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By REV. E. DAVIES, EVANGELIST,

AUTHOR OF "THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST," "BELIEVER'S  
HANDBOOK," "THE BOY PREACHER,"



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"She being dead yet speaketh."

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DEDICATION.



TO

ALL WHO LOVE A PURE HEART AND A PURE LITERATURE

Is this Volume Respectfully Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E .

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TONGUE can never tell the good that has been done by the Episcopal Church. It has raised up some of the most learned and holy men and women that have ever blessed the world. Its Prayer Book and Litany are a standing benediction; a living monument of sound doctrine and Scriptural orthodoxy. It is an embodiment of sound speech that cannot be gainsaid, and of fervent prayers that cannot be offered in sincerity without profit; and cannot be answered without such an absolute surrender of the soul to God, as will lead to that implicit faith that will bring the soul into a state of entire sanctification.

I am happy to furnish the reader with a sketch of the life of an elegant Christian lady of that same Church, whose experience was exactly on this line. She obtained an answer to that beautiful prayer, "Cleanse Thou the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name."

The last seven years of her life she lived in the experience of the following benediction: "May the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. Amen."

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She obtained this heavenly experience by the explicit consecration expressed in the sacramental prayer, "Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto Thee."

The substance of this book I have gathered from "The Memorials of Frances R. Havergal. By her Sister;" also from her prose and poetical works. In this busy age there is a demand for *small, incisive and substantial books*, at a *low price*. To meet this demand, some time ago I condensed and combined the Memoirs and the Journal of Hester Ann Rogers, (who was also an Episcopal clergyman's daughter), which is having a very ready sale. Now, in the providence of God, and at the request of some of my friends, I have, with great care, prepared this lively and deeply-interesting book, which I now offer to the public, trusting that the blessing of God will rest upon it, and that millions will be blest in reading it. My chief aim has been to give a full account of the religious experience and the deep-toned spirituality of Miss Havergal, with the hope that the readers will be persuaded to obtain alike precious experience.

She was one of the noted women of her age, whose memory and writings will never perish.

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# FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL :

## A SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.—MOTHER'S DEATH.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, whose writings have been made such a great blessing to the world, and whose religious experience was so rich and heavenly, was born at Astley, England, Dec. 14, 1836. She was the youngest daughter of Rev. Wm. H. and Jane Haverгал. Her father was a distinguished minister of the Episcopal Church. She was baptized in Astley Church by Rev. John Cawood Jan. 25, 1837. She bore the name of Ridley in memory of the godly and learned Bishop Ridley, who was one of the noble army of martyrs.

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Her sister Miriam writes :—

“My recollection of Frances begins with the first day of her life ; a pretty little babe even then, and by the time she reached two years of age, with her fair complexion, light curling hair, and bright expression, a prettier child was seldom seen. At that age she spoke with perfect distinctness, and with greater fluency and variety of language than is usual in so young a child. She comprehended and enjoyed any little stories that were told her. I remember her animated look of attention when the Rev. J. East told her about a little Mary who loved the Lord Jesus. We were all taught to read early, and to repeat, by our dear mother ; but as I had now left school I undertook this charming little pupil : teaching her reading, spelling, and a rhyme (generally one of Jane Taylor’s), for half an hour every morning, and in the afternoon twenty or thirty stitches of patchwork, with a very short text to repeat next morning at breakfast. When three years old, she could read easy books, and her brother Frank remembers how often she was found hiding under a table with some engrossing story.”

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Sept. 29, 1879, Rev. F. Jeffrey writes to Miss Havergal's sister:—

“I well recollect Astley Rectory more than forty years ago. At that time your sister Frances was rather more than two years old, a very fairy-like creature. Her chief companion was then a white and tan spaniel, such as Landseer might have loved, and this little favorite she called Flora or Flo. At morning prayers she always sat on her father's knee while he read the Scriptures. It is likely that she learned to read as a mere pastime. I well remember her sweet infant voice singing little hymns in imitation of her father. Her nursemaid was recommended by Miss Cawood, from the Bewdley Sunday School. The day she was four years old her little maid brought her down after dinner to dessert, crowned with a wreath of bay-leaves. I shall never forget the picture! She was her dear mother in miniature, especially in the brightness of her expression and the sparkle of her eye. A line from a classic poet was quoted exactly expressing this. I mention this as well remembering the great beauty of your dear mother.” . . .

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“When but four years of age she would read the Bible and any ordinary book correctly, and had learned to write in round hand. French and music were gradually added, but great care was always taken not to tire her or excite the precocity of her mind, and she never had a regular governess.”

Her father took great delight in composing various pieces of music; his first published musical composition was a setting of Bishop Heber's hymn, “From Greenland's icy mountains.” He also composed cathedral services and hundreds of chants and tunes, and several sacred songs.

The following is a specimen of Miss Frances' poetical genius at the age of seven years:—

Sunday is a pleasant day,  
When we to church do go;  
For there we sing and read and pray,  
And hear the sermon too.

On Sunday hear the village bells;  
It seems as if they said,  
Go to the church where the pastor tells  
How Christ for man has bled.

And if we love to pray and read  
While we are in our youth,  
The Lord will help us in our need  
And keep us in His truth.

---

All her rhymes are dated, and also some simple tales, written in a copybook for the benefit of her little niece. She never kept a diary, but in 1859 she wrote an autobiography of her inner child-life, which was kept sealed till after her death. From this I gather the following facts:—

“Up to the time that I was six years old I have no remembrance of any religious ideas whatever. Even, when taken once to see the corpse of a little boy of my own age (four years), lying in a coffin strewn with flowers, in dear papa’s parish of Astley, I did not think about it as otherwise than a very sad and very curious thing that that little child should lie so still and cold. I do not think I could ever have said any of those ‘pretty things’ that little children often do, though there were sweet and beloved and holy ones round me who must have often tried to put good thoughts into my little mind. But from six to eight I recall a different state of things. The beginning of it was a sermon preached one Sunday morning, at Hallow Church, by Mr. (now Archdeacon) Phillpotts. Of this I even now retain a

distinct impression. It was to me a very terrible one, dwelling much on hell and judgment, and what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. No one ever knew it, but this sermon haunted me, and day and night it crossed me. I began to pray a good deal, though only night and morning, with a sort of fidget and impatience, almost angry at feeling so unhappy, and wanting and expecting to get a new heart, and have everything put straight and be made happy, all at once.

“This sort of thing went on at intervals, not at all continuously, for often a month or two would pass without a serious thought or anything like true prayer. At such times I utterly abominated being ‘talked to,’ would do anything on earth to escape the kindly meant admonitions of dear M——, or the prayers which she would offer for me. Any cut or bruise (and such were more the rule than exception in those wild days of tree-climbing, wall-scaling, etc.) was instantly adduced as a reason why I could not possibly kneel down. A chapter in the Bible was often a terrible bore. Then, after a time of this sort, some mere trifle, very often the in-

fluence of a calm beautiful evening, or perhaps a 'Sunday book' of some affecting kind, would rouse me up to uncomfortableness again. One sort of habit I got into in a steady way, which was persevered in with more or less fervor according to the particular fit in which I might be. Every Sunday afternoon I went alone into a little front room (at Henwick) over the hall, and there used to read a chapter in the Testament, and then knelt down and prayed for a few minutes, after which I usually felt soothed and less naughty."

In the spring of 1845 she cried, "Oh, if God would but make me a Christian before summer comes!" She particularly revered Rev. John Davies, his presence did her a sort of definite good. She wanted such to speak to her about good things, much as she hated it from those who wanted to talk to her. She writes: "I know I was a naughty child; in fact, I almost enjoyed my naughtiness in a savage desperate kind of a way, because I utterly despaired of getting any better, except by being made a Christian."

Sometimes she was in great earnest to be a Christian but had no definite idea about believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. She was weary of trying to be good, for she always failed. Her mother during her last sickness said to her, "You are my youngest little girl, and I feel more anxious about you than the rest. I do pray for the Holy Spirit to lead and guide you. And remember that nothing but the blood of Christ can make you clean and lovely in God's sight."

*Frances.* "Oh, mamma, I am sure you will get better and go to church again!"

"No, dear child; the church mamma is going to is the general assembly and church of the firstborn in heaven. How glorious to know I shall soon see my Saviour face to face! Now go and play and sing some of your little hymns for me; there is one verse I should like you to sing twice over:

And when her path is darkened  
She lifts her trusting eye,  
And says, 'My Father calls me  
To mansions in the sky!'

Her sister writes:—

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“Before her mother’s death (when she was eleven years old) her wish was gratified to see the Lord’s Supper administered. We remember her grave, flushed face, when kneeling at her mother’s bed during the ‘Communion of the Sick.’”

She failed to realize that her mother was dead till the body was carried out of the house.

Marie writes :—

“Very slowly and quietly a funeral passed out of the front (Rector) gate, and in another minute was out of sight, turning into the church. Then she stood no longer, but rushed away to her own little room, and flung herself on her little bed, and cried ‘oh, mamma! mamma! mamma!’ It seemed as if there was nothing else in her little heart but that one word. The dear suffering mother was at rest, seeing Jesus face to face. Only the smile of holy peace was left on that lovely face, and that remained to the last, telling of life beyond death; she had never seen the solemn beauty of that smile before. But now all hope was gone, and she knew that she was motherless.”

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In her little book of poems she wrote :—

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Neither can man's heart conceive,  
The blessed things God hath prepared  
For those who love Him and believe.

*July 5th, 1848.*

And again :—

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

*July 9th.*

## CHAPTER II.

## SEEKING AFTER GOD.

SHE was still without the knowledge of God's pardoning love; but she never had a shadow of a hope in her own righteousness, or any trust in herself for salvation. The conflict between sin and holiness was still going on in her heart, year after year.

When she was thirteen years of age she prayed more definitely and earnestly to God for faith. She wanted to believe Jesus, and to believe that He had pardoned her. She lay awake for hours praying for the precious gift of pardon. She read the Bible with great care and hoped that something would come to set her free, and about this time she had a clear idea of salvation. She searched the Scriptures daily for one hour, in prayer, to see if she could find eternal life.

At the age of fourteen she went to Belmont

to school. This was a new era in her life, for, till now, she had been taught at home. At school she found a godly room-mate, who had a good influence over her. There was a revival of religion among the scholars, and one after another were converted and made an open profession of their saving faith in Christ. Frances often felt an unutterable longing for the knowledge of sins forgiven, for a time she became more and more hopeless. Hope deferred made the heart sick. Still she drank in every word about Jesus and salvation, and wept and prayed day and night, but "There was no voice, nor any that answered"

But the climax came one Sunday night when she heard an exposition of Mark ii. 1-12, which threw much light upon her mind, especially when she saw the lonely helplessness of the paralytic and Christ's words of forgiveness to him. This gave her some true idea of salvation by faith.

That evening her most intimate school-mate, Diana, sat on the opposite side of the table at tea and had a new and remarkable radiance about her countenance. Miss Frances says :—

“It seemed literally lighted up from within, while her voice sounded like a song of gladness. Something was coming I was sure. Diana was not the same. I looked at her almost with awe, as one would on some spirit visitant. As soon as tea was over she came round to my side of the table, sat down by me on the form, threw her arm round me, and said: “Oh, Fanny, dearest Fanny, the blessing has come to me at last. Jesus has forgiven me, I know. He is my Saviour, and I am so happy! He is such a Saviour as I never imagined, so good, so loving! He has not cast me out, He said so, and He says so to you. Only come to Him and He will receive you. Even now He loves you though you don't know it.” Much more she said which I do not remember, but the tone of her voice is as clearly sounding in my ear as if she still spoke. Yes, she had found peace, and more than peace,—overflowing, unspeakable joy; yet, even in the first gush of its shining waters, she thought of those around, and almost her first impulse was to desire that her friends should possess what had been given to her to find. Then she told me how, while every one had supposed her to

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be a Christian, she had not been so, though she had been seeking and praying for a long time; and how, that day, the words 'thy sins be forgiven thee' had struck her suddenly, and she had thought them over all day till the time came when she could be alone with Him who spoke them; and then came the joyful power of believing in the love and might of that gracious Saviour, and His death-bought pardon.

“Afterwards, she told me how new and strange many things seemed to her. The way in which she spoke of motives particularly impressed me. It was a new light to me. Actions, words and intentions had been enough for me before, but from that evening I felt that my standard was raised, and that henceforth my strivings after a holy life must include more than I had dreamt of. A consciousness of the purity of heart required by God came over me; and, though more disheartened than ever, I had learnt a great lesson.

“The few remaining days, till the holidays, passed much as before, except that the last two or three unsettled me, and made me very much indisposed for a continuance of the

earnest steady toil of the foregoing weeks; for the *first* coming home from school, at the end of an unbroken half-year, is not *a little thing* to a child.

“From that time to the spring of the present year I date a course of weary seeking, inconstant and variable; often departed from, but as often renewed, and by God’s grace never entirely given up; brightened from time to time with a gleam of hope, sweetened from time to time with a drop, though but a drop, of the still fountain of heavenly peace; yet, as a rule, passed in the cold mists of doubt, and the chilly storms of temptation and inward strife, and the dim twilight of miserable and even disappointed longing.

“Oh, how gladly I would have exchanged my best things of earth, my happiest months and years, as far as outward things were concerned, with any one’s lot, however wretched, who possessed that joy in the Lord.”

The six months’ school term closed and she had not the assurance of faith. She returned home, and while on a visit with Miss Cooke (who afterward became her loved mother)

they had many conversations on religion. At last, as they sat in the drawing room alone, at twilight, Miss Frances told her friend how she longed to know that she was forgiven. Miss Cook asked a question which led to a hearty answer: "That I was sure I desired it above everything on earth, that even my precious papa was nothing in comparison,—brothers and sisters, and all I loved, I could lose everything were it but to attain this." She paused, and then said slowly: "Then Fanny, I think, *I am sure*, it will not be very long before your desire is granted, your hope fulfilled." After a few more words she said: "Why cannot you trust yourself to your Saviour at once? Supposing that now, at this moment, Christ were to come in the clouds of heaven, and take up His redeemed, could you not trust Him? Would not His call, His promise, be enough for you? Could you not commit your soul to Him, to your Saviour, Jesus?" Then came a flash of hope across me, which made me feel literally breathless. I remember how my heart beat. "I *could*, surely," was my response; and I left her suddenly and ran away upstairs to think it out. I flung myself on my knees in

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my room, and strove to realize the sudden hope. I was very happy at last. I could commit my soul to Jesus. I did not, and need not, fear His coming. I could trust Him with my all for eternity. It was so utterly new to have any bright thoughts about religion that I could hardly believe it could be so, that I had really gained such a step. Then and there, I committed my soul to the Saviour, I do not mean to say without *any* trembling or fear, but I did—and earth and heaven seemed bright from that moment—*I did trust the Lord Jesus.*

“For the next few days my happiness continued. Over and over again, I renewed that giving up my soul to the Saviour which had made entrance for the joy. For the *first* time my Bible was *sweet* to me, and the first passage which I distinctly remember reading, in a new and glad light, was the fourteenth and following chapters of St. John’s Gospel. We went to Bewdley in the large carriage, and I rode outside, so had no conversation to disturb me. In coming home I took out a little Testament from my pocket, and read those beautiful chapters, feeling how wondrously loving and tender

they were, and that now I too might share in their beauty and comfort."

In November 1852, when almost sixteen years of age, she went to Germany with her parents. In attending school she stood alone amid one hundred and ten scholars, none of whom cared for religion. She writes:—

"This was very bracing. I felt I must try to walk worthy of my calling, for Christ's sake; and it brought a new and very strong desire to bear witness for my Master, to adorn His doctrine, and to win others for Him. It made me more watchful and earnest than perhaps ever before, for I knew that any slip, in word or deed, would bring discredit on my profession. There was very much enmity to any profession, and I came in for more unkindness than would have been possible in an average English school, where I believe the tone is infinitely higher in every way and the supervision far more strict. Results were: as to my schoolfellows *none*. I do not *know* that I did *any* good among them; though, towards the end of the time, several were certainly disarmed, and left off

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the small persecutions in which they had delighted, and were even affectionate to me. As to teachers, I had the reward of leaving with the best *zeugniss* in the whole school, and with the highest praise and regret from every one. As to myself, it was a sort of nailing my colors to the mast. I had taken a higher standard than ever before, and had come out more boldly and decidedly on the Lord's side than I might have done for years under ordinary circumstances. Yet the tide ebbed again before many months had passed, and I remember longing to be able to say "O God, my heart is fixed,"—in bitter mourning over its weakness and wavering."

## CHAPTER III.

## CONFIRMATION.—GREAT BIBLE STUDENT.

IN December, 1853, Miss Frances returned to England with her parents. After a number of months she was confirmed in Worcester Cathedral by Dr. Henry Pepys, Bishop of Worcester.

She writes July 17, 1854:—

“In the procession to Worcester Cathedral Ellen Wakeman was my companion. On reaching our seat very near the rails, I sunk on my knees, and for the first time to-day the thought of ‘whose I am’ burst upon me, and I prayed ‘my God, oh, my *own* Father, Thou blessed Jesus my *own* Saviour, Thou Holy Spirit, my *own* Comforter,’ and I stopped. It scarcely seemed right for me to use the language of such strong assurance as this, but yet I did not retract. The Litany

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only was chanted; and, though my thoughts would fain have flown with each petition heavenward, yet every little thing seemed *trebly* a distraction, and the chanting was too often the subject of my thoughts. My heart beat very fast, and my breath almost seemed to stop, while the solemn question was being put by the bishop. Never I think did I feel my own weakness and utter helplessness so much. I hardly dared answer; but 'the Lord is my strength' was graciously suggested to me, and then the words quickly came from (I trust) my very heart; 'Lord, I cannot without Thee, but oh, with Thy almighty help,—I DO.'

“I believe that the solemnity of what had just been uttered, with its exceeding comprehensiveness, was realized by me as far as my mind could grasp it. I thought a good deal of the words 'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling'; and that was my chief comfort. We were the first to go up, and I was the fourth or fifth on whom the bishop laid his hands. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head (and there was solemnity and earnestness in the very touch and manner) I cannot de-

scribe, they were too confused ; but when the words ‘Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom,’ were solemnly pronounced, if ever my heart followed a prayer it did then, if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words ‘Thine for ever.’ But, as if in *no* feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing ‘oh that I desired this *yet* more earnestly, that I believed it *yet* more fully.’ We returned to our seats, and for some time I wept, why I hardly know ; it was not grief, nor anxiety, not exactly joy.”

In her manuscript book of poems she wrote the same day :—

THINE FOR EVER.

Oh! “Thine for ever,” what a blessed thing  
 To be for ever his who died for me!  
 My Saviour, all my life, Thy praise I’ll sing,  
 Nor cease my song through eternity.

*In the Cathedral, July 17, 1854.*

She always kept the anniversary of her confirmation day, and spent most of the day

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in holy retirement. In July, 1876, she renewed her confirmation vows as follows:—

## A COVENANT.

Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,  
I would be wholly Thine;  
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,  
And Thou art wholly mine;  
Oh, take me as Thine own,  
Thine altogether — Thine alone.

She had a great talent for singing and playing on the piano. She sang “with the spirit and with the understanding also.” In 1856 she made her first visit to Celbridge Lodge, Ireland. An Irish school girl pens the following concerning this meeting:

“Five o’clock P. M. was the hour appointed for the elder girls from the school to arrive at the Lodge. Mrs. Shaw met us at the hall door with gentle words to each, and then brought us into the drawing-room, we being in a great state of delight at the thought of seeing ‘the little English lady.’ In a few seconds Miss Frances, carolling like a bird, flashed into the room! Flashed! yes, I say

the word advisedly, flashed in like a burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze and stood, before us, her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh sweet voice ringing through the room. I shall never forget that afternoon, never! I sat perfectly spellbound as she sang chant and hymn with marvellous sweetness, and then played two or three pieces of Handel, which thrilled me through and through. She finished with singing her father's tune (Hobah) to 'The Church of our fathers.' She shook hands with each, and said with a merry laugh: 'the next time I come to Ireland I think we must get up a little singing class, and then you know you must all sing with me!'

"As we walked home down the shady avenue one and another said: 'Oh, isn't she lovely? and doesn't she sing like a born angel!' 'I love her, I do; and I'd follow her every step of the way back to England if I could.' Oh, she's a real Colleen Bawn!"

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

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

She was a great student of the Bible. "She knew—her sister says—the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelations, the Psalms, and Isaiah. The minor prophets she learned in later years. At this time she was taking the titles of Christ for her daily searchings and remarks, 'yesterday I took Christ our Advocate, it is one of the sweet titles. Alpha and Omega will be a very suitable one for Sunday. I like to think about the Lord Jesus as He is in Himself, not *only* in relation to myself.'

"Her home life was beautiful, though often only One knew the self-restraint, and the self-denial of her actions, trivial in themselves, but springing from a desire to please God. She refused to go with me on a pleasant visit because she would not leave her dear mother alone, and said, 'If I can only go errands it will be of some use.'"

She writes:—

(To E. C.)      August.

“As time passes on, dear Elizabeth, so does my hope strengthen that I really took a step onward when with you in the spring. It was then that (like the woman in the press) I was enabled to come and touch the hem of His garment. It was then that the truth made me free. I have lost that weary bondage of doubt, and almost despair, which chained me for so many years. I have the same sins and temptations as before, and I do not strive against them more than before, and it is often just as hard work. But, whereas I could not see why I *should* be saved, I now cannot see why I should not be saved if Christ died for all. On that word I take my stand and *rest there*. I still wait for the hour when I believe He will reveal Himself to me more directly; but it is the quiet waiting of present trust, not the restless waiting of anxiety and danger. *His death* is really my confidence, and I have tasted the sweetness of one new thing, *praise!*”

Such was the strength of her musical memory, that she could play through Handel,

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much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, without any notes; “her touch was instinct with soul, and also her singing.”

Much of the time she was in poor health. She writes:—

“My ill health this summer has been very trying to me; I am held back from much that I wanted to do in every way, and have had to lay poetizing aside. Perhaps this check is sent that I may consecrate what I do more entirely. I have a curious vivid sense, not merely has my verse faculty in general been given me, but also of every separate poem or hymn, nay every line being given. It is peculiarly pleasant thus to take it as a direct gift, not a matter of effort, but purely involuntary. I suppose that God’s crosses are often made of most unexpected and strange material. Perhaps trial must be felt keenly, or it would not be powerful enough as a medicine in the hands of our beloved Healer; and I think it has been a medicine to me latterly. You may wonder that I write thus, when I was so merry with you at L——; but, among the best gifts of God to me, I count a certain stormy petrelism

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

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

“I wish I rejoiced more, not only on my own account, but if I may so say, on *His*, for surely I should praise Him more by both lip and life. Mine has been such a shady Christian life, yet ‘He led them forth by the right way’ must somehow be true here, though I don’t see how. I ought to make one exception; I have learned a real sympathy with others walking in darkness, and sometimes it has seemed to help me to help them.”

## CHAPTER IV.

STAMP OF NOBILITY,—GROWING IN GRACE,—  
FATHER'S DEATH.

ONE of her teachers testifies as follows :—

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

Her beautiful life went on, filled up with a variety of Christian duties. She wrote many heavenly hymns that the people love to sing. She writes of them :—

“It does seem wonderful that God should so use and bless my hymns ; and yet it really does seem as if the seal of His own blessing

were set upon them, for so many testimonies have reached me. Writing is *praying* with me, for I never seem to write even a verse by myself, and feel like a little child writing; you know a child would look up at every sentence and say ‘And what shall I say next?’ That is just what I do; I ask that every line He would give me, not merely thoughts and power, but also every *word*, even the very *rhymes*. Very often I have a most distinct and happy consciousness of direct answers.”

She writes in her manuscript papers in May 1867:—

“It seems as if the Lord had led me into a calmer and more equitable frame of mind; not joy, but peace; and texts of Scripture light up to me very pleasantly sometimes. Why should I not take for granted all that I find in the Bible? Why should I hesitate and trouble about it, as I have been doing for years. I have been appropriating all the promises with a calm sort of twilight happiness, waiting for a clearer light to show me their full beauty and value.

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“It does seem to me that ‘free grace’ does not mean there is *nothing* on our side. We may phrase it ‘coming,’ ‘accepting,’ ‘believing,’ ‘touching the hem;’ but there is something which these words represent, which is necessary to salvation; and then comes the question, have *I* this condition? Yet as soon as *I* in any form comes in, there is shadow upon the light. Still this shadow need not fall when the eye is fixed upon Christ as the Substitute, the Lamb slain; then all is clear. But it is in reading, when one’s heart leaps at some precious promise made to the children of God, that a cold check comes, ‘am *I* one of them? what is my title?’ Answer, ‘Ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ.’ Have *I* faith? Once introduce that *I*, and you get bewildered between faith and feeling. When *I* go on and grapple with the difficulty, it comes to this. As far as *I* know, *I* have come to Jesus, not once but many times. *I* have knelt, and literally prostrated myself before Him, and told Him all, that *I* have no other hope but what His *written* word says He did and said, that *I* know it is true, that the salvation it tells of is just *what* *I* want

and *all* I want, and that my heart goes out to it, and that I do accept it; that I do not fully grasp it, but I *cling* to it; that I want to be His only and entirely, now and for ever.

“I want to make the most of my life and to do the best with it, but here I feel my desires and motives need much purifying; for, even where all would sound fair enough in words, an element of self, of lurking pride, may be detected. Oh, that He would indeed purify me and make me white at any cost! No one professing to be a Christian at all could possibly have had a more cloudy, fearing, doubting, sinning, and wandering heart history that mine has been through many years.”

Sometimes she had more faith in God, as seen in the following testimony:—

“I have been so happy lately, and the words ‘Thou hast put gladness in my heart’ I can use, as true of my own case; especially as to one point, I am *sure* now (and I never was before) that I do love God. I love Him distinctly, positively; and I think I have loved Him more and longer than I

thought, only I dared not own it to myself. Oh that I loved him more and more! How I abhor myself for having loved, for loving, so little."

She placed great value on the sympathy and counsel of her father in all her studies. She delighted to talk-out hard questions with him. His classical knowledge and musical skill, settled many a difficult point for her.

But the shadow of death fell swiftly and stealthily over that lovely home. Her dear father was unusually well on Easter evening 1870 and had walked out during the day. Later on he sat down to his harmonium, playing and singing the tune composed by him in the morning. He rose early as usual; but apoplexy ensued; and after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness he passed away. Aged seventy-seven.

She writes as follows:—

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

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In Astley churchyard, under the fir tree (the place which he had chosen years before), he rests till That Day. Frances was now thirty-four years of age.

Soon after her father's death she undertook the preparation for the press of "Havergal's Psalmody," which was so largely used in connection with the Rev. C. B. Snepp's Hymnal.

About this time she writes to a friend:—

"How I should like to teach you harmony! I do believe I could make it lucid; you can't think what exquisite symmetry there is in chords and intervals, so that I always feel, as well as believe, that man by no means invented harmony, but only found out God's beautiful arrangements in it."

To another friend she writes:—

"As you use 'Havergal's Psalmody,' I thought you might be interested to know a little more about my dear father, so will you accept a 'Memorial' of him.

"*Literal* 'singing for Jesus' is to me, somehow, the most personal and direct commission I hold from my beloved Master; and

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my opportunities for it are often most curious, and have been greatly blessed; every line in my little poem 'Singing for Jesus' is from personal experience. . . .

"I was so overwhelmed on Sunday at hearing three of my hymns touchingly sung at Perry Church. I never before realized the high privilege of writing for 'the great congregation.'"

(*To Margaret W—*)

. . . "Last night they sang 'To Him who for our sins was slain,' to my little tune 'Tryphosa,' it went so deliciously, and choir and congregation really rang out the Alleluias so brightly that it suddenly came over me, as it never did before, what a privilege it is even to have contributed a bit of music for His direct praise. It was a sort of *hush* of praise, all alone with Jesus, for His great goodness. I had no idea 'Tryphosa' was such a pretty tune before!" . . .

*Thoughts from various Letters, 1873.*

"How I should like to be with you now! it would be so nice to throw one little flower

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among your thorns. However, I think *He* would send me, impossible as it seems, if really best; so, as I am not sent, I know it is better so."

"So your fiery trial is still unextinguished. But what if it be but His beacon light on your upward path."

"This is bitter desolation for you, so I send you 'I will not leave you comfortless.' It was a greater loss than any, which the disciples were to endure, His own personal presence withdrawn. Can he have changed since He spoked those loving words? What a test of the disciples' faith! What could make up for this greatest loss of all? How could He go away, and yet not leave them comfortless? You are called now to the same sort of trial of faith; can you not trust the truth and love of the Master who sends it? And then 'I will come to you.' You know something of *how* He can 'come,' but do you think you have reached the end of His gracious comings?"

"It is a question whether a really thoughtful mind *could possibly* yield the homage of

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its entire being to a God whom it could understand and fathom. The instinct of such a mind would revolt from it.”

“ ‘As for thee, the Lord thy God has not suffered thee to do so.’ What a stepping stone! We give thanks, often with a tearful doubtful voice, for our spiritual care, personal calling and guidance. Yet this is only for the wilderness journey, for the ‘one by one’ will blossom at last into a grand answer to His prayer, ‘that they all may *be one*,’ no longer ‘one *by one*.’ ”

“Tired, disappointed, and depressed, I thought of Matthew xi. 28, ‘Come unto Me all ye that labor,’ but felt quite tantalized at it because ‘labor’ did not apply to me. I took up my Greek Testament and Lexicon, and to my delight saw that the very same word is used in John iv. 6, ‘Jesus therefore being *wearied*.’ Just human, natural, physical fatigue! So I didn’t see why I should not take the comfort of it, and I did not trouble to think, but He let the words rest me altogether.”

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VISIT TO SWITZERLAND.

“In the summer of 1873 Frances accompanied her friends Mr. and Mrs. Snepp and their daughter Emily to Switzerland.

“She describes her ascent to the Grands Mulets on Mont Blanc, arriving at its desolate rocks in the midst of an ocean of snow.

“We had some lovely effects, such as I had never seen before, in passing the colossal ice blocks on the shady side, the sun behind them touching the edges with a sort of transparent aureole, and shining through a glittering drip from the overhanging ones.

“On their descent from Mont Blanc, Frances’ delight in glissading led to most perilous and imminent danger, from which Mr. Snepp’s instantaneous presence of mind saved her life and also the life of one of the guides.

She writes :—

“They would not unrope me; when we got to Pierre a l’Echelle, I was so enjoying my glissades, and presently thought we were

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come to a sufficiently easy part to go carelessly, whereupon I slipped, and Payot the guide, who was next to me, totally lost himself too. Below us was a dark abyss; we both started a decidedly too rapid spin down a very steep incline to sheer precipice below; when, instantaneously, Mr. S. did the only possible thing which could have saved all four of us, flung himself right on his back with his heels in the snow, the orthodox thing to do if only any one has the presence of mind to do it. Thus he was enabled to bear the immense strain on the rope, and check our impetus; thank God, we soon recovered our footing. After this I was unroped, which I greatly prefer, it is so hampering, and had some splendid glissades alone, and we returned to Chamounix in two hours less than the regulation time."

## CHAPTER V.

PANTING FOR HEART PURITY.—OBTAINS  
ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.—ESTAB-  
LISHED IN HOLINESS.

WE are reaching a very deeply interesting part of Miss Frances' life, when she made an everlasting covenant with God, and obtained the great blessing of entire sanctification; seven years before her translation to eternal glory. For twenty-two years she walked in the light of justification and went about doing good like the Saviour: but there was a cry in her heart after the living God: a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, that would be satisfied with nothing less than entire conformity to God.

Toward the close of the year 1873, at the age of 37, she received one day, in a letter from N——, a tiny book with the title "All for Jesus." She read it carefully. Its

contents arrested her attention. It set forth a fulness of Christian experience and blessing exceeding that to which she had as yet attained. She was gratefully conscious of having for many years loved the Lord and delighted in His service; but there was in her experience a falling short of the standard, not so much of a holy walk and conversation, as of uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment in the Divine life. 'All for Jesus' she found went straight to this point of the need and longing of her soul. Writing in reply to the author of the little book, she said: "I do so long for deeper and fuller teaching in my own heart. 'All for Jesus' has touched me very much. . . . I know I love Jesus, and there are times when I feel such intensity of love to Him that I have not words to describe it. I rejoice, too, in Him as my 'Master' and 'Sovereign,' but I want to come nearer still, to have the full realization of John xiv. 21, and to know 'the power of His resurrection,' even if it be with the fellowship of His sufferings. And all this, not exactly for my own joy alone, but for others. . . . So I want Jesus to speak to me, to say 'many things' to me, that I

may speak for Him to others with real power. It is not knowing doctrine, but *being with Him*, which will give this."

"God did not leave her long in this state of mind. He Himself had shown her that there were 'regions beyond' of blessed experience and service; had kindled in her very soul the intense desire to go forward and possess them; and now, in His own grace and love, He took her by the hand, and led her into the goodly land. A few words from her correspondent on the power of Jesus to *keep* those who abide in Him from falling, and on the continually present power of His blood ("the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,") were used by the Master in effecting this. Very joyously she replied: '*I see it all, and I HAVE the blessing.*'

Her sister writes:—

"The 'sunless ravines' were now for ever passed, and henceforth her peace and joy flowed onwards, deepening and widening under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost. The blessing she had received had (to use her own words) 'lifted her whole life into

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sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams, compared with the fulness of summer glory.’”

“The practical effect of this was most evident in her daily, true-hearted, whole-hearted service for her King, and also in the increased joyousness of the unswerving obedience of her home life, the surest test of all.

“To the reality of this, I do most willingly and fully testify. Some time afterwards, in answer to my question, when we were talking quietly together Frances said: ‘Yes, it was on Advent Sunday, December 2, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never *unsee*. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other. He Himself showed me all this most clearly. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending all conventions and conferences; man’s teaching has, consequently, had but little to do with it. First, I was shown that ‘the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,’ and then it was made plain to

me that He who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him, and utterly trusted Him to keep me.'

I replied that 'it seemed to me, if we did thus yield ourselves to the Lord, we could not take ourselves back again, any more than the Levitical sacrifices, once accepted by the priest, were returned by him to the offerer.'

"Yes," she rejoined, "just so. Still, I see there can be the *renewal* of the surrender, as in our Communion Service, where we say: 'And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies.' And there may also be a *fuller* surrender, even long after a surrender has once, or many times before, been made. And then as to sanctification: that it is the work of the Holy Spirit, and progressive, is the very thing I see and rejoice in. He has brought me into the 'highway of holiness,' up which I trust every day to progress, continually pressing forward, led by the Spirit of God. And I do indeed find that with it comes a happy trusting, not only in all great matters, but in all the little things also, so that I cannot say 'so and so worries me.'"

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“Some months afterwards I received the following explanatory letter on the same subject:—

“DEAREST MARIA,—

. . . Certainly your letters have filled me with gladness and thanksgiving. I have long wanted to explain to you and others in writing (which is easier to be clear in than in conversation, with its natural interruptions) which I see as to the subject which to me was undoubtedly the portal into a happy life. As to ‘perfectionism,’ or ‘sinlessness,’ I have all along, and over and over again, said I never did, and do not hold either. Sinlessness belongs only to Christ now, and to our glorified state in heaven. I believe it to be not merely an impossibility on earth, but an actual contradiction of our very being, which cannot be ‘sinless’ till the resurrection change has passed upon us. But being kept from falling, kept from sins, is quite another thing, and the Bible seems to teem with commands and promises about it. First however I would distinctly state that it is *only* as, and while a soul is under the full power of the blood of Christ, that it can be cleansed

from all sin; that one moment's withdrawal from that power, and it is again actively, because really, sinning; and that it is *only* as and while kept by the power of God Himself that we are not sinning against him; one instant of standing alone is certain fall: But (premising that) have we not been limiting the cleansing power of the precious blood when applied by the Holy Spirit, and also the keeping power of our God? Have we not been limiting I. John i. 7, by practically making it refer only to 'the remission of sins that are past, instead of taking the grand simplicity of 'cleanseth us from all sin'? 'All' is *all*; and as we may trust Him to cleanse from the stain of *past* sins, so we may trust Him to cleanse from all *present defilement*; yes, all! If not, we take away from this most precious promise, and, by refusing to take it in its fulness, lose the fulness of its application and power. Then we limit God's power to 'keep'; we look at our frailty more than at His omnipotence. Where is the line to be drawn, beyond which He is *not* 'able'? The very *keeping* implies total helplessness without it, and the very cleansing most distinctly implies defilement

without it. It was that one word '*cleanseth*' which opened the door of a very glory of hope and joy to me. I had never seen the force of the tense before, a continual present, always a present tense, not a present which the next moment becomes a past. It *goes* on cleansing, and I have no words to tell how my heart rejoices in it. Not a coming to be cleansed in the fountain only, but a *remaining* in the fountain, so that it may and can go on cleansing.

“Why should we pare down the commands and promises of God to the level of what we have hitherto experienced of what God is ‘able to do,’ or ‘even of what we have thought He might be able to do for us? Why not receive God’s promises, nothing doubting, just as they stand? ‘Take the shield of faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench *all* the fiery darts of the wicked’; ‘He is able to make *all* grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things’; and so on, through whole constellations of promises, which surely mean really and fully what they say.

“One arrives at the same thing, starting almost from anywhere. Take Philippians

iv. 19, 'your need'; well, what is my great need and craving of soul? Surely it is now, (having been justified by faith, and having assurance of salvation,) to be made holy by the continual sanctifying power of God's Spirit; to be kept from grieving the Lord Jesus; to be kept from thinking or doing whatever is not accordant with His holy will. Oh *what* a need of this! And it is said 'He shall supply all your need'; now, shall we turn round and say 'all' does not mean quite all? Both as to the commands and the promises, it seems to me that anything short of believing them *as they stand* is but another form of 'yea, hath God said?'

“ Thus accepting in simple and unquestioning faith, God's commands and promises, one seems to be brought at once into intensified views of everything. Never, oh never before, did sin seem so hateful, so really intolerable, nor watchfulness so necessary, and *keenness* and *interruptedness* of watchfulness too, beyond what one ever thought of, only somehow different, not a distressed sort but a happy sort. It is the watchfulness of a sentinel when his *captain is standing by him* on the ramparts, when his eye is more than

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ever on the alert for any signs of the approaching enemy, because he knows that they can only approach to be defeated. Then, too, the '*all* for Jesus' comes in; one sees there is no half-way, it must be absolutely *all* yielded up, because the least unyielded or doubtful point is sin; let alone the great fact of owing all to Him. And one cannot, dare not, temporize with sin. I know and have found, that even a momentary hesitation about yielding, or obeying, or trusting and believing, vitiates all, the communion is broken, the joy vanished; only, thank God, this never need continue even five minutes, faith may plunge instantly into 'the fountain open for sin and uncleanness,' and again find its power to cleanse and restore. Then one wants to have more and more light; one does not shrink from painful discoveries of evil, because one so wants to have the unknown depths of it cleansed as well as what comes to the surface. 'Cleanse me *thoroughly* from my sin,' and one prays to be shown this. But so far as one does see, one *must* 'put away sin' and obey entirely; and here again His power is our resource, enabling us to do what without it we could not do."

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It was this marvellous experience that prepared her for the most extensive usefulness, in life and in death.

The following hymn was written at Winterdyne, and Mr. Shaw well remembers Frances bringing it and reading it to him, saying, "There! I could not have written this before." And as she stood, even in the twilight, the sunny radiance of her countenance was sealing her words:—

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

Every visit seemed now to open doors for her loving words, and she longed for whole households to taste with her of the goodness of the Lord. — One extract must be as it were a glimpse of many others.

She writes:—

"Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn 'Take my life.' I went for a little visit of five

days. There were ten persons in the house; some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' And He just *did*. Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in renewal of my consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another till they finished with '*Ever, only, ALL for Thee.*' The hymn was as follows, and will be sung till Jesus comes to judge the world:—

“Take my life and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
 Take my hands and let them move  
 At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be  
 Swift and beautiful for Thee;  
 Take my voice and let me sing  
 Always only for my King.

Take my lips and let them be  
 Filled with messages for Thee:  
 Take my moments and my days,  
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine ;  
Take my heart — it is Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love — my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store ;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, Lord, for Thee !”

She writes : —

“Let us sing words which we feel and love, sacrificing everything to clearness of enunciation, and looking up to meet His smile all the while we are singing ; our songs will reach more hearts than those of finer voices and more brilliant execution, unaccompanied by His power. A sacred song thus sung often gives a higher tone to the evening, and affords, both to singer and listeners, some opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus.”

The Holy Ghost made her songs and testimonies a great blessing to thousands. There was a sacred power in her personal presence after she experienced entire sanctification.

## CHAPTER VI.

PERSONAL WORK.—ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION  
TESTED.

SHE was greatly blessed in laboring for the salvation of souls, and especially in personal conversation. She writes :—

“ . . . . I was at a large regular London party lately, and I was so happy. He seemed to give me ‘the secret of His presence,’ and of course I sang ‘for Jesus,’ and did not I have dead silence? Afterwards I had two really important conversations with strangers; one seemed extremely surprised at finding himself *quite easily* drifted from the badinage with which he started into a right-down personal talk about *his* personal danger and *his* only hope for safety; he took it very well, and thanked me. Perhaps that seed may bear fruit. Somehow it is won-

derful how the Master manages for me in such cases. I don't think any one can say I force the subject; it just all develops one thing out of another, quite naturally, till very soon they find themselves face to face with eternal things, and the Lord Jesus can be freely 'lifted up' before them. I could not *contrive* a conversation thus."

And the following letter gives another reference to the reality of her experience:—

"January 26, 1874.

"DEAR MR. S——,

"I have just had such a blessing in the shape of what would have been only two months ago a really bitter blow to me; and now it is actual accession of joy, because I find that it does not even *touch* me! I was expecting a letter from America, enclosing £35 now due to me, and possibly news that 'Bruey' was going on like steam, and 'Under the Surface' pressingly wanted. The letter has come, and, instead of all this, my publisher has failed in the universal crash. He holds my written promise to publish *only* with him as the condition of his launching

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me ; so this is not simply a little loss, but an end of all my American prospects of either cash, influence, or fame, at any rate for a long time to come. I really had not expected that He would do for me so much above all I asked, as not merely to help me acquiesce in this, but positively not to feel it at all, and only to rejoice in it as a clear test of the reality of victorious faith which I do find brightening almost daily. Two months ago this would have been a real trial to me, for I had built a good deal on my American prospects ; now 'Thy will be done' is not a sigh but only a *song!* I think if it had been all my English footing, present and prospective, as well as the American, that I thus found suddenly gone, it would have been worth it, for the joy it has been to find my Lord so faithful and true to all His promises. With regard to some of His promises there seems no room for even the exercise of faith. It is not that I believe or grasp them, but that I find them all come true as I never did before. The sense of His unutterable loving-kindness, to me is simply overwhelming. Several times lately I have felt literally overwhelmed and overpowered with the realization of God's

unspeakable goodness to me. I say it deliberately and with thankfulness and joy, for which I have no words. *I have not a fear or a doubt, or a care, or a shadow upon the sunshine of my heart.* Every day brings some quite new cause for thankfulness: only today He has given me such a victory as I never had before, in a very strong temptation: He lifted me above it in a way I never experienced yet."

See the simplicity of her heart in the following letter:—

"*March 19, 1874.*

"DEAR MR. W——,

". . . I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come. Just now there is silence. I have not had the least stir of music in my mind since I wrote that tiny consecration hymn, a most unusually long interval; and till He sends it there will be none. I am always ready to welcome it and work it when it comes, but I never press for it. . . .

“I can’t make you quite understand me! You say ‘F. R. H. could do “Satisfied” grandly’! *No*, she couldn’t! Not unless He gave it me line by line! That is how verses come. The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession and said ‘Now use it as you like!’ But He keeps the gold, and gives it me piece by piece just when He will and as much as He will, and no more. Some day perhaps He will send me a bright *line* of verse on ‘Satisfied’ ringing through my mind, and then I shall look up and thank Him, and say, ‘Now, dear Master, give me another to rhyme with it, and then another’; and then perhaps He will send it all in one flow of musical thoughts, but more likely one at a time, that I may be kept asking Him for every line. There, that is the process, and you see there is no ‘I can do it’ at all. That isn’t His way with me. I often smile to myself when people talk about ‘gifted pen’ or ‘clever verses,’ etc.; because they don’t know that it is neither, but something really much nicer than being ‘talented’ or ‘clever.’”

In the blessed experience of entire sancti-

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fication her life was filled up in usefulness ; like her Heavenly Master she was constantly doing good. She writes :—

“ I do so feel that every hour is distinctly and definitely guided by Him. I have taken Him at His word *in everything*, and He takes me at my word *in everything*. Oh, I can say now that Jesus *is* to me a *living bright Reality*, and that He really and truly *is* ‘more dear, more intimately nigh, than e’en the sweetest earthly tie.’ No friendship could be what I find His to be. I have more now than a few months ago, even though I was so happy then ; for the joy of *giving* myself, and my will, and my all to Him seems as if it were succeeded, and even superseded, by the deeper joy of a conscious certainty that He has *taken* all that He led me to give ; and ‘I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him’ : so, having entrusted my very trust to him, I look forward ever so happily to the future (*if* there be yet much of earthly future for me) as ‘one vista of brightness and blessedness.’ Only I do so want everybody to ‘taste and see.’ Yesterday I somehow came

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to a good full stop in my writing much earlier than I expected, and asked what He would have me do next, go on, or go out at once? Just then a young lady came in; ‘Had I just a few minutes to spare?’ So I went out with her at once. She had overheard a short chat I had had some days ago with another, didn’t know *what*, but it had set her longing for something more than she had got. She had started out for a walk alone, thinking and praying, and the thought came to her to come straight to me, which she seemed to think an unaccountably bold step. Well, God seemed to give me exactly the right message for her, just as with Miss M—— last week, the two cases starting from a very different level but the result the same, a real turning point. Don’t conclude from these that I am always seeing results, because I am not; but that I am entirely content about, just as He chooses it to be.”

Subsequent ill health obliged Frances to give up much pleasant work, and especially the training of the St. Paul’s voluntary choir, which had been committed to her. But (she writes) “when a disappointment comes in that way it must be His appointment!”

(To M. W.)

“I am stopped in every attempt at consecutive work. It has for years been special discipline to me, because I am naturally fond of going through with a thing, and have always had a strong yearning for definite settled work. Yet I have never been permitted anything but desultory work; either ailments or something beyond my own control has always interfered ever since I was about twenty. . . . Margaret, is it that He cannot trust me with any work for Him, even after all these years? I have been feeling very down, and I hope really humbled; it seemed rather marked, His not letting me write at all this year; and, now, taking away all work from me seems another sentence of the same lesson. I feel such a ‘cumberer,’ every one doing more and better than myself. Pray for me, that I may really learn *all* He is teaching me. . . .

“. . . . Did you ever hear of any one being very much used for Christ who did not have some *special* waiting time, some complete *upset* of all his or her plans first; from St. Paul’s being sent off into the desert of

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Arabia for three years, when he must have been boiling over with the glad tidings, down to the present day? You were looking forward to tell about trusting Jesus in Syria; now He says, 'I want you to *show* what it is to trust Me, without waiting for Syria.' Even if you never say one word, it will be seen your trust is a reality, because Jesus is a Reality.

“My own case is far less severe, but the same in principle, that when I thought the door was flung open for me to go with a bound into literary work, it is opposed, and doctor steps in and says simply ‘Never! She must choose between writing and living, she can’t do both.’ That was in 1860. Then I came out of the shell with ‘Ministry of Song,’ in 1869, and saw the evident wisdom of having been kept nine years waiting in the shade.

“God’s love being unchangeable, He is just as loving when we do not see or feel His love. Also His sovereignty and His love are co-equal and universal: so He withholds the enjoyment and conscious progress, because He knows best what will really ripen and further His work in us.”

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A MUSICAL VISION.

She writes :—

“ . . . . In the train I had one of those curious musical visions, which only very rarely visit me. I hear strange and very beautiful chords, generally full, slow and grand, succeeding each other in most interesting sequences. I do not invent them, I could not; they pass before my mind, and I only listen. Now and then my will seems aroused when I see ahead how some fine resolution might follow, and I seem to *will* that certain chords should come, and then they do come; but then my will seems suspended again, and they go on quite independently. It is so interesting, the chords seem to *fold over each other* and die away down into music of infinite softness, and then they *unfold* and open out, as if great curtains were being withdrawn one after another, widening the view, till, with a gathering power and intensity and fulness, it seems as if the very skies were being opened out before one, and a sort of great blaze and glory of music, such as my outward ears never heard, gradually swells out in perfectly sublime splendor.

This time there was an added feature: I seemed to hear depths and heights of sound beyond the scale which human ears can receive, keen, far-up octaves, like vividly twinkling *starlight* of music, and mighty, slow vibrations of gigantic strings going down into grand thunders of depths, octaves below anything otherwise appreciable as musical notes. Then, all at once, it seemed as if my soul had got a new sense, and I could *see* this inner music as well as hear it; and then it was like gazing down into marvellous *abysses of sound*, and up into dazzling regions of what, to the eye, would have been light and color, but to this new sense was *sound*. Wasn't it odd! It lasted perhaps half an hour, but I don't know exactly, and it is very difficult to describe in words."

Still trials awaited her and sickness was her portion, but she could write:—

“What though today  
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason,  
For His strange dealings through the trial season,  
Trust and obey!  
Though God's cloud mystery enfold thee here,  
In after life and light *all* shall be plain and clear.”

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She was seized with typhoid fever, but the first day of her sickness she dictated to her friend that beautiful piece called "Just as Thou wilt, O Master call." A friend writes: "Oh, if I could only feel as she looked, so young, so lovely. I am glad I saw for once that *God-satisfied face*. A ray of hope came as she talked with me." She writes herself: "All through my long illness I was very happy! My one wish was to glorify God and to let my doctor and nurse see it: so at the very first I determined to ask for nothing and just obey. I never before was, so to speak, face to face with death. It was like a look into Heaven, and yet my Heavenly Father sent me back again. I felt that it was His will and so I could not be disappointed."

Her sister Marie writes:—

"Only a few days passed of comparative recovery, when a relapse set in, and she was again ill for many weeks. It was really delightful work to nurse one so patient, so thankful, so considerate; and, when it seemed needful to relieve the servants, and send for a nurse, they pleaded to be let sit up in turn with 'dear Miss Frances.'

“Turning to my note-book I find some recollections which may be given:—

January 29, 1875.

“Sitting by dear Frances she said to me, ‘Isn’t he gracious not to send me so severe an attack as in November? I felt sure the night I was shivering that illness was coming again; and, as I lay down, the sweet consciousness that I was just lying down in His dear hand was so stilling.’

“Marie, do you think this simile holds good, that when we cast our burden on the Lord, at our *first* prayer He cuts the strings that bind it on us; then, if we give a leap, the burden will slide off, and we shall not go on toiling with it up the hill! I mean, if we just thanked and praised Him, at *once* the burden would be clean gone!

*M.* Were you thinking of the burden of sin, dear?

*F.* Yes, and other burdens; specially aggravations of things that you have no strength to bear.

*M.* I suppose if He is carrying *us*, then He carries our burdens too.

*F.* Yes, that was our text last night, 'I will carry'; if carried, no weight on us at all.

*M.* I think carrying is His first and last act; when He finds the lost sheep He lays it on His shoulder and just carries it *all* the way even *into* His fold above. It will be nice to see Him, Fan!

*F.* 'Nice,' I like that; but I never heard any one but you say it just like that, except Mary —. She once told me of a missionary and his wife who had reached the end of their voyage to India, and were to have landed that night but were prevented; a sudden cyclone arose, and the ship and all in it went down instantaneously. Mary added, 'Was it not nice?'

As she was recovering from this severe sickness she said to her sister:—

"It's no mistake, Marie, about the blessing God sent me Dec. 2, 1873; it is far more distinct than my conversion, I can't date that. I am always happy, and it is *such* peace; I could not help smiling when my kind doctor said, 'I dare say you feel

rather depressed.' I said: '*No indeed! quite happy*, only tired and want to be quiet.' Of course I should like to be at work, and it seems strange how often I am hindered from it. You are always pegging away; but I like to think I *shall* serve Him up there, and I would rather serve than rest. . . . The work I should so like to take up is drawing-room Bible readings; I so enjoyed one I took down at Bocking, but was rather startled to see the good folks taking notes! You see, I had just overcome the nervousness I used to feel, and I could so trust about this also."

Another day Frances said: "I think my special anticipation of Heaven is seeing the Lord Jesus exalted, glorified, vindicated, reigning King of kings, and all His enemies owning Him.

*M.* Have you thought that as, in the Gospels, Christ's special manifestations were to people when *alone*, so when we first see Him in Heaven it will be *alone*?

*F.* Yes, and that is most beautifully brought out in Mr. Bickersteth's 'Yesterday, To-day, and Forever,' it's the very gem of the

book. When I read it, and came to where the angel leaves him waiting for the King to come, I almost trembled as I turned the page; for, if Mr. B. had treated it with a light hand, it would have been profane; but it's lovely.

I have been thinking, Marie, how much more God gives me than I need. Look at this illness! Well, except the bearing it, there is no other sting in it. I feel illness is the least trial, and it comes so directly from the hand of God. And how kind they all are to me. Winterdyne always seems to me a sort of millennial household!"

Marie writes:—

"Her recovery was extremely slow, but her room was the brightest in the house. At last she was carried downstairs, but for some time used crutches. Needle-work for the Zenana Missions was a great enjoyment to her. Sitting by her one day she told me her reasons for giving up singing at the Philharmonic: 'It is a long time ago that I made the choice of singing sacred music *only*. I did so some months before I wrote:

"Take my lips, and let me sing,  
Always, only, for my King."'"

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Mark her testimony : —

“ All through my long illness I was very happy ; the first part was the most painful, I think it must have been neuralgia with the fever. I don't really think I was impatient deep down in my heart, and yet the pain and agony I was in made me anxious for the poultices, and to try anything. I do think I am sensitive to pain, and what was agony to me would be slight to others.”

The following letter is deeply interesting : —

“ WINTERDYNE, *February 22, 1875.*

“ DEAR MR. ———,

“ I want to thank you for all your prayers for me. Only, only, have the prayers of my dear friends held me back from going to be with the Beloved One? Or is it that He has some more little work for me to do, and so has only been richly answering all your prayers in the ‘perfect peace’ in which He has kept me? Oh, He has been so tenderly gracious to me; it has been such gentle, faithful lovingkindness all through. It seems

worth even coming back from the very golden gates if I may but in some way 'tell of His faithfulness.' I do wish people would but trust Jesus *out and out*, and give themselves up utterly to Him; and then wouldn't they find rest to their souls! But it will be a long waiting time yet, 'at least six months,' says my doctor, before I may write or do anything. But now just see how wonderfully kind He is to me. He has taken my will as I gave it to Him, and now I really am not conscious of even a wish crossing His will concerning me. I seem to be enabled to be PERFECTLY satisfied with whatever He chooses, and it is so nice. This is all of Him, otherwise I should fidget and kick! Somehow, of late, I mean for many months, He seems not to have allowed the enemy to come near me. From the hour my illness began I have only had one dark hour, and that was when I thought my special prayer, 'that this sickness might be for the glory of God,' had been denied, for I felt I had not 'glorified Him in the fires,' because, after I had lost all my strength, I could not bear the pain without moaning and crying out, and showing eagerness for remedies. But He so

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tenderly assured me of pardon, and gave me 'He knoweth our frame,' that even that cloud soon passed. In this second illness He has mercifully spared me any recurrence of such pain, only laying upon me discomfort enough to exercise the patience which has perhaps been His chief lesson for me. Perhaps you and other dear friends will be disappointed. I know you expect that the Master will give me new and fuller messages for others after all this. But I really do not know what He has been teaching me; I do not seem conscious (at present) of having gained anything for others; It has been just lying fallow. For myself I feel as if it had intensified my trust; I *do* trust Him utterly, and feel as if I could not help trusting Him; it seems to 'come natural' now! And 'I will fear *no* evil' seems a natural sequence; what should I fear? There is no terror in anything when 'safe in the arms of Jesus,' and nothing can take me out of them. The marvellous way in which God has inclined you especially, and others too, to pray for me does seem such a token of His incomprehensible love to me, that I see I need an eternity to praise Him to my heart's con-

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tent! Now, dear friend, I am asking Him that, somehow, and in His own time, He would graciously let me, even me, be the means of some new sweet blessing to you, perhaps to your people too, as a tiny return for all your loving prayers for me.

“Do you think that the Lord does show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass? It was so strange that, while perfectly well and strong in Switzerland, I had a constant presentiment that some form of physical suffering would be the next step in His dealings with me, that His loving wisdom would see it needful for me. But I had not a vestige of fear or shrinking; I rather felt I could welcome it, if it might but make me more ‘meet for the Master’s use.’ So I was not a bit surprised when the illness came.

“How infinitely blessed it is to be *entirely* Christ’s! To think that you and I are never to have another care or another fear, but that Jesus has undertaken simply everything for us! And isn’t it *grand* to have the privilege of being His instruments? It does seem such loving condescension that He should use us.

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“I don't know when I shall get downstairs; much too weak as yet. But I am in no hurry, He will give me strength at the right time.

“Yours, etc.”

## CHAPTER VII.

LAMENTING AND TRUSTING.—RECOVERING.—  
WEIGHT OF GLORY.—“SHINING.”

“She chose His service. For the Lord of love  
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price  
For her redemption; and had sought her out,  
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,  
And put His royal ring upon her hand,  
And crowns of loving-kindness on her head.”

Her sister writes :—

“In April, 1875, it was thought desirable that my sister should try change of air; and on the 3rd the Winterdyne servants gathered round for farewell words, and she thanked them warmly for all their kindness, adding; ‘It was a great comfort, in my illness, the way in which you waited upon me; I saw you never grudged the trouble I gave you; *that* would have distressed me. Remember God’s promises are for each of you; faith is just holding out your hand, and taking them. It is what I am learning every day; it makes

me happy, and I want all of you to be always happy, trusting in the Lord Jesus.'

"One inscription written in the books she gave to them is: 'Fanny Holloway, with the writer's warm thanks for her great kindness and attention during her illness at Winterdyne, January to April, 1875. "INASMUCH."' (Matt. xxv. 40.)

"A short drive to Oakhampton, and there all the comforts of her eldest sister's pleasant home awaited her.

"Frances' constant consideration for the servants, wherever she visited, secured the most loving service. Bible readings in the servants' halls, kind talks alone, and helpful prayers are all remembered. The large reference Bibles she gave them are treasured remembrances of this visit. She was delighted when every servant at Oakhampton joined the Christian Progress Union."

(To J. T. W.)

"OAKHAMPTON, *April*, 1875.

"DEAR MR. W——,

"I see now! And the whole thing is brightened up splendidly! I both meant myself, and took your remarks to apply, to

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'fallow' as to service and preparation for service: and so, while I read them with great interest and pleasure, I did not get the full benefit of them, because I said, 'Oh yes, but I *am* all right on this point!' But I was all wrong on the point you aimed at, and by your second letter *hit*. I see that 'lamenting' and 'trusting' are not compatible; and that, while I fancied I was trusting for everything, I was not trusting as to His *spiritual* dealings with me, and that I might rest as satisfied about this as about all else.

"Yes, I 'could not read His prescription,' but I can now take it without trying to spell it. I see that my growth in grace is *His* affair, and that He is certainly taking care of it, even though I don't see it. Only, I am so sorry I did not trust Him perfectly; it makes me feel that I shall henceforth mistrust myself more than ever, and yet trust Him more than ever.

"I am beginning to taste a little bit of the real blessedness of waiting. One does not wait *alone*, for He waits too. Our waiting times are His also. I have been so delighted with the two 'waits' in Isaiah xxx. 18, surely it implies a fellowship of waiting.

“This morning I opened on Deuteronomy xxxii. 2, ‘My speech shall distil *as the dew.*’ It seemed a direct answer from Him, for one does not see the dew fall, one never sees it at all till morning, and then! So perhaps He is speaking to me more than I think for, and, when the ‘afterward’ comes, it may be that I shall find He has said a good deal to me after all! Yours ever.”

She writes to a friend:—

“This morning I read in the Greek, II. Cor. iv., and was so wonderingly happy over that ‘*far more exceeding weight of glory.*’ I had not especially noticed the Greek before, how magnificently far-reaching and strong it is. I suppose ‘*from glory to glory*’ is even here and now, and *then* to go beyond this to an eternal weight of glory, and *then* for *this* to be *kath' uperbolon eis uperbolon* is such a marvelous leading on of finite thought into infinite glory! It is like one of those flights that one now and then takes from planets to suns, and suns to star systems and cycles, and then away to farthest nebulae, and then one sees no end, for imagination and analogy go on, till they get lost in infinity. But to

think that we are going right *into* all this glory, and have actually begun with it, having the earnest of the purchased possession *now*, and absolute certainty of all of it before long! What are flights among stars and nebulae compared to this! I have not thought it out, but I feel a connection between this and the Greek in Eph. iii. 19."

(*To Miss E. J. Whately.*)

*June, 1875.*

"Though I have had plenty of invalided times, and of short sharp suffering, this has been my very first experience of really severe and prolonged illness (since October); and I do not merely think I *ought* to feel, but I *do* feel, that it was the crowning blessing of a year of unprecedented blessing and yet of many trials. 'Great is Thy faithfulness' shines on every day of it; and 'I will fear no evil' is more than ever a very *song* to me. It was as if, while laying His own dear hand ever so heavily upon me, He kept the enemy completely at a distance, and did not let him even approach me, encompassing me with a wall of fire. . . . For three or four weeks I was too prostrate for

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any consecutive prayer, or for even a text to be given me; and this was the time for realizing what 'silent in love' meant (Zeph. iii. 17). And then it seemed doubly sweet when I was again able to 'hold converse' with Him. He seemed, too, so often to send answers from His own word with wonderful power. One evening, (after a relapse,) I longed so much to be able to pray, but found I was too weak for the least effort of thought, and I only looked up and said, 'Lord Jesus, I am *so* tired!' And then He brought to my mind 'rest in the Lord,' with its lovely marginal reading, '*be silent* to the Lord,' and so I just was silent to Him, and He seemed to overflow me with perfect peace, in the sense of His own perfect love. It was worth anything to lie and think that it might be really 'the Master's home call'; but I do think it was worth almost more to find, when the tide turned, that He had really *taken* the will I had laid at His feet, and could and did take away all the disappointment which I had fancied must be so keen at being turned back from the golden gates. I was more astonished at finding that He could make me quite as glad and willing to.

live and suffer, as to go straight away to Heaven, than at anything, I think. And it is just the same now. I have no idea how long I may have to wait, for (though not now ill, but only invalided), what with relapses and results, I am making very slow progress, and not likely to be able for any sort of work for months yet: but I do so feel the truth of 'blessed are they that *wait* for Him.' It seems a necessary sequence of the first part of the verse, 'therefore will the Lord wait,' for waiting *for* Him is waiting *with* Him. I am breaking rules in writing so much, but I could not help wanting to tell you how very kind He has been to me, and I don't think any Christian could be more utterly unworthy than I of such gentle, gracious dealing. I doubted and mistrusted Him for so many years, and what I used to call 'terrible conflict' I now see to have been simple unbelief.

“. . . It is so nice to meet those with whom one is in full sympathy. One meets so many who only go such a little way; I mean really Christians, yet taking such faint interest in Christ's cause and kingdom, all alive as to art, or music, or general on-

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goings, yet not seeming to feel the music of His name. One does so long for all who are looking to Him for salvation to be 'true-hearted, whole-hearted.' And I have been thinking how inevitably such half-hearted Christians will be at a disadvantage when 'He cometh,' as compared with those whose whole gladness is from Him only, and whose whole interests are centred in His kingdom and that which advances it."

(*To a Friend.*)

"DEAREST 'LITTLE THING,'—

"*Let* the Lord lead you, *let* Him have you *altogether*. And, dear pet, blessing hardly ever comes alone; if He has the joy of winning you altogether for Himself, He won't stop there, He will do more, He is doing so here. I do trust two of the servants are resting and trusting, and I quite hope the gardener has laid hold on eternal life; and I am expecting more for the angels to rejoice over. . . . I feel most deeply for you. Keep very close to Jesus, my darling, and ask Him never to let you take back what you have now given Him. Be His entirely, without any reserve, and He will be yours entirely."

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(To C. H.)

“DEAR CLEMENT,—

“You are all alone, so I must send you a line. However, you will not find it very dismal in this lovely weather and the bright look out of seeing your dear ones. Last evening I was at a young women’s meeting, and asked to sing, so I prayed the dear Master would let me bring them a message of song from Himself. There are so many ‘all for Jesus’ Christians here. Seriously, dear Clement, if that is indeed our heart’s motto, we find that Jesus *is* all for us, and all in all to us. I hit upon two little texts yesterday which fitted together beautifully. First, a prayer, ‘Do Thou for me, O Lord,’ did you ever notice it? ‘*do* Thou,’ just whatever wants doing for us or in us, just whatever we cannot do at all for ourselves. Then, if we really pray this, we shall follow it up with ‘God that performeth all things for me!’ Think of *His* simply *doing everything* for you and me. What can we wish more?

“Your loving aunt.”

As she recoverd she wrote:—

“ I can do a little, write an hour or two, see one or two people, sing one song, go to church once on Sunday, and subside all the rest of the day. The following just expresses it :—

‘ I am not eager, bold, or strong,  
 All that is past ;  
 I’m ready *not* to do,  
 At last, at last,  
 My *half day’s work* is almost done,  
 ’Tis all my part ;  
 I bring my God  
 A patient heart.’

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

I quote the following from “ *Loyal Responses.*”

“ SHINING.

I.

“ Are you *shining* for Jesus, dear one ?  
 You have given your heart to Him ;  
 But is the light strong within it,  
 Or is it but pale and dim ?  
 Can *everybody* see it,—  
 That Jesus is all to you ?

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That your love to him is burning  
With radiance warm and true?  
Is the seal upon your forehead,  
So that it *must* be known  
That you are 'All for Jesus,'—  
That your heart is all His own?

## II.

“Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,  
So that the holy light  
May enter the hearts of others  
And make them glad and bright?  
Have you spoken a word for Jesus,  
And told to some around,  
Who do not care about Him,  
What a Saviour *you* have found?  
Have you lifted the lamp for others,  
That has guided your own glad feet?  
Have you echoed the loving message,  
That seemed to you so sweet?”

## CHAPTER VIII.

TURNED LESSON — SANCTIFICATION STILL  
TRIED — CONFESSION — TRUE-HEARTED.

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

Her sister writes :—

“ There were many ‘turned lessons’ in my dear sister’s life to which no clue can be given in these Memorials ; but we may here refer to one testing-time. Very patiently had she prepared for press many sheets of manuscript music in connection with the Appendix to ‘Songs of Grace and Glory.’

Well do I remember the day it was completed. We were at home, and she came down from her study with a large roll for post, and with holiday glee exclaimed, 'There it is all done! and now I am free to write a book!' Only a week passed, when the post brought her the news: 'Messrs. Henderson's premises were burned down this morning about four o'clock. We fear the whole of the stereotypes of your musical edition are destroyed, as they were busy printing it. It will be many days before the *debris* will be sufficiently cooled to ascertain how the stereotype plates stand.'

“Further news confirmed the loss: ‘Your musical edition, together with the paper sent for printing it, has been totally destroyed.’ On the same sheet Frances wrote to her sisters in Worcestershire:—

“ ‘The signification hereof to me is that, instead of having finished my whole work, I have to begin again *de novo*, and I shall probably have at least six months of it. The greater part of the manuscript of my Appendix is simply *gone*, for I had kept no copy whatever, and have not even a list of the tunes! Every chord of my own will

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have to be reproduced; every chord of any one else re-examined and revised. All through my previous "Songs of Grace and Glory" work, and my own books, I had always taken the trouble to copy off every correction on to a duplicate proof; but, finding I never gained any practical benefit, I did not (as I considered) waste time in this case! Of most of the new work, which has cost me the winter's labor, I have not even a memorandum left, having sent everything to the printers. However it is so clearly "Himself hath done it," that I can only say "*Thy way not mine, O Lord.*" I only tell you how the case stands, not as complaining of it, only because I want you to ask that I may do what seems drudgery quite patiently, and that I may have health enough for it, and that He may overrule it for good. It may be that He has more to teach me, before He sets me free to write the two books to which N—— alludes, and which I hoped to have begun directly. Perhaps they will be all the better because I cannot now write them for next season. Thus I am suddenly shut off from the bright stream of successful writing, and stopped in all my own plans for this

spring, and bid work a few months longer in the shade at what is to me special exercise of quiet patience. . . . I have thanked Him for it more than I have prayed about it. It is just what He did with me last year, it is another *turned lesson*. I had mourned over not bearing pain in my first illness, and so He gave me another opportunity of learning the lesson by sending me another painful illness, at Winterdyne, instead of giving me up as a hopeless pupil; and now I have been eager to get done with "Songs of Grace and Glory" that I might hurry on to begin work of my own choosing and planning, and so He is giving me the opportunity *over again* of doing it more patiently, and of making it the "willing service" which I don't think it was before. If I could not rejoice in letting Him do what He will with me, when He thus sends me such very marked and individual dealing, I should feel that my desire for sanctification, for His will to be done in me, had been merely nominal, or fancied and not real.'"

Mark her confession in the following letter:—

(To Miss E. J. Whately.)

“One must be an infidel not to see God’s hand upon one, most distinctly, in such a matter as this. But it was very good of Him to give me the opportunity of learning the unlearnt lessons, and of offering, as more willing service, what had been *unwilling*. I must tell you, however, how overwhelmingly gracious He has been to me the last few days, quite startling me. I thought it had been such a useless spring, that I had not been allowed to be any service to any one. Then all at once, during three days, a number of notes poured in upon me, quite astonishing me with telling that I had been made such real use and blessing, in some cases quite unconsciously, in others where I thought my efforts had produced little or no effect. Now, is not this enough to make one’s heart overflow with praise? It has been a most sweet lesson of trust, and of more simple and absolute dependence on Him. He has taken me into His hands afresh. No, it has not been all for Him of late; I don’t mean anything definite, but breaches in the enclosure, made not by any outward

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foe or even 'the religious world,' but by self, which I wanted to be crushed out of me, that He might take its place wholly. I think that has been the 'something between,' and it has dimmed not only the inner brightness, but the free-hearted testimony. It is so utterly horrid not to have been *all* for Him. I do feel ready to say 'sinners, of whom *I* am *chief*,' and no expressions of self bemoaning are too strong for me. He has been so much to me, so very, *very* gracious; and yet I have wandered, without knowing it except by finding that He withdrew the brightness of His shining, graciously so, because I felt the chill; and yet, at times, off and on, it has even of late been very bright, very happy, only it has not been the steady and growing brightness. Thank you very much for telling me how it is with you; that helps, because I have to do with the '*same* Jesus.' I want Him to prove me to the very depths, to 'search and try' and cleanse entirely. I am glad He did not set me free to write. I distinctly believe it to be His holding me back from teaching before I am taught? I am so grateful for your letter, it is so good of Him to put it into your heart to watch

over me. Will you pray for me? I imagined I had thought much of the 'keep,' as well as of the 'take,' but I have not *lived* it somehow. I know you must feel disappointed with me; I have not 'run well' as you hoped, but don't give me up and throw me overboard altogether, pray for me, and 'watch over me' still for the dear Master's sake, for I know He has not thrown me overboard, and oh *I do* love Him. Thanks for the card; I thought it *was* 'none of self and all of Thee.' I have immense temptations. I don't mean that as any excuse, only it is so; temptations to self seeking and self complacency, etc.; and I am made too much of, looked up to by plenty who should rather look down on me, both here and by strangers; and I thought I was on my guard against it all; and yet I see it has insensibly undermined the 'enclosure,' even though I have been having exceptionally great outward privileges. I wonder whether one thing has been wrong! I have been, for some time, nearly every day giving half an hour to careful reading of Shakespeare: I felt as if I rather wanted a little intellectual bracing, as if something of contact with *in-*

*tellec*t were necessary to prevent my getting into a weak and wishy-washy kind of thought and language. I like intellects to rub against, and have no present access to books which would do it; so I bethought myself of seeing what Shakespeare would do for me, and I think my motive was really that I might polish my own instruments for the Master's use. But there is so much that is entirely of the earth earthy, amid all the marvellous genius and even the sparkles of the highest truth which flash here and there, so much that jars upon one's spirit, so much that is downward instead of upward; that it has crossed me whether I am not trusting an arm of flesh in seeking intellectual benefit thus. Yet, on the other hand, if one admits the principle, one would throw over all means as to study and mental culture, and it does really seem as a rule as if God endorsed those means, and uses cultivated powers, and only very exceptionally uses the uncultured ones.

“Yours gratefully.”

The following letter shows her faithfulness to her friends :—

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“MY DEAR —,

“As I have already had one bad night, and several troubled wakings, all about *you*, I had better get it off my mind. I write to you as one who is really wanting to follow Jesus altogether, really wanting to live and speak EXACTLY according to His commands and His beautiful example; and when this is the standard, what seems a little thing, or nothing at all, to others, is seen to be *sin*, because it is disobeying His dear word and not ‘following *fully*.’ ‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye *even so* to them.’

“Now, darling, be true to yourself, and to Him, as to these His own words. Would you like any one to retail, and dwell upon, little incidents which made you appear weak, tiresome, capricious, foolish? Yet, dear, everything which we say of another which we would not like them to say of us, (unless said with some right and pure object which Jesus Himself would approve,) is transgression of this distinct command of our dear Lord’s, and therefore *sin*,—sin which needs nothing less than His blood to cleanse, sin in which we indulge at our peril and to the

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certain detriment of our spiritual life. And Jesus hears every word, and sees, to the depth, the want of real conformity to His own loving spirit, from which they spring. Do not think I am condemning you without seeing my own failures. It is just because it is a *special* battle-field of my own that I am the more pained and quick to feel it, when others, who love Jesus, yield to the temptation or do not see it to be temptation. I know the temptation it is to allow oneself to say things which one would not say if the person were present, yes, and if Jesus were visibly present. And I have seen and felt how even a momentary indulgence in the mildest forms of 'speaking evil,' which is so absolutely forbidden, injures one's own soul, and totally prevents clear, unclouded communion with Jesus. So I want you to recognize and shun and resolutely and totally 'put away' this thing.

"I should not write all this but that I long for your eyes to be opened to the *principle*, for others' sakes, for your own soul's sake, and for Christ's sake. I want you to pray over it, to search bravely to the bottom, and to put it all into the hands of Jesus, that He

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may not only forgive but cleanse, and so fill you with His love that it (and nothing else) may overflow into all your words, that He may 'make you to increase and abound in love . . . to the end He may establish your heart *unblameable in holiness.*' Oh, if you knew how I pray for this for myself, you would not wonder at my anxiety about it for you and for others! So don't be vexed with  
"Yours ever lovingly."

Her sister writes:—

"June, 1876.

"During a visit to her brother Frank, at Upton Bishop Vicarage, she was much interested in his schools and cottages. Every day she went about from house to house, reading the Bible and telling in simple words of God's love in sending Jesus Christ to save sinners.

"In one instance, at a garden party, my sister's happy face attracted a young stranger, so that she sought conversation with her. Often have I been told: 'F. R. H. looks so really happy, she must have something we have not.' (With the utmost skill, no artist

or photograph gives a *real* idea of her lighted up expression. Is it because soul cannot be represented any more than a sun-beam?) And my *pen* fails, too, in giving an idea to strangers of her sunny ways, merrily playing with children, and heartily enjoying all things. But her deep sympathy with others' joys and sorrows, and her loyal longings that all should know the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,' were the secret of her influence with others.

"I may mention that her singing from Handel's 'Messiah,' accompanying herself on her brother's organ, after service on her last Sunday evening at Upton Bishop, will long be remembered by all who heard. The old parish clerk remarked, 'I never heard the like of that before.' Frances then became the first contributor to a fund for erecting a vestry. Since her death it has been determined that this vestry shall be specially 'in memory of F. R. H.' Her brother has also had her name cast in a new treble bell, thus completing the peal of six."

In the following letter to a faithful friend she makes some humble confessions of some

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wavering in her consecration. I refer to it that the reader may have a true view of her character :—

“Your letter sent me straight to my knees. I have been putting it all into my Saviour’s hands. I don’t feel cured. He has taken me into his hands afresh. No, it has not been *all* for Him of late. I do not mean anything definite, but there have been breaches in the enclosure ; made, not by any outward foe or even by ‘the religious world,’ but by self ; which I wanted to have crushed out of me, that He might fill its place wholly. I think there has been something between, and it has dimmed not only the inner brightness but the free-hearted testimony. It is so utterly horrid not to have been *all* for Him. I do feel ready to say ‘Sinners, of whom I am chief,’ and no expressions of self bemoaning are too strong for me. He has been so much to me, so very, very gracious, and yet I have wandered without knowing it, except by finding that He withdrew the brightness of His shining, graciously so, because I felt the chill ; and yet, at times, it has been very bright, very happy, only it

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has not been the steady and glowing brightness.

“I am glad He did not set me free to write. I distinctly believe it to be Him holding me back from teaching before I myself had been taught. I have great temptations to self-complacency and to self-seeking. I am made too much of.”

Mark the following from “Loyal Responses :”—

## I.

“True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,  
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!  
Under Thy standard, exalted and loyal,  
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee!

## II.

“True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance,  
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;  
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,  
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

## III.

“True-hearted! Saviour, Thou our Story;  
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,  
Sinful and treacherous! yet for Thy glory,  
Heal them and cleanse them from sin and deceit.”

## CHAPTER IX.

LABORING IN SWITZERLAND.—PRUNING.—  
THY WILL BE DONE.—“PERFECT  
PEACE.”

Miss Frances went to Switzerland for a long rest, but she went immediately to work for her loving Master.

Her sister Marie writes :—

“Year after year, my dear sister had pressed me to take a long rest in Switzerland; and so, on July 6th, 1876, we left England, *via* Dieppe, for Lausanne. That delightful journey! her sisterly care and unselfishness in revisiting well known places just to give *me* the pleasure! It was with difficulty I persuaded her to go to any new scenes for herself. From Montreux she went up to ‘Les Avants’ to visit her ‘delightful friend,’ Miss E. J. Whately. From Vern-

ayaz we went to a quiet pension at Fins Haut, *en route* to Argentiere. Sunday came, and the sight of crowds of peasants passing by our door to early mass suggested the desire to try a Bible address for them in the afternoon. Valerie, the daughter of our host, had been so fascinated by my sister's singing that, with the promise that M'lle. would sing to the meeting, she threw herself heartily into the arrangement. Three o'clock was the time fixed, but an hour before several maidens assembled, so we set them to copy out a French hymn Frances had just written, thereby fixing its truths on their memory; and they then practised it as a choir. Frances shall tell the rest:—

(*To J. T. W.*)

. . . . .  
 “About thirty or forty came; some remained in a room behind our folding doors, these came from curiosity and would not come inside, and there was laughing and talking, evidently led by the priest's servant who was there for no good! First I sang to them, and then got the girls to join in the hymn they had copied out. Then I read

some passages from Romans, and Marie spoke to them beautifully (in French) on Romans vi. 23, and afterwards prayed.

“A few went away as soon as I began to read, there was evidently *some* opposition. Even those who seemed really to wish to hear were evidently hindered by the total novelty of the whole thing: an intensified form of the hindrance which I told you I felt existed when I first sang at N——. You will wonder what I sang! Well, I had been singing snatches of hymns to myself, and especially ‘Only for Thee,’ and found this gave immense gratification in our little pension; so I thought God could as well give me French as English, if He would, and I set to and wrote ‘*Seulement pour Toi!*’ (as they had liked the tune so much). Only it is quite a different hymn, making prominent the other side, He and He ONLY is and does all for us. We come to the Father ‘*only* by Thee,’ place our trust ‘*only* in Thee’; retaining merely a few lines of the ‘*only for* Thee,’ as it is useless to teach ‘*only for* Thee,’ till one has seen ‘*only by* Thee.’ I also wrote a free imitation of ‘Will ye not come?’ and part of another. I could write quite

easily in French verse ! so it may be I shall have to do some more in this direction, a totally new opening !

“ Marie had had the priest himself strongly on her mind all the week ; and, not having the smallest fear of man, actually went and called on him ! with the excuse of borrowing a French Bible, and asking him to see if my verses were correct. Just imagine going to ‘ M. le Cure ’ for a Bible, and for revision of Protestant hymns ! He was very courteous, and Marie relieved her mind entirely ; told him how happy she was in Christ, and what was the secret of peace and joy. He did not attempt controversy, and seemed interested, but only assented to all she said, so that she could not get him to open out.

“ As for taking readings myself, the prospect seems to recede. Even taking part in this little meeting seemed to throw me back. For years, I have always suffered from any work of the kind, and then been made unable for my own more special work, as I never produce a line when overdone. And I find more distinctly, here, that I have not anything like my former strength, and even three weeks (by which time other years I

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have got into tip-top training) have not brought me up to where I used to start from. All the old elasticity and physical strength are gone. I don't feel the 'atmospheric sal-volatile,' and go out on the freshest of Swiss mornings feeling up to *nothing* instead of equal to *anything*! Yet it is thirteen months since I was really cured from my illness."

She was as a shining light wherever she went. Many will rise up and call her blessed, from this land of her visitation! Mark the following letter to her sister:—

"I feel sure that God led us to Champery that we might meet your dear sister Frances. Oh, I cannot tell what a blessing she was to me there. I always looked for those fair curls; and the saloon seemed desolate if I could not hear her voice and often merry laugh. She was so happy and whole-hearted, and she spoke to me of the Lord Jesus, and the joy of being altogether and *only* His. Yes, it was on the balcony at Champery that a new life and love seemed lighted up in my soul. Even as she was speaking to me I felt that, with God's grace, I must take the same

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step she had, and henceforth live 'only for Jesus.' That was indeed turning over a perfectly new and bright page in my life."

Her sister writes :—

"As soon as strength was given we returned to England, in October.

"I well remember when Frances first thought of writing 'My King.' We were returning from Switzerland. Her illness there had quite hindered any writing, and she seemed to regret having no book ready for Christmas. It was October 21st, we had passed Oxford station, on our way to Winterdyne, and I thought she was dozing, when she exclaimed, with that herald flash in her eye, 'Marie! I see it all, I can write a little book, "My King,"' and rapidly went through divisions for thirty-one chapters. The setting sun shone on her face; and, even then, it seemed to me she could not be far distant from the land of the King. Illness came on again, accompanied by severe suffering, yet the book was quickly written and published. We may regard the pages in 'My King,' as the fruit of her patiently taking back 'the

turned lesson,' which prevented her writing for so many months. The following letters of this period speak for themselves."

“LEAMINGTON.

“I send you a prayer which I heard yesterday, and which has been arising from my heart ever since. ‘Lord, take my lips and speak through them, *take my mind and think through it*, take my ‘heart and set it on fire!’ Quite possible for Him to do, though it seems so much to ask. I am asking it; you ask it to. Christ’s words, Christ’s thoughts, Christ’s love, not our own any more! How He does love you, how His very chastening proves it! He has not let you alone, and ‘Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest.’ So, the very sense of the reality of chastening proves the reality that you are ‘blessed,’ and ‘I wot that he whom Thou blessest is blessed.’ Only think that you are to ‘come forth as *gold*.’ I wonder what He will do with His gold when He does bring it forth! We shall see. He never would thus deal with you, if He had not some very special ends to reach. Trust on; He is worthy of all trust, isn’t He?”

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(*To J. T. W.*)

*“November, 1876.*

“This has been a slight edition of my previous illness, but it will be some weeks before I am really as strong as usual. That long illness in 1874 has so weakened me, besides seeming to have left a curious liability to fever, which has returned so many times. But I am not troubled about the ‘fallow,’ and your words, ‘The Lord is right, you can trust Him I know,’ have not done chiming yet! Just before this last attack I was in my sister’s conservatory watching the gardener cut off every bunch he could find upon a splendid vine. He has been training it for twelve years, never let it bear even one bunch of fruit for two years, and now it is 200 feet long in the main stem alone, and 400 feet with the principal branches. He has pruned off a thousand bunches this spring. ‘And what do you expect it to bear, by and by?’ ‘Four hundred-weight of grapes! and, please God, I live to manage it, it will be the finest vine in the county.’ He was having long patience for

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*fourteen years* with this choice vine, and I suppose my Husbandman's waiting with me won't be as many months, so that is not a very long trial of trust. 'My *faithful* Saviour!' That seemed my one thought while awake last night. I was delighted one day on noticing the Greek of Jude 24, *aptai-stous* 'without stumbling,' let alone without falling! . . ."

"No, I am not 'basking in the sunshine;' it is not bright and vivid. I seem too tired, somehow, for brightness; but it is not dark either. I know He is faithful, and I am learning and resting. I think I miss outward helps and privileges, and having no direct work for Christ; I know this is all right too, so I am not fidgeting about it. I was able before this attack to go twice to church, a short afternoon service; but the preacher's chief lesson, from Luke xxiv., was that Jesus couldn't be always with us, and that we must *expect* Him to speedily vanish out of our sight whenever we did get one of the rare glimpses of His presence! So it wasn't very enlivening, but I was glad indeed that I knew better! Oh, I am so glad that 'alway' (Matt. xxviii. 20) means *always*,

and that 'never' (Heb. xiii. 5) means *not ever* and not 'only sometimes,' which is really about as much as I used practically to take the words for! But the 'always' and the 'never' are always *now* for us, and I believe them now just as they stand. And so, whether the day is dull or bright, and whether my eyes are heavy or clear, I know Jesus is with me. What a difference it does make, doesn't it? . . . I think 'The Thoughts of God,' printed in *The Sunday Magazine*, is the very best poem I ever wrote; but I have not heard one word about its doing anybody any real good. It's generally something that I don't think worth copying out or getting printed (like 'I did this for Thee,' and 'Take my life') that God sees fit to use."

A few gleanings from letters to her friend Mary F—— embody some miscellaneous thoughts, and may fitly close this chapter:—

"Psalm lx. 4: 'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee.' Then He has given it to you. Don't keep it furled. What is its device? what is its motto? See if you

come to the same conclusion I have. And may we not take 'the Truth' personally? (John xiv. 6.) It must be the breeze of the Spirit which waves its often drooping folds. Pray that it may be displayed faithfully and bravely by yourself and your friend.

“Jeremiah xxxi. 14: ‘My people shall be satisfied with My goodness.’ Do this and similar promises refer to this life? do they not group themselves with ‘I shall be satisfied when I *awake* with Thy likeness’? Look at John iv. 14 in Greek: ‘shall never thirst;’ does not that rather imply futurity? Yet I should like to know whether any, except such as are already in the land of Beulah, can say that. Still, present or future, there it stands and cannot pass away, being His word, His *own* word, ‘My people shall be satisfied.’

“‘Thy will be done.’ In applying this to sorrow, trial, and disappointment, do we not forget the brighter pendants to this tear-dropped jewel? ‘*This* is the will of God, even your sanctification.’ ‘Father, I *will* that they, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am.’ Also Ephesians i. 5, Galatians i, 4, and many other instances:

“ ‘When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.’ Really and truly *with* you, even if the rushing of the waters seems to deafen and blind you for the moment, so that you cannot see or hear Him.

“Hebrews xii. 2: ‘Afterward *it* yieldeth,’ singular not plural, and therefore definite and applying to each separate trial; ‘it yieldeth.’ So one need only wonder *what* afterward, not wonder *whether!*

“ ‘Hitherto,’ ‘henceforth.’ The Christian’s whole course in two words.”

I favor the reader with another quotation from “Loyal Responses :”—

“PERFECT PEACE.

I.

“ Like a river glorious  
 Is God’s perfect peace,  
 Over all victorious  
 In its bright increase.  
 Perfect—yet it floweth  
 Fuller every day;  
 Perfect—yet it groweth  
 Deeper all the way.

*Chorus.*—Stayed upon Jehovah,  
 Hearts are fully blest,  
 Finding, as He promised,  
 Perfect peace and rest.

## II.

“Hidden in the hollow  
Of His blessed hand,  
Never foe can follow,  
Never traitor stand.  
Not a surge of worry,  
Not a shade of care,  
Not a blast of hurry,  
Touch the spirit there.

*Chorus.*—Stayed upon Jehovah,  
Hearts are fully blest,  
Finding, as He promised,  
Perfect peace and rest.

## III.

“Every joy or trial  
Falleth from above,  
Traced upon our dial  
By the Sun of Love.  
We may trust Him solely  
All for us to do;  
They who trust Him wholly,  
Find Him wholly true.

*Chorus.*—Stayed upon Jehovah,  
Hearts are fully blest,  
Finding, as He promised,  
Perfect peace and rest.”

## CHAPTER X.

MINISTRY OF PAIN. — HER INNER LIFE REVEALED. — FAITH AND PATIENCE. — STILL TRIED. — “INCREASE OUR FAITH.”

“ I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand  
 One moment without Thee!  
 But oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,  
 And oh! the strength of Thy right hand!  
 That strength is enough for me! ”

WE have seen that Miss Havergal kept no diary through the greater part of her life. Still she constantly wrote letters to her many friends, and these show the inner workings of her heart and mind. These letters make a rich legacy and are deeply instructive and profitable.

She writes :—

“ *November, 1876.*

“ Isn't it odd I should be *hors de combat* just now? And yet it is stranger still not to feel even the least temptation to say ‘how

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excessively provoking!' as I should have been saying three years ago; so everything only proves how real the peace of God is. I have not a fear or a flutter, not a care or anxiety, for time or eternity, and I know this is not nature, for the *natural* thing to me would be to fidget as to both present and prospective health, neither being very cheering! But the Lord is right, as you wrote me; only, I have not the vivid joy of December 1873, and I am very much inclined to say 'Where is the blessedness I knew?' But then I have deeper experience in several respects, and anyhow I have made trial of His love."

(To F. A. S.)

"November 17.

"Just a loving line for your birthday, dear F——, and fondest wishes for every blessing; yes, '*all* spiritual blessings' (see Eph. i. 3).

"I feel so inclined to send you, instead of a proper 'birthday text,' a word which I never noticed till lately, and which has struck me very much in connection with your saying you had not thought before of 'do ye *even* so to them' as an absolute com-

mand. It is I. Chronicles xxviii. 8, 'Keep, *and seek for, all* the commandments,' etc. (*look* at it!) You see we are not merely to keep what we know of, and what lie on the surface of His law, but to '*seek for all.*' And verily this is no hard lines, for more and more I see that 'in keeping of them there is great reward' even in this life. Don't you think this would be a good and helpful aim for the year? I mean, God helping me, to take it as such for myself; and as it was new to me, it may be so for you too. Don't shrink from finding hitherto unrecognized commands; He only '*commands for our good*'; let us shrink rather from living in unknown disobedience to any. 'Blessed are they that *do* His commandments'; may that blessedness be really yours and mine."

(*To Elizabeth Clay.*)

"Shall we not find that all parts of our lives will prove to have been training for whatever is our truest work even on earth, and also for the Heavenly service to which one, more and more, looks forward? But the bits of wayside work are very sweet.

Perhaps the *odd* bits, when all is done, will really come to more than the seemingly greater pieces ! the chance conversations with rich or poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes, even the *tables-d'hote* for me, and the rides and friends' tables for you. It is nice to know that the King's servants are always really on duty, even while some can only stand and wait. Your going to India seems a very special 'boring of the ear.' How curiously your path and mine have diverged ; your going to do great things for God, and I able for less and less. My hope that, at last this winter, I might be allowed one Bible class at home is uncertain ; ditto my choir practice, as I am to avoid cold and fatigue. Everybody is so sorry for me except myself ! For the same peace which will be yours in work will be mine in waiting ; and the very fact of having a busy and active nature, with no proclivity for *dolce far niente*, seems to make the rest under God's felt *restraints* so much the more really His doing."

(To the same.)

1877.

"Best wishes for your first birthday in India, and I. Chronicles iv. 23, '*there they*

dwelt with the King for His work,' 'there' is Amritsur for you. How specially it is for His work that you are there! I send you a lovely little book by Miss Elliott. . . . I feel how very precious your time will be in acquiring the language; and, if you spent an hour writing to me, I should feel like David did about the water of the well at Bethlehem. I have but little physical strength; perhaps He withholds the active service; and also I see His wisdom in, all along, having held me back from any chance of Conferences, or hearing any speakers of any sort for several years past (with the sole exception of the Mildmay Conference in 1874). For, if I had, I should have learnt from man, and should almost necessarily have echoed what I heard from others, in what I write."

The following is excellent on the mystery of pain.

(To —.)

"I think that, during certain stages of Christian life and experience, pain is always a mystery. And *so long* it is a grand trial of trust in God's *perfect* wisdom and love and *rightness*. 'His work is perfect': Deut.

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xxxii. 4. (But wait patiently till you have had, first, some years of *pastoral* work, and, second, some personal experience of great pain; and then you will *see*.) To myself the whole thing is as clear as sunshine, but ten-fold clearer since the *intense* pain through which He has led me of late. I would not have foregone *that* teaching for anything!

“I. Pain, as to outsiders, is no mystery when looked at in the light of God’s holiness, and in the light of *Calvary*. The deeper our views of and hatred of sin (as the Holy Spirit’s teaching in our hearts progresses), the more clear will all that is connected with sin become; and as, had there been no sin there would have been no pain, it is all, and more than all, deserved. I can say for myself that I feel I have deserved the very suffering of hell for my transgression of the first great commandment of the law, (‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,’ etc.,) and for my sin of unbelief.

It is, further, a real proof of God’s love. He cannot (being Love) *enjoy* the sight of suffering, IT MUST be as much worse to Him than to you, as He is infinitely greater and more loving than you! And yet He inflicts

or permits it, that He may rouse, and warn, and check, and *save*. What thousands have blessed Him for the pain that came like a rough hand catching them as they fell over a precipice, hurting and pinching their very flesh, but *saving* their lives! In how many ways a skilful doctor gives pain, that he may prevent much greater and worse suffering! At the same time, I am *quite sure* that with very, very rare exceptions bodily pain, though far more trying to witness, is not anything to compare with mental pain, and it leaves no sting or scar, as almost every other form of real trial must do. (I am perhaps in a specially good position to judge of this point, because all my doctors agree in saying that, from my unusually finely strung nerves, I am and always shall be peculiarly sensitive to physical pain, and feel it far more keenly than ordinary people.)

“II. Pain as to God’s own children, is, truly and really, only blessing in disguise. It is but His chiselling, one of His graving tools, producing the likeness to Jesus for which we long. I never yet came across a suffering (*real*) Christian who could not *thank* Him for pain! Is not this a strong

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and comforting fact? I do not say that they always do so, during the very moments of keenest pain, though much more often than not I think they are able to do this; but, certainly, they do deliberately praise Him for it afterwards. I think one must pass through it for oneself before one can fully realize the actual *blessedness* of suffering; meanwhile, you may well take the testimony of those who have. Its conscious effects are to give one deeper feeling of one's entire weakness and helplessness, (a lesson which we are all slow to learn in health,) and of the real *nothingness* of earthly aims and comforts, and the fleetingness and unsatisfactoriness of everything except Christ. Then, it drives one to Him each moment, one cannot bear it even one moment alone, one *must* lean and cling (and *anything* is blessed which does this!). And then, one finds that He is tender and gracious, that His promises are precious, that his presence IS A REALITY *even if unrealized!* (a true paradox.) Then, one has opportunities which one could not otherwise have of learning trust, and patience, and meekness; it is a time of growing up into Him in these things. Then, one

realizes more what it must have been to Jesus to endure real, actual, bodily pain *for us*. I never saw such tremendous force in 1 Peter ii. 24 ('in His own *body*') as when suffering great pain myself; it seemed a new page of His love unfolded to me. I could write sheets more on the blessed teachings of pain, but if I did I should perhaps bring it on! So far, the whole question of pain is rather one of sight than of faith to me now; it has become so clear to me, as a part of God's great plan which could not be done without. But I find yet scope for faith beyond. I believe there is a mysterious connection between suffering here and actual capabilities of enjoyment hereafter, and that suffering here is training (I cannot tell how) for that glorious service above, to which I delight to look forward. But now look for yourself at what God's word says about it, and dwell on *that* instead of on your own thoughts about it, for His thoughts are not as your thoughts; see Isaiah lv. 8, 9. Look at II. Corinthians iv. 17, 18; and then see how much more you can find in His word which bears on the subject. . . .

Trust Jesus in and for everything. When

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a trial is past, one does so bitterly regret not having trusted Him entirely in it; and one sees that we might as well have had all the joy and rest of perfect trust all along."

(To ——.)

“. . . I know that nothing short of the Holy Spirit's power can enable any one to accept God's way of salvation as a little child. . . . I will tell you the two passages which have been the greatest help to me, two great anchors which have stood many a strain of personal conflict and doubt:—

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.—JOHN v. 24.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.

And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life: and this life is in his Son.—I JOHN v. 10,11.

It does not matter what we suppose God *might* propose or declare; it all hangs upon what *has* God said about it? And can words

be plainer than these two passages? 'He that believeth *hath everlasting life.*' Only think deliberately out that those words must mean *everlasting* life, for it would be a mockery and a lie to call it so if it might last only a day or a year. If the life which Jesus imparts (His own life by His Spirit) *can* come to an end to-morrow, *it is not, cannot be, and never was, everlasting life at all!* Our natural life is even as a vapor, but *this* would be a poorer thing still, if it might be lost even sooner. 'Everlasting' either means that which shall really last for ever, or it is a meaningless delusion and not worth the paper it is printed on. '*Hath:*' it is never said *shall* have, but always the *actual present possession* by every one who believes, not always consciously but certainly. If you believe in Jesus as your only and all-sufficient Saviour, either you have at this moment everlasting life, a life which shall and can never perish; *or* God is a liar. Don't you see the inevitable force of '*everlasting*'? It *must* be everything or nothing. How can it be everlasting life, if it can be quenched in eternal death? The two passages you mention present no difficulty at all. Phillip-

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pians ii. 12, 13 seems to me clearly to imply that those to whom St. Paul wrote had got salvation as an actual possession, '*your own*'; and, having got it, they are now to '*work it out*,' *i. e.* to carry out all the details and consequences of it, act up to it. Give a man a great gold mine; it *is* his, he has not got to work *for* it (it is all there, his very own), but only to work it out, draw upon it, and enjoy it. I think the figure holds good, for enjoyment seems to hold an almost invariable proportion to work for Christ. I never knew any idle Christian really a rejoicing one (I do not of course speak of invalids); and, conversely, if you see a man or woman, whatever their position, doing all they can for the cause of Christ, giving up time to work for Him, and trying hard to win others, either rich or poor, for Him, you may be almost certain that they are happy in Christ. (Mark, I do not say those who merely ride religious or benevolent hobbies, or who work for *externals* of religion, these are often as miserable as any; but those who are working *for Christ*.) Further, just look at the '*for*' in verse 13, and take the two verses together and you will see that it

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is all of God and not of us. As to I. Corinthians ix. 27, why did you not see that the Greek *adokimos* is literally and clearly 'not approved,' being simply the negative of *dokimos*. You cannot read the Greek word otherwise; and how it came to be translated 'cast-away' I can't imagine. I can wish you no greater blessing than that salvation may be no longer a 'theory' but a glorious *reality* to you, constraining you henceforth to live unto Him entirely and joyfully. If you once get hold of this, everything will seem different; the false lights of the world will no longer throw their flickering, deceiving lights around you, but you will view and estimate all in the true light, the glorious light which makes the earthly delusions altogether unattractive, and the grand eternal realities appear what they are, just *realities*. But, whatever you do, don't delay; go fully and most earnestly into the question at once; a magnificent treasure is within your reach, don't drift away from it. If any other passage, or set of passages, present any difficulty to your mind, I wish you would let me know. Just one thing: this matter is not merely the intellectual acceptance of a theory,

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but also the acceptance, by the *heart*, of God's loving and free offer and plan. It is a personal transaction between Christ and the soul, to be carried out alone with Him."

(*To a young friend.*)

"You will not mind my writing to you; you needn't feel obliged to answer. I hear you go back to school on Thursday; are you to go back doubtful, uneasy, fearful, dissatisfied, *alone*? or, is it to be going back *with Jesus, safe* in Him, *happy* in Him? When the Holy Spirit stirs up a heart to feel uneasy, it is very solemn, because it is His doing; Satan will do his best to say 'peace, peace, when there is no peace.' It is very solemn, because it results either in grieving that loving Spirit by stifling His secret call, or in passing from death unto life: the one or the other, I know of no other alternative. Which shall it be? Don't linger just outside the gate of the city of refuge; *just* outside is danger, perhaps destruction; you are not safe for one instant till you are inside. And oh, have you ever thought that it is not merely negative, not merely *not safe*, but

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that unless your sins now are on Jesus they are *now on you*, and God's wrath is upon them and so upon you? It is a tremendous question, 'where are your sins?' I do not stay to prove that they are somewhere, you have learnt that; but now where are they? On you, or on Jesus? Oh, that He may now send His own faithful word about it with power to your soul, 'the Lord hath laid *on Him* the iniquity of us all!' Accept that, believe His word, venture your soul upon it, and 'he that believeth *hath* everlasting life.' I won't write more to-day; all hinges on this question, 'where are your sins?' If on *you*, you are not safe one instant, there is but a step between you and hell, 'the wrath of God abideth on him'; it is awfully true, don't dare to sleep another night with condemnation upon you. But if *on Jesus* (and He only asks you to believe that He has borne them, in His own body, on the tree, and that Jehovah hath laid them *on Him*,) then you are free, gloriously free! They can't be on *both*! If *on Jesus*, you are saved and *have* everlasting life, and you will prove it by 'henceforth' being His entirely and living to Him. I desire and pray that the great ques-

tion of your life, of *your whole eternity*, may be decided before you go back. It will be easier now than it ever can be again, if He ever gives you another call."

(*To the same.*)

“. . . Let me say just this; when one is really and utterly ‘all for Jesus,’ then and not till then we find Jesus is *all for us*, and all in all *to us*. Now I want you to be ‘all for Jesus.’ I can’t describe the happiness He puts into any heart that will only give itself up altogether to Him, not wishing to keep one single bit back. And I want you to have this, and to have it *now*; not to wait till illness or great trouble come, and you feel driven at last to Him. No! that is simply ‘too bad!’ Jesus says, ‘Come *now!*’ not, ‘come when everything else has turned bitter.’ And if you come now, and surrender to Him now, you will have the peace now and the gladness now; and I can tell you it is worth having, because I *have* it, and so I *know* it is. It is a grand thing to start out early, and be on the Lord’s side all along. Oh, what an amount of sorrow it

will save you if He gives you grace to do it! But come *now*, for Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, and many are getting His blessing. Don't wait, either to get better *or to feel worse!*"

Mark the following poem :—

“INCREASE OUR FAITH.

I.

“Increase our faith, beloved Lord!  
 For Thou alone canst give  
 The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,  
 The faith by which we live.

II.

“Increase our faith! So weak are we,  
 That we both may and must,  
 Commit our very faith to Thee,  
 Entrust to Thee our trust.

III.

“Increase our faith! for there is yet  
 Much land to be possessed;  
 And by no other strength we get  
 Our heritage of rest.

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IV.

“Increase our faith! On this broad shield  
All fiery darts be caught;  
We must be victors in the field  
Where Thou for us hast fought.

V.

“Increase our faith, that we may claim  
Each starry promise sure,  
And always triumph in Thy name,  
And to the end endure.”

## CHAPTER XI.

DIVINE HELP.—MOTHER'S DEATH.—“TAKE MY SILVER AND MY GOLD.”—“GROWING.”

Mark the wisdom and common sense of the following letters:—

(*To Miss Shekleton.*)

“LEAMINGTON.

“My experience is, that it is nearly always just in proportion to my sense of personal insufficiency in writing anything, that God sends his blessing and power with it; so I don't wonder that your papers are so sweet and helpful! I think He must give us that total dependence on Him for every word, which can only come by feeling one's own helplessness and incapacity, before He can very much use us. And so I think this very sense of not having gifts is the best and

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most useful gift of them all. It is so much sweeter to have to look up to Him for every word one writes. I often smile when people call me 'gifted,' and think how little they know the real state of the case, which is that I not only feel that I can't but *really can't*, write a single verse unless I go to Him for it and get it from Him.

"But, in this sweet access and supply, you and I have a 'better thing' than the grandest natural gifts; and as for being slow or quick in production, it may be some tiny sentence written in five seconds, and never thought of before, which may do the widest and truest work for Jesus."

"Yours, in our dear Master."

(To —.)

"I suppose it was the 'silver and gold' line that was objected to; and I do think that couplet, 'Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold,' is peculiarly liable to be objected to by those who do not really understand the *spirit* of it, don't you? So I am not a bit surprised! Yes, 'not a mite would I withhold'; but that does not

mean that, because we have ten shillings in our purse, we are pledged to put it *all* into the next collecting plate, else we should have none for the next call! But it does mean that every shilling is to be, and I think I may say *is*, held at my Lord's disposal, and is distinctly not my own; but, as He has entrusted to me a body for my special charge, I am bound to clothe that body with His silver and gold, so that it shall neither suffer from cold, nor bring discredit upon His cause! I still forget sometimes, but as a rule I never spend a sixpence without the distinct feeling that it is His, and must be spent for Him only, even if indirectly."

With the same common sense, she explains her reasons for dressing very nicely:—

"The outer should be the expression of the inner, not an ugly mask or disguise. If the King's daughter is to be 'all glorious within,' she must not be outwardly a fright! I must dress both as a lady and a Christian. The question of cost I see very strongly, and do not consider myself at liberty to spend on dress that which might be spared for God's

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work ; but it costs no more to have a thing well and prettily made, and I should only feel justified in getting a costly dress if it would last proportionately longer. When working among strangers, if I dressed below par, it would attract attention and might excite opposition ; by dressing unremarkably, and yet with a generally pleasing effect, no attention is distracted. Also, what is suitable in one house is not so in another, and it would be almost an insult to appear at dinner among some of my relatives and friends in what I could wear without apology at home ; it would be an actual breach of the rule ‘Be courteous’ ; also, I should not think it right to appear among wedding guests in a dress which would be perfectly suitable for wearing to the Infirmary. But I shall always ask for guidance in all things !”

Her sister Marie writes :—

“The year 1877 was passed uneventfully at her home, or in visits to her brother or sisters, to Ashley Moor, and to London. The distressing illness of our dear mother was a source of deep anxiety ; Frances writes to her :—

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“*More* pain, dearest mother? May it be more support, more grace, more tenderness, from the God of all comfort, more and more! May we not expect the ‘mores’ always to be in tender proportion to each other?”

“Your loving child.”

She writes :—

“I have been immensely struck with the passages in which our Master, our *Example*, uses the word ‘*must*,’ and the great contrast with our use of it. Only compare when any one says ‘but I *must* do so and so,’ with Christ’s ‘I *must*’s.’ It is a really helpful bit of Bible search, for we must follow Him in this or we are ‘not worthy of Him.’

“Do not hesitate to smite me. I dread nothing so much as smooth things. I would rather have ‘faithful wounds.’ I do not see how I can like doing . . . and yet I am in honor bound to carry it through. I was absolutely content and happy in it as being His doing, but subsequent delays and mistakes seemed altogether human and not His doing at all.”

In studying this lady’s life I am inclined

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to think that her incessant activity helped to shorten her stay on earth. Mark the following:—

(*To D. S.*)

“What shall I do? Your letter would take two hours to answer, and I have not ten minutes; fifteen to twenty letters to write every morning, proofs to correct, editors waiting for articles, poems and music I cannot touch, American publishers clamouring for poems or *any* manuscripts, four Bible readings or classes weekly, many anxious ones waiting for help, a mission week coming, and other work after that. And my doctor says my physique is too weak to balance the nerves and brain, and that I ought not to touch a pen. If you could see the pressure on me, you would not think me wet-blanketing if I do not answer *all* your queries. ‘Mission Week!’ if that sort of thing won’t do in —, it is the very reason why it is wanted; no agency seems to me more blessed than that.

“‘Bride of Christ?’ *Study* (I don’t mean read through) the Canticles, and look at the practical sweetness, comfort, and beauty of

the type; also look at Ezekiel xvi. and Hosea ii. Your own Bible will be your best answerer.

“Work out this glorious subject: I. Samuel xii. 24, ‘Consider,’ Psalm cxxvi. 3 ‘hath done,’ Joel ii. 21 ‘will do’; and then (practical) Luke viii. 39, ‘*show*,’ not merely ‘*tell*,’ what great things He has done. *What* ‘great things’ does your Bible tell He *hath* done and *will* do? You will find it inexhaustible! Yours in affectionate haste.”

(To ——)

“Don’t you see He *has* broken the yoke (Isa. x. 27), only you keep rubbing the place where it pressed, and are feeling *stiff*! When splints are taken off a broken leg, you feel as if they were still on. ‘Believe, and ye shall be free indeed.’ Will you set yourself to search out what He says about it? Put all the texts down, and be prepared to write under them either, ‘I believe what God says,’ or ‘I believe what I *feel*, and not what He says.’ Try it! Now I must dash off to another topic, because I must hand to you what flashed out splendidly to me last night:

‘Beloved of God, called to be saints!’ *That* for you and me. Only think! It seems to include everything. Will you let *that* be your pillow to-morrow night!”

(*To Miss Williams.*)

“Thanks for your sweet benediction. If you remember me in prayer, will you ask that I may be kept always and only at Jesus’ feet, never anywhere else. It is the only place safe from vain glory. Thank you for your valuable gift of the ‘History of Wales.’ I do so like your book, ‘Literary Women.’ The sad sketch of L. E. L.’s life and character struck me very much. What a contrast to Hannah More!

“It seems as if more waiting than working were to be my lot; but it is such rest to be quite satisfied with *His* choice for me.”

The following lines were written impromptu in S. B. P.’s album:—

“ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD.”

(*Gen. v. 22.*)

So may’st thou walk! from hour to hour

Of every brightening year;

Keeping so very near

To Him, whose power is love, whose love is power.

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So may'st thou walk! in His clear light,  
Leaning on Him alone,  
Thy life His very own,  
Until He takes thee up to walk with Him in white.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

*March 31, 1877.*

About this time her mother was taken sick and suffered exceedingly, and was dying for seven days. She died May 26, 1878. Miss Frances writes :—

*(To Hon. F. Dillon.)*

“If ever a cup of cold water came at the right moment, it was your overwhelmingly kind letter. It came on the seventh day of poor suffering mother's dying. The painful tension to me has been excessive; your note was a singular relief, if only for a few minutes, in those days of grief. To witness that strangely distressing illness has been by ‘terrible things’ answering my eager prayer for more teaching and closer drawing at any cost. So now I expect the ‘afterwards,’ which, as yet, I certainly don't feel. But it is something to set to one's own personal seal that God is true to a whole set of promises, with which one could have nothing to

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do except in very real trial of some sort, and one may as well let Him choose *what* sort."

She had the missionary fire glowing in her soul, and when not able to go to the foreign field, she gave her jewelry to the cause of Missions. Hear her story : —

“LEAMINGTON, *August*, 1878.

“The Lord has shown me another little step, and of course I have taken it with extreme delight. ‘Take my silver and my gold’ now means shipping off all my ornaments (including a jewel cabinet which is really fit for a countess) to the Church Missionary House, where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I retain only a brooch or two for daily wear, which are memorials of my dear parents ; also a locket with the only portrait I have of my niece in Heaven, my Evelyn ; and her ‘two rings,’ mentioned in ‘Under the Surface.’ But these I redeem, so that the whole value goes to the Church Missionary Society. I had no idea I had such a jeweler’s shop, nearly fifty articles are being packed off. I don’t think I need tell you I never packed a box with such pleasure.”

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Her sister refers to this in a letter to the Editor of the "Record":—

"Just this time last year, in July, she came to me with that light in her eye which always told of some bright thought. 'Marie! It has come over me this morning that I shall send all my jewelry to the Church Missionary Society. I wrote long ago:—

"Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold."

And I really have given every shilling I could to God's service, but I never thought of my jewels.' I pleaded in vain the pleasure of leaving them to others. 'No,' she said, 'my King wants them, and they must go; delightful to have anything to give Him. I can't go India, but I can help to send some one.' The massive gold chain she had worn for four years, the gift for some literary toil, she took off her neck, substituting a very old one. A friend at once gave her a handsome price for her chain, and she brought the gold to me, rattling the sovereigns merrily in her hands. 'There, this goes at once to the Church Missionary Society, and

I shall make it up to £50, which I long wanted to give.' Though we were very busy, she had all her jewelery cleaned and packed, fifty-three articles (even her useful gold pencils), in a beautiful casket and sent up to London to the care of the Rev. H. Wright."

In this spirit of self-denial she was constantly "Growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Mark the following from "Loyal Responses :"—

“ GROWING.

I.

“Unto him that hath, Thou givest  
 Ever, ‘more abundantly!’  
 Lord, I live because Thou livest,  
 Therefore give more life to me;  
 Therefore speed me in the race,  
 Therefore let me grow in grace.

II.

“Deepen all Thy work, O Master,  
 Strengthen every downward root,  
 Only do Thou ripen faster,  
 More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.  
 Purge me, prune me, self-abase,  
 Only let me grow in grace.

## III.

“Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,  
Show me ever greater things;  
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,  
Mounting as on eagle’s wings.  
By the brightness of Thy face,  
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

## IV.

“Let me grow by sun and shower,  
Every moment water me;  
Make me really hour by hour  
More and more conformed to Thee,  
That Thy loving eye may trace.  
Day by day, my growth in grace.

## V.

“Let me then be always growing,  
Never, never standing;  
Listening, learning, better knowing  
Thee and Thy most blessed will,  
Till I reach Thy holy place,  
Daily let me grow in grace.”

## CHAPTER XII.

LITERARY LABORS.—SET APART FOR JESUS.

ROYAL INVITATION.—SELECTION.

“Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,  
I would be wholly Thine,  
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,  
And Thou art wholly mine;  
O take me, seal me for Thine own,  
Thine altogether, Thine alone.”

In reading her many books I notice, First, that they are very Scriptural. They are full of the Word of God. The Bible references in the margin are most excellent and numerous. The words of God are weaved in among her own words, like so many jewels that will sparkle till the world is on fire. No wonder that her books are having a wonderful sale. They are so full of “*The Bread of Life*,” for which the masses are hungering.

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Secondly, her writings are remarkably free from the errors of the Antinomians. She believed in both *outward* and *inward* holiness. She believed in the power of Christ to save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by Him. She says "The word 'uttermost' in this passage is a compound word of which we have no equivalent in the English. It means that He is able to save unto all completeness, *unto the total perfection of saving.*"

Thirdly, her writings are not only free from error, but they are conceived and expressed under the *direction*, if not the *inspiration*, of the Holy Ghost. Hence they are wonderfully free from mistakes. It seems as though the ever blessed Holy Ghost purified both her heart and mind, and after a long succession of *severe chastenings*, He guided her thoughts and feelings while she penned these *spiritual books* that serve to keep her memory so fresh in the Christian world.

Fourthly, there is a marked simplicity in the style of her writings. There is no attempt at display; but an intense desire to make the subject entirely plain and impressive. She wrote from the dictates of a natural genius, and not from the labors and

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writings of others. Her meaning lies open to all who can read the English language.

No wonder that fifty-two thousand copies of "Little Pillows" have been sold in this country alone, and many of the other books in the same proportion.

How wonderfully she brings out her own experience in "Starlight Through the Shadows: A Daily Book for Invalids."

Only eleven chapters were written when she dropped her pen and went up beyond the stars, to seize her palm and wave it in triumph forever.

In the same book we find, "Outlines of Her Addresses," given in her parlor in November and December, 1878, a few months before she died. One of her hearers writes:—

"Miss Frances still speaks to us; her voice follows us, especially the words, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' and 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' She was God's mouth to us."

These Outlines are Bible Readings, showing great insight into the Word of God.

"The Royal Invitation" contains daily thoughts of coming to Christ; and is another of her sparkling gems for every day

in the month. It is full of soul food, gathered from Scripture and experience.

“Loyal Responses” contains “Thirty-one Daily Melodies for the Kings Minstrels.” She says of this book that, “Almost every line has been either directly drawn from Scripture, or may be proved thereby. May not only our *lips* but our *lives* be filled with ‘Loyal Responses’ to all the words of our King!”

But what shall I say of “Kept for the Master’s Use,” “My King,” “Royal Bounty,” “Royal Commandments,” “Morning Bells,” “Morning Stars,” and a large volume of poems? She “rests from her labors, but her works do follow.”

I have already mentioned her musical writings which were of great value. Her talents were of a superior kind, and were truly sanctified to God, and their influence for good will run on to eternity. Surely she was, to use her own language:—

“SET APART FOR JESUS.

I.

“Set apart for Jesus!  
Is not this enough,  
Though the dearest prospect  
Open wild and rough?

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Set apart for His delight,  
Chosen for His holy pleasure,  
Sealed to be His special treasure,  
Could we choose a nobler joy?  
And would we if we might?

## II.

“Set apart to serve Him,  
Ministers of light,  
Standing in his presence,  
Ready day or night!  
Chosen for the service blest,  
He would have us always willing,  
Like the angel host fulfilling  
Swiftly and rejoicingly each recognized behest.

## III.

“Set apart to praise Him,  
Set apart for this!  
Have the blessed angels  
Any truer bliss?  
Soft the prelude, though so clear;  
Isolated tones are trembling;  
But the chosen choir assembling  
Soon shall sing together, while the  
Universe shall hear.

## IV.

“Set apart to love Him,  
And His love to know!  
Not to waste affection  
On the passing show.

Called to give Him life and heart,  
 Called to pour the hidden treasure,  
 That none other claims to measure,  
 Into His beloved hand! thrice blessed  
 Set apart.

## v.

“Set apart forever,  
 For Himself alone!  
 Now we see our calling  
 Gloriously shown.  
 Owing, with no sacred dread,  
 This our holy separation,  
 Now the crown of Consecration  
 Of our Lord, our God, shall rest  
 Upon our willing head.”

—*Num.* vi. 7.

She writes :—

“*February*, 1868.

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

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

‘Oh the hidden leaves of life,  
Closely folded in the breast.’

“A few days ago I called upon a devoted minister who told me much of his religious experience, and of his labors among the sick, especially of one call upon a lady who was in the greatest agony. He could only say a few words and pray, but he left a copy of ‘Royal Invitation’ and requested the nurse to read it to the patient as she may be able to hear it. She did so; and those precious words, like good seed, fell into the heart of the sufferer and led her to Christ. She lived and died in holy triumph.

“Just about the same time this minister visited two other sick persons and used the same means with the same glorious results. They gave the sweetest evidence of salvation by accepting the ‘Royal Invitation.’

No doubt they have entered the realms of the blest, and after bowing at the feet of Jesus, have sought out the author of that book and thanked her for writing the same.

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The following quotation from "The Royal Invitation" will show the reader the great value of the book:—

“COMING INTO THE ARK.

“Come thou, and all thy house into the ark.”—  
GEN. vii. 1.

“No need to repeat the story! We knew it all at six years old. To-day the words are sent to you.

“‘Come *thou!*’ We are either inside or outside the ark. There is no half-way in this. Outside is death, inside is life. Outside is certain, inevitable, utter destruction. Inside is complete safety. Where are you this moment? Perhaps you dare not say, confidently and happily, ‘I am inside;’ yet you do not like to look the alternative in the face and say ‘I am outside!’ And you prefer trying to persuade yourself that you do not exactly know, and can’t be expected to be able to answer such a question. And you say, perhaps with a shade of annoyance, ‘How am I to know?’ God’s infallible Word tells you very plainly. ‘If any man be *in Christ*, he is a new creature old things are passed away; behold, all things are

become new!' 'A very severe test!' You say, I cannot help that; I can only tell you exactly what God says. I cannot reverse it, and you cannot alter it. So then, if old things have *not* passed away in your life, and if you are *not* a new creature, born again, altogether different in heart, and life, and love, and aim, you are *not* in Christ, and if you are not *in* Christ, you are *out* of Christ, outside the only place of safety.

“ ‘Come thou *into* the ark!’ It is one of the devices of the destroyer to delude you into fancying that no very decided step is necessary. He is very fond of the word ‘gradually.’ You are to find salvation gradually. You are to turn your mind to God gradually. Did you ever think that God never uses this word nor anything like it? Neither the word nor the sense of it occurs in anyway in the whole Bible with reference to salvation. You might have been gradually approaching the ark, and gradually making up your mind to enter; but unless you took the one step *into* the ark, the one step from outside to inside, what would have been your fate when the door was shut?

“ ‘Come *thou* into the ark!’ I want the call to haunt you, to ring in your ears all day and all night *till you come*. For at this moment, if you are not in the ark, you are in more awful danger than you can conceive. Just because you know it is so awful, you shut your eyes and try not to think of it! But then it is all the same. Any moment the door may be shut for you. Any hour may be the sunset of your day of grace, with no twilight of possibilities of salvation beyond.

“But, ‘Come thou *into the ark!*’ Jesus is the Ark. He is the Hiding-place from the fiery tempest. ‘I flee unto Thee, to hide me from the wrath to come; Thou art my Hiding-place.’

“He who brings the flood has provided the Ark. And the door is open. *It will* be shut some day,—it may be shut tomorrow. What will you do if you find yourself, not shut *in*, but, shut *out*? Whose fault is it if you do not enter in and be saved?”

This will serve to show the tenor of the whole book; it is intensely full of earnest entreaty, and plain and pungent Gospel truth, without a mixture of error.

## CHAPTER XIII.

STILL DOING GOOD.—MARVELS OF LOVE.—  
PARLOR MEETINGS.—I AM WITH YOU.—  
KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

“The joy of loyal service to the King  
Shone through her days, and lit up other lives,  
With the new fire of faith, that ever strives,  
Like a swift kindling beacon far to fling,  
The tidings of His victory, and claim  
New subjects for His realm, new honor for His name.”

THIS devoted Christian lady continued to fill up her life in doing good. On her last Sunday evening at Leamington she sent for a number of night-school boys, and gave them baskets of books and magazines, maps for their library, a magic lantern, etc. Then she sang and played “Tell it out.” She wrote for them some simple verses and chorus, “Jesus delivers me now.”

Wherever she went she poured a flood of

sunshine. Her soul was full, and often overflowed. The following quotation is in point :

“The Master keeps the lips of His servants by so filling their hearts with His love that the outflow cannot be unloving, by so filling their thoughts that the utterance cannot be un-Christlike. There must be filling before there *can* be pouring out ; and if there is filling, there *must* be pouring out, for He hath said, ‘Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.’”

She could well say and feel :—

“ Not death, but life ; not silence, but the strings  
Of angel-harps ; no deep cold sea, but springs  
Of living water ; no dim, wearied sight,  
Nor time, nor tear-mist, but the joy of light ;  
Not sleep, but rest, that happy service brings.”

But she needed rest and quiet retirement from this busy world. So she and her sister Marie found a quiet retreat in Swansea Bay.

Oct. 28, 1878, (about eight months before she died) she wrote to an American friend :—

“The beginning of this month my dear sister and I came here, and settled into snug

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lodgings on the ridge of the western horn of Swansea Bay (six miles from Swansea).

“I simply could not live, I think, anywhere within hail of London, nor much longer in any such lively place as Leamington. So I have got away, now, well out of everybody’s reach! I am trying, trying, trying, in a sort of Tantalian hopelessness, to overtake the letters that pour in on me, and to fulfil such requests as I have already promised. But, very seriously, I feel that unless I draw a line hard and fast, and refuse everybody all round all that is asked me to do, until I have cleared up the said promises and secured a little rest, I shall get mentally as well as bodily exhausted. So, dear friend, I *must* decline to write what you ask for; it is always pain to me to say ‘no,’ and I might keep a secretary only to write these refusals. That is all the outside. As for *under* the surface, of course it is the old story of marvels of love and faithfulness, from microscopically minute to grandly magnificent, and sometimes the minutest seem the most magnificent. I don’t think all the previous years, put together, equal this last twelve months for these daily miracles of love. Only,

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most of them, and the most wonderful, are from special circumstances, such as have to remain among the secrets between one's own soul and the ever dearer Master. . . . It seems to me that God has done for me more than He promised, not only supplying all my need, but all my notions. . . . Our present abode suits us so perfectly in all manner of little ways, that I tell our gracious Father I really don't know how to thank Him enough for it. . . . How I should like to meet my American friends! But I dare not come over. I should be sick all the way, and only be a trouble to you; but, '*there shall be no more sea!*'"

Mark the following from her sister: —

“May I sketch her at her study table, in her favorite chair from Astley Rectory, older than herself? Her American type-writer was close by, so that she could turn to it from her desk; it was a great relief to her eyes, but its rapid working often told me she was busy when she should have rested. Her desk and table drawers were all methodically arranged for letters from editors, friends,

relatives, strangers, matters of business, multitudinous requests, Irish Society work, manuscripts; paper and string in their allotted corners, no litter ever allowed. It was at her study table that she read her Bible by seven o'clock in the summer and eight o'clock in winter; her Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, and lexicons being at hand. Sometimes, on bitterly cold mornings, I begged that she would read with her feet comfortably to the fire, and received the reply: 'But then, Marie, I can't rule my lines neatly; just see what a find I've got! If one only searches, there are such extraordinary things in the Bible!'

"Her harp-piano was placed on a stand she contrived by dexterous carpentering. It was at this instrument she composed her last sacred song, 'Loving all Along,' and many other melodies to her hymns in 'Loyal Responses.'"

Miss Frances writes:—

"I don't think I ever felt more thankful and glad for anything than on reaching this quiet little nest. God has so graciously and

perfectly met our special need. I must pass on to you the last text I have been enjoying, Exodus xv. 13; what can we want more! and it is Thy mercy and strength all along. And then the 'holy habitation' of the present, and the future one, from which we shall 'go no more out.'"

Jesus said to His weary followers—"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." But there was no rest for Miss Frances till she reached her rest of Heaven. Mark the following from her pen:—

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

Still she laid out new work as the following will show. Her sister writes:—

"The cottagers around us soon won my

sister's interest and regard, and she invited them to a Bible reading in our house. She wrote to ask 'for a real great blessing on an open Bible class which I am starting this evening. I don't know who will come, few or many; but I want Gods real converting grace poured out, and I want to be enabled so to speak of Jesus that souls may be won to Him. There is the centre; how it just *goes through* one, when one touches upon His own beloved name. And how we do want Him to be understood and loved.'

These were the Bible readings for which she prepared "Outlines of Her Addresses" which show so much care, research and spiritual insight.

Marie writes the following, which is so deeply interesting:—

"Very early on her last Christmas morning she awoke in severe pain, and was very ill for some days. But she said cheerily: 'I really have had such songs given me in the night, and some Christmas verses for next year came so easily.' An hour after: 'Oh, Marie; I've done a half-day's work

already, a whole set of mottoes; it seemed poured into me.' These she named 'Christmas Sunshine,' and 'Love and Light for the New Year.' 'You can't think the enjoyment it is to me to produce anything new. What books I should write if I had time! I wonder if I shall always be so pressed with other things; but never mind, it is all "service."' And then she spoke of her own mother and the little prayer she taught her; "O Lord, prepare me for all Thou art preparing for me;" that has been my life prayer.' Many days of pain and weakness followed, and the doctor wished her to have perfect rest. I was most thankful to write all the letters I could for her now, and at other times. Dear wearied sister! once she said: 'I do hope the angels will have orders to let me alone a bit, when I first get to Heaven!'—

I quote from one of her poems:—

"I AM WITH YOU.

I.

"He is with thee! with thy spirit,  
With thy lips or with thy pen;  
In the quiet preparation,  
In the heart-bowed congregation,  
Nevermore alone again!

## II.

“ He is with thee, with thee always,  
All the nights and all the days;  
Never failing, never frowning,  
With His loving kindness crowning,  
Turning all thy life to praise.

## III.

“ He is with thee!—Thine own Master,  
Leading, loving to the end;  
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,  
*All to-day, yet more to-morrow,*  
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

## IV.

“ He is with thee!—Yes forever,  
Now and through eternity;  
Then with Him forever dwelling,  
Thou shalt share His joy excelling;  
Thou with Christ and Christ with thee!”

From time to time she felt it her solemn duty to renew her consecration. She writes as follows:—

(*To J. T. W.*)

“*Dec. 1, 1878.*

“I had a great time early this morning, renewing the never regretted consecration. I seemed led to run over the ‘Take my life,’

and could bless Him verse by verse for having led me on to much more definite consecration than even when I wrote it, voice, gold, intellect, etc. But the eleventh couplet, 'love,'—that has been unconsciously *not filled up*. Somehow, I felt mystified and out of my depth here: it was a simple and definite thing to be *done*, to settle the voice, or silver and gold! but 'love'? I have to love others, and I do; and I've not a small treasure of it, and even loving *in Him* does not quite meet the inner difficulty. Of course, I told Him all that was in my heart as far down as ever I knew it myself, and that He knew the rest, and so I could only hand over the whole concern to Him, and implore Him to make it clear and definite. I don't see much clearer, or feel much different; but I have said intensely this morning, 'Take my love,' and He knows I have. So I did not fidget any more, or worry the Master any more about it. I shall just go forward and expect Him to fill it up, and let my life from this day answer really to that couplet. The worst part to me is that I don't in practice prove my love to Him, by delight in much and long communion with Him; hands and

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head seem so full of 'other things,' (which yet are His given work,) that 'heart' seems not 'free to serve' in fresh and vivid love."

I have just read, with great care and profit, the last book that Miss Frances wrote, "Kept for the Master's Use." It is full of rich spiritual food, and contains her matured thoughts of the intensity of meaning included in her "Consecration Hymn," beginning with

"Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

I will give my reader the benefit of her teachings and experience on

"Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold."

"'The silver and the gold are mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Yes, every coin we have is literally our 'Lord's money.' Simple belief of this fact is the stepping-stone to full consecration of what He has given us, whether much or little.

"Then you mean to say we are never to spend any thing on ourselves? Not so. Another fact must be considered, — the fact

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that our Lord has given us our bodies as a special personal charge ; and the responsibility of keeping these bodies according to the means given and the work required, in working order for Him. This is part of our 'own work.' A master entrusts a workman with a delicate machine, with which his appointed work is to be done. He also provides him with a sum of money, with which he is to procure all that may be necessary for keeping the machine in thorough repair. Is it not obvious that it is the man's distinct duty to see to this faithfully? would he not be failing in duty if he spent it all on something, for somebody else's work, or on a present for his master, while the machine is creaking and wearing for want of a little oil, or working badly for the want of a new band or screw? Just so we are to spend what is really needful *on* ourselves, because we are not *our* own, but our Master's. He who knoweth our frame, knows its needs of rest and medicine, food and clothing ; and the procuring of these for our own entrusted bodies should be done just as much 'for Jesus' as the greater pleasure of procuring them for some one else. Therefore there need be no

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quibbling over the assertion that consecration is not real and complete while we are looking upon a single shilling as our own, to do what we like with. Also, the principle is exactly the same whether we are spending pence or pounds ; it is our Lord's money, and must not be spent without reference to Him.

“When we have asked Him to *take*, and continually trust Him to *keep* our money, ‘shopping’ becomes a different thing. We look up to our Lord for guidance to lay out *His* money prudently and rightly, and as He would have us lay it out. The gift or garment is selected under His eye, and with conscious reference to Him as our dear Master, for whose sake we shall give it, or in whose service we shall wear it, and whose own silver or gold we shall pay for it, and then it is all right.

“There is always a danger that just because we say ‘all’ we may practically fall shorter than if we had said ‘some,’ but said it very definitely. God recognises this, and provides against it in many departments. For instance, though our time is to be ‘all’ for Him, yet He solemnly sets apart the one day in seven which is to be especially for Him.

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So as to our money, though we place it all at the Lord's disposal and rejoice to spend it all for Him directly or indirectly. Yet I am quite certain it is a great help and a safeguard, and, what is more, a matter of simple obedience to the spirit of His commands, to set aside a definite and regular proportion of our income for His direct service. It is a great mistake to suppose that the law of giving the tenth to God is merely Levitical. 'Search and look' for yourselves, and you will find that it is, like the Sabbath, a far older rule, running all through the Bible, and endorsed, not abrogated, by Christ Himself. For speaking of tithes, He said, 'These *ought* ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' To dedicate the tenth of whatever we have is mere duty; charity begins beyond it; free-will offerings and thank offerings beyond that again. First fruits, also, should thus specially be set apart. This, too, we find running all through the Bible. There is a tacit appeal to our gratitude in the suggestion of them—the very word implies bounty received and bounty in prospect. Bringing 'the first fruits into the house of the Lord thy God,'

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was like 'saying grace' for all the plenty that He was going to bestow on the faithful Israelite. Something of gladness, too, seems always implied. The day of the first fruits was to be a day of rejoicing: compare Num. xxviii. 26 with Deut. xvi. 10. There is also an appeal to loyalty: we are to *honor* the Lord with the first fruits of all our increase. And *that* is the way to prosper, for the next word is '*So shall thy barns be filled with plenty.*'"

Presenting our first fruits should be a peculiarly delightful act, as they are themselves the emblem of our consecrated relation to God. For of His own will begat He us by the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of His creatures. How sweet and hallowed and richly emblematic our little acts of obedience in this matter become, when we throw this light upon them! And how blessedly they may remind us of the Heavenly company, singing, as it were a new song before the throne; for they are the first fruits unto God and the Lamb.

'What about self-denial'? some reader will say. Consecration does not supersede

this, but transfigures it. Literally a consecrated life is and must be a life of self-denial. But all the effort and pain of it are changed into very delight. We love our Master; we know surely and absolutely that He is listening and watching our every word and way, and that He has called us to the privilege of walking 'worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing.' And in so far as this is a reality to us, the identical things which are still *self-denial* in one sense, become actual *self-delight* in another.

It is important to remember that there is no much or little in God's sight, except as relatively to our means and willingness. 'For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what a man hath not.'

I do not see at all how self-indulgence and needless extravagance can possibly co-exist with true consecration. If we never *go without* anything for the Lord's sake, but, just because He has graciously given us means, always supply for ourselves not only every need but 'every notion,' I think it is high time we looked into the matter before God.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“RIVERS OF LIVING WATER.”—TEMPERANCE  
LABORS. — TRIUMPHAL RIDE. — LAST  
SICKNESS. — GLORIOUS DEATH. —  
BURIAL. — IN MEMORIAM.

“From the great anthems of the Crystal Sea,  
Through the far vistas of eternity,  
Grand echoes of the world peal on for Thee,  
Sweetest and fullest: Most blessed for ever.”

JESUS said “He that believeth on me as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe in Him should receive.” That is, he shall have such a fulness of God in his soul, that rivers of divine influence shall flow out from him to bless this sin-cursed world.

Miss Frances was a true sample of this, for in addition to all her other labors she took

the deepest interest in the Temperance Cause. Mark the following written about a month before she died:—

“May 1, 1879.

“ . . . I haven't taken up teetotal work, but teetotal work has taken up me! Morgan and Scott made me accept a big, handsome, pledge book in February, and somehow the thing has fairly *caught fire* here. One led to another, and yesterday boys were coming all day to sign! I had twenty-five recruits yesterday alone, and a whole squad more are coming this evening! and we are going in for getting EVERY boy in the whole village! And now, 'Please, miss, mayn't the girls sign?' So I've got to open a girls' branch as well! So work grows!

“I adopt the title of 'The Newton Temperance Regiment,' to please my boys, who are a strong majority in it, and very hearty about it. I do love these little lads.”

She pushed this temperance cause till she got nearly the whole rising generation of the village to sign the pledge. She wrote among her last pencilings,—“My lads are splendid, they have such hearty enthusiasm about it.”

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This was when she was too weak to attend to her letters. I fear good people often have more zeal than wisdom: I think that Satan when he cannot discourage us will push us forward with so much ardor as to terminate—before the time—our earthly career. If we violate the laws of nature we must pay the penalty and take the consequences. Her temperance labors helped to terminate her days. She wrote to Mr. Snapp, May 17, 1879:—

“I begin my Irish campaign, please God, on June 4th. (She died June 3rd.) I stay first with the good Bishop of Cashel. Really a wonderful little temperance work here; all the rising generation have joined the pledge except about twelve, and now the men want to speak to me, and I am to meet them to-night at the corner of the village (open air, having no place else) with my pledge book. I have got 118 pledged, and each with prayer over it, and personal talk about better things. In haste, etc., etc.”

This shows her zeal and calculations to labor. She met the men and boys on the

village bank, May 21, with her Bible and temperance book. It was a very damp day, and she stood a long time in this cold spot; heavy clouds came up from the Channel. She returned wet and chilly with mist and rain. Even then some were waiting for her to speak to them. She took a fatal cold.

The next day being Ascension Day she desired to attend church. Being so poorly she was persuaded to come to the Communion only. Being very tired she took a donkey-ride home. Quite a procession gathered around her, her regiment of boys eagerly listening. Her donkey-boy, Fred, remembers what Miss Frances told him. "I had better leave the devil's side and get on the safe side; that Jesus Christ's was the winning side; that He loved us and was calling us, and wouldn't I choose Him for my Captain?"

Arriving at home Frances ran in for her book, and on the saddle Fred signed the pledge. This was the last time her feet were

"Swift and beautiful for Thee."

As Jesus rode in triumph into Jerusalem just before He was crucified: so this hum-

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ble follower of the Lamb, rode in triumph through this village just before she lay down to die.

Marie writes :—

“ *May 23rd.*

“ The chilliness increased ; and though she was in her study as usual, I requested the doctor to see my dear sister, and desired him to come again. The Temperance meeting was to be held in the evening, and my sister arranged 150 large Temperance cards, then to be given. Very cheerfully she gave up the wish to go, saying (*so like her !*) ‘ You will do all so much better than I can ; will you give them two messages from me : to those who have signed, “ Behold God Himself is . . . our Captain ” (2 Chron. xiii. 12) ; to those who have not signed, “ Come thou with us, and we will do thee good ” (Num. x. 29). Our Vicar and Mr. Bishop, from Swansea, were to be present ; and to them she sent her good wishes and request for bright short addresses. While we were at the meeting, she was stitching strong paper tract-bags for sailors at sea, till she felt ill and Mary assisted her into her room. A feverish night ensued.

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Miss Frances writes to :—

“ *May, 24.*

“ DEAR MR. WATSON, —

“ I am in bed again with another of these tryingly frequent feverish attacks, and am writing on the back of your own letter, not having other paper within reach !

“ The fact is, I have knocked myself up with this temperance work ; but having got the whole rising generation of the village into my temperance regiment, except four naughty little black sheep, seems to me quite worth being knocked up for !”

May 26 she corrected the proof of “ Morning Stars,” then her hand laid down the pen that had written so much for her Heavenly King. She was in great pain and surprised the doctor by asking “ Do you think I have a chance of going ” ? He told her she was not seriously ill. This shows how ready she was for the first opportunity to exchange earth for Heaven.

Marie testifies as follows :—

“ The last passage she looked at in her

Bible was the *Christian Progress* chapter for May 28th (Rev. ii. 1-10). She asked Mary to read it for her, dwelling on 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,' bidding her turn to the reference in James i. 12.

(It is remarkable that the same promise of 'the crown of life' was the last passage our dear father ever read.)

“*May 29th.* Fever and internal inflammation rapidly came on, and all the symptoms and agony of peritonitis. God seemed to permit severest suffering, and all remedies failed. But her peace and joy shone through it all, while her patience and unselfish consideration for others were most striking, arranging that all who nursed her should rest also. When we were distressed for her, she whispered, 'It's home the faster!' She told Mary she was quite sure now she should never go to Ireland, adding, 'God's will is *delicious*; He makes no mistakes.' Our good Mary was a great comfort at all times.

“*May 30th.* She was speaking of justification by faith: 'Not for our own works or deservings; oh, what vanity it seems now to rest on our own obedience for salvation, any

merit of our own takes away the glory of the atoning blood. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," *that's it.*'

"*M.* 'Have you any fear?'

"*F.* 'Why should I? Jesus said "It is finished," and what was His precious blood shed for? *I trust that.*'

"Another time: 'I am sure "I am not worthy to be called His son," or His servant, but Jesus covers all; I am unworthy but in Him complete.'

"The last letter she could listen to was from my brother Frank's twin sons, and her message was: 'Thank Willie for that nice text, "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"; and I do hope that Willie and Ethelbert will be ambassadors for Christ; even if they are not clergymen, may they win souls.'

"To her sister Ellen: 'I have not strength to send messages to *yours*. I should have liked my death to be like Samson's, doing more for God's glory than by my life; but He wills it otherwise.'

"*Ellen.* 'St. Paul said "The will of the Lord be done," and "let Christ be magni-

fied, whether by my life or by my death.”

“I think it was then my beloved sister whispered: ‘Let my own text, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin” be on my tomb: *all* the verse, if there is room.”

She said to her sister “I do not know what God means by it, but, no new thoughts for poems or books come to me now.” At another time she said, “Spite the breakers Marie, *I am so happy*; God’s promises are so true. Not a fear.” When the doctor bid her good bye, and told her that he really thought that she was going, she said, “*Beautiful, too good to be true!* Splendid to be so near the gate of Heaven! So beautiful to go!”

The Vicar of Swansea said to her “You have talked and written a good deal about the King, and you will soon see Him in His beauty. Is Jesus with you now?”

“Of course,” she replied, “It is splendid! I thought he would have left me here a long while; but he is so good to take me now.” At another time she said “Oh, I want all of you to speak *bright*, BRIGHT, words about

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Jesus, oh, do, *do!* It is all perfect peace,  
I am only waiting for Jesus to take me in.”

Afterward she sang the following stanza :—

“ Jesus I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul :  
Guilty, lost and helpless,  
*Thou hast* made me whole :  
There is none in Heaven,  
'Or on earth like Thee :  
Thou hast died for sinners,  
Thou hast died for me.”

The parting scene is graphically described as follows :—

“ There came a terrible rush of convulsive sickness ; it ceased, the nurse gently assisting her. She nestled down in the pillows, folded her hands on her breast, saying ‘ There, now it’s all over. Blessed rest ’ !

“ And now she looked up steadfastly as if she saw the Lord ; and, surely, nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes, we watched that almost visible meeting with her King, and her countenance was so glad,

as if she were already talking to Him. Then she tried to sing; but after one sweet high note, "HE——," her voice failed; and, as her brother commended her soul into her Redeemer's hand, she passed away. Our precious sister was gone,—satisfied,—glorified,—within the palace of her King!

. . . "So *she* took . . .

The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,

Into the splendor, shadowless and broad,

Into the everlasting joy and light.

The zenith of the earthly life was come.

What then? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard!

Wait till thou too hast fought the noble strife,

And won, through Jesus Christ, the crown of life!

*Then* shalt thou know the glory of the word,

*Then* as the stars for ever, ever shine,

Beneath the King's own smile, perpetual zenith thine!"

Marie gives the following account of the funeral:—

"On Monday, June 9th, at 6 A.M., the villagers and others assembled on the lawn while her flower-crowned coffin passed out. The Rev. S. C. Morgan, Vicar of Swansea, addressed them after we had left for Worcestershire.

“Many relatives and friends joined us at Stourport, following our beloved sister to her father’s tomb in Astley churchyard. A golden *star*, of Banksia roses, a poet’s wreath of laurel and bay, and many white crowns, were laid upon her. There, within sight of her birth-room in the rectory, and under the branches of the fir tree her father planted, (and, away beyond, the hills and valleys of her childhood’s haunts encircling us,) we laid our dear sister in sure and certain hope of her ‘resurrection to eternal life.’

“The following is the inscription, on the north side of our dear father’s tomb in Astley churchyard :” —

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE REV. W. H.  
HAVERGAL AND JANE HIS WIFE.

Born at Astley Rectory, 14th Dec., 1836. Died at Caswell Bay, in Swansea, 3rd June, 1879 Aged 42.

By her writings in prose and verse, she, “being dead yet speaketh.”

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“*The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*—I. JOHN i. 7.

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

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

Many pages might be filled with reviews and eulogies from English and American sources; quite a hundred may be given from America alone. A flood of sorrow swept over many hearts that had so long loved the sweet gushings of her poetic nature.

It was thought best to raise a Memorial Fund to be called “The Frances Ridley Havergal Missionary Fund.” Some twelve thousand contributors gave £1,900, to be expended in the training of native Bible women; and in the translation and circulation in India of suitable portions of her many books. Who can tell the good that will be done by this godly measure?

I select the following from among the many tributes of remembrance:—



## IN MEMORIAM.

## FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

**F**AREWELL, fond spirit, bright before the throne,  
**R**adiant thy robe, transfigured like the sun;  
**A**ngel of song, with harp and heart and voice,  
**N**ear the bright Seraphim of God rejoice;  
**C**ould we but see thee in thy "palace" fair,  
**E**ver with God, His glory now to share,  
**S**hould we not sing our loudest chorus there?

**R**est thee, dear soul, thy toils and trials o'er,  
**I**n Heaven is rest, for pilgrims evermore;  
**D**eath takes the body out of mortal sight,  
**L**ife lifts the spirit into Heaven's own light;  
**E**ver with God, thy fathers' God, to be,  
**Y**outh without age, a bright Eternity.

**H**ark! 'tis a song, as never sung before;  
**A**nthem more sweet, from yon bright happy shore;  
**V**oice ever thrilling, singing now above,  
**E**ndless its praises of the Father's love.  
**R**est, aching head! for after toil is rest;  
**G**od takes thee home — home to thy Father's breast,  
**A**ll weary pain and travel of the road  
**L**ost in the light and glory of thy God!

ROBERT MAGUIRE, D. D.





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