps, and be actually near the long far-viewed Jungfrau ; and the Stauback was in full force from the heavy rain. At the Stauback Hotel we watched a merry party of fourteen school girls mounting on horses for the Wengern Alps and Grindelvald. But life and *death* strangely flash together. Just before reaching Lauterbrunnen, Alice noticed several men and women down by the side of the torrent, and now we were told they had just discovered the bodies of a young man and woman who had accidentally fallen in two nights before, and were drowned.

August 12.—M. Farrington returned to Chillon, and Alice and I proceeded up the steep zigzags for Pension Wengen. Enquiring of my mule-driver for the good old widow Lauener, I thought he said she was dead, and I began rejoicing for her, knowing how she longed even in 1876 for her departure. So I was exceedingly astonished, when reaching the door of her *châlet*, to see her dear old face smiling a welcome ; and the guide told me we must dismount, and not proceed to Pension Wengen as I had arranged, as it was quite full ; so I dismissed our porters. Alice meanwhile went in to survey our *châlet* quarters, and returned with, “ Auntie, two ladies have put flowers and fruit for you, and Aunt Fanny’s photograph ; guess who they are ? ”

Instantly I guessed M. Fay, though I had not heard of or from her for three months ; and so it was ! Our devoted Irish friend of 1856 ! turned up in Switzerland, and her ministering angel, Miss M. L. W. Jackson. And it *was* a pleasant surprise to be cared for in a strange land. And that dear mother Lauener, whom I had been picturing in the spirit-land, came feeling my feet, and brought her own wonderfully warm slippers ; and oh, how she spoke of "Fraulein Fannie, my dear, my beloved one !" The rain fell in torrents just as we were safely housed, making us again thankful for another "instant" of God's care over us. We were in rather stuffy quarters, so we were glad to move to the Pension Alpenrose, kept by a daughter of Madame Lauener, a pine-wood habitation, so clean, with most comfortable beds and pillows. The view from our windows much the same as at Pension Wengen, the Jungfrau and its dove-winged Silverhorn, the Breithorn, and other real snow peaks ; while behind us were the singularly varied juttings of the Lanberhorn and Männlichen. The walks in all directions reveal endless varieties of Swiss landscape. The society there was extremely agreeable, and we enjoyed (what is rarely found) family worship every evening. In one salon, Pastor Fiesch, from Paris, gave a French *culte*, while in the other saloon a German pastor assembled his

countrymen. It was so pleasant, when our French *cantiques* were over, to hear the slower chords of the German chorales from the next room. Soon after our evening meal was the time chosen, and afterwards nearly all united in amusing innocent games.

It is so seldom that any one cares the least about *my* soul, that I was extremely grateful when the good Judge Niebuhr invited me to join an English reading at 5 P.M. on Sunday. He had looked so wise and grave, we were rather terrified at him, while his wife had charmed every one with her sweetness, and withal she was an invalid. I have seldom seen such a lovable creature, and did not wonder at the grave man's tenderness for his "little one." The book he read from was by Alexander Jukes, on "The New Man and the Eternal Life." It is full of deep teaching, which made one feel far behind, and yet it braced the desire to attain also such clear and realized perception of the "Verilys of Jesus Christ." It was pleasant to find dear F.'s name and books well known, and that her Memoir also had been read. Several travellers called on me, just because of my name. Two from Dresden gave me much interesting information regarding the Luisenstift there, where education on the highest Christian basis is given to the aristocratic families, with strict discipline, and very

simple fare, such as would rather astonish our English girls. And at Dresden dear F.'s name and teaching are also known. The directress spoke English fluently, while the English teacher, Miss B., turned out to be niece of our clergyman at Leamington. Fanny's life seems to show to many the practical possibilities of holiness. While at the Pension Alpenrose, my friend Miss Jackson received a letter from that most fragrant friend, Miss Nugent, saying, "Every Swiss view that precious Fanny saw has a deep sacredness for me, and a glory touch." Yes, truly it was so.

At the Pension Wengen, Lauener told me he never should forget his first sight of F. R. H. in her straw hat, and in all the bloom of health and vivacity. He took me into his bureau, and there was F.'s photograph side by side with her guide Hans (Lauener's brother). Both are now resting on the height of heights.

Saturday, July 16. — An expedition to the Wengern Alp, the Schideck, and the Lauberhorn. Alice accompanied Miss J. and M. F. I had not strength for it, and so took charge of the blind lady, whose singular desire to *see* Switzerland was gratified by this same ministering M. L. W. J. Truly she is a valiant woman to steer two invalids for fourteen months amid all the difficulties of Swiss railways and roads. About two o'clock I

saw a commotion in the porch of the pension, and Lauener waving tablecloths as he discovered through a telescope our travellers had arrived on the heights. I knew it all, and again that panorama of snow peak and glacier passed before me, and dear Fanny's joyous song as she stood there. The good *mère* Lauener said the sweetest things about F.; that "now her robe was whiter than snow, her song changed to the new anthem; yes, she was singing always, always now; that the Lord Christ could not do without her harp and her voice in His choir." She was so delighted with the translation of F.'s "Kept" in German (by Fraulein Moustenburg, published by Spittler of Bâle). What seemed to touch every one was the fact of her singing when dying, and the joy with which she welcomed the news that she could not recover.

After more than a fortnight's stay at Alpenrose, we left by Dr. Cazalis' advice, to take a second course of baths at Aix. Sunday was our last day. The morning service in the salon was well attended. I felt I should never again assemble with them on earth, and our intercourse had been so pleasant, and so many histories and life-stories had been told me by one and another, that I felt quite attached to these foreign friends. There sat good Pastor Fiesch and his pleasant wife; the young doctor (a brilliant musician) at the piano; ladies

from Geneva—one in black who had lost her husband, son, and daughter; their miniatures are most lovely. Her voice was marvellously flexible and powerful; indeed, I was struck with this in all the foreign singers. Then there was Alice's special friend Helène, whose beautiful young sister had married the good Count Bernstorff. He only saw her once in Berlin—her first re-union—an introduction sought—all followed *en suite*. Then there was her aunt, from whom we received many kind attentions, and her brother. Then an English friend, Miss Hall, who knew Ceci's friends. A grave German pastor who leads a mission itinerating life, and his most polite little boy, who knew how to take his hat off! Then there was a nice young lady and her *fiancé* from Zurich. Also, a Mademoiselle Pestalozzi—related to the well-known school improver. And above all, there was Judge Niebuhr, and that most gentle wife.

My headache was so bad, I had to keep upstairs most of the day; but that gave me a better opportunity for prayer, with two or three in my room. It was a very rainy Sunday, and we could not tell till we awoke on Monday if it was possible to travel. But again, the sunshine was our index to go forward; and so we left Wengen soon after 6 A.M. I placed cards of adieu and little souvenirs of books on every plate for our friends when they came

down to déjeuner. And their kindly response gave me much pleasure, and their names will not easily be forgotten.

Madame Fenz and the good domestiques gave us fervent farewells, especially one Emilie, whose pleasant "à votre service, madame," was quite winning. I was obliged to submit to the ignominy of a *chaise à porteur*! down to Lauterbrunnen. I who walked up and down and to Mürren, eight or nine hours at a time, easily in 1876! By post diligence to Interlachen to see the Giesbach Falls, and slept at Brienz. Off early, Tuesday, August 1, for the Brunig Pass to Lucerne. It was a splendid day, and we were exceptionally comfortable in a carriage and pair, a stranger who sat on the box sharing the expense.

The Brunig Pass! Fanny describes it, and so I will not attempt to do so, but earnestly commend it to all who can pass by that glorious scene of height and depths—precipices, pines, and limes, and all mountain and forest beauty mingled endlessly. The carriage brought us to Alpnach, one of the arms of Lake Lucerne, where the steamer was waiting. It would be better to do Lucerne before the Bernese Oberland, which seems to dwarf these mountains. We found the Schwan Hotel most comfortable and moderate. At 6.30 P.M. we went to hear the great organ, which is far better than the

organist, and there was nothing that thrilled you as at Fribourg.

Wednesday, August 2.—The day brightened, and we thoroughly enjoyed the succession of surprises as we steamed into the windings of the lake down to Fluelen.

Thursday, August 3.—By rail through Berne to Geneva and Lausanne. Slept at Hotel Gibbon. In the morning, I was pleased to find F. R. H.'s books in a shop, and was told there was a good demand for them. Instead of taking the train all the way to Aix, I thought it pleasanter to go down the lake to Geneva and change there. Again we had the bluest blue on that lovely lake. Geneva was all *en fête* and gay with flags, and intensely hot; but we had not long to wait, and Alice secured plenty of greengages for our journey. Certainly the fruit is abundant, and at Aix also the market is well supplied. Peaches in great quantities, six for 2d. Enormous and juicy pears for 1d. or 1½d. each. At our *table d'hôte* fruit is plentifully supplied both at the half-past ten breakfast and the 6 P.M. dinner. It was a little disappointing to have to return to Aix, but as our doctor begged us to do so, it seemed right, and the line "Anywhere with Jesus" chimed ever and anon. We arrived at Aix on Friday, August 4, and took rooms at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

August 8.—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 then 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 enquired 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 dunghill 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. The next morning I took a longer walk, over a bridge, with mountains on either side. I thought I saw a short cut through a vineyard, and so took it, spying some houses in the distance. The path in the vineyard came to an end; just then a woman weeding the vines appeared, and she directed me up a stony bit, which led again into the road. She came with me a little way, and then pointing to some large iron gates said, "My old mother lives there." I certainly should not have ventured through what seemed a private drive; it led to an ancient stone farm-house, with massive doors, and all the appearance of warlike defence, now in utter untidiness. Jessamine and Virginian creepers were twining long wreaths round the old windows and doorway. Beds were airing as usual, either thrown half-way out of the window or on the farm blocks. A nice old woman bade me sit down. It was all news to her that there was "nothing, nothing to pay," no merit of ours wanted when Jesus had paid all our debt. Luke vii. was read. Then she told me to go in the garden. Evidently once dainty feet had trod the lawns and long terraces with thickly trellised vines. The view was extensive; below, the church and village of St. Jeoire (that seemed a map for my next day's work);

far away, the Dent du Nivoli and the Grande Chartreuse. I sat down and roughly sketched the outline. The old woman brought me some milk, and told me that Mademoiselle who owned this farm was out, and that herself and her sons and daughters also lived here. I enquired about this Mdle., and left word that the English lady was much obliged for seeing the garden, and that I hoped for the pleasure of seeing her next time. The next and the next time came, but Mdle. was always engaged, so I could only leave two or three books. But though Mdle.'s door was shut, another wider one opened in the large old courtyard, where the springing water coming through a very ancient stone structure, with a wide circular trough, was a *pro bono* washing resort.

I reached it before seven one morning, at the very "instant" needful for a talk. Some eight or nine women had just finished their breakfast, seated on clumps of wood and pine planks, and smilingly asked me to rest myself. It is so easy to ask a few kind questions, and to admire their beautiful country and the vines; and then the running water, so free, so cleansing, suggests lessons of life. I asked leave to read some of the Lord Jesus' own words, first telling them I was going to shut my eyes and ask the Holy Spirit to teach us, and would they not do the same? This morning the

words came so easily, for had I not asked my King to open my lips for Him? But as I met the eyes of those quiet listeners, a rushing tenderness for their precious souls to find this Saviour *now* came over me. They saw my tears for them, and were deeply moved. "Ah! the poor lady does care for us."

Most willingly did they all kneel down with me on the pine planks. Afterwards I spoke to those that seemed impressed, and a week after found out one or two in their own homes.

After this happy time, I went on to a few houses, but no one was at home. I had just one book left, the pretty French book for children called "Le beau Départ de F. R. Havergal," giving the account of her bright going home. I pressed on and came to a large schoolhouse; all was silent, but looking up I saw a little girl's face at an upper window. Wishing to get at her, I enquired "where the road led to?" whereupon she ran downstairs and invited me into the empty schoolroom. Her father was the teacher, but it was a holiday. Taking out my little book, I told her it was about my own dear sister, and as her name was Françoise to, she looked interested. This led on to the story of "My own text," and I found the words in my French Testament, and asked Françoise to read them and to the end of the chapter. She was a most intelligent

child; it was only a passing talk; but as she repeated over and over for me two or three passages of the Word that will never pass away, I thanked God that I saw her little head at the window the "instant" of my passing by.

August 16. — To the village of Challes again. Saw Marie and Jeannette. Passed by the boys' school, where several were assembling. I knew it was useless to give my books there, and so went on, praying that some might be disposed to follow me. Soon one and another came round me while I was speaking to some women and giving tracts. One woman said, "This is a good lady; I have seen her before, and she only tells about Jesus Christ." The women cleared off, and about thirty or forty boys gathered. I sat against a wall and asked them to make a *demi-lune* around. The idea of a half-moon took, and soon I had a three-deep circle. I spoke of the Lord Jesus as looking down *then*, loving them, calling them, telling them He was the way to the bright city up in the blue sky above us, and how He wanted little soldiers; but the great devil wanted them too; and how the good Captain had fought the devil for us and got the victory, and so the way was quite clear to come over to Jesus Christ's side. And the first thing the Captain did was to wash His little soldiers white in the blood He shed long ago when He got the victory. And then I got two

texts learnt in chorus, and then came my bag of books, and Mr. Spier's French leaflets were all eagerly caught by the little fellows and carefully put in their book satchels. All this just in the very "instant" before the school bell rang. Later or earlier I should have lost this delightful seed-sowing. Often I met people going to market who gladly took books. Perpetually did my prayer for guidance get answered, some awkward dirty lane leading to some lonely house where God's message was wanted. One poor lame creature was actually with her naked feet sitting close to a dunghill, her yellow sickly face telling its tale of suffering. My heart seemed drawn to her, and even the sympathy of my poor words seemed a little cheer. I should not write all this, but I do want to encourage travellers abroad to go out into the holes and corners around. And it is so sweet to keep asking the Master to direct, and all comes so much easier when we do so. I often got catechized as to our Protestant religion, and always good-temperedly gave them an outline. Many were astonished at our belief in Father, Son, and Spirit, and that we were baptized. I *never* shrank from plainly showing them the truths of vital difference to their errors. It is well to learn off such verses as prove Christ is the only Mediator and Intercessor, that He never told us to ask in the name of Mary.

(John xiv. 6, 13, 14.) That He said, "It is finished," so we have "nothing to pay." Also, I found our creed in French very useful to repeat. It is well always to speak *kindly* of the Virgin Mary—that she is happy in heaven because she trusted in God *her Saviour*; that she would not have called Jesus *her Saviour* if she had no sins to be saved from. So, being a sinner, I can't *trust* in her, that I hope to see her in heaven by and by, but that she never did *do* anything for me, and that Jesus *did*, and so all the glory is His, and His only.

Sunday, August 20.—On two previous Sundays Alice and I had early church in some shady corner, as no service of any kind was going on; and certainly we Church of England people can hold communion better by having a Liturgy, and value Psalms and Lessons, which seems a sweet link when in a strange and godless land. But this Sunday I told Alice we would have church in the evening. The village of St. Jeoire was to be my Sunday service. I was off at 6.30 A.M.—my way a very straight road, but with glorious mountains always in sight. I had never been there—a long straight village, houses on either side. I saw the first door open, and an old woman, who looked friendly, so I asked to rest, and told her where I had walked from, and why I came. She could not read at all, but gladly listened and learnt off two texts, a

neighbour joining. Then she said, "Don't you go to the next door, but to the next after; they are very pious there." It was the post-officer's home, and four or five charming maidens were just ready for mass. The mother looked at my books, and was the first and only one who said she did not care for them. I made no way there at all. The next door was the village shop, all open, and people buying. The woman was superior, asked me to sit down, and soon guessing I was a Protestant, catechized me well on doctrine and practice. God's written Word is the best sword. She accepted two or three books, and I left. The street seemed turning out as the bell for mass was tolling, so I thought it wiser to turn aside up a lane and let the people pass on. Such neat-looking girls, how I yearned over them! Well, they would all find a F. R. H. leaflet or portion or text card under their doors on return! Up the lane, large stone farm-houses, and there I left tracts; then guided, I came to a nest of houses, more cleanly; and of the few not at mass was one of my friends at the old fountain. She was so glad to see me, and in a moment gave me some milk from the pail just brought in. I had a long rest there, and then we asked a few to join us in the farmyard, men, boys, and women, and I had a good time. Then I went to other houses, returning to St. Jeoire down that

lovely lane. I put leaflets here and there, knowing quite a stream of people would be returning from mass from far-off villages. Passing the door I was told not to go in, I thought I would, and found almost the best opening of all. The Word was *heard* gladly, and my last New Testament received, and also I directed some leaflets for the woman's daughter in Paris. Looking in again on the old woman I first visited, I found her on her knees; she had not forgotten the prayer I had taught her, or the promise. I arranged with a girl to go and read to her, who was singularly open and most anxious to hear further. I had met her in the week, and her very sweet little sister Georgine, minding their cows one evening, and told them I was so sorry I had no leaflets. The next evening we went that way again, and far away they saw us, and scampered to meet us—three or four such dear children. We noticed their very pretty curtsy, so different to the English bob. Certainly the very poorest have the *politesse* we greatly lack. I had told Marie I would come and see her at St. Jeoire on Sunday morning, and so she had posted her sisters along the road to conduct me. Marie was preparing to be a schoolmistress two years before, when she was seized with typhoid fever, and was most dangerously ill, and she was still delicate. I am sure there had been the work of grace, with such real love for Jesus,

and apparently trust, and when speaking of God's Spirit Marie said, "I *did* receive the Holy Ghost when I was confirmed." Her face was so peaceful, and somehow I felt that secret intimate fellowship of spirit with her when kneeling before the Lord. I visited her again. We had frank discussion on our points of difference; but Marie spoke very differently to many, and I believe to her Jesus Christ was first and last. She accepted all the books I could find, and gave me her address. She was *so* eager for books, and promised to give all she could spare in the village. So this is a future opening for posting books and leaflets.

As I rapidly returned to the hotel for eleven o'clock breakfast, I could not but rejoice in the strength given me for that early morning's work, and commended each and all to the God of all grace, that His Word might not return unto Him void.

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 enquired 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 sympathized 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 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. I do believe in nurseries in heaven, and that every tiny vessel will perfectly reflect the Saviour's likeness. And I could envy them in *one* thing—they never sinned and grieved the Saviour. "Forgiven much" may bring the "much love;" but shall we ever forget wounding and grieving Jesus?

I must not forget an incident when returning from a visit to our doctor. It is about ten miles by rail from Aix to Chambéry. The train was very full, and at the last moment we were put in a first class. A pleasant lady looked extremely wearied and dusted, and she told me that through mistake at that ever-provoking Dijon they had been pushed

into a slow train, and so had been twelve hours longer *en route*—forty-eight hours without rest—and her husband, an Italian, was returning from England quite ill. She had lived thirty years in Italy, and as Florence is extremely hot in the summer, they had tried our English temperature, but the constant rain and damp had only increased his illness. Just a word or two about the “right way and the Guide who never takes us a wrong turn” was pleasantly received. I had none of F.’s leaflets, but offered another. The lady opened her travelling hand-bag, saying, “That is the book that daily teaches me.” The “Memorials of F. R. H. ”! I could not help saying, “My darling sister!” “Is it possible? What a privilege to meet you! I do thank you for telling me.” Then she whispered to me that her lady companion opposite was a Socinian. Would I give any detail about F. that would be useful to her? Rapidly I told of F.’s rejoicing in Christ as her King; that her joy in life was the clear, deep, conscious need of a divine atonement; that it needed the blood of God’s own Son to atone for sin against God, and the infinite ransom was secured by the precious blood. I told of F.’s joyful security; that her dying passport was the blood (1 John i. 7); how she whispered, “Bring my own text,” and said, “Jesus covers all.” And then that marvellous meeting with her King! The glad

welcome in face and eye and failing speech—to me more like the soft cooing of a dove. “Oh, He is come—come! My King, *you are come!*” And then her song to Him—we only caught the first note—“He!” No more for us; but with Him she sings for evermore and evermore. The train stopped at Chambéry. Madame Martini handed me her card, and I promised to post some of F.’s books.

By Dr. Cazalis’ advice we again returned to Aix, that Alice might try another course of baths. It was difficult to get rooms. We heard of visitors even sleeping in the omnibus! and of many going to Geneva, failing accommodation. We were thankful to get rooms at the *Maison Chabert*, near the baths. It was lively at our *table d’hôte*, forty-five filling two tables. We found our places set near some very pleasant ladies. Madame Testenoire, with a most benevolent smile, and Madame Fontaine de Bonnerive, with her daughter Magdalaine, was a perfect fountain of vivacity. I never listened to such sparkling descriptions of places and things. Also her lively actions—fingers, hands, arms in endless motion emphasizing her words. She was certainly clever, and one evening she most bravely parried the infidel ideas of her next neighbour. Poor man, how I did pity him! gambling every night and day. Once I sat next him, and he

asked if I never took wine. I told him why—that I denied myself for the benefit of a large class of youths. This led on to his saying he believed only in a Deity. I found our conversation was attracting notice, but words seemed given me of what I found Jesus to be to me. I wrote him a letter before leaving, and gave him F.'s "Royal Invitation" in French.

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.

One day we went on the Lake Bourget in the steamer, which daily gives excursions for three or four hours. We landed at the Monastery of the Haute Coombe, where there is a most splendid chapel, with the monuments of the Kings and Dukes of Savoie. We followed the stream of sightseers, and were received by two Jesuit monks in brown serge costume. One party went to the left, one to the right. 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 enquire 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!" "Ah, 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.

[*Note.*—With this very characteristic and amusing episode M. V. G. H.'s account of her tour in Switzerland and Savoie abruptly ends.]



DIARIES

FROM 1883 TO 1887.

January 1, 1883.—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "Able to subdue all things unto Himself"—just what I need. Left my sister M. after a visit of a month at Oakhampton. A page shut. 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.

Sunday, January 7.—I awoke with Ps. lxxxiv. 7, "Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God," so none will be left behind. Rather depressed, and restrained in prayer. Took a class and felt helped. In the evening, the thought, "I have Jesus," gladdened me.

January 9.—Fine, and had a good time at Wyre Hill, and at G. S.'s evening meeting. He gave a very sweet address on Acts iv. 12, and the seven-fold names of Christ.

Sunday, February 18.—Helped with Ellen's boys at ten, and class of girls at three. I did long for even one soul to Christ. Messages from Thee is my cry. I got one for myself in speaking of John v. 24, "hath everlasting life,"—a positive assurance.

February 19.—"The God of my mercies shall prevent me." What comforts I have even in my bedroom! Very restless at night, and nerves upset. The feverishness is so trying, but I tell Jesus all as I never did before, and He whispers comfort.

April 12.—Ella B. told me how Fanny's "Memorials" brought her to Jesus; it seemed a harvest-sheaf after all my tears. Felt very ill, but wrote the preface to "Lilies and Shamrocks." My pulse and heart beat so fast; is it my journey speeding nigh the last step? Such a sweet quiet in Jesus came over me, and I fell asleep at His feet.

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.

June 18.—Hon. C. H. and wife from Halifax,

Nova Scotia, came to see Fanny's rooms. He said all her books are so read and blessed in Canada.

June 23.—Read of dear A. S.'s privations in Africa so nobly borne; let me pray more for all missionary workers. Felt much humbled, but the worse I am the more wonder of His grace to come down to my depths. So pleased the lodgers like my taking family prayers.

July 21.—Left The Mumbles for Llandilo; found "upper room" lodgings ready—did thank God for all mercies.

Sunday, July 22.—Distressed to find the old heart wanderings even in God's holy temple, and after all His purging; quite ashamed.

July 24.—J. E. R.'s wedding day. May all the bridegroom emblems be realized—

"And seat us where Thy marriage song
Shall never, never cease."

August 1.—Made a trip to Llandovery; seemed sent to comfort a poor woman. Lovely weather; next day sat in the park, and talked of the past to M. F.

August 27.—Left Llandilo, and arrived at Avon Villa, Keynsham; next day cousin S. H. arrived—a noble enduring Christian, and the day after sister Miriam came, to my delight and comfort.

Sunday, September 2.—Did rejoice that dear W. preached Christ fully; lovely sermon from Cant. ii. 14.

September 5.—Felt cross about callers, but shook it off, and some seemed very sweet Christians.

September 7.—Had a first-rate time at Chewton School with the dear children on the miracle of the leper. I walked marvellously; felt my old talent of legs, but afterwards very poorly.

September 16.—Rev. James Hannington, missionary from Central Africa, preached twice, and gave a graphic account of his sufferings. He told me about assisting at niece Amy's marriage at Zanzibar. At 3 P.M. addressed M. E.'s cottage gathering of twenty-two on "Nothing to pay" (Luke vii. 42). It came with new force to myself; and verse 44, "He turned to the woman." Ah, He never turns away. What will it be when He first turns His radiant face on me! On Monday addressed the almshouse women.

Sunday, September 23.—Took Miss E.'s servants' class; spoke on "Walk in the light," and "Walk with me in white."

September 23.—Left Keynsham with sister M. for 35 Upper Belgrave Road, Clifton; very poorly, did not sleep.

October 2.—To Clifton Conference with M. Rev. T. Greaves—a grand address on the Sonship

of Christ, and met Pastor Don Luiz Rodriguez, and his sweet English wife.

October 8.—Moved to nice clean rooms at Côté Bank, Westbury-on-Trym, where sister Ellen came to see us.

October 30.—The famous Isabella Bird, now Mrs. Bishop, called, and lent us her last book, "The Golden Chersonese."

November 1.—We spent a pleasant afternoon at Hillside, the lovely home of the widow of brother Frank's godfather, H. V. T.

November 3.—Dear sister M. left me for Boddington Manor, and then to go abroad with J. and A. Had a cry till L. brought a kitten up, which comforted me!

November 15.—Did not think I should ever live to see this date. A sweet message at church from Rev. T. Greaves, "Be still" (Ps. xlv.). Just suitable for my restless, unquiet spirit. Lord Jesus, tired of self and all, I come and lay me down on Thy bosom, believing I shall be more than conqueror through "Him that loved us."

December 3.—Left Westbury, and arrived at Winterdyne.

December 21.—Addressed the Bewdley Grammar School boys on 1 John iv. 14, and prayed that one might be a missionary. Told them of E. Clay's work in the Punjaub, and gave C. M. S. publications to all.

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.”

December 29.—Damp and misty. Smallpox is on the increase; it is the only thing I have dreaded all my life. Thank God I am feeling quieter and not hurrying so. He is teaching me.

Sunday, December 30.—Felt concerned about Mrs. W.’s soul, and P.M. started off to see her. O Holy Spirit, show her sin and self! Met several dear “nowhere” lads; spoke to them. Had prayer at B.’s. Now, for myself, I just go to the Fountain with all my Sabbath sins, Sabbath self-pleasing, etc. Lord Jesus, wash me, and forgive all even unto sixty-one years, that life ended I may see Thee and begin the life that has no end.

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.

January 14.—Have been ill since January 2,

when I went to W.'s, and foolishly put carriage windows open, and so got a chill.

January 26.—Prayed much for guidance in giving money ; have helped some laid on my mind. Lord, every farthing is Thine, teach me how to give. Heard dear M. is ill at Mentone, but know she is in Thy dear hand.

February 24.—Have had much writing lately, and consequently many restless nights. When praying this evening, the promise came so forcibly, "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you ;" so I prayed for P. W., that the power of the Spirit might come on him while preaching.

Sunday, March 2.—Took Ellen's class very badly,—taught them more about Satan than Christ.

March 3.—Made a mistake, telegraphed without prayer, and so regretted it after. Not happy ; of course Jesus can't bless what I do without Him.

Sunday, March 9.—Took M. C.'s class. Spoke on Matt. xxv. The muffled peal rang out for J. J. I could hardly speak for crying, but entreated the girls to accept the spotless robe, and to see to their lamps. His last words were, "Blessed Saviour."

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 12.—Left Bewdley; saw W. and E. at Oxford. Oh, may they be ambassadors for Christ, and not for the Church only! Arrived at the Old Rectory, Cavendish.

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

[*Note.*—The interval between this date and the next is described in the Autobiography.]

Sunday, December 14, 1884.—This is dear Fanny's birthday. Felt her loss so keenly; well, but her gain is great. I most regret not oftener seeking her help for my own soul, and not giving her more pleasures, as I could have done. Took F.'s class P.M., and was much helped. John xiii. 8 came to me for myself; Jesus came to Peter, so He comes near to wash me. Have been very restless and sleepless of late.

Christmas Day.—Sunshine all day. Had my church with Miss W. and poor R. Went in to G. P.; his face was shining more than mine. I said, "G., have you a bit of comfort for *me*?" (for I was feeling low and as if I had to be always talking and comforting others). In three words quite a thrill of joy came to me through this poor fellow saying,

“Jesus loves you.” Truly it unveiled the heart of Jesus to me. It is now evening, and I have been looking in Fanny’s own Bible, at her Christmas marks. Now she sees the King, not in swaddling clothes, but in His full beauty. I daresay she has heard the same song that Gabriel sang.

December 31.—Awoke anxious to write letters and give cheques more entirely all for Jesus. Went to see sick people for G. S. Lord Jesus, Thou art ever the same ; be the same to me and all my dear ones as to F. Yes, I will trust and rejoice in Thee and in the fountain opened for all my sins of 1884.

Sunday, January 4, 1885.—What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits? Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget them not. Spared, chastened, strengthened, less restless sleeplessness, more certain trust, more desire to please my dear Lord in all little details. Went to Ribbesford Church and to the Lord’s table with F. and Ella B. Cant. ii. 4.

January 28.—Saw Dr. M. yesterday, who says there is no return of the disease. Left Birmingham and arrived at Willie’s home, Lynchmere, close to Hertford. Was helped to witness for Jesus in the train.

January 30.—Took some Swiss milk from a faulty tin ; very sick and ill, half-poisoned. Dr. S.

said if I had not had sense and drank three quarts hot water it would have been serious. Felt strangely happy in cramp and burning tongue. What if the wings were coming !

February 3.—Dear sister M. arrived from Montreux to stay with me while W. and B. are at Pau.

February 26.—Went too long a walk by Bengeo with M., who was taken ill after it. P.S.—She continued ill nearly two months.

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 8. — I am making a little tour ; said good-bye to Amy and Archie and little Havergal at Home Lodge.

May 25.—At Caswell Bay. A trying day taking down all Fanny's pretty things ; but it is clearly right, and I prayed to give away what I ought.

May 30.—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.

June 6.—"Set thine house in order." Up at five sorting old letters; such heaps of thankful ones, but best to burn them.

June 11.—Returned to M. at Hertford.

July 1.—Went with M. to Claxton-on-Sea for a fortnight at Lansdowne House; from thence for a night to the Old Rectory, Cavendish.

July 15.—Left Claxton for Hertford. Too late for the train, but M. was in and went on, and I was led to visit a lonely house while waiting, and found a dear fellow-sufferer, one of Christ's hidden ones. With tears she said, "I shall kneel down and thank God for your visit."

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 His 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!

July 27.—Went for the last time to the dear girls at Christ's Hospital. Gave them one word to think of, "Kept," also Christ's prayer.

July 28.—Took the Y. W. C. A. meeting. Spoke on the type of the Brazen Serpent; was much helped, there was the hush of His presence; still I got no personal interviews afterwards.

Mrs. Abel S. called—a sweet sealed Christian. So very poorly, was quite unable to go to church on Sunday.

August 7.—Sister M. and I left Hertford; she for Boddington Manor, I to Birmingham.

August 8.—Awoke so ill I could hardly get up. Went to Dr. M. and asked him how long I might live. He said a year, or two perhaps. This was a relief for M.'s sake, and to find I could return to her. Went to Winterdyne.

August 21.—Left Winterdyne. Shall I ever see it again, and all those kind ones? Willie and his sweet B. and Alfred had been there. A remark of his about God's clasping my hand was very sweet. May he be much used by the Master, and his ministry come with power. A cloud came over me; can it be possible, after all, the Lord Jesus won't own me? To die mistaken—how awful!

Met Elizabeth Clay, and came on to West Malvern (Downes).

August 28.—Dear Frank came yesterday. Drove with E. C. to Malvern Wells, where I remember being when a child, and remember the lovely views and walks. My early undutifulness presses upon me.

August 30, Sunday. — E.'s conversation so heavenly and interesting about her Indian work, I felt ashamed of my deadness.

September 1.—Left Malvern to live at Sidmouth with Miriam. We had engaged No. 4 Fortfield Terrace. Dear Willie met us.

September 2.—A storm and gale. Very wretched all day. May I be purified from so much dross. What should I do without 1 John i. 7?

September 3.—A lovely day. Some comfortable teachings. A little bit of work has turned up.

September 6, Sunday. —Went with M. to All Saints. Most thankful for Reformation service and Gospel sermon on Gal. v. 18, from Rev. R. B. M.

September 22.—Drove with Ellen and Giles, and walked up the West Cliff. I had been thinking in the night of "Him that overcometh," etc., and so had they!

September 25.—Walked up the East Cliff; saw the sea-gulls flying. How soon shall I be flying? Certainly F. has the best of it up there! Felt great longing to be always obeying Jesus.

October 11, Sunday.—Went to see B. B. as often. Evening text was Ps. xxvii. 4—a sweet time. Walked home with Lady R., and enjoyed the fellowship of saints.

October 20.—Walked for two hours on Mutter Moor. Dear E. Clay left England; felt it a great wrench.

October 22.—Walked two and a half hours up Peak Hill and over moorlands; I do so enjoy utter stillness and no presence but the Lord's.

October 25.—To church with M. and John H. C.; a powerful sermon on "We would see Jesus," and the closing hymn began with the same words. Such a happy hush in the night though feeling ill; I had direct comfort leaving all to Jesus, and went to sleep like resting on His hand.

November 10.—Went to Birmingham to see Dr. Malins, and on to Winterdyne.

November 17.—Walked with Mr. and Mrs. Storrs, and rejoiced in my ability to race; quick walking is such a delight to me; a bright hoar-frost.

November 19.—Went with F. H. and W. B. to plant roses and daisies round Fanny's grave. I always picture that vault as her robing room for glory, and that I may be the first to see her rise in His beauty and dear papa. (There is room for me in the grave.)

November 25.—Left dear Winterdyne; slept at

the Old Manor House, Keynsham, to see my new great-niece, C. H. S., and returned to Sidmouth on the 28th.

November 29, Sunday.—I rested A.M., but went to church P.M. Did not enjoy the pre-millenarian teaching; it does not seem to help one in the knowledge of Christ. To die is much surer for me anyway, and quite as happy.

December 3.—I gave an address to the Zenana Working Party on A. D. Shaw and wife's missionary work in East Africa. I was so ill, I was scarcely able to go, and left early, but quite enjoyed speaking for our Missionary King. I have so enjoyed the glorious sunsets lately.

December 20.—Leonard B.'s ordination day; I prayed the Lord Jesus to really call and ordain him to Himself, to clothe him with His righteousness, anoint him sevenfold.

December 31.—Awoke early. That verse, "Thou art 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 7, 1886.—Splendid frosty day. The sunset and afterglow quite Swiss. From three to five at Zenana drawing-room meeting. I spoke on our Lord's question, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?"—the New Year application of it, His willingness and ability to do all we need through the new year. Let our answer be, "Do Thou for me." Has Jesus ever really done anything for us? "I—unto thee"—close contact. Then I gave an account of E. Clay's warm reception at Jhandiala and Ajuala, and the illuminations in her honour. Then I read Amy S.'s letter from Kisulutini about the foundation of their church being laid. I do excessively enjoy addressing. It would be grand to preach in St. Paul's.

January 8.—Very much pressed with letters. Strangers write, "I have a strong impulse to write to you." Ought I not then to accept this postal burden as work for my King. He knows I do often put my right hand in His. I am glad the promise in Isa. xli. 13 is to the "right hand," because it is the hand that holds the pen. Burnt a heap of letters, all of thanks for my parcels. I should not like to get their "inasmuch," and not the King's.

January 15.—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, O 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." That whole passage, John xiv. 1-3, is to me full of comfort as to death, not millennial coming, confirmed by St. Stephen quoting our Lord's own word, "Receive my spirit." I believe "I will come again" refers primarily to Christ's coming to and for each disciple who then heard Him, and for each of the countless multitudes since.

February 2.—Began copying out Jos. Harrison's verses; but writing and my world-wide correspondence gives me restless nights. Visited a sick

woman, and wish she would care for her soul as much as for her cough. 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. Teed'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. I took M.'s advice, and so was *kept* from writing a letter to-day that might not have honoured God. Yesterday took Miss A.'s class on missionary subjects. Let me intercede more for the dear labourers in foreign lands.

February 9.—A very troubled day, a case of "they wrest my words," and yet I did pray before writing what did the mischief. Sister M. very kind; wish I had taken her advice. It is as a Christian I am grieved, but I see no remedy but bearing it patiently. "In weakness made strong,"—how exactly the Lord's promises dovetail into our needs! Not one thing hath failed; never has He said more than He means.

February 18.—Took Mrs. M.'s mother's meeting;

spoke on “To you that believe He is precious.” Christ is precious in Himself and in what He is to us. It is singular that an African bishop when dying slowly spelt the word p r e c i o u s, while an aged man in Dursley workhouse startled me in 1870 with “Miss, *is* Jesus precious to your soul?” Could not sleep at night till the old hymn came as a lullaby, “Can a woman’s tender care,” etc. I feel as if I could welcome pain if the Lord Jesus comes nearer. O Saviour, what Thou hast been to me no words can express.

April 3.—Such a good night, thank God! The hymn, “He gave me back the bond,” was very sweet to me; it reminds me of two lines a dear old saint told me she once heard—

“He smiled and showed His bleeding side,
And then He smiled again.”

I like to think of Jesus as “exceeding glad.” At His table I felt His blood so precious, as I so specially need its cleansing power.

April 5.—Dear M. so ill; one can only trust it is God’s way, and so must be the right way. And as before a royal feast every vessel is separately polished and brightened, so the dear Lord takes us up one by one into His hand. He who is pure must and will purify.

April 6.—F. A. S. came for a visit—quite a

comfort. Rather troubled to-day ; yes, "the lip of truth" is not always mine ; the sad stumble grieved me till I knelt before the Lord.

April 24.—On the Mutter Moor with dear Frances, the air so free and refreshing. Dr. M. answered my letter for advice ; as to the inevitable pain—

"The strength to bear it calmly
Thou wilt command."

[*Note.*—There are no more entries in the Diary for five months, but they are described in the Autobiography.]

Winterdyne, November 11.—Not inclined to get up to breakfast, but I prayed, Lord, make me brave, and so jumped up. *N.B.*—Is it truthful to do this, to hide all from dear Ellen ? but I cannot bear to distress her. So tired at night, got into bed without kneeling down ; saw Gethsemane in my dreams, and Jesus kneeling in agony, and I thought He came to my bedside and told me it was *for me*.

November 14.—Blessed Sunday ! because there is no post-bag. Taught dear A.'s class and played the harmonium, but it hurt me to do so.

November 15.—My 65th birthday. The realization of original sin always comes up on this day ; but with that the exceeding preciousness of the cleansing blood. Went to the almshouses ; it

always so refreshes me ; it is a bit of revisiting the old times when E. Clay was here.

November 19.—M. C. kindly ministered to a real need. Went to some sick in Bewdley. Wonderful how I can race about !

November 20.—Off to Wyre Hill. I read the Bible to the people always, if possible, and get them to read verse by verse ; that makes us more one. Think God helped me to testify plainly of His love.

December 4, Sunday.—Mr. S. being at Cheltenham with Ellen, I took his men's class at 9.30 ; went over Rev. iii. 17 to end. Walked to church and stayed to the Lord's Table. Took A.'s class P.M., but felt no power with them, not having prepared properly.

December 10.—When walking out I met and spoke to a respectable widow ; she asked, " Can you tell me if Miss Clay and Miss Havergal are alive ? " I said, " Miss Clay is in India, and I am Miss H. " She looked at me and said, " You are not the Miss Havergal who used to come and read and pray with me in — Road ? " " No ; I do not remember you ; it must have been my sister Frances ; she had fair curls," etc. " Yes ; that's the one ! " Seeing her again to enquire, I found that dear Fanny had much comforted her. So after many days fruit is found.

December 12, Sunday.—Tired, and had some pain; wondered how I could take Ellen's class, but God helped me. The word "endure" is so strengthening, for it implies suffering to be borne. Christ *endured* the cross "for the joy set before Him." Let me look at the coming joy!

[*Note.*—This is the last entry for 1886. Particulars of some of the remaining days are in M. V. G. H.'s *Outlines of a Gentle Life*, which was published in the spring of 1887.]

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 dross she had! She was walking closely with God, and so had no need of the furnace fires as I have.

I do so look back on her gentle life, and how patiently she bore remarks made even in fun against herself. I think she suffered more from timidity than most knew, that she was often longing to speak for Jesus, and did so, sometimes with fear. She loved to put others first; she always gave the best seat in the carriage to me; she would avoid ringing bells just to save the servants trouble.

I believe no one but God knew her self-denying ways in dress and everything. I can only rejoice for her that she is spared the crushing sorrow of widowhood, and I know the burden Winterdyne must have been to her alone.

February 3.—Came to sister Miriam at Edingworth, Weston-super-Mare.

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 20, Sunday.—Not out all day. At the time of Holy Communion I got a piece of bread and some water, and went through the service. Christ can feed me if lawfully kept from public ordinances.

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.

March 30, Wednesday.—Went to Mr. Hunt's church. Subject—The Righteousness of Christ. (Rom. iii. 22.) So clear, it swept away every cob-

web of self-righteousness; the Holy Spirit made it most comforting. I went over the sermon in the night, and was glad to have this best robe put upon me; every scrap of mine is filthy rags. The real nearness of Christ is my help; as He walked with the children in the fiery furnace, so He is with me now. He is true, true!

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 3, Palm Sunday.—Walked with M. to church; a faithful sermon. I prayed Jesus to bless dear Ellen's Memoirs to be given away to-day. Oh bless it to souls! I wrote it in much pain, and but for M.'s help in revision it could not have been out so soon.

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 25.—Dear Nurse Farrington came; such an untold comfort. I have deep views of sin; Lord Jesus, show every page of my life, and pass Thy bleeding hand to cover every stain. Oh precious blood! I do trust it for my passport.

April 27.—Mr. Hunt called, and so comforted me with his faithful loving words.

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.]



THE HAVERGAL ALBUM.

FROM THE "C. M. S. GLEANER" OF JANUARY
1887.

A VERY interesting gift has lately been made to the Church Missionary Society by Miss Maria V. G. Havergal. It consists of several long-cherished memorials of her father and of her sister F. R. H.

The late Rev. W. H. Havergal (beloved as a pastor, and well known as a musical composer) was an earnest and untiring advocate of the missionary cause sixty years ago, when its friends were fewer, and its work little known; and with the example of her father before her, it is not to be wondered at, that while still young, his daughter Frances spoke of the C. M. S. as her favourite Society. Her affection for it ever grew and increased; she loved it, spoke for it, wrote for it, and when anxious to devote to the Lord's work what she possessed in the shape of jewelry, it was to the hands of this Society that she entrusted the offering.

Most of the interesting memorials sent by Miss Havergal are gathered together in a beautiful

album, carefully and tastefully arranged by her own hand. In it may be seen the portraits of her father and mother, with likenesses of her beloved sister F. R. H., taken at different periods of her bright and blessed career, interspersed with appropriate texts. In it may be seen the original MS. notes of sermons preached and speeches made by Mr. Havergal on many a tour on behalf of the Society, enclosed in envelopes neatly gummed on to the pages, and also the hymn sheets prepared by him, and containing often his own compositions for use at the Anniversary C. M. S. Services in his own church. In it may be seen pictures of Winterdyne, the beautiful residence on the banks of the Severn, where F. R. H. dwelt for some time with her sister and her brother-in-law, Mr. Giles Shaw, showing the room where she composed and sang for the first time her inspiring hymn, "Tell it out!" These, with some autograph letters, etc., are followed by photographs of a beloved niece of F. R. H., with her husband, the Rev. A. D. Shaw, now a C. M. S. missionary in East Africa, and some photographs taken by the latter illustrative of missionary work; also by the portrait of F. R. H.'s friend, Miss Elizabeth Clay, labouring among the women of India, with notices of the Village Mission inaugurated by her. The Album rightly closes with the portrait of her who, in much weak-

ness, has gone through the labour of compiling it, and has presented it to the Society.

Together with the Album, Miss Havergal has given an MS. book of her sister Frances, containing the original copies of some of her well-known poems, and also cases of sermons by her father. Among the trophies of the work done by the grace of God, through the instrumentality of the Church Missionary Society, these memorials of some of its most devoted friends and labourers at home will hold an honoured place. May the remembrance of their zeal and whole-heartedness be the means of stirring up many to increased and prayerful effort in the great work of sending and bringing the gospel to the heathen!

S. G. S.



LETTERS

FROM M. V. G. HAVERGAL.

To Miss L. H. Ludlam.

MALVERN HOUSE, LLANDUDNO,
Sept. 6, 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 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 "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.

To the same.

CELBRIDGE LODGE, DUBLIN,
Aug. 25, 1861.

You must tell me soon how it has been faring with you this summer. Your dear mother is still His waiting one; but though the chariot wheels tarry, it will come, and then, as a dying Scripture reader said, "My Master's chariot is come, and oh, I find it so easy!"

Fanny is now at Oakhampton, enjoying the loveliness of Astley. She is not composing at all, it gave her such headaches. I saw a gentleman in Scotland, who said she was the first living poetess, and that her contributions to *Good Words* were eagerly sought. Dr. Macleod, the editor, besides a cheque, sent her copies of all his works, some 12 or 15 volumes. She plays so beautifully.

I wish I could give you good news of Ireland. About here the people are forbidden to listen, not only to the Bible, but to what any Protestant may say. The Scripture reader says even violence is sometimes offered him. There is a secret committee in every place to watch their neighbours, and report any visit or Protestant doings. It is not the people's fault, they would gladly hear, but the priests forbid.

Ellen's is a very well ordered household. We have singing at family worship, and the little ones come in, but baby being only a few months old has sometimes to be dismissed with her commentary! They are wonder-

fully obedient children. I believe it is a criterion of an obedient child to go to bed without roaring, and the same with medicine. One of little F.'s pretty questions was, "Auntie, when they have sung the 'new song,' what will they sing next?"

To the same.

SHARESHILL VICARAGE,
Sept. 4, [1863.]

Thank you for a deeply interesting letter, forwarded to me in Ireland some time ago. I know that you are daily feeling the loss of your excellent brother, and yet every day brings you nearer to the happy reunion. Oh, Lucy, how many a sister would envy your sure hope of your brother's glory! It is so delightful to know he lived in the Lord and died in Him. Just contrast your last meeting with him on earth with your next above. You on your sick-bed, he, wearied and worn, and neither able to relieve the other. Then think of meeting where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick, and where the sister spirit shall recognise the glorified brother, enjoying that greater degree of glory the faithful minister enters into. I do not like to imagine beyond what revelation discloses, and the books now read on the employments of heaven seem to me puerile in the extreme.

My niece, M. L. Crane, went with me to Ireland. She is the sweetest girl I know, and was much admired, and the cottagers would say, "Isn't she a jewel! look at her eyes, and the bloom on her cheeks," etc. etc. Ellen and her husband do much good. Their home is quite the "House Beautiful," where pilgrims come and tarry awhile. I got about among the cabins a little, saw the hens laying their eggs on the nest by the bolster, and the cow or the pig sharing the bedroom. The worship of the Virgin is far before that of the Saviour of the world. There are three Jesuits, and I have no doubt my visits are reported.

Often the poor things would say, "Oh, Miss, we should like to hear you read, but dare not, we should have to do penance." They have no idea that Christ can save them without the Virgin. They have a book called the *Glories of Mary*, in which her name is constantly put instead of His; e.g., "Mary so loved the world that she gave her only," etc. Also in the Lord's prayer, "Thine, O Mary, is the kingdom and the power," etc. One man said to me, "The Bible is a dead letter; there are more souls sent to damnation by your Bible reading than anything else." Awful, is it not? I could write sheets of what I hear and see.

You ask for Fanny, she sparkles away. She sent such a sweet tale to Nelson the publisher, called "Katinka, a story from Russia," and most curiously the MS. is lost. And now farewell. May He who changes not be gladness in your hearts. May the comfort of His Spirit revive my dear friends, and make each more meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

.

To an Invalid Aunt.

LANSDOWNE CRESCENT, WORCESTER,
April 22, 1859.

Perhaps the enclosed lines on "Beautiful Zion" may refresh you in your weary hours. M.'s children have learnt it, and sing it so prettily. They give me a glimpse of the beauties waiting for me. Your way, my dear Aunt, has been rough, but it is the "right way," and the end shall be to enter into the gates of

"Beautiful Zion that I love,
Beautiful city built above."

The past season of our Saviour's suffering must have been very precious to you. He bore our griefs, and in all our affliction He is afflicted. His aching brow and

pierced hand can feel for and sustain the tried sufferer. Jesus would not even receive anything to dull or alleviate the pain. Oh the depths of the sympathy of Jesus!—sympathy with you, dear Aunt. Oh, look up and say,—

“For soon will recompense His smile
The sufferings of this little while.”

I trust this hope is yours, and this is an anchor cast within the veil. Who can cut the chain that fastens our souls to Jesus, the “Rock of Ages”? “No condemnation” to them who are in Christ. “Who shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus?”

A poor Christian, bedridden for twenty-five years, is just released. She was willing for His will to be done in her, and now she is with her dear Lord. The twelfth of Hebrews and the eighth of Romans were her favourite portions. . . .

One of my almshouse women was so filled with the dying love of Jesus on Good Friday, she could only look at His cross and say, “Enough for justice; enough for God; enough for me!”

To the same.

SHARESHILL VICARAGE,
Aug. 27, 1860.

I wish you could see our pretty home, and especially how the people crowd to church. Some farmers come twice a-day who seldom came once before. I hope many will really be stirred up to attend to the soul. One old man is very amusing. The first time I met him he said, “Is your father the new parson I hear so much talk of? Well, he had need come among these dry bones. The Lord can work by whom He will: it was by a primitive woman the light came to me. Thirty years ago that. Ah, she was a woman! She went to try and convert the

schools at Wolverhampton, and the master was so angry with her, he said he would put her in the stocks; but he didn't though, for after all, he took her to church and married her! I have a mighty notion of you women, and whenever you have a word of exhortation you're welcome to come to my cot. . . ."

It is indeed trying for you to wait so long at the very door of heaven; but the Lord Jesus has the key, and when He opens, all our earthly chains will fall off, and, like Peter, we shall pass through the prison wards and enter into the city. The promise I send you is, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." I send you Fanny's lines on that, they are published in *Good Words*.

*To the Girls of the Charter School at Celbridge,
Co. Kildare.*

CROMER, NORFOLK,
Sept. 26, 1867.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—Do not think that I have forgotten you and the pleasant Sunday evenings when you used to sit so still and answer me so nicely. I should like to walk round and speak to every one again, but my letter must do that; and what should I say to you? I think it would be, "Dear child, are you *in* Christ? Have you come to Him?" I trust some *can* say, "Yes, I have come, and I am so happy, and I do believe what Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'" To such I would say, 1 John ii. 12-28. To those who are still away from Jesus, outside of His happy fold, let me say, "What are you waiting for? Come, for Jesus calls you; come, for all things are ready; and come *now*, before the door is shut." Think what it will be, to be shut out from the Lord Jesus for ever! Do not forget the little prayer we used to say together, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things

out of Thy law." Fill me with the Holy Ghost, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

If you look at the maps, you can see the long journey I have had this summer. From Bewdley down to Guildford, then to Great Malvern and its beautiful hills, then up to Morecambe Bay, Kendal and Keswick. There I saw our highest mountains, Scafell and Helvellyn, and the lakes of Windermere and Derwentwater. One remarkable rock is called the Lion and the Lamb, and it looks just like them; another rock resembles an organ and a lady playing at it.

The rocks teach us many lessons: "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I;" "The Lord is my rock;" "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Find out the chapter. Now look at the map again. From Morecambe through Lancaster, Crewe, Birmingham, Rugby, Peterborough, Ely, and Norwich to Cromer. Here I am sitting, and from my window I see the grand white waves rolling in. On the sands are sea-weeds, crimson and scarlet, but they fade so soon; put what I send you in a basin of water. Cromer is quite on a promontory,—sea to the north, east, and south; and it is the only place in England where the sun both rises and sets in the sea. How I wish you were all here!

I saw the lifeboat go out one day, and also I saw the life-lines or ropes that they send to a ship if it is sinking. The waves are so high no boat could go to it, no arm long enough to help. So they keep long ropes ready, and if a ship goes on the rocks they fasten the rope to a rocket and shoot it out to the ship; the sailors catch hold of the rope, then along the rope they slide. A life-preserver or sea-escape is a round belt of air, which a man puts round his waist, and there is a sort of sack below it to keep his feet steady. Only one at a time can come in, and they must trust the one rope; then the sailors on shore pull the rope in, and the poor sailor is safe. I thought, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Ah! if you were sinking in the deep

waves, how you would watch the only rope, the only life-escape coming to you, and how eagerly would you get into it! "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name whereby we must be saved."

The beautiful desk you gave Mr. Shaw stands in the drawing-room at Winterdyne. I was quite astonished to see my name in the address.

Farewell, my dear children, and may God the Holy Spirit guide you to that happy land where we shall meet for ever.

Give my love to Miss Kavanagh and her sister, and with my love believe me,—Your sincere friend,

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

HARLECH, July 8, 1872.

DEAR SISTERS AND LISTENERS,—So far safe and well in our pleasant wanderings, thanks to God! When we reached Dolgelly we found comfortable rooms, and, after tea, went to the lovely Torrent Walk. There was a marvellous sunset, Cader Idris resplendent. Our landlady has a brother—a missionary in Bengal. When he decided to go out, a brother minister said to him, "I know a young lady who has wished to take up mission work ever since she was a child." He went that day to see her, and soon married her, of course.

At 7 A.M. next day, we set out for the Precipice Walk, but made a detour up a craggy peak with a most repaying result. We camped on the heather for two hours, and then returned to the track. Fanny exclaimed, "This is quite *à la Suisse!*" for the rain had crumbled the path away at the steepest slant of the rock. We *were* glad of our alpenstocks, and did not reach Dolgelly till 5 o'clock. After tea I heard bells chiming, and found the old church open for service. Alas! there was so much of the outward—vases of artificial flowers and crosses.

No wonder the church empties and the meetings fill. Next day we took the train to Barmouth Junction, and then walked. F. said the "Rhine is not prettier in many places." We took a great dislike to Barmouth, there seemed no air, and the sands were loose and dusty. So we resolved to go on to Harlech. We soon found three rooms high up, near Pen-y-garth, just the thing. Fanny found a low stool for sitting in in her window; she is quite content if she can sit and look at the sea; she is first-rate in being pleased and satisfied with things as they are. She thinks the air bracing, and likes the shelves and arm-chairs in the rocks near us, and the old castle and the distant views beyond it. Sunday was a pouring wet day, but I enjoyed its rest. The weather is clearing to-day, and we are going for a long evening on the sands. We do thank our heavenly Father for allowing us such rest and leisure.

To the same.

HARLECH, July 13, 1872.

"He led them on safely," and pleasantly too, I may thankfully add. Our lodgings are comfortable, barring the crossest child I ever knew. It never purrs, which teaches me how our heavenly Father must weary with His un-purring children. Tuesday we took a climb up the peak above the Tallysanna road, and had to get over some stone walls. I had a tumble to humble me. F. beats me by her peculiar agility. Wednesday morning we started in a spring butter cart. The gleeful old woman goes to the mountain farms to collect butter. She also gets butter-mugs of 60 or 70 lbs. for winter use. This cart took us six miles, to near Cwm Bachyan Lake, with its frowning rocks above, and the long pine-wood walk, with the rushing stream, charmed F. We saw two tourist lads, evidently astray; they gladly came up to us,

and together we went up the Roman steps, very curious indeed. The lads went on their twenty-mile walk, and we camped and lunched, and then went to sleep on the heather. At three we started back, and reached the rose-covered farm, where Frances and Alice slept in that thunderstorm night. Here we made signs for tea, and had the half-yards of bread, and the butter was so delicious ! A baby was in the cradle, and the fifteen olive-branches (or hindrances, I was going to say) were all at home, and working in the fields and dairy. We so regret they knew no English. We walked back to Harlech by eight. Fanny looks well, and actually condescends to like what she eats, and says she sleeps splendidly. Tuesday, we went down to the shore to bathe, where it is quite lonely, —no need of bathing women and machines,—but, alas ! a whole herd of black cattle forestalled us ; they raced into the sea, dashing into the waves as high as their backs ; they then walked along in the sea, and finally went back to their pasture. I was not aware of their sea-bathing instinct. Cows always keep F. within bound, they are her policemen, and she is rather glad to keep near me and out of their beat. Yesterday evening I did some needlework on the rocks, and read the first newspaper we have seen for a week !

We both agreed to have another quiet Sunday, and not push on in the rain,—health and strength being our main object in coming here.

To an Invalid Aunt.

LLANBERIS,
July 19 and 20, 1872.

. . . Sunday morning we went to the Welsh service, it was too far to go five and a half miles to the English. In the evening I took tracts to some of my old friends. Then a girl knocked at our door, and said, " Please, I am

Lydia; I come three miles to see you." I found it was the girl I gave my hat to on condition she would go to the Sunday school, so I had her in; her broken English was very amusing. I was asked to call again on the poor young widow whose husband was buried last week. Her mother-in-law spoke broken English, but in such a forcible way. She said to me, "I can't talk English, but I come ever to one verse, there I conquer, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Satan can't face the blood,—I lose him there."

Monday we left Harlech for Port Madoc, such a lovely road, under great rocks and past little lakes and a river, till we came to Pont Aberglaslyn. After lunch, on we went to Beddgelert, an eight miles' walk. Neither of us felt tired, and it was such a charming evening. I proposed going on instead of sleeping there, but first we had tea at such a clean blacksmith's; I mean the wife was clean! [*N.B.* The way is, carry your tea and sugar, go to any shop for a threepenny loaf, send for new milk, get eggs boiled, and you have a capital tea. You constantly see in Welsh windows: "Hot water and carpets! 3d. each for attendance."] You cannot think how we enjoyed the Naut Gwynaut Lake, and Snowdon looked grand. We were glad to spy the lonely mountain inn, Pen-y-Guryd, after our sixteen miles' walk. Tuesday we were off by eight to go up Moel Siabod, a mountain that painters frequent. *Black* says, "The ascent is difficult, guides can be engaged." Of course we set all this at defiance. It would be as likely as if Johnnie Crane took Nanna with him riding! There is no beaten track at all; we walked two hours, then rested, and in less than another hour we were on the top, with a grand view. After a nap on the heather, we descended on the other side to Capel Curig, and, after a lunch, we started back for our inn at Pen-y-Guryd. This was our first extravagance; but meals and bed and all extras only came to 4s. each the first night, and 5s. each the roast-beef night, including bed and meat breakfast. Wednesday was lovely,

so we started at eight, going up the steepest and grandest side of Snowdon by a zig-zag path. We arrived safely at the top about noon. We had a clear, grand view in the sunshine, and we did thank God for letting us see His handiworks. I am so pleased that Switzerland has not spoiled Fanny's enjoyment in Wales, she constantly exclaims how delighted she is. . . . About two we began to descend, for clouds had veiled the summit, but it was lovely to see them drifting and clearing. I had written to secure rooms with my cottage friend at Llanberis, as we came down that side. We were a little stiff the next day, but I wish you could see how well F. looks. We decide to stay here till Saturday the 27th, reaching home (please God) on Monday.

Fanny is well, and so useful in the schools and parish, and her heart is quite set upon Christ; she has been drawn by His love.

We all join in much love to you, dear Aunt, and be sure I pray for you; and Jesus says, "Fear not, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

To a Friend.

A plain question shall have a plain answer. "Pleasant Fruits" are strictly facts, not outlines filled up. For twenty-five years I have kept a blank note-book in my District-bag, and noted at the time, *i.e.* immediately after, anything striking in a person's words, see p. 115. The only exceptions are when my notes failed me, though the outlines were fact.

Dear old Mary! her sweet, simple words flowed like poetry. Out of hundreds—I might say thousands—of visits, I selected such as seemed to me to show God's work, not mine, that so the glory might be His who only made me a messenger. Often have I wondered myself at my poor friend's outpourings.

I could not vouch for every word of my answers, and have given texts in full to make them more clear. Where possible, I give their histories without the breaks of my remarks and questions. I have avoided living subjects, except Elizabeth Sherwood, who is eighty-four, and one or two on the verge perhaps of eternity, who appeared so humble and true.

In re-copying my notes, I pruned away, as I hoped, all self-touches. In p. 91 I touch as lightly as possible on what was a marvellous radiance, a transfiguration glory, which I longed for some infidel to see. My present work is a mission chiefly on Wyre Hill, Bewdley, under the rector, in a parish of 2000, with Miss Elizabeth Clay. Our walks extend four miles. Some account of it has been published in *The Ladies' Scriptural Magazine* for May, June, and July 1870, signed M. V. G. H. "Not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory."

To Miss M. C.

AEL-Y-DON TERRACE, BARMOUTH.

Just to tell you the thoughts yours and F. M.'s loving presents brought to me. The lilies whispered directly, "I am the lily of the valleys," and He said by them, I am going with you, I am your lily,—your clothing of purity and humility. And I had lately wished so to go really down, down in His valleys, and take the lowest place again while listening to all those addresses. And as I shut my eyes wearily, the rumble of the train resolved into quite a musical chorus to the old Scotch tune (French) and the Scotch paraphrase,—

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by ;"

and all on through the Psalm.

Rough farmers' voices awoke me, so I asked the one nearest to smell the lilies, and he said, "I never see them growed before: where do they grow?" Then another said, after my remark about who was the lily of the valleys, "Can you tell me why it says, 'I am the Rose of Sharon'?" That helped me to speak of the red rose, the crimson blood, and the white robe of purity. Then I gave one a lily, and he put it so carefully in his button-hole, and said, "I'll keep the remembrance of it as long as I live."

They left at Shrewsbury, and then I opened the scent-bottle, which brought my own father's love back, for he always brought us some from abroad. I had to wait two hours at Ruabon, and found out some of God's hidden ones in the almshouses. One said, "I am in the fold, and I am quite, quite sure I am going to Him."

At Barmouth, Miss Jones was waiting for me, with flowers on the table, and the pretty little things I like to see. Then I opened your box, and so enjoyed the love first, and the sweeties after, the jam and the cake, etc. But I can't think why you thought of all this for my journey—no one else had. And the thought came, Why do they love me? and then I felt it was in Him who loves us both.

To a Friend.

. . . You see my sister F.'s books are not about religion, but about the Lord Jesus as a personal living Saviour. It is an actual revelation of Himself in one's own soul, which is so unmistakeable that no one has an idea of the joy till the Holy Spirit teaches it. Then comes that bright, happy communion with Him which is worth all else. Of course outsiders cannot understand it, but to all comes His loving royal call, "Come unto Me." Reading the Bible with the expectation of finding One we know not, gives intensity to our search. That some do not know, do not even care, does not alter the

great facts of revelation; the great fact that the soul is spiritually dead and so needs conversion—a literal new life, even a new creation (2 Cor. v. 17); and that without this, Christ's "Verily, he cannot enter the kingdom of God," must come true. I know there are many to whom this inner joyous life is a sealed enigma. I wish such could see, as I have seen, the two classes of death-beds. Death is the great unveiler, no forms or rites avail then. Yes, I have heard the young and beautiful exclaim in agony, "Oh, what madness to live for this world!" Another said, "Oh, I have been deceived, I am lost, I am lost, there is no hope now!" and no prayers or promises gave any comfort. Then the contrast to see, yes, see a visible glory descend on the dying one, not only on my darling sister, who literally never saw death, but only her King, and most surely He came Himself, and her triumphant "Oh, He is come!" was it not the sealing of her holy life? Was it not to strengthen you and me to live the life of faith which so many ignore? This is my special message to you—"Rooted in Him;" and just as the tiny root sucks up the moisture, so the soul that is in Christ has the life-giving streams of His Holy Spirit. "In Me"—nothing short of this brings peace or joy. And, so to speak, with an out and out venture, an entire yielding of your very self to Jesus, a very grasping of that dear hand, so long and so lovingly stretched to save you, the Holy Spirit opening your eyes to see your pardoning Lord, and your ears to hear His precious promises (John vi. 34); then full, sweet joy, union, and communion will be yours. "Now ye are clean, through the word I have spoken unto you."

To the same.

It is so strengthening to know that the work of grace in our souls will surely be carried on, making us more like Jesus Himself,—that this happy life of trusting Jesus

about everything, asking what He wills about everything, will go on in dark days as well as in bright ones. And the source of all this is the love of God in Christ, and this is an everlasting, endless fountain, whose fulness will flow into your heart and mine, until we see Him face to face. I was thinking of His promise that the Holy Spirit should "take of the things of Christ and show them unto us," and I found how little I knew of this showing; just like a little child, who impatiently turns over the pages of his picture book, and learns nothing, sees only half its beauties, till he lets his teacher show him page by page; so I did cry, "Show me the things of Christ," and very soon the showing came of His love, in washing me in His own blood.

I shall never write to you on a 29th of February again. Is it not solemn? In eternity I shall be waiting for you to come through the golden gates.

The love of Jesus is such a reality to me in almost constant suffering;—that He is mine, is near as if His very arms held me, and the promises are such a comfort.

Farewell. Meet me, washed white in the blood of the Lamb.—Yours till then, M. V. G. H.

To her Brother's Twin Boys.

THE MUMBLES, 1879.

DEAR WILLIE AND ETHELBERT,—I was much pleased with both of your nice, kind letters. You told me not to answer; but I feel sure Aunt Fanny would have done so. In many things she has left me such a good example, and it was just because she was always trying to follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have found an old letter about you both which says, "I have not at this moment any wish so great as that the services at the Tent may be the Lord's own call to them. My father's own grandsons, the elder bearing

his own name, W. H. H. Oh, do pray fervently for them! I do hope they will be wholly the Lord's."

You are right, Willie dear, in noticing how God's Holy Spirit taught her even from a child.

You would be really proud if you read half the letters I do, about her blessed influence even among the literary and learned men. One writes, "Her poems are almost Miltonic, and of marvellous sweetness and power." Another, "A more lovely life was never known." A Unitarian writes to me, that since reading "My King," he has left his false doctrines and loves the Lord Jesus.

But I must not stay. I have such headaches, and such heaps of letters. But I think pocket-money is always short at the end of term, so I just send you 5s. each. Aunt Maria does love her dear nephews, though not able to come and see them yet awhile. You need not answer, for I am leaving Wales.

To Miss E. M.

MUMBLES, October 25, 1880.

I am still under letter interdict, and still constantly disobedient; but what can I do? With constant appeals to my sympathy, and countless requests, I must respond. I do want *all* my letters now to be real work for Jesus. So may He give me words *for you*.

And the message was in Ezek. xi. 16 the day you left home: "Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries *where* they shall come." Of course that is Jesus Himself, *with you*. Now a sanctuary is a place to abide in, so see that you abide in Jesus. A friend of F. R. H.'s writes to me about this continuous living *in* Jesus,—stepping out of yourself into Him, and it is the *present* tense, "To *whom* coming," 1 Peter ii. 4, just as continuously as "cleanseth." Now, dear E., I wish I were quite sure that you are *in* Jesus. I know you *love*

Him, desire Him, but there is more. In Him, then, would flow the sweet conscious reality that Jesus *is* with you as your living, loving Head.

My darling would say, "Whatever are you waiting for?" Simply at once take the step, and believe that by the Holy Spirit's power, as you look up and say, "My Lord and my God," as surely Jesus meets your cry, and says, "Fear not," (why?) "I *have* redeemed *thee*; *thou art Mine*." Did you see in Ezek. xvi. 8 that baby allegory, "Thou *becamest* Mine"? and then, in ver. 60, after all the wanderings and forgettings on our part, He says, "I will remember;" and compare with Jer. ii. 2 and F.'s "Dost Thou indeed remember *me*! Just *me*, the last and least."

Now, two words to sum up—"sanctuary," "Mine."

To the same.

The King is so good. He is altogether lovely. Do keep tight hold of His promises, dear; they are sure. His forgiveness is so specially sweet to me just now. Look at the horizon of *unlimitable* pardon, "as far as the east is from the west! so far . . ." is it not delicious? "Free and forgiven, and loved, you stand."

To Mr. Eugene Stock.

THE MUMBLES, *April 20, 1881.*

Yours just come to the "Welsh Nest." I longed to get here after work in my brother's parish, and I do think there was real blessing to some of the gloomy ones; it's odd how some will stick in the ditch! One poor body exclaimed, "My husband always *fathoms* it out to me after he comes from church, but you have lightened me most of all!" Another: "Well, Miss, I've puzzled it

over, and I sees it clear now, and I do trust to Jesus." So, many thanks for your real service to Miss Clay ; she is a real live missionary. A more humble and devoted spirit I never saw. Her prayers are up to Moses's almost ; she must get Amens. She wrote from her tent ; had had crowds of women clasping her hand, and saying, "Come, come again." Miss C. says no Bible-woman can live alone in an entirely heathen place without the protection of a husband. She has already found a good Christian, and her blind husband, who have begun work.

I never opened your *Gleaner* till a very weary day, and was vexed with a Holy Cross Guild man. I had to be civil, and to be candid. Didn't I give it him !

To the same.

THE MUMBLES, *January 2, 1882.*

Thanks ; I carried the C. M. S. Almanacs three miles Sunday morning, through such a gale of rain, to the Sunday school where I work—often alone, for no other lady will trudge as I do. A splendid class of boys, who are keen for Mission news, for Archibald Shaw taught them two Sundays, and left a footprint. I had to return and jump into bed, and there spent my New Year's Day. How delightfully you organize the Almanac texts !

My New Year's wish for you is, that you may be the King's penholder. — Yours in the same work, a few notches lower,
M. V. G. H.

To the same.

THE MUMBLES, *15th December 1881.*

Thanks for your sister's thoughtful book, so well worked out and in.

You printed my name once *sans* permission, so I have done the same for you! See preface to *Starlight*. That is the seventh preface I have written, and I had to kneel at Fanny's sofa to ask the King for the words. Now see one of my ideas—"Aunt Maria's ideas," they are called.

Starlight has F. R. H.'s "Marching Orders" in it, and other sweet last words, so I wish to send a copy to all your missionaries, masculine and feminine. How shall I do it? Shall copies be sent to Salisbury House, or addresses to Nisbet? Of course I pay post either way. It will be so delightful to send a King's gleam all round the world. How many hundred copies will it take? I shall also send copies to Islington College. I do thank God for giving me the *idea* to print "Tell it out," with the music, as a prelude to F.'s "Marching Orders;" and after them I give one of my dear father's missionary hymns. All *this* idea came out of a tiff with Sankey! He asked leave to print a mutilated hash of "Tell it out," omitting all the 8-line words and music for this line of his own, "Let the song *ne'er* cease!" And I fear old Eve was in me, and I said "No, it must go as F. R. H. wrote it, or not at all." Then I felt sorry I did not let even a bad version of it go, and then I thought to put it in *Starlight*, and telegraphed just in time.

NOTE.—[From the *C. M. S. Intelligencer* for February 1882.] "Starlight through the Shadows," by the late Frances Ridley Havergal (London: J. Nisbet & Co.), is primarily "a daily book for invalids," planned by the lamented authoress as a special work for 1879, but not finished when "the Master's home call" came for her in the summer of that year, and now published just as she left it. With it are bound up some outlines of addresses prepared for her classes and meetings of young women and others, which are indeed beautifully suggestive; and also the stirring papers entitled "Marching Orders," which she wrote for the *C. M. Gleaner* in that same last year of her life. It will interest our readers to hear that Miss

Maria V. G. Havergal, to whom the whole Church of Christ is already so deeply indebted for the Memoir of her sister, and who has now edited this posthumous production of that sister's facile and gracious pen, has presented 500 copies of "Starlight through the Shadows" to the Church Missionary Society, to be sent (at her own expense) to all the Society's missionaries, and to the native clergy acquainted with English. That they will value a gift so generously given, we are sure; and we know that they cannot please the donor better than by teaching to all the Native congregations and schools, Frances Havergal's missionary hymn, "Tell it out," which is prefixed, with its proper tune, to the papers on "Marching Orders" in this volume.

The message sent to each missionary :—

FROM
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL'S SISTER
(MARIA V. G. H.)

*To the Missionaries of the Church
Missionary Society.*

MAY THE "STARLIGHT" OF HIS
PROMISES, AND THE SUNLIGHT OF HIS
PRESENCE, CHEER AND BRIGHTEN
YOUR PATHWAY.

F. R. H.'s STUDY,
CASWELL BAY, NEAR SWANSEA.

January, 1882

To the same.

LYNCHMERE, HERTFORD,
June 14, 1885.

You are a reality now, instead of C. M. S. essence! I am thankful you gave me a C. M. S. blessing on the steps of that House Beautiful. The dome of St. Paul's photographed itself on my mind, and with it the thought that soon we shall be standing where there is no temple, no veil, no shadows, and the nations gathered there by the C. M. S. workers, *home* workers as well as the out-stations.

And I never said "Thank you!" but I do mean it heartily; your Bible studies make me wish to be young again, and teach. You do compress your thoughts admirably, and compressed thought expands with brain digestion. I like your chapter on the Ladder, and the "Lucky Fellow" chapter is quite a hit. The book seems to amuse me, not wrongfully, but racyly. I am much better,—not near the Land of Beulah.

To Mrs. Matthews.

February 27, 1882.

I try to answer by return of post, else I get so oppressed and sleepless with postal pressure; but since Christmas health is returning, by God's mercy.

Ah, yes, I know all about it, and better still, Jesus knows. I will just tell you two or three things that comforted me, and may they be His whisper to you: I am sure He loves you by this "setting apart." "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God." So in the desert of loneliness, the unfilled place, the desert aching comes. It is His voice, "Comfort ye," etc. God will fill the empty places left by our dear ones.

One does so go back to lost days and moments. Often when grief seemed unbearable, the simple words, "Hush me, Lord Jesus," have brought His human tenderness so near.

I am selecting more poems of Fanny's for print; also, if well enough, treasures of her letters. For some reasons, I did not in the "Memorials" fully show her severe home discipline after papa's death, but think I shall now.

My dear friend, just lie still in Jesus, and take F.'s words, "More grace, and for you."

Excuse more, writing is so bad for me, and letters come from all over the world!

To the same.

Your husband's illness is a sore trial, but your dear Lord is watching you and your dear one in the furnace. "I will take away all thy tin." Dear F. said that is our fair appearances,—tin is so like silver, but must all be purged away. The dear Hand does it all, the same that plucks us as brands out of the burning. Zech. iii. 3-7 is such a sweet connection with John x. 27, 28. Once plucked out, we shall never be plucked away out of the dear Hand. Ah! that Hand felt the scorching flame for us.

To her Brother.

2 BANK TERRACE, LLANDILO,
August 6, 1883.

I did not think I should live to write this date again, and send you every loving wish. Truly both you and I have daily reminders that we live on the edge of eternity. More and more it seems to me the one great life business is to make our calling and election sure. I

suppose that means, to see that we have effectually received and obeyed God's call, and by the evident signs of the Holy Spirit working in us, making God's secret purpose of election sure in our own case. I like what an old woman said, "I was so bad I could not have chosen God, if He had not chosen me." "According as He hath chosen us in Him, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." And yet with this high standard, I am sure I can only take the publican's place, and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and if it were not for the abundant pardon, I should have no hope. "Forgiven until now" is such a nice verse, and as F. put it,—

"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 sinful, helpless thing."

I am sorry to hear some one has said that Fanny's works were unsound. I do most seriously challenge and deny this statement. I could copy written proof to the contrary, from bishops, priests, and deacons, besides professors and reviewers. There has hardly been a Church Congress or Conference since her death, but her name has been mentioned with the deepest respect, and her works spoken of as "unrivalled manuals of Christian literature," also as "a complete body of divinity." A very eminent man said her "Thoughts of God" rose to Miltonic grandeur ; while the testimony even of some Roman Catholics is striking, and how they read her books !

Because of her high standard of holy living, which she carried out most literally, and her high standard of spirit life, some may object, but there is no truth that has not been assailed ; and I do say that there is not one sentence in F.'s books that can be proved unsound by Holy Scripture or the Thirty-nine Articles. Mind, I do not think that any manuals of devotion, any comments on the Bible, should do away with our own daily search

of God's Word. How her words have been blessed in leading others to the same holy, happy life, is simply miraculous, and eternity alone can reveal it. I must stop, but I do wish — to read what I say.

Since coming here I am better, and it is quieter than at The Mumbles; I cannot stand noise. I fear this very damp, misty weather tries you, and I am so sorry for the hay here; so much is still out. Give my love all round, from your sister,

MARIA.

To Mrs. F. B. Grant.

WINTERDYNE, 21st Jan. 1884.

We were all glad to receive such good accounts of your welcome home, and certainly, like a good wife, you write more of your husband than yourself. There is much advantage in having simple village people, and I have no doubt they will thankfully receive your pastoral visits. May you both come to them in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. We love that old word "gospel," don't we?—God's good news to the lost and perishing; and realizing for myself what it was to be lost, makes one rejoice and cling to salvation and the precious blood that cleanses and atones. I so often find poor people listen when I tell them of dear Fanny's own text, 1 John i. 7, and how she clung to it to the last.

I am pleased you told me your need of her books, and request you to do so always. I now send some cases in blue of her prose and poetry.

So sorry for all your detentions and trouble. Still the King's word must come true, "Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness,"—"it" singular number; so, separate little afterwards, till the one grand "afterward" dawneth. Is not the Lord good to scrape away our "tin"? So much of my services I thought silver, were only tin, so the cleansing blood is more and more precious.

I like your lines on the little ones and on holding firm. I keep up, down to breakfast, and open my window at four or five.

To a Godson, L. B.

WINTERDYNE, *April 1, 1884.*

I wish we could have a little talk instead of this letter. You may be sure I am thinking about you as the day comes near when you will promise what I once promised for you.

Think much of the inward grace promised you, even the gift of God's Holy Spirit. No outward form has grace in it, and I do so hope you are quite clear about Baptism as being the outward rite of admission into Christ's visible Church, so that you need to be born again of the Spirit, so as by that new birth to be united by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is just a real definite transaction between your soul and the Lord Jesus,—you coming to Him, you telling Him you do desire to be His child, His soldier, and offering your heart for the blessed Spirit to come in and dwell with you—in you. And as surely as you say honestly, Lord Jesus, take me, wash me, sanctify me, so surely He does His part. He confirms you; the Bishop is only the visible hand. Yes, the very hand of the Lord Jesus will surely then descend in blessing you, and shedding in your heart the Holy Ghost to strengthen and keep you.

I know there must be many temptations and difficulties; even some around you may hinder you. But cheer up; if you choose Christ, He will stand by you,—yes, quite near to you, His poor little soldier. And, L., I feel sure the Lord Jesus speaks to those who listen; I mean some promise, some verse out of the Bible, comes to our heart as just what we want, some text that helps us at the minute. I hope to send you

and your brother a book, and some cards my sister F. wrote, and also some for you to give any of your schoolfellows.

To her Eldest Sister at St. Moritz in the Engadine, the day before her operation in Birmingham.

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 harbour, 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.

To J. and S. H.

3rd Nov. 1884.

It was impossible to answer your query till to-day. E. Clay has taken her passage again conditionally on the 25th. She has been brave indeed, itinerating to 274 new villages, over bridgeless rivers and sandy holes in unmade roads. She carries her mattress and cooking utensils; and, as she often saw dirty hands put dirty sweetmeats in the milk, her goat goes along with her, and its little kid on the top of the bullock-cart. Fancy her going with only a blind Scripture reader and his wife to quite new places, and she wishes to visit 1500 villages! She goes to the head Baboo and gets leave to see his wife, and then into minor courts. She has already built two churches and two houses. She has never received any salary, and only has her conveyance expenses paid in India, not her passage money. She belongs to the Church of England Zenana Society, in close connection with the C. M. S. She still suffers from deafness and roaring noises in her head, but is better, and is just waiting God's will. I trust she will yet go.

I have been like a carpet-bag, squeezing in more than it will hold, but nothing to your crowded duties. I know how desolate your evenings must be; but, O happy mother! safe for ever on the other side with the Lord. I hope you keep up, like dear, good pilgrims, hastening "onwards and upwards."

To J. and S. H.

December 1884.

Thanks for your love on Nov. 15, and the mittens. Oh, S., what fine stitches! I do wear them, and prefer black.

“Precious faith” gets tried ; poor tired ones, your time to “sit still” will come. I never saw before the origin of reserved seats ! It is St. Peter’s idea, 1 Pet. i. 4, “reserved in heaven for you,” *you* individually, so no one else shall or can sit in your reserved seat. You hold the ticket, 1 John i. 7 ; the blood is the passport. As the stewards pass you up and up, oh ! what will it be to pass up the shining ranks and see the seated, rested dear ones, and sit down with them in our reserved seats there !

To Miss W.

Feb. 9, 1886.

Your note is indeed a treasure, dear friend, and how singularly the Lord is answering the prayer !

I am often thinking of you, and know all is well ; the Lord will strengthen her on the bed of languishing, and make all her bed. And now you have reached that sweet word “carry ;” because you are helpless, He must be carrying you step by step nearer home. And then the “I,”—even I will carry you, not trusting any one else to do that soul-carrying.

I do rejoice you have tender human hands to minister to you, and I know true love moves them. How different to a rich invalid lady I hear of, who has positively suffered from a cruel though highly-paid nurse.

Just my love,—the card is done by a dear invalid.

To Miss E. M.

SIDMOUTH, *March 29th, 1886.*

The times are very dark, one really does not know what comes next ; only the Lord reigns, and He will put the crooked straight. What comfort there is in Isaiah

xl. 1, 2, 3. I hope you are encouraging yourself, dear, *in* the Lord; such peace as we do that! and He knows, He cares, He loves.

I have been speaking at the Zenana meetings here since October; Thursday is my next day, and I think of Rev. iii. 19 to the end,—our dear Lord's own words, straight down from His loving heart to ours. Will you take them as His birthday message, dear? "As many as I love," etc.; and then, "Behold, I stand;"—"if *any* man" must mean *us*. Then let us open the deep-down door in our heart, and welcome in such a guest, "sup *with* Him,"—interchange of closest love; think of His *caring* for our poor foolish company! But, as dear F. said, "the dear Lord wants our poor love to add to His cup of joy." Then the "cup" goes on from time into eternity! when the real bridal feast begins, and never, never ends. Then how strengthening that promise, "To him that overcometh,"—it implies heaps of fights and failures, but certain victory through Him that loved us. "My throne,"—no king takes even his children to share that; but our King promises it—"makes slaves the partners of His throne." That dear old hymn often *sings* to me, "Hark, my soul," with "Partners of my throne *shall* be; Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?" Yes, yes, dear Lord, we do, we do!

To Mrs. R. B. M.

WINTERDYNE, Oct. 16, 1886.

YOU DEAR FRIEND!—I can see your winged arms so loving and true! I have not forgotten my missionary promises, but kept hiding away in Wales, and could not trouble dear sister Ellen to hunt. I write to you, not to your husband, because you can write his letters, but not his sermons. Oh! those "fresh oil" sermons, and the dear, plain services "understanded of the people!" I do

pray on Saturdays for God's messengers to be filled, and then on Mondays that they may be rested and refreshed. But business—it will give me real pleasure to get my father's music to "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" copied, and my young copyist will be so thankful; or I will get it printed. So no buts and ifs; there will be none "up there." And I don't forget about his music to Abdool Messeeh's "Beloved Saviour;" all in time.

Sister Miriam sent me part of your last letter, so I see how you want some little candlesticks, and He who walketh in the midst of all His lights knows, and in His time will send. So I hope the need will stir up latent sparks in some unlikely ones. Tell me if the two dear aunts are really in glory. I do so think of the dear Miss C——s, my love, please; but I ought not to write, my arm lives in a sling, till disobedient! Now, don't look dismal, you darling. I believe the dear Master's hand has a chloroform touch, and specially exempts me from what I ought to have. My doctor was astonished on my return from Wales (my Patmos) at the retardation. So I said, "Then, doctor, I am not wanted in heaven yet!" He replied, "No; you have a special lease of life; you have marvellous vitality and recuperative powers." It seems to me as if I were snatched back for more special training and purging; all the tin must come off. Oh, to specially glorify my dear Lord! Remember me to good Mrs. B., and tell your mothers, the Lord Jesus never fails those who trust in Him.

"Just to trust Him, that is all."

I cannot write or send to all Sidmouth friends. Don't tell I write, please, or the dear tiresome saints will wonder I do not send to them.

CLOSING SCENES.

MY dear sister Maria's Autobiography and her Diary carry on the history of her life at intervals to the spring of 1887. She joined me at Weston-super-Mare, February 3; but to enable me to receive another relative, she afterwards kindly moved into Wellington Terrace, and, March 21, went to her last earthly home (nearly opposite mine), 3 Paragon Villas, under a most attentive landlady. In the same house I stayed in May and June, our dear niece, Alice S., my maid, and Maria's former trained nurse, all devoting our whole time to her. Alas! we could do little to relieve her terrible suffering, of which the most distressing and obstinate symptom was sickness, almost incessant in the last five weeks; but she bore all with wonderful patience, and with great consideration for her attendants.

For two months after her arrival at Weston-super-Mare 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 of the never-dying soul and the ever-living Saviour to those whom she met when resting on a seat, or standing to view the expanse of sea and sky. Dear Maria also took great interest in the Cabmen's Rest, which was near her apartments, sometimes taking light refreshments and books for the men. One of them (C. Hill), in gratitude, carved on wood with an ornamental border the text, "God is our refuge and strength," and sent it to her when no longer able to leave the house.

As another instance of making use of every opportunity, I may mention that a workman being required to make a little repair in her room, our niece A. E. S. thus writes about it: "Dear aunt asked me to call him back, saying, 'I must speak to him and give him a book.' I only caught some words about 'being washed white in the precious blood bringing such comfort when you come to lie on a dying bed.' He was the last person to whom she really spoke a word for Jesus."

Dear Maria conversed but little in her illness, and could not often bear to be read to, or to receive any messages. Sometimes we repeated texts, but generally her own communings with God seemed sufficient for her soul's peace. Her life had spoken,

and so we needed not perpetual assurances from her lips that she was "still looking unto Jesus, the Author and the Finisher of (her) faith."

The Mildmay nurse arrived April 25, and till May 12, when the practice was given up from the patient's exhaustion, she read a Psalm to her every morning, and Maria would then pray aloud, fervently entreating blessings on all her near and dear ones, and embracing also the general subjects of Christian prayer.

From the nurse's memoranda I copy a few items:—

On reading Psalm xv. Miss Havergal said, "I cannot claim the blessing of that Psalm, but I just creep to the Saviour's feet, the lowest of all; I need the continual cleansing of the precious blood." She prayed for all who would be preparing sermons for the morrow, that they might preach Christ in the power of the Holy Ghost.

On Psalm xvii. she spoke of the tenderness of God's love, and on "the apple of the eye" shrinking from being touched, and then prayed that all might love Jesus more, and also for Mildmay.

On Psalm xviii., "According to my righteousness," said she had none, she had to come down lower and lower; she prayed in her father's words:

“ ‘Just as Thou wilt, O Lord, do Thou !
I to Thy sovereign purpose bow.’ ”

Only let me glorify Thee ; O give me patience in suffering.”

On Psalm xxi. she spoke of the word “ strength ” being so often used by David ; of his trust in God for strength in battle, strength to endure, and that God proved to be his strength.

On Psalm xxvi. 12, said that she could not now bless the Lord in the congregation here, but soon in the great congregation above ; but she would want a long time with the Lord Jesus alone first, she had so much to tell Him, and so much to be forgiven ; that she had given Him so much trouble, but she came to His feet like Mary Magdalene.

On Psalm xxvii. 2, said she had no earthly enemies to fear ; supposed enemies often meant sins. Said she was black, but then thought of the verse, “ I am black but comely,” and “ perfect through my comeliness,” which showed it must be all Jesus from first to last. How often she had disobeyed Him by making her own plans ; one of her besetting sins was interference. 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.”

On Psalm xxviii., "Christ is not only our strength, but our *saving* strength. 'He looked and there was none to help, so His own arm brought salvation.'" Prayed, "Dear Lord, undertake for us; may we learn all Thou wouldst teach us." She gave thanks for sleep, and prayed for all in churches, chapels, and meetings, for Sunday-school teachers, and for sick ones in their rooms, that Jesus would meet with them.

Psalm xxx.—Said David must have been glad when the sackcloth was taken off, something like a little child with a clean white dress. Expressed a little disappointment about finding herself likely to be here some time, and was pleased with the thought that there might be a loophole somewhere for her, saying, "Loopholes into Glory" would be a pretty title for a book.

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?" When told that Mr. Shaw was coming that evening, she was very pleased, and would get up and make the very best of herself for him. A frame sent by Mrs. H. Shaw with the words, "With His stripes

we are healed," being placed where she could see it, she remarked, "He gave His back to the smiters, and did not turn away from one stroke. Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Hunt talk of God's 'everlasting love,' and that comforts me."

Speaking of Heb. xii. 22-24, Miss Havergal said, "'Ye are come to Mount Zion,' etc. I am so glad it speaks of 'the blood of sprinkling;' no getting to heaven without that!"

May 12.—No more Psalms were read to Miss Havergal after this date.

MARY FARRINGTON.

The last time my dear sister attended divine service was in Trinity Church, April 17, at 3 P.M., for the Litany and Holy Communion specially for invalids. Before going, she said, "Will you forgive me a sin against you years ago? I cannot go to the Lord's Table till I have told you of it." Of course I replied, I would forgive her if it had been seventy-seven times, and she went away quite satisfied, and alone, because I was tired with the morning service, and had no idea she intended going in her increased weakness. Afterwards she said to me, "My peace flows in like a river."

April 22.—Dear Maria called to say good-bye to three sisters, formerly our Astley friends, to whom

we are bound by ties of love and grief, and this was her last visit to any one. She then thought she was going to Winterdyne in a few days, as her kind brother-in-law wished that he and his children might minister to her in her remaining days, and that she might be nearer to her favourite doctor. But she was never able to undertake the journey, becoming so rapidly worse.

April 24 was a day of much suffering. She said, "Whatever should I do now, if I had not the promises to rest on! Heathen that I am! I have not read a word of my Bible to-day." It was answered, "Who would expect you to do so? and God is not a hard taskmaster." 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, I seem to have His very self with me."

Sunday, May 1.—Dear Maria's pulse was 120°, and temperature 102°, and she was so very ill that we telegraphed in the evening for her Birmingham doctor, who arrived the next day, and stayed the night. He said, that so far as the disease was concerned, she might live two or three months, but that the heart was so weak, life might be cut short any day. Dr. Malins' new prescriptions relieved her temporarily, but she did not leave her bed again for some days.

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!” On showing her a flower, she said, “I do so like to think over the wild-flowers, and where I have seen them growing in Wales and Switzerland ; it amuses me for hours and hours.”

She gave me directions about her funeral at Astley, and for the inscription on a foot-stone, as there is no room for another on her father’s tomb. On saying some friends wished to see her, she said, “I can’t think why friends can’t wait to see one another in heaven.” Her feeling of exhaustion and nervousness made her shrink even from the Christian converse she formerly delighted in.

May 6.—Her faithful friend, Miss Elizabeth Clay, came for a ten days’ visit, though herself an invalid from the effects of her Indian labours. Dear Maria remarked to her 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 10.—She said, “Dear E. wants to go back to

her work in India, and I want to fly away at once ; but we would not choose, and she prayed that we might have no will of our own." Another time—"Be Thou their arm every morning! Remember His love is fixed upon you."

"Come and look at me as often as you like, dear Elizabeth ; a laugh does me good sometimes."

May 13.—"The pain was so bad this morning, I could have screamed, but I lay still and told the Lord I did not know how to bear it, and after a little while it got better. How nice to think of the glorious bodies! 'We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.' 'He will not lay upon you more than you are able to bear.' Jesus Himself says to you and to me, 'It is I ;' those three words I would not part with, and I believe them. He is now fulfilling to us all the promises, because we are in great tribulation. I have a joyful hope and longing to be with Him, to see Him and never grieve Him more. I abhor the Perfectionist views ; in self is no good, and evil thoughts even now trouble me ; I only trust His blood and righteousness."

In the following week dear Maria was easier on the whole, but had some heart attacks of great exhaustion. She usually disliked to hear street music, but one day the town band played Handel's

“And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,” which she much enjoyed, beating time with her hand; and when sending out some silver commended their playing that style of music, and remarked, “I shall soon have music for nothing in heaven.” After May 14 she never left her bed again even for a few minutes.

May 15, Sunday.—Poor Maria had a bad night, and much pain and headache all day. In the evening she revived a little, and asked if I remembered any text in the Bible, or anything in other books, which showed that believers in illness were kept from dying and going to heaven by any sin undiscovered, and therefore unconfessed. I said, “Decidedly not,” giving my reasons, to which she agreed, but said, “I have been teasing myself lest there should be some childish sin or something I did not know to be sin.” Of course I rejoined that sins of ignorance were atoned for as well as others, and after more talk of the kind, she said, “Well, now you have comforted me a little, you may go, and I will lie quiet.” But she returned to the subject the next day, saying, “There are two or three great sins I could scarcely think I was forgiven for, last night.” I reminded her that if the Lord Jesus atoned for any of her sins, He did so for all, and that it was the “accuser of the brethren,” who took advantage of her weakness to

instil these doubts. "Yes," she said; "but now I do think I can lay all my sins on Jesus, I rest on the simple foundation truths of the Bible. Tell your dear J. I often think of his bright face, and pray that, taking Christ for his own in life, he may find the peace in death I have, and tell your dear C. the same."

May 18.—After some "burning pain," she asked me to read a letter from Giles, and said she found his remarks very comforting, and 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. In the morning, thinking herself very near death, she asked me to telegraph for our dear niece, Alice S., who arrived the same evening, and proved a great help and comfort. It was well dear Maria did not know that weary weeks were still before her.

May 19.—I went to dear Maria at 4 A.M., and found her very exhausted after sickness, but whispered that it was Ascension Day, and repeated the Collect. She merely nodded assent; she seldom speaks, only sometimes utters a sentence of faith, humility, or love, or care for others.

May 20.—She rallied wonderfully after the dreadful pain yesterday, and saw her nephew, the Rev. W. H. S., for a few minutes.

May 21.—After a severe attack of sickness, I said, "It is one step nearer home;" not expecting any reply, but she exclaimed aloud, "Thank you." A furious gale was raging, but she has not noticed noises for some time, though formerly so sensitive to them. In the evening, after a long nap, she said, "I have been thinking of that very nice text, 'To depart and be with Christ, which is far better;' I wish we could all go in a lump together." At 10 P.M., after a sudden attack, the heart seemed failing, and the nurse thought life might end in a few minutes. The pulse rallied; but it continued to fluctuate through the night; none of us undressed, as she continued terribly ill. Once she said, as if to herself, "Victory through the blood," and "The gift of God is eternal life." Once again in the night we thought her about to depart, when I quoted a text at intervals, and the verse,

"Lo! He beckons from on high,
Fearless to His presence fly;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God."

But she took no notice of anything. About 7 A.M. she revived, and continued better all day and the two following ones. On the 24th she actually tried to sing Fanny's lost piece, "Behold, God is my salvation, etc. etc., therefore with joy shall

ye draw water out of the wells of salvation" (Isa. vi. 2, 3).

The next night she described as "awful;" the following one was not so restless, and in the morning she said to me, "I am not going to heaven yet, but I have quite resigned myself to the will of God; what He appoints must be right. God often gives me beautiful texts and thoughts, but I am too weak to say them out."

May 29, Whit-Sunday.—Notwithstanding continued suffering in many ways, dear M.'s pulse became stronger, and sank to 110°, and Alice read Psalm cxlv. to her, and she was more inclined to talk.

I saw little of dear Maria from this time, being ill myself till June 7, when she seemed easier and brighter than usual, and, hearing the Rev. W. Hunt's voice, she asked for him, and he came in and prayed with her, which she spoke of afterwards as being very comforting. (She always lay with door and window open night and day, and till the hot weather came our fur cloaks and rugs were in requisition when sitting with her.)

June 8.—As she had rallied sufficiently to be carried by four people into another room, she was placed on a water-bed, and soon recovered from the faintness caused by the motion. Two or three average days and nights followed; after a severe attack she said, "No one knows how fearful this is."

I suggested the often-repeated comfort, "Jesus knows," and she referred to it the next day, saying, "You can't think how often little words you say like that come back and soothe me. The word *is* has been a support to me all night! 'There *is* forgiveness with thee.'" I repeated a hymn by the Rev. J. East, which our father set to music in his youth, and as I have not seen it elsewhere in print, and it is the last she ever heard and admired, I transcribe it:—

"Jesus, didst Thou bleed and languish
On the cross in dying anguish,
For the ills that I have done?
Then, while on this earth I tarry,
Eve and matin gales shall carry
Grateful praises to Thy throne.

"And when I no more shall number
Days and nights, but sweetly slumber
In the grave which Thou hast blest,
While my flesh in hope reposes,
Till the day the tomb encloses,
With Thee, Saviour, I shall rest."

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."

June 13.—She told me she had been following A. D. Shaw in the night on his journey through the African deserts, and wishing he could have the nice cool water she has, and she had been praying for him a long time. Afterwards her mind wandered, and it continued to do so frequently till the end came, being often frightened and perplexed, and she talked more than for many days past.

June 18.—Dear Maria's mind seemed clearer, and she asked for different kinds of fruit, which fortunately were at hand or were procured in a few minutes, but she only tasted and then rejected them. For weeks she had refused the delicacies sent by kind friends, and for the last month she had taken nothing in the ordinary way except ice or lemonade. She had become very emaciated, and it was evident the end of the weary journey was at hand, throughout which my diary records many minor miseries, besides the restless feverishness, the pain and sickness, and other distressing symptoms; but our feelings need not be harrowed by dwelling on these, now that perfect rest is given, though we may glorify God for the patience and grace with which He enabled her to endure them.

June 20.—She was evidently sinking, and took no notice when told of a sweet note from her pastor,

and of texts from Miss B. at Jaffa. In the evening we helped to prepare adornings for our two houses on the Jubilee Day, sadly wondering whether we should not arise to darkened rooms and quiet weeping.

Tuesday, June 21.—The sun shone gloriously on our good Queen Victoria's Jubilee. We followed in thought the royal procession, the thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey, and the other arrangements of that ever to be remembered day, when the great heart of the nation throbbed with loyalty and love, and England's distant children joined as one family in praise to the great Ruler and Father of all, and in prayer for the beloved Empress-Queen.

We heard the booming of artillery, the distant sounds of many feet, and the rejoicing voices of our township, in the quiet room where alternately we watched "the footsteps of the end." We felt the mighty presence of a Saviour - God around us, and one of our number even imagined she saw the dim outlines of ministering angels waiting to convey a ransomed soul to celestial regions.

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!"

C. B.

In rich cloth, bevelled, with Portrait and Illustrations, price 6s.,

RECORDS OF THE LIFE OF THE
REV. WM. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

BY HIS DAUGHTER, JANE MIRIAM CRANE.

“‘Yet speakoth!’ In the memory of those
To whom he was indeed ‘a living song.’”

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

“Canon Havergal was no ordinary man. He was rich in grace as well as rich in gifts. ‘Who could see him and not love him?’ asked a brother pastor, his friend for many years. The readers of ‘The Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal’ will remember how intense was her veneration for her loved father, and these pages will show how justly he held the highest place in the affections of all who knew him. This Biography is admirably written, and gives charming word-pictures of home and parish life. The illustrations include a portrait from a painting by S. Cole, and another from a bust taken by Robert Pauer, of Creuznach. Engravings are also given of Astley Church, and St. Nicholas’ Church, Worcester.”—*Church Standard*.

“The Life of the Rev. W. H. Havergal (written by his daughter, J. Miriam Crane) deserves to take its place with the Memoirs of M’Cheyne. It has the same gracious interest, the same powerful unction, the same fervour, force, tender love and practical sympathy. It is written by a refined, skilful, and attractive pen. The reading of such a beautiful work as this is nothing short of a means of grace. Pastors will find in it much stimulus, inspiration, and many practical hints. Young Christians will be strengthened by its perusal, and the aged will read it with zest and delight. It is a biographical gem, and deserves a place in every Christian home.”—*Oldham Chronicle*.

“HOME WORDS” OFFICE, 1 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.

LIFE AND WORKS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

MEMORIALS OF THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. By her Sister, Maria V. G. Havergal. With portrait and other illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. Chesp edition, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. ; roan, 3s. ; paper cover, 6d.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL—THE LAST WEEK. 78th thousand. 6d. ; paper cover, 2d.

LETTERS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Edited by her sister. Crown 8vo, 5s.

STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR THE YOUNG. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MISS HAVERGAL'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 12s.

LIFE ECHOES. With twelve illustrations of Alpine scenery, printed in colours. Small 4to, 12s.

SWISS LETTERS AND ALPINE POEMS. With twelve chromo-lithographs of Alpine scenery and flowers. Small 4to, 12s.

ROYAL GRACE AND LOYAL GIFTS. Comprising the following seven 16mo volumes, in a neat cloth case, 10s. The books may be had separately, 1s. each.

KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

THE ROYAL INVITATION; or, Daily Thoughts on Coming to Christ.

MY KING; or, Daily Thoughts for the King's Children.

ROYAL COMMANDMENTS; or, Morning Thoughts for the King's Servants.

ROYAL BOUNTY; or, Evening Thoughts for the King's Guests.

LOYAL RESPONSES; or, Daily Melodies for the King's Minstrels.

STARLIGHT THROUGH THE SHADOWS, and other Gleams from the King's Word.

LIFE AND WORKS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL—continued.

LIFE CHORDS. Being her Earlier and Later Poems. With twelve chromo-lithographs of Alpine scenery, in one of which is introduced a Portrait of the Author in the ninth year of her age. Small 4to, 12s.

LIFE MOSAIC: Being "The Ministry of Song" and "Under the Surface." With twelve coloured illustrations of Alpine flowers and Swiss mountain and lake scenery. Small 4to, 12s.

TREASURE TROVE: A Selection from some Unpublished Writings of Miss Havergal. With coloured borders. 32mo, 1s.

IVY LEAVES: Being Thoughts for a Month, from Miss Havergal's Poems. With coloured borders. 16mo, 1s.

MY KING AND HIS SERVICE: Being the following Three Volumes in neat cloth case, price 1s.

MY KING; or, Daily Thoughts, etc.

ROYAL BOUNTY; or, Evening Thoughts, etc.

ROYAL COMMANDMENTS; or, Morning Thoughts.

UNDER HIS SHADOW. 32mo, 1s. 6d.

THE MINISTRY OF SONG. 32mo, 1s. 6d.

UNDER THE SURFACE. 32mo, 1s. 6d.

. These Three Volumes of Poems may be had in a neat cloth case, price 6s.

MORNING STARS; or, Names of Christ for His Little Ones. 32mo, 9d.

MORNING BELLS AND LITTLE PILLOWS: Being Waking and Night Thoughts for the Little Ones. 32mo, 9d. each; paper covers, 6d. each.

BRUEY: A LITTLE WORKER FOR CHRIST. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.; cheap edition, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 1s.

THE FOUR HAPPY DAYS. 16mo, 1s.

BEN BRIGHTBOOTS and other True Stories. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

LILIES AND SHAMROCKS. 16mo, 1s.

SONGS OF PEACE AND JOY. The Words selected from "The Ministry of Song" and "Under the Surface." The Music by Charles H. Purday. Fcap 4to, 3s. paper cover, 1s. 6d.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

Revised by Her Majesty.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Told for Boys and Girls. By the Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, B.D.
Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

Revised by Her Majesty.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Told for
Boys and Girls all over the World. By the Rev. W. W. TULLOCH,
B.D. With Two Portraits. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"This Memoir is marked by two features which give it especial distinction. It is written in the simplest language for boys and girls; and, with the exception of the last chapter, the work has been personally and carefully revised by Her Majesty. We thus have what must be accepted as an authoritative account of the circumstances under which Princess Victoria was first made acquainted with her nearness to the Throne, and are also enabled to decide several other points of interest which have been variously related by different writers."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"The style in which it is written is simple, graceful, and appropriate, and its tone is altogether admirable. . . . Numerous anecdotes not generally known are scattered over the pages, and these are by no means the least important, being authenticated, as they are, by one who knows their accuracy. . . . We very warmly recommend this charming book, which, from first to last, is profoundly interesting."—*Queen*.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY. A Book for her People. By
Miss MARSH, Author of "English Hearts and English Hands,"
"Brief Memories of the First Earl Cairns," etc., and by L. E. O'R.,
Author of "The Child of the Morning," etc. Small crown 8vo,
1s. cloth limp; 2s. cloth boards, gilt edges. Popular Edition,
small crown 8vo, with Frontispiece; paper cover 4d., or 21s.
per 100.

"A touching and truthful little sketch of the Queen's life and reign."—*John Bull*.

"Remarkable for the enthusiastic loyalty of its tone, but at the same time written with real literary power, and presents a very well-planned epitome of the chief events of this reign."—*Scottish Leader*.

"It is feelingly written, and breathes a vein of loyalty and piety combined which will make it acceptable to many."—*Saturday Review*.

W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D., HIS LIFE AND WORK. By
the Rev. J. ROSS. Extra crown 8vo, with Portrait, 7s. 6d.

Mr. Ross has executed a difficult task with excellent taste and skill. The book reveals the characteristics of Dr. Alexander with force and coherence, and is altogether readable and interesting."—*Saturday Review*.

"A very good account of an interesting and scholarly man. Mr. Ross gives, in passing, glimpses of many of the principal figures in Scotland during the last half century, and of some of the phases of the religious life of the country."—*Contemporary Review*.

Dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

TOLD FOR A MEMORIAL. The Story of Mary Ann. With a
Preface by Canon MASON. A Portrait and other Illustrations.
Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

"This little book is unusually edifying—quite above the line of those pious records we know so well."—*Literary Churchman*.

"A very interesting biography."—*Church Quarterly Review*.

"A simple but charming story of a Cornish widow. The present Primate took a warm interest in Mary Ann Davie, and valued her intercessions for himself."—*Church Bells*.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL GOBAT, BISHOP OF JERUSALEM: His Life and Work. A Biographical Sketch, drawn chiefly from his own Journals. Translated and Edited by Mrs. PEREIRA. With Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"A pattern Memoir; short, compact, and full. It throws much light on Scripture by its vivid description of places, persons, customs, etc., and is otherwise very valuable for its amount of interesting and useful information. A standard work on Missions to the Holy Land."—*Christian World*.

THE LIFE OF JOHN GORDON OF PARKHILL AND PITLURG. By his Widow. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"The perusal of this Memoir will show that few have ever been more earnest in well-doing than John Gordon. The nature and extent of his public and private work will best be learnt through the pages of Mrs. Gordon's well-written Memoir."—*Morning Post*.

"The whole aspect and style of this volume is sure to commend it to a large class of readers. The way in which the author arranges her materials, and exhibits them to her readers, prevents dulness and encourages perusal. The deeds of this great standard-bearer, whom circumstances never disuayed, are here set forth with skill and interest."—*Presbyterian Messenger*.

MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN P. W. STEPHENS, R.N., late of H.M.S. "Thetis" By B. A. HEYWOOD, M.A., Cambridge. With Portrait and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s.

"The subject of this Memoir was a 'worthy' indeed. Mr. Heywood has fulfilled his task admirably, and the Memoir has much to recommend it to the general reader; while it will be of special interest to those who like to study the history of souls in their relations with God."—*Spectator*.

"This is a thoroughly good and readable book. Open the book where one may, some passage of bright, manly, affectionate enterprise is sure to catch the eye."—*Churchman*.

CHOSEN, CHASTENED, CROWNED. A Memoir of MARY SIEKELTON. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A most appropriate gift-book for an invalid."—*Record*.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT. A Sketch of the Public Life of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. By A. C. BICKLEY. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT. And a Memoir by his Daughter, Mrs. A. FLEMING. Post 8vo, 9s.

THE LIFE OF THE LATE JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT. With Portrait. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B. By the Rev. WILLIAM BROCK, D.D. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Cheaper Edition, 1s. 6d.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. HENRY A. STERN, D.D.

For more than forty years a Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. By the Rev. ALBERT A. ISAACS, M.A. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 9s.

"Mr. Isaacs has laid the Church under an obligation for the loving care with which he has gathered up this most interesting record of the life and work of one of her saints. A nobler portraiture of a true Christian hero has not crossed our path in the annals of the early or mediæval Church."—*Church Missionary Intelligencer*.

ST. AUGUSTIN, MELANCHTHON, NEANDER. Three Biographies. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., Author of "Through Bible Lands," "Christ and Christianity," etc. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

"Dr. Schaff writes in good, honest, straightforward English, with no attempt at rhetoric, but with a style so laden with information that the perusal of his pages is a pleasure. He has given what must be owned to be three very graphic and informing sketches of three of the greatest men the Church has produced."—*Scottish Review*.

"We do not know of one life of St. Augustin that gives a more graphic and living portrait of the Saint, or embraces so much detail."—*Literary Churchman*.

"The briefer biographies of the great German Reformer and the illustrious Church Historian are sketched with care and truthfulness."—*Church Times*.

MEMORIALS OF THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. By her Sister, MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL. With Portrait and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.; roan, 3s.; paper cover, 6d.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL—THE LAST WEEK. Seventy-eighth Thousand. 6d.; paper cover, 2d.

LETTERS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Hitherto Unpublished. Edited by her Sister, MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"Rightly to estimate the character of this truly Christian woman, it is necessary to read the correspondence which is now laid before the public."—*Public Opinion*.

"It is a boon to the public to be permitted to enter into the inner life of this true poetess. Many who turn over this volume will get a message pregnant with light, and go on their way instructed and rejoicing. Its naturalness and fulness of sympathy give a wonderful insight into the daily life of one who was specially gifted, both to stimulate and refresh."—*Academy*.

"Here, more completely than in any former publication, Miss Havergal is depicted, by her own pen, in all the moods of her highly-gifted nature."—*Literary Churchman*.

OUTLINES OF A GENTLE LIFE. Memorials of Ellen P. Shaw. By MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL, With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 1s.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE LATE REV. ADOLPHE MONOD, Pastor of the Reformed Church of France. By one of his Daughters. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"An admirable monument of a noble and memorable life."—*Churchman*.

"Everybody should read this beautiful and most edifying book. We are delighted that this exquisite tribute to M. Monod's revered memory has been translated."—*Methodist Times*.

"The life of M. Monod will, in a most instructive manner, explain how the death-like trance of the French Protestant Church was gradually dispelled. It will be exceedingly valuable for, we trust, the awakening and edification of many English Christians. We feel assured that those who consult it will rejoice that it has been brought pointedly under their notice, and will thank us for it."—*Recorder*.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

THE FIRST EARL CAIRNS. Brief Memories of HUGH M'CALMONT, First Earl Cairns. By Miss MARSH. Crown 8vo, 1s.

“Miss Marsh is enabled to draw for us some delightful pictures of Lord Cairns' home and family life.”—*Record*.

“A simple yet heartfelt tribute to the memory of a great and good man.”—*Morning Post*.

“This little book is, of course, only a mere outline of the career of such a man; but we believe it will do far more good than will ever be accomplished by those huge masses of rubbish which are so often piled upon good men's graves.”—Mr. SPURGEON in the *Sword and Trowel*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS, 97th Regiment. With Portrait. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Cheaper Edition, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 6d.

LIFE OF THE REV. DR. MARSH, late Rector of Beddington. With Portrait and other Illustrations. Post 8vo, 10s. Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR VANDELEUR, MAJOR, ROYAL ARTILLERY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE VICTORY WON. A Brief Memorial of the Last Days of G. R. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 6d.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. W. H. HEWITSON, of Dirleton. By the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE, D.D. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s.; Cheaper Edition, 1s. 6d.

A MEMOIR OF ADELAIDE L. NEWTON. By the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE, D.D. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s.; Cheaper Edition, 2s.

THE NIGHT LAMP: A Narrative of the Means by which Spiritual Darkness was Dispelled from the Deathbed of Agnes Maxwell Macfarlane. By the late Rev. JOHN MACFARLANE, LL.D. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM C. BURNS, M.A., Missionary to China. By the late Professor ISLAY BURNS, D.D., Glasgow. With Portrait. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

“William Burns is one of the few men of modern times who have carried the Christian idea into such active revelation in the life, as would compel, even from the most sceptical, a reluctant consent to the Divine Origin of the truths he taught and lived by; and his Memoir, written with rare sincerity and simplicity, must long live as a bright specimen of true Christian biography.”—*Contemporary Review*.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

- THE STORY OF COMMANDER ALLEN GARDINER, R.N.
With Sketches of Missionary Work in South America. By JOHN
W. MARSH, M.A., and the Right Rev. the BISHOP of the Falkland
Islands. With Portrait and Maps. Crown 8vo, 2s.
- MEMORIALS OF JAMES HENDERSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.
EDINBURGH, MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO CHINA. With
Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Cheap Abridged Edition, 16mo, 1s.
- MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT, LATE
MISSIONARY OF THE C.M.S. IN BENGAL. Compiled by
his WIDOW from his Journals and his Letters. With a Preface
by the late Rev. H. VENN, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- SEED-TIME IN KASHMIR: A Memoir of William J. Elmslie,
M.D., F.R.C.S.E., late Medical Missionary of the C.M.S. in
Kashmir. By his WIDOW and Dr. W. BURNS THOMSON, Medical
Missionary. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. Cheaper Edition, 1s.
- PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN MERCHANT.
Being Memorials of Robert Brown, late of Bombay. Compiled by
his Sister, HELEN COLVIN. Crown 8vo, 5s. 6d.
- MEMORIALS OF LITTLE NONY. A Biography of Nony
Heywood, who was the First Collector for the Bruy Branch
of the Irish Society. By her MOTHER. With Preface by Miss
HAVERGAL, and a Portrait. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
"The great charm of the book is its unmistakable reality."—*Churchman*.
- MEMORIALS OF A QUIET MINISTRY. Being the Life and
Letters of the Rev. Andrew Milroy. By his Son, the Rev.
ANDREW WALLACE MILROY, M.A. Oxon. With Portrait and
other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- MEMOIR OF THE REV. G. T. DODDS, OF PARIS. By
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- SELECT REMAINS OF ISLAY BURNS, D.D., of the Free
Church College, Glasgow. Edited by Rev. JAMES C. BURNS.
With a Memoir by Rev. W. G. BLAIR, D.D., New College,
Edinburgh. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MEMORIALS OF A CONSECRATED LIFE. By the Rev.
WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. Small crown 8vo, 3s.
- MEMORIALS OF AGNES ELIZABETH JONES. By her
SISTER. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

~~~~~  
LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET, W.









