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LETTERS BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

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

LETTERS

BY THE LATE

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OCT 23 1931
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

EDITED BY HER SISTER

M. V. G. H.

'Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain.'

—*F. R. H.*

NEW YORK
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., 900 BROADWAY
1885

PREFACE.

'SUCH as we are in word by letters when we are absent, such will we be also in deed when we are present' (2 Cor. x. 11). So, only those who saw St. Paul could verify his touchstone of deeds not words. And so with the beloved sister, whose letters are now unveiled; only those who saw her, could rightly estimate how truly her deeds of loving faithful labour for her Master were as golden seals to her words. Even these letters do not fully reveal all the wonderful submission of her home-life, or how the hand that takes the crown, may first be pierced with many a thorn.

It should be borne in mind that these letters were written chiefly to near and dear relatives and friends, who she knew would sympathize in the details of her service for the King.

Especial thanks are due to our eldest sister, J. Miriam Crane, for her valuable help in suggesting and revising.

Much gratitude is felt to those correspondents who now share their treasures with the ever-widening circle of F. R. H.'s readers. Attention has been given to their wishes in printing initials or names.

Her letters from Switzerland are not included, being already printed in *Swiss Letters*.

Frequent reference will be found to F. R. H.'s laborious editing of Havergal's *Psalmody*, containing her own and her father's tunes, which are now combined in one volume with the Rev. C. B. Snepp's selection of hymns, viz. *The New Musical Edition of Songs of Grace and Glory* (Nisbet & Co).

May these 'Letters' cheer and guide some—

> 'Footsteps weak and weary
> Through the desert dreary
> Through the valley of the night.'

Again her words may be quoted—

> 'Ye read *her* story,
> Take home the lesson with a spirit smile:
> Darkness and mystery a little while,
> Then—light and glory,
> And ministry mid saint and seraph band
> And service of high praise in the Eternal Land.'

This closing record of the loved and loving one is laid at her Master's glorious feet, praying that interwoven with her life-story, His praise and glory may shine forth.

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

August 1885.

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DIVISION I.

EARLY LETTERS, FROM 1852 TO 1869.

(*To E. C.*)

LLANDUDNO, *July* 23, 1852.

How I wish you and W. H. could join us in our North Wales expeditions! There are copper mines in the Orme's Head, and as I had an intense desire to find myself half a mile from daylight, no one had any peace till my object of entering them was gained. One evening when the miners had left, Ellen, Frank, and I packed into a little truck and were pushed half a mile, till we could only see daylight as a tiny star, the tunnel being as straight as an arrow. The extreme darkness and perfect silence and the chilly air were so different from what we had left, and seemed very curious. Then we got out of our truck and followed our guide through the mine—through such curious caverns, some full of crystals and copper ore. We have plenty of walks, and great variety, but I prefer exploring alone. Oh, the break-neck places and precipices I get among. I am almost too venturesome, but my foot has never once slipped. Then, too, in such wild places I am quite alone, and I

take out my little Testament and read and pray, where no human being besides myself is ever likely to be. Last week I could not do this, for I was very poorly from over-bathing, and now I must not bathe; it is very annoying, for I like swimming, and enjoy riding on the crested waves of the sea as much as on that wicked little pony. Frank went from home to Oakhampton last week to stand godfather to my new little niece 'Evelyn Emily.'

Now I will tell you what a capital book I am reading, Hobart Seymour's *Mornings with the Jesuits at Rome.* The style of the book is most delightful; sit down to it, and you can hardly get up again. I am so fond of controversial works. When does —— go back to school? That will be the time of trial for him; if he can stand firm on the Rock while there; if he can resist the many waves of temptation which will beat upon him there, then you may be sure all is right with him. It is more difficult to be prayerful at school than anywhere. When I went to Powick last year, I began prayerfully and carefully; but gradually, very gradually, I loosed my hold upon the Saviour, and on looking back at the end of the year, more was lost than gained. Oh, dear E., every one seems to get before me. I think I have found out my besetting sin; surely it is pride. The desire of surpassing others in everything, unwillingness to seem behind—all is pride. I never can be content to be last. But this mountain of pride must be made low before the Lord can enter my heart. I have learnt to read and speak Welsh quite easily. Some of the words are puzzling, because the initial letters are altered instead of the terminals, *e.g.* bara, mara, and fara all mean bread,

but for euphony are used interchangeably in different parts of a sentence. We have excellent fun in bathing and swimming; I quite alarm our old bathing woman. Our landlady Mrs. G. is so nice and ladylike. I am sure she must be good, from many little things, and the gentle expression of her countenance. Many beautiful pieces of furniture show what she used to have.

Now I will tell you where I am enthroned. Not among green fields, or even where towering mountains rise, but by the wild sea waves; and while I am writing this, they are flowing in with softest, sweetest music, not like the deafening roar they dashed in with a few days ago. I wonder whether we shall ever be together where ancient ocean rolls his swelling tide. What a pity there are no fairy slippers which would transport you here with a wish. How bright everything is with you. I fear I shall never have such joy. Still I do not give up seeking, but there seem so many things in the way. I have been thinking a great deal about my confirmation, though it will not be yet for two years; it seems such a solemn vow which you then take upon yourself. Oh, shall I have strength to keep it? it is one of my most constant prayers, that if I am spared to be confirmed, I may never act as if I had not been so. I should so like to be confirmed with you. I have not time for much in the studying line here, and only write a lesson in Ollendorf every day, and have begun learning the Revelation, and am now in the third chapter.

(*To E. C.*)

TENBY, 1854.

Our lodgings look out upon the sea, and just opposite is a picturesque rocky island called St. Catherine's, with the ruins of a church on the top. There are most delectable caverns in it, quite practicable at low tide, with many lovely sea things, animal and vegetable. I have met an old Powick schoolfellow of mine here,—a very nice girl,—and we are a good deal together. She has her own horse here,—a perfect beauty,—and her father has very kindly left another,—a pretty creature (cream colour),—for my especial benefit, so we ride all over the country *ad libitum* together. The church is very large, but the pews are execrably uncomfortable. Last Sunday we had a first-rate sermon from the Bishop of Llandaff, not cram full of long words and Greek and Latin, but just what every one there could understand; it was altogether beautiful. Plainly, simply, and fully he preached the gospel, the whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel, and his manner was captivating—so impressive and earnest; altogether I have rarely been so pleased.

The curate, tall and pale, seems as if he would not stay many years longer in this wicked world; he had such a peculiarly sweet and holy expression of countenance, that I expected great things from him. However, I was rather disappointed with his evening sermon; but yesterday he preached again, and I found I was not mistaken in my opinion of him. His text was 2 Cor. iii. 6. You would have thought him some old experienced Christian, a sort of Charles Simeon. It was

beautiful, and his heart seemed full of love, not only to his congregation, but to his Saviour; and he seemed so anxious that others should enjoy God's love, and know how sweet it is. It has often struck me, dear E., that Christians scarcely think enough of the exceeding great love of God the Father. Not that they express it, but the general tone seems to give the impression that we owe everything solely and originally to Christ, keeping in the background that it was 'the Father *sent* the Son to be the Saviour,' that the Son makes the Father love us, and not that the love in the Father's heart made Him send the Son.

Now Mr. Smith (afterwards Bishop of Victoria) preached a good deal on this subject, not in any way detracting from the love and honour due to our Saviour, but he wanted us to see His unity with the Father, and love *God* in *Christ* more.

I am so extremely delighted and surprised that another Powick schoolfellow has come to Tenby. Did I ever tell you about Miss Threlfall, who writes such exquisite poetry? She is here too, and I am perfectly enchanted with her, my beau ideal of a Christian poetess. My sister Miriam is sketching a good deal, finishing her outlines in the evenings. Her etchings are quite artistic.

(*Letter in Rhyme.*)

1855.

My very dear friend, I fear you will be
Quite out of all patience with poor little me.
For seeming neglect, I must forthwith atone,
And meekly my humble repentance make known

By scribbling at once my epistle in rhyme,
More akin to the ludicrous than the sublime.
So little I've been with the Muses of late,
And so fearfully thick is becoming my pate,
That even a letter—of lines very few,
'Tis a dubious case, if I ever get through,
For want of a rhyme or a suitable word,
To insert where a gap in the metre is heard.
Not that the Muses will have much to do
With any epistle I scribble to you.
I shall not invoke their capricious assistance,
And keep from Parnassus respectable distance,
And only apply to my own special friend,
The goddess of scribble, at whose shrine I bend.
Both gladly and oft, for she never refuses
Her aid, like the fickle and spiteful old Muses!
A little epitome seems to be due,
Dear Janey (considering our friendship), to you,
Of all the events which since I wrote last,
Like shadows, though pleasant and bright ones, have past;
Well, first on the list, on the thirtieth of June
Our hearts with St. Nicholas' bells were in tune;
Both joyous and grateful indeed they might be,
For my father (the jewel!) came home from the sea.
Returned, yes he is, but not as he went,
With dim seeing eye and his forces all spent;
For sight hath been found by the glorious Rhine,
And his books are reopened—so long a sealed mine.
So after we got up a capital dinner,
Plum-pudding and beef, at which each little sinner
Who claimed to belong to St. Nicholas' school,
Came smiling and cheering till each bench was full.

And now I transcribe, without any fear,
'The Welcome' we sang my father to cheer.

SONG OF WELCOME TO REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

O God, with grateful hearts we come
  Thy goodness to adore,
While we our pastor welcome home
  To England's happy shore.

For Thy delivering love we praise,
  And Thy restoring hand!
Oh, spare him yet for long, long days
  To this our little band.

Thy Spirit's fulness on him rest,
  Thy love his sunshine be!
And may he still, while doubly blest,
  A blessing be from Thee.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
  May he receive, we pray,
A crown of glory, bright and clear,
  That fadeth not away.

Next day I depart in infinite glee,
My heart's dearest jewel, my brother, to see,
With a couple of sisters to take care of me.
A perfect Elysium Hereford is,
A fairyland palace of pleasure and bliss;
Like some rainbow winged fay every hour flies past,
Only one is e'er mournful, and that is the last.
In this chalice of crystal, brimful of delight,
Full many ingredients mingled, but quite
The chief of them all (after Frank's conversation)
Was the music,—enchanting in my estimation,

Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Handel and Spohr,
Mozart and Corelli, with many names more,
Their harmony poured through voices and fingers,
Around me the echo most sweetly still lingers
More marvellous yet than a musical dream,
Flowed for hours together that glorious stream;
Each day as in music so happily passed,
I fancied more beautiful yet than the last,
Until when I left (with immense lamentation)
I was just in a state of complete saturation,—
The spirit of music seemed then to pervade
My very existence. That spirit has made
A firm resolution spring up within me,
That a decent musician some day *I will* be.
An army of socks in transparent condition
With which to combat, was my own special mission,
With neckties united and with shirts to affright
My latent intentions my letters to write.
This being the case, I shall hope and expect
That you will not accuse me of wilful neglect,
Since darning and visiting, walking and all,
But music especially held me in thrall.
Some ten days ago, spite of Frank's hearty grumbles
At losing his sisters, we came to the Mumbles—
For sea air is better than potion or pill,
To cure or prevent every species of ill.
This side Mumbles Head is dreary indeed,
No sands and no shells and no lovely seaweed,
No rocks which are fit to sketch or to climb.
An expanse of grey mud which is truly sublime
At low tide before you, and shingle at high,
Is the pleasant alternative greeting your eye;

And being so sheltered the water is quiet,
And hasn't a notion of making a riot.
But over the Head 'tis a different thing,
There a jubilant chorus the waves ever sing;
They seem to rejoice in their glorious might,
Their snowy plumes waving with gleeful delight.
Full many a trophy they bring from the deep,
Where forests untrodden the calm waters sleep;
Fair flowers of ocean of tropical hue,
Which glow on the sands bright with clear briny dew.
While meadow or woodland or wild heathy hill
Invite us to ramble and wander at will.
Church matters seem here in a pitiful state,
Which pains me and grieves me here to relate.
Two ting tangs set up a most pitiful chime
For church, at no very particular time.
You enter, and straight have a very fair notion
Of the nearest approach to perpetual motion.
The comma, the sole punctuation they use,
For the clergyman has not a moment to lose,—
He dashes away like a torrent of water,
And finishes all in an hour and a quarter.
The church has been whitewashed, but right long ago,
As the cracks and the dinginess amply doth show
About the same time, that a strange petrifaction
Confined the incumbent to mere Sunday action.
So many abuses in this place are rife,
The only church things giving token of life,
Are the singing within and the nettles without,
Both equally rampant, without any doubt.
But Janey, dear friend, I must hasten away,
For dinner will never allow of delay,

Entreating forgiveness for silence again,
And imploring a letter ere long from your pen,
I only will add that I ever shall be
What I now am, your fervently loving

FANNIE.

(*To E. C.*)

ST. NICHOLAS RECTORY, *April* 1854.

Our missionary meetings will, I hope, be extra good this year. The Rev. Pettitt, of Tinnevelly, and Rev. Bernau, of British Guiana, both known veterans, are our deputation. Do coax Mr. T. into bringing you over. They are warming-pans these missionary meetings; one cannot help getting some increase of mental caloric. We had a German Church missionary with us last week. We became acquainted with him in Dusseldorf, his native place, where he was taking some rest after many years' labour in Abyssinia and India, and he may return next autumn. Mr. Isenberg knows sixteen languages, and has preached and written books in most of them; he is as good as he is clever. His devotion to his work and to the great Master of his work is beautiful; it was quite a treat to have him. I have at last hit on a new device, and earned something by my brains for my pet Church Missionary Society. There are some pocket-books at 2s. 6d. which advertise so many copies gratis, as prizes for poetical enigmas sent up for insertion;[1] so last spring I wrote sixteen on different subjects, and now I have

[1] 'Charades and Enigmas,' by F. R. H., in *Life Echoes*. Nisbet & Co.

received six copies in return. I reserved one, but sold all the rest. I mean to try again next year (*D. V.*). No one else got more than four copies, so I am well satisfied with my success.

June 3, 1854.

Last Sunday the confirmation notice was given out in our church, and this week Papa saw all the candidates at the Rectory, before beginning the confirmation lectures. July 17th is the day fixed for Worcester. Are you at all thinking about it, dearest? If you are, why could we not be confirmed together, and then you could have the benefit of dear Papa's nice lectures? I am not quite easy about this important and to me most solemn of any rite. Perhaps I am more fearful than I need to be. But to take that solemn vow on my lips, to answer 'I do' without a really changed heart, seems dreadful. I do—oh, indeed I do—desire to live up to my profession, to be His, for time and eternity. But I am learning to see how *very* weak I am, and how easily Satan can conquer me even when I do strive against him. I do believe with my *head* that Jesus can, and will give me His grace, and I do not need to fear, yet somehow my *heart* seems to be hard and cold and not to take it in. Oh, if we were but *there*—where there is no more sin! Oh do not forget to pray for me, and don't ever doubt the love of your unworthy friend.

(*To E. C.*)

December 1856.

How quickly time does go! This is December! and our twentieth birthday! I hope God will give me grace

to use this fortnight as a special season of prayer for grace to begin not only a new year, but a new *ten* years. Therefore I feel sure Satan will make it a special season of temptation; indeed, I quite dread it from experience. Will you pray for me, and with me, dear, that my faith may not fail? I have so much to humble me to the very dust—twenty sinful years! Yesterday, Papa preached a beautiful sermon from Acts i. 11. One sentence came suddenly upon me (my attention had wandered for a minute), 'And the Judge on that great white throne will be *this same Jesus of Nazareth.*' Oh it made me so happy, I did not hear what followed, it seemed to *fill* me. Jesus of Nazareth, the same that said, 'Come unto Me,' the same who 'suffered, being tempted,' HE *the Judge!* how then could I fear? I wished the last trump could be sounding even then. How can it be that this never struck me *so* before? But it has passed away, like the aurora on a winter night, and all seems cold and dark again; only there seems a faint quivering gleam on the horizon, remaining, to remind me of the brightness which has been.

WHO SHALL BE FIRST?

'Tis nearly forty years since our first flower
Awoke beneath the fair spring's early shining;
'Tis more than twenty since a wintry hour
Filled up the wreath of home, the sixth young bud entwining.

That wreath, long woven, is unbroken yet,
Not one of all its opening buds hath faded,
Not one gem fallen from that coronet;
Oh, 'who shall be the first' to shine in light unshaded?

F. R. H.

(*To E. P. S.*).

ST. NICHOLAS RECTORY, WORCESTER, 1857.

Inasmuch as I have not written for some time, I mean to give you a good long epistle to make up; and going upon the supposition that you are still a lover of St. Nicholas, shall inflict a circumstantial account of Whitsuntide proceedings on you.

Our children went to St. Andrew's. Papa's text was 'Boys and girls playing in the streets,' which of course produced a good many astonished looks, and caught attention,—a very pretty and interesting sermon, the text suggesting—1st, *mercies* to be thankful for; 2nd, *dangers* to be avoided; 3rd, *duties* to be fulfilled. The principal banner was, 'Dear Pastor, go on in the work of the Lord,' *beautifully* done in leaves. 'Feed my Lambs,' 'None but Jesus,' 'We won't give up the Bible,' were also conspicuous. 'V. R.' and 'Long live the Queen.' Tea as usual, and rewards. My poor scholar, dear Betsy Dyke, would have been one of *three* singled out for pre-eminent church behaviour; her father is to have the Bible which would have been hers; little Emma, too, had been marked first rate in everything. Poor little Ben looks so cut up, it is quite touching to see him; he is such a good child. The infants sang beautifully. I never saw Papa look more pleased. The others listened most attentively, and the big girls begged they might sing again, '*it was so pretty*,' they said. Our curate, Mr. James, was very cool and amusing. At last came the cheering. Mary Jenkins gave out in a clear National School voice, 'The Queen,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Havergal, Miss H. and Miss Fanny;' then 'Three cheers for Mr.

and Mrs. Shaw, and the baby!' This produced first laughter, then cheers and thumping.

It was so kind of Papa, he had my little verses on "Peace" printed and sung. We like our children to be loyal.

PEACE.

A CAROL FOR THE CHILDREN OF ST. NICHOLAS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Children, come! with grateful voice
Let us one and all rejoice:
War departs, and Peace descends;
Enemies are turned to friends.

War departs! each tuneful bell
Pealeth forth its welcome knell;
Battle shout and cannon's roar
Shall be heard again no more.

Peace descends on rainbow wing!
Thousand blessings may she bring;
Plenty, joy, and love to all,
Parents, children, 'great and small.'

Ne'er again may England know
What it is to have a foe;
Ever may the olive green
Shade the throne of England's Queen.

Children, come! your voices raise,
Chant the gladsome hymn of praise;
Thanking Him who reigns above,
Prince of Peace, and God of Love!

F. R. H.

In the evening, we went to the teachers' tea meeting. The President, Rev. John Davies, of St. Clements, made a very nice speech, and finished up most sweetly, and quite in character with himself and his apostolic looks.

Then a useful speech from a deputation from the Sunday School Institute; a great deal of earnest home-coming talk and practical advice; a very good man evidently, and seemed to produce considerable effect on the teachers. Then Hymn 237, to Farrant. Then Rev. W. H. Havergal! Such a sweet speech and solid withal, every one seemed pleased, and more clapping and 'Hear, hear' than for any one else. He told us an instance of Sunday school teachers' work bearing fruit after a lapse of forty years—so exquisitely; then cautioned against two or three particular local evils for teachers to warn against. He just took an opportunity of 'congratulating' them 'on their singing.' To our great delight, he came out so wonderfully sweet, like a first-rate Thursday evening sermon, and showed a beautiful gleam of his spirituality. I do so wish Mr. Shaw had heard him then, it was so lovely. Rev. B. Davis and W. Wright were called, but sensibly refused to speak, time being up. A few nice words from the President, then 'May the grace,' etc., then the Benediction. After which (9.40) every one went off in apparently a satisfied state of mind, and even Maria came to the conclusion that it had been a very profitable evening. My father gave the Irish Society a capital introduction last Sunday in the sermon; it will not be his fault if collections are small.

I am going to Germany with Auguste, when school breaks up, in two or three weeks; my next to you will be from France. The Prince of Wales is going to stay three months at Königswinter, only three miles from Obercassel, and the Countess zur Lippe is a relative of Prince Albert's and he used to spend his vacations there when

at the University of Bonn ; so now the Prince is sure to go there, and as I am going to spend a month there, perhaps I shall be under the same roof as the heir-apparent ! Something like the comet's crossing the plane of the earth's orbit, is it not ? as they said, '*if* they had only been a month forwarder, there would have been a collision ' !

—— has been desperately affectionate to me of late, and more earnest and easy to talk with about better things, but I don't quite understand her. Her religion (she seems to have a good deal of it too) does not seem a very spiritual sort ; it is more the 'I put my trust in God's mercy ' sort of thing, and savours a little of the Maurice and Kingsley notions of God's universal love, etc. And yet she *is* earnest, and thinks seriously about giving up dancing, etc., this winter. Why is it, Nelly (and am I right ?), I always feel a sort of suspicious dread of there being something wrong about those who only talk about 'God's mercy,' 'trust in Providence,' etc. ? If they speak of Jesus, it seems a sort of key-note, and they seem tuned to it, and you feel you *trust* them more than the other sort. I can't get over the feeling, and yet it seems almost exalting the Son above the Father ; but it always gives me a sort of thrill if *His* name is mentioned, which the other expressions do not and cannot.

Papa preached from Micah v. 3. Very many at the communion. Mr. James gave us (P.M.) a pretty little commentary, simple and useful, on Luke ii. 6–20. The chief peculiarity of his sermons is originality ; he does not say just what you fancy is coming, but brings out thoughts and lessons which are very new and striking.

He is too short and hurried in manner, and his sentences are rather abrupt. He always calls things by their right names, and does not at all mince matters in telling folks the truth, *e.g.* 'there is no such thing in existence as "a good sort of person on the whole";' or again, mentioning something in Proverbs, 'it is not only *not tolerated* by God, *not disagreeable* to Him—it is an *abomination* to Him.' I like Mr. James very much; he seems in high favour with the better class and with our poor. Widow Surman thinks, 'he do preach wonderful sermons, only he don't stop long enough over them; I told him of it, and he promised he'd try and read them a bit slower'!

(*To E. P. S.*)

SPA, *October* 3, 1857.

I am now almost myself again, and hope to go for a little walk to-day; but it is very strange to think that only on September 21st, I was in real danger, the erysipelas having gone to my head; it seems like a new life given me, and I do hope that He who has restored it will give me grace to use it for Him. So you see, while you are all thankful for our dear father's life, I have a double cause for gratitude, my own as well as his. It is so delightful to see him walking about the room again, in his own old way; it really seems almost a miracle after what he has gone through.

I have had such a jolly summer till these last four or five weeks, and managed to get as thoroughly 'verdeutscht,' *i.e.* Germanized, in manners and customs as if I belonged to them.

Home, October 16.—When will my letter be done, I wonder! Headaches always seemed to come on just when I wanted to write, and last Friday I left Spa for home. Dear mother travelled with me part of the way. I had a quiet journey, barring a great Sabbath argument with two young Frenchmen, who made themselves agreeable. On getting to Ostend, an English barrister, with whose ancient mother, Papa had become acquainted at Gräfrath, met me. He at once informed me that it was such a stormy night that no one in their senses would cross without absolute necessity. Then up walked Mr. H., who told me that his wife had just made up beds for me, and the lady expected with me. Mrs. H., a tall, dashing-looking person, with seven children, received me in a hearty English sort of way, and told me to make myself comfortable till the sea was fit to be ventured upon.

All this I should have enjoyed, and thought immense fun, but felt so very poorly that I almost regretted staying, under the apprehension that I might be laid up again there. A tiptop-looking lady, very pretty, was in to tea, and introduced as the 'Countess Rüdiger;' she was the wife of that Russian General Rüdiger, who was killed in the war.

I went on by the Dover boat, and had a beautifully smooth passage.

The number of railway and steamboat acquaintances I have made is something amusing. I always picked up somebody. Once I fell desperately in love with a very sweet young lady, speaking almost all European languages with equal fluency; and, on exchanging names and autographs, I found she was the Princess Leonille Galit-

zin, of the great Russian family. I looked amazed, and said, 'You see *I* have no titles.' 'Oh,' said she, 'what are titles? only empty names. I do not care for them, and should like you none the better for having one.'

I left Papa marvellously better; he is going to Gräfrath by very easy stages. He was so delighted with a piano, sat down and played a few minutes, and then seemed quite overpowered, it was so touching.

He is so beautiful in illness or trouble, people don't half know him who have not seen him at such times; talk about sweet memoirs, etc., no memoir that ever was written would be good enough for him!

I have missed two weddings at Obercassel, was engaged to be bridesmaid at each. Fancy, the two groomsmen lead the bride, and the two bridesmaids lead the bridegroom up the church! Is it not funny?

(*To the same.*)

December 1857.

My dear old almshouse folks are so affectionate, it is a great consolation to me that there cannot be much cupboard love in the question; it smites me rather, because I feel it more than I deserve, when I remember sometimes going round carelessly and hurriedly. They do say such nice things about dear Papa, etc.

We went to the cathedral on Christmas Eve—a very nice service. I should like to copy a piece out of George Herbert for Mr. S., about his enjoyment of cathedral services.

Thank you for remembering my birthday; it was such

an unexpected pleasure to have a bit of your writing. People seemed determined to set me up in the poetry line. Miriam gave me Campbell and Coleridge, J. H. E. sent me a magnificent drawing-room table volume, all gilding and scarlet and illumination, *Christmas with the Poets*, and mother gave me a very nice copy of my dearly-beloved George Herbert. Greatly to my liking—these said books!

And, Nelly dear, I do think my best Friend sent me some of *His* birthday gifts; I had pleaded very hard for a blessing, and it was answered. I couldn't help trusting and loving Him, and could not help saying, 'I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine.' You see Jer. xxxi. 3 seemed sent me; I must admit that He had '*drawn*' me, because I FELT it, and it was with 'loving-kindness' too, then that '*therefore*' showed me that He must have 'loved' me 'with an everlasting love,' because He simply said it; for, being convinced of the effect, how could I make Him a liar and disbelieve the cause? Wasn't it *kind* of Him to speak to me, Nelly dear? And then I felt so comforted about what is always my greatest trouble—my *spiritual* future; He took away all my unbelieving fear that I should not get any nearer to Him in coming years, that He would suffer me to fall away entirely, that I should after all be a castaway. He helped me there, and so I laid all *that* burden on Him. I'm not so happy now, I am so horribly wicked; but 'Christ Jesus, made unto us *sanctification*,' gives me *hope*.

(*A City Rector's Letter to his Parishioners.*)

November 9, 1859.

My dear parishioners and friends,
While heartily I greet you,
I must regret to say that now
To duty's stern behest I bow,
And to a small parochial row
I feel constrained to treat you.

Allow me to remind you first,
That some few years ago,
Our worthy friend John Wheeley Lea,
(To which Esquire should added be)
The schools erected, which you see
When through the Butts you go.

An eligible mistress found,
And all things else in train,
We trusted that the poor would prize
The boon aright, while kind supplies
From ready friends would soon arrive ;
We trusted—but in vain !

The children came and brought their pence,
But pennies won't supply
The coals to fill those Tudor grates,
Brooms, dusters, door-mats, books and slates,
Insurance, wear and tear and rates,
And salaries so high.

Though filthy lucre be a snare,
We can't quite do without it ;

And as this evil still is rife,
My precious darling little wife
Has nearly sacrificed her life,
In teasing you about it.

For each two pounds collected, she
One pair of boots wears out,
For every five a dress; and then,
'Tis true, though sad, for every ten
She goes and gets laid up again,
For perhaps a month about.

Then, when at last the work is done
And each subscription paid,
Your Rector finds himself—but nay,
I spare you—of myself I say
As little as I duly may,
Not thus the cause I aid.

My friends, it ought not so to be,
Your duty is most clear;
I pray let 1860 bring
Sweet charity on *golden* wing,
In every bosom may she nestle,
With every world-bound spirit wrestle,
And make a glad New Year!

F. R. H.

35 Russell Square, London, 1862.

I had so looked forward to this visit to London; but the first week has brought such deep sorrow, and I am in mourning for my dear Cousin Bessie's, unexpected but most peacefully-happy death; and now our dear

Aunt Stratton has died also. Of course this holds me back from so much which I had anticipated; and just as I was intending to visit my dear brother Henry, I was taken ill. I have had very little actual suffering, but excessive weakness, and so a holding back from my own plans and pleasures and duties, which I see to be a most wise dispensation for me. Somehow times of check and disappointment, generally seem singularly helpful to me. I think I have been enabled to rest more simply on the Lord Jesus, and His finished work, and have found peace in that, instead of the old distraction and almost despair in trying to trace out the yet scarcely-visible work within me. God has been very gracious to me,—oh, so undeservedly; for only He knows how utterly unworthy I am of all His benefits. Oh, if I might only cling always closely to Him, and never wander from Him again!

A few days ago I was much depressed,—some of my plans had failed, and —— had grievously disappointed all the warm hopes I thought I had reason to cherish of her. Then came a storm of discoveries of evil in my motives and actions, seemingly all fair. I seemed utterly helpless and weak,—bodily, mentally, and spiritually,—and utterly, oh utterly vile and sinful in my own eyes! How much more then in God's sight! I *could* do nothing; there was nothing for it but to cast myself just as I was upon the Saviour. I did so, and brought Him all my burden, even the heaviest—my deep sinfulness. Instantly 'there was a great calm.' I cannot express it otherwise. It gave me the strongest impression of His own merciful, immediate, and personal intervention which I have ever had. I was confident He had heard,

and, while I was yet speaking, answered. For all the care and sorrow about ——, and other things, seemed taken out of my hands and safely placed in His; 'the sin has been atoned for, the sinfulness shall be subdued, and He is our peace now and for ever,' was my feeling rather than my thought. I could not stay to analyze the strange flow of quiet gladness and sense of relief; it was too plainly His gift just that moment when I so needed it, and what could I do but thank Him for such kindness? Vivid consciousness of this kind seldom lasts long; but Heb. xiii. 8 is very sweet, and though I change with every passing hour, He is 'the same.'

I suppose it is because He knows how weak my faith is, that in every trial He always permits me as yet to *see* the 'need be.' It must seem the merest trifle to others, but it is a great trial to me to feel such lack of strength that many hours a day, especially early ones, which I would so like to spend in many pursuits for which I have no other time, must be spent in entire rest, or the very slightest occupation.

But I *know* I need this check, and am thankful, I hope, that I am stronger than a time back.

(*To E. C.*)

February 1862.

. . . 'He knoweth the way that I take; and when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.' And He has known all along by what way you would be taken. . . . Oh E., there is great comfort in the mere thought of this wonderful knowledge of our God; then add to it that

He who knoweth careth too, and He who careth loveth with a love that passeth knowledge. He has indeed tried you, dearest, and the trial time is still present with you; but '*when*' (then it is not meant to last always—there is something beyond) 'when He hath tried me,'—when all is over, and the storms are quieted, and the wounded heart is healing under His touch,—then you 'shall come forth as gold,' very precious in His sight, impressed with His own refining mark, purified and prepared for His work here, and His own safe treasury above, when that work is done. . . . To think that your sweet mother is on the very threshold of eternal rest and joy! A hush comes over me at the very thought of one so loved, being so near Christ's own immediate presence. Is it not as if the veil were growing half transparent which hangs between life and its dreams, and eternal life and its realities? Oh try, dearest, even in your deep sorrow, to lift a note of thanksgiving for the 'sure and certain hope,' the utter confidence which all must have in her abundant entrance. It is so wonderful to think of what we cannot conceive, that lies so close before her. And then, dearest, to think that all your sorrow is but one upward step for you towards the same bright goal!

December 13, 1863.

The eve of my birthday. I have been thinking why this year has been marked by such little advancement, while God's dealings with me have been so favourable to it; and I trust that the resolution which I have just prayerfully made may change the story of my next year's history. I find that when so late in rising A.M. as to have inadequate time for prayer and my Bible, I cannot

really replace it later in the day—my mind seems unhinged. I asked Papa's advice; which was, that considering the great importance which rest, and especially sleep is to me, and the medical opinion about it, I ought not to make a point of rousing myself earlier, but rather to make a strong effort to overcome the temptation to wandering thought, and hurried formalism later in the morning. I tried to do so, and while at home partly succeeded. But now I am teaching my nieces again, I fail entirely, and have come to the conclusion that I *ought*, in this matter, 'to seek first the kingdom of God,' and leave health to His care meanwhile. So, God helping me, I resolve henceforth, at whatever bodily sacrifice, to rise sufficiently early to leave *full* time for reading His word, and prayer without hurry; and if I can in no other way manage it, to go to bed at nine P.M. for extra rest instead of morning sleep. And oh, may the Lord give me such increase of strength and grace, that bodily weakness and weariness may seem a little thing to me!

March 5, 1864.

. . . I consider what you call my father's Churchism to consist of—

1. *Evangelical Doctrine, i.e.* Christ and His Atonement are above and before all things: Conversion, whether taking place in Baptism or subsequently, sudden or imperceptibly gradual, to be an absolute necessity; that good works follow out of and are not any means of justification, which is only by faith in Christ; that outward forms and ceremonies have no merit or virtue in themselves whatever.

2. *Loyal Church Practice, i.e.* that all things should

be done decently and in order, to uphold the Church in every way, to hold fast her Articles and Liturgy, interpreting each by the other.

Now I think a 'High' confession of faith would be rather different to this. They would make the 'Church' their great meeting-point, rather than the Atonement of Christ. They would say that regenerating grace is always given in Baptism, and that all we have to do is to take heed not to fall from it. (I'm quite sure I never had any to fall from!) They make some sort of subtle virtue to be in the performance of rites, and so there is a sort of half-acknowledged trust placed in them. They would think as much of gaining a dissenter to join the Church as of winning a soul from darkness to light. As far as my experience goes, they have more devoutness and less devotion, more fear and less love, more feeling of duty than of desire, laying more stress on Phil. ii. 12 than ver. 13, and in practice working upon the intellect and imagination rather than aiming at the heart, skirmishing among the outworks rather than assaulting the citadel.

August 7, 1864.

I ought not to let this summer pass without some slight record of God's goodness to me. All the spring was cold and dark to me, and the thanks which should have gone up for my exemption (the only one in the house) from illness were few and faint. I longed that God would speak to me, and show me the *reality* of His love and power. He answered singularly by showing me His power and His actual presence in working upon others. First He permitted me to gain the confidence of ——, and to be, by conversation and correspondence,

some little help to her. And so, in April and May, I watched His hand leading her week by week out of darkness into marvellous light. Then I heard of ——'s conversion, and saw for myself in her, such evidence of His real power as left no room for doubt. And in the midst of my own dimness, it was great encouragement to see what the Lord could do and was doing. Then, having for months watched, and waited, and prayed for any signs of good resulting from my evening class, S. D. seemed touched, awakened, and in earnest, feeling a deep dissatisfaction with herself, which her outwardly blameless life had hitherto kept off. Then F. C., after my many vain attempts to get any response beyond polite assent, seemed reached at last by a little note, and earnest tears took the place of the easy smile. So I felt that God was answering my prayer, only not in my way. In June, having promised to read French with ——, I gave her a hint of my longings and disappointment. She took it up so that I told her all. She made my case the subject of her most fervent prayer, and wrote me two or three most beautiful letters. I begged her to be a candid friend, having gone so far with her, for I wanted no 'smooth things.' And she warned me of the spirit of worldliness. It was so, I knew and felt. How could I be delivered from the net? Even prayer seemed powerless against this paralyzation. Thus I went home, praying my holidays might bring blessing somehow.

Hannah and Janey and Andrienne V. were coming for a visit. A special impulse seemed to come upon me to pray for H., and that her visit might be blessed. She came to Shareshill reluctantly, and with a special determination not to like me, and inclination to be

jealous of me. She baffled me, and knew it; no response whatever could I get. I think God poured out upon me the spirit of grace and of supplication for her, so much so that I almost lost sight of my own difficulties and depression in anxiety for her. July 2nd, Saturday evening, she broke the ice, by merely saying, 'You are what I am not.' 'Then why not?' This led to a very serious talk the next evening; and she cried, but said, 'I just feel that I don't care enough about it to be worth while to seek.' I spoke of *danger* and of God's promise to give the Holy Spirit to them that *only* ask. All through the following week, she sought truly and earnestly. By Maria's advice, though reluctantly at first, I read a little with her each day, and soon was most thankful that I had been led to do so. On Saturday, 9th, I gave her Mark x. 46–52, and the first light seemed to break in. That evening we sat on the stile behind the churchyard close to our gardens; we read Rom. iii., dwelling long on verse 22 and the doctrine of imputed righteousness. And God gave her faith to receive it;—'I do *believe* this, but is that *all?* Can it be all? is nothing more necessary?' I assured her it must be all, because God had said it. 'Isn't it too good to be true?' was the next. But she believed the testimony concerning His Son, and was at rest. And the next day, July 11th, she sealed her faith in obedience to her Saviour's command, and came with us for the first time in her life to His table.

God seemed to help me wonderfully to read and say the right things; I felt that He did so. But while talking to her, the feeling grew stronger daily, that what was true for her was true also for me, especially when

we thought over Rom. iii. 22. I do not think I ever before ventured to really believe that Christ's righteousness was imputed even to me; but I knew, I was *sure*, that I believed in Jesus, and so there seemed no alternative but to accept the glorious belief that 'the righteousness of God' being 'upon *all* and unto *all* them that believe' was upon me too. It used to seem 'too good to be true' for me; but how could I doubt God's word? Then a great tide of sorrow came over me for having been so disbelieving; it seemed so very wrong to have doubted, that it threw other phases of sinfulness into comparative shade. And so that 10th of July was one of the happiest days I ever had; my own more than renewed faith, and my excessive delight at God's marvellous answer to me about dear H. I never saw such rapid work before; it was just as if God would show me what He could do, and what He was ready to do, and silence my doubts and distrust for ever. Oh that it were for ever! Why ever *does* one doubt! It seems so abominable after all He has said and done. I am so restful now; it is very sweet to yield oneself up to the belief that Christ has saved me. Yet I do not seem to realize it intensely and vividly. (I wonder whether *that* will ever come!) Still I do not doubt as formerly. Not that I feel any better or holier, much as I long to be so; but Christ Jesus came to save sinners, and as such I come to Him. My desire to be nearer to God, and unreservedly His, has deepened and strengthened.

This month at Llandrillo has been very refreshing to me, and intercourse with Mrs. G. very helpful. I think prayer has been doubly answered, for she speaks of my

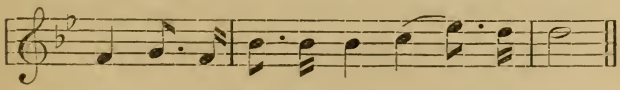
being a comfort and refreshment to her (which seems strange, for I cannot say much to her). Religion is so utterly real, so everything with her, and that strengthens my own faith. And some things she has said throw a new and pleasant light on thoughts which often distressed me. I hope and pray that when I return to O., the hosts of other things, both duties and pleasures, may not choke the word. I want to live more decidedly to my Master, and not to let go the confidence which He has given me, and which, feeble as it is, and easily shaken, is very precious to me. 'Ebenezer.'

(*To F. T. H.*)

OAKHAMPTON, *September* 27, 1864.

I am so glad you are better; it was so dismal to know of your illness. Do stay at Breay as long as you can, and rest.

We were delighted with the Birmingham Festival. Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* went splendidly. That solo and chorus, 'Prize your Redeemer's goodness,' is one of the most glorious things I ever heard, and Titiens sang it wonderfully. Miriam said it was better than many sermons are. I do not know anything more spiritual in instrumental music than 'The Overture to the Hymn of Praise,' which we also heard with its grand theme—



'All that hath life and breath, praise the Lord,'

which idea, so continually recurring in all possible forms,

Mendelssohn seems determined to keep before one. I am haunted still by the strange undulating swell; and that Allegretto $\frac{6}{8}$ movement, especially that part where there is a sort of conflict between a clear, bright, praiseful theme in steady, simple chords, and an under-current interrupting and then overflowing it, of that mysteriously pathetic minor, so restlessly rising and falling. The whole thing was to me a sort of musical picture of the inner life, and this part means Rom. vii. 24, 25.

How very different it is listening to oratorios, and taking part in them! Especially do I enjoy singing in Handel's choruses: one cannot but yield oneself to his broad, glad sunshine, pouring so brightly, yet so solemnly, over the mountain grandeur of his almost inspired chords. I do so delight in singing them at our Philharmonic. Never mind organ or conductor or your next neighbour; let the great ocean of sound flow in upon your soul, till you feel that it has absorbed your individual being into itself. Meanwhile sing away, because you cannot help it,—because it does you good; and, whatever the words may be, the notes will be the happy and involuntary expression of thanks to Him, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy, and especially the great and indescribable enjoyment of music. And then as we rise to a glorious climax, 'Now with *one* voice,' says our conductor, and truly that is a very great and noble one, and the concluding rush of sound is like a dazzling flood of light, pouring itself forth only to end so soon in silence. How quickly music passes and is gone. How one might moralize!

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

1864.

. . . I have never answered what you said some time back. Yes, dear, if I had my choice, I should like to be a 'Christian poetess,' but I do not feel I have ability enough ever to turn this line to much account. I feel as if music were a stronger talent, though in neither am I doing anything serious. Most of all would I like to be your ideal,—a winner of souls. But as no special path is open for me, I feel I can only and simply take any opportunity of using any talent which opens to me. I am not working now at composition; that door is certainly not now open, and perhaps never will be; cleverer persons than I have never been heard of; and I do not now care about getting into print, unless it should ever be made clear as my right way. I do not think of much beyond my present daily duties, teaching my nieces, etc.; or when at home, taking the various opportunities that arise of usefulness.

November 13, 1864. — This autumn has not been unhappy on the whole; God has been very gracious to me, in preserving me from the sort of reaction I so dreaded, after the vivid feeling of last summer. The bright side has been, that I have seldom felt prayer so much a refreshment and privilege, or been disposed to spend so much time in it; that the Bible, (especially my evening text) has often been very sweet to me; that in two or three special conflicts in matters of conscience, the victory has been given me where before I had failed; that my desire to work for Christ has been a little stronger. When feeling overdone and languid, I have

appropriated Isa. l. 10, just to trust and cling where I cannot see.

The dark side has been, not living up to my light, and missing many opportunities of doing good, and not at all earnest in intercession, that in one struggle between a *doubtful* right or wrong, I yielded and gave the possible wrong the benefit of the doubt instead of the probable right; that I have not been truly watching for the souls of my own charge, but have taken it too easy.

I am more than ever conscious of the inward antagonism of the old nature and the new.

I want distinct guidance as to my path. I cannot help thinking I ought to be at home on dear mother's account, to help her. I hope it will somehow be decided for me. 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 sounds fair in words, an element of self, of lurking pride may be detected. Oh, that my Lord would indeed purify me and make me white, at *any* cost.

(*To the late Miss Pollock.*)

LLANDRILLO, CONWAY, 1865.

I enclose you a few of my verses. I know they are worth little in themselves, but I thought you might kindly like to have them as a remembrance of one who feels very thankful for having had the pleasure and privilege of meeting you. It does not need a long acquaintance, to love those whom we feel and know are loving the same dear Saviour. Love is the happiest

feeling there is on earth, and how much more of it we have, whom He has taught to love one another for His sake. Do not you think that the 'new commandment' is a singularly kind and considerate one? He knew how our hearts yearn for affection. He knows our deep need of its soothing, gladdening influence, and so He made it not a mere permission, but an absolute command. Surely this is an instance that His commandments are not grievous. We stay here (*D. V.*) till Friday, and then finish our journey to Oakhampton. I feel I ought to begin my work there, with new and holier vigour after all the refreshment and enjoyment of my long Celbridge visit, and all the pleasant Christian intercourse which I have had. One ought to be the better and stronger for it, but the enemy always seems ready with some new device, and one never feels so weak as just when one hoped to feel stronger. Yet 'in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength,' and it is very nice to know and rest upon that. Good-bye, dearest Miss Pollock. May you be very abundantly blessed in your own soul and in your work. Ruth ii. 12.

May 1865.—Is there such a thing as God seeing that a seeming work for Him, is not done *purely* unto Him alone, and so sending a sort of earthly reward on the spot, and withholding His acceptance of the service, because of its sullied and imperfect motive? For the thing beyond any other temporal gift I most value is affection. I feel as if I had a perfect greed of love. Now whenever I make special effort to win a soul to Christ, or to comfort and help on some weak or suffering Christian (which last I fancy is my best, as it certainly is

my best-loved form of work), I am almost invariably repaid by an amount of gratitude I had no reason to expect. The temptation follows strong and subtle, to work for this pleasant payment, instead of purely for my Master's sake. To be valued and loved by any one—no one knows its deliciousness to me. Does God give me this as a 'verily they have their reward'! I long to think it is rather His kind and very gracious encouragement to me, and perhaps I am wronging His goodness in the other thought! Were my heart purer and my eye truly 'single,' how I should rejoice in it as a token of His love. Sometimes when walking to Yarron, praying as I go, that the Lord would give me a word in season for each, and laying their cases before Him, in comes the thought like a burglar on my peace, 'How glad I am they have taken a fancy to *me*;' or what a secret gratification it is when dear old Nanna says she 'would rather hear *me* talk than any one'—how horrid it is for such pride and selfishness to mingle in even one's holiest efforts. So now I oftener pray, 'Lord, lead her to *Thyself*; whether I am privileged to be Thy instrument or not, grant that So-and-so's visit or words may be blessed.'

Nothing has more deeply impressed upon me the wickedness and deceitfulness of my heart, than my perfect powerlessness in this form of temptation of yearning to be loved, and laying myself out to win love; my only resource is to bring again and again this impure heart of mine to the great Searcher, and ask Him to pardon and purify my motives.

October 1865.—Another summer of great mercy and

loving-kindness, though far from unmingled with sorrow, has passed. The shadows which were wisely sent upon my pleasant summer sunshine have passed now. Dear, very dear ones, have been brought back from very near death, and the only remaining sorrow is partly of my own making, and moreover a cloud with a very silver lining. On the other hand, I have not for a long while had so much enjoyment in many ways as during my visit to my sister Ellen. Kindness and affection have been lavished upon me; I have been as it were *acknowledged* by Christian friends in a way I have not met with before, and altogether I have had great cause for deep gratitude. On going to Ireland, I prayed specially that I might be a blessing to Mary F., J. H. S., and A. M. S.; and I hope the Lord made me to some extent the means of strengthening them, especially in reading Scripture with them every day. M. F. was in sore trouble and darkness; the Lord sent a glorious victory in what had seemed a hopeless struggle, not so much by my words as by agreement in prayer, and she believed God had sent me on purpose for her to Ireland, and kept me there, too, fifteen weeks instead of six. And on the 7th of September, when a heavy cloud had returned on her path, she received the Communion with Maria and me. I prayed long and intensely afterwards with her, and while we were yet speaking, He heard and sent forth His light and joy in renewed fulness. I had a very sweet consciousness and belief that He was really near, *really* with us, and pleaded His own promises with unusual confidence. I knew the Lord Jesus must be there, because He said He would be when two or three were together in His name.

The characteristic of this time was finding more and more that God heareth prayer, and specially intercessory prayer. For another, for whom I have been watching and praying for more than two years, has seen and accepted the atonement of the Cross. The simple belief in the death of Christ for our sins, has wrought what argument never could have done, and she wants no more speculative books, and is willing to be a babe and learn of Christ. I take this as a special mercy sent just now, because I have been very much tried. This trial touched me in more than one most sensitive point, and I have not often felt anything so bitterly and keenly. I tried to accept it as a needful cross; it was a very heavy one while it lasted, and I do shrink greatly from its possible renewal. I am so utterly powerless in the matter, nothing short of God's own grace can avail here. The benefit of the trial certainly was that it drove me to more earnest and continual prayer than ever before, and it is strange but true, that intercessory prayer is generally a channel of personal blessing. It will be all the greater triumph of divine grace when the Lord Himself subdues their hearts. I shall be glad to remember that it was just after this heavy cloud the sunshine broke forth on my efforts for ——. Perhaps God was preparing me for this joy by the sorrow. Anyhow I ought to thank God and take courage, and think I do.

OAKHAMPTON, 1865.

DEAREST MARIE,—You see we are safe here, and though of course tired, I am not really any the worse, but wonderfully better. I imagine Mr. Crane is very glad to have us back after his lonely evenings. Connie looks as

blooming as possible again. Tell M. F. that Oakhampton looks lovely in its early autumn array, and that Worcestershire looks such a *garden* after County Kildare!

My poor Parkes died two days ago, so I was just too late. She was perfectly happy in death, and I feel sure was trusting simply and joyfully in Christ. I want to thank you, Marie dear, for first putting it into my head to visit those rows of cottages. She is a kind of first-fruits among them. God grant that many more eyes there may be opened to see His salvation.

—— has just called, very ecstatic at having me back, of course, and as eager as ever to get walks and talks with me. She is just a case in which one more especially feels the need of a wisdom not our own. I wish very much I could get her to read the Bible with me, but fear lest the proposal might do more harm than good. It has occurred to me that (as she knows a little Greek) she might not object to read the Greek Testament with me, and so arrive at the object that way—gilding the pill if pill it is! How I wish her parents had not been so vain of her cleverness and taste in books; it might save much mischief if she were not allowed to read so indiscriminately all the essays and reviews (three-fourths of them sceptical) that she can lay her hands upon.

(*To E. C.*)

BONN, *January* 10, 1866.

May this year be one of pressing onward, of clinging more simply and more closely to our Saviour, of brighter faith and warmer love for both of us. And specially do

I pray that it may be a year of showing forth His praise by lip and life. Faint as our light may be, if He has kindled it at all, it must shine for Him, and this is to me one of the strongest incentives to careful walking. Only I find so often, so wearily, how self creeps in, and lays its defiling hand on our holiest desires. Oh, to be freed from the dominion of self in its most subtle disguises. One cannot track out all its winding underhandedness, and here one specially feels what an unspeakable, restful comfort it is to have 'such an High Priest,' all-knowing, all-seeing; because we never could confess all our sin, we do not know a tithe of it, and much of what we do dimly know of it, is so subtle that we could not fully confess it in any language. So we come, even in our blindness and ignorance, and ask to be cleansed from our secret faults, from the imperfectly-understood sinfulness of our whole being, and His blood cleanseth from all sin. I think I feel and realize this sort of thing more and more, and one's utter helplessness; 'We know not what we should pray for as we ought' is not a mere generality to me, but a deeply and painfully learnt experience. Only then, this throws up into more glorious light, 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us.'

OAKHAMPTON, *August* 20, 1866.

. . . I have had an unusual amount of headache. I think I shall have more ultimate benefit from Ilfracombe than I found at the time. No, do not accuse —— of laying the foundation thereof. My headaches and languid feelings are the remote results of a long, long spell of trouble, which made all last spring and most of the

winter, perhaps the most weary and sorrowful time for such a continuance which I ever passed.

During my week with you I had a most pleasant feeling and belief, that God was giving me the refreshment I needed with His own hand, and I took it as such, and rejoiced in it. But when I got to —— it was only natural that I should feel some reaction, after so many months of sorrowful tension. . . . .

. . . . . .

There are not many things that have made me more vividly conscious of the antagonism of the old and the new nature, as the pouring out of such prayers as may involve suffering in their answers. There is a shrinking, and shuddering, and wincing: one trembles at the possible form the answer may take, and is almost ready to forego the desired spiritual blessing for very cowardice; but yet one prays on, and desire is stronger than fear, heaven is stronger than earth, and one pleads and wrestles to be 'purified and made white,' even if these are to be inseparable from the following words, 'and tried':—'that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection,' even if this be linked with 'the fellowship of His sufferings.'

August 26, 1866. — I have passed a remarkably happy Easter, spent with the Boddingtons; the outward help of the services, and association with A. and E. seemed great. During April, May, and June, verily the Lord led me by a way I knew not, and never expected. I was baffled, wearied, tried, disappointed as I never dreamt I could be. I don't know that I have *ever* felt anything so keenly as the strange trial of these three

months, which seemed to deepen every day, and pressed upon almost every hour. It was altogether indeed not joyous but grievous, yet I am quite clear it was good for me. It struck at pride in more phases than one, and laid bare to me a ramification of self-seeking which I had not noticed in myself. It was a trial which must be borne alone—one in which I felt so helpless, so stricken, that I felt it sent me more than ever to Jesus, and it was comfort to tell Him all. I cannot say I had any very vivid consciousness of present blessing in it, or any such spiritual sunshine as at all dispersed the clouds of sorrow. I think the Lord *meant* me to feel it, to be really tried by it. I did plead most earnestly that ultimate blessing might result, that it might *afterward* yield peaceable fruits.

July brought a different story, and a new song was put in my mouth, even thanksgiving. God Himself seemed to give me a time of thorough refreshment at Luccombe, and then a summer work for Him. And again, I must set my seal to the truth of 'He that watereth shall be watered.' Nothing seems to impress God's truths so freshly on my own heart, as earnest setting of them before another; nothing seems so to quicken me in His way. And so in my quiet walks with dear —— at Lynton and Ilfracombe, and with only our Bibles, I was enabled to guide her out of a very labyrinth of error (from reading Colenso and *Essays and Reviews*), and the consequent gloom and unhinging of her faith and peace—truly it was Christ's recall to safe anchorage. Was this a remote effect of my spring troubles—an 'afterward' of peaceable fruit?

I think my joy and confidence rose higher than ever

before, and I even lost the fear of death, a misgiving or quiver always having seemed to underlie the thought of *that*. One night, during long and fervent prayer, two things struck me—1st, the words 'I will be glad in the Lord'—the expression of will in the matter, why should not I rouse my will to the same, because further it is 'glad *in the Lord*'—not in anything to do with self, only in Him, and what *I* am, sinful and weak, alters not the manifold causes of gladness in Him. 2nd, I began to consider God's entire satisfaction in His Son and in His works, and the thought followed, If God Himself is *satisfied* with Christ and His work, why should not I be? And then I felt I was satisfied *with Him* and with His work, and thereout grew satisfaction and peace. And the lurking fear of death seemed to melt away in this new confidence. I know not how it might be if I were put to the test, but my impression is if I were told that this hour, nay even this five minutes, were to be my last, I should not fear, but be very thankful and glad to die. For I never feared death physically, and how can one fear it spiritually while clinging to Christ. I *know* His words are true. May He enable me ever to stay upon Him, and to follow Him faithfully.

Again I must record less earnestness, less disposition to prayer and love of the Word, which so gladdened me all the summer. Who would guess that my mind on a Sacramental Sunday morning had been continually and repeatedly distracted, by thoughts about music, and arrangements of dress! Verily I abhor myself! How much there is in me to be 'purified and made white' only *He* knows. My special prayer is that He would deepen and ripen His work in me. I see that even

working for God is not, by far, the whole of *living* to Him—I want to *be* as well as do, then would the working, the ministering, be true and pure work for the Master and for Him only.

I was very happy some of the time in Germany. But what I know of spiritual happiness generally, resolves itself into enjoyment of prayer. I seldom or never feel vividly; I do not know what 'manifestations of Christ are, I cannot say 'I have seen Jesus.' I have absolutely nothing of that sort to ground any confidence upon. The best and happiest times I know are when I do seem able to pour out my heart before God, when I 'come boldly unto the throne of grace.' But am I never to get beyond this? I speak to Jesus, and often feel very sure He hears me, but I never seem to hear Him speak to me. 'This one thing have I desired of the Lord,' and oh so long and so often. 'I will manifest myself to Him.' He has promised, and I plead it.

(*To M. F.*)

1866.

. . . I want to send you Psalm lxxvii. 9, 10. Are you saying, 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious?' then answer yourself as David did, and 'remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.' There are other instances of our God's eternity and unchangeableness being taken as special comfort in dark seasons, *e.g.* Ps. cii. 23–27; Lam. v. 15, 19; Hab. i. 12; Isa. xl. 27, 28. It may be fanciful, but the expression '*the years*,' strikes me thus. They seem a link between His infinity and

our *finity* or finiteness. They stretch over in a wide straight vista of succession, having no end to their number; and yet again, it is not an abstract and *ungraspable* thought like 'eternity,' for 'years' are necessarily divisible into days, aye, and minutes, and so seem better to meet the need of a sorrowful spirit which wants a Father's momentary kindness and care. Not 'random,' you see! But it is 'the years of the *right hand*.' 'For that He is strong in power, not one faileth'—and if that be true of stars and sparrows, is it less so of those for whom He 'spared not His Son'? Look at His 'right hand,' His illimitable power, and rejoice, and *be glad of it*, for it is all for you, not against you. It cannot be against you, since it has been 'against the Shepherd' for you. Now add the eternity to the power, the 'years' to the 'right hand,' and then say, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Rom. viii. 31. Of whom? 'The Most High.' Higher than your fears, high in light above your darkness, higher than the enemy. If *He* is *Most* High, most high too in wisdom, in goodness, in love, can any flood of temptation, any clouds of darkness, rise higher than the Rock, than the Sun? And now connect this with Isa. lvii. 15.

Then go on to Ps. lxxvii. 11, and remember His works, not *only* creation, but see the connection in which it stands in Ps. cxi. 3. Or rather begin at verse 2, and see how 'the works of the Lord' are traced on through the Psalm till they culminate in verses 9 and 10.

As a little corollary to the works, do not forget to include the work He did for you, on August 20th, and Sept. 7th.

I must tell you about ——. Her harp is no longer unstrung, though the strings are struck with a trembling

hand, and the melody of praise is built upon solemn and sorrowful chords of deep penitence. That was given me as my summer's work this year—not that I was 'sufficient,' *I* had often tried before, but now it was 'time' for Him 'to put to His hand.' A series of rather remarkable and most unexpected things led to our going to the sea, alone together, and I asked 'this thing' of the Lord. She seemed to feel solemnly that it was a 'Now,' for her; and her return after several years of wandering after will-o'-the-wisps of reason, and 'biblical criticism' and 'oppositions of science,' all leading her farther away from the 'True and Only Light'—has been full and true and deeply penitent. I distrusted *argument;* I felt the heart was more than the head, and that the way to a 'sound mind' was most surely found, by going direct to the Cross of Christ. And the felt power of *that* is more cogent than any logic, and so it proved. She has returned to her rest. I was so happy about it, as I need not tell you.

(*To E. C.*)

June 22, 1866.

I have lately taken to turn to the character of God for comfort. Would it be like Him the tender Father, to hold aloof from a weary, stuggling, sorrowing child, and only be really near to those to whom He has given power of prayer and enjoyment. For if the power and the access and the peace are all His gifts (and who dare say they are not), it would be simply unfair if He gave most love and care, to those who have them, or when they have them. Therefore the only consistent

conclusion is, that He is really just as near, just as loving when we do not see or feel anything that we want to do, as when we do. Also, that as His sovereignty and His love are co-equal and universal, they must be applying here; and He only withholds the enjoyment and conscious progress we long for, because He knows best what will really ripen and further us most. And do we not wrong His tenderness, by our distress at not being able to pray as we would when we feel weak and ill? Does He not know, not only that we would pray if we could, but also how much we are losing as to enjoyment by not feeling able, and so I do think sympathizing with us in this distress as much as in any other?

I send you a very simple text which has been to me the last fortnight, as a sort of golden key to many others, or a sort of seal upon them, 'I have given them Thy Word.' It never struck me so before, the Father's Word and the Saviour's gift. Now I apply this first to the word of reconciliation, the Father's message of salvation through Christ; then to the whole Bible, which this seems to make ten times dearer—(oh. we should never have had this precious gift but for Christ's coming); and lastly to every nice text, every sweet promise which comes into one's mind, it seems one's claim to appropriate it.

(*To E. C.*)

Autumn 1866.

I will tell you how I take Ps. lxxxiv. 9, 'Look upon the face of Thine anointed,' linking it with 'Look Thou upon me' (Ps. cxix. 132). It seems to me to imply

our union with Christ as the Head of every member, even the least and lowest. We come to the Throne of grace, not only hand in hand with, not only hidden under the very mantle of our Mediator (the vesture dipped in blood thrown around us), but actually one with Him, so close, so united, that the look of loving complacency with which alone the Father can regard the Son, must embrace us too. How eloquent a face may be! And so it is, as if the Saviour's very countenance were full of pleading for us, and our cause. So upon this 'Face of Thine Anointed' we pray our God to look, knowing that it is perfectly glorious and attractive in His sight, that its intercession must be mighty and effectual, and that it is the very face of our beloved Master 'whom having not seen ye love,' and upon which the great drops of blood once stood for us.

1867.

I have read Robertson, *carefully*. My impression I sum up in the epithet '*painfully interesting*.' Though I cordially dislike discussion, yet I should wish when I see you quietly to talk over some of his positions which appear to me untenable. I think his teaching must have unsettled and clouded some minds; better for himself and his people to have remained in the evangelical views he held at Winchester. Among other parallel, though perhaps not similar teaching, I do not find those who endorse it enjoy the restful happiness, etc., which I do see among evangelicals. Only I so fear I spoke too strongly, too dogmatically, too unhumbly, in my last letter; I know so well how little I can wish to be taken as a specimen of an 'evangelical,' how far behind others I stand. I wish I could 'adorn' more. God has taught you in

many things more deeply than He has me, and I am too apt to forget this and speak to you in a tone to which I have no right. Forgive me, if I have done so.

Intellectually, I have rarely read anything more interesting than Robertson, and many of his ideas are gems and his language a golden setting of no common order. The book is far too wide a subject for letters, for I should not like merely to skim any topic. I think you could not have had my last letter before you when you wrote. Just look, and you will see that you argue for what I never denied, but distinctly admitted as a truth, the Fatherhood of God. You quote to me the very text which I quoted to you as establishing it. Eph. iv. 6, 'One God and Father of all.' My position was not, 'Is it a fact?' but, 'What is the relative prominence which, following the lead of the New Testament, we are to give to it, as an admitted fact?' I think we should seek not merely to take our facts but our modes of presenting them from the great source. And what I contend for is that this is not the prominent doctrine of the New Testament, that this is not the message of reconciliation, not the 'good news' (though it is good news in itself), not 'the power of God unto salvation;' and so that we have no right to invert the order of God's truths any more than to tamper with those truths themselves, and I think there is danger in so doing. With the words before me, 'No man cometh unto the Father *but by Me*' (John xiv. 6), I could not look for blessing, for conversion as resulting from the presentation alone, and in the first place, of the 'Fatherhood.' This truth, most blessed in itself, can be of no practical avail by itself; and I do not think your experience, or that of any one else, can furnish

an instance to the contrary. And why try to ignore God's own beautiful arrangement '*but by Me*'? Is God any less our Father for being so 'in Christ'? Is His Fatherhood any less wide and glorious, in that the privileges of sonship, flow through the 'Elder Brother,' who is *the* manifestation of the unseen Father?

I have been looking through the Epistles, our great exponents of Christianity, with an eye to the 'Universal Fatherhood,' and the impression left on my mind is that so far from being the special or prominent point of New Testament teaching, it is almost studiously kept in the background; I was really surprised to find how much so. Generally it is: 1st, 'The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;' 2nd, 'The Father'—used in direct juxtaposition expressed or implied, with one of the names of the Son, as a distinguishing title; 3rd, 'Our Father'—used by the Apostle (I am struck with this) specially as spoken by a Christian to Christians. The only exceptions which do not seem to fall under one of these three heads which I can find are James i. 27, and iii. 9, both of which it seems quite reasonable to place under No. 2, the expression in Heb. xii. 9, 'Father of spirits;' and strongest of all, but standing unique, is Eph. iv. 6, 'One God and Father of all,' on which last alone you can take your stand. Now from this I argue that 'the mind of the Spirit' is not to give special prominence to this truth, in so far as it is truth. And that there is a much nearer and deeper sense, in which God is the Father of His believing children, seems plain from 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18, where the promise annexed to the command, 'Come out from among them and be ye separate,' is, 'I will be a Father unto you.' And it seems to me to be a sort of mockery

to hold out, under the semblance of a gracious promise, something which is already in one's possession; I think God must mean something far more here than what is common to all. And I do think we should strive to make all our teaching as accordant as possible with the 'mind of the Spirit,' trying in our humble measure to give prominence, weight, and emphasis to each truth *in the same proportion*, in which we find it in God's Word. I take my stand by Rom. i. 16: 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'

1867.

. . . . . .

You will hardly understand, unless I could have a long talk, how and why that little book distressed me for you. To own the truth, it so haunted and troubled me that I lost many hours' sleep during the first three nights after I got it. I cannot think how it is you do not see that the nature of poison is to neutralize the otherwise wholesomeness of its vehicle. What is called merely 'alloyed,' I call Romish errors thinly enough disguised, and veiled by well-sounding language of earnestness and devotion. Their idea of 'saving souls' is wide of ours, —what are outward forms, daily services, ritual and music, or even Confirmation and Communion, when they are placed so prominently as *the* things needful? If you can sympathize and fraternize with those who make no secret of restoring Confession and cognate evils, holding Romish Sacraments, giving an ostentatious right hand of fellowship to the Church of Rome (as they do at the very beginning of the book), above all, who want another than the one and only and once-offered 'Blessed Sacri-

fice,' then I can only say, How can you expect me to sympathize and fraternize with you? how can we walk together except we are agreed? Of course you may, on reconsideration, explain away some of its speciousness, but I cannot help grieving that you are so easily caught by any seeming 'angel of light,' and I shall fear for future temptations which the enemy will well know how to contrive for you with gilded errors, and poisoned truths, and 'fair show in the flesh.' I cannot think how you could expect me to take any other view of the book, and I am only glad you sent it me, because it gives me a new and very special subject for prayer.

And now God has indeed sent me a bright sunbeam, after the heavy cloud I told you of in my last letter, and I take it as an earnest that *that* cloud too, can be and will be dispersed. If you think it will please ——, ask if he remembers giving —— a little copy of *The Blood of Jesus*. For it is that identical copy which has conveyed the message of peace to two hearts—poor Parkes, who died so happily last summer, and now to ——. I had lent it in some fear and trembling; but that little book was God's messenger, and all is changed, and so wonderfully, that it seems almost too good to be true, to hear —— say the very opposite of what she used to, and that so evidently from God's own teaching, for she has never in books, sermons, or companions come under evangelical influence. She knows nothing of what is called religious phraseology, and yet she says the very things which, though so fresh to her, are old to us. I never saw such a distinct instance of the 'power of the cross of Christ,' and such a revolution of the whole mind by the simple acceptance of His death as our atonement.

She wants no speculative books, finds no difficulty in 'difficulties,' and only wants to learn of Christ. There are breakers ahead as to the next London season, and, having been accustomed to look upon us, as perfect phenomena for not approving of balls and operas, I can hardly expect her to do quite as we do at once, and have said very little about it, feeling quite sure (and I have told her so) that she will find for herself that the new and old enjoyments do not and never can harmonize, and that she will have to choose between peace and pleasures, not as a matter of opinion, but of personal fact. However, of her own accord she wishes never to go to a regular ball again, but does not yet see her way on the opera question, on which, unhappily, —— is very strong.

I think you judged me a little severely last autumn; you would not quite believe what indeed was the truth, when I told you that my music with —— was not an *end* but *a means*. Indeed, my feeling in that duet-playing was very little for the music. I cared far less for *that* than you thought; I only thought it my fairest and likeliest means for getting intimate with ——, and gaining an influence over her. When she became willing to listen about better things, we gradually exchanged the practising for walks, so as to talk. Music was my grappling-iron only; it is not the first time it has been so, and as such I do desire to use it, and feel that if I neglected it entirely, it would be hiding a talent under a napkin.

And with regard to my singing, I have prayed so much and so often on this subject, and the more I do, the more I feel I should do harm to religion by taking a

different course. I have prayed to be made perfectly honest with myself, but I cannot see it otherwise. I *never* sing without prayer, and I do believe that in many cases my singing has been felt as His message. I might feel differently about secular music, but *that* I never sing now, as you know. I believe that in such singing I am *speaking* for my Master. I do feel it so, and was told not long ago by a Christian what a privilege and responsibility I ought to feel it to be able to do so. If I ever saw a shade of doubt upon this, I should not hesitate to throw it up.

Ask —— to pray for me. I do so believe in intercessory prayer, and I know she would pray intensely for me if she knew what bitter tears I have shed. Tell her the ground or not; anyhow, tell her I am in what is to me great trouble. I only hope I shall be kept calm and deliberate, and kept from doing anything hastily. So I share in something of your feeling of uncertainty. Do not fear, dear ——, but that your way will be 'made plain,' only it may not be that you will be shown the opening till you are close upon it. I feel vividly in this most sore trial how true H. E.'s remark is, 'that it is the presence of the element of evil which constitutes the real bitterness of a trial.'

Do you know what it is to feel a terrible sort of temporary paralyzation of soul, coming when least expected, and when it seems full of spiritual disappointment? . . .

Autumn 1867.

What you say about prayer is just an instance of theory *versus* practice. What *have* we to do with *understanding how* prayer (intercessory, etc.) is effectual?

Nothing whatever is revealed about it that I know of, so the theoretical part is undoubtedly among the 'secret things which belong unto the Lord our God.' I do not care to '*see* any way out of the difficulty'—the difficulty itself lies so entirely beyond the possible range of human vision that one cannot see into it. What does 'belong unto us' in the matter is, an overwhelming trinity of *precept*, *promise*, and *experience* in the matter. We must be right, we cannot be mistaken in trusting to these. Even after Mary had asked, '*How* shall this be?' and had received a fuller and clearer response than we can presume to expect to any of our '*hows*,' I do not suppose she anything like fully understood the how, and her meek answer, 'Be it unto me *according to Thy word*,' may well be ours in these most gracious revelations touching the marvellous power of prayer.

I think the 'Attic salt' is not a bad idea. But in addition to that, I think I can see a subtle connection even with the 'preservative quality.' Let our speech be seasoned with such salt as shall preserve both itself and that, with which it is interchanged, from any taint or corruption.

I have got on so slowly with studying St. Matthew, and not at all satisfactorily as to references. Several evenings I have read without even looking for one. I felt as if I wanted only to pray it and feel it, rather than study it; and some parts I wanted to read over again.

I have somehow had plenty of odd and end work thrown in my way all this week, such as illness in various directions. Yesterday four different kinds of 'ministration' turned up for me, all so different as almost to stand

as types of the chief sorts, which could well fall to me. The last would have amused you. A party of Wolverhampton lads begged 'coppers to get a night's lodging,' last evening as I was hurrying home; they were ragged fellows out of work, and trying for harvesting. I gave them a trifle, and then talked to them. They seemed astonished, but stood round me like a class, and listened for a good while in perfect silence, thanking me, and wishing me good-night most respectfully when I had done. Three were Romanists; and two more, nominal Protestants, did not even know their clergyman's name, or ever dreamt of going to church. It was indeed seed by the wayside, but who knows—it *may* spring up.

Thank you very much for your note and birthday thoughts. I would far rather be spoken to plainly and faithfully than be made the best of, as some do to me. I hope and believe that I am not deceiving myself, but nothing seems so awful to me as the idea of false peace. Somehow I never have had any clear perception of 1 John v. 12; it does not convey the vivid and distinct realizable ideas to me, which the two preceding verses do, in connection with which, I have always taken it. Why should I make God a liar by not believing His record? and what is His record? 'That He hath given us eternal life,' not that I am to carve it out for myself; only to 'lay hold' of it by simply taking Him at His word and accept it. This I trust I do, feeling that such is my needy helplessness that no other salvation would have reached me, and thanking Him for such 'exceeding great love.' Not that I always realize this as I would, nay, it is seldom that it possesses me, as I wish

it always could ; but when I think of it, it seems as impossible to retract my belief in this blessed 'record' as it once did to believe it. Am I unwittingly wrong? Write me a scrap if opportunity. Please practise 'O rest in the Lord,' 'O Thou that tellest,' 'But the Lord is mindful,' and anything you may hit upon that is low enough for me, as I so like you to play my accompaniments, dear Marie.

SHARESHILL, 1867.

I do not agree with you as to Luke xvi. 2, 'Give an account of thy stewardship' being the key to the *primary* and *real* sense of 'Not your own.' The context (see 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20) is about our bodies being the temple of the Holy Ghost: 'And ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: *therefore* glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's.' This of course may be taken to imply the dedication of what we have, *i.e.* property, to God, as a natural deduction from it, but the primary idea is plainly the dedication of ourselves. And I do think, and all my own little experience among poor or unlearned goes to prove, that instead of being '*above* their understanding,' nothing will more readily reach and touch their hearts than the story of that love which bought them with such a price; and when that is received and believed, the 'Not your own' follows with a force which nothing else but this, (the connection in which God Himself has placed it) can or ever does give. It becomes, not a 'highly refined,' but a natural and inevitable view of it. There cannot be true and acceptable dedication of substance without dedication of self, (see Article XIII.) and dedication of self, true and unreserved, can only spring from love and gratitude for His 'inestimable love in the

redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.' You know who first 'gave their own selves to the Lord.'

If on any drawing-room table you see *Lyra Britannica*, look at it. It is a capital collection of everybody's hymns from Wesley, to J. M. Neale, with little biographical notices of each writer, which are most interesting, and settle lots of doubtful authorships. Papa figures well, and the editor has also inserted me, but in the second of my hymns has made a most foolish mistake, which I wish you would alter for me in any copy you come across. I could not please myself with the last verse, and wrote two versions, asking the editor to choose which he thought best, and cross off the other. He forgot to do so, and so both verses stand, looking as if I had not an idea to spare, and was reduced to writing the same twice over in different words!

1867.

I cannot remember distinctly, except as a 'horror of thick darkness' hanging over the memory of last September and October. It was a time of more than common spiritual distress, even like a flood. A letter and some verses of M. C.'s were God's chosen means to draw me out of it into peace and light. This is the first time, as far as I remember, that any quite direct *human* instrumentality has ever seemed much immediate use to me. Since then I have been tolerably happy, though far from well, and it is good for me to feel His restraining hand. It has been trying to me, this ill-health. Very humbling to be a burden and a care, where I would rather have been a help and a lightener. I prayed so much that this my last year at O. might be one of marked blessing to myself and those around me. And

yet for six months I am thus held back from anything at all. Is it presumptuous to hope it is that I may myself be *prepared* to receive and give blessing before its close. I see a needs-be in this spring's trial, for I am far enough from being willing to be nothing and no one. Pride and selfishness are indeed hydra-headed, and any victory seems a prelude to a fresh battle. So it is evident this cross is just needful.

But I hardly understand another part of it: I have had to lay my poetizing aside! And yet such open doors seemed set before me. Perhaps the check is sent just that I may consecrate what I do more entirely. I have not the same temptation to vanity as years ago about this. I have a curiously vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty in general being *given* me, but of every separate poem or hymn, nay every line, being *given*. I never write the simplest thing now without prayer for help. I suppose this sense arises from the fact that I cannot write exactly at will. It is peculiarly pleasant thus to take every thought, every verse as a direct gift; and it is not a matter of effort, it is purely involuntary, and I feel it so. This entirely precludes the old temptation when I wrote in 1860. And yet in spite of this, I trace a distinct desire to have a name. I wonder if this is really wrong in *itself*. It does not present itself to me as a sin, provided the desire is reasonable and not over-eager. And I have many reasons for it, and I do not think it is over-eager at present; possibly because it is not near and tangible enough. Still I see danger ahead in this direction, and I must pray for protecting grace.

(*To E. C.*)

1 Elizabethan Villas, Weston-super-Mare,
May 4, 1867.

. . . But I do not regret this spring in the least: I am sure it was far better for me than going on in my own chosen paths. Is it not singular that, having made it my special and continuous prayer that this year might be a marked one in blessing, I should have been entirely held back for this first half of it, from any effort whatever! But I think I can honestly say I am satisfied, and that God *has* answered my prayer, that He would enable me not merely to submit, but quite cheerfully to acquiesce in everything.

I so fear that you are overdoing yourself, and may suffer for it afterwards. How difficult it must be to have apparently to choose one's own path! But the guiding Hand *is* over it still. I was so struck in reading Deut. i. to-day with ver. 33—the Lord searching them out a place to pitch their tents in, etc. Does He care less for His spiritual Israel, for the children whom He hath given to His Son? Surely not. I had just heard of mother's having gone to Shrewsbury to see if it would do for us, and look at houses. But I think I thought still more of you, and prayed that the fiery pillar might lead you.

Pyrmont Villa, 1867.

Dear Miss Titterton,—In case I do not *see* you I must scribble a few lines (excuse pencil, as I write reclining when I can). I *write*, but I feel more inclined to give you a loving kiss. How kind of you to send me

Mrs. Ashby's allegory of 'The Lilies!'[1] It is touchingly sweet and true; and even had you not added to the interest by telling me about the writer, I should have felt that it was no mere fancy, but the transcript of truth graven deeply on a living and quivering, yet loving heart. 'At any cost' the blessed Stranger waits patiently, and comes again and again to His children, till they can look up and say it, perhaps very tearfully, but unreservedly. How little will 'any cost' seem when His work is perfected *in* us, and, by His work *for* us, we find the 'abundant entrance' into His heavenly kingdom! That will be a glorious 'nevertheless afterward,' of the perfect fruition of His chastening; but there is a sweet and precious 'nevertheless afterward,' in a nearer future, linked with every trial our Father's hand sends. I think we should look out hopefully and patiently, for this corresponding light, in even the lightest and smallest shadows of life; the least trial has its own 'nevertheless afterward' if we only do not miss it by wrong use of it, much more than in the really dark and heavy ones.

Did you mean that you had copied 'Lilies' for me? I should so much like to keep it if I may, and it will not lie idle. I know more than one to whom I believe it will be cheering. It did *me good really*, and I thank you so much for it.

1867.

I want you to join the Saturday evening Y. W. C. A. Prayer Union. There are now more than 2000 members, including several of my own friends, whose names are written down in my Bible. The idea is this. The young women (of all classes) unite in prayer, first for them-

[1] *Lilies and Shamrocks*, Nisbet & Co.

selves, *i.e.* the members, that they may be personally blessed in work among others; 2nd, for the young women of England as a class, high and low; 3rd, each one for the especial individuals for whom she is interested. The Branch Associations are where young women have prayer meetings for the same object among themselves, as well as the private Saturday evening prayers. My friend Clara Gedge, who asked me to join, has such a meeting herself.

You know how rarely I feel things vividly; but on Saturday eve, I certainly had a very sweet and singular feeling of enjoyment in the consciousness of being one of 2000, all joining in prayer for the same objects. I shall feel it an additional link with you, dear Elizabeth (if any were needed !).

I think it rather better to multiply than combine branches. I find a general reluctance to pray aloud—so I always open with a quite short prayer—ask one to pray after the requests before reading, and now and then I get another to pray after, but often have to close myself. I think the danger of pressing to pray must be judged of in each individual case or locality. I have not found one whose danger lies in the direction of being too forward or elated, but quite the reverse. Mrs. Rogers has all quite poor cottage women; some can't read. The only objection to mixing sets is that if there are fewer present, and all of a sort, one is more likely to get freedom of prayer and remarks. Otherwise I should prefer mixed and larger meetings.

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

PYRMONT VILLA.

. . . Bishop Gobat (dear saintly man) preached twice on Sunday, and on Monday had a drawing-room meeting at Miss Rose's. The girls sang 'On the mountain-top appearing,' No. 871, *S. G. G.*, to Papa's tune 'Zaanaim.' This tune is often sung in the English Church on Mount Zion. The dear old Bishop laid himself out to be catechized about Jerusalem, and his work there.

Your poetical request at the Y. W. C. meeting answered first-rate, it amused and interested, and has produced no end of rubbish, ribbon and scraps enough to rig out all your Wyre Hill school, I should think. You had better return poetical thanks at the next meeting—a little gratitude won't be a bad investment, and I think you will get Leamington rag-bags whenever you want any henceforth for your poor in Bewdley.

When in London, I had the greatest fun at my second singing lesson, which, by the bye, although my cold had affected my voice a good deal, was a very satisfactory one. Signor Randegger is in such amusing ecstasies over my verses ('My Singing Lesson,' see *Memorials*, page 90); he said they were 'so wonderfully clever and witty,' and 'such an embodiment of his ideas.' They have been kept on his table ever since, and shown to everybody, 'including nearly all the first professionals!' That morning he had read them to Rudersdorff and Cummings, and the editor of the *Musical World*. The latter wants to have them to insert. Then the Signor had a great favour to ask. My 'astonishing facility'

betrayed a practised hand, 'Would I favour him with some verses to set to music? Could I bring him something next time?' which of course I shall do.[1] I was seized with a horrible fear after I had sent the 'Notes of a Singing Lesson,' lest the Signor might be touchy and southern-tempered, and fancy I was making game of him and his instructions. However, I shall be a clear gainer by it, for he is evidently disposed to take twice the pains with my voice. He says I am not a true contralto, but a mezzo-soprano.

. . . I heard Spurgeon one Sunday A.M. *Magnificent!* I don't recollect ever hearing anything finer. Heard Dr. T. the Sunday before at Westminster Abbey, P.M. Service—cold and argumentative, and decidedly unimpressive. Papa's E♭ chant to the Psalms was *grandly* chanted at the Abbey.

That 'Tabernacle' is certainly one of the most remarkable sights in the world—the end of the season and London half empty, but it was *thronged*, and always is, twice every Sunday; and more than half are *men*, and intellectual-looking ones too.

I saw Doré's pictures, marvellous colouring, every sort of coloured light seems his forte, sunlight, fairy moonlight, starlight, celestial light, or infernal light! *Illustrated News* critique is most untrue and unfair—would not have given them credit for such fibs. Nothing very striking at Royal Academy.

1869.

I don't know anything that is more refreshment to me

[1] Twelve poems, *Sacred Songs for Little Singers*, were sent to the Signor. The book is dedicated to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, music by Randegger. Publisher: Novello & Co.

than our Y. W. C. A. monthly meetings. The last was a peculiarly nice one—never had so very many nice remarks before, and the secretary told me that never had there seemed to be such good and general refreshment and stimulus to the members. There had been special prayer beforehand that it might be so; I am sure I found it so myself, and all I have since met remarked the same. It was a sort of little epoch to me, for I ventured on taking the prayer for the first time! I had been specially asked and always declined; but I thought it hardly seemed right not to take my share, as I am among the older members; it was immense effort to begin, but I believe God distinctly helped me. One special point I took up in prayer was *home trials*—the daily worry, and wear and tear, which every one I suppose has in some form, which generally can't be talked about and has no sympathy—no two people have just the same—don't you think there is an immense deal of this in seemingly very happy homes? *I* do. I prayed that all this might be God's chiselling—you will easily follow out the idea of 'lively stones'—the Y. W. C. A. February subject. We reverted to it again in the reading. As I expected, it was a chord that vibrated. If we pray for our own special needs, it is wonderful what echoes there are in other hearts. If one's feet are very tender and sensitive, it is as bad to walk on fine gravel barefoot as over great boulders!

I am reading the Globe edition of Shakespeare—it was forbidden ground in my younger days. I have also made acquaintance with R. Browning's *Paracelsus;* it is marvellous—love *alone* and knowledge *alone* imperfect

life—union of both, the true thing. But he is tiring to read, and wants great attention.

I hope you will get to know Charlotte Elliot; it is an honour from God to have had it given her, to write what she has written.

March 20, 1869.

I wonder why, 'now it is come upon thee!' Some meetening for the Master's use, you know not when, or where, is perhaps to be its peaceable fruit. But oh! I wish very foolishly, and ignorantly of course, that the Master would find some less sorrowful way.

I had been thinking of you, but little guessing what our Father in heaven was leading you through. I know it is terrible—a sorrow from which there is no earthly comfort. But how much heavenly! All loss to you, all gain to him; and by this very grief of yours is he spared the possibility of ever feeling such, if any of his dear ones had been taken before himself, *instead* of his going home first. You are bearing it instead. I send you '*A Little While.*' *He* said it, Jesus, our dear Saviour. And it is but a little while, and then He will be with you through the darkest part of that little while.

'Entered into life,' how sweet and beautiful!

I have been thinking how hard it is to realize what is yet as absolute fact as our own existence. That your beloved father has really and truly seen his Master face to face, is seeing Him in His beauty—Jesus Himself; that he has received the 'Well done, good and faithful servant;' is actually, as actually as you are mourning below, entered into the joy of his Lord! A week ago with you, now with Jesus! . . .

God must mean some blessing to you by this sorrow.

I am sure its 'nevertheless afterward,' which you do not see, and are not required to see, will be proportioned to the sorrow.

Do you remember sending me, when I was fearing a cloud that has never yet come, 'They feared as they entered into the cloud,' and the two following verses? You have entered into the cloud, but the voice is there, and Jesus is there. . . .

Don't you find that when one is brought into any new trial, it is like reaching a whole new vein of promises, getting into fresh strata altogether; it is not one or two isolated ones, but as if an entirely fresh side of the Bible were turned out towards one, which we never saw at all before. I have felt this three times in a very strong and striking way (as well as in lesser trials), so that now, if any new sort of trial befalls me, I should *expect* this to recur again. . . .

'All your need.'—Sometimes that 'all' seems so great and deep and varied, such an almost infinity of need; but 'God shall supply' not only follows but precedes it; and it is so in our lives as well as in the wording of the verse. . . .

Are you not very conscious of the *detaching* power of sorrow? Ah! but it is *attaching* too—only the attaching to things not seen.

How utterly certain is the promise, 'Shall receive the crown of life'! I have often thought that one of the joys of heaven will be to see our beloved and honoured ones so crowned.

(*To* (*the late*) *J. S. Curwen.*)

1869.

During the winter months we opened two nice rooms every evening, and gave free invitation to young dressmakers and others, (especially those living in lodgings,) hoping that it would prove a safe and pleasant retreat for them after work hours. Classes were arranged for each evening in the smaller room; in the other, the girls read, wrote, worked, or chatted. It was not so successful as to numbers as we expected, but the attendance on the evening on which I gave a Tonic Sol-fa lesson was nearly double. I tell you frankly that it was not for the sake of Sol-fa that I began the class, but solely because I believed it was the greatest attraction I could contribute to our little scheme for bringing them within the range of Christian care and influence. My chief reason for adopting it with them, instead of the established notation, was that all the Sol-fa songs are sound and safe; and I knew I could not give them access to anything low or bad through it, while I had no such certainty had I taught the old notation. This weighed with me more than the obvious and indisputable advantages of greater facility, cheapness, etc., which the Tonic Sol-fa system has. There was no question as to the class being attractive, and great was the disappointment when, as frequently happened, the members were kept at work too late and 'lost the singing.'

One evening two girls came in panting and flushed, about fifteen minutes before the close. 'Why, Lizzie and Jane, what *is* the matter?' 'We were kept overtime; but we thought half a loaf better than no bread,

so we never stopped running till we got here.' They had literally run a good mile to be in time for a few minutes' singing.

One nice girl who had just begun forming acquaintances which would have led to no good, and to sauntering about the streets, was attracted to our rooms solely by the singing-class, but soon became one of our most regular attendants at all the classes; and we have reason to hope that she is not only saved from the dangers into which she was rushing, but that good impressions have been made, and a good work begun in her heart. I have no musical results to show, for after about eight lessons, I was interrupted by illness: but I believe that my Tonic Sol-fa class has been a grappling-iron to draw many little drifting vessels close to our side, bringing them within hearing of loving and sympathizing words, and of the One name which is sweeter than any music.

DIVISION II.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG CORRESPONDENT, FROM 1856 TO 1877.

(These Letters are printed in sequence, so as not to interrupt their progressive teaching.)

(*F. R. H. to a Young Correspondent.*)

1856.

I am so sorry that I have been obliged to leave your dear little note unanswered all this while; you must have thought you were never going to get a reply. I am so glad that you are not forgetting to think about and seek the Lord Jesus. But you want something more than that, do you not? You want really to find Him and love Him, and know what His great love to you is. Then if you do, you must just come to Him, and tell Him all about it. If you wanted anything that you knew your dear aunts could give you, you would go and tell them what it was, and why you wanted it, and ask them to give it you. Now, you know that our dear Saviour has great gifts for you, and gifts which you cannot do without—His pardon and His love, His Holy

Spirit and His grace. Well, then, dear, go and ask Him for all these, and He will surely give them to you, and make you His own happy, loving child. You tell me about your *stones*. What would a little child do who had to go along a rough place over hard stones? Do you not think she would call out to her mother or father, and ask them to lift her over them, or at least hold their hand very tight while she stepped over them? So when you come to a great stone, you must look up to Jesus and seek His help in getting over it, and then you will find the way smoother and pleasanter. Try and remember, too, not to put any stones in ——'s way; you know what I mean. I have written in printing, so that you may be able to read it quite by yourself.

My darling, 'be not weary.' Is not the Lord Jesus always 'the same,' whatever you may be? You are looking into your own heart and expecting to find it getting better, and to find comfort and peace in that, and so, of course, you are and will be disappointed with yourself. If you were quite well pleased and satisfied with yourself, you would be all wrong. So give it up, and come back, come continually to Jesus, just as you are. Only you must come; you must not stay away, and expect Him to follow you; you must *come* to His throne of grace, and wait upon Him *there*. I think it is Satan's special device with you, to try to supply you with excuses for not spending calm and unhurried time in prayer. He knows he will not conquer you on your knees, and so he craftily drives you from them. Do not yield to him in this; make it, with God's help, your *special* effort to baffle him here. I believe that your spiritual progress will be just in proportion to your

'continuance in prayer.' Rouse yourself then, dear, on this point, and *so* you will grow in grace.

Sitting on the Beach, MALAHIDE, IRELAND,
September 16, 1865.

. . . . . .

This is the very quietest place I ever saw. The hotel stands all by itself on the river, not on the sea, so that one does not even hear the waves; all the people in the house seem afraid to make a noise, the very wind is quiet here, though blowing fresh just round the point; you have no shouting from the boats, they glide up to the harbour so quietly; and I have not heard a sound of wheels yet.

About your going to church on Wednesdays, I am very much inclined to think that you ought to embrace the opportunity, as a privilege and advantage. For you have often told me how your mind gets drawn away from holy things, when you get into full swing with your school work, and that you cannot easily secure any regular time in the middle of the day for thought and prayer. Now, if you really desire to have your heart kept from being drawn aside, and would be really glad to have opportunities of drawing near to God, it seems to me that you ought to be very thankful that there is that one hour in the very middle of each busy week when you *may* legitimately lay aside the earthly learning and seek heavenly teaching. An hour reclaimed from your studies for God's service cannot be called 'neglecting' them; and if you go with your governess' sanction, it must remove every shadow of scruple on the subject. Which is most important, an hour's French, or lesson of

any kind, or an hour spent in nourishing that spiritual life which is so easily deadened, yet which is so infinitely more precious to us than mere intellectual life? I do not think you would hesitate in the matter, if it were to spend the same time with some dear friend in reading the Bible, or to attend some exciting and interesting prayer meeting; but because the church service is an 'old story,' one is less ready to feel and acknowledge the privilege of joining in its calm sweet words of prayer and praise, which must always be full of spiritual refreshment to a really *thirsty* soul. You can hardly have a want, which is not expressed in some part of the prayers; you hear His own Word read; you have the most beautiful words of praise, which ever uninspired pen wrote put into your mouth. Only, in going to church, do not let it be a mere form; there is no magic good in your attendance, we only *receive* the blessings which we *seek*, it is 'the diligent soul' which 'shall be made fat.' If you go desiring and praying that you may find God in His sanctuary, depend upon it you will find it good to be there, and prove the truth of His promise, 'There will I meet with thee.'

I have regularly joined the Rev. Marcus Bickerstaff's Friday Bible class; he questions me the same as the little ones! I like it extremely, and regret very much that I never went before. I prepare Constance for it, and find that I learn a great deal myself in so doing.

OAKHAMPTON, *October* 17, 1865.

. . . . . .

I must send you this time, 'Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees,' Heb.

xii. 12. You must not give way to discouragement because you have failed in the rules. The prize should merely be the token of your efforts, not the object of them. I think it would be a far higher victory if, after a few failures, which have naturally disheartened you, you go on striving to keep rules, because it is right to do so, not because there is a chance of the prize. Believe me, dear, this would gratify me infinitely more, than if you had not failed at all. For if you go on now, really trying hard, although you say you have no chance of the prize, it will show me that you can strive to do your duty from principle, and without the stimulus of any other reward, than His approbation who 'has chosen you to be a soldier.'

You do not yet know from experience how much harder it is to do right and to *keep* right when one has left school, and has no outward rules to keep, but only one's conscience and God's Word to follow. Do not fancy that school-life is the hardest in this way; it is far, far easier than the after-life. 'Lift up the hands that hang down,' dearie; do not let the spirit of discouragement keep you from earnest and confiding prayer. Look up; you are very weak, no doubt, but Christ is very strong; and is not His strength yours, if you will but draw upon it? Your love may be cold, but has His love changed? You find it very hard to stand upright at all; well, that is all right, for we *cannot* stand alone. Do you remember asking me to write a hymn for you when you could not go home for your brother's coming of age? These verses have come to me for *you*.

> 'Yes! He knows the way is dreary,
> Knows the weakness of our frame,

Knows that hand and heart are weary ;
He, "in all points," felt the same.
He is near to help and bless ;
Be not weary, onward press.'

—See *Ministry of Song*.

January 1866.

I am so sorry to find that I can't manage to see you to-morrow. I hope you will have a nice school half-year. Remember it is your last ; so make the very most of it, as an opportunity of self-improvement which will never again be yours. Seek, my darling, to let your light shine for Him ; and I am quite sure that it is by watchful, careful walking in *little* things that it must do so. For *one* little slip, one hasty, or idle, or inconsistent word or act, outweighs in the eyes of others almost any quantity of talk and profession. . . .

OAKHAMPTON, *March* 14, 1866.

. . . . . .

My darling, it strikes me that you are troubled because you are looking at yourself. Give the time and thought which you are now spending in bewailing your coldness, in looking at Jesus, what He is, what He has done. I know you will think that this is 'easier said than done,' but here you are met by 'My grace is sufficient for thee ;' and He who says, 'Look unto Me,' is also ready to open the dull eye and brighten the dim vision. Do you tell Him all about it, dear? do you try to refer everything to Him? It does not do to sit still and lament only. Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, and therefore '*rise*, He calleth thee,' yes, *thee!* 'I have laid help upon One that is mighty,' says

our God. You have already found it true, and have received help from that Blessed and Mighty One. He is the true, the only source of help, so avail yourself of the help laid upon Him. Our only claim for help is *needing* it; you need it, therefore claim it, go to Him for it, and you will find His Word true, 'Yea I will help thee.' What can I do or say, dear, but point you again and again to Him? For I know that He both can and will 'supply all your need,' and His *only* condition is 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' I will pray for you, but oh! pray for yourself; that is the secret of progress, I believe.

June 1866.

I am really so sorry I have not acknowledged the photograph and your letter long ago, but you can't think how occupied my time seems, and more so than ever now the long evenings are come, because I nearly always spend them in calling on the poor people or farmer folks. But your second letter reached me yesterday, and so I must make time. You won't mind pencil for once, will you? for I am writing out-of-doors, because the afternoon sun makes my room so hot. I will begin at the end of your letter in answering it. You say, 'I am not as I would be, and I am afraid I shall not till I leave school.' Do you know, I can so well enter into that feeling, because it has many times formerly been a temptation and hindrance to me. One feels so inclined to look forward to some fresh outward start, as an opportunity for a fresh inward one. And one thinks one could do better, when circumstances are different, and so one rests on one's oars in the fond hope of doing better *then*. But NOW! That is the word for

us, not knowing whether *any* to-morrows are appointed us. I want you to reverse your feeling, to think how only a few weeks remain of one of the great periods of your life, a period whose record will soon have closed for ever. 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost,' and He will not despise them. Try at least to close your school life, as you would *wish* to have spent it all. And oh! do believe me, dearest, nothing will be a worse preparation for a good beginning of the next stage, than a careless close of this one.

It is impossible to strive too earnestly just *now*, if you wish to start well *then;* darling, I do so hope and pray, that yours may be a steady, consistent, holy, and happy home life, but I believe it will very much take its colour from that of the last few weeks at school.

One cannot jump suddenly into warm feelings and a spirit of earnest endeavour. Was not the confirmation prayer, that you might '*daily* increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more'?

I am afraid you must think I am always scolding you, and am very severe; but I know you like me to say just what I really think best for you.

ILFRACOMBE, *August* 1, 1866.

I do not know whether you are at home yet, but you will be when you get this note. And so the great step from school to home life is taken, and childhood passed for ever. I want to give you a motto for the era you are beginning; only an old common verse, but one which is always full of freshness of life and power, one which ought indeed to 'work effectually in you that believe.' 'Ye are bought with a price, *therefore* glorify God in

your body and in your spirit, which are God's.' If you have, as I believe, accepted God's offer of salvation, you are 'not your own.' Your time, your life, your whole self are His, His by right, and if you love Him you will be so glad that it is so. And if you do but keep the remembrance of this before you every day, it will not only make you happy, but it will make you holy too. In this 'seeking first' to live to Him, because you are His, how many other happy things will be 'added unto you'!

You will be thus far more sure of being a happiness to your dear Papa and Mamma than in any other way, and this I know is your greatest earthly object. Is it not nice, that both lie in the very same direction—your pleasing them, and your pleasing 'Him who hath called you to be a soldier'? One thing I particularly want—that you should not be 'discouraged because of the way,' that if you fail in being and doing what you desire, you should not give Satan an advantage over you by thinking 'it's no use trying,' and so forth. The first time you feel like that, look at Micah vii. 8, and act upon it. If you don't mind, I should *so* like to see your examination card; would you send it me by post? It would come safely enough, and I would send it you back again directly. Do not send it if you would rather not.

August 1866.

Thank you for your letter and copy of card. I am so glad about your prize. About the word 'common,' all I meant, my darling, was, that I was not sending you an *un*common verse (1 Cor. vi. 20), that I had not chosen one, which might be quite new to you to dwell on, but

one which is amongst the most familiar to every one, and among the most frequently quoted—a verse from the *highways* and not from the *byeways* of Scripture. And I am glad that such glorious words may be, and are made so 'common' for us, that they are so dwelt upon and known and loved by so many; and again that they are *common to* ALL whom Christ has bought, that none need be shut out from taking them for their own, and living upon them. May they be life and power to you, dearest, from day to day.

September 1866.

I did not fully know when I wrote to you on Monday, how very poorly altogether you have been, and perhaps I should have written rather differently if I had known. Because, indeed, dearie, I do think it so very often happens that when we are mourning over lack of joy, it is only because our weak frames are holding us back from entering into the joy, which is otherwise free and open to us. And perhaps the Lord Jesus is feeling special tenderness towards you, because you are one of His weak and weary ones. For all your ear-ache and suffering must have unhinged you very much, and *He* knows it. It is very painful, very weary work to feel chilled and strengthless, to have no vivid joy, no light; but has He not made provision for this in that beautiful verse, Isa. l. 10: 'Who is among you that feareth the LORD, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the LORD, and stay upon his God'? He is too kind and too loving, my darling, to have really left you alone; perhaps He is nearer you than ever, and the clouds will some day roll away—perhaps very suddenly

—and you will find that it is so. Try to trust and lean and rest, even when you cannot *see*. I send you now a second birthday text, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

1868.

I have not yet thanked you for your dear nice letter. What a solemn time it has been to *me*, a strangely-mingled one of sorrow and thanksgiving. I loved dear Evelyn so *very* much. Dear ——, you have special cause to 'give thanks,' for you made her your special prayer (Sat. even.). Go on in the strength of this answer, dearest, and pray on for C. —— and for any others, whom God may incline you to feel interest in. Verily, He is a God that 'heareth prayer.'

I feel for you very much in all your varied anxieties about dear ——. I hope light is arising out of all, and that you may soon have cause for grateful praise. I am so glad that you so wish him to be ordained, and that you *see* that to be 'God's ambassador' is a nobler thing than any other calling. I am very sure of it. And not only *here*, but we may remember Dan. xii. 3, and wish that glory for him.

My mother wishes to have you here for a visit next autumn (*D. V.*). I do not think you will say no! Then I shall take you to one of the Y. W. C. A. meetings, and hope you will enjoy it.

1868.

I particularly wanted to have come this week to see *you*. I hope now, that having rested so long, you will prove the sincerity of all you say about wishing to improve by setting steadily to work. There are plenty of books on your father's shelves which you have not

read; choose something and set about it *at once*. Indeed, I hope you have already done so. This year or two, is the golden time of your life. Take one solid secular book, say a history, and give it a good hour; then give half an hour to some solid religious book. I hope you have some really good Sunday book in hand, (I do not of course mean any rubbish in the way of religious tales or slight memoirs); if so, better finish that first. I am going to bring a very nice French book to occupy another hour, and that will be enough for a start. I give you this outline just till you have more real assistance to fall back upon. You are a most fortunate girl to have the chance of such, and I hope you will avail yourself of it as fully as possible. But little home duties are before anything else, and *the* great point you have to aim at in improvement is to lay aside *self* in every form. Unselfishness is better than high intellectual attainments, and God's promised grace places this within your reach. And its rewards are almost infinite. I long to see you perfectly, *truly*, unselfish and humble. I shall come as soon as I feel strong enough to ride over on the pony.

August 19, 1871.

I was so glad and thankful to hear of Miss C. what certainly seems like a beginning of good work. Only I cannot quite understand the first sentence; it begins 'I am very happy,' and yet all the rest is anything but 'happy,' speaking of dissatisfaction and consciousness of being wrong and hard-hearted, etc.

Did you make a slip of the pen for *un*happy? Otherwise it seems impossible to reconcile it.

Why did you not send me another request for prayer for her? As you did not, and your letter came the day before one of my meetings, I wrote one myself, of mingled *thanks* and prayer.

Dearest, what can one say but the old, old story—*Come again and afresh to Jesus, and at once? Return* to Him, and He will return unto you. And dear one, if He keeps you waiting awhile before He sees fit to let you enjoy again the consciousness of His pardon and love, do not let the hands hang down, but seek Him in *all* His appointed ways, 'go forth by the footsteps of the flock.' And where are those footsteps? Where do the flock go and seek pasture, yea, seek and find the *Shepherd?*

Think and then *act.* I hope I shall soon hear again that you have returned to your rest, and are leaning on and rejoicing in your Beloved.

I am finishing this at Winterdyne, not sleeping here, but at Lower Park, with Maria.

PYRMONT VILLA, *Christmas afternoon* 1871.

I know I have been practically defunct to all my friends and relations since the hymnal business has been on hand; but now I may be considered come to life again, one of the signs whereof is this writing to you! Since I began the Havergal's *Psalmody* in June 1870 till now, I have been steadily and *hard* at work without intermission (except in my Swiss tour), so I think I have got off cheaply with the penalty of two or three weeks of being exhausted and tired out. I meant to have written to you on Saturday, to wish you a happy Christmas, but was prevented. But the day itself is not all, dear ——, and

so I can still wish and pray that all Christmas blessings may be yours. I have been thinking a good deal of the wonderful exchange, which none but *infinite* Love would have devised. *He* made like unto *us*, that *we* might be made like unto *Him*. You will get the other Association papers for 1872, but I thought I should like to send my own New Year's Message to you myself. Will you pray that God's special blessing may go with every copy of the 5000, which the secretary is sending out to the members? It is a long time since I heard from you, and I should like to know how your are getting on, 'being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it, unto the day of Jesus Christ.'

14 Royal Crescent, Whitby, *October* 1875.

You will wonder at having no answer, but the fact is I have watched and waited to see what the Lord would have me say, and I seem to have *no* message whatever for you! I believe this is as distinctly His doing as if He had given me some unmistakeable word of help for you, and it may be that He thus withholds me, because He would have you give up all expectation of help from others, and say 'my expectation is *only* from Him.' I can tell you nothing which you do not already *know*, and therefore it can only be the 'fresh springs' which are in Jesus Himself which can 'revive' you. You have heard pretty well all that human teachers can say—*far* more than I; for remember, I have never been to any convention, nor any single meeting on these subjects, nor had any human word of help whatever, except those letters of Mr. W. And yet, dear, I find Jesus Himself is

enough; and His blessed Spirit is as free to you as to me. I have been immensely struck with Rev. iii. 12: 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God,' etc. Now a *pillar* stands *only* on the foundation, and on nothing else, it has *no* other support, it does not even lean against any other pillar; but *because* it stands thus straight and upright on the foundation only, it is the means of support to other parts of the building. Now I have long been praying that God would fulfil this promise to me, and it may be *one* reason why for nine months He did not let me have even the most ordinary means of grace; and I want you to set about pleading for it too—it is just what you want, isn't it, dear?—to be made a *pillar*, not *in the least* dependent for your spiritual life and tone upon means or influences, or helps, or friends, or meetings, or *any* thing, but to be firmly 'rooted and built up *in Him*,' without any more bendings or quiverings, and able to be yourself a 'means' and influence and help to others.

LEAMINGTON, *Christmas day* 1875.

DARLINGS,—I only came home on Thursday evening, and had lots to do yesterday, and it was just a question to whom I should send Christmas greetings out of an impossible list. So I decided to send to those who have no one or very few to wish them 'a merrie Christmas,' and let my own pets who are pretty sure of that same (by God's great goodness) be left out in the cold as far as my postal communications are concerned. And I suppose you know I did not really forget you! and I took it for granted that sisters are not jealous of brothers, either!

I awoke this morning with, I think, a *God-sent* impression on my mind of the connection between all those five glorious titles in Isa. ix. 6 and Matt. i. 21. He could not be *the* Jesus who 'shall save His people from their sins' without each one of those titles: each was necessary to His being our perfect Saviour. I can't stay to scribble all about it, but I wish you would all work it out for yourselves, it seems to me so particularly full and precious.

March 28, 1876.

I *cried* for joy over your letter—could not help it! Can it really be? After all my longing that *one* of my relatives should have the glorious missionary call, and none seemed to hear it except Clement, who I hope will follow it—that it should come to you!—My *longing* answered at last in *you!*

I too, do not wish to be hasty in counsel, yet I see not why I should not write at once, what I do not in the least believe I should alter if I waited a year! Well, then, it seems to me, that if anybody may give up home and all for Jesus, you may! It is all very well for good people to think others may go, but perhaps few 'others' are really so free to go as you, except the rare cases of having no home ties at all, and really nothing to 'leave' for Christ! . . . Could any one but an orphan have a more open path! So much for 'free to serve.' Now as to 'fitness to serve.' That I believe is altogether the Lord's affair. If you whole-heartedly put yourself into His hands, as a willing instrument in this great service, I think *no* Christian ought to question whether He will use you or not. He can help you over language, and everything, as much as He helps others.

Why not? Only expect everything *only* from *Him*, and nothing at all from yourself, and He will undertake. Never mind about comparative supposed fitness in yourself—quite as well, nay better, that you should see none! so that you may *only* lean upon Him and His grace and *power* in and upon you. It is not as if your desire to serve Him were anything new. For a good while now, so far as I know, you have been honestly, really purposed to 'let Him take all:' it is no new and sudden *principle* springing up, untested; it is only a new opening, a new door. My own feeling rather is, Life is short, and we *owe* it all to Jesus; and if we can and may give Him *next* year, why withhold it, and say, 'No, I had better not give that, but see about giving Him the year after!' I do not mean going to the other extreme and hurrying, but every year delayed is a year less devoted to His work, as we cannot add it to the other end of life. . . .

I will not write more now. I little thought what glorious news this morning's post was to bring me! it's the very, very, very best I could have. Nothing could rejoice me more!

LEAMINGTON, *April* 23, 1876.

You may be sure I have been thinking much about you, though I have heard nothing except the bare fact of your aunt's illness, and your being nurse. It may be that God is going to train you Himself, in ways that we do not know; you will trust Him; you can trust Him—to do just exactly what is right for you—can you not? You have put yourself into His hands, yielded yourself of Him to be His instrument, and there is the end to your present responsibility about it! Now let Him

work, and 'He will work, and who shall let it,' and see if the day does not come that you will look back and say He has led you by the right way! Perhaps the shortest cut would not be the right way! Anyhow He knows, and will lead. I want you when that time comes, not to have the regret of looking back and wishing you had trusted Him all along, and seeing at last how you might just as well have been happy and trustful all the time! but to be able to look back in deep thankfulness to His grace, that kept your trust fixed and unfaltering. Do not fancy I think you do not trust! Only I wanted to warn you, because I rarely know any greater pang than regretting that one ever doubted His wisdom or care, when one sees how exquisitely He was working out His own purposes after all. I have been so bitterly sorry more than once, when, in the darkness, I had distrusted Him, and fidgetted, and schemed, and vexed instead of *resting*. Look the whole thing in the face. Suppose you are kept wearily nursing, with lots of other disappointments for ever so long! Even then I am sure you will say, 'Jesus, I will, can, must, *do* trust Thee.' And of course He will take care to make the most of His own instrument! No fear that He will let it rust and spoil! But He may put it aside, dipped in oil for a little, and then grind it afresh, and then polish it, and make it a ten times more valuable instrument than it could have been, if He had taken and used it at once! I am quite sure He will do right, and so are you!

May 1876.

I only want to send you one verse which has come so forcibly to my mind for you that I won't write about

anything else to-day. Ezek. xl. 4 : 'Son of man, behold with thine eyes, and hear with thine ears, and set thine heart upon all that I shall show thee ; for to the intent that I should show unto thee art thou brought hither.' Does 'hither' mean ——? I think so for you! So He has brought you there that He may 'show unto thee' ('them' is not in the original, you see). Show what? Surely Himself, John xiv. 21 ; His glory and greatness, Ex. xxxiii. 18, 19; great things, Jer. xxxiii. 3 ; greater things, John i. 50. And the command is to you 'behold,' 'hear,' 'set thine heart upon.' It will not be a little, for the 'all' seems to imply a great deal. 'To the intent'—He has brought you hither purposely with distinct intention. 'That I might show' then. He could not have shown you as much elsewhere. He has brought you just where He knows you can be shown most. 'Art thou *brought*,' does not that just fit? You did not choose or plan or go of yourself. He *brought* you hither ; see ver. 1 : 'The hand of the Lord was upon me, and brought me thither.' So far and no farther just now ; but I have no doubt whatever but that in His own time, when He has shown you 'all,' He will go on to the following command : 'Declare all thou seest to the house of Israel.' Nothing could be a stronger confirmation to my own mind, of the reality of your offer of yourself to Him, and the reality of His acceptance of you, as His 'chosen vessel' for service, than His thus instantly taking you apart—taking you in hand. It is so marked, and so singularly accordant with His almost invariable dealing with those whom He means to use. Oh, you may indeed trust Him, and let Him train you for what He most wants you for, just as He will.

OAKHAMPTON, 1876.

. . . I have been really *ill* for several weeks, and all writing has had to be postponed. It is quite out of the question, therefore, to write a choir letter. Almost every post brings me requests which I am obliged to decline. I had just begun some little new books for this winter season, but of course have been unable to go on with them, to Nisbet's great disappointment ; and when I can write, I think I ought to go through with what I felt God had laid on my own heart to do ; as, if I break off and perpetually write one little thing for one, and another for another, as I have been in the habit of doing, I find I break the thread, and get my available time all cut up into patchwork, and can rarely accomplish anything but scraps, which does not seem the best investment of what little ability and less strength God gives me. You, I know, will understand me, darling, though some would not ; but even you have not the least idea what numbers of requests I get to write for all sorts of causes and societies, and classes and folks in general ! And here am I, just two years since I have been able to do any writing worth speaking of at all !

I have been so struck lately in reading 2 Samuel with the exquisite typical touches. Have you noticed 2 Sam. xix. 20 ? the *knowing* that we have sinned being the very reason for coming 'the *first* of *all*' to meet the King. No waiting for turns in that court. Darling, how really wonderfully He is training and using you ! He has done for you, exceeding abundantly above all I asked or thought for you. I did not expect all this. And more and more may 'the name of our Lord Jesus Christ be glorified in you.' I am so glad you gave the address.

Never mind yourself at all. Just as if He would not use your lips, when you have put them at His disposal. Of course He will!

LEAMINGTON, *December* 29, 1876.

A very happy New Year to you! Grannie came and asked me 'a *very* great favour;' it was, 'Might *she* send *My King* to you instead of me, as she knew I intended?' So I resigned in her favour! She loves you very much, and wanted to send it herself. But it will say lots of little things which I should like to say or write to you; so if any chapter seems to suit you, you must suppose it headed 'Dearest A.,' and signed 'Your loving aunt Frances.' I like your calling me that so much. I always liked Frances better than Fanny, and Connie nearly always calls me by that name, and so do a good many others.

My eyes are better, but I am obliged to save them as much as possible; so M. kindly answered your dear letter to me, as we were quite of one mind on the subject. Oh, we may surely trust Jesus about it! it does not trouble me an instant for that reason.

January 30, 1877.

This is another 'answer'! Being at my wits' end, so many subscribers and collectors lost by death and other causes, and efforts to replace them all failing, I had to tell the Lord that my expectation could be only from Him, and asked Him to send me something 'quite unexpected;' and forthwith 'quite unexpected' donations, thank-offerings, and increased subscriptions came in, and in ten days about £9 has come *thus!* I prayed yester-

day that He would not stop just yet, and so yesterday He inclined you to increase your subscription! The special appeal is indeed sad, is not it? (For the Irish Society.)

I have not seen or heard of the book *High Truth*. Get hold of Mrs. Gordon's new book, *Hay Macdowall Grant of Arndilly* (Seeley); it is most valuable; his letters contain so much that is striking and practical and instructive as to dealing with souls, and the whole thing is intensely stimulating and helpful. Ditto, *Our Coffee-Room* (Nisbet), which is splendid! and especially shows how God can and does use the very simplest words. The writer, Miss Cotton, really never seems to have said a thing which you or I could not have said, and yet the power of God with it was marvellous. Both are first-rate for lending. How gracious of Him to use the trying experience you had about P. B——ism. I hope you will take the meetings, for of course He will help you. Is not Jehoshaphat nice in this A.M. chapter, 'Stand ye still, and see'? 'See' how he will help you! You know I am not in the Stepney Union, but in the Christian Progress Union, which for many reasons I infinitely prefer. But we have the same morning chapter as you. I only use the 'Stepney' for those whom it would be hopeless to persuade to read twice a day, and see that it rather encourages the notion, that one has done one's duty, by reading one chapter a day! All ought to be reading both parts of His Word, Old and New, every day. But many join both, and I rather think I shall also join Mr. Richardson's just for the sake of gaining any who are too far behindhand to read twice.

LEAMINGTON, 1877.

I can *most fully* enter into your somewhat complicated trials. I will hand on to you what comforted me exceedingly a night or two ago, though not a text. It is the refrain of an old *slave* hymn, 'Nobody knows but Jesus'! Does it not draw one very near to feel that? Say that to yourself next time you feel troubled, and have no relief of telling it to a human ear. It *is* so sweet. Just a secret between one's own sore heart and the dear Lord's loving heart! Another thought struck me for you as to the special trial you tell me of. 'Consider Him, who endured such *contradiction*'! There is a whole mine of cheer and help in that. And consider further—if it is a *far* keener trial to see—'enduring' it than if you only had it to bear. 'Consider' how God the Father for His great love wherewith He loved us, saw and endured all the contradiction of sinners to His dear Son, and let them go on contradicting and never interfered, and let Him endure it to the bitter end, all because He loved us, so He 'spared not His own Son' even in this. . . .

68 MILDMAY PARK, *October* 1877.

Fancy me laid up here of all places, and being nursed with an influenza cold! Nineteen letters this morning, and yours and two more over from yesterday. But I must try and send a line to you. I told dear Mrs. Pennefather, and she is so kind and sympathizing for you. She sends you, 'Sit still, my daughter;' and '*then*,' she says, 'she may go on to the rest of the verse.' As for 'never,' are you not '*ever*' in your Lord's hand, and in your Lord's service? And won't you—oh, I

know you will—'let Him do what seemeth Him good'? For He will not only do what is 'good,' but absolutely best in you and for you and by you for His own glory. Of course, He will! Only you '*let* Him'! I don't see what you have to do with 'never;' you have only to do with '*now*.' 'Now the tuning and the training!' If *He* says 'never,' He will keep you loving His Word and His will; and if *He* does not say 'never,' what matter who else says it? 'He will work, and who shall let it?' So just leave the 'never' in the dear Master's hand, and live in His '*now*,' and look beyond to His 'for ever' of Rev. xxii. 3, connected with Ex. xxi. 6.

Please thank Miss Holland very much for her *lovely* card, and do not I like the text!

DIVISION III.

LETTERS TO A CLERICAL FRIEND AND HIS WIFE, FROM 1870 TO 1875.

December 30, 1870.

I really do not wish any signature but F. R. H. to my tunes in Havergal's *Psalmody*. I do not want to be conspicuous as to them; every one will think it presumptuous to have written them at all, and I would far rather keep out of sight as to them, though I feel the opposite as to being recognised as editor, which is a different thing. For the public who do not know me, my full name would have been an introduction, but my initials would answer no purpose at all. Therefore, I prefer yielding my wishes, and have crossed off my name and initials from the preface altogether, and let the Havergal *Psalmody* be anonymously edited.

My mother has given me too many plain hints, for me to pretend not to know her wishes in this matter, and I have definitely set it before myself, God helping me, that whenever I *do* ascertain her wishes in anything, I will follow them *at any* cost. But I thus forego an advantage which is not likely ever to be given me again, of gaining

a musical footing of this kind, and one which I have fairly earned in all these months of musical editing and composing, and one which might have no small bearing upon my whole future path. It was with my dear father's express approval that I gave my full name to *Ministry of Song*. And I cannot say I see the difference now.

As for making the sacrifice (for such it is under the circumstances), I cannot say I have had grace enough to do it cheerfully, for I have felt naughty and vexed about it. I only do it, because it is right, and because I really wish to please my mother. Will you pray that I may have grace not to do it somewhat regretfully and reluctantly (because it will affect my own song publishing), but to feel rightly and be right in God's sight. I want to make my birthday season a 'henceforth' in Christian life (2 Cor. v. 15), and *really* to live unto Him; not merely have 'a name to live.'

On Sunday morning that spirit of prayer which I do so value, and for which I do so long, seemed suddenly to come upon me, and with it a special impulse to dedicate myself afresh to Jesus; and so I did, entreating Him to make me more entirely His than ever before. I brought every faculty, every gift, even every member separately to Him, to sanctify each to His service and praise. But since then, I have not been consciously much the better for it, and I have not been as much in prayer as I could wish.

There are many reasons why I like the country better than town, but one of the greatest is, that when I am walking in the country, I am often much in prayer; and in the town, where, of course, I have many home errands

to do, and calls to make, I never seem able to get the quiet enjoyment.

You are one of my greatest responsibilities in this now closing year. It is no light thing to have had such prayers, such counsel, such loving watchfulness over my soul—all this ought not to leave me as it found me, and I hope it has really not been in vain in the most important respect. As to cheer and solace and comfort, it has certainly not been in vain, and God knows how much darker the shadows of this sorrowful year would have been if He had not so graciously sent you to lighten them. I am so thankful God has given me such a kind and true friend since my dear father's death.

December 1870.

Is the great darkness passed? I have been praying so much for you, and whenever I pray, that 2 Cor. i. passage comes again and again in connection with you. Is it not worth this great suffering if it is laid upon you for His people's sake, as I think it is? And in this sense all that you have suffered in these last few days is indeed the 'fellowship of His sufferings.' 'Fellowship' must be, and is both-sided; and so He, too, must have had fellowship in your suffering.

I am so glad Christmas Day falls on Sunday this year; it takes off the *edge* of the anniversary feeling.

No sad anniversaries for your little darling—*never*.

I do so pray that Jesus may be so very present to you *both*, that your great sorrow may even now be turned into 'great joy.' I suppose He can do it, and *so* I ask it.

Do not pray any more, or you will be the worse for it—we *have* committed (the dear sick one) to God; perhaps

He would have us now leave it restfully with Him. He *has* heard, and He knoweth our frame.

I do hope you will not do anything unnecessary while you are away. You must need rest so sadly—the present 'temples' are only *clay*, and you must not forget that fact, and work as if they were iron and brass. Do not write a word to me which is not actually necessary, till your eyes and head are better.

'O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!' etc. I should have enjoyed living before Caxton. Mustn't it have been nice to have no publishers?

Skating has cured me.

I am going to sing some sacred music, and my father's Christmas carols, 'How grand and how bright!' 'So happy all the day!' at Mr. Bromley's annual parochial tea-party to-night for 500 poor people.

On Wednesday I am to give an evening's sacred music to the patients in the Hydropathic here. Lately I sang at a large party, invited expressly to hear me; so I took it all prayerfully, and had my own way, and sang my most sacred songs, hoping some might be a 'message.' When I came away, our clergyman, the Rev. J. S. Ruddach, with kind and grave emphasis said, 'I thank you for *your* sermon to-night.'

1871.

When you pray for me, will you ask that I may use my influence *always* wisely and earnestly. I think God gives it me, for I should not know how to try to get it! Mr. Shaw said the other day, 'You are a queer body, F.!' 'Why?' I said. 'See, here is every one making arrangements to get a *tête-à-tête* with you!'

It is queer, but a great responsibility. That is why I

actually rather dread a visit to a large household; for each one separately, as a rule, seems to imagine they must pour out all their difficulties and feelings to me in private, often down to the very servants; and though I am thankful for the opportunities this gives, you cannot think what a strain it often becomes upon heart and nerves. I hope not many are the repositories of as many sad secrets, spiritual and temporal, as I am.

A dear young friend married the Rector of a immense parish, and feels overwhelmed, not merely with the vast work which might be done, and to which no young lady could be physically equal, but with the sense of being too young to 'presume' to try and talk to people and influence them and so forth. She has got disheartened and tempted, and this was why she was so eager for me to come. She was one of what are called 'Frances' ladyloves;' for it is a joke among my friends, what a remarkable hold I often get upon young girls. To *me* it is anything but a joke—rather a very solemn responsibility; for the influence I feel and know I do get, is often quite extraordinary and unaccountable to myself.

1871.

I do not think you ever need fear for me again as to High Churchism, for my three weeks' visit here has been about as strong a test as I could well have; and yet I feel I have not swerved a hair's breadth in my sympathies, which are perhaps more strongly and consciously than ever before on the Evangelical side. Here, I have been in contact with the best type of High Church, not merely as to exceeding beauty of musical services, without any absurdities of ritualism, but the Vicar, with whom I have

had a great deal of conversation, is just one who would influence me in the matter if any one could. He is candid, gentlemanly, and kind, and I have immense respect for his intellectual powers, and no more doubt of his personal piety and real religion than I have of yours! And yet I feel I am not swayed in the least. He holds the whole High Church scheme, beginning with baptismal regeneration. I never saw before how complete each scheme is in itself. I always wondered why people did not hold some doctrines of one school, and some of the other, but I see now; and so my allegiance is given in more entirely than ever to the Evangelical side, and I never could go with the other in anything, because I now understand that it must be all or none.

We have had some delightful excursions, and yesterday, to my intense delight, spent several hours on the heights of a real wild Yorkshire moor, with nothing but moor and sky, and distant sweeps of hills and heather, and peewits and grouse and bogs and rocks! Just what I enjoy!

On the Peak of the GORNER GRAT, 10,200 feet high!
July 14, 1871.

I must write you a few lines from this grandest of all God's great mountain temples. You never had a letter from this altitude before! It is stated to be without exception the finest mountain panorama in Europe. We slept at the Riffel (8000 feet), and climbed up here for sunrise, starting at 3 A.M. It is now 9 A.M., and we have been up here all the time and alone till a few minutes ago. It is an exceptionally glorious morning, a magnificent sunrise, with all that wonderful rose-fire which I

told you about in my 'circular' from Bel Alp. And now there is not a cloud, and every peak stands out white, sharp, and clear against a deep blue sky. We had to walk about a little space of three or four yards (snow being all round) till six o'clock, to keep warm till the sun got power, for all was hard frozen till then,—now it is quite hot. I have been reading and praying in this marvellous scene, and now writing. Of course our guide carried up provisions for us, as we wished to stay, and sent him down; so we have breakfasted on hard eggs and bread and wine!

Dear friend, it is utterly impossible to write hymns here —there is not the remotest chance of one unless we had some spell of bad weather! You cannot think what it is; always something to look at or do—every step needs looking at, it is not like walking along a road; then the flowers are most distracting, myriads of lovely things, then goats and cows, and our scrambling or gambolling about the rocks, not to mention the ever-changing effects of mountain and cloud; one cannot possibly concentrate thought on any subject, even in prayer—ejaculatory prayer is all that seems possible. Perhaps this is the best *possible* thing for me; I feel as if it was restoring, not merely physical but mental balance. At present it really seems as if I could neither think nor write of anything but 'Switzerland;' and when I am not out and about, I generally take the opportunity of going to sleep, as E. C. and I are usually up before five and often before four.

I do so wish you and Mrs. —— would come to Switzerland, it is so utterly different from just messing at English watering-places. I cannot imagine why people who can afford it do not come.

It is very difficult to believe that *David* never was in Switzerland!

I did not forget my dear Perry Y. W. C. Association members last night—their 7.30 was 8.10 here (difference of time 40 minutes).

ZERMATT, 1871.

. . . Do you hear anything of our proceedings? I hope you do, and only wish you could *see* us at it! I am thankful I promised —— before leaving England that I would not go anywhere that *I* considered dangerous, for I am sure I have been nearly all day in places which you would think awful! The result, however, is, that I have not felt so well for years, and have quite lost that constant sense of weariness, which was so oppressive to me. Our tour has been so singularly pleasant in every way that it almost makes me tremble, and I have been wondering whether it is a gracious 'nevertheless afterwards' of great sorrow behind, or whether it may be a preparation for some great and unguessed sorrows to come. Any special enjoyment is nearly always one or the other as far as *my* experience goes. I am so glad I am coming to see you, instead of going home direct; for last time I was in Switzerland, my greatest anticipation was telling my dear father all about it, knowing how exceedingly interested he would be, and I knew I should feel fresh pain and loss if I went to Pyrmont Villa, which hardly seems home now. The only cloud upon this summer is that even the very independent way in which I am going about (much as in other respects I enjoy it) constantly reminds me that I am an orphan and *alone*, and often I feel it bitterly. I do not think you could quite understand how I mean,

for you as a wife have an even nearer and greater and dearer protection than a father; and yet it is a sort of relief to say out this sense of loneliness for once, just for once.

Will you ask your Y. W. C. A. members to pray for a young Swiss girl, waitress at this hotel, in whom I am immensely interested. I have been reading the Bible with her each day, and I do trust she is really awakened, though I cannot say more than that yet. She is a singularly sweet and charming girl, and has been brought up a Romanist (*no* Protestants here), and I found her, not thoughtless, but trying to earn salvation by good works; and *finding* that she 'could not be good enough,' she fears death; and 'why should I not, when I do not merit heaven and must go to purgatory?' So the free salvation is good news to her.

OAKHAMPTON, 1871.

I do feel so much better already for the utter quiet and rest here. Glad as I shall be to see my sister return, I am gladder still to have these three days without needing to speak to any one or feeling that any one wants to speak to me, or wonders what I am about.

I am amused at your thinking my sister Miriam might not *like* me to come thus before her! The terms we four sisters are on, are simply, that each really and honestly likes nothing so much as that each should do or have *exactly* what she likes or *fancies* she likes! We understand each other so *perfectly*, it would never cross my mind 'would she like it?' because if *I* liked it she would be *certain* to like me to do it. It is very nice to be thus, *all four of us* sisters.

It was a rather peculiar 'need,' and God has exactly supplied it. Already the wretched sense of nervous exhaustion produced by the suspense and strain of last week is *quite* gone, and though 'the cross is not removed' and I am still in much uncertainty (as no letter has reached or could reach me to-day), I can feel quite trustful and restful and acquiescent in *all*.

It is intensely beautiful at Oakhampton (I always think this part of Worcestershire exquisite), and the conservatory and gardens are delicious.

The servants were delighted, and not at all astonished; it seems my sister told them it was quite likely I might drop in any day. They cannot do enough for me, and I have had quite a battle to make them understand that I really do not require five sitting-rooms! Yesterday I only went to church in the morning, as I was very tired; so I only rested, and planned and prepared for my Sunday evening readings. I have decided on 'The Lord's Prayer, and the Promises on which it is founded.' I never worked it out entirely yet, and I think I shall enjoy doing it very much. I only took 'Our Father' last night, including the (1) Means, (2) the Tokens, (3) Privileges, (4) Duties, (5) Promises of Adoption. The servants were most anxious for some singing from *Songs of Grace and Glory* and Havergal's *Psalmody*, and were greatly gratified at my approbation, which was really well deserved. My sister has gone to work in a most systematic way with both books; they learn a new hymn *and* tune every Sunday, keeping up all the old ones, and the footman learns the bass of every one! No. 642 is a special favourite hymn, and 'Hermas' the pet tune. I am delighted to find that my sister is making quite a

deaconess of Sarah (the nice maid); she gives the whole evening after five o'clock tea *regularly* to visiting and reading, and very often a whole morning also; she is *beautifully* humble and *thankful* to be allowed to work thus. I find she knows every cottage in the parish, and can tell me about every one; she will be charmed to help me beat up for cottage readings.

This morning I went a delicious stroll; you have no idea how beautiful some of the lanes are, and so full of flowers that I am quite consoled for Switzerland even! They are exceedingly luxuriant and *lonely* and lovely, so I stayed out till near dinner-time enjoying them. I wrote a recitative and another song for my Swiss cantata. I think you will like the latter; it is a sort of sacred mountain song. Then I called on old Mrs. Lane (see 'Thankfulness for Crumbs,' below) who is nearly blind, who even now recollects and quotes my dear father's texts of more than thirty years ago. I do not mean texts of sermons, but what he gave her when visiting her. She was extremely delighted at my coming, and so was another old parishioner whose cottage I passed and went in to see.

THANKFULNESS FOR CRUMBS.[1]

'Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.'—JER. xv. 16.

An old woman of ninety lives in a lonely country cottage. It is pretty enough, half-covered with roses and honeysuckle, but it is years since poor Mrs. Lane has seen them; she is blind. A few years ago

[1] Leaflet: Caswell, Birmingham.

ministering steps came often to her door, but now they are silent for ever on earth, and the little garden-path is never trodden by any lady visitor. While spending a few weeks in the neighbourhood, I went to see her now and then, and at each visit taught her a short text, and other young visitors did the same.

The last time I saw her, she repeated all the texts she had thus learnt with the greatest delight. She seemed to think the possession of these little texts—only about half a dozen—a perfect treasure, and counted them over like pieces of gold.

'Oh dear, Miss, this summer's gone too quick for me; it made the time pass so pleasant, having all them beautiful texts. I couldn't tell you how it's passed away the time. There's "*I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh upon me;*" there's a many as don't think about a poor old blind body like me, but the Lord does; and that *must* be for me, Miss, because I'm very poor, Miss, just like it says in the verse. And then there's "*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;*" that's my companion, I call it, Miss; you wouldn't believe what company that is to me, and it seems to take me through all my little troubles of every day; I don't think that's been out of my mind an hour since you learnt it me. Ah! I know what came next—"*Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end;*" that was right, wasn't it, Miss? I couldn't say it rightly at first, but I've got it faster than any now, since you taught it me over again; that's always my comfort when I feel so sinking like, and I think perhaps it's the end coming near, and then He'll love me unto the end. But that last one I learnt—

"*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty*"—that *is* beautiful; oh, it *is* a beauty! My poor eyes, Miss, that can't see you, it says they shall see Him; to think of that now! well, to be sure now!' and the dear old woman's voice lowered, murmuring on in broken exclamations of happy anticipation, till she seemed almost to forget her visitor's presence.

What a lesson of thankfulness for crumbs! Far too infirm to reach any service, no one to read to her, her only companion being a somewhat graceless great-grandson, away at work all day; no treasures of earlier teaching to fall back upon, nothing but six little texts, and these filling the poor blind woman's heart with comfort, making the lonely summer pass 'too quick,' and being 'company' to her, night and day! What an illustration of the satisfying power of the Spirit's teaching, and what a reproof to those who, with access to all the full and precious promises of the Word, give scanty time and thought to their appropriation!

And may it not suggest the value of trying to fasten God's own words in the memories of those whom we visit? A whole chapter read and explained may leave a happy impression, but a few words actually learnt are often far more useful. Never mind if the weak or aged memory cannot at first retain them,—go over the same tiny text next time, and then add another, and by dint of constant repetition, it is wonderful how many will at last be retained, while the increasing stock is increasingly valued, and becomes not only a source of fresh, bright interest, but of true, deep influence upon heart and life.

My sister has a weekly reading with the old women

of a cluster of almshouses, and has for some time pursued the plan of teaching them a short text every time. They repeat them after her, over and over, just like little children, always saying over in chorus all the previously-learnt texts; and the pleasure which this appears to give them is almost amusing. Many of the texts thus learnt have been indeed 'songs in the night,' cheering long hours of pain and loneliness, and giving new proof of His faithfulness, who says, 'My word shall NOT return to Me void.'

1871.

It was so good of you to write to me so gently and soothingly, and yet faithfully; you always do. I write pepper, and you write wine and honey. Oh! if you only knew how bitterly I grieve over my own yieldings to my peculiar temptations, I wonder He has patience with me any more. That text touches the very point. I knew it, and felt it for some time past, that I was not 'keeping my own vineyard,' always feeling so utterly weary at night that many nights I hardly prayed at all, and the days seemed too full to gain time for what alone can give spiritual strength,—for when I professed to go and lie down, I have nearly every day lately spent the time in writing my own letters, instead of, as I used to do, getting both physical and spiritual rest by lying down and reading the Bible part of the time. So it is no wonder that all three kinds of strength seemed to fail together. If I come back again to finish proof correcting, I must manage better, and shall aim conscientiously and plan carefully to avoid such another breakdown. But though it is so inconsistent, it always seems to me that the very fact of feeling as I do, so utterly sinful and

so full of miserable failure, is just what makes me a great deal more anxious about the other vineyards, and also more eager for every help I can have for myself by the way. And it is very often when I am feeling the burden of conflict and the bitterness of failure the most, that I am most intensely anxious about others, because if the battle is so hard even *with* Christ, what must it be *without* Him; and so I could give the world to be permitted in any way to lead others to Him for safety, or *nearer* to Him for strength. And it is just because I feel so weak, and so behind what I ought to be, that such things as his Reverence's suggestions of texts seem so helpful and enjoyable. I *catch* at them, not because I feel strong, but because I feel I am such a weak Christian; and every failure only makes these desires stronger, though they must seem so inconsistent with them. I know it must seem sometimes to you, when I give way so wrongly by pen (for that is less easy to restrain than even tongue), as if my whole profession must be just hollow and unreal because I do not live up to it; but oh, how I *long* to do so! I am sure if God deals with me as I deserve, He will leave me outside all the Mission Week blessing, though I plead '*even me*, O my Father.' Do you understand me? It is not easy to put it into words.

PYRMONT VILLA, *December* 23.

I do so hope you are better, and will be able to get easily and happily through the Christmas time.

How strange it is, the difference in one's *power*, so to speak, of prayer. Sometimes one could pray for hours, at others one's very heart seems withered up, and no prayer can flow out, even when one mourns over it and

longs to be able to pray. Is this, too, another *sovereignty* which we have to learn, not merely as one grand truth, but in its every detail. How is it that you seem always able to pray?

Christmas 'really come again!' Somehow I never seem to have got the full benefit out of the Holy season. I do so long to realize more of His unspeakable love in ever coming at all to save us, and of the infinite condescension of His taking *our* nature upon Him, and becoming like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him.

OAKHAMPTON.

I wonder if you were praying for me this morning, for the cloud seemed lifted, and I could pray. You seem always able to pray, and I fancy you can therefore hardly imagine the *unspeakable* relief it is, when, after long feeling as if the very tongue of prayer clave to the root of one's mouth, it is suddenly loosed, and one can pour out one's heart freely and fully and confidingly. I did not feel well, and did not go to church (which is a long walk) in the morning. I went up on the *roof* (which is flat and very pleasant), intending only to get five minutes' refreshment of cool air; a chord had been touched of memories and trials, and, while musing over them, that spirit of prayer which I value more than I can tell you, came on me. I forgot time and walked up and down, praying intensely and with not altogether sorrowful tears, for more than an hour—more than the walk to church would have been. I am sure Jesus was drawing my heart up to Himself. And I had so much to tell Him, so very much to confess, so much to ask, and so much to give thanks for, and so much to *say* to Him which did

not come under either of these. Oh, if I could only always be near and find 'access'! Sometimes it seems as if I could not pray at all, even if I kneel and cry for ever so long; you can't think how miserable this is. Besides, I never seem able to speak *for* Jesus when I cannot speak *to* Him; and *then*, as I believe I have His commission, 'Let him that heareth say, Come,' I feel such a traitor and deserter, and I am 'without excuse.' I do so long to rise to a higher level of Christian life. It is not that I do not know, but that I cannot grasp the great truths to which you point me, and sometimes everything seems to melt away from me altogether, and I seem to have 'no part or lot,' etc. I can tell others all you tell me, but often all these precious truths seem to slip from numb fingers, and I am left with nothing, and can get no comfort at all but by beginning over again, and coming to Jesus, on the strength of His simplest and most elementary promises (so to speak), coming as a little child or an utter sinner.

February 22, 1872.

I wonder if you will recognise the answer to your prayer as sent in another hymn, 'The Infinity of God,' and, I think, *higher* form? Strangely enough on Sunday, not a hymn but a *poem* came to me,—certainly one, I think, of my best, and among my longest,—'The Sowers.' In the course of this (which I have been giving leisure time to for three days, and hope to finish in another half-hour this afternoon) I found myself led suddenly, and by an unexpected turn, to the grandest attribute, the 'Infinity of God,' and wrote a few verses on that theme, which are perhaps what you would have liked as a

hymn, only that they did not fall into that form, and cannot be used as such. Well now, what if that was the direct answer to your prayer, only not for your benefit, but maybe for the benefit of some who will never see *Songs of Grace and Glory* at all, but who may read this in some magazine, circulating 50,000 or more at a single blow! Can you accept this hymn as an answer?

PYRMONT VILLA.

My daily calendar!

Before 7 A.M. I was ready dressed, including making my bed (only one servant in the house).—7.30 to 8. Read Greek Testament, part of Rom. vii. and viii.—8 to 8.30. Wrote to Elliot Stock about pirating my hymn. Copied new hymn.—8.30 to 9. Prayers and breakfast.—9 to 9.45. Consulted my mother about letters, calls, and house errands, and dusted drawing-room!—9.45 to 11.45. Made copy of 'My Singing Lesson' for Mr. Bulloch, and wrote to him; corrected a *Fireside* proof; looked over my song, 'Whom having not seen, ye love,'[1] which I am going to publish at last for the benefit of the 'Female Home' here; wrote to Hutchings and Romer for estimate; and wrote three letters about the 'Home' fund—a pretty stiff two hours' work. Then went to call on, and take out for a walk, a young lady whom I have been asked to visit and influence, in a very vortex of worldly society and gaiety. We walked alone, did what I could, and I deposited her at her house again, time enough for dinner, at 1.45.—2.30. Mrs. Beresford, daughter, and friend called, partly about the Irish

[1] 'Whom having not seen.' Sacred Song. Published by Hutchings and Romer, 9 Conduit Street, London.

Society, for which one of them collects.—3 P.M. Wrote to Mr. ——.—3.30. Out with my mother to pay some calls which *ought* to be paid. After these, went on alone to two poor Christian workwomen, a mile and a half from here, with a little help for them from a friend.—Home about 5.45—cup of tea.—6. Finish off two or three notes and parcels in time for post at 6.45.

When I have done this I shall *rest* for quarter of an hour, and then, if not too tired, write a little at my story till tea, 7.30.

P. VILLA, 7.30 A.M., *February* 23, 1872.

Here is your hymn! I have just finished copying it out, and write at once, that I may run with it to the early post, if it stops raining (it is too far to go if wet). The verses came to me almost exactly backwards, in this order—5, 3, 4, 2, 1! beginning at the end. I don't recollect ever writing dactyls before; but the magnificent words in Ex. xv. came to me *first* as a ready-made line, 'Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises'! and I saw the grand swing of it, and did the rest to correspond. The poem is more akin to my Hymn 1025, 'Sovereign Lord and gracious Master,' than to this subject, upon which it merely *touches*.

I think you are simply tempting Providence by having gone on in this way without any rest or break. I do not believe in '*cannot*;' for it is not merely 'where there's a will there's a way,' but it will probably come at last to '*must*,' and the 'lull in life' which you might have gained benefit by for yourself and others be enforced by illness, which will make it all time lost instead of gained. I feel very strongly about it, because it is what my best

friends usually distress me by doing, and I will make no more friendships with people who *will* commit slow suicide. There must be physical retribution sooner or later.

A new idea occurred to me in the night, which I wonder I never thought of before. How would it be to have a packet of 'Leaflets from *Songs of Grace and Glory*,' by F. R. H.? Parlane would do them for nothing, and *give* us probably *six dozen* packets of 50 or 60 in each.[1]

I was so sorry that I lost a special opportunity of a 'word for Jesus' last night. I met some strangers with other friends. Partly because it was a splendidly *resonant* room, and partly because I knew there were some present who would sympathize vividly with me, I sang my music to, 'Whom having not seen, ye love.' I am conscious I sang it unusually well (so as, I am sure, you never heard me sing yet). It seemed to have an extraordinary effect on the stranger. He told me he was so unprepared for anything of the sort, and that it did not seem like singing, but something quite different (he implied preaching) —that he positively could not speak for a minute or two, and I saw that his eyes were moist. And yet, with such an opportunity,—for I believe I might have said what I liked at that moment with *effect*,—I let some little thing break the spell and divert my attention, and let the opportunity slip. Oh, I have *so* regretted ever since that I did not at once speak of Him and for Him as I might have done!

Sometimes this losing any opportunity is overruled to

[1] *Six Packets of Leaflets*, by F. R. H. Messrs. Parlane & Caswell.

make me more watchful for the next opportunity, but that does not lessen the fault.

February 1872.

There is much prayer going on now here, for a special outpouring of the Spirit. I sent a paper about it to the daily prayer meeting. It has been read out there every day for the last seven or eight days, and most warmly taken up; and this has brought out the fact that the same thing is, in a very special manner, in other minds too—simultaneous yet without communication; so we hope it preludes blessing.

We are solemnly reminded how short and uncertain our life is; for within a week two deaths have occurred, connected with our family,—Viscount Mountmorres, Mr. Shaw's brother-in-law. He goes over to the funeral in Ireland, Lady M. being his eldest sister—a real and tried Christian.

Then my brother Frank travelled in wretched weather to Alloa, in consequence of the Earl of Kellie's death. Isabel was very much attached to him (they are cousins), and she feels his death much.

I have just had a curiously interesting letter from ——. He says he has formed a great regard for me, and is exceedingly struck with a poem of mine, which he has accidentally come across. I have replied in a very downright letter, speaking plainly of 'Jesus,' as he has given me such an opening. So possibly my visit the first day was not thrown away, though it seemed so useless. I think my having recently been over the fortifications of Belfort interested the General, and he seemed amused that I had studied fortifications generally! He is quite

the courtier. After two or three calls on his sweet wife, he came and asked me to pray for and with him; it seemed such humility.

WINTERDYNE, *April* 19.

I was so unusually happy on Sunday and Monday, and have not yet lost the happy frame. I told my sister Ellen about Prov. iv. 11, but I got something else too. I read on Sunday some of Dr. Candlish on the *First Epistle of St. John*, and was very much struck with his exposition of the 'Truly our fellowship is with the Father.' I do not think I ever had any insight into that fellowship before, though I had dwelt on it as a longing outsider; but somehow it seemed on Sunday eve to be a *real* thing. I felt it was indeed 'truly,' and I could rejoice in it. I am so thankful to get such glimpses, for I do not have many, and so I prize them all the more. But I long to be *kept* in 'fellowship.'

Mr. Shaw and my sister speak often and most affectionately of you; they do so really value your friendship. We have *Songs of Grace and Glory* hymns every night at prayers.

I have been wanting to write to you about a crowded meeting we had last Friday—address by Captain Neville Sherbrooke, very beautiful and earnest. An 'after meeting' was held, and many stayed and 'found peace.' I had never been at one before; it was very solemn. I wanted to remain quietly kneeling and praying by myself, but felt a strong impulse to go and try to speak to some one, so crept away and knelt down by others and prayed and talked with them; the three to whom I seemed thus sent have all found Jesus—tears changed to thanksgiving. You would not guess who one was—dear little ——!

She that night really found Christ, and came from the room so happy, and it is evident ever since that she 'has been with Jesus.' She has been thoughtful and in earnest on the subject for a long time, I think two or three years, but now she *knows* she is forgiven and accepted. Another was a young girl who is fatherless, and so attracted my special sympathy. Was it not good of God to give me this great joy?

Mr. Everard and Captain Sherbrooke have promised to come together in the autumn and hold a mission week at Bewdley, and the Rev. Fortescue is so cordial on the subject.

PYRMONT VILLA, *June* 10, 1872.

It seems a long time since I have written to you, but I have forgotten neither you nor *S. G. G.!* I have had some correspondence with Nisbet (*i.e.* with Mr. Watson) on my own affairs, and he is so extremely kind and practically obliging, not only about the *Ministry of Song*, but about my new book, that it has inclined me to hope very much that you will be guided to place *S. G. G.* in his hands.

My dear mother was very ill immediately after Frank left, and she is not getting on very fast yet. She is just able to get across into her study and lie on the sofa there. I do so long for her to be well again. Dear Miriam, L. C. has been with us; she is so lovely and so quiet and gentle that mother would not have her little visit put off, though she is not allowed to see any one else yet.

Everything seems to prosper with me as to *pen*. I see 'The Sowers' is in the *Sunday Magazine* for June. I wish you would look at an article in it on 'Leisure' in

the same number, by Dr. John Ker, (who is rather an admiration of mine). I want you to see what he says about the quiet influence of nature, scenery, etc. I believe that is what you and all your party need, though it may not be felt or recognised; and that if you went to some grand fresh scenery, either British or foreign, right away from bricks and mortar and ordinary humdrum routine of watering-places, you and Mrs. S. would be renovated altogether, soul and body, and E. would be rosy. There! that is my view, and long has been.

I had a little party on Friday, and quite after my own fashion, and it was enjoyed much more than an ordinary party! We had a good set-to at hymns soon after tea, and then got our Bibles and read and talked over part of Colossians i. The hymns had done all the ice-breaking and thawing first, and so we came to the reading warmed up. I took care to have just a majority of those who were altogether 'of one mind,' and then threw in three or four of those whom I want to teach to like spiritual things, and I think these last were quite surprised to find how very nice it was! For it was unquestionably much nicer than the common style of evening party—just gossip and showing photographs and listening to solo music. I do positively believe that nineteen people out of twenty, even without being 'very religious,' would really enjoy joining in good rousing hymns, ten times more than listening to any ordinary drawing-room music. People do not know what they *do* like till one gives them the chance! They have tried soup and fish and joints and entrées and sweets and dessert and wine, but they do not try the other thing. We are to have a grand hymn spree (!) at Winterdyne

some evening in the autumn, and you are to come over and assist! We did try the experiment with a party there one evening, and it was so successful that everybody hoped Mr. Shaw would invite them to 'another of the same.' Somebody said it was 'religiously jolly'! which expression by no means displeased me, because it is just what I wish, to get people to connect religion with all that is pleasant and joyful. 'Him serve with *mirth*'—do you remember my asking you to retain that old reading? I am so glad you did.

WINTERDYNE, *May* 25, 1872.

. . . How strange that though we prayed so much for guidance, it should *seem* to have been withheld! Only '*seem*,' though; for surely 'I have led thee in right paths,' Prov. iv. 11, must follow up, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths,' Prov. iii. 6. 'The day shall declare it.' It may be *Songs of Grace and Glory* has fallen into some hands through H. into which it would *not* have fallen into through N., and been blessed 'unto salvation.' I quite understand *now* about your going earlier not answering the same purpose as later—thy 'times are in His hands.'

The day I wrote that hymn I had been particularly struck with Isa. xiii. 3, and specially with the clause, 'them that rejoice in my highness.' I though it a delightful expression, and one much overlooked, and so preferred it to using some expression which might be less fresh and suggestive.

On Wednesday a parochial party of 800 came to picnic here,—a special train was advertised to 'the matchless grounds of Winterdyne,' and a volunteer band came.

The people so grateful and delightful, but heavy showers partly spoilt the day. (Whereupon Mr. Shaw threw open both the drawing-rooms, and sent for me to sing, 'Tell it out,' etc. Even the staircase and servants' hall were filled with these strangers.)

I fraternized exceedingly with the Vicar, who is a very hearty, energetic little man, perfectly enthusiastic about 'Tonic Sol-fa,' evangelical, and nice! apparently greatly attached to his people, and they to him. His wife such a worker: has a mothers' meeting, and all sorts of work among the poor women—among other things a *mending* class, which took our fancy greatly. They have a capital large choir, who sang off my 'Tell it out' most spiritedly. I am quite sure, now I have heard them sing it, that it is out of sight my best musical hit as to spirit and ring—beats 'Hermas' hollow!

The enclosed testimony to *S. G. G.* is nice from the Rector of Bayton and brother to 'good old John Davies' of Worcester.

I have written a new song, 'Thou knowest,' music only, words by Rea; and another, 'Singing at sunset,' words only (while walking with Mr. Shaw among the beeches).

I have also written a piece for *Woman's Work*, called 'A Worker's Prayer.' Also two poems; but *no* hymns seem to come to me.

I enclose Mr. Sherwin's two last letters. Is not his description of the blind poetess, Fanny Crosbie, delicious?

I have just written a verse-greeting to this 'dear blind sister over the sea.' It seems I have openings enough and to spare for my pen, now that America is open to me.

Among Foxgloves and Ferns, DOLGELLY,
July 5, 1872.

. . . I was terribly disappointed at missing the Mildmay Conference; and am praying that nevertheless, I may not miss the hoped-for blessing, but that I may find and meet the blessed Master as much alone in Wales, as in the crowd at Mildmay.

I have had so much encouragement lately, especially in my own special department,—young ladies,—that I ought to be very glad and very thankful. You, more than any one, taught me to give thanks. I had a most deeply-touching interview with K. B. before leaving. I ought to have felt quite lifted up with praise for such a miracle of change in her, but was too tired to rejoice as I ought. I also saw and had a very nice talk with A. B., to whom 'Another for Christ' primarily refers.

We were detained near Shrewsbury,—a goods train had broken down on our line and rails were obstructed. After sundry signalling and red-flag runnings, we got shunted on to the other line, passing the scene of the break-down, and regaining the down-line safely. It is singular that thus, at the very outset of my journey,—just the same as last year,—I had a reminder of the need of God's protection from accident. It only delayed us half an hour, and I found Maria waiting for me at Shrewsbury, and all else was smooth and prosperous.

I enclose you the opinion of an authoress (a very successful one, too) about *Bruey*. I see my way to *Percy*, another story for children, besides *The Children of the Adoption*. But I am come to Wales for rest!

On a Hill, near DOLGELLY,
July 5, P.M., 1873.

How I *do* wish you and Mrs. B. were here. It would be something utterly new to you both, and perhaps would do you as much good as Switzerland, without the fatigue and expense. Summer after summer goes by, and you never get any of the restorative loveliness laid up among the hills; and I do long for a summer to come, when you shall cut the old traditions of that hot and hideous south coast, and the towns that man made, and come and drink in the beauty that 'God made.' But for once I am very glad you have been to Brighton, for I am so much pleased at your having asked Amy to come. I am extremely fond of her, and it will be an immense pleasure to have her with me this autumn.

I have left everything to the winds! and have told magazine editors that I am not going to be seen or heard of till my *Songs of Grace and Glory* work is done; for I mean to devote this Welsh time to getting as well as possible, and as fresh as to wits (and as to soul too, I hope), as soon as possible, so that I may do *my* best at *S. G. G.* The only things to pursue me are the proofs of my new book, and a few magazine proofs.

I hear most fervent accounts of the Conference on all hands—it must be a wonderful gathering.

Maria and I have been out since a little before 8 A.M., and are gradually making our way back to tea. We camped from about ten to one on a hill commanding a superb panorama of mountains, with Cader Idris backing up Dolgelly most grandly, and the valley opening down to Barmouth, and a shining reach of sea beyond,—most lovely lights and shadows playing over the heights and

slopes, and such delicious sal-volatile air, sea and mountain both. I wish you knew the taste of it, just for once. If it continues fine weather, we think of pushing on at once to Snowdon, as fine weather is important for that. We have not seen a single human being since 9.30 this morning! though after having our hill camp we went all round by the 'Precipice Walk,' which is one of the finest things in Wales, and only three miles from Dolgelly. I *do* like it!

PONT ABERGLASLYN, *July* 9, 1872.

I am enchanted with Lord Shaftesbury's speech, and I marked the whole report very carefully.

I do not feel (as yet) anything like my Swiss strength; still I am much better, and can walk seven or eight miles in the course of the day without much fatigue; but in Switzerland I could do sixteen or eighteen in the same way with less fatigue. No, I was not really well when you met me at the station; but I thought you had seen enough of me to know that I always flash up and look quite well under the little stimulus of any short meeting with anybody! But I am ever so much better now.

I am reading Isaiah in a 'portion' the same as I read the Psalms last summer, and find it very full and beautiful. I think, thank God, I have rather given up fidgetting and doubting. I really do not see why I should go questioning the everlasting love to me which has given such proofs of my portion in it, by certainly drawing me with so much loving-kindness. So I have shelved that doubt, I trust for ever, and am just giving thanks instead for the great things He hath done for me. The trying to show these things to other doubting hearts has done me a great deal of good. I do not think I ever got so

clearly hold of 'accepted in the Beloved' for myself as the other day, when trying to show a dear girl who had come to Jesus, and yet was fearing and doubting, that as long as John vi. 37 stood, she could not be rejected, and must therefore be 'accepted.' She grasped it, and so did I.

The last three evenings I have gone out alone from about six till nine, and nearly all the time have been literally talking to the Saviour. I have so much to tell Him, and ask Him about. Only (shall I ever be satisfied?) I want more from Him—I want Him to speak more to my heart. Sometimes a sweet text or thought flashes into my mind, so powerfully and so independently of any effort of memory, that I cannot but take it as His speaking to me; but then I say, 'Master, say on; give me more.'

When I come I will tell you some interesting things which have passed lately, too long for letters; but God has been letting me lead many to Jesus, and answering prayer marvellously. Has it ever struck you that it seems His way to send such answers chiefly and most often in cases where the interest is purely spiritual and not at all personal, and to send the delays and trials of faith in those cases which are personally nearest and dearest to us? I have noted this in the experience of many, besides my own.

I am sitting on some heather, with a most comfortable boulder for my back, just above Pont Aberglaslyn. We left beautiful Harlech this A.M., took rail to Portmadoc, and have walked from thence. Harlech really is beautiful,—a splendid sea view partly open, partly the fine sweep of a great bay, with mountains all round,

culminating in a very fine outline of the Snowdon range, which is seen to great advantage. Then the castle—a real castle, not bits of old walls like Hastings—stands grandly on a prominent rock, and gives the touch of humanity and romance, which is all the place needs. Maria and I had quite cosy little lodgings,—a little sitting-room, and a bedroom a-piece, with attendance and all for 15s. a week! No end nicer than 4 guineas a week at that horrid Warrior Square, with nothing to see but houses opposite and a sideways squint of the sea!

On a Rock on the Side of SNOWDON.
July 27, 1872.

Your very kind letter reached me all right this morning. We liked Llanberis so much that we did not leave it sooner than we could help. I left this afternoon at three (the morning was too doubtful as to weather), and have had a glorious walk over the top of Snowdon, which was perfectly clear, and down the Beddgelert side, which is the only one of the four routes which I had not done. When resting on the Snowdon Ranger, an ascent not generally taken, I wrote a little poem, 'July on the Mountains.'

I am in *first-rate* trim (am writing now at Port Madoc, Saturday, 10 A.M.), and have walked without any halt straight from Beddgelert here; and though glad to sit down after eight miles' tramp, I am really not tired! It is a glorious day—it rained all night, so the air is like crystal this morning. I do not think even Anna Shipton's book, *Asked of God*, contains more marked answers to prayer in little things than I could recount—it is quite marvellous. Constant prayer meets constant answer;

and I do think this is the secret of the fact that I seem able to find my way about the mountains like a Red Indian, even when there is no track at all. I do not recollect such a thing as missing my way or getting wrong by even fifty yards. I have been all over and all round and all about Snowdonia, without ever taking any guide, which most people do even for the straightforward beaten route up from Llanberis to the top. Maria is a first-rate walker; but sometimes I go alone, or she meets me on the way.

WINTERDYNE, *November* 13, 1872.

. . . I am getting on rapidly and delightfully with my volume (*Under the Surface*). I cannot write a hymn on the 'Good Master,' but He has just given me something else instead—

> 'Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
> Thou art coming, O my King!'

There will be just ninety poems and hymns, and the book will be one-fourth larger than *Ministry of Song*, though I have left out heaps more. Mother is delighted with my Swiss cantata, *The Mountain Maidens*.

I have just received a letter from the author of the *Old, Old Story*, pressing me to publish my *Hints to Lady Mission Workers* (Nisbet & Co.).

I do so like your thoughts of the temple-service. I fancy it will help me over some of the hewing and chopping, which cannot be very congenial work anyhow! O yes, I do take to that view generally, otherwise I never should have stuck to this work; only, when not feeling so strong as usual, it gets overclouded, and I only see the worry and drudgery of proofs present and to come. If I could have one week's rest altogether from proofs, I could

take the young ladies' meeting; but if an extra treble quantity of proofs come every day, I simply cannot do the two things.

We were glancing over individual results of the Mission Week; and it is a very remarkable, and perhaps an unusual fact, that, so far as any of us know, there has been literally no chaff with the wheat of Mr. Snepp's work here—not one single person who gave apparent evidence of conversion has even in any degree gone back, but rather gone forward. I do not speak of those who merely attended the meetings, and seemed somewhat solemnized and impressed, but of every one, old and young, whom we had any reason to suppose really came to Christ. So much the contrary, that the number has increased instead of lessened; as we know of several who were first aroused during the Mission Week, but found no peace, and who since that have pressed on into the kingdom.[1]

Your telegram just come, dearest Mrs. ——. It is easier to pray than to write, when one would give the world to bring one touch of comfort; for one feels how helpless one is, and one knows how strong and able He

[1] Many dying testimonies have confirmed F. R. H.'s words. In 1885, F.'s sister was standing by a dying bed, and repeated the text, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' The dying voice answered, 'Those were the last words Miss F. Havergal said to me in the Mission Week (1872). She had worked among our choir men and boys. It was the last night, and I shall never forget, when we rose from our knees, how she put her hand on my shoulder and said, "Bryan, here is a last verse for you, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'" She said more about "that's comfort for all the way;" but I can't be sure of her words—but God's word is true to me now. I never can forget Miss F. in our organ loft.'—*M. V. G. H.*

is to speak comfort—even now. Oh may He be very, very near indeed, and prove His word to you as He has so remarkably done before. 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with *thee*.' I am so thankful dear —— was not away. I wish I were with you; not that I could be any good, but only that I do so feel for you in this tremendous loss and sorrow. But that precious verse has now another glorious fulfilment; for 'Thou hast made *her* most blessed for ever; Thou hast made *her* exceeding glad with Thy countenance.' She is *all that* to-day.

Yours very, very lovingly, and in deepest sympathy.

December 16.

How could you think about my birthday when you were in such grief? Thank you very much for the parcel—such beautiful pheasants and flowers. It was so kind of you. Let me write to you when I feel inclined, without feeling that it is only taxing you to answer. For I know how wearying it is to have to write when one is all unhinged, and so I want you not to do it. It was such a solace to see your husband yesterday. I meant only to think of his great sorrow, and *he* was just as ready as ever to enter into ours. You both have that great gift—

> 'A heart at leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathize.'

How *our* verse will gain in force and meaning as earthly losses multiply! 'Thou hast made *them* most blessed for ever.' It will be more and more to us, till He makes *us* most blessed for ever.

I send you a wee hymn, 'Jesus only':—

I.

'Jesus only!' In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him;
All unseen, though ever nigh,
'Jesus only'—all our cry.

II.

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

With the disciples who feared as they entered into the cloud, it was 'Jesus only' when the cloud was past. But don't you think that for us it is 'Jesus only,' *in* the cloud as well as after it?

(*To* ——)

Is it not strange? I had so feared lest I might wander or grow cold here, where there is no external help whatever, and yet God has been so wonderfully good to me (my own classes and readings being, I think, His especial means of grace to my own soul!), that I think I have never yet had a time of such *continued* peace and joy and communion with Jesus. Sometimes I feel so *near*, and nearly always able to realize Him as my very nearest

and dearest Friend—more, I think, than ever in my life before. I quite marvel at it. Prayer and His Word seem just unspeakably sweet to me, and I have never before felt so much freedom and joy in speaking of and for Him.

My Friday class has increased to twenty, and some of the most unlikely and hitherto careless seem the most really touched and awakened; and none of my other readings or classes seem left without blessing. I cannot tell you how I long to live more entirely to Him; yet, in the light of His felt love and presence, it seems as if one could not do other than live to and for Him.

WINTERDYNE, *September* 17, 1873.

May to-morrow be bright among *many* and *most happy* coming 'returns of the day,'—bright to yourself and to your dear ones, a golden milestone on the homeward path. Excuse pencil—I write from bed, where I have been ever since I got back from the station on Saturday afternoon! Sudden cold and exhaustion; but I am better. We all hope that dear Mr. Snepp may not suffer from his wonderful work here last week. How strange it was that, after —— was to have had the lion's share, and he only to have *opened* the work, God should have given him the whole burden and the whole reward! It has been what I have heard of, believed in, and prayed for, but never yet *saw* in its full extent,—a real 'shower of blessing,' felt and seen and manifest and unmistakeable. My sister has come up just now saying, 'Verily there is great joy in that city'!—in house after house greeted with tears of joy either by those who have found peace in Jesus for the first time for themselves, or who are

rejoicing over dear ones, long prayed for and now brought into the fold. I cannot describe the intense, tremendous solemnity at some of the services, nor the power which accompanied the Word. I can only say, my brightest hopes and prayers as to the possibilities of a Mission Week are all fulfilled at last. I believe that the 'ingathering' of this week may be deliberately reckoned as 'hundreds added unto the Lord.'

I am most anxious to have a very earnest, solemn, and useful hymn meeting (my last) on Thursday night. I am told it will be crowded, and I want to make the very most of the opportunity. Will you pray for special blessing on it, and also that, if it be His will, I may have physical strength for it, and freedom from pain?

October 1873.

Very many thanks from my mother and self for the most lovely flowers. They were too good to keep all to ourselves, so two dear invalid friends shared them.

. . . Do pray for me, that my little preliminaries at Liverpool may be blessed, even as I pray that your work may be blessed. How sad and strange it was that I felt so 'far off' all the while in Switzerland! and how good it is of the Lord to have let me again come 'nigh by the blood of Christ,' and to have so restored to me the joy of His salvation all this summer!

I am so thankful that God has heard my prayer also in taking away all that sense of excitement which I had while in Switzerland, and the subsequent sense of anxiety and depression; so that I have not only the joy, but with it a far more earnest desire to work for Him. It was a great drawback to my enjoyment of Switzerland,

that I had not the same fervent desire to work for Him that I had when there with Elizabeth Clay, nor any of the restful and quiet peace and communion which gilded my former tour. But utterly unworthy as I am of any 'restoration,' He has now again given it to me, and all this time I have been very happy in Jesus. I do not know how to thank Him enough for this.

I sang my hymn, 'Will ye not come to Him for life?' to 150 young people and milliners last night. Some really did 'come' at once.

. . . Will you look at my hymn on 'Sanctified' in the last week's *Christian*. It completes the catena of seven in my book (*Under the Surface*)—'Chosen,' 'Called,' 'Justified,' 'Sanctified,' 'Joined to Christ,' 'Presented Faultless,' 'Glorified.' You have them all for *Songs of Grace and Glory*.

As soon as I can—to-morrow, if pain permits—I shall set steadily to work at my hymn papers, *i.e.* 'Specimen Glasses,'[1] for *The Day of Days*. I enclose a rough list of what I thought of taking. Some of the best of the less-known hymns in *Songs of Grace and Glory* stand alone, or nearly so, under their author's name (*e.g.* 957); so I mean to have about four miscellaneous papers, grouping writers instead of grouping hymns, and giving a specimen hymn or two of each.

I have been so happy all day, even *in* intense and incapacitating neuralgic pain.

Yours in prayerful hope of greater things.

[1] 'Specimen Glasses,' *Home Words* Office, 1 Paternoster Buildings.

ECCLESTON HILL, *October* 1873.

Many thanks for forwarding letters and for your prayers. I was wonderfully helped on Saturday evening. The people are the roughest, lowest lot I ever came in contact with, and much depended on a good start with them. So as there were going to be proposals made to them about clubs and doctors and mutual help, I began with a popular song, the burden of which is, 'Do your best for one another;' and after singing a verse or two, I called upon the assembly to join in the 'chorus' after each verse! This took wonderfully, and they encored it furiously! So I sang it again, with chorus. So my point was gained, and as soon as the next song was announced they cheered heartily. I am quite sure I never sang more tellingly in my life than 'He shall feed His flock,' and 'Come unto Him.' Mr. Menzies introduced it with a few nice words, and I had all that rough lot listening all through in utter stillness. I felt I had them so in my power that I could shade off into the softest notes and yet be heard all over the great place, which holds 900. The silence and breathless attention would have been remarkable anywhere; but fancy these poor wretches, who certainly never heard anything but the lowest songs before! Mrs. Menzies got twenty-seven of them to come to her 'reading' last night.

My little gospel solo, 'Will ye not come to Him for life?' seems blessed. (See Appendix.)

I am so grieved, though not surprised, to hear of your suffering; only I do pray the Lord to spare you any more!

All that we hear goes to confirm the joyful certainty that the work here was indeed a very great one; and one

remarkable thing is, that some who held aloof and would not go even once to hear you, are now stung with remorse at having neglected such an opportunity. Never has Bewdley been so stirred before. Mr. ——'s class last night, where he reckoned on only fifteen or twenty, was a room-full! I hear he spoke most impressively, and that the attendance is likely to keep up.

Did you know that while you were speaking in the schoolroom, Maria was addressing more than 100 men and boys outside, for whom there was no room inside? They stood in the dark lane for more than an hour listening to her. Mr. Shaw says he has heard her when she did not know, and her power and ability are very remarkable in that line. My sister says she will try to carry on the young ladies' class which I am hoping to form. So with new classes and a prayer meeting, that makes five new means started.

Mr. Shaw intends putting three or four new hymn books in every pew, and adding a large-type copy in each where there is any elderly regular occupant. Each book will have the number of the pew written in it for security. There are 100 pews and some extras, so he will give about 330 copies of *Songs of Grace and Glory*.

Just had such a touching letter from my Oakhampton class, with an exquisite Church Service and thimble! and all their signatures, except the young ladies, who have not been consulted! Poor dear girls, God has sent greater blessing among them than I ever saw before; and I hardly realized how great till I read the names one by one, and felt that I had full reason to hope that every one had now joined themselves wholly to the Lord, — about twenty-five of them, — and nearly all

have found Jesus for the first time within the last month!

WINTERDYNE, BEWDLEY, *November* 20.

. . . . . .

About Cheltenham, you know how glad I should be to be aide-de-camp to you there, but I am quite clear that I must not think of it. I am not strong enough for another Mission Week, and though I would not grudge the usual penalty of such work, yet I really do not think I am right to risk another of the series of 'knockings-up' which have always followed any special work of the kind. One gets weakened, and ground is lost which I may not regain; and now that such marvellously wide doors are open to my pen, both here and in America, I have an extra motive to try to economize strength, not for myself, (at least, I don't want it to be at all for myself), but for my Master. You know how I enjoy it, and I can't tell you the self-denial it has been to refuse four such calls in the last fortnight, but I am sure He is saying to me now, 'Be still.' It is much harder to say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou not have me do?' than the other question.

I have some more good news for you about ——. I have seen some of —— girls, and I think the fruit 'remains.' They are holding little prayer meetings among themselves, (young ladies' school), on the plan you recollect my telling them of; not one but several little groups meet together and read and pray! They are most eager to see 'dear Mr. Snepp' again,—the work among them has evidently been most real, and apparently not one of the whole school has been 'passed over' in the shower of blessing.

Then, do you recollect George ——?—that nice lad whom you spoke to on that night, who always stayed till the very last, and always in such distress? This has continued ever since. I was very anxious to see him again, but could not till Sunday. I had him alone, and again he cried most bitterly. I was sure he had really come to Jesus, only he didn't know it! So I said a little to him about 'accepted or rejected,' must be one *or* other if he came at all; and could Jesus have 'rejected,' with John vi. 37 so plain? then he must be actually and truly 'accepted in the Beloved!' I wish you could have seen him—he suddenly looked up, his face still streaming with tears, but lighted up with intense, eager joy—'Oh, I didn't know that before!' 'But you see it now?' And I wish you had heard his fervent 'Oh yes!' He went away rejoicing, and looks a different boy now the great cloud is gone. He is clearly one of your Mission fruits, for he told me he never thought of seeking Jesus at all till the Mission Week.

Mr. Fortescue says that even if he has to preach to empty benches, he should still have to bless God to the end of his days for the Mission Week! I think those who were 'offended' will come back, while meanwhile their places have been much more than filled up by others; the galleries are crowded now.

Thanks, many, for your prayers for my new book. It is almost ready now. You never said whether or not you liked the title, *Under the Surface*. I don't think I shall escape a few criticisms, for some reviewers, who so approved the *Ministry of Song*, will not be so well pleased with such things as 'Chosen in Christ'! However, I really think and hope that a candid literary

opinion would think it rather an advance than a retrogression from the *Ministry of Song*, I mean as to literary merit; so I ought not to mind getting cut up, if it is indeed for His sake.

Mr. Shaw is going to give an account of what he saw and heard at Cheltenham, instead of his usual Bible-reading to-morrow evening—we hope it will be very useful. He has come back very full of *S. G. G.!* 'more than ever convinced that it is Number One,' and appears to have spoken his mind pretty freely as to the inferiority of the hymns and the singing at Cheltenham.

He says that the Rev. H. E. Bickersteth's sermon on 'Thou God seest me,' and Rev. C. B. Snepp's on Eph. i. 7, are spoken of as *the* two sermons of the week, as far as he could hear. Odd that among so many, it should be the two hymn editors that should have been thus marked. How the tide seems gathering strength! Perhaps it is only beginning, and 'greater things' are yet to be seen.

WINTERDYNE, *December* 5, 1873.

Many thanks for your note and most interesting enclosure. Poor child, surely she will not be left to wander on such dark mountains!

Is it not strange and sweet? God always gives me what I always ask for—a special 'afterward,' either of spiritual blessing to myself or to others, for every special little trial. And so somehow I felt that the really agonizing toothache and neuralgia, which lasted two or three days, would have some 'afterward,' and it made even the greatest pain actually sweet to bear. And this time I have had a double 'afterward'—one for myself, so marked and so sweet. I cannot tell you about it now,

only I have never had a brighter or more remarkable one. The other was my 'hymn meeting' last night. I never have enjoyed anything so much of the sort, not only that I felt so happy myself, but that I never before was able to speak out quite as I did last night, just as if God gave me the 'words for Jesus.' And this morning I have heard that one who was present received such great blessing, and was enabled to rejoice then and there in Jesus as she never had done before.

Yesterday morning I had Mr. Shaw's men and my sister's boys, twenty all together, and took 'Seeing Jesus' as my subject, starting from John xii. 21, only glancing on the seeing by faith now, but dwelling on the future seeing Him: (1) The certainty; (2) the contrasted effects —glory and joy to His own, terror and woe to others; (3) How; (4) When; (5) Results; (6) 'Seeing that these things *are* so, what manner of persons ought ye to be?' I did enjoy it so much, and all were so attentive and bright and keen in finding passages and catching ideas, and so still and solemnized when I tried to make it all real to them, as indeed I felt it myself.

I forgot to tell you my chain looks beautiful, and of course I always wear it, and always call it my *Songs of Grace and Glory* chain!

Christmas Day.—Your beautiful letter was a great pleasure; many, many thanks. God does answer your prayers for me; ever since last July things have been different with me, and this month all is even gloriously bright. I have never felt as I do now.

I have just been delighted in tracing a sort of type in Luke v. One has so long 'toiled in rowing,' wearily

seeking holiness, wearily striving to blend one's will really with the Lord's, yet seeming to have taken almost nothing. Then comes 'Launch out into the deep,' deep sea of His promises! And *at His word* we do it; and let down the net, not in the shallows any more, but into the deep of His great, grand, full, enormous promises. And one finds one's net filled. Oh, how He does fill it! Every bit of restless longing for—one hardly knew what—taken away, and instead, 'satisfied with His goodness.' Do you know, I deliberately thought that could not be fulfilled to me in this life; I never expected it at all, and yet He has done it for me—just 'satisfied me.' I do not mean that this wonderful sense of utter rest and satisfaction precludes sight of and desire for more than I even thought there was to be desired; but this is one of the paradoxes of faith which experience solves. Then, though one does not say, 'Depart from me,' yet oh how one endorses the rest of Peter's cry! I do not know how one could bear the clearer sight of the sinfulness without the clearer sight, too, of the Precious Blood and its full cleansing power. I had only learnt half of 1 John i. 9, but oh how precious the 'and' now is! Then, 'they forsook *all* and followed Him.' One would like to die for Him, but He has not asked that! So one wants to *live* for Him; and there seems to me a breadth and depth in that word which I never saw before. It could never be, but that we are not only to live *for* Him but to live *in* Him and He in us. And the outcome of the 'in' will be the 'for.'

An *external* need has been wonderfully supplied. I heard Mr. Rogers, the clergyman that is to be of St. Paul's, and it was no question of merely liking him, but

of very deep thankfulness for such a spiritual provision for us, after all our ecclesiastical troubles and dissatisfaction in Leamington. It was certainly more than I ever expected when I was last at home, that the next time I went to church it would be to sing out of *Songs of Grace and Glory;* so it was very nice to see the blue covers all over the church on entering St. Mary's, Rev. T. Bromley's.

I shall send you some New Year's verses, 'From Glory unto Glory,' which will tell you more than I have time for now. 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 of a shadow upon the sunshine of my heart. Every day brings some quite new cause for praise; only to-day He has given me such a victory as I never had before, in a very strong temptation, lifted me above it in a way I never experienced yet. And I believe He will 'keep' me henceforth as I never before believed possible.

Will you give my love to dear Mrs. ——, and many thanks for the beautiful studs and Christmas books?

Easter 1874.

I must just write you a line, for to-morrow's early post, to tell you what a singularly and specially happy Easter Sunday I have had. Oh, it is so real and satisfying, this wonderful blessing which He has given me, this 'life of faith;' test after test seems to have been sent during these last four months.

And now this day, which I thought must always be

more or less a sorrowful one, (her father's dying seizure), with always a shadow upon the Easter brightness, has been one of the very happiest of my life. I awoke wondering at the sense of gladness, and I have wondered all day! For it is not, distinctly *not*, that memory has dulled, or that the loss of my father can ever be other than great, for I suppose, except husband and wife, no tie could be stronger; certainly it was my *strongest* tie, and it all seems like yesterday. And yet this depth of bright peace, and utter gladness of heart in the joy of being so consciously and closely and altogether His, and 'all for Him,' shone away every bit of the shade, and every vestige of 'shadow' did indeed 'flee away.' Now, could any but Jesus do this for me? I know that nothing but Himself could have *so* filled *such* a void. Oh if, instead of arguing and reading books *pro* and *con*, folks would but seek the fulness of the blessing which is to be had!

I never had such a view as to-day of the blessedness of the 'evermore' of consecration. I had asked Him to show me more of the meaning of 'utterly,' and 'only,' but I had not so much thought about 'Thine utterly, and only, and *evermore* to be!'

> In full and glad surrender, we give ourselves to Thee,
> Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be!
> O Son of God who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,
> And all we see and all we have shall henceforth be Thine own.

Oh, it was so sweet, so *glorious* to see something of that, the being His very own, the serving Him and pleasing Him, the being utterly at His disposal, and with Him, and in Him, and all for Him, on and on through ages and ages of eternity. My whole heart said, 'Whom

have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee!'

It has been such a special day, that I cannot help hoping it may have been given, not for myself only, but to prepare me for some special message-bearing, perhaps only to one, perhaps to many, while I am away. But I never feel eager even for that now; it is so much happier to leave it all with Him, and I always pray, 'Use me, Lord, or not use me, just as Thou wilt.' Oh, He is so good to me, I did not really expect He would do so much for me; indeed, I really did not know six months ago that such unvarying peace was possible here. I tell you all this because you said you would pray for me to-day; and if this is not an abundant answer to whatsoever you have been praying for me, I don't know what it could be! Only I wish everybody had it, and I wish good people would not think it their duty to stay in Romans vii., as I always conscientiously believed till of late! I cannot imagine how they can think that Rom. vii. 25 and Rom. viii. 2 could both describe St. Paul's experience at the same moment. They seem so clearly consecutive and not contemporaneous. So, 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

WINTERDYNE, *March* 5, 1875.

Will you pray that patience may have her perfect work in me, and that I may glorify God in pain? It is very keen, sometimes seems almost more than I can bear, especially at night; this goes to retard my recovery considerably. I had advanced to being able to creep across the room, now I am carried again from bed to sofa.

No, dear ——, *not* 'resignation!' It is brighter and sweeter than that—it is 'rejoicing;' even in this terrible pain I could not have imagined that He would have made me so perfectly satisfied and really overflowingly happy in *whatever* His faithful love appoints, even such real and almost constant suffering as I have had these eleven days past,—never had such pain before except for a single day or night. 'He giveth songs in the night,' and all along has enabled me not to sigh but to sing, 'Thy will be done.' 'Resignation' always sounds to me to have a shade of a sigh left in it. You can't think how glad and thankful I am that He has enabled you to say the same as to the postponement of your work. I have no doubt but that it will prove to be all right in the end; delay in such a matter may so obviously turn out to have been for the good of the work, and save another appendix!

There is One, so fair, so bright,
So good, so gracious! Love, and Life, and Light
Are His rich titles. Oh, for Him I long
To be my Hope, my Joy, my Strength, my Song!
Earth's shadow melts in conquering light away
Before the rising Daystar's earliest ray.

Hast thou not heard, within some sacred pile,
When hushed the swelling choir, through vaulted aisle,
A sweet low echo lingering of the song,
As would angelic harps the sound prolong?
So through the silent chambers of my soul,
In calmest melody, Thy sweet words roll.

DIVISION IV.

LETTERS WITHOUT DATE.

LEAMINGTON.

YOU DEAR LITTLE THING,—I call your Bruey card quite touching, it's real right-down fag, and I appreciate it ten times more than if you had got £5 in nothing but gold; and I have not the slightest doubt that the Master Himself takes the same view of it! The increase is delightful, and quite surprised me. I am sure you have done what you could, and I don't expect more than that! Neither does our dear Master, who knows all the difficulties and hindrances that arise in our bits of work for Him—every one of them. Do not think I have not thought of you all this while; if I had not been so very ill, you would not have had more attempts to comfort and cheer from any one. Perhaps I have only thought all the more. I think I can realize what you have felt and gone through more than you think. And you have felt more for others than for yourself, I know. It is always a little harder lesson to entrust our dear ones entirely to His wise dealing, than ourselves. But He is doing just the very best, the absolutely *right*

things for every single one of you, all the time. He knoweth—He careth—He loveth, *all* of you *all* the time.

I have been worse, *i.e.* in much greater suffering, since your Aunt M. wrote, but am much easier this week. It is nearly five months since I was taken ill! but it has been all light, no shadow in it, only a new test of His faithfulness, as I am sure every trial will prove to be, to *you* as well as to me.

Perhaps some day A. may be your 'crown of rejoicing!' Did not you like Jeremiah xxxii. 17, 27 ever so?

PYRMONT VILLA, *March* 3.

MY DARLING LITTLE THING,—It never dawned on me yesterday that it was going to be your birthday to-day! I'm *so* sorry. The twenty-first too—no longer a legal 'infant,' which you were yesterday! Well, darling, may you grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Do not be standing still, dear; He says, 'My sheep follow Me,' and follow means going on, not stopping. I want you to follow faithfully, fully, and fast—all three! And of course A. says, 'All very well for good folks, but I'm different, *I* can't.' No, *you* can't; but then Jesus is able—able to do it all for you and in you. Let Him.

I am writing now because I asked you to pray for my classes, and I have never had so much blessing before, so you must praise now. He 'hath not left Himself without witness' in either of my four classes, but my Friday evening class is specially blessed. I have now 24 young women (of various grades), though in this country

place I was told there was really no material at all for such a class. But many walk from long distances. Last Friday I had a most wonderful time of blessing; it was my fifth week, and I had tried to lead on and up to what I did. I threw off every attempt at more interest—broke off my lesson in the middle, and made it a heart to heart personal 'now or perhaps never' appeal. I never in all my life so felt Christ's actual presence with us, nor saw such intense, perfectly breathless attention; nearly all were in tears. Then I asked all who really wanted to close with Christ's offer of salvation then and there to stay with me. Eleven stayed. I asked them to kneel and remain kneeling, and then I prayed for and with them—not continuously, but with intervals of silence, leaving them with Jesus. Then I went softly round to every one, so softly as not to disturb even the one kneeling next, asking my Master to give me the right word for each. Reserve seemed broken; every one, even the shyest, whispered freely what they felt; four found Him then and there with perfect joy and freedom; four more seemed no less really to have come then to Him, only did not speak quite so strongly; two more who had come before were filled with quite new peace and conscious nearness, and only *one* of the eleven went away unsatisfied, and yet even she certainly was not 'sent empty away,' for her desires were greatly intensified to find Jesus. Of those whom either shyness or promise to be home prevented from remaining, I have not yet seen all; but of those whom I have seen or heard from, not one seems 'left out.' Two or three 'went out and wept bitterly' for sin; one, 'never saw what a sinner she was before.' Another

has written most touchingly to me; another went home to pray for the very first time; and so great was the blessing, that I fully expect I shall find it the same with the remaining four or five, whom I have not yet been able to see. . . . See now how truly God does answer, and how marvellously He has answered this prayer. I have never had such full and sudden blessing before. . . . And now will you pray that still more may come, —that those who have not yet found may find, and that the new members of my class may not miss the blessing by their later journey? Will you pray that I may have special and clear guidance, what subject to take for next Friday? Will you pray that the two girls I mentioned may really be brought to Christ? because though all souls have equal value, I covet the influence of their position, and long to have it used for Christ. Will you pray that though there seems no one to carry it on when I leave, some way may be opened for them to keep together, and have at least a monthly meeting for reading and prayer among themselves? And will you ask your sister, and any other Y. W. C. A. members to pray fervently that the work may be increased and deepened? And that my other classes, Sunday morning, Sunday evening, and Monday evening, and a large choir practice on Wednesday evening (which gives me opportunity among men and boys, whom I could not otherwise reach), may all be blessed too?

Now dear, for glorious news! Dear —— has indeed given himself to Christ 'in full and glad surrender!' outspoken, overflowing joy in the new and blessed service. It is enough only to see his face! Wish I

could stay to tell you all about it. He told his father early on the morning of his birthday (told me at eleven o'clock the night before !), and when his father met me he could not speak for joy—he just said, 'O Fanny!' and cried! They have all been so happy together, and we have had such sweet little times over our Bibles. It is so different when every one is entirely of one mind. Mademoiselle was, I think, a help, her influence is so decided and so spiritual; since you went she has shone.

And now, when shall it be 'full and glad surrender' of yourself to Jesus? When shall it be, not 'How much for Jesus?' but 'ALL for Jesus'? '*Rise!* He calleth *thee!*' 'Arise, shine!' Dearie, when?

My poor dear Little Thing,—I have *forgiven* and will try to *forget* that letter. And *He* forgives and forgets too, because He loves so tenderly. Perhaps we only feel the deep *tenderness* of that love through the consciousness of failure and sin. I don't think the angels can realize it as we do. Now one can only pray that it may be overruled for all of you. Do not vex about it. God can and does bring real good out of mistakes, and blessing out of suffering. I know He will *so* comfort and bless His own dear child E., that she will be a blessed gainer by it. But *her* suffering is perhaps a harder lesson of patience and trust for *you*, dear little thing. Pray for her and trust for her, and *you* will have a share of the blessing that God means for her.

I have just sent off about 380 little bouquets to the Flower Mission at Mildmay, 210 of which were gathered

and made up by *the servants* at Oakhampton! the rest by various nieces and young friends. The servants took to the notion with regular enthusiasm—it was quite delightful! I could not do much but set the thing going, and probably got more helped than if I had been able to gather *ad lib.* myself! Some of the nosegays were lovely, and the *ensemble* when got together ready to pack, was quite a sight.

I see *no* scriptural ground to suppose sin can ever be 'eradicated,' *i.e. so* destroyed that it would not instantly *revive* if the cleansing and the keeping were withdrawn, and we ran from under the wing of Jesus, as Mr. Everard phrased it.

I had not got very much out of the Word for a few days, so I asked Him to send me something special, and lit upon Luke v. 4–11. 'The deep' of His promises, and the 'toiling all night,' and the 'at Thy word,'—it is lovely.

My path would be a hopeless dilemma, but for trust in momentary guidance.

. . . This is only a scrap to wish you all good things for the New Year. For 'all *are* yours,' so how safely we may wish it to one of *His* dear ones. My pen has just involuntarily paused for a few moments—such a thrill came over me of thinking how He loves *you*—how He could not do without *you*—how His very glory would be incomplete not merely without you in heaven, but without the glory which you are ordained, and *made on purpose* to bring to Him here. And you will guess that *my* heart does not love you the less for this strange sudden glimpse of how He loves you! . . .

Very many happy returns of the day to you! I send you '*As* ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.' Will you let that *as* and *so* often come into your thoughts through this year? It will be a test and a stimulus, and perhaps a help towards my finding much to commend and little to blame when I come again! You know how pleasant it was to me to find it so the last time! And I do not think that He who loves you and gave Himself for you can take *less* interest in your 'walk' than I do!

Your letter to —— is very nice indeed, and quite the best tack to go upon with her. Singularly enough, some one of whom I had often heard has been staying here two days, and who at the same age was much such another. She was telling me deeply interesting accounts of how for years, she went off upon all these new doctrines, how utterly she believed them, fancying she had been led into them, after wrestling for whole nights in prayer and tears; and how earnestly she tried to persuade others. Now, after keen and deep trials she has fully come back to the old paths, and bitterly regrets these wanderings, only that she thinks they may help her to help others who are similarly restless. I wished you could have met her—it would have strengthened you, I think; and she is a person of very unusual power and knowledge, taking large Bible classes. I was so astonished at all this, having heard so much of her in her former phase, and not having heard of her return to quiet, steady Church of England doctrine. The enclosed may help you if you hear hasty things about the Church of England, and the Bennett Judgment—read it carefully to please me!

Yes, dearest, seek Jesus only, seek Him in His Word and in prayer, just *Himself*, and you will find it a thousand times more profitable. I was cutting out hymns the other day, and could not help cutting out this old verse with reference to all you told me of your long earnest wrestlings:

> 'Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
> To heaven in supplication sent,
> Your cheerful song would often be,
> "Hear what the Lord has done for me!"'

Meanwhile, I do so thank God that He has *kept* you, for it is indeed a 'keeping.'

I am delighted at your reading with ——; it will be better for both of you, and you will find it both more interesting and easier to persevere in. Only I hope you have some other book in hand to read by yourself as well. I do not think any book will seem so difficult to you after you have mastered Butler's *Analogy*.

My poor darling, do not stay away from His table, because you are feeling something of the unworthiness and sinfulness which we all have to find out in ourselves. You do want to come to Jesus, to be really His, to follow Him—I know you do. And the holy communion is just to remind us of His death, to be a *pledge* of His love, which is just what you do want to be reminded of, do you not? And feeling sorrowful and sinful is all the more reason why you may come. Not that I want to dissuade you from dealing very plainly with yourself: *anything* is better than false peace; but the Lord Jesus has true peace for you—go to Him for it,

just as if you had never gone before—lay your heart quite open before Him, 'tell Him all you feel and all you do not feel,' and look for the answer not in your own heart and feelings (perhaps that has been your mistake), but in His Word. *See* what He says, and take that as His answer, for His Word cannot change or pass away.

I have been waiting for days expecting my friend to send me mottoes for 1868; they are only just come—'And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee,' and 'Surely I come quickly.' Will you take them for yourself, dearie? For our hope needs to be *only* in Thee, and we want to learn to wait for Him and for nothing else. And ought not the remembrance of His '*surely*' to stir us up to watchfulness and earnestness, and to lead us on to such expectant love that we may be able to give the blessed answer, 'Even so come, Lord Jesus!'

(*To M. E.*)

SHARESHILL PARSONAGE.

If I had forgotten my promise of writing to you, the 'Cead mille failthe,' which smiled at me on my return home would have reminded me of it. But I did not intend to forget! Your love finds indeed 'Cead mille failthe' in my heart. . . .

How I should like you to see my children (nieces). Both are rather pretty and very tall; Evelyn, though only twelve last birthday, is just my height. She has been very delicate for a long time, and can seldom do

regular lessons. . . . I do think God has begun His own work in her, though very gradually, and that He will carry it on. She feels her delicacy very much, specially as it keeps her back in her lessons, and occasions frequent disappointments as to little pleasures; but this training is evidently good for her, and I think she is beginning thus early to spell the great lesson, 'Thy will be done.'

She is very thoughtful and active in mind, and has a curious liking for any sort of theological questions, so that often I am obliged to go into things with her, for the sake of setting her mind at rest, which I should hardly have expected to converse about with girls of eighteen or twenty. Last summer, a story book of Miss S——, of very High Church tendency, was given her, which I was sorry for, but could not help. She knew I did not like the book, and asked why. I merely said, that if she read the book as a mere story, she might not notice the evil in it; and so I supposed and hoped it would do her no harm, but that she had better show me any passages which she felt doubtful about. Well, I don't think there was one error but what she discovered and showed me, perceiving the *tendency* of many fair-sounding passages with an acuteness which surprised me, remarking at the end that she thought the tendency of the whole book was to make one think that our salvation depends rather on what we can do for ourselves, or what the Church can do for us, than on what the Lord Jesus has done, which was hitting the very mark. Connie is sharp enough at lessons, but has not the same sort of development as E. She is a remarkably handy and active child, can turn her hand to anything, and has a wonderful

notion of what is the right thing to do at once in any little mishap. She is very bright and merry and energetic. C. has a little class at the Sunday school, and flatters herself that she shall get the children on wonderfully, so that Minny 'will see the difference' when they go up into her class. She teaches them a Bible story every Sunday out of *Line upon Line*, and I wanted her to make a point of asking them the nice little questions upon it at the end of the book; but she soon after declined them, saying 'she found the children understood best what she asked them out of her own head!' She has a strongly practical turn of mind, contra-distinguished from Evelyn's poetical one; an amusing instance thereof was at the time of the earthquake, which we felt so strongly at O. two years ago: her first remark about it was, 'I wonder if it has shook any peaches down?'!

(*To M. F.*)

Yours is a strangely tried life, dear M.; it seems wonderful that so much should be laid upon you. Somehow I always feel it so much harder to see that trouble or suffering is right, and best for others than for one's self. I think one sees one's own 'needs-be' better than other people's. If yours is a pre-eminence of suffering, there must also be pre-eminence of love and care. I have thought of you lately, when our little J. was so ill, how though the others were poorly, yet a double, treble portion of thought and watchfulness was given to him, because he was more suffering than they.

And I loved to think what special love must be hovering, brooding over your many trials. Join me in thinking of 1 Pet. i. 5, 8 to-morrow evening at seven o'clock. Some day I will sing it you; the passage has haunted me so that I *must* set it to music. How I wish I knew all that you know of the 'joy unspeakable'! What a marvellous bit that is—'the trial of your faith being much more precious,' etc.

I am so glad your 'joy-bells' of music definition reached me in time to add to the list; it is the prettiest of all. I wondered no one considered what music is to the blind, so I am going to put 'Sunshine for the sightless.' I am not good at definitions, but why did not some one speak of music as being the only universal language, understood by men of every tongue, and by the angels too? It is a sort of alphabet of the language of heaven too, not any more equal to it, of course, than an A B C book is to Milton, but a sort of introduction. At least it ought to be so. Trench (referring to a different subject) says something about the manifold provisions, which Infinite Love has made for the finer needs of our nature, and I think music is one of the strongest instances of that. Why should such a mysteriously subtle and unaccountable gratification have been provided for us? Verily, He is Love! Finally, I give you an analogy to think out —that—between light and music, or say rather between colour and music.

(*To M. F.*)

Your sweet and most lovely card was one of the rays, which helped to cheer an otherwise sorrowful birthday,

and came as a message from the One who cannot pass away. May it come back to your heart, dear M., with its strong consolation.

Don't you enjoy *Pleasant Fruits?*[1] It is such fun, I think, as well as edification!

I am bringing out a Scotch song, 'Scotland's Welcome,' anent the royal marriage, which I rejoice in—don't you?

. . . . . .

Now tell me whether you have seen *Hints on Bible-marking*, by Mrs. Stephen Menzies, because, if you have not, I will send it to you. The plan was not new to me, but I am *very* glad it is issued—chiefly thanks to Moody.

Does not His Word open out more and more, as the years go on? One feels greedy of every bit that one seems to get hold of for oneself. I so often look forward and wonder, 'What next, Lord?' what will be the next unexpected shining upon a text, or golden thread put into one's hand to string many upon?'

I am so glad you have our Y. W. C. A. reports. I do so enjoy our meetings. Of course when I am at home, I never write any 'remarks,' because I strike in with one here and there at the meetings. The outline and chief part is always by our dear little secretary, Miss M. Watson. Why don't you put in 'remarks'? I am sure He does not fail to give you 'new thoughts of God'—why not contribute them? I don't often get any now—the rush of the tide of life seems a little too strong and too noisy for me—I am not very strong yet, and can't quite keep pace with things in general. The 'calling

[1] *Pleasant Fruits*, by M. V. G. H. Nisbet & Co.

apart' was an enormous blessing to me, I would not have missed it for anything.

I send Ezek. xl. 4. I have been most immensely struck with it—note the *three* '*thines*,' and the vaguely grand '*all* that I shall show thee,' and the significance of 'brought hither,' and the climax of *command*. It is so full of suggestion for ourselves.

OAKHAMPTON.

DEAREST MOTHER,—You must have wondered I did not write yesterday, but we went to Worcester early—such a glorious day!

So grieved to hear of your suffering so much, but, dear mother, I do pray that the peace may be proportioned to the great need of it, and then I know you will not even wish it otherwise. I have wanted to write to you every day, literally, and tell you of all the various small ongoings. Most thankful to hear —— at church for the poor's sake. Such clear, ringing gospel, and, although he does ramble, I enjoy it greatly. But, alas! some are very naughty over his peculiarities. I especially regret *incorrect* reading of Holy Scripture, any alteration or omission of words I can neither defend nor excuse. I feel quite well now, with lying down all the afternoon, and doing nothing but needlework, or reading, or croquet, or playing with the dogs and doves. Thanks for your note to me, darling mother, so kind and sweet. I don't think I quite explained, that what distresses me is not others seeing as I do, but that false statements and accusations should be so persisted in. Only let bare justice and truthfulness be

kept to, and difference of opinion does not trouble me at all. . . . I do not fuss about coming to you, though heart and love would bring me this moment, only I feel it is probably better for you and Miss Nott that I should wait.

I cannot help applying my verses to *you*, mother dear :—

Oh that the love I bear her
Might blossom into skill
To comfort and to brighten,
And all with gladness fill !
Ah, *helpess love !* Yet 'tis a joy
To turn each wish to prayer,
And where *that* dear one dwelleth,
To know that God is there.

—Your loving child.

(*To the late Julia Kirchhoffer.*)

Two years ago you sent me anonymously an extract from *Our Father*, and some comforting words from the far sweeter Book ! That nameless ministering was not in vain. I have never forgotten the singular solace it was to me, and now let me thank you for it. And if you live to pass through the same deep sorrow, may He pour His own sweet comfort and strength into your heart. May you have a very happy Easter Sunday, and feel the presence of our beloved Saviour, who is 'risen indeed.'

OAKHAMPTON.

Thanks many, indeed, for promising to pray for one so *very* dear to me, that I have no greater desire than that he may be 'partaker of the benefit.' There is much

that is hopeful, but also much that is discouraging; but the blessing can, and I trust will, overflow all hindrances. O do pray that all prejudices and hindrances may be swept away, and that Jesus Himself may meet him there. He would be gain to Christ's cause, for he has considerable influence and natural gifts, and I do so long for these to be all for Jesus.

I want you also to pray for one I am not at liberty to name. I had a *literary* request from him two days ago, and in my reply I wrote, quite simply and without any effort, just a few lines about what Jesus has been to me in my illness, and is: his reply is almost the most touching letter I ever saw, especially coming from one who does not 'wear his heart upon his sleeve;' it seems as if the fountains of the great deep were suddenly broken up, and he says, 'I would give a million-fold all I have to feel as you feel.' I cannot help feeling God is doing and going to do 'great things' again through these few simple words. But share my prayer, that in due time you may share my praise for him. I am better, but still very weak. What an unspeakable mercy it is to be able to trust Jesus entirely, and to leave health and everything *happily* in His dear hands! God has lately used the enclosed tiny hymn as the definite means of a very bright and decided conversion.

I do not indulge in writing to you as I would like, because writing tires me so much that I rather reserve my pencil for letters which may do a tiny bit of work for Jesus.

(*To* ——)

I wonder if you prayed for me last night? I had been feeling very 'grey' all day, and had a cry at night, and then prayed a long time that I might be 'satisfied with favour;' that I might know something of Christ's love, and so not feel disappointed at the denial of full earthly love all my life. And after a while I think a sort of answer came, for it seemed as if a sudden flow set in of all the texts speaking of God's love (without any effort of memory), and it was very soothing and sweet; and I went to sleep resting on it, and woke in the night praying about it. It was not exactly realization that He loves me, but a trusting Him in the dark for His word's sake, that He does love. I should tell you that before this I had, in my tears, given up and said, 'Thy will be done,' and meant it, with full acquiescence in His will. Do you understand me? it is not exactly or entirely feeling disappointed about ——, but more, I think, the sense of general heart-loneliness and need of a one and special love, . . . and the belief that my life is to be a lonely one in that respect. . . . I do so long for the love of Jesus to be poured in, as a real and satisfying compensation. . . . But I think I shall do better now that I have been enabled to 'remember His love' for a little. I do so want Him to sanctify the whole thing, and give me spiritual blessing in and by it. 'Who teacheth like Him?'

My heart aches for you. I can't tell you how I shrink from writing what will add to your pain, nor how glad I

should be, if I could, if I dared, write what would only please and gladden you. You know I have never treated this matter lightly. I know how deeply you feel it, and I sympathize with you in proportion. But I cannot say less than what I believe before God, viz. that 'only in the Lord' is His will and law. It is strange, how invariably He seems to link His obvious blessing with simple, trustful obedience to it. I never yet knew a single instance in which a Christian man or woman married knowingly one who was not really 'in Christ,' but what unhappiness has followed. And I never yet knew one instance of this great sacrifice for the sake of obedience to His Word, but what sooner or later, the blessing was so plain and full that it was indeed the 'hundred-fold.' The waiting and praying is one thing, but your taking any definite step, while you have not the evidence of her true conversion to God, is quite another. Do not think I underrate the trial; so far from that, I would even rank it as the nearest thing nowadays to the trial of Abraham's faith:—'Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest,' the very wording showing that God Himself recognised the intensity of the trial. May our Lord Himself give you proportioned faith to the test He gives you, whether that faith is exercised in long waiting or in resigning. He will guide with His eye, and will help you to look up for that guidance. 'Jesus will be *more* to you than any gift of His,' and yet 'no good thing will He withhold' because He loves you so; and He can work in you to WILL as well as to DO of His good pleasure, so that you may wish what He wishes, whatever that may be.

The first opportunity I had, I only approached the subject sideways with —— He probably saw what I was at, for he sheered off so very quickly and pointedly to another topic, that I thought it best not to renew the attack, but adopt different tactics next time. So then I made a full front attack, which gave *no* chance of evasion, telling him straight out my fears and hopes and prayers for him personally. He staid nearly an hour! arguing, cavilling, and twisting about like an eel. He manœuvred ingeniously to get me off Bible-ground, and entangle me in metaphysical thickets, but I know one is never safe but in standing firm on the Word and declining to use Saul's weapons—so he always found himself confronted with a smooth stone out of the brook, and thereby brought back again and again to personalities—'And what about his own soul and salvation?' But I saw no *impression;* so far I have only delivered my own soul. I think I was, however, enabled to speak winningly to him, and that he was a little touched by the reality of my anxiety for his salvation. He will be a real trophy for Jesus if converted, perhaps almost more so than any one in —— I was so exhausted after it, that I only had three-quarters of an hour's sleep the whole night, having got quite overwrought.

There is infinitely *more* involved in this than you seem to have the least idea of. And nothing but God's own power can teach it you. It is true my attention was called to this truth, and that set me thinking and praying (at first it was kicking!). No human word did or could open my eyes—it all came clear to me in one tremendous

flash, one Sunday at Perry, when I was quite alone. I have no doubt it was the Spirit himself revealing it, even by the effects, for it is since then that all has been so different. Now will you only let your mind be open to receive *whatever* teaching He may send you? (I do not mean any words of *mine*). I repeat, *no* human argument can do anything, but rather making one kick the more 'against the pricks.' Will you for this one week, really pray that He would guide you into His own truth *whatever* that may be, and that you may be made *willing* to give up *any* 'opinion' which is *not* His truth. The importance of it lies here—as long as you do not attribute all your salvation to God, so long you are defrauding Him of the glory which is His due. Who hath made you to differ? *Why* do you believe and rest in Jesus when others do not? *Is that difference your doing or His?* Could you have come to Jesus if He had not drawn you? And if He did draw you, why *you* and not everybody? If you are indeed 'beloved' now, *when* did He begin to love you?

One *or* other made the choice in the first place, either *you* or *God*. If *you* did, then *you* had a share in saving yourself, and it all hinged upon your doing or not doing. If *He* did, then why deny Him the praise and thanksgiving for having chosen *you*, even you! O give glory to the Lord your God, yes, *all* the glory. At present, though you do not know it, you *are* defrauding Him of praise.

Words are often terrible hindrances, 'darkening counsel,' —such is your word 'favouritism;' say 'sovereignty' instead—absolute, but *righteous*, though inscrutable—and then *bow* to it, and you will end by rejoicing in it. Besides you only shift the difficulty, for whose doing

is it that one is born in England and another among the darkness and cruelty of Timbuctoo? *God* chose to give you English birth and Christian training, and has utterly denied the same great advantages to others. You *must* call this favouritism if anything is—I call it sovereignty. Give up that 'vain word,' and you will see clearer. I have been running through a Gospel of St. John for you, only because I could not find a Romans, Ephesians, or Thessalonians portion, which I should have taken in preference as to *strength* of argument. Will you accede to this most earnest request—that you will read this Gospel, *i.e.* the first seventeen chapters, prayerfully through—*willing* to receive *His* truth at *any* cost or sacrifice of 'opinion' or 'theory' or 'idea.' Oh, do not glance at it lightly, I am very anxious that you should not do so. I cannot explain all you will gain by receiving His truth as a little child; but I know it because I have felt and found it so. And will you make it a great subject of REAL prayer for light and teaching? I believe that in such things, John vii. 17: 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God,' is signally fulfilled, if we are made *quite* willing to give up our own will about theories and ideas and to follow His teaching, even if quite contrary to what we fancied or liked; then He lets us '*know* of the doctrine whether it be of God.' It lies at the very root of ever so many other difficulties; but once receive it, and all falls into place, while the spiritual 'strong meat' *does* strengthen in a way I would not and could not have believed till His own Hand fed me with it. . . . Have you ever noticed the preposition in Rev. v. 9? I shall never forget how breathlessly I turned to

the Greek, *hoping* it was wrongly translated, and found it was even *more* emphatic in the original: 'Hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood *out* of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.' I most fully agree with you in all you say as to the lost. It will be their own fault, and they will own the *justice*, and yet the salvation of the saved will be *all* God's glory and His doing *from beginning to end*. I do not care to reconcile the paradox —both are true and revealed—and the day shall declare it. This is one of the points I want you to be clear upon. Upon *what* does your *actual* salvation (not your *possible* salvation) depend? Is *the* hinge your faith? or is it *God's* sovereign and free gift to you *personally* of it? *i.e.* of the faith as well as the grace. If the former, you must have the credit of making the difference between yourself and others, and not God. Yes, dear,—that is just what I want, not argument, but the Holy Spirit's light and help—coming closer. Let us both seek that.

(*Letter printed as a Circular.*)

Dear ——,

Pardon me for regretfully resorting to this way of replying, as the continually increasing number of correspondents personally unknown to me, renders it simply impossible to send written answers to each. You will find a mark against the paragraph or sentence which contains a reply to your letter.— Yours faithfully,

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1. *To those who wish permission to use or quote hymns or extracts from my writings.*—It is always a pleasure to

give this freely, except in cases where I am fettered by a previously given permission or arrangement, or where 'Musical Copyright' should be secured by the publishers.

2. *To those who wish a 'candid opinion' as to MSS., or advice how to profit by them.*—The only 'candid opinion' of any practical value will be obtained by sending your MS. to the Editor of whatever magazine issues verses or articles of the same kind; he will judge without bias, and reply accordingly. Introductions are utterly useless; everything stands on its own practical merits in an Editor's study. Payment for hymns or general verses is exceptional, and unless you already have 'a name,' you need not dream of it. As to larger MSS. consult a London publisher. If he says he will be happy to publish your MS., but at *your* expense, that simply means that he knows it will not command sufficient circulation to pay its expenses. *Never publish anything at your own risk.*

3. *To those who wish a 'candid opinion' or revision of Music.*—I really have not time for this. If you are a beginner, send your MS. to the nearest good organist. If not, send it to any high-class publisher.

N.B.—Composition without knowledge of harmony is totally useless for publication.

4. *To those who ask me to write for some Charitable or Religious Institution or object.*—(1.) I never write unless I have a very strong impression on my mind. A mere string of rhymes by request or on hearsay would be worse than useless. (2.) It does not follow that, because I can or do heartily sympathize in a cause, I can

forthwith write a poem about it. (3.) I never write descriptions or appeals for anything with which I am not personally familiar. (4.) I am sorry to say that I really cannot find time to write letters or addresses to special Bible classes, Hospitals, etc., etc.

5. *To those who kindly suggest subjects on which they think something in prose or verse would be desirable.*—I find I have to quarry my own stones, and that it hardly ever seems possible to me to take up a line of thought suggested by another mind. At the same time, I am not ungrateful for these, as they are often interesting, though I cannot write upon them. But in several instances the result has been more surely reached by prayer that the Lord would give me the desired words, than by mentioning any subject to me at all.

6. *To those who 'feel sure' of my interest or sympathy in various schemes of Christian work.*—Dear friends, I can only say that sometimes I am unable for weeks, or even months together, to cut my way through to doing any of my *own* work, because everybody expects me to take an interest in *their* work or plans! It is not want of will, but an actual physical impossibility, to respond as I would to the continual stream of such letters from unknown fellow-workers.

7. *To those who ask me to circulate or dispose of books, leaflets, work, etc.* — I am now obliged entirely and invariably to decline to do this for any one. *N.B.*—I never dispose of my own publications.

8. *To those who inquire about my publications.* — Books, Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street, London, or

any bookseller in the kingdom. Songs, Hutchings & Romer, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, or any musicseller. Leaflets, cards, etc.: No leaflet is issued without the name and address of the publisher, who will supply them by return of post to any address. A full list of Leaflets in Verse, seventy-five in number, will be found at the end of *Royal Commandments* (Parlane, Paisley; and Caswell, Birmingham).

9. *To those who most kindly write, asking for no answer, only to tell me of help, stimulus, or comfort, through some message that the Lord has given me the privilege of bearing.* —I thank you most heartily, and ask you to pray that He would graciously give me His own messages for the unknown needs of His children, and to join me in thanksgiving for all His wonderful goodness.

DIVISION V.

LETTERS, FROM 1870 TO 1875.

PYRMONT VILLA, *March* 12, 1870.

I have been ill, or something like it—only the old story, nervous exhaustion, with more acute pain than ever before. I am round the corner now, and have been sleeping immoderately the last few days, which is more than any tonic. So 'I'm not to think of going again to our young women's rooms, nor of opening my desk to any more serious purpose than an occasional letter, for I don't know how long!' So I have not been able to give away 'Charley's message!'

I send you 1 John iii. 2, because it seemed sent to me in the night. The phase of it which shone out was this. It (and many others) is not only a beautiful picture conveying one great subject or idea to the heart's eye—but when more closely looked at, the painting resolves itself into a *mosaic*, every word a precious and beautiful gem. The subject is the marvellous promise, or expression of confidence (which comes to the same thing), that we shall see Him and be like Him, through that

seeing. But just take the words one by one, and see if each is not a jewel of many rays. '*Beloved—now—are* —we the *sons* of God—*and*—it doth NOT YET *appear* —what—we *shall* be—*but* WE KNOW that WHEN *He* shall *appear* we shall BE *like* Him—*for—we—shall*—see—Him —*as*—He IS.' Why any *one* is enough for a great sermon! I have double-lined those on which I dwelt most, though it does not follow that they are most full. The word '*be*' (like Him) struck me immensely—it is so absolute—not *seem*, but actually 'be' going glorifyingly down to the very ends and depths of our whole being — no surface likeness, but entirety of transformation.

(*To E. C.*)

PYRMONT VILLA, *Easter, April* 17, 1870.

I must send you a line, dear E. I think Maria and Ellen will have set out on their journey hither, but *if* not, let them know.

My father still lies just the same, quite unconscious. Apoplectic fit early this morning, and he has never moved or spoken since; no consciousness of blisters, mustard, etc. Dr. Thursfield says, 'humanly speaking, there is no hope whatever,' and he 'thinks he will not last many hours.' Yesterday he was unusually well, all remarked it, and peculiarly bright and happy. He has no suffering at all, and was hardly an hour consciously ill or even poorly. And when he awakens, it will be to see Him as He is. Dear E., I did not think it possible this blow could have been sent so mercifully, all pain spared him, and that was the chief thing. And I never

felt before *how* God can give peace where it seemed it *must* have been only utter grief, sudden and crushing. Pray for us.

PYRMONT VILLA, *April* 22, 1870.

'*Blessed* be the name of the Lord.' I think He has put that in my heart, and my heart says it. I thought I should have yours to-day, and longed for it. It will be a relief to write to you, there is so much that I must write to others, and I need not to you, and therefore I want to.

It is a dream as yet—but rather solemn than terrible; and after it—'when I awake, I am still with Thee.' I think He will let me prove *that*. It has been the *very* best for my father, and therefore I do not think any of us would have it otherwise. Saturday he was better than for months, was out twice, just in the sun before the house—chatting cheerily to neighbours and friends, and all day seemed quite peculiarly happy and bright. I went with Edith H. to tea at Miss Nott's, but happily was so tired that I came home at 8.30, and so was at home at evening prayers. I cannot recall his prayer, though I would give anything to remember it—all seems blotted out except the fact of it.

I never said good-night to him, never remember missing it before—but I had to go away directly after prayers, I forget what for, and when I returned he was gone up. I did not follow him, because he was tired, and I thought it would only hinder and disturb him if I did. I did not know that I should never have another kiss. Very early on Easter Sunday morning

(April 19), (after sleeping fairly), he said his head was uncomfortable—got up about six, but laid down again—and became unconscious. It was apoplexy, and he never moved or spoke again—laid as in deep sleep till Tuesday at noon, and then the breathing ceased—that was all—no struggle, no pain, only gone to *rest*. Was it not merciful *so?* Not any pang for him, not a good-bye, or the possibility of a troubled thought, not an hour's conscious illness—then sleep—then glory. We could not have chosen better for him. And for us—everything that *could* soften and sustain has been given—all were in time too to see him. There was no human element, and so no evil, no bitterness; it was only GOD'S Hand. Not one regret—not one of us having to wish that either he or we had done, or not done this or that as second cause. If I had loved my father less, I should grieve more, but his comfort was truly first, and that is everything. But I would have given anything *but* the inevitable cost of suffering to him for even one last word or look.

I need not tell anybody what he was to me—I have said that once for all in the *Ministry of Song*—(Our Father), and I am so glad I did.

Dear mother is—I do not know how to tell it—I never saw such grief before—and yet not one murmur.

All is in the most marvellous order—not a bill unpaid, not even one letter unanswered! He could not have done more had it been known to him. Yet we have no reason to suppose that he had any presentiment—no shadow of death fell on him at all. And now — he is 'with Him,' and I think that includes *all*. And I can look at that and even be glad. I did not know

God could make it so easy to bow and trust, and say, 'Thy will be done.' He will rest in Astley churchyard, and in its loveliest spot.

April 27, 1870.

Your note to mother was just *beautiful.* Dear E., your own sorrow seems to have taught you what to say. I am so glad that it is fixed that I go out next week. I would much rather go right away than even come to Winterdyne just now! I do not think I shall get to feel comfortably well till I have more change than mere 'change of air.' I do not mean that I want to forget—not at all—but it will do me good to have to forget at intervals. And I have felt my father's loss even more intensely the last two days. How anxious you must be about ——, yet I am sure God will help you to be in 'perfect peace.' I think He does such unexpected things in that way: 'perfect peace' where we expected distress, and agony where one expected peace. Yet His surprises are more often of the former kind.

(*To Margaret W.*)

1870.

What *grand* things Janie is permitted to do! Of course I am charmed that she sees there are advantages in 'keeping rank'! I never did believe in 'unattached,' and never can believe the Captain intends anything of the sort, and I would sooner be a Congregationalist (always barring the great Bible-education point!) than

be one of those unsubordinated (I did not say 'insubordinate'!) waifs and strays.

Such a telling 'present salvation' sermon last night at St. Paul's—John vi. 47, and one of J. H. R.'s *very* best A.M. on John xx. 29. I have been extremely struck (for myself) with the *as* and the *so* in John vi. 57, so I pass it on to you and dear Bessie. I do not know how to thank her for her kind message and prayers. Can you and she find time to ask that I may be able if He will to carry out a little poem on a subject which is a good deal too grand for *me*—and yet I had a strong impulse to begin it, but stuck in the middle, not because I could not scribble on *somehow*, but because I feel utterly unequal to put the idea into any sort of adequate words, and can't bear spoiling it! We had better singing the last two Sundays than ever yet, which is encouraging. I am actually let into the choir now, to shout to my heart's content at the hallelujahs, etc.

(*To the same.*)

January 31, 1871.

I can think of nothing with respect to the death of dear Lucy's mother, but 'Thou hast made her most blessed for ever.' She was not always 'glad' here, but *now* 'exceeding glad with Thy countenance.' Loving thanks for telling me. We are still in the *deepest* anxiety and distress—a terrible relapse last Thursday night, since which he keeps saying he *knows* he is dying. The case is *not* hopeless, and yet there is far more fear than hope, *except* for prayer. But the intense conviction of sin is an answer so far *showing* that good work *is* begun. There have

been *gleams* of peace, but quickly passing again. He *never* prays for life, *only* for pardon, and will go on whispering by the hour, '*Please* do—dear Jesus, please do wash me—whiter than snow, oh, forgive me—quite, dear Saviour, do, *do!*' and so on. But the last two days he has *wandered* so much that it adds *greatly* to our trial, and he does not seem to *understand* what at first seemed to soothe him. Dear Margaret, will *you* kindly write a 'request' for him for Friday, 'this *only* son,' and send this on to Janie?

(*To the same.*)

PERRY VILLA, 1871.

I meant to send an ordinary 'request for praise' for Friday, but I do feel that the answer God has given about the invalid is so extraordinary, that I think it might be a help to praying ones if you would tell them in your own words what God has done in this case. I would not convey in the usual short form what a remarkable answer it is. In the last three weeks recovery has taken place, and he is at this moment, if not very strong, yet in all respects as well as usual, and running and riding about. From what I hear I have every reason to believe that the life renewed will be life henceforth consecrated, and that this illness has been indeed the turning-point. For weeks there was literally no other hope but prayer, and a most remarkable spirit of prayer seems to have been given with respect to his case, so many, not only in our own wide circle of friends, but complete strangers, having taken it up and made special request for him. Just tell

your members something about it on Friday; it is stimulating to hear how gracious God is, and it may encourage them. Ask them to pray that the good work begun may be carried on, and not even temporarily hindered by temptations and snares, which his position as well as his lively disposition will expose him to, but that he may be henceforth Christ's brave and faithful and entirely devoted soldier and servant. And ask them to pray that the prayers of many years may be crowned at last by the conversion of unconverted dear ones, so that it may be another gracious instance of a 'converted family.' Will you send this on to dear Janie? I want her to know.

I am busy at work upon the *Songs of Grace and Glory*, having finished Havergal's *Psalmody*. My last week's work was re-writing sundry queer old hymns! It is so strange that on certain very precious subjects no hymn-writer seems to have touched. I have a most interesting servants' Bible class here, and am looking for blessing. I hope mother will join me here next week. I shall think of you on Fridays, and join you in heart. I meant to have tried my best to help you at the meetings! but as yet it has only been by prayer.

I am so delighted at the bright opening—not the least surprised that none stayed Sunday P.M. I doubt not that Monday night, which seems to have been beyond expectations, is but the beginning. You have in a special way 'come near to minister unto Him' this week, Ezek. xliv. 15, 16, and so Num. xvi. 5 belongs to you and the 7th verse. But it begins with the being 'chosen,' and from that flows the 'come near' and 'shall be holy.' Is not that for you, dearie?

(*To E. C.*)

Christmas Afternoon, 1871.

I must send you a line of Christmas greeting—I am so glad you are at Winterdyne. Christmas has as much of pain as of joy in it, *more* perhaps, and yet one would not blot out the memories which cause the pain. I do so utterly agree with what you wrote to Maria about widows, and the sympathy *they* have as compared with the utter lack of sympathy with those to whom the joy of union has been altogether denied, for widowhood is after all but as the shadow following a *great* light. Has it ever struck you that in this particular thing *we* have a fellowship with our Lord, which they have not? You will think this out for yourself, if you have not already dwelt upon it.

I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your sacrifice in sparing Maria to come home, I do not know when anything has been a greater relief to me. The terrible dreaded evening for poor mother of the anniversary that so recalls my father, was tided over by Maria's coming—mother's burst of agony quite startled her. But dear Elizabeth, I had no idea *you* were so suffering, or I would not have asked for Maria; so I do hope, in my own distress and anxiety for poor mother, I have not sacrificed your comfort.

I suddenly collapsed three days ago—got quite exhausted, but mercifully I have been able to sleep it off. Let me give you my special tired text: 'He will *be* very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry.' We may not *see* what He will *do*, nor be able to *hear* what He

will *say*, but what He will *be*,—what He *is*, swallows up both, and guarantees *all*, no matter what we feel, 'He will be *very gracious*.'

(*To E. C.*)

. . . I feel very much inclined to send you this text: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Because that takes in *all* 'the way.' For if true *now*, it must have always *been* true, even when most imperfectly recognised. And we cannot get beyond '*never*.' The Greek is elsewhere rendered 'loose or slacken,' therefore it seems very strong—'I will never loose my hold upon thee;' the 'forsake,' I think, includes etymologically the idea of leaving behind in a place, therefore it may be linked with 'Where I am, there shall also my servant be' (John xii. 20), and 'I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also' (John xiv. 3).

So dear E., whatever sorrows this or any coming year may bring, they cannot go beyond 'I *know* their sorrows.' But may He who knows your past sorrows, spare you from heavy future ones.

I do hope you will be cheered with much blessing this year, specially among your girls. We are at a disadvantage with ours as compared with yours, because we are hampered as to the coming Confirmation time, being mixed Church and Dissent, both as to ladies and girls. I hope I shall get some of them to attend Confirmation classes, whether they go on to Confirmation itself or not. I do think, and this is the experience of thousands, that it is *the* great opportunity with young persons. The very fact of feeling themselves unfit is the means of

awakening so many; for the question naturally arises, 'If unfit for Confirmation, then am I not unfit for heaven?' Especially among what you call well-disposed girls, I think it is very often the turning-point, it is such a solemnly personal individual thing, that it stirs them up to decide. It used to be a time of great blessing, specially among my dear father's candidates—one of his Sunday-school teachers, Emma Shrimpton, who died lately (whom Maria knew so well), was an instance of great blessing and a consistent life. I always regretted exceedingly that —— was not confirmed; for though I believe she was a Christian before, she would have found great blessing—she says things which show she underrates it, and it has occurred to me that Satan may make use of the fact of having no personal experience of the privilege, to hinder—from making the most of it with her class of girls. For of course, merely knowing of Confirmation *theoretically* as a rite, is very different from having shared in it and found its blessing.

We are obliged to give up two-thirds of our work among the girls, and only keep the rooms open two nights, as the girls do not come. It is very disappointing and humiliating. I should have kept on, whether or no, but I was quite outvoted by the other workers.

I am so looking forward to milder weather, so that I can sit every morning in my study instead of only once a week. I have been defeated altogether in a pet scheme—you know my study is no practical use to me except in the few weeks of warm spring or autumn (as we are never at Leamington in the summer). I cannot sit without a fire, it is so extra cold under the very thin slated roof. I offered to pay for coals and fee the

servant, so as to have a fire nearly every day instead of once a week as dear mother arranged—but one of our servants is invalided, so I must not propose it. I am so disappointed—one cannot have any little reading or prayer in the downstair rooms, as our callers are incessant. And it is so difficult to do anything requiring consecutive thought, with interruptions every ten minutes. If I am drawing on my brain at all, I lose the thread and forget where I was, and have to cogitate—so I produce more in my one study fire day than all the other five.

But it is foolish and selfish to grumble thus to you. I cannot think how I was betrayed into it: one would much rather dwell on mercies, which ought so infinitely to satisfy.

I thought I should not find this second return home so trying as the first after my dear father's death, but I have felt it fully as much.

LEAMINGTON, *March* 1872.

. . . I began going to the laundry girls last week, and was much interested. I *repeated* the 'Old, Old Story' to a room-full of them, and though they were *told* not to let it interrupt work, they one by one stopped, and listened in dead silence, and two or three were in tears.

I have begun giving a little series of a sort of mild 'lectures' on psalmody to Miss Rose's school, with *illustrations*, which consist of practising a hymn and tune till it goes satisfactorily. For next time they are to bring me instances of the *characteristics* of *good* psalmody I mentioned and explained. Next time I shall point out some characteristics of *bad* style. They are to practise the tunes in between—for what numbers of girls can

play a brilliant piece and yet cannot play a hymn tune. Miss R. has introduced *Songs of Grace and Glory*, and handed over her girls to *my* influence, which I hope to use rightly for the principles and practice of 'psalmody,' and while it seems to interest them extremely, gives a first-rate opening for general *anti*-High Church influence.

But I must hasten. I do so hope you will find many an evident proof at Malvern, that the angel has gone before you to choose you out a place to pitch your tent in. Not but what the *fact* will be the same, in any case, but I should like you to find pleasant proofs of it.

WINTERDYNE, *May* 6, 1872.

I have just written a lively little missionary song and tune, 'Tell it out,' which is being taken up wonderfully quickly. I will send it to you by book post, and you can make any use you like of it. I enclose you my *Plea for the Little Ones*, of which I think not less than half a million must have been in type in the last three weeks, such numbers of newspapers and magazines having inserted it. I feel *very* strongly (on the exclusion of the Bible from Board schools), and it is a perfectly inexplicable thing to me how men who *profess* to believe and value the Bible, can join hands with 'infidels' and 'heretics' in desiring its exclusion from Government schools; it is to me 'a wonderful and horrible thing' indeed. The last verses in my *Plea* are:—

> Shall those who name the Name of Christ
> His own great gift withhold?
> Our Lamp, our Chart, our Sword, our Song,
> Our Pearl, our most fine Gold!

Why would ye have 'no Bible taught'?
Is it for *fear?* or shame?
Out, out upon such coward hearts,
False to their Master's name!

With battle-cry of valiant faith,
Let Britain's sons arise,—
'Our children *shall* be taught the Word
That only maketh wise!'

So, dauntlessly, will we unfurl
Our banner bright and broad:
The cause of His dear Word of Life
Our cause,—the cause of God.

I am so glad you like *Bruey*. My dear little nieces, Alice and Bertha, to whom it is dedicated, are both stirred up by it to wish to work; and both, at their earnest entreaty, begin Sunday-school teaching in Wyre Hill to-morrow.

I have had many inquiries as to whether *Bruey* is a true story or not, so I will make an explicit statement. 'Bruey,' so called from the name 'Bruce,' was, as the children say, 'a real little girl.' The outline of her simple story is true; and the sketch of her character is founded on my personal recollections, and inferences drawn from them. Her Sunday-school work (in my father's school), the Irish meeting, and the collecting cards and the forty-one names, her illness and early and peaceful death, are all *fact*. If I had been writing an entirely made-up story, some things would have been very different. Probably I should have made Bruey collect for some vague and general missionary cause, in which any one might imagine they could recognise their own pet society. But my little readers (so far as I know) seem to agree with me that it is most

interesting to know just what Bruey really did collect for, although there are few branches of the Irish Society in England, and none at all in America. And some of the grown-up readers of *Bruey* may think it pleasant to get a little passing view of a very quiet and far-off corner of the great harvest field in Ireland, where a silent sowing of the Word is going on by this society, which shall surely result in sheaves and singing.

Besides, the principles and motives and modes of *any* work for Christ, such as dear little Bruey undertook, apply just as much to any other branch of the same work. Bruey's card, and the list I have kept of her forty-one names, is one of my treasures. I should like any dear little unknown future readers in England to know that I have heard already of many children who have been stirred up by Bruey's example to wish to be 'workers for Christ' too; and who have either found out different ways for themselves, or asked their parents to tell them of something to do, like Bruey, 'for Him!'

I am so far away that I shall probably never hear such pleasant news from America; but I send my little book across the ocean with a very earnest prayer that my Heavenly Master may grant that by it many an American girl and boy may be led to become a 'little worker for Christ.'

[*Mem.*—By F. R. H.'s request, *Bruey* is translated into French by Mlle. Tabarié, under the name of *Lilla* (published by J. Bonhoure, 48 Rue de Lille, Paris). F. R. H. was pleased with its lively and idiomatic rendering, making it a pleasant book for the school-room.—M. V. G. H.]

It was kind and thoughtful of you to send Miss A.'s unexpectedly cheering letter. Ah, dear J., 'even F. R. H.' needs perhaps more of cheer and comfort than many who may perhaps have known less of joy, but *also* less of sorrow; and I believe this is why my tender and loving Father has of late so kindly given me so much success both in penwork and in the more directly spiritual work. So I take Miss A.'s letter as another token of this; and the same post brings me quite an *enthusiastic* note from a London firm about words for a set of six very beautiful MS. songs by Franz Abt, which they requested me to fit with English words in imitation of the original—they say, 'You have done it *splendidly!*' 'Rose of roses,' etc. So this 1872 has been one series of little successes and great mercies. . . . Have you ever *thought out*, 'The Lord will do great things' yet?

I cannot say I 'miss' dear M. and E., because my one object in life at present seems to be, to keep out of everybody's way! I refuse myself to every one before early dinner, and decline every evening invitation; so people catch me if they can in the afternoon.

December 14, 1872.

This is one of the most depressed birthdays I ever had. 'Sent empty away' seems inscribed on this week, both for the misssion time and myself. I am certain Satan has been specially at work to spoil and hinder everything. I have not the least consciousness of any blessing or comfort whatever; but instead of it, a terrible reaction into an utter misery of numbness of soul. The whole service last night was actual weariness to me. More faith and prayer and effort and expectation there

could not have been, yet the whole result seems to be, 'He that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is holy let him be holy still.' Only one case of anything like conversion (with thirty services and meetings in the eight days), and that was a girl whom I felt quite sure God was leading to Himself before. It has been a most strange and painful lesson of God's sovereignty; some parishes are *so* blessed. I heard of one where the throngs of enquirers were so great that the church had to be kept open all day for dealing with them; in others, with equal prayer and means, just nothing at all. The addresses here were so pointed and clear and direct and fervent,—just what one would think must convince and lead to Christ. Decided Christians and visitors enjoyed it immensely—to me it was all utter blank disappointment. For twelve years it has been my special wish to be in an affair of this kind, or anything like the Mildmay Conference, which I seem fated not to get to—it is so depressing, and yet it *must* have its 'nevertheless afterwards.'

(*To E. C.*)

February 22, 1873.

There is a little extra pressure to-day, and I can only write you a note, though I meant to write a letter. I send you these words, 'He is thy Lord.' You will see my comment on it in *Woman's Work* for March (see also *Under the Surface*, p. 69); but I shrunk from saying *all*, though if I had, it would have touched more hearts! The thought I omitted was; the restfulness of recognising the Lord Jesus as the heavenly Bridegroom,—the Husband,—meeting all the special woman's need of one

to bow to and love and obey,—submitting, acquiescing, and obeying with great gladness, because with great love. You will fill this thought out for yourself, I know, darling, as I have for myself; and may He 'satisfy' all the need which only He knows. I do delight in the whole of Ps. xlv.

Well, dear E., may 'He is thy Lord,' in its fullest sweetness and solace, be your keynote for the new life.

Thank you so much for the sash; it is exactly the thing I wanted, and Amy has done it up charmingly for me.

(*To* ——)

May 22, 1873.

Your letter interested me very much, for I do so warmly sympathize with you in your longing for more knowledge and more teaching. May I say freely what I think? It may be that God means to show you the power of His Spirit, working by His Word *alone* (1 Thess. ii. 13), and to lead you to seek and search the Scriptures more earnestly for *yourself*. Sometimes we lean too much upon outward teaching, when we have it; though on the other hand, when He does let us have it, it is most valuable and should be made the most of. But I think you may be quite sure of two things:—*1st*. That He leadeth you by the right way (Ps. cvii. 7); and therefore, if you really cannot go to a Bible class, it must be best so, and He means to teach you without it. *2nd*. If God sends you to those who need teaching, He can put the right message into your mouth, just as easily as if you were a D.D. And I do feel *sure* we may look up to Him to give us the very *words* to say. Very often it is just when we feel most helpless that He uses us most.

As to the oil, I do not think it refers to Gal. vi. 17. Oil is a special type of the Holy Spirit, with reference to His work in *consecrating* and *sanctifying* us. The blood came first (Lev. xiv. 14), and then the oil was put upon the same members. So we need first atonement by the precious blood of Christ, every member being *defiled* and needing it; but then follows ('go and sin no more') the oil of consecration, setting apart those very members to the service of God and of sanctification throughout, down to the very lowest member and power.

I should like to write much more, but am very busy just now.—Yours in Him, 'whom having not seen, ye love.'

1873.

I do so wish there were more soul-winners, especially at boys' schools. Somehow many never seem to do more than pray in a general sort of way for the children, and read good little books to them. But they do not seem to aim at conversion or anything more definite than 'good influence,' and never speak right out about salvation. They seem afraid to aim at it, or see lions in the way. . . . And yet they are quite clear about salvation for themselves, and happy and trustful, and yet have never led a soul to Christ. I gave *Pillows* and *Bells* to a matron who had never seen them, and she quite caught at them. 'Just what she wanted, often wished she could say something when she put the boys to bed, now she could read them this, and quite sure they would be delighted.' She is a Christian, I have no doubt; but, oh, dear! *why* cannot Christians tell these poor dear boys a word about Jesus! and yet talk so bewitchingly to them about anything else!

I received a singularly interesting letter from a lady who picked up my leaflet, *Have you not a Word for Jesus*, in the street in Edinburgh some weeks ago. She has 'always been a dumb Christian, but dare not any longer be so.' She writes to ask my prayers that she may henceforth be able to speak for Jesus.

'Grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy words.' How grandly they did it in vers. 29 and 32 of the next chapter, and there is the same Holy Ghost for us.

May 30, 1873.

My dear Fellow-Worker (for such I am sure you are),—Your most interesting letter has been travelling about, and only reached me a day or two ago. Do not say, 'If indeed a child of God at all.' Let me give you a thought which has often cheered me when tempted to say the same. Can you not set to your seal that the last clause of Jer. xxxi. 3 is true: 'Therefore with loving-kindnesses have I drawn thee'? It is so, because you would not feel drawn to the Saviour, unless the Lord Himself had done it—your natural heart would not draw you, and Satan would not, so it must be His own 'loving-kindnesses,' 'for no man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him,'—well then, if He has drawn you, why?

Look at the glorious antecedent of the 'therefore:' 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' There is no escape from this conclusion, dear friend; verily, *Jehovah hath* loved you 'with an *everlasting love*,' and you have that absolute proof of it, '*Therefore* with loving-kindnesses He hath drawn you.'

I feel very much for you in your sad story of trials, but may I send you Prov. iv. 11, 'I have led you in right paths?' Does not that cover all the life-sorrows, and solve all the life-mysteries? Do not look at your trials as only sent for your own sake; see Phil. i. 29.

Who knows for what blessed service our Master is meetening and polishing you in your sad and lonely hours!

I am an orphan now, and have found the truth of Ps. xxvii. 14, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;' so I send it on to you, praying that it may be yours in your heart-orphanhood. I am very thankful to hear of your finding my leaflet, and shall be very glad if He will make it still further helpful to you in witnessing for Him. I cannot help an impression that there will be many stars in your crown. May He give you much grace and courage and wisdom and love, and if it be His will, success in winning souls.

OAKHAMPTON, *July* 1873.

I have found plenty to do here, and cannot overtake the numbers of poor people who would like me to visit them, though I give either a morning or evening of each day to it. I have the first class of girls on Sunday A.M., and my old Sunday reading P.M., for which the servants seem grateful. Thanks to Sarah D.'s information and help, I have quite a nice Bible-class on Friday P.M. of farmers' daughters, and such-like girls. On Mondays, I have a cottage reading, I should much like to begin another as well, but it seems more prudent not to begin too much, especially as there is much visiting to be done. —— is very kind and affectionate, but I see no en-

couragement to hope anything more—I have been crying over her to-day.

So glad you were at the Conference—strange how *that* always slips through my fingers. I quite hoped we should have been back for it this June. Well, He knows best, and perhaps it might not have been as much real help to me as I was reckoning on. I am greatly enjoying the freedom of not having pressing work which must be done. I had no variety or society or anything to make a break, and I would not like ever to have such another ten months. But for the real belief that —— is and will be an influence for God, I never could have stuck to that utterly tiring and tiresome proof-correcting and corresponding with printers, etc.

I dare not yet allow myself a free fling at any fresh head and eyes work, though there are many things I am longing to do; but I feel I need a rest from it, if ever I am to do any more telling pen-work. So the visiting and classes seem to be my work at present, and though I should probably be wiser if I gave myself a real rest and holiday, I cannot refuse to enter such an open door.

October 1873.

During the Mission Week at Liverpool, my hymn-meeting began at 7.30—opened with prayer by the Rector, who then left it to me. The hall was fairly full, and it is a capital place for sound. It took a while to get the steam up, but before long we had some very fair singing. I had made out a little programme of hymns, progressing to a climax of praise and brightness, and all seemed to enjoy it, the token thereof being that when I

closed at 9.15 every one was astonished at the time being gone. There were a good many strangers and critics present, which rather awed me. It was not merely mechanical practice, and I do not think it failed in its higher objects. A lady wrote so gratefully to me next day, telling me of the new and full comfort which had come to her through a few remarks I made before singing Hymn 14, *Songs of Grace and Glory* :—

> O my Lord, how great the wonders
> Thy rich grace has wrought for me !
> On Thy love my spirit ponders,
> Praising, magnifying Thee.

We sang it to my father's tune 'Zaanaim.'

Friday evening was much nicer than Thursday. The singing went splendidly, and I felt as much at home as ever I did with my Sunday-school class, and somehow did not feel the least difficulty in really saying out all that was in my heart about the hymns themselves, and the great subjects of the Mission Week. Mr. Stubbs begged me so, not to refrain from freely speaking. I wondered at getting on so delightfully, but it was all explained by the Scripture reader, who came up to me after, and said, 'Some of us met together to pray for you and your work this evening, and we have had the answer, for I am sure the Lord helped you most sweetly.' A lady 'Professor of Music' was present, and came to me afterwards most cordially, to say how delighted she was with the hymns and tunes, *Songs of Grace and Glory*. She said she intended immediately to adopt them in her classes and among her pupils.

I went to Mrs. Menzies' Y. W. C. A. house—all is so beautifully arranged and managed, and it is such a

harbour of safety for numbers. Being Saturday, a good many girls were in the house, and so could come into my Bible-reading. A great many are 'working bees;' but I found the idea was to bring all the young sisters or nieces or cousins that could be caught for the occasion, so I had quite a number of just the sort of girls I always want so to get at. At first I wondered how I was to find a word for *all*, as it was such a very mixed set; but I took a passage which really did seem to contain something for all, and took it almost word by word; and it was just what one wanted for the occasion, being a lovely typical passage, bringing out most clearly the three points of 'Coming, Consecation, and Union with Jesus.' Some told me afterwards that they had felt it to be a very precious message to themselves, and had never thought of the passage in that connection before. So again I felt very distinctly that 'the Lord helped me.'

Mr. S. wanted me very much to stay in the Mission Hall and address the whole gathering; but of course I refused: I would not think of such a thing—*that* is not my vocation at all!

The enormous workhouse is not far from here. One fancies little gentle Agnes Jones going into it all alone, and clearing out the Augean stable that it was; and it seems marvellous how *any* woman could do what she did in that place.

(*To Margaret W.*)

WINTERDYNE, *December* 22, 1873.

I am to-day trying to write a New Year's article for the *Christian;* it might suit your thought. It is *From*

Glory to Glory; it *ought* to be the brightest thing I ever wrote, for I have had the brightest spiritual blessings I ever yet had. But positively Satan himself seems trying to prevent my writing it.

December 23, 1873.

I send you *From Glory to Glory.* It is possible it may prove to be what you feel is wanted. If, however, it does not strike you as *the* thing, will *Certainly I will be with thee* do? But, dear Margaret, you and I being the Lord's own, and *not* our own, will fully understand each other. *Neither* must be used, unless you seem guided distinctly so to do. You know I only desire His glory, and not F. R. H.'s credit; and I greatly shrink from anything of mine being used *only* as a sort of compliment to me! You know I mean this.

(*To E. C.*)

December 1873.

I find dear mother has already put up my New Year's leaflet *From Glory unto Glory* for you; so I only add a scrap of loving wish that even though all seems so trying and dark for you, 1874 may nevertheless prove to be in every way 'from glory to glory.'

I am so grieved about your hearing—I know no trial I should so shrink from as deafness—and yet I have said deliberately, verse 10, 'Whatever lies before us, there can be nought to fear.' I fully enter into and sympathize with all your feelings and difficulties. Perhaps altogether the Lord Jesus is about to show you how *fully* He can satisfy with Himself *alone.*

(*To Margaret W.*)

OAKHAMPTON, *January* 25, 1874.

More likely than not, I shall *not* be back for the Y. W. C. A. next meeting. I wanted so much to get you to take some extremely decided steps about the unpunctuality. I named it to two or three members, and the instant reply was that it was your fault! because you never began at eleven sharp, and there is no denying that no meetings ever are punctual unless the leader has the resolution to begin as the clock strikes without ever waiting for anybody. I should begin if only two were present, and the rest would soon learn better! Do bring about thorough reform in this. I will write a circular in my own name, if you like! And I would never admit any one during the hymn, as it is a part of our service as much as prayer, and yet it is regularly disturbed and treated as a sort of 'opening voluntary,' which alway annoys me intensely.

I had no idea of staying so long here, but my path is most clear, and there is special need of me here, more than at home, as Maria is with dear mother. I have had a specially precious soul given me at W. I always reap anywhere but in Leamington.

(*To J. E. J.*)

LEAMINGTON, *February* 27, 1874.

I thought often of you and your request during *the* 'Week,' and have no doubt there was great blessing. I wanted you to get a special personal blessing and lifting

up, dear J. Did you? Only sometimes the richest blessings flow in deep under the surface, and the taking root downward is not less blessed than bearing fruit upward.

I have just been enjoying thinking out Luke v. 4–11 in a less usual way—'Launch out into *the deep sea of the promises*.' Has that ever struck you? If not, will you look at the passage and see how beautifully it bears carrying out, till it comes to 'forsook *all* and followed *Him*.'

(*To J. E. J.*)

LEAMINGTON, *March* 18, 1874.

You will wonder—but I am so thankful for your letter! Because the state of mind you describe is so exactly what I have seen (and to a certain extent experienced) just before entering into the full blessing, the full rest. He brings us just to the end of our own resources, and even to the end of all hitherto tried resources, and empties us altogether (it is just a parallel to the usual state of things before conversion). And then He shows us, perhaps in one flash, perhaps gradually, that He can really do all for us, really cleanse as well as pardon, really be our sanctification as well as our righteousness, really keep us moment by moment instead of only a general kind of keeping from great or final falling. You do not limit Christ's 'able;' He is able to keep, able to do exceeding abundantly, able to make all grace abound to you, etc.; but then the great question comes—'When?' Now answer Him with—'Now, Lord!' And according to your faith it will be unto

you. Do just apply the very things you would say to one who was seeking salvation, and use the very same means—'Only believe,' and—'Now.' It is a wonderful parallel. I am not writing thus because I have opinions or have read books, but because I felt and found it all before I ever read a line on the subject.

I am praying for you. I long for you to have 'the full blessing.' You must have it.

(*To* ——.)

Yours just come. Yes, I like 'Aunt Frances.' You know it is Connie's name for me. I am so glad the Lord helps you to trust Him, and He *will*. I am very glad you are looking out for definite work in ——, as I think—first, it is a real means of grace, and the soul does not prosper without it unless He distinctly withholds opportunity; and, secondly, if you give up some and all for ——'s sake, you are not called upon to relinquish also the privilege and duty of work for Jesus. He is our Master, and He only—His service must be sought.

I really do think my chick took in the message of 'everlasting love' the very first evening! the soil was more prepared than I had supposed, and she had very earnest desire for a blessing on this visit; and somehow she simply believed the message straight off, without any to-do! at least she appeared to do so, and says it makes her so very happy!

Dear child, she is so changed. Her mother had given her Mr. Everard's nice little book, *Nailed to the Door-post;* so the next day she went to her (of course in the

twilight !) and whispered, 'Mamma, I am nailed to the door-post !'

Same evening —— told her at last of his decision for the ministry. So all has been extremely happy about that; told me he had such a nice talk with his father about it, and then prayer. So the dear mother is singing Ps. ciii. !

So glad you like my verses, 'Far more exceeding,' but I never felt more miserably the total inadequacy of my attempt to touch on so grand a theme.

(*To the late Mrs. Edward Pease.*)

WINTERDYNE, *March* 31, 1874.

DEAR MRS. PEASE,—Will you accept my warm thanks for your lovely gift. The Tyrolean shawl is so beautiful in itself, and will be particularly useful during the semi-invalid weeks which are now before me, that thus alone it is a pleasure to have it. But it makes it a greater pleasure that it is an expression of Christian friendliness and sympathy. We cannot be really strangers when we own the same dear Master, and love the same precious Saviour. It was so kind and thoughtful of you to lend a book to read; it came just at the right time, when I was all the better for a little easy reading, but not at all able for anything needing consecutive thought. You have learnt to anticipate the little needs of invalids such as this, and I have benefited by it.

Having so often heard of you from my sister Maria, I feel as if I knew you already, but I hope very much I may have the pleasure of your personal acquaintance before very long.

May I take this opportunity of expressing what I have most strongly felt—gratitude to you for the great and real help you have been to my sister Maria by supplying her with, and supporting a nurse for, her sick poor. I do not think anything could have been devised which would more effectually help and relieve her; and we also who so love her, are most thankful for the relief which it is to her in times of much illness among the poor; for we have often been very anxious lest she should break down. Again thanking you for the exquisite shawl, allow me to remain, dear Mrs. Pease, yours cordially.

(*To C. H.*)

April 1, 1874.

. . . Are you thus cut off from pleasant intercourse and kindness for nothing? Surely not; depend upon it, it means blessing, and will be a blessing if you seek that it may. Oh, Ceci, Jesus has been *so* much to me this winter, more than ever before. I send you a tiny book, *All for Jesus*,[1] which has been an unspeakable blessing to me, and now I want you to be 'all for Jesus.' It is very marvellous how God lately seems to have been stirring up thousands and thousands of Christians to consecrate themselves utterly to Him, and to seek and find more in Him than ever before. I have shared this blessing, and now I want you to have it too!

[1] *All for Jesus.* Partridge & Co.

(*To C. H.*)

April 22, 1874.

I am just full of joy and praise over your letter. Oh, how I thanked God for it! You will wonder! but all you tell me shows that He has really, truly, deeply taken you in hand, that He Himself has drawn near, and though as yet your eyes are holden, He is leading you right into fulness of blessing. I am sure of it; what you describe is exactly what I expected *if* the work in you were indeed His, and exactly what He leads others through into the full blessing of entire consecration and resulting joy. Only let Him work; only let Him do what He will with you, in you, for you. He may bring you into yet deeper waters; He may show you more still of the sin and weakness; He will bring you to the point of utter self-despair, and *then*—I know what *then!* Oh, the joy of utterly yielding up to Him! But, my darling, this is a great soul-crisis—perhaps you will never pass through such another; it is a 'Now' of infinite grace, and Satan will do his very utmost to keep you just out of the blessing which he knows would be the entrance upon a glorious life of power as well as of joy. Oh, do not yield to him, but yield yourself entirely to Jesus. . . .

. . . But remember nothing can be really gained in this matter without the true-hearted, whole-hearted surrender of all and for always to Jesus. This you must do; and yet for this He and He only can make you 'willing,' and give you power to do it. But just look straight at His promises just as they stand, and all the paradox will be solved. He 'waits to be gracious' to you. Look at 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18, 'I will receive,' etc.

With the very effort to obey, He gives the power. He gives freely strength and grace for whatever He commands. His commands are all implied promises.

(*To C. H.*)

May 1874.

My heart has written to you every day, though my pen has not, because I have been rather extra pressed and busy. I was so thankful to get your last letter. Oh, it is a simply glorious life that by His grace you have entered, of real whole-hearted consecration to Jesus. Now, darling, 'stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage' (Gal. v. 1). And 'by faith ye stand' (2 Cor. i. 24), and He will give it, and increase it. And you 'are kept by the power of God through faith' (1 Pet. i. 5). But nothing short of the highest level will do, that is the true place of joy. . . . I am most thankful that He has impelled you to speak to ——; it is to me a test of your 'gold:' you cannot keep it to yourself if you really have the blessing. Yes, 'tell it out,' and remember that you are responsible for what He has given you of joy and grace (1 Pet. iv. 10). . . . Commit your whole self to Him to be 'sanctified wholly' (1 Thess. v. 23, 24). Look out all His promises about it, and claim them and believe them. Just see for yourself what His promises and commands are. He gives no impossible commands, for His promises and His enabling power always exceed them. Only we must believe the promises, and draw upon the power.

Ask Him to teach you all about it, and to show you practically how much He is able and willing to do for those who will but trust His bare word at any cost of preconceived opinions. 'Wrong thoughts' are most assuredly conscious sin, to be instantly confessed and hated and repelled, not to be excused or indulged for an instant. If you have the least wince of conscience, at any cost instantly see to it, and let there be instant confession, which surely results in instant cleansing. Recollect the glorious word 'cleanseth,' *i.e.* 'goes on cleansing,' and claim it and trust to it, and be willing to be kept under the cleansing power of the blood, leaving no place, and giving no quarter to even the shadow of a sinful thought. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' God is; and your sufficiency is of Him and of Him only. See Jude 24; and let us press on in faith and hope to a really holy life. Of course, the happiness will be in proportion. Temptation is not sin; oh, no! Jesus was tempted! But parleying with temptation is sin. Satan may cast a fiery dart, and it may pain terribly; . . . but if our whole soul loathes and recoils from it as He did, the sin is Satan's, not ours. You will soon experience the difference between sinful temptation of one's own evil heart, and temptation from the Evil One in which you may claim Christ's deepest sympathy.

'Presumptuous' to speak for Jesus! My dear Ceci, is it presumptuous of a soldier to tell what a good general he has? is it presumptuous of a liberated slave to tell of his deliverer to his former fellow-captives? would it be presumptuous of me to speak lovingly and gratefully to anybody who had died instead of me? That idea was a temptation, if you like! and if you

parley with that, you will be dishonouring and sinning against Him. How dare we 'hold our peace'! It is 'presumptuous' if through fear of man or conventionality or self-consciousness and nervousness we are cowards enough to accept all His benefits and all His love, and just hold our tongues about it, and not give Him the open praise of lip and life that should glorify Him, and yet expect Him to be pleased with us, and continue His smile upon us! That is horrible presumption!

As for——, perhaps she will be your first soul for Jesus. Ask it! I may tell you that it is a remarkable fact that the uniform experience of those who find blessing is that God peculiarly honours the confession of what He has done for them. Look at Philem. 6. So I am peculiarly glad that you frankly told her of your *own* blessing.

'Grow?' Yes, of course, and expect that faith and love will grow day by day, and may they 'grow exceedingly.'

(*To C. H.*)

LEAMINGTON, *June* 4, 1874.

Your letters make me so happy! I do praise our dear Master for you and with you. I quite expected you would be made a blessing at once—it seems to be always so.

As to your choir, I think it is beginning at the wrong end to press the Lord's Table first. It is the principle of love and obedience which they want, then they will unhesitatingly 'obey' the command; it will be quite certain to follow. Speak out fully and freely to them about Jesus Himself, and I believe that if He

gives you grace and courage to confess to them what a blessing you have personally received, there will be fruit immediately. . . .

Be willing to take up any odds and ends of work (pen, voice, hands, feet, tongue), which the Master puts before you. And be quite sure that He will guide thee continually, so that seeming hindrances are quite sure to be furtherances. He constantly holds me back from some intended bit of work, and then gives me another instead, in a most remarkable way. . . .

(*To* ——.)

May 23, 1874.

You were right about the 'undertone of pain,' *and* about the victory. But I cannot help telling you that the wonderful and glorious blessing which so many Christians are testifying to having found, was suddenly, marvellously sent to me last winter; and life is now what I never imagined life on earth could be, though I knew *much* of peace and joy in believing before. He has done for me exceeding abundantly above all I asked or thought,—I never *could* say that before, I say it in adoring wonder now. It seems as if a call were going forth to His own children to make a more complete surrender of their whole selves and lives, and to enter into a fulness of consecration, which I for one had not realized before. Now I want you to have this too! The Master Himself will show you how to find it, and perhaps astonish you as He did me with it. *From Glory to Glory* is the only piece in *Under the Surface*

written after I found what life in Jesus could be, and that is the only piece which altogether expresses my hourly gladness,—at least as far as expression can go, which is not *very* far after all! This is overflowing 'compensation' on this shore for ALL. I can set to my seal that this is true, and write 'Satisfied!' upon all the yearnings you so truly touch.

(*To* ——.)

1874.

I was more glad than surprised at your letter, for I had a strong impression that this would come about. I am so very thankful that your first time after leaving school is to be with such a family. The first year or two (after school) is perhaps the most important time of your whole life; and I have long hoped and prayed that if you were not with your own dear mother, you might be where a decidedly spiritual atmosphere might be around you, and where you might learn to take such a decided stand on Christ's side, that it should never again be a doubt or even a difficulty to you to 'stand up for Jesus,' wherever you might subsequently be. And this you will have with——. But remember 'Paul may plant and Apollos water, but only God can give the increase;' so do make it a special prayer, that you may really profit by the privileges you will have; that you may lose none of the blessings which will be around you, but that you may be 'strengthened and stablished and settled' in your spiritual life; that you may be no weak Christian, but become 'strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.' I am so glad that I shall have you with me all the

autumn, and I hope that I shall be a little bit of help to you in many ways.

No teacher ever has only and altogether smooth sailing, and it would be no real advantage to have *no* difficulties, or we should never learn to overcome them, and should gain no strength of character. Your pupil is accustomed to obedience, and she has a dear little heart, and is singularly affectionate and easily touched, and that sort of material to work upon is a great thing.

Children are managed best if you show from the outset that whatever you say *has* to be done; so be rather careful in what you do say. Never say a thing is to be done, which you are not quite sure ought and must be done, so as not to have to retract or give in; but once *said* carry it out! As a rule, I always unhesitatingly advise governesses to ask to have their supper upstairs, so as to secure time to go on with steady plans for self-improvement, reading, and practising, etc.

You will, I am sure, be kind and pleasant and gentle to the maids—if they think any one is stuck up and gives unnecessary trouble, they do not like it; but speak pleasantly, and thank civilly, and consult their convenience instead of positively ordering things, and then you will be waited on night or day like a princess!

I do hope you will be a good psalmodist, so practise thoroughly a few tunes from Havergal's *Psalmody;* try 'Chesalon,' 'Goldbach,' 'Franconia,' 'Hermas,' 'Claudia,' 'Nassau,' 'Sternberg,' 'Hobah,' 'Persis,' 'Zaanaim,' 'Idumea,' 'Sihor,' 'Patmos,' also my father's special tune 'Evan,' both arrangements, 1. and 2., and 'Culbach,' 'Iona,' 'Eden,' 'Tryphosa,' etc.

You may imagine I cannot write many such long

letters as this, for I have received nearly 600 letters the last six months, and of course letters must be answered.

Dear ——, do pray most earnestly in this interval that God's very special blessing may be upon this step. Nothing can prosper without that. Do not furl your colours!

I am afraid I am really more anxious about your body than your soul! but I do so want you not to be foolish, and get overdone for nothing. So that you fulfil faithfully your duties to your pupil, you have no right (as regards your positive duty to your mother and to yourself) to get fatigued and overdone, and perhaps lay the foundation of delicate health, just for want of moral courage to say 'I am tired,' or to face the very awful trial of any one wondering why you did retire early, or not go to the evening service; I should feel less strongly about it, if I had not split on the same rock. You must *not* sacrifice health and strength for nothing. May He give you tact and wisdom in this and all else. Never allow children to be inconsiderate, or needlessly imposing on you.

You must not be depressed, you *must* rouse out of it and go cheerily to your work again. What would you do, if you had the real causes of depression which so many young governesses have? But you are trying, and I am so glad—only you must make a real point of conscience about it, and pray vigorously and constantly for help in this thing.

I think —— is a little better, and she seemed so very bright and happy that I thought she set somebody of

my acquaintance a bright example of trust and patience and cheerfulness!

'Now then do it!' See what 2 Sam. iii. 17–18 says.

I am very anxious to hear how you are, but if only you are as well as I think, it will do you good in many ways to be alone awhile. Often we are least alone when most alone. Only we must not take it for granted that as a matter of course the Lord Jesus will draw near. He will be sought, and pressed to enter in and abide with us; but if we do thus entreat Him to be with us, He surely will be. Every new position is like being put for a while into a different class in His school; there will be new lessons to learn and new progress to make. So, darling, I wonder what He has to teach you now during the next few weeks—certainly *something*, so 'watch to see what He will say unto you.' Do not overtire yourself, because remember this is your holiday, and you must not come back fagged out. I am more afraid of your doing too much than too little. Look at Isa. lviii. 11, and find out in your concordance *all* His promises under 'guide' and 'lead,' and see what fulness of assurance He gives you.

(*To* ——.)

June 15, 1874.

. . . I do not know that I can do more than send you what cost me the greatest struggle I ever had to allow anything to be printed.[1] The way in which my Master came and astonished me by giving me, even me,

[1] *Such a Blessing*. Partridge & Co.

a blessing, which I had hardly heard of, much less understood, was more than I could have imagined.

Now I simply and strongly believe that His hand is open and ready to give the same blessing to all who will have it; therefore to you, dear friend. And the desires which you describe look to me like a sure earnest that you will have it. Oh do not compare yourself with others—thousands are shutting themselves out from this blessing, because they will not believe it—and thus hindering others too, who argue that 'because So-and-so has not experienced it, and yet is far in advance of me, therefore I ought not to expect it.' Dear Miss S., go independently to the Lord Jesus and just *see* what He will do for you! Oh! believe that 'able' means 'able' and no less, and that 'all' means 'all' and no less; and taking these two words as your starting-point, go and simply search and see what the Lord *can* do for you, and what He promises to do. You will receive, He has not given you the desire for nothing, He will fulfil it. And he can do it without any human teaching—you see I had none whatever except that one single sentence of reply from Mr. W. The Lord did all the rest. Only I must own to you, 'to the praise of His glory,' that the blessing described in the little book not only lasts but increases. It is even having a great effect upon my health, for all touch of worry, care, anxiety, and fidget about anything earthly or heavenly is all gone. Jesus takes it *all*, and the rest of faith is more perfect and uninterrupted than I imagined it possible for any one of my own nervous, highly-strung temperament to enjoy. *All* His doing! I was powerless,—and never saw my own weakness and my own sinfulness as I see them,

now that I am finding power and sanctification in Jesus. Do not imagine there need be delay—at once, on getting this, let me beg you to break through everything—go straight and yield up your *whole* self, *unbelief* and *all*, to Jesus, and receive the blessing. I think I shall soon hear you have it.—Yours in loving hope.

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

1874.

I must send a copy of a note just received. See, Marie, dear! I know *my* witness does not go for much, but when one after another of old-established Christians come forward and say they have received a blessing which they have never had before, and which they had not even imagined, can its reality be doubted? It is mostly those who are looking for it who get it; but in some cases, as with myself, He seems to come and astonish His children by an utterly unexpected blessing. In answering the first letter, I felt strongly that it was due to the Lord to acknowledge what a blessing had come to me immediately after their special prayer for me, as well as the coincidences about the hymn. I hesitated much and prayed very earnestly to be guided whether or not to send *Such a Blessing*. I recollected vividly all that had been said about hindering and lessening my influence if I spoke out; and then I saw that this might be all temptation, and that I might be grieving the Holy Spirit's influence if I resisted the strong impulse to send it. So I committed it all to God, and trusted Him to send *power* with the little book and the letter I wrote

with it. Now, only see! Has He not reproved me for my faint-heartedness in fearing to tell of His goodness to me? What could be more overwhelming than such an immediate result! Strangely enough, it has been so all along—in almost every instance in which I have entrusted all to my Master, and spoken or written *freely* and just as I felt He was guiding me, blessing has resulted immediately: from the day I went to Areley House till now. I still wait (in obedience), but I cannot help believing that if I had all this spring been speaking out freely and fearlessly, I should have had tenfold more blessing and result. I have had very much, but not so much as I might have had. I would give anything for all around me to enter into the fulness of 'this miracle of love'—why should I refrain from seeking to lead others into this *utter* rest of heart, which I know is no fancy? For the present I will still *wait*—I will not deviate from my present nearly invariable silence till after I have been to Switzerland.

On the very same day, *while* I was praying for it, the full blessing was poured out just gloriously upon a new friend of mine, daughter of that special friend of dear mother's. They are going to have C. M. S. sermons in St. Paul's, and 'Tell it out' is to be sung. (See Appendix.)

(*To E. C.*)

1874.

I am more thankful than astonished. . . . I am so glad for you, and feel sure that you will be increasingly blessed. I only earnestly hope that nothing of the same

kind of opposition will be roused as here. It is singular that while your mouth is opened, my mouth is altogether closed! —— is more and more *strong* against the Conference, and several things connected with her make it my clear duty to *submit* and be silent.

I want you to pray specially for me on Wednesday about 12.15. It seems that some extra bold requests of mine at the last meeting, both for prayer and praise, rather startled the Association members,—the writer, of course, they guessed to be me. So Margaret is most anxious that I should use the opportunity, and at our next meeting give 'personal testimony,' a totally new thing in our meetings, telling them frankly what great things the Lord has done for me as to *answering prayer*. She trusts it may stimulate the whole Association. I know it will considerably astonish them if I do this unprecedented thing: then I cannot do this without going farther. I must tell out clearly upon what I believe this fulfilment of John xv. 7 hinges. Once started, I shall probably, God helping me, speak very strongly upon surrender and consecration (Matt. viii. 10); obedience, instant and implicit; and faith 'without taking off discount,'—as it may be the *only*, as it is the first opportunity of really addressing them and speaking personally and rousingly. Of course I shall carefully avoid all shibboleths. Now, will you pray that the Lord would put His words in my mouth, and that I may say neither more nor less than He would have me say?

I am quite satisfied that God is leading me aright; I only better understand the special help I want for Wednesday. To-day the words have come very sweetly to me, 'Until the time appointed of the Father' (Gal. iv. 2);

and I shall be free to speak and act as I would like when His time comes. I know nothing I should be more glad of than if mother would invite you here. She will not just yet, I know; but when she does, do strain a point, and come.

Well, dear E., the Master knows what He has given, and what He has promised, and what He will do; and I do not expect He will disappoint me.

Mr. S. says he has had such joy in thinking, 'Enoch walked with God' 300 years! Then is our life to be worse and less than his? Nay, rather, 'some even better thing'! Is not that good?

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

THE PARSONAGE, BOCKING, *June* 19, 1874.

I did not mean to write any circulars, but must send one London and Bocking account. Once out of England, I shall leave all that to Connie, who will thus have a grand chance of distinguishing herself as a general correspondent.

I was consternated at finding H. had made engagements for every day! However, I felt sure I should be 'cared for,' and so did not trouble about it. She took me to Doré's pictures. The two great new ones are *more* striking than the others. I wish I could stay to describe the weird beauty of 'The Dream of Pilate's Wife.' Then I had a pleasant and long interview with Nisbet (*the* Watson of the London Board). I am delighted with him—so very kind and nice. He was called away for a few minutes, and brought me a great

book of reviews, that I might amuse myself with reading up those under 'Havergal'!—several capital ones which I had not seen.

I returned with ——; and at 8 P.M. we went to a party, and I was horrified at hearing carriages ordered 12.30! However, by special favour to me, ours was ordered at 11.30. I wondered what I was there for, and soon found out! For it is so strange how people drift me into actual personal religious conversation. No one could say I force it, and I *know* I do not; but, for instance, one gentleman, who began with small-talk and badinage, found himself in five minutes (we were in a quiet corner) face to face with personal salvation. I really do not know how it came about, but there it was; and he owned that he never thought of anything more than 'how to get comfortably through the world,' and 'did not trouble himself about another just yet'—he got so sobered down, and greatly interested; promised to think it all over, and thanked me. That was by no means the only one I seemed sent to that evening. I was so glad I could sing so as to make them *all* listen; for it was a large double room, and all were perfectly silent for my music. I shall probably never *know*, but I do not see why I should doubt that seed dropped that night took root.

11*th June*.—I intended to have a quiet writing morning, but suddenly felt a strong impulse to go and hunt up Miss Grant, who knew my father abroad, but whom I have never met. I sent in my card, and she came open-armed; strangely enough, for an hour before I came she had been thinking and praying over something of mine which seems to have stirred her deeply, and longing

especially by any means to meet me, having no idea I was in London! So she thought I was almost miraculously sent! I was so glad I went; she just wanted a bit of special comfort. She said her father, a literary man and editor, wished very much to see me; so another day I had a most delightful hour with him.

One day Rev. D. came to dinner — I wish there were 5000 more such curates — a real downright, devoted fellow, and all the sunshine in his face and over his life and work, and having the joy of winning souls. He is one who has found special joy and blessing of late, and Mrs D. too; in fact, I hear of it on all sides—Jesus of Nazareth is passing by in a most striking way among His own people with hitherto unrealized blessings for them.

16*th*.—Arrived at Bocking Parsonage in answer to earnest entreaty from the daughter of one of dear mother's especial friends whom I had met at home.

It is most odd how in this out-of-the-way place people know everything I write, and I was so amused to find that even the school children wanted to catch sight of me! But better than that, God Himself seemed to have given a strong expectation that if I came, it would be for blessing—and so I feel sure it was. I had the ladies for a drawing-room meeting on Wednesday, and a little gathering of young girls and women on Thursday, and I did so enjoy them. *As* I do it, it is far less fatiguing than a party. You see otherwise these ladies would have been asked to tea, and I should have been chattering to ones or twos, and singing Handel, and so on for three or four hours, and not getting so soon to rest as usual. Instead of this, they came at 7.30, and

when all were ready I went straight to my place and opened with a little prayer; then—what if I did talk about Deut. xxxiii. 12 for about an hour, I had it all my own way, telling them just what I wanted to tell them, and what my own heart was full of, with no tension of trying to meet remarks wisely, and trying to make the most of opportunities, etc., which would have gone on for three hours at least at a party. And then I knew they wanted this, and wanted just the blessings I was telling them of; and then I could entirely trust the Master all the time to keep guiding every word, so that it is the smoothest of smooth sailing. After hymn and prayer, I asked if any one would like to ask any questions, and two or three asked very useful and suggestive ones, which I was delighted to answer. It was all over in an hour and a half. I do not say it did not tire me last year, but I find my expectation fulfilled now, and that I can do it *quite* differently, *i.e.* without any excitement or nervousness whatever. I look to my Master to give me just what He will, and I feel He does help me, and I leave the whole thing with Him. I took a previously prepared subject, so only needed quiet thought and prayer beforehand. I felt sure God would bless these meetings, and He certainly did—several finding new light and joy. All the time I was there I had such a vivid sense of His exceeding goodness and love that I do not think I ever spent a happier four days. One cannot tell everything, but I do not think either of my visits were resultless.

20*th*.—I went to Bishop Stortford to see Ernest H.; he is such a dear little fellow, and was very communicative, and greatly entertained with my alpenstock.

He came to see me off at the station: a pleasant man in my carriage asked me a question about the place; so I referred him to Ernest, who gave him explicit information. Then he said, 'I wished to know, because I hope to hold some children's meetings here.' So I said, 'It is Mr. Spiers, I am sure!' And so it was! He gave Ernest some books, and promised me to patronize him specially in the autumn. I asked him about his work, which is certainly *one* of the most wonderful things going, and got a great deal of really useful material from him. Then he asked me what *my* work was, and I told him 'whatever came to hand!' But as that was not definite enough for him, I offered my leaflet *From Glory to Glory* as my card; and he was so delighted. I arrived at Mrs. C.'s, who is delightful! It is a sort of dream to be at Mildmay; it is very delicious.

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

1874.

I went to tea with Messrs. H. & R. at their business house; Mr. H. was bent upon Mr. R. hearing me sing my 'Tell it out' and 'When thou passest through the waters.' I had a most interesting afternoon, half business, half pleasure. Both of them were taken with 'Tell it out,' and think it 'such a hit,' etc., and are going to issue it at once in song form, as solo and chorus with piano accompaniment. Then they wanted more of the same, and I sang my tunes 'Euodias' to ''Tis the church triumphant,' and 'Onesimus' to 'Only for Thee,' and 'Hermas' to 'Golden harps are sounding,' and others;

and they wish me to prepare a whole set. They say, 'Tell it out' is safe to go. Mr. R. had never heard me play any sacred music before, and he started up, and said, 'Ha! you are mistress here!' He exceedingly admires 'When thou passest,' and is going to publish it. Mr. H. sings splendidly himself—clear, high cultivated tenor voice.

I so enjoyed my visit to ——; was let alone, and could write in peace; then quiet pony drives with Mrs. ——. Some pleasant work opened for me. I believe one has really taken the great step this week, and three others are earnestly seeking, and I am very hopeful about one of the servants.

You wanted me to write penny books. You have seen, *I also for Thee*, and Caswell will publish one for the New Year, *The Five Benefits*. Parlane is doing Packet IV. of my Leaflets.

(*To M. W.*)

All my care is upon His shoulders now! I have no burden, not an ounce. Blessed work here—one conversion and three grand blessings to tell about in this house since I came a week ago, and 'more to follow,' I am sure, for the Master is evidently here. So is Satan! for I never had such a pitched battle with him as last Wednesday—a soul seemed all but lost, and I never heard more distressing words. I was at it till after midnight—the battle is still pending.

I was terribly distressed for a whole day, because it seemed like living in sheer disobedience to my Lord. 'In everything give thanks,'—and how could I give

thanks that my poor F. had lost the blessing! I could not 'thank' for a trial which was not for God's glory, but seemed all the devil's doing. Then I suddenly saw I had not been taking the literal words! It is not '*For* everything,' but only 'In;' so I forthwith began to 'give thanks' '*in*' my sorrow, and felt *greatly* comforted. Was I *right*, do you think?

(*To* ——.)

October 19, 1874.—So you, too, are being stirred up by the 'loving Spirit' to seek holiness and rest beyond what you have as yet found! Thank God! And I know not how to thank Him enough that though only a year ago I knew absolutely nothing of this blessed life —had not even read one word about it,—I can now tell you joyously that His own Hand has led me into it, and that for nearly a year I have not known what it is to have a shadow of care in things temporal or spiritual: all is cast upon Him, and He gives me victory and gladness in response to the utter trust (which is no less His gift); so that it is living a new life, and one which I really did not even suppose to be possible on earth. I enclose you what cost me more to lay at the Master's feet than anything ever did. You will easily understand the shrinking from allowing such letters to be printed; but He has so very *marvellously* blessed this little book, . . . it says so much more than I have time to say in letters. He is the same Lord, rich unto *all* that call upon Him, and the same fulness of blessing is as open to you as to me: only taste and see: only trust; only let Him

do what He will with you; only take His promises (and His commands too) just as they stand, 'without taking off any discount.' . . . He will teach and lead you, and show you what He is able to do for you. And may you soon know the full blessedness of utter surrender, continual cleansing, absolute trust, and implicit obedience.

. . . I should like to tell you, as well as many other dear ones, how it has all been one song of goodness and mercy, and how I want to sing out His faithfulness, and tell all His dear children that they need indeed 'fear no evil' . . .

Will you look into each clause of the sixfold promise contained in the beatitude of 'trust'? (Jer. xvii. 7, 8). You will enjoy it if you have not yet gone right into those two verses.

October 30, 1874.— . . . How good He is! Oh, I am so thankful for you! And now entrust your trust to Him, and 'the future is one vista of brightness and blessedness' . . .—Yours in joy and love.

. . . What you tell me of the Lord setting His manifested seal upon two of my hymns, 'O thou chosen Church of Jesus,' and 'Certainly I will be with thee,' made me feel very unworthy and very thankful, and (I cannot help saying it) sent a new thrill of love through my heart to Him who is so good to me. If you ever sing my hymns again, will you send up a prayer that I may more and more rejoice in the truths which they feebly represent; and, if it be our Master's will, that He would give me yet many more powerful messages of song, for I cannot write without Him.

(*To J. T. W.*)

WINTERDYNE, 1875.

This is a very suffering Sunday, and it will be a relief to write and ask you to pray for me that the Lord would let patience have her *perfect* work in me, and that I may really glorify Him in pain. I was gaining strength steadily till a few days ago, and had arrived at being able to walk across the room once or twice a day; but now I have such intense pain, especially at night, that I do feel it to be very real 'chastening.' He has enabled me to be quite patient so far, and it is not that I fear His grace will fail for what is yet before me; but, dear friend, will you ask that it may not only not fail, but abound. My doctor says it may pass in a few days, but that it may be a much longer affair; anyhow, I have need of patience if only for the 'few days.' But I am clinging, yes, and resting, all the time, and the 'perfect peace' is not touched.

And now I want to tell you a bit of good news. I did mean with all my heart and soul, 'Take my will, it shall be Thine,' but I did not quite dare to think He *had* taken it. But now need I doubt it any more? For I am sure my will would not have been perfectly satisfied and happy under present circumstances if He had not taken it. It would not come natural to me not to feel pain. But I do lament over want of growth in grace, because that must be *my* fault. I think any other Christian would have made progress in these five months of illness, (except in the matter of trust, and perhaps of patience), I do not see that I have. I never saw so much 'unpossessed ground' as now, nor more of 'un-

conquered territory.' Yet, on the other hand, I have cause to praise with joyful lips, for more possessed and conquered than two years ago I should have supposed possible.

My *Bells* and *Pillows* are such a success numerically. Your '100 acres' is a delightful illustration. But I would trust my husbandman still, even if there were no crop visible next year! But perhaps there will be! I am nearly sure I shall disappoint the expectation of my friends—as to outward fruit, writing, etc.; but so that I don't disappoint the Master, it won't be so bad. It may be very long before I write again, if ever. You had a fallow time, had you not, not long after your blessing? Were you conscious of increased blessing after? However, an 'afterward' of 'peaceable fruit' is *sure*, because promised in every trial.

(*To J. T. W.*)

I know you will be glad to hear that the fire is cooling! But for twelve days it got hotter and hotter, such terrible pain day and night, but thank God quite suddenly and unaccountably (except that —— turns out to have been engaged in special prayer for me at the very moment!) pain subsided, every bad symptom decreased, and Mr. G. was perfectly astonished, as he had reason to expect to find me worse instead of better.

Your letters always help me, sometimes directly, sometimes by putting me on the track which leads to what I wanted. In your first note of mere inquiry you *only* said, 'The Lord is right!' 'You can trust Him, I know.'

Those ten monosyllables were a volume of delight to me for days. 'Right' opened out a grand view of the wise, omniscient, infallible, almighty love and faithfulness which make all that He does absolutely right—and not abstractedly right only, but right *for me*. 'Can' gave a view of the difference between the time when I could not, and of His sovereign grace having enabled me to trust, and that led on to all the grand chain of 'chosen,' 'called,' etc., and so on with 'trust' and 'Him.'

Out of your letter I got nothing direct, but a great thing indirectly. It set me into a new track; had Jesus been speaking and I mistaking His voice? Tell me, when a text comes into my mind and I have said, 'I *thought* of it,' may I believe that it was *not* that *I* thought of it, but that Jesus spoke it to me? I have almost grasped this, not firmly; but it is possibly going to be a great step in my spiritual life, it would make such a difference! Hitherto it has only been when that peculiarly strong and irresistible *flashing* of a strikingly apposite text came to me, such as only comes at rare intervals, that I have dared to hope it was His voice. But when texts rise in one's mind without any peculiar need or tension of soul, when they just 'come into one's head,' reminding and warning, or comforting in a quiet, gentle, everyday way,—now, is *that equally the Master Himself speaking to me?* Don't speak 'smooth things' about it, don't say yes if you have any misgiving. But oh! suppose I have been mistaking His voice all this time, how I must have grieved Him! I really do not think any child of God can have more to be forgiven than I have had; 'much forgiven' always comes home to me.

No! I *was not lamenting* about lying fallow! That is

His doing, and I am satisfied, *perfectly* satisfied to be fallow as long as ever He likes. It is matter even of reason as well as faith; and if it were 'fallow' all the rest of my earthly days, I should only expect the fairer and fuller harvest in heaven. For I '*shall* serve Him' there, even if ever, or very little more, here.

(*To J. T. W.*)

1875.

I wonder if this year is a sort of halfway house in my pilgrimage, and what the other half will be? In any looking forward (as to work), I *can* do nothing but trust and wait, for my present feeling is one of pure weakness, no sense of power for any work, whether direct soul-winning or any sort of writing. Even the plans and outlines of books, poems, etc., which I had when very ill, are all gone now. I am simply emptied—if ever there was an empty vessel it is I; and though if merely empty, one would look forward to His filling, the vessel also feels very small, and also spoutless! I never felt quite this before; I always hitherto have seen my work before me, and felt more or less ability for it—isn't it curious? Your 'Ask what I shall give thee' was brought back by the second lesson this afternoon — what a wonderful *carte blanche!* I could not sing the hymn after sermon, the *favourite* 'O Lord, how happy we should be, If we could cast our care on Thee!' and marvelled that years ago I thought it charming! Fancy singing a lament over not being able to help continual lying! But does it not come to the same thing when He has absolutely and graciously *commanded* us to 'cast thy burden,' etc.,

on Him, if we are complacently to sing about how very nice it would be if we only could obey Him in this, and pathetically and practically describe our sad life of disobedience! Well, thanks be to Him, it would have been a simple falsehood for me to have sung most of the hymn, for I *have* cast my care on Him, and have not the faintest expectation of ever carrying a care again on my shoulders. Why should I? But it made me ever so happy, because I felt the real difference between the days when I could and did sing the hymn, and *now*. Don't you think we ought to thank God and take courage when one thus sees an old landmark left far behind? It is so good of Him to lead one *on*, that it seems ungrateful to ignore it. How I should like to have a regular outpour to you of His manifold goodness to me! My heart seems too full of it to hold, sometimes! Just now I recollected Ps. cxlv. 7; never saw it in the same light before. Just what I have neither opportunity nor power to do *now*, but which will be fulfilled with such exquisite joy in heaven (when we have the long talk!), 'They *shall* abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness.' It is very curious, but I have thought more, and with more vivid delight about heaven, since I have seen no probability of going there for a long time yet, than I *ever* did before. But the very anticipation makes me much more happy to wait patiently and *live* and work (or suffer).

WINTERDYNE, *March* 6, 1875.

MY OWN DEAR M.,— . . . I am under no restrictions now . . . *any* thing I feel able to do to divert me

from the pain is allowed. . . . Just a fortnight ago, inflammation came on, and has caused me the most acute suffering I ever had in my life . . . especially at night. Sometimes it seems just agony, but I have intervals of rest, and comparative, though not absolute, ease. . . . The bad nights naturally result in severe headache (also mercifully with intervals). I never get any sleep without as much laudanum as can be brought to bear on the parts, and also on my head; and more than once *no* sleep even with that. So this fortnight (considering my nerves, which the doctors say make me *exceptionally* sensitive to pain) has been more real 'chastening' than any part of my long illnesses. It is more than four months since I have been at family prayers. And now for the other side!

Of course He is faithful! and so I do not merely imagine *I ought* to feel, but I do most distinctly feel, that all this weakness and suffering has been, and is, the crowning mercy of all the mercies which have been heaped upon me since the *great* blessing came to me December 2, 1873. I have been all through, and still am, not only kept in perfect peace, but I am so *very* happy that it has really seemed worth being prayed back from the very gates of heaven (which really seems to be the case!), if I may but tell of His faithfulness—*witness* to it in some way. 'Not one good thing hath failed!' Nothing that I have trusted Him for has come short, and it seems to 'come natural' now to trust Him utterly and for everything. The *wonderful* thing to me is that He actually does seem to have answered my prayer, 'Take my will, it shall be Thine,' etc., for I am not conscious of even the *rising of a wish* for even this terrible pain to

be taken away one day sooner than His far-sighted love decides; nor of the *least* regret, when I was told (before this inflammation began) that I must not attempt or expect to be able to do any sort of work for at least six months more, even if I had *no* further drawbacks.

Now I am so perfectly certain that this does *not* 'come natural' to me (obvious to any one who knows my decidedly 'active disposition,' and still more to those who know my excessive natural impatience—*fidget!*), that it is clearly altogether His own doing, and I do not know how to praise Him enough for it. For there is 'no effort' whatever about it. I have never 'sought to be resigned to His will;' I have just simply rested and *rejoiced* in it all along, could not do otherwise, SEEING rather than believing the marvellous love and faithfulness and wisdom of which it is the outcome. I shall enjoy trying to tell people (if He lets me serve Him on earth again) what a splendid thing it is to be utterly His own, giving Him one's *whole* trust, and then proving His *grand* faithfulness. I am quite sure if He was ready to do for *me* all that He has done, He must be even more ready to give it to others, for I should think *very* few Christians ever *dis*trusted and doubted as I have done, especially with the opportunities I had, and for so *many* years!

'Forgiven *much*' is peculiarly my position; I cannot imagine any one being His child at all and grieving Him more and longer. I should like you to tell your sisters how good He has been to me, that they may see that 'the blessing' stands fire. When I was taken ill I left all my small work in the Master's hands, to do as He would—and so He has taken it all up; and taking the

outward success as index, which, perhaps, I am not wrong in doing, it has never prospered so much as in these four and a half months, when *I* could not touch it. . . . Nothing ever seemed to touch me more than the extraordinary way in which prayer for me in November seemed stirred up. I felt quite overwhelmed at all I *heard* afterwards, though I had a strong impression at the time that *many* were praying for me; I do not mean personal friends, but Christians in literally all parts of the kingdom, and not merely private prayer, but the number of prayer meetings at which I was repeatedly prayed for by people I never heard of, is most singular. Even special prayer meetings were held on my account, and Sankey prayed most fervently for me at the great Dublin meetings. It must be all the echo of Christ's intercession.

Friday, March 12.—I must finish in the *first* interval of comparative ease I have had for three days. The pain has been *far* worse since I began, I should not have thought a mere *limb* could have caused me so much. . . . So, darling M., *pray* for me, and ask that grace may not only not fail (*that* I do not fear), but *abound*. . . .

(*To Margaret W.*)

1875.

I have just been writing my request for praise (Y. W. C. A.). What can I do? I can't curtail it, and I might go on and add many, many details to the list. Oh I wish I could have come over to your praise meeting, and just tried to tell you all how gracious and faithful

and near God has been all this summer; if I kept a diary it would be just a record of answers to prayer, and such great answers too. If you don't mind, I wish you would tell the members at your next meeting, because they would be glad to hear how wonderfully God is answering one of them, and He is the same Lord over all—rich unto *all* that call upon Him. And as some have prayed specially for me and my work, they should feel that they have been answered.

(*To Mrs. Brunot, America.*)

1875.

You must have wondered at getting no answer all this time to your most kind and interesting letter. But the Master's wise, dear hand has been upon me, and I am only now sending pencil replies to some of the many loving messages which came during my illness. I was taken ill in October with typhoid fever, but what with sundry relapses and results, it was a very suffering illness; it will be months yet ere I am likely to be able for anything beyond the little quiet opportunities of an invalid. But I do wish I could tell you how good God has been to me! It has been worth far more than all the suffering to prove His faithfulness, and to find how tenderly gracious He can be just when one most needs it. 'Great is Thy faithfulness' shines out upon the past, and 'I will fear no evil,' on the future. And as for being held back from work, that is altogether His affair, not mine; and there is a fellowship of *waiting*, I think, in it. For He is waiting as well as I; and when it says,

'And therefore will the Lord wait that He may be gracious,' it is no wonder that the same verse adds, 'Blessed are all they that wait for Him.'

You say you would like to know what particular work I have. Had I chosen for myself, I should have *liked* some definite service on which I could have concentrated energies and time, but the Master chose otherwise; and over and above the happy certainty that His choice is best, I think I can now see that His seeming hinderings have been furtherings, and that He has really permitted me to do *more* for Him in His way than I could have done in my own, and has given me a wider influence.

Delicate health prevents my undertaking any regular or permanent work. Other circumstances oblige me to be often on the move. So I am necessarily always on the watch for what He would have me do next, just any work He sends, according to locality or strength—sometimes helping others—sometimes starting a Y. W. C. A. branch—sometimes getting temporary Bible classes or meetings—sometimes only writing, but always having ten times more openings than I have physical strength for. Perhaps my specialities are direct personal work with individuals, chiefly young ladies, and 'singing for Jesus;' in these God has blessed me so abundantly that often I feel as if I could not praise Him enough, even in heaven. And now that I am quite laid aside from any work (for I am strictly forbidden to write anything involving thought), it is just marvellous how He seems to have carried on my work for me, making my books and leaflets circulate more than ever before, and sending such singular blessing sometimes upon merely a pencilled note, that I keep wondering at His exceeding grace and love. He is so

good to me, that it seems worth while being sent back from the very Golden Gates, which I thought a few months ago were just reached, if I may but 'tell it out.'

I was extremely interested to hear of all your great work (so different to my little desultory bits!), and it seemed a special privilege and pleasure to have a sweet far-off greeting from one to whom the Lord has entrusted so much of His work. And it is a widening of one's love and interest and hopes to hear, I will not say of what you are doing, but of what He is doing by you. I had hoped to have been at the Convention, yet I can hardly say I am *disappointed*, for there seems no room for that word in the happy life of entire trust in Jesus, and satisfaction with His perfect and glorious will. An invalid friend of mine said to me, 'I think I begin to see how splendid God's will is.' Was it not beautiful? How glad we shall be to see the full splendour of His will unveiled and vindicated before all the universe! What manifold joy we have to look forward to in this one direction alone!

(*To the late Mary Shekleton.*)[1]

April 26, 1875.

Your treasured little note was one of the pleasantest bits of outer sunshine which reached me all last winter; it was so kind of you to think of me, and your tiny note was so sweet and full. I did not get it till March! when recovering from a long and suffering illness. I am not to think of any sort of work for months yet. But this long illness has clearly been the crowning

[1] *Chosen, Chastened, Crowned:* Memoir, M. Shekleton. Nisbet.

mercy of a series of varied and great mercies with which the Lord seemed almost to overwhelm me, ever since He led me into that perfect fulness of rest into which so many are entering. Every trial is but a new test of His faithfulness—a new 'trial of His love'—and worth it!

Mine is probably only a temporary 'calling apart' and waiting, but yours—how different! Yet even 'among the shadows' of your own path, you have a splendid work for your Lord, in lighting up so many similar ones in a way only a fellow-sufferer could do. How kind of Him to give you the happy thought of the Invalid Prayer Union, and so much blessing in carrying it out! Is it not—I can't help saying *delicious*—to know that He chooses every bit of our work, and orders every moment of our waiting? What a Master we have!

I must tell you that it is quite remarkable how, during these months that I have been unable to have any communication with publishers or printers, God seems to have furthered and blessed all my writings more than previously; my *Little Pillows* and *Morning Bells*, specially, of which 8000 were sold in less than two months. It seems to me that the more completely one puts one's work into God's hands, the more He takes it up and furthers it.

May God bless the special work to which He has so clearly called you, very richly this year, and be very present all the days with you, His dear, suffering worker.

(*To E. Titterton*).

OAKHAMPTON, *June* 3, 1875.

You will fully understand why I have not sent you the receipt for your kind, good work for the poor Green Islanders all this time, though dated March 24. At that date I was carried from bed to sofa and no more; and though I am now convalescent, yet having had several drawbacks, I have never yet been strong enough for the journey home! But, oh, Emily, I wish I could tell it out what His gentle faithfulness is when one most needs Him. Both my illnesses have been so FULL of blessings, it seemed like everything coming true. 'Great is Thy faithfulness' shines out on all the past, and 'I will fear no evil' on the future. I am not supposed to be allowed to write letters, but by pencil notes I am gradually acknowledging (not liquidating) the many debts I owe of kind and loving inquiries and remembrances.

(*To the late Miss Esther Beamish.*)

July 26, 1875.

. . . We were close upon Midsummer, and I had gained no ground since Easter; very little improvement being followed by a relapse, though every surrounding was most favourable for recovery; and there seemed no way of preventing these relapses, which gave me no time to gain strength.

For the first time since my illness began in October, I had a time of spiritual depression, following in strange disappointment upon more than commonly fervent desire

and prayer, that while others were receiving such blessing at Brighton, my Father would also bless 'even me,' and really confident *expectation* that He would make it a means of blessing to one of my very nearest and dearest; both which desires seemed unfulfilled, while an unexpected sorrow darkened in another quarter. He enabled me to cast the burdens upon Him; and then, during some days of literally 'lying still' before Him, unable to sit up or even to read as usual in His own Word, He led me back into perhaps a sweeter, deeper rest in Him than almost ever before. On the 17th of June, the prospect of *never* being strong again came definitely before me. I looked at it very deliberately and fully—what it would be never to speak or sing or even write for Jesus, but only wait in quiet isolation and weakness, a burden to dear ones whose own burden I would like to bear, for years, perhaps for life. That this was not a mere improbable fancy is proved by my sister Miriam having written the very words 'she will be a chronic invalid,' on or about the same day. But as I looked, I wondered at His great goodness to me in thus proving to me that He had answered my prayer.

> 'Take my will: it shall be Thine;
> It shall be no longer mine.'

For I could not, *did* not feel one quiver of shrinking from the prospect,—not a fear, not a regret, not a choice in the matter. It was all 'of course'—of course He would be 'with me alway;' of course His grace would be sufficient; of course it would be all best and happiest, His will *must* be always sweetest and dearest. And as for service, that was altogether my Master's affair, not

mine at all—He could do, and *should* do what He would 'with His own.' I had the sweetest possible communion with Him about it, and felt, naturally enough, altogether light-hearted; for all that would have been too heavy for me was put *and left* in His dear hands. I seemed perfectly dead to any possible sense of anxiety or care about the future; and the present, even with fever and pain and languor, was what I would not have exchanged with any one's. Next day, June 18, was indeed much to be remembered. In the morning I was hardly so well, very weak, and with that indescribable sense of being 'ill all over' which certainly does not naturally either raise one's spirits or herald a cure. But it was 'perfect peace' literally passing understanding. My sister Ellen drove over to see me. In reply to her wish that I should come as soon as possible for change of air to Winterdyne, I told her it was useless thinking about it,—that no one could say when I should be able for the drive (not four miles), and that she must dismiss the idea altogether for the present. After she was gone I was again led to look at the prospect of chronic invalidism, and again, even more definitely and joyfully, 'left it *all* with Jesus.' After dinner I was left alone for some time, thinking I might get a little sleep, and *little* thinking what a much better thing the Lord was going to give me! Instead of sending sleep (I say it reverently), it seemed as if Jesus Himself came and *drew me out*, leading me on to tell Him what I hardly told myself. All through my illness I had never once felt able to pray for recovery, or even for mitigation of *pain*. More than once I thought I ought, for the sake of others, to *try* to ask it; but invariably it seemed as if the Holy Spirit checked my

prayer and changed it into, 'No! Lord Jesus! *I would rather* leave it *entirely* with Thee, and not even ask—do *just* what Thou wilt.' Now, however, He seemed to say to me that the time was come to ask for recovery; but I told Him that I did not want to ask unless He *gave* me the prayer, and that *if* He did, I should expect His gracious and direct answer. Then He at once took away all the barrier, and put the prayer into my very lips. I prayed it, not as my prayer at all, but as His! Then I asked Him, 'What about the answer?'—watching and *wondering* what He would graciously say next ('I will watch to see what He will say unto me,' Hab. ii. 1), and told Him I felt He had given me faith to be healed when He would. Then came, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee!' with startling emphasis on 'heal*eth*.' I literally started, and held my breath! Surely He Himself had said it! Then a sudden temptation, I believe from Satan himself, to think it was only a common act of recollection of the familiar words. But I did not stop to attend to this; but asked Him if He would condescendingly confirm it to me, if He had indeed 'spoken to my heart.' Instantly He did so; for again and again the assurance rang out in my heart, in such a way that I could not, *cannot* possibly doubt, that it was 'Jesus Himself.' 'I am the Lord that *healeth* thee.' I thought if ever He gave a marvellous opportunity for exercise of faith, here it was. So I praised Him, and told Him I would and did take Him at His word. And I did, and of course I was healed; for I saw that heal*eth* was not merely '*will* heal;' so I began to expect to find myself actually healed. This communion had been so absorbing and intense, that I had forgotten pain and discomfort;

but now a pause seemed sent, that I might calmly realize the healing. It was real and complete! I examined my own sensations; it was a *total* change—no pain, no feverishness, no sense of being ill anywhere, much less 'all over'! The question of restoration of *strength* had not been touched upon; it seemed quite apart from that of *cure*, and neither prayer nor faith had been given me for that. Thus I proved the more literally how *exactly* it was 'according to my faith;' for though *well*, I was very *weak*. After a little while of praise, and then a sort of hushed rest, I thought, 'As I *am* healed, I may just as well act upon it!' I had not intended to rise at all, unless perhaps just to have my bed made; but I got up and dressed!

When next my sister M. came into the room, she was surprised to find me dressed. I assured her I was ever so much better, and should not be the worse for getting up, but did not tell her what reason I had for saying so. I found that, half unconsciously, I had yielded to a temptation to *wait* and *see*, and not tell what the Lord had done for me till time had proved it by no relapse occurring. As soon as I detected this unbelief, I felt thoroughly ashamed of it, and forthwith 'burnt my ships' by telling the whole, trusting to the Lord to 'make it good.' And of course He did. Next day I was down stairs, and three days after went to Winterdyne!

From that day to this, July 26, I have never had another hour's illness, but have gone on slowly gaining strength, with no greater drawbacks than a common cold and a little neuralgia.

The Lord's hand is still upon me in gentle restraining; for though much stronger, I am still *quite* unequal to

ordinary physical or mental exertion, and it will evidently be a long time yet before I am able for 'work.'

I shall not be surprised to find that others were praying very specially for me at that time. One distant friend, I know, was led to very special and fervent prayer for me at the very time. It seems to me that 'the prayer of faith' which 'shall save the sick' must be 'not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God,' and that *in this direction* lies the key to whatever experimental difficulties appear to surround the promise. I think the prayer, the faith, and the healing are all equally from God—distinctly His gift, and His only.

(*To an American Friend*)

WHITBY, *September* 17, 1875.

I should have answered sooner, but have not been quite so well the last week or two; and if I had, I should have told you that the wise Master had not yet given me back the power of even the merest rhyme! But yesterday I read an article by a dear Christian friend trying to prove that there is such a thing as 'sanctifying carefulness,' and trying to make out somehow that we who testify that by His grace, we *have* cast all our care on Him, are under a sort of delusion! And then it made me so very glad to feel that it was no delusion, but that He does take every bit of my care, that it seemed as if my tongue, or rather pen, were loosed again, and I could not help a little gush of praise and testimony for the first time since my long illness. And though it is not at all the sort of thing for you to read as you wished at your

Conference, I feel impelled to send this first little song of my restored life over to you ('Without Carefulness'), so that you may give it to any one to whom it might possibly be a little message of cheer and trust. It would be too great a treat to me to come over; and I do not think I shall ever be quite strong for pleasures of that kind; but I shall be with you in spirit, praying your Conference may be grandly blessed. Perhaps some echoes of the Master's voice to you and through you will reach us who cannot come over to listen with you.

MASTER! how shall I bless Thy name
For Thy tender love to me,
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey Thy word
And cast my care on Thee?

Curiously enough this hymn was written just *exactly* in time to be used at two great Conferences, Nottingham, and the great American Women's Christian Association at New York! I was invited to this, and if I could not come, to write a poem to be read at it and printed. I was going to answer '*Can't* write a line,' when this came to me, and will reach the Committee just in time, though I did not write with the intention of sending it. Then Mr. Shaw asked for a copy the same day to send to a friend. A reply came asking permission by telegraph to use it at Nottingham Conference. Had the obnoxious Magazine article reached me just a day later, it would have been too late for both!

(*To J. E. J.*)

ROYAL CRESCENT, WHITBY, *October* 1875.

. . . It always seemed to me harder to trust the Lord about His own affairs than about one's own! and I have chafed terribly at the strange falsehoods which have been permitted to spread and hinder the seekers after a better and happier life in Jesus, but quite lately He has taught me to cast the burden of *His* cause upon Him, and I am so glad He has. It had long seemed easy to cast all my own care upon Him, and to be utterly restful. These last two years have been a totally different life to me.

Doubt not that He is leading you by the right way, dear friend. Only give yourself up to the dear Lord, and let Him do just what He will with you, and *take all* He holds out to you. He is so gloriously gracious and 'able.'

. . . But *sing* my Consecration Hymn—don't *sigh* it any more!

'He hath done *all* things well.' How sure we are of that! . . . 'Thou hast *known* my reproach,' and so your dear one is only having fellowship with Him. Christ said, 'Reproach hath broken my heart.' Think how the Lord heard every *word* that was unkindly said to ——! Don't you think he had his Master's tenderest sympathy? But I do feel very much for you both in this added pain.—In most loving sympathy.

(*To J. T. W.*).

WHITBY, *October* 11, 1875.

I am not nearly so strong as before my illness. I think it will have to be so literally 'half-days' henceforth. But of course it does not trouble me. Not only that I know He can make a half-hour's work worth a whole day's, but more and more I am resting in His will. It is so good of Him. I ought to appear so obviously different to others after all this most precious time of chastening and waiting. Surely He will not have let it been all lost upon me. I want to bring forth fruit to His distinct praise and glory; it is 'afterward' now, and He must be looking for peaceable fruit, and others will look too. I can only put this earnest desire into His dear hands, and ask Him to fulfil it in whatever way He sees best. I think the thing I most want is to have self completely crushed under the wheels of His chariot; it rises up again and again in different ways.

Of late I have found it such an odious temptation cropping up, when the affectionate deference of friends treats me as an advanced Christian, the effect of which is to make me see how very near the bottom of the ladder I am. It used to take the form of elation at public notice, reviews, etc., but that has *worn* out already. The newer form is much more horrid. I don't think I have much temptation, less than many, which is most merciful; but it is great pain to be tempted to such an entirely hateful and also contemptible disloyalty as self-gratulation. Oh! for full deliverance.

(*To J. T. W.*)

October 1875.

Somehow I think God is giving me more 'power than before.' I leave more implicitly every single word written or spoken to His guidance; because I don't ask Him to guide *my* words, but to give me *His*. I do not see why any should ask a lesser gift when one sees a greater one to ask for, and of course I expect that He will do it, so the words seem more resultful with less effort, and generally with none at all. I was looking at many possibilities not pleasing to nature, and I could not really detect that I had *any* wish or choice apart from His will. I was so delighted about it, and I was so distinctly and joyously conscious that I was not only *His*, but *entirely* His, that it came nearer to 'satisfied' than anything yet. The whole thing is really like living in a miracle! He has taken away now all the fear of going back into the weary old up-and-down life. Why *should* one, when He is 'able to keep'!

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

November 13, 1875.

'I will direct their work in truth.' So be it as to yours for this year. I have ordered Eugene Stock's *Lessons on the Life of our Lord* for you—but *why* you don't approve of Concordances is past me or Moody to imagine! He thinks them indispensable to fully getting hold of a subject! Without one (after one's own searchings) you cannot be certain you have thought of *every* text on a subject.

In answer to your question about *Reality*, I find it was written at Whitby on the very evening of N.'s prayer!

Dear mother likes *Reality*, better than anything I ever wrote! she gushed over it, till it actually made the tears come into my own eyes! I didn't see anything in the verses myself, but mother says 'it's perfect'!

About ——. I have not brain-stock enough to turn out any great quantity of original writing; if I spin too much yarn, it will be proportionately weak. There will *only* be real value in anything I write in proportion to the amount and extent of *living* ('life-blood' if you like) that goes to produce it. I am only afraid my snare will be to write too much and lose weight and substance thereby. Therefore I considered it would be a most healthy and useful variety of work to arrange this Birthday Text-book (*Red Letter Days*) for Marcus Ward. I shall write perhaps a few dozen new verses, involving very little new yarn spinning, as the rest are old. I so arrange it, that for the next *ten* years, the verses will be suitable to our Church festivals or seasons. It is occupation of the easiest kind over my Bible, and all the time I am putting in rather than pouring out, and I hope I shall not select 365 texts without some mental and spiritual gain to myself.

(*To Margaret W.*)

November 27, 1875.

God is so good to me—it is all 'without effort,' and has been all along, as to being *perfectly* satisfied about either suffering or waiting. *Suffering* is now *almost* past. I have very little pain now. *Waiting* will probably

extend pretty much throughout 1875—but I have not one regret or quiver of longing for anything but what He appoints. It is quite curious to find how *completely* He has answered me (and at once) as to this.—Isa. xxx. 18: That is for you as well as for me.

December 16.—I have come back into the current of life after just twelve months *under His shadow*, for such the silent and most suffering year was to me.

DIVISION VI.

LETTERS, FROM 1876 TO 1879.

43 BINSWOOD AVENUE, LEAMINGTON,
January 17, 1876.

. . . I have it very much on my mind, when really free, to write *Sunday Morning Bells* for the little ones, and yet I do not seem to know what to say. Of course, if the Lord means me to do it, He will tell me what to say when His time comes; but just now I am an 'empty vessel' with a vengeance.

I have just heard from the Punjaub that *Morning Bells* and *Little Pillows* are going to be translated into Hindustani, and are already used in mission schools.

I do trust you are less suffering, if it be His will. Last year I got great comfort in great pain from 'THY hand presseth me sore.' That *dear* Hand!

I am wonderfully better since I came home; the work at —— threw me back sadly for a while. I cannot do much without suffering for it.

Yours in Him who so loves us.

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

1876.

I was really tempted to be almost envious of your getting into quiet quarters! it does seem as if so much of my life were worn and wasted with merely 'seeing people'—of course, I do try to use opportunities, but so many acquaintances are just the senior sort from whom I neither gain nor can very well give. And mother always says 'nobody has such an uninterrupted life' as I, and yet I know I long for just one week without every day but one on average having engagements (services, meetings, lunches, teas, etc.) with all the calls and callers over and above. Only once since I came home have I got a real country walk alone! yet I would give a great deal to be able to secure that two or three times a week—I seem so to need it. Not that I am not sure it is right, or God would not appoint it, only it is mysterious that I should be placed where I have so much of what tries me much more than actual work would.

I had not thought of the sea at all this year; I meant to economize, as I so want to do as much as possible towards finishing off B.'s education. If I went, I do not at all see the use of going in the height of the season, when lodgings everywhere are just double. What I should like would be to allow for finishing my books, instead of trying to clear off the MSS. before going, and then make a real holiday of a visit to Winterdyne or Ashley Moor after. In fact, if any year, I could be sure of two full months clear for writing, I would consent not even to *try* to write the other ten,

and should get more done! I so want undistracted quiet—it is not merely being able to get a certain number of hours at my desk, but having the other hours undistracted by so many interruptions and controverted topics, and knowing of perpetual fresh phases of naughty and mischievous gossip and slander. I have plenty of actual time for my desk, but cannot come straight away from being annoyed about M. R., or set thinking about somebody's difficulties, and just sit down collectedly to write, the same as if I had been lying on the grass or strolling up a lane.

Sir Henry Baker's sister wrote to tell me how ill he was, and that he wished to thank me for 'a deeply interesting letter'—she wrote nicely, and in replying, as she had mentioned his much pain, I 'hoped it was not presumptuous to hope that the enclosed leaflet might possibly be a tiny cup of cold water.'

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

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

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

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

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.
In every hour of faintness,
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness, and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

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

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

It is singular he made that his own last word to his people! for he wrote a short letter to them in his *Parish Magazine*, and added a *P.S.*, 'the following beautiful hymn, kindly sent him by F. R. H.,' and printed

it in full—thus these were the last words from him as Vicar. I believe that man loved Christ personally beyond what most do.

It is quite clear why I was sent here, and why my cold got worse instead of better. *Two* dear boys, thirteen and fourteen, seem to have taken quite a decided step into life and joy. It seems so very singular that these two should be slightly invalided *just* then, both being clearly 'soil prepared,' having secretly *wished* to be safe. I had two talks with the elder on Friday—a most reserved boy, yet he quite opened out at the second interview to me. On Sunday I sent word he might come to me if he cared, any time while the rest were at church. Down they came, the minute the door closed on the churchgoers, and there they stopped till dinner-time! —— looked so sweet and peaceful, and told me he did 'come' Friday night! Little —— seemed eager and thirsty. During P.M. service I went to them and found both at work at 'Bible railways,' which I had shown them how to find and make, and they had together found some surprisingly thoughtful connections. Went at once to the point, and it seemed then and there grasped by ——, who just dropped his dear little head on my shoulder and cried for downright joy! Had a most blessed time with the two, and prayer, of course.

This afternoon —— came to me (I said they would find me alone in the dining-room at 5.30), and —— was delightful, seemed overflowing with real joy, such clear sight of the 'instead of me.' I had talked about Christ as reigning as well as saving, so I said, finding how sure he seemed about 'Saviour,' 'But —— is Jesus your King, too?' The little fellow seemed as if

he could hardly contain himself, and said so emphatically, 'Oh, I have promised Him He shall be my King, and He is!' Then he volunteered the information that he was 'quite sure —— had really found Him, too,' that they had been walking and talking together all the time they had been out both to-day and yesterday, and had been so happy together. My *protegés* have taken keenly to making bouquet-holders for the Bible flower mission. You see it was a definite thing which then and there could be done for Jesus. They prefer choosing their own texts, and have done some beautifully.

(*To the late Julia Kirchhoffer*).

March 1876.

Hurrah! I *said* it when I saw your £6, 18s. 0d. on the card, so naturally I write it also. You are a properly progressive collector. Seriously, I am so delighted. If the two or three still remaining cards come in at all, we shall pass even the £50, which seemed great things.

Well, dearie, I think you are doing the *first* duty in making home pleasant, garden included. And I have a strong idea that up to the age of twenty-four, it ought just as much to be a *preparation time* with girls, as it confessedly is with men—and that we should have more 'thoroughly furnished' Christian lady-workers if it were so. Only I think the great point is, that it should be regarded honestly as preparation, not studying or drawing, etc., merely because we like it, and it is a nice way of getting through the days.

Pray, dear, that you may be so wholly the Lord's that everything shall be really and truly as 'unto Him,' and that *He* would prepare you for whatever He is preparing for you in the unknown future of work and trial. You see you cannot possibly tell what you are really preparing for—only He knows; so how important to put the 'preparation time' simply and trustfully and honestly into His hands. I am glad to hear of the Latin, and I am inclined to think that every kind of mental culture is even specially right for *you*. You know I believe in your poetry, spite of the editors! Only, 'His time is not yet come.' Perhaps He will keep you ten years in the shade, before He uses your pen, as I think He will use it—if it is altogether at His disposal—and all those ten years will be added power and ripeness. You cannot think how thankful I now am that He kept me back for about that space! I see as clear as daylight all sorts of reasons why it was just the wisest, best, and most really resultful thing He could have done. How I laughed to scorn as unmitigated absurdity a persistent prophecy of a literary friend that 'the day would yet come when editors would have to wait their turn,' and that is precisely what it *has* come to now, though I as soon expected to be Empress of China! Trust Him implicitly about it, when once we have yielded ourselves up to be His instruments, and put ourselves entirely at His disposal, it is altogether His affair to make the best of us, and bring the most glory to Himself by us.

(*To the same.*)

WINTERDYNE, *March* 19, 1876.

This is most delightful,—a grand advance! and it more than covers my own losses too, in the sum total! for had I been well and at home, I could have certainly got two or three pounds worth of new subscriptions or donations to make up for some handed over to start a new collector, and some failures.

My mother has got all my Leamington subscriptions for me, which is doubly kind, as she has been ill herself for more than a month. It seems to me that whenever I cannot do my own work, and have to leave it entirely to God, He takes it up, and does a good deal more for me than I should have done for myself. I asked Him not to let the Irish Society suffer by my illness; and here He inclines Katie B. and you to do so much extra! It has been remarkably so with all my books this winter. I have not been able to communicate with any publisher till a few days ago, since October, when I gave the MS. of *Little Pillows* and *Morning Bells* to Nisbet. Well, we boldly started an edition of 4000 each! which were *not* in time for the advantage of Christmas orders. Yet in seven weeks we had to reprint them! Also, they are going to be translated and published by the Religious Tract Society of France; and also some one in high places is going to give them to all the royal children. Caswell had to reprint my *Five Benefits* four times in as many weeks, the demand was so great! The same principle holds, does it not, dear J., in everything (I do not mean but that we are to do our very best when able) —the more entirely a burden, a care, or a work is cast

on the Lord, the more entirely He *takes* it for us. It is so restful to have given up altogether to Him body, soul, and spirit—all one has and is—unreservedly. Life is a different thing thenceforth.

(*To* ——.)

I send you three little songs, only arranged from my tunes; but Hutchings & Romer were so taken with these from Havergal's *Psalmody*, that they commissioned me to write a set of six, with easy piano accompaniments, which I was delighted to do, as it gave me an opportunity of adding to the very meagre supply of sacred songs sufficiently tuneful and sufficiently easy for drawing-room singing. Most of the 'sacred songs' extant are such very pathetic and dismal affairs that no wonder young people do not want to sing them!

Francesco Berger has lately made a *very* beautiful song of my words, 'Enough.' This is published by Lamborn & Cocks, London; and I greatly hope it will circulate, for the sake of setting forth the truth of the words.

ENOUGH.

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

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee;

And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need; and so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone;
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining;
Thy promise-roll is all my own.—
Thy word is enough for me!

The human heart asks love; but now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection,
So near, so human, yet Divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me!

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea;
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

1876.

Other workers on all sides seem doing more and more —I less and less! I am quite content; only it is curious how I have been held back from any work for two and a half years. Since the Liverpool Mission and the hymn meeting at Bewdley, I have done nothing,—not even any writing. I cannot now even do the underground *individual* work which used to be my speciality at Leamington, for I catch cold so often on coming out after

paying a call. And now my choir work is stopped too! as I have another bad cold, and mother wishes me to give it up. By the bye, I think you and dear E. do not in the least understand *that*—you think it merely a 'choir practice,' which any secular musician could take. It is no such thing, but the same sort as my hymn-meeting; only that I am now much less nervous, and speak more freely and personally than in 1873. It is to me *just* the same opportunity as having a large open Bible class; and I am not sure that it does not give me more influence, just because it is in a less usual groove, as far as those who attend are concerned. And then it is no trifle to aim at real 'singing for Jesus' in such a congregation as St. Paul's,—a really first-class one, both as to size and social position. The aim I have set before them is that, as Paul and Barnabas '*so* spake that multitudes believed,' they may '*so sing* that the same result may follow.'

I believe even the few weeks I have taken it have been really resultful. The organist tries to express the spirit of the words. I told him 'I had prayed that his *fingers* might be eloquent for Jesus.' He has seemed peculiarly struck with Hymn 633 (*S. G. G.*), 'I gave My life for thee;' and I have had a most hopeful letter from him about it. Then the Christian members *pull* with me and pray with me heartily; and I hope for real work among those of whom I stand in doubt. So I question whether I *could* better invest an hour a week than in this; of course there is no laborious preparation, as there would be if had a Bible-class of thirty or forty upper-class ladies. I have been waiting to explain this, because some remark showed that the work was totally misapprehended. How-

ever, *now* I am to give it up altogether, and only hope I may perhaps be allowed it another season. Mr. Rogers has always been present; but he is so kind, I do not mind him in the least now, though I wished him at Jericho the first time! He leaves it quite to me; and practises just as if he were one of the choir, setting a good example! I am told that the Rev. —— never was so meek in his life before, and that his wife says he is 'a sight to see' at the practices, keeping in the background for a whole hour! I should not choose choir-training as my work, but it is just doing it instead of Mr. R., and so sparing him time and strength to spend on his far higher work; and really nothing can be more important than that he should be spared for his pulpit.

(*To* ——.)

May 4, 1876.

Yes, the loss of my musical work was nearly total: a few plates happened to be at the foundry, and thus escaped. It has been my whole spring's work to compose several quite new tunes to some hymns of uncommon metre; also I had most carefully revised many others, and this work has both fettered and fatigued me greatly. I must just patiently rewrite my own tunes from memory, and I am hoping against hope that the proofs may be got through by August, so that I can go to Switzerland with Maria, which would probably do us both immense good.

I heartily agree with you about 'business,' and wish every Christian worker, clerical, lay, and female, could

have an apprenticeship to some business first! My father was eminently business-like, methodical, and punctual, and so I ought to be! Committees I never belonged to, and never shall, and believe more successful work is often done by some one brave man or woman.

I am rather in danger of being a hero-worshipper just now, inasmuch as I never did hear any man (of course I always tacitly except my own dear father) whose sermons I so totally like and enjoy as Rev. J. H. Rogers'. I have heard a few finer single sermons, but never any one whom I am so glad 'to sit under,' to use that very horrible phrase! And while I was breaking my neck, looking up at the pinnacle on which I had set him, he quite startled me by coming down and seeking my friendship. He preaches courses of sermons, which I always prefer to single ones—his Thursday morning lectures on the First Epistle of St. John are glorious—only it is such a responsibility to hear them. Then we have a delicious little Saturday evening prayer meeting, and there is an excellent curate. We have *S. G. G.* hymns to Havergal's *Psalmody*, and I have been choir-mistress! We have just the sort of service I like best, brisk and bright, reverent and orderly, with no single thing to fidget me; strictly evangelical, and yet so *cheery*.

I have just been reading the report of the Church Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall. It must have been glorious! Oh, M., I don't believe that the former days were better than these. I cannot understand the dismal view some folks take—'Of the increase of His government there shall be no end'—certainly we seem to see the increase when we look back. Satan is very rampant, too; but what else can we expect till he is bound? I am glad

you are at temperance work—I don't know details of that association, but I rejoice in any attempt to rescue from that awful drink.

I have drifted into helping the editor of *Hymns of Consecration*. It is odd what desultory work one drifts into. But oh, M., it is wonderful that He should accept *as* service such wretched scraps as are all that I can bring—one does long for the perfect service above!

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

I cannot tell anything yet about summer plans—I should like an outing with you, but could not go out of reach of a piano, as proofs of *S. G. G.* will be coming all the summer. If we go to Snowdon, I could perhaps arrange to have the use of one.

I have had quite a struggle with my 'will'—I should *so* like the way to be opened for me to come and live with you, dear Marie. It is a very awkward position here—no freedom, always afraid to pay a call, or write a note without specifying. But I would never pain dear mother, or do anything she did not positively like. It seems most clear that I am placed here, and that without some most direct interposition of Providence, I should be doing wrong to leave, and could not expect a blessing. And again it would be bad for you, because I could not be an active outdoor helper, without really giving up what all say is my own work; and my living with you would be a mere drag, and prevent your having a real helper. I only let this out to you as my dear sister,

but with the most earnest entreaty that you won't be planning or contriving or hinting in any way. If it were *the Lord's will*, He would throw the door unmistakeably open; if not, I don't want any human hand to pick the lock! 'Trust you?' It's just the very greatest human comfort I have, being able to trust you so implicitly, and knowing you understand everything better than any one else does. And you never say or do anything I would just rather not!

I never make the faintest opposition, or even counter-proposal, now to anything that dear mother arranges for me. I have long since determined, God helping me, there shall be no colour of excuse for saying I am inconsistent. I know I have been wrong *now*, for I was so poorly and faint, I had set my mind on a day or two's quiet and rest at home. I quite longed for it, and so was disappointed when it could not be, and was not ready for whatsoever my Lord the King appointed; so it is quite right I should learn to be invariably submissive to her. Outwardly I know I am absolutely so, but outwardly is not enough. I need not tell you that I am seeking patience and strength, but I seem to be allowed to feel it most sensitively and shrinkingly, and I found myself praying most earnestly that this cup might pass from me, when you know bodily pain extorted no such prayer. Still 'Thy will be done' does not fail in its true sweetness, and is the deepest Amen to even that prayer.

LEAMINGTON, *May* 31, 1876.

DEAR SISTER MARIA,—I have been thinking and praying much about your wish, that I should come and live with you. I am wondering whether I ought to take

what has just passed as an indication that I *am* in the right place, and should not be impatient of the little cross attached to it. You know part of my feeling was that I could not be of half so much real use here as I could elsewhere. Well, the last two days it really seemed as if all at once God would show me that I am of use!—it has been most extraordinary how one after another has spoken or written to tell me I have been so blessed to them this spring. M. Watson had a great outpour, and told me she felt I made so much difference in her work that she did not think she could keep on the Y. W. C. A. if I were not here at all, and that she knew my influence was felt and working beyond what I could possibly know. A young Scripture reader, who is leaving for a more important post, writes me that if my words are as blessed to others as to him, I am blessed indeed; it seems I have been let lift him up surprisingly, though with very little effort. The curate has told Mr. R. how very helpful he thinks my choir practices are. A choir member called to tell me what great blessing she and three of her own friends have found all this spring. The enclosed note is another instance. Two other choir members have taken opportunity to thank me—all on the same Sunday.

Then yesterday I had a talk with Mr. R. and prayer, and he quite startled me by saying he was going to write, but spoke instead to tell me how he thanked God for my influence, that he was sure I was unconsciously doing a far deeper and greater work *here* than I could have an idea of; that he saw and felt it in the choir, and that it was spreading in blessing; and that for himself he had never in his ministry been so distinctly conscious of receiving help, blessing, and influence from another; that

it had told upon his own life and sermons; that I was probably totally unconscious of it, but that he felt there were 'streams of vitality' from me which he felt; and that many others had spoken to him of feeling the same. He spoke most solemnly and with moist eyes. You may fancy, dear sister, how *utterly* surprised and intensely *humbled* and thankful I felt, especially as it so singularly coincided with so many others saying the same sort of thing to me. I had said in speaking of choir arrangements, '*If* I come back in the autumn,' and he caught at the 'if;' so I told him (under pastoral confidence) that there was an 'if,' but did not explain details. He said he would not like to hinder what might be right, but that I could not realize what a really important sphere God had given me *here*, and that it would be intense grief and loss if I were taken away from St. Paul's. Well, Marie dear, I only write all this to you, not to stop your doing whatever you seem led to say or do—only it seemed so very *marked* that I felt another door must be very distinctly opened ere I of *myself* close this, and that the 'cross' was what might well be patiently borne, if indeed God is blessing my even unconscious influence in such a place as this. If you feel inclined to write freely to dear mother about it, do so. If *she* caught at it, and it seemed that her own difficulties would be solved by my leaving, and at the same time you really wanted me to live with you, I should take the two together as outweighing the somewhat strange coincidence of the last few days. If mother negatives on *her* side, then I should consider that what Mr. R. and the others have told me was sent to encourage and cheer me in the *present* path. I am not troubling about it in the least—

either way. As far as writing is concerned, I could work better with you than at L. As far as influencing individuals—I see that in a place like B.—I could not exercise as wide an influence as here. For myself there would be the set-off of sacrifice of great spiritual privileges as against the gain of having your invariable sympathy and understanding and no friction. Well, dear, the guidance is promised, and we shall have it!

1876.

I wish you had heard the singing at St. Paul's last night,—'Hermas' to my hymn 'Golden harps are sounding,' 'With hearts in love abounding' to Papa's tune 'Zoan,' and 'Tell it out.' They *did* 'tell it out,' rather! A surprising difference to the feeble washed-out singing a few months ago—it was like old St. Nicholas evening singing, and the church crammed like our father's. Well, I would have done the same at Bewdley, if Mr. F. had backed me with the choir, and launched the tunes and hymns *con amore* as Mr. Rogers has done; and there was better material in the Bewdley choir than I have in the St. Paul's, where there is hardly one good voice in itself. Splendid sermons on Sunday, Acts i. 7, 8, 'Ye shall receive power,' and 1 Pet. iv. 10. I wish he would just preach some over again at Champéry! I have completely howled my voice back again in the choir!

We have had it lively at St. Paul's—'Crowns of glory ever bright' to my father's arrangement of 'Lubeck,' with his 'Hallelujah'; 'I heard the voice of Jesus say' to

his tune 'Evan,' No. 2—both went first-rate. In 'I heard' we take all the first lines in unison, which brings out what *He* says finely. At night we had 'To Him, who for our sins was slain,' to my 'Tryphosa' (which I hear is a special favourite both here and at Mr. Bromley's), and 'Hallelujah' to my father's tune 'Shen.' Such a lovely sermon, John xx. 29. Mr. Shaw would have been in raptures! for Mr. R. came out strong about the delusion and loss of blessing in craving aids external, pictures, crosses, etc., and also the subtle snare to which evangelicals are exposed, of seeking something between them and the unseen Saviour, outpourings to a pastor, seeking spiritual help from Christian friends, more than direct faith in Christ's *all*-sufficiency for *all* things.

(*To J. T. W.*)

LEAMINGTON, *May* 10, 1876.

I have had a wonderful week, such a lot of totally unexpected encouragements! I had no idea God was using me here half so much as it seems He has done. I have felt quite overwhelmed with His goodness, and thoroughly startled at some of it. *Not* conversions, somehow I hardly ever come in contact with unconverted folk! But very definite help and uplifting to Christians in all stages. The unaccountable fact is that I find God has not only been using me the last few weeks, while it has been so much brighter in my own soul, but even during the dimness. That is contrary to my previous experience, and I do not understand it. I am very happy now there is not any conscious cloud.

A friend wrote that I was represented as 'Cordelia' in the Royal Academy, that is, it is such a likeness that she wondered if it was a real portrait introduced! So I felt curious to see what Cordelia's character was, as I never read *King Lear*, and I took down Shakespeare to inspect her. But I was not in the humour for that sort of reading, and soon turned to my Bible and felt voracious! It's almost too good to be true, to think that perhaps I shall really be at N. this day three weeks! Do pray that I may have a real great blessing, and be enabled to 'pass it on' to many others.

ARGENTIERE, *July* 24, 1876.

DEAREST MOTHER,—We liked Fins Hant so much that we staid nine days instead of three (four francs a day each and no extras), and walked down here this morning: a thunderstorm in the night made it cool and lovely; arrived here in sunshine at ten; and at eleven a tremendous thunderstorm came on, continuing at intervals all day, grand and wild.

We have two bright, little, lofty rooms together on a separate landing; so very quiet for Maria, and most cosy: our view will be straight out upon Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles when clouds permit, so we can have sunsets and sunrises without stirring a step! Maria has been perfectly delighted all along, and it seems I have taken her to places exactly to her liking so far,—it is so very nice coming with her, as we fit into each other's ways precisely.

I must tell you just one thing, because it was so very original! I had been singing to myself two or three

times, just odd snatches, but especially 'Only for Thee' (to 'Onesimus'). Our good Lonfâts, a dear, simple Swiss family, were immensely pleased, and the old mother asked me to sing again (I had not known they were within hearing); so I told her what the hymns were about, and wished I had French ones to sing, but having none, thought I might as well see if I could not roughly translate. However, on sitting down to it, I found it seemed no more trouble to write French hymns than English; so I wrote one something like 'Will ye not come?' and 'Golden harps,' and one 'Seulement pour Toi,' founded on 'Only for Thee,' but most of it on the converse idea —'*Thou only* for me'—*i.e.* Christ *only* having done all and being all one needs, so as to meet the 'Jesus *and* Mary' of these poor folks. Well, M. said this hymn was exactly what she wanted for them, and said she should like to send it to M. le Curé! who had been 'on her mind' all the week! '*How* send it?' 'Oh, I will take it myself!' I thought she was joking, and said then she had better ask him to see if they were all right as to rules of French verse. 'Very well, so she would—it would be an excuse for calling—besides, she wanted to refer to a French Bible, and would ask him to lend her one!' So actually off she went! and had a most pleasing interview — borrowed a Bible (with Romish notes, however), got him to look over my hymn, which seems to have been respectably done, as he asked if the writer was French; and she seems to have had quite a nice opening for telling him (without controversy) of the secret of true peace and joy, and entirely relieving her mind! Now, who, but Maria would have dreamt of borrowing Bibles and getting Protestant hymns revised

by a Roman Catholic priest! He was most courteous and nice to her, and seemed quite interested.

Maria seems to enjoy our tour, and I never travelled with any one who has such a keen appreciation of the beautiful.

To go back—we had a specially lovely sunset from Lausanne, July 13, and ditto sail up the Lake to Montreux; there I took a mule to Les Avants to see Miss Whately, who was not well enough to come to meet me as she intended; while M. went on to Chillon, and pottered on her own hook till I joined her in train to Vernayaz. She went to see the Gorge du Trient, while I got rooms and engaged mules for the next day, 15th, when we went to Fins Hauts. Miss Whately is charming, very loving and kind to me; a wonderful linguist, and altogether mentally superior, and withal a most sweet Christian; I did not have much more than an hour with her.

One day while at Fins Hauts, we 'went gipsying'—only in not quite the same way 'as a long time ago'—started at 6 A.M., and went up mountain paths, resting and strolling gradually till we got to a lovely little patch of snow in a hollow, with whole beds of alpen roses all round, and big boulders and deep moss and shady little pines, and full view of Mont Blanc, and any amount of Aiguilles. It seemed quite ideal, till we tried to go to sleep; and then we found that not having reached the line of perpetual snow, we were within the line of perpetual insects, and about ten species of flies up to the size of hornets, persecuted us (they don't bite, only buzz and fidget); so after dinner we had to seek a less ideal spot—not till after we had had 'snow cream,' which M.

made in our tin cups, as we had a good deal more splendid cream than we wanted for tea. Later on we made tea most successfully with fir-cones—Maria making quite a clever fireplace with stones, and such a good fire.

We did not come home till after sunset, as we waited for that at a fine place, and our old Madame was in such a state of mind, and was just sending her husband to look for us. Maria made such an impression on them, they were ever so fond of her, and I believe she was really blessed to them. Though she did not set herself to work to go out of her way exactly, she seemed so to get at the root of the matter with so many to whom she spoke.

(*To James Parlane.*)

1876.

. . . I must tell you a wonderful bit of *Ministry of Song*, through 'Whom having not seen, ye love.' I was taken on speculation to call on a clever young gentleman, just an infidel, knowing the Bible and disbelieving it, and believing that nobody else really believes, but that religion is all humbug and mere profession. I was not primed at all, only knew that he was 'not a religious man.' In the first place, I had no end of fun with him, and got on thoroughly good terms—then was asked to sing. I prayed the whole time I was singing, and *felt* God very near and helping me. After a Handel song or two which greatly delighted him, I sang 'Tell it out!' *felt* the glorious truth that He *is* King, and couldn't help breaking off in the very middle and *saying* so, right out!

Then I sang,[1] 'Whom having not seen, ye love,' and felt as if I could sing out all the love of my heart in it. Well, this young infidel, who had seemed extremely surprised and subdued by 'Tell it out,' competely broke down, and went away to hide his tears in a bay window. And afterwards we sat down together, and he let me 'tell it out' as I pleased, and it was not hard to speak of Him of whom I had sung. He seemed altogether struck and subdued, and listened like a child. He said, 'Well there *is* faith then, *you* have it anyhow—I saw it when you sang, and I could not stand it, and that's the fact!' He was anxious for me to come again.

When I came away, his sister, who had introduced me, wept for joy, saying she had persuaded me to come with a vague hope that he '*might* find he could tolerate *a* religious person,' but never dared to hope such an effect as this, and that she thought I had been most marvellously guided in drawing the bow at a venture, for every word and even action had been just right. I tell you this just because you are publishing both 'Tell it out' and other leaflets for me. Will you sometimes pray that God's especial blessing will go with them? I should add that it was almost a miracle in another way, for I had such a wretched cold that I doubted being able to sing *at all*, and yet I believe I never sang clearer and better and stronger. How *good* God is!

[1] 'Whom having not seen,' Recitative and Air, by F. R. Havergal. Hutchings & Romer.

(*Extract from F. R. H.'s answer to a remark*, '*That death which we all dread.*')

'NOT ONE SHADOW OF FEAR.'

1876.

No, not 'all!' One who has seen and accepted God's way of salvation, does *not* dread death. Perhaps I shall best express myself by doing it very personally—just giving my own experience.

I do *not* fear death. Often I wake in the night and think of it, look forward to it with a thrill of joyful expectation and anticipation, which would become impatience, were it not that Jesus is my Master, as well as my Saviour, and I feel I have work to do for Him that I would not shirk, and also that His time to call me home will be the best and right time, and therefore I am content to wait.

One night I was conscious of certain symptoms preluding an all but fatal attack of erysipelas, I had once before, on the brain.

I knew, if means failed, it was probably my last night on earth. I let my mother attend to me, but alarmed no one, and I was left alone in bed. Then, alone in the dark, I felt it might be my last conscious hour on earth, and that either sleep or fatal unconsciousness would set in. I never spent a calmer, sweeter hour than that. I had not one shadow of fear! only happy rest and confidence in Him 'in whom I have believed.'

Was this delusion? Could it be so in the very face of death, that great *un*-masker of all uncertainties? I

knew it was not delusion, for again, 'I know in whom I have believed.'

Now, *how* has this come to be so with me, for it was not always thus; and I know as well as any one what it is to 'dread death,' and to put away the thought of its absolute certainty, because I dare not look it in the face.

There was a time when I saw clearly I could *not* save myself—that I deserved hell. In many ways, but in one most of all, this—that I owed the whole love of my heart to God, and had not given it to Him; that Jesus had so loved me as to die for me, and yet I, unmindful of it, had treated him with daily, hourly, practical ingratitude. I had broken the first commandment, and as I owed all my life, future and past, to God, I had literally 'nothing to pay;' for living to Him, and keeping His commands for the future, would not atone for the past. I saw the sinfulness of my heart and life. I could not make my heart better. 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' So, unless sin *is* taken away, my soul must die and go to hell; anyhow I must 'stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.'

Where then was my Hope?—in the same Word of God, 1 John v. 10, it is written, 'He that believeth on the Son, hath the witness in himself,' and John iii. 36, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'

Believe what? 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood,' Rom. iii. 25. He must keep His word and punish sin, and He has punished it in the person of Jesus, our Substitute, 'who

His own Self bare our sins in His own body on the tree,' 1 Pet. ii. 24.

Thus being 'just,' and having set forth Jesus as the propitiation for sin—if Jesus has paid my debt and borne the punishment of my sins, I only simply accept this, and believe Him, and it is all a true and real transaction. It is no theorizing but acting. I did it—I believed it, and cast myself utterly hopeless and helpless and lost in myself, at the feet of Jesus, and took Him at His word, and accepted what He had done for me.

Result?—joy, peace in believing, and a happy full trust in Him, which death cannot touch. Now it is a reality of realities to me—it is so intertwined with my life, that I know nothing could separate me from His love.

I could not do without Jesus. I cannot and I do not live without Him. It is a new and different life, and the life and light which takes away all fear of death is what I want others to have and enjoy.

I can say that such a light has shone upon all the dark bits of my life, that even if I was in heaven itself, I could not more clearly see why I was so led—that all the training was needed. And nothing tries me now; things that would so have disappointed me do not now. Even when I am suffering severe pain, I would not have it otherwise. And then in daily life, daily temptations, I find a victory in Jesus against sin, without any struggle.

And what was trial to me,—keen scathings, blightings,—is all taken from me, lifted out of me. It is really miraculous, I cannot say HOW; certainly it was not my

own strength, but things that were such agony and bitterness—it is all gone. All was needed—and all that might have been a cloud between me and this full sunshine is taken away. Now it is utter calm and quietness, a realization constantly that—

> Life is a gift to use for Thee,
> Death is a hushed and glorious tryst
> With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ!

December 18, 1876.

. . . 'Shadowless communion,' — there you have touched a chord indeed! I too have tasted it, but I have not yet had the full, continual draughts which I believe may be ours, and which I neither can nor will rest short of! . . . You will intensely interest me, and perhaps help me both for myself and for possible future writing for others, if you will tell me anything that pen can convey as to your own tasting of the 'shadowless communion.' Think aloud to me about it for half an hour! Tell me how much you know of it, and yet how little! Tell me what Jesus says to you, and how He says it; tell me how, *i.e.* in what way it 'blends with outward life.' Tell me what you see is to be had, beyond what you yet have. . . . The enclosed, *My King*, has been the greatest writing pleasure I ever had! and in it I have said my say about lots of little points on which I wanted to have a say, and *My King* seemed to indicate a nice opportunity in this form. . . . The title, *My King!* is in itself a very song of joy to me. . . . I am afraid you will smile at some sentences in it, but I do not seem able to help saying absurd things in prose,

especially when I want to hit a nail hard and square on the head!

February 4, 1877.

. . . . I am so glad for and with you . . . Yes, that is just what I expected—'how He speaks'—always through His own dear Word. 'If it lasts!' That horrible Satanic 'if' crops up everywhere to hinder what our Lord would do or give. I am so glad you give that 'if' no quarter! 'If' any one will show me chapter and verse for 'if it lasts,' I'll give in; but it isn't in my Bagster in any shape or form, nor in any other edition that I know of, except Satan's own privately revised one, from which he quotes. Oh how different from 'if it lasts' are God's own words, 'He giveth more grace,' 'grace for grace,' 'from strength to strength,' 'from glory to glory,' 'that ye may increase and abound more and more,' 'go on unto perfection,' etc.! If I was not very tired, and if it was not Sunday night, I should want to write a chapter for my new book against that wretched 'if it lasts'! which has saddened so many hearts which Christ has not made sad. I dare say I shall to-morrow, God helping me. (See *Royal Bounty*, chap. ix.)

I send you His last special word to me, 'The Lord shall open unto thee His good treasure.' Starting with Eph. iii. 8, and ending never and nowhere, because the 'riches in glory' are everlasting. Just 'search and see' what He is going to 'open unto thee"!—Your loving friend and sister in Him whom we do love.

DEUT. xxviii. 16: 'The Lord shall open unto thee His good treasure.'

LESSON I.—*The Good Treasure—The Unsearchable Riches of Christ* (Eph. iii. 8).

I. The Treasure itself. His, not ours, we have nothing, we are 'poor' (Rev. iii. 17). Consider the Riches of—1. Goodness; 2. Forbearance; 3. Long-suffering (Rev. ii. 4); 4. Wisdom; 5. Knowledge (Col. ii. 3); 6. Grace (Eph. ii. 7); 7. Glory (Phil. iv. 19), corresponding to our—(1) Sinfulness; (2) Provocations; (3) Repeated waywardness; (4) Foolishness; (5) Ignorance; (6) Spiritual need and weakness; (7) Immortal spirit.

How this treasure is purchased? (2 Cor. viii. 9). For whom?—1. The needy and poor (Rev. iii. 17); 2. See context of Deut. xxviii. 2; 3. Christ's (1 Cor. iii. 21–23).

If Christ's, then all are yours.

II. The Promise itself. 1. Our need of the promise 'shall open;' we cannot open ourselves: it is the Holy Spirit's office (John xvi. 14, 15). Some of us can bear witness, 'I was blind, now I see,' but cannot say Cant. ii. 16. Some can say 1 Pet. ii. 7. Praise Him! 2. The certainty of the promise '*shall* open.' Do not say, 'I hope He will;' come boldly and claim. Do not say 'perhaps' when He says 'shall' (Num. xxiii. 19). Faith is the key to this treasure; God *gives* it, it fits the lock of any promise. The Lord always responds to the claim of faith. He meets you with Matt. vii. 7. There

is always a promise at the back of everything: Expect and watch for the opening of the lock. (1) If opened to you it will never be shut again, 'He openeth and no man shutteth' (Rev. iii. 7); (2) If opened, you will never come to the bottom—the riches are 'unsearchable,' always 'more and more' 'incorruptible;' now and through eternity, they are 'the fulness of the Godhead.' 3. If opened, we shall not care for other things, *e.g.* as they were opened to St. Paul (Phil. iii. 8). 4. If opened, draw from it, be spiritual millionaires, use it, trade with it, the responsibility is great (1 Pet. iv. 10). What will you do with these riches this week?

Dwell on each word 'THE LORD'—no human promiser, but God that cannot lie; '*shall*,' fling this in Satan's teeth when tempted to doubt or to be negligent in search; '*open*,' it is never shut up from you; '*unto thee*,' really, personally, not merely to somebody else, or folks in general; '*His*,' not yours, all his very own, you had no right or claim to it; '*good*,' recollect it is sevenfold, perfection; '*Treasure*' even Jesus Himself, the Treasure of treasures, in all His fulness as your own Saviour, Friend, and King.

LESSON II.—*The Good Treasure.*

I. His Word. *His;* the value of the gift is enhanced by the giver. It is Christ's gift (John xvii. 14), and the Father's gift to Him (ver. 8). *Treasure;* the value is relative and actual. *Relative*, 'MORE than gold' (Ps. xix. 10, cxix. 72, 127). If we really find treasure, we are glad (Ps. cxix. 162; Jer. xv. 16).

A *test* to apply to ourselves in Ps. i. 2, 'delight,' and

in Jer. vi. 10, no delight. If there is no rejoicing in it, the treasure is not yet opened to us; this is the work of the Holy Spirit (John xiv. 26). The answer to the prayer Ps. cxix. 18 is Jer. xxxiii. 3. See Christ's own double opening, Luke xxiv. 32, 45.

II. *Actual.* The value of the treasure is proved by what it will do for us. 'Do not My words *do good*,' etc. What good?

1. We are born again by it (1 Pet. i. 23).
2. Growth thereby (Ps. i. 2, 3) in grace and in knowledge (1 Pet. ii. 2; 2 Pet. iii. 18).
3. It gives light (Ps. cxix. 105).
4. It gives understanding.
5. It gives quickening (Ps. cxix. 50, 93).
6. It gives patience (Rom. xv. 4).
7. It gives comfort.
8. It gives hope.
9. It keeps from sin (outward) (Ps. cxix. 11).
10. It sanctifies (inward) (John xvii. 17).
11. It is profitable for, etc. (2 Tim. iii. 15, 16).
12. It is able to save your souls (Jas. i. 21).
13. The climax—by these ye become 'partakers of the divine nature' (2 Pet. i. 4).

Faith is the key of this treasure (1 Thess. ii. 13); 'worketh' all this 'effectually in you that believe' (compare Heb. iv. 2: 'Not mixed with faith').

Isa. lv. 11: 'My word . . . shall prosper . . . whereto I sent it'—all this!

III. Responsibility attached to the Treasure. The command is Col. iii. 16 (connect 2 Cor. iv. 7). See the

promise (Prov. viii. 21), 'I will fill their treasures.' They *bring forth* out of this good treasure things new and old (Matt. xii. 35, xiii. 52).

February 13, 1877.

. . . You set the ball rolling; so when a few days ago the editor of a magazine sent an entreaty that I would do him a poem on 'April' (very kindly furnishing me with the new idea that its smiles and tears would be a nice theme), I saw in a flash that there was another and very different lesson to be drawn—another fling at the 'If it lasts'! So if you should see my poem, you will know the origin of the verses! . . . This morning's work has been a paper on simply the words, 'And this is His commandment'! I wonder if you would guess how I took it? Oh pray still that I may have the King's own messages to deliver.

(*To F. C. Kirchhoffer.*)

February 20, 1877.

. . . My losses and deficiencies this year seemed more than it was possible to replace, especially when one collector after another sent much less than last year. So there was nothing for it but to pray the more; and it is perfectly wonderful how God has been answering. And now your splendid collection is a crown upon many tokens that He has most distinctly heard and answered. It is a little larger than the largest I have ever yet received; and as Miss B. gives me notice, she will have less instead of more on her card. You, as dearest

Julia's representative, will stand first on my City report. I cannot tell you how glad and pleased I am. Not only because I am so thankful that the great need of the society should be so far supplied, but I am somehow so specially glad that dear Julia's work should not be among their losses, but that if she is permitted to know anything about it (and why not?), she may see that her little share in her Lord's work is not only carried on, but increased. I am sure it must have cost you a great deal of effort and trouble to collect so much. But He knows and marks every effort, even the least done for His sake and in His name.

(To E. E. L.)

March 11, 1897.

I am intensely sorry to refuse to write an article in aid of a children's hospital, but it is simply impossible, as I have already undertaken more writing than I can prudently complete before a summer holiday is necessary, and my dear mother absolutely insists on my undertaking not one thing more. I cannot tell you how many similar requests I have. I can only ask our good Master to choose for me, by making, as He often does, some strong impulse to arise into my mind, seeming then to give me every word, in other cases giving me nothing to say. I hold myself totally at His disposal, and lay each request before Him, to give me a message to write or not, just as He will. . . .

Oh, is it not a happy life, 'the life of simple trust'? One wonders how one lived at all before.

[illegible] Mildmay Park.

Darling Mother,—Here I am still! I got in a draught at the Association meeting, whereby I got a regular cold. Mrs. Pennefather is the one to be positive, and so I've been kept and nursed most delightfully. It is a special satisfaction to have got over the autumn cold which I never do escape before I came home; so that you will not be vexed by seeing me sneeze and cough, and Mrs. P. thinks it is a very good thing it happened so. She does pray for *you* so beautifully. Well, I do love Mrs. Pennefather. I see that the more one knows her, the more one must *love* her. The workers' prayer meeting is going on down-stairs, but she would not let me come—so I am obedient! Thankful you are safe home, and that you are even occasionally a little easier—may He stay His rough wind in the day of His east wind for you, poor dear mother.—Your loving child.

[illegible] Mildmay Park, June [illegible]

Dear Miss Brown,—I have been detained here by a sharp influenza cold. So your dear girls' prayer that I might come again to them is very unexpectedly answered! I am still weak and poorly with a troublesome cough, so that I cannot take the Bible class, but I should be most glad to have a few more words with your dear lassies who came to me in the drawing-room, and dear Mrs. Pennefather seems to be glad I should do so. Did you know they have all written to me? such sweet, touching letters. And I do think the Lord Himself has laid them on my heart, so that I am just longing for the privilege

of trying to give them a few helping words—by answering their letters in person, and I have changed my plans on purpose to do so.

And will you ask that our dear Master would give me exactly the right words for them? I do so long for an immense blessing to them, and through them to all the rest of the school. Please give my love to them, and tell them this from me.—Yours affectionately in our dear Master.

July 21, 1877.

I have just come in from church, and two verses in the first lesson have brought to a climax the strong feeling I have had for ten days past that I must write to you. Look at verses 13 and 14 of 1 Sam. xv., see how Saul says, 'I have performed the commandment of the Lord.' And Samuel replies, 'What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep, and lowing of the oxen which I hear?' Well, now, dear ——, this time last year you said, 'All for Jesus,' and He gave you a taste or earnest of the gladness of being 'all' for Him, accepting your intention. But where has the fulfilment been of the words which you then said 'before the Lord'? When I met you at —— in the winter, in our hurried parting words I think I must have shown as well as expressed the query weighing on my mind whether it was indeed 'all for Jesus.' You told me, 'Yes, it is!' just as Saul said, 'I have performed.' But 'what meaneth then' the straws which seem to show that the wind does not, to say the least, blow unmistakeably from the 'all' quarter? Only straws, and yet they would blow all the same way if it *were* all! I will tell you one. Just a very casual

mention of your going to —— now, and returning in time for the September ——. I know there may be a hundred fair reasons, but go deeper, which was your real heart in, which was really the thing you most cared for, —coming 'to the help of the Lord' in a special effort to win souls for His honour and glory, *or* pointers and partridges? O be honest with yourself about the whole thing. It is *not* a light thing to have told your Master that you will be 'all' for Him, and yet set other things before His obvious service. You have had a year now of professed 'all,' but how many trophies have you brought to His feet? How many souls have you even tried to win? Is the harvest, so far, 'nothing but leaves'? Can Jesus say of you, 'He hath done what He could'? Have you even given as much energy to 'the help of the Lord against the mighty' as you ever gave to rowing or coaching your crew? and if not, are they not solemn words, 'Curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof.' Why? Not because they had done anything wrong or even inconsistent, but 'because they came not to the help of the Lord.'

God says, 'When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; . . . better is it that Thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' You can never unsay that 'all for Jesus' of your twenty-first birthday. It is registered for ever; it only remains for you to make those words true or untrue. If untrue, then —! . . .

Understand me, it is not a question of any particular doing or not doing, but a far deeper one; just—have you given a true answer to the question, 'How much

for Jesus?' I do not want you to answer me or tell me anything about it, but I do want you to remember, 'To his own Master he standeth or falleth,' and He knows whether your promised service is really whole-hearted or only half-hearted. If the latter, it is *not* an accepted service. He accepts all or none. There is not one measure for women, and another for young men, 'My son, give me my heart,' implies no less to you than to me; the word of our God draws no such distinction, all is 'all' or *not* 'all,' just as much in your case as in mine.

1877.

. . . Please see if you can find any syllable of mine, written, spoken, or printed, which either states or implies that 'the infection of sin is or can be wholly eradicated'! It is just this supposing that people said or meant what they never did say or mean that has led to thousands being hindered from inquiring into the 'way of holiness.' Perhaps the very strongest expression I ever used (if indeed I have used it), would be 'continuous victory.' And what does that imply, but a foe that is *not* annihilated; the very fact of a continual subduing, however complete, proves a continual existence of the foe which is being subdued, and who, without being continually subdued, would be again active and conquering! The 'On dit, qu'on a dit' has been Satan's fatal hindrance in this matter. I was *aghast* at being told lately that I had said I had not sinned for three years! 'Oh, well, I was told so.' So I investigated, as this was really a serious lie, and the succession of 'They say,' and 'I supposed you thought the same as they did,' and

'I supposed they thought they did not sin,' perfectly horrified me at the tissue of unintentional false witness borne and manufactured by Christians. I appeal, and so may 'they' appeal to 'what I have written' or even to what they have written.

September 17, 1877.

. . . Had I strength and time, I should enjoy telling you much, especially of the Lord's singular dealings with me this summer.

I am here for the baptism of my dearest Miriam's *motherless* boy. She died six days after his birth, in the most *wonderful* peace, *so* perfect that *even* leaving the husband she loved so intensely, and her baby, did not cast even a momentary shadow of a shade! . . . You can imagine what a precious trust the sponsorship to 'H. C. L.' is to me.

. . . I have had some splendid summer sheaves, including two ——, who first gave their own selves to the Lord, and then threw law and medicine overboard as their intended professions, and will be, I hope, bright gain to His service in our dear Church of England.

. . . I am so delighted that you find you can cut off that horrible 'if' and say 'it lasts'! So I send you confidently 'He giveth *more* grace'—more still, and more always—for *you*. I am glad you have got hold of 'shall not stumble.' I have a paper on that in *Royal Bounty* or *Royal Commandments*, I forget which; both will be out soon now. . . .

You may imagine how all you said of the 'far better' as to your dear —— harmonized with my thoughts

here. And curiously the lovely verse of B. M.'s, which you quote, 'Praise God, the Shepherd is so sweet,' is on the grave of little Maud Prestage, my cousin-godchild, taken not long ago to the fair country.

I am delighted with your testimony as to *One Hour with Jesus*. . . .

—— on his twenty-first birthday gave '*all* to Jesus.' I had worked at him in all possible ways for two or three years,—won at last! Spent more actual 'labour' on him than almost any individual soul, except ——, read with him alone daily for weeks, prayed with him, wrote to him, talked to him, and went on at him generally! 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory'!

So delighted to find a few days ago that in Jude 24, 'from falling,' is literally 'without,' or 'from stumbling,' which, of course, makes the verse much stronger and more explicit, as the Greek usually does. Not even stumbling! isn't that a perfect keeping?

(*To S. G. P.*)

September 22, 1877.

I supposed I was obliged to say 'Sir,' because you said 'Madam'! But it went against me to be formal even for once to the writer of *Never say Die*. I made a raid into Paternoster Row yesterday. I felt puzzled what best to do for N. S. D., so asked the Lord to guide me at the time, and show me *His* way about it. So, as I wanted to see Mr. M., I went there first, intending to see how the land lay; but he was suddenly gone off to

Rome! So I asked to see Mr. S., and found him so full head and heart, of the Noon-Day Prayer Meeting at Aldersgate Street, which he was just going to conduct, that it did not seem the right time to distract him with my business—he had his Bible open, and was using his last half-hour for preparation. So then I went to P. and asked for Mr. P. himself, and gave him an N. S. D., and told him my views; he asked a lot of questions,—I think he wanted to find whether my opinion was biassed by personal friendship! so I was glad I had not had the pleasure of seeing you!

Perhaps you would hardly guess how very much what you said about *My King* delighted and encouraged me. I never expected *men* to read or care for it,—I did not aim higher than girls of whom I have a considerable following. It is far more than I hoped,—for I am not one of those terrible 'strong-minded women,' but I think we have quite 'rights' enough in proportion to our powers and position. And I never thought of reaching *men* by anything I might write; yet you and others are willing to listen to the little things I have to say, and I take it as an extra token for good—the more pleasant, because unsought and unexpected. I am following it up with two new books (now nearly finished printing), *Royal Commandments* and *Royal Bounty*. I am inclined to envy your special gift of heart-words to the *very* far off—it seems so much more like the Master than mine; but still it is very sweet to be allowed to write for our fellow-servants, which is what I most often seem led to do.

Do not withhold your name. Your father is so well known that the mention excites interest directly. And

if the Master should lead you on further in this path (and I think He will), it is for several reasons better to give your name at once and start fair with it. Is it not a sort of little offering to Him of that which is already His own? For our names are His, and why should He not have the use of them?

(*To Margaret W.*)

I don't fancy somehow that I shall ever be quite so strong as I was, nor able for just the same as other people. I *did* think that I might have been even stronger, but now I think that is not likely; so the 'pleasing perfectly' will have to be rather my aim than the 'serving much,' *i.e.* 'till my change come'—then I 'shall serve Him'—and won't it be delicious? (Ezek. xliv. 15, 16). So Num. xvi. 5 belongs to you, and the 7th verse. But it begins with the being chosen, and from that flows the 'come near' and 'shall be holy.'

Did you ever think that our Lord must have had a great deal of such refraining from what He would have done? It must have been *very* hard not to make greater displays of His love and power; for surely, if that had been His Father's will, He could just as easily have done His personal work and ministration on a far larger scale, even during the last three years, much more during the thirty years of such closely-veiled glory.

October 1877.

Dear M., will you pray for me, that I may have 'the patience of Jesus Christ,' however long this lasts, and that He would graciously help me over what must be a very weary and probably suffering journey? I will enclose you some verses, which came to me on the words, '*ONLY for Jesus.*' Make the printer put the very biggest and fiercest ONLY he can! People will emphasize any word but that in their lives, and it is just being '*Only for Jesus*' that make all the difference. They are ready enough to emphasize 'Jesus,' if they may only drop the severe, uncompromising 'Only' into the shade. Do you see?

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

I have enclosed a parcel for you. It is a present which you won't care twopence for at present, so you needn't profess to! But I believe you *will* care for it if, please God, this time ten years or so, you are bringing forth out of His treasure things new and old for some flock committed to you. It is a set of *Goodwin's Works* —one of the grandest and oldest of the 17th century writers—much too deep and solid for modern taste, but full of Christ and of 'the deep things of God.' Some day if you are going to preach out of Ephesians, you will find, I should think, everything that could be said on every single word of the first, and part of the second chapter. He is called 'that peerless divine, and star of the first magnitude'!

November 15, 1877.

If I wait till I can write you a long letter, I may never write at all! so I will just send you a few lines, chiefly to tell you how glad your letter made me. For I think I see in it that Jesus is more of a reality to you than before. And after all, it all hinges on that; it is the old question, 'What think ye of Christ?' Is He nothing, or something, or *everything?* It is a help to pull oneself up with plain questions now and then.

I had a really beautiful letter from —— lately; I think he will get less reserved by being at College. What I most want to hear of you is that God has given you the great joy of winning some soul for Christ. When once you have had that, you will never rest without more, I think. It is like a tiger tasting blood! I am so very glad you have had an opportunity of seeing an ordination. May every day be preparing you for your own solemn vows. I have got lots of new C. P. members. How beautiful the estimate of Christ in our chapter this morning is! 'Chiefest'! Link it with Phil. iii. 8–10.

(*To M. J. W.*)

November 5, 1877.

I hope you will not mind my *not* fulfilling your request to write an answer to the letters you send me from Plymouth sisters. The fact is, I am so utterly startled and entirely shocked at them, that I cannot think it worth while to write *seriatim*. The cool ignoring of the clearest Bible commands and teaching, the un-gospel spirit of judging, condemning, and want of the gentle charity

which should be learnt at the Master's feet, are to me most saddening. I do not mean so much of the writers personally, but of the principles they lay down, and the inevitable results of following out those principles. From a merely critical and intellectual point of view, I see it would be waste of time to argue; as a mind which can in all good faith base its arguments and build its conclusions on the merest assumptions, and never even see that it is doing so, must be left to its own inverted pyramids!

If the writer of the three-sheet letter had but spent the same energy on seeking to set forth Jesus and His salvation to some one who does not know His preciousness, as she has spent on trying to unsettle one who does know Him, surely it would have been much more like the Master's own work! Instead of writing, I can only pray that she may be delivered from what her letter additionally convinces me is one of the special devices of the enemy for hindering the Lord's real work and the real unity of the Spirit. It is 'strong delusion,' and God grant that deeper searching of His word with the light of His Spirit in the clear atmosphere of greater humility, may show her that it is so.

1877.

A very strong light has come to me about this almanack! Do you not believe that remarkable coincidences are not chance, but God's leading? I need not tell you I do! Well then, was it not striking that you should have been troubled about these opinions, and that immediately after I should have been led to

suggest what may and will (probably) at least help to keep others from being unsettled, 2 and 2 make 4!

I believe we are punished for a sort of half-cowardly shrinking from acting up to our own light, and fearing to tell others frankly what we believe to be the more excellent way. How many young Christians might be saved from drifting off to the P. B. S. if Church members were not so dreadfully afraid of showing their colours! So far as I am aware, my father never through all his ministry had any one single member of of his flock go off to them, nor even nibble at it, because he never shrank from showing them why we should value our Church. And yet he never had the least trouble with dissenters; they always cordially respected him and understood him, far more so than many who were less loyal to their Church principles.

December 14, 1877.—Pray for me, darling E., for I am passing through some of the *strangest* as well as the *keenest* trials I ever had, which is saying a good deal!

OAKHAMPTON, *January* 31, 1878.

I determined I would 'never say die' till somebody published your book, and also that I would not write to you till I could tell you I had succeeded about it!

Now it is your turn to act, and I hope you will find time to set to work immediately, and put the whole into shape, *i.e.* into short chapters, and short paragraphs, and short sentences. And if you can invent lively little

titles for each chapter, so much the better, and the queerer the better.

I have never thanked you for the exquisite card, quite a treasure—it is so totally uncommon, and the colouring so rich. I am busy trying to get all or most of a new book (into which I am putting my very heart), done during a very restful and quiet visit here, while my sister relieves guard at Leamington—so I have not time for a proper letter.

A beautiful photograph hangs close by the drawing-room piano here, and I look at it while I sing; but it never occurred to me to ask whose it was till a few minutes ago. 'Ah,' says my sister, 'that's a photograph of a picture of St. Ouen by your friend, S. G. Prout!'

(*To G. S. P.*)

OAKHAMPTON, *February* 8, 1878.

The 'Grey Raven' must allow me the privilege of a little contribution towards the 'bread and flesh.' If only you had not written such very awful Sanskrit, I should have shown your letter right and left! but nobody could be expected to read it second-hand! I wish you would send that story of the poor hungry woman to the *Times*, not touched up a bit, but just as you wrote it to me. Who could resist it? It is terribly bad taste to quote oneself, but I cannot help it this time, so you must forgive; but thinking of your present work, the lines kept humming in my head—

'The King will stoop to crown it
With His gracious Inasmuch.'

Of course, I read *Down the Steep*—you have something of the poet in you (as well as of pretty nearly everything else, it seems!), but I was not so personally struck with it as with *N. S. D.* But it is a poem and not mere rhyme. Will the specimen page of *N. S. D.* do? You might give your mind sufficiently to say yes or no to that!

And don't, oh don't, write Sanskrit to ——, or he will send me your letter to decipher, and I shall have to write it out for him.

My new book is *The Royal Invitation*—distinctly and entirely for outsiders; I have long wanted to have a full fair shot at those who are *not* the King's children. Can you spare two minutes to pray that I may have special help in this?

Believe me, there is real spiritual power in what you have written; as I glanced over your specimen page I felt inclined to envy you,—it throbs with life and warm reality. Oh, may you have the joy of bringing the living water to thousands by it! And then, as I share in praying for this, I shall have a share in the praise for it! It is a good investment, I consider! So you might put a little prayer about that—please do! I do not feel sure of their accepting it, because so few will sing such very 'out and out' words, unless Sankey had first taken it up.

—— is lingering just 'outside the door.' I have given him as strong personal pulls as I know how, but he is not inside yet.

I mean your book to 'go;' I have got a large Scotch bookseller to start *Never say Die*, and I promise you a start in Dublin too. Wonder what else the

Lord is preparing you to do by keeping you in the shadow.

I do so feel for your dear sister.

(*To Leonard Bickerstaff.*)

February 7, 1878.

I have a request to you, for which yours to me gives opportunity. Will you take it up as a little bit of special praying work during the next few days? I have written twenty-two chapters of my new book, *The Royal Invitation; or, Daily Thoughts on coming to Christ*, and I do long for very special help for the nine chapters which remain to be written. I want the Lord to give me every word, and not let me write a word without Him, nor a sentence that is not a message from Him. I do so want to win those who have never yet come to Jesus. Will you ask this for me every day till about next Thursday, by which day I shall about finish, please God.

Why not join both the Scripture-reading Unions? Ever so many are members of both. Both are good solid bread, but I prefer the whole loaf to the half one, both for myself, and more especially for the sake of the many whom I thus induce to read twice a day, who otherwise would read only once. I have often said to others, 'Join Mr. Richardson's Union for the sake of your personal friends, but join Mr. Boys' for the sake of work among others.' The one chapter a day is a pleasant *link*, but the two chapters are a *lever* to raise those who

need raising to fuller feeding on the Word. I myself have joined both.—Yours affectionately in our dear Master.

February 14, 1878.

The twelve o'clock prayer to-day was commuted into thanksgiving for completed work; so I write at once to tell you that the good Lord has given it me all, and fully answered the prayer that it might be done without difficulty or strain. I have now merely to put it straight for the press, fill in the references, and send it off. But the last sentence is written! I shall write no preface; the title is, *The Royal Invitation; or, Daily Thoughts on Coming to Christ*, and I prefer leaving it to the reader to find out who I am aiming at.

I shall next see about a re-cast of the *Ministry of Song*, and *Under the Surface* for one volume, *Life Mosaic*. This will be an opportunity of dropping out a dozen or two of the weakest pieces, and I must ask clear guidance to do this judiciously. Next, I want to arrange *Daily Melodies for the King's Minstrels*. I am reserving MS. poems for a still future book.

Wish I knew, Marie dear, if you are sacrificing yourself very much for me. You tell me when I had better propose to return home. I do feel most grateful to you, and certainly I am in greatest possible clover of quiet and luxury at Oakhampton. I have not had such rest since the farmhouse at the Highlands (Herefordshire). Please order *Spanish Brothers* for a present; it is a book I much admire.

1878.

Tell Mr. Shaw, Parlane sent me some time ago a letter from the widow of good Duncan Matheson. He had owed P. about £20 for printing his hymn-book. Mrs. Matheson paid it, and Parlane generously returned the whole to her. She says : 'When you sent the account, it came the day after my beloved husband died. You enclosed a leaflet by F. R. H., the text at the heading was, "My God shall supply all your need," and the last line of each verse was, "God shall all your need supply." I cannot tell you the blessing I got in reading it, and each day it has been in my mind, and I have felt its sweetness, and now your returning the money is another proof of His faithfulness.' I am so glad I had thus unwittingly the privilege of comforting Duncan Matheson's widow.

(*To F. T. H.*)

The letter you delayed was not of any consequence, only one of the usual gushing sort; thanks for my writings, which seem spreading in America very fast. They reprint my books there with no reference whatever to me or Nisbet! Yes, dear Frank, I often feel how I need counterbalancing trials (of which, in more ways than one, I have had more than you know of) with all this singular success. I do want all my work to be *purely* and *only* for our dear Master, and not to work even for work's sake, much less as pleasing men or myself. But it is very curious that the very amount of expressions of pleasure, gratitude, etc., which I get, deadens their

effect, just like opium! You see when one gets half-a-dozen a day at least of such letters as would have elated me for a week a few years ago, they come to be almost a bore! and really I have to watch against the opposite temptation not to be grateful for all this—not to think *enough* of it. However, I certainly was extra gratified by your telling me that the good Bishop of Hereford cared for anything I wrote, and placed the card on the mantel-shelf. ('No rose without a thorn.')

And I was much more grateful, dear Frank, for your thoughtful and brotherly words of warning, than I am for several dozen of the gushing letters I get!

I have several times thought I should like to buy your harp-piano—it would be at times of very great use to me for composing in my own room without being overheard, the consciousness of which I am foolishly sensitive about, and never can compose if any one is in the house! But just now I could neither pay for it nor use it, lest it might disturb dear mother. She is far worse than when you were here, Nurse says so—not that there is any immediate danger, but that she is worse is evident.

May 13, 1878.

My poor mother is very ill, the end may be very near. It is an exceptionally distressing and trying illness in all respects—God has had many special lessons to teach us by it, and 'who teacheth like Him?' Pray for us, dear friend.

I don't suppose I ever sent you *Such a Blessing*. I cannot but see what I *have* seen, and do see. And if 'all' in 1 John i. 7 does not mean 'all,' how much *does*

it mean? and if 'cleanseth' only means 'cleansed me when I said my prayers last night,' what force is there in tenses? And I know that such a blessing is to be had, and that life is a different thing then. And I know that it is *not* perfection, *nor* perfectionism, because if it were, I should not *need* and *desire* and *claim* that wonderful perpetual present tense—'goes on cleansing; I cannot do without the precious blood of Jesus one hour or one moment.

Many thanks for your sermon, it is so nice; I am going to send it on to the Baroness; I know she will like it.

(*To E. T.*)

May 26, 8 A.M.

A line to ask you all to pray that if it is His will, He would, in very pity, release our poor unconscious sufferer. My sister, who professes to be able to stand anything, broke down a few hours ago after so many days' incessant watching with our good nurse Carveley. Again, all yesterday, we were watching, expecting every breath to be the last, and the whole night as three times before has been one long struggle. Poor mother is still unconscious—it is most distressing. I want you to ask for me that I may be enabled to trust quietly about my sister, that is the greatest strain upon my trust, knowing by previous experience the results of overstrain, but I did not think she would break down now; I have been entreating Him not to let me quiver about this, and am so thankful for, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.'

TO NURSE CARVELEY.

I have no photograph to give,
And so I do not ask for yours ;
But I've a picture that will live
As long as memory endures.
The faithful word, the pleasant face,
The skilful hand, the watchful eye,
The 'sunshine in a shady place,'—
This photograph will never die !

May 29, 1878.

(F. R. H.'s tribute to the nurse of her stepmother C. A. H.)

(*Post Card.*)

May 31, 1878.

Our poor sufferer entered into rest on Sunday afternoon. The last fortnight has been trying and distressing beyond anything I ever heard of, let alone saw. Eight days and nights of literal dying and every distressing concomitant imaginable. God has been answering my eager prayer for more teaching, by 'terrible things,' according to Ps. lxv. 5. But it is over now, and my text for to-day is, 'He hath done all things well.' I see it as clear as daylight.

I am so thankful that my poor mother's last smile, a startlingly bright and sudden one, after weeks without a smile, was turned on me fully and consciously.

(*To* ——.)

June 1878.

I quite agree with you in preferring the exact Scripture in Isa. liii. 6, although I have no doubt 'us all'

means 'the Church of God.' I should not myself have so paraphrased it, but as I was quoting Rainsford, I thought I must keep to him. Had it been a new MSS., I might have asked him to alter it.

But I do not agree with you in giving verse 24 instead of 22 of Gen. v. I expect it never struck you what it implies. 'Enoch walked with God,' is usually quoted from verse 24, and therefore kept in connection with, 'and was not, for God took him,' as if walking with God were rather an older-aged experience, approaching the end. But do not you see how telling it is to take it in the other connection? 'Enoch walked with God three hundred years!' nobody quotes that! and if he walked with God three hundred years, may not we walk with Him 'all the days of *our* life'? It was Mr. Snepp who showed it me, and I thought it such a find. It is but the difference between the dismal must be always sinning, teaching, and the brighter hopes I laid hold of, but which are an old story to you.

By the bye, it is 'Christ our example of *trust*, not truth,' that has long been a favourite thought to me, and I was glad to see Rainsford bring it out. I think we get Christ as our example of three things in John xvii.—1. Of coming to the Father; 2. Trust; and 3. Consecration.

Many thanks for calling my attention to 'having no part dark.'

I have never dived into its meaning, but am greatly struck with it now you mention it.

(*To* ——.)

July 25, 1878.

Here is your programme. Saturday 'do' Gloucester, reaching Worcester in the evening. *N.B.*—Sit on the left, for view of Malvern. Stay Sunday at Worcester; hear cathedral bells, about the finest peal in England; twelve bells, No. 10. is exceptionally rich. The only clergyman I know is Rev. W. Wright, of St. Peter's, Evangelical. At cathedral, ask to see my father's memorial brass (designed by brother Frank) in an arcade of the south-east transept. St. Nicholas was his own church: a marble tablet to my sweet mother (Jane Havergal, died July 5, 1848), and a memorial brass to my father, are in the chancel.

On Monday, leave by earliest train for Bewdley station; in approaching Bewdley, sit on the left, and you will see Winterdyne,—a large white house alone among trees on the height of the ridge of rocks above the Severn. Then walk up to Winterdyne, where you are invited to breakfast, and will be welcomed for the Master's sake. You will get there a little before nine—just between prayers and breakfast. Mr. Shaw, my dear brother-in-law, will show you his beautiful grounds, and you will see how Bank holiday is improved there! If possible, Mr. S. will drive you on to my sister's, Mrs. Crane, Oakhampton; but it is a heavily-engaged day, and I have told them that on emergency you can walk the four miles. Mrs. C. invites you to dinner, and to stay the night. Then I will take you leisurely to Astley churchyard in the evening. If you cannot stay all night, Mr. C.'s carriage can drive us to the churchyard,

and then drive *you* on, say half-way, to Worcester in the cool of the evening.

I hope it will be a fine day, and if it is, I shall be very glad to have been able to do you a small 'good turn' after the *very* good turn you have done me.

(*To the same.*)

OAKHAMPTON, *Monday* A.M.

The coachman is to take you round by Ribbesford Church (unless you have already been there this A.M.)—look at the singular 11th century carving over the porch,—an old Saxon legend. I hope the rain will cease.

There are some visitors at W., whose relatives are very 'high' and rather prejudiced; tell them you have been to Jerusalem, and hope to go to Gaza, or anything in that line, and perhaps after you are gone, I may tell them you are a Wesleyan after all! that they may see some good *can* come out of Nazareth!

At Winterdyne there is no treading on eggs,—a real, wide, hearty 'grace be with *all* them that love our Lord Jesus Christ,' even as I say it!

[F. R. H.'s correspondent says: 'This little note was neatly done up with her peculiar beauty as she wrote it in the early morning at Oakhampton, and drove over herself with it to Winterdyne, and put it into my hand. And on the afternoon of that day, F. R. H. drove with me to Astley churchyard, and showed me her father's grave (now her own)—that time will always live in my memory, in whatever part of the world my lot may be.']

August 8, 1878.

Mr. L. came Monday, was delighted and grateful—writes that 'if you did not build the Palace Beautiful, at least you showed it to the Pilgrim, and once more he thanks you for pleasure which grows with keeping.' Neat! Results of my going to W. to fetch him was that Ellen saw with me how papa's parish was being cared for, and his own grandsons left out in the cold! W and A. came the same afternoon to fetch their cousins, and the upshot is, they stay till Saturday, and are at the tent every night! I had the waggonette, and took the servants last night—capital—tent nearly full—probably 500—but shoals were listening in the dark outside! The evangelist Cauker, very nice on Isa. lix. 2, on 'separated,' but now 'put away.' Giles got up after, and spoke for two minutes most beautifully—set to *his* seal—told of his own experience—'God says it—I believe it—that's enough for me!' Then Thomas Wales, from the Evangelization Society, on 'The Master is come and calleth for thee.' I never heard such an enormous voice—can be heard on the bridge just as well as in the tent, *and* all up Load Street—a man one instinctively honours and loves on the spot for the Master's sake. I took the harmonium—Frances was quite leading the singing—good thing for younger ones to be thrown on their own resources—'put out to swim!' Alice *so* sweet and hearty, and *in* it all. W. and A. had been canvassing Sandy Bank and Wyre Hill all the morning! and had the management of seats, hymn-books, tent ropes, etc. Twins *at it* too. Nellie looked *radiant!* Well she might, all her children heart and soul in such work, and with her nephews too!

1878.

I must not refuse my friend's entreaty to send the enclosed request on to you. The letter will explain itself. Many, many thanks for prayer for ——. Well, now I think you may praise! I have had no chance of gauging the work myself, and do not know why I am not feeling so confidently exultant as I might be over the account of them. I do not know whether it is only want of faith by looking on to all the ritualistic hindrances which they are returning into, and which must choke the Word except by most special grace,—or whether it is that the work is less deep than the ——'s hope. Anyhow, it is no small thing to thank God for that they have had that week, and have intelligently heard the truth as it is in Jesus, and have most certainly and evidently liked it, if no more!

Now I am with ——. They are exemplary to a degree, but I saw collision must come, and it came an hour ago. We were singing that hymn,—

> 'Christian, dost thou see them
> On the holy ground?
> . . . .
> Smite them by the virtue
> Of thy Lenten fast!'

Whereupon of course I 'struck'! stopped, and would not sing it, and said, 'No, no!—no victory that way—they overcame by the blood of the Lamb,' and so forth. Whereupon they argued and opposed very courteously, but very determinately. So you see the sort of work I now have—much more difficult than if they were not so wrapped up in their blameless conduct and fasts and

efforts. Do pray for them. Oh, if my visit here might but be a blessing! I am so tired that I do not feel as if I had my usual energy, or could rise to the work.

(*To* ——.)

Not a drop of any special blessing here till to-day, and now—who, though converted, has often caused me anxiety from lack of consecration, has given herself over wholly (with her fine voice and musical talent). A real blessing—but when the ice once thus breaks, it is seldom only for one—and I am intensely longing for —— to be touched. Somehow I have watched in vain as yet, never can catch him alone, and conversation in the presence of others is no use. I have just been praying for him with two of the others. I leave on Tuesday, so time is shortening—not even a beginning made yet—oh, if God would but call him and rouse him. So the one who is rejoicing to-day is great gain, but —— is out in the cold. To-day's blessing makes me treble my fervour for him. Jesus has passed by to-day, and surely He will be gracious to one more? I got hold of a most interesting case at a garden party two days ago (where I had a series of bits of direct work all the time), and am just off to get another interview with her by her own wish. But oh for my bright lad ——!

They have dessert here on Sunday afternoon, after they return from Sunday-school teaching; so —— took the opportunity of calling for 'order!' and took me by surprise by making a regular little speech in the name

of his brothers and sisters—so very prettily done, thanks and gratitude, etc., and affectionate welcome and thankfulness to have me with them at last. You cannot think how nicely he did it, and of course it was vehemently applauded, and there was a general uproar of affectionate fuss!

(*To Margaret W.*)

August 15, 1878.

I can't possibly advise *now*,—being no longer on the spot. '*His* Name shall be called, Counsellor.'

I have just sent off my *Almanack* to Mr. Bullock,—subject for this year is 'The Words of our Lord Jesus Christ' (1 Tim. vi. 5); 365 texts spoken by His own 'gracious' lips—somehow I do think this will have *power* and be much blessed. I have grouped into a little piece (for insertion) the texts which show *why* He spoke them, and what we may expect from the daily feeding on this fruit of *His* lips. Edith and I both think it would be so nice if the future *Reports* contained a blank page headed 'Questions,' especially if it is to be more especially an 'Isolated Members' Branch.' Many would insert a 'question,' who would not venture on a 'remark,' and these would elicit answers. Just as the 'Corner for Difficulties' is to me usually the most interesting part of *Woman's Work!* Put a little word about it to begin with—*inviting* members to ask any 'question' which occurs to them in the course of studying the subject. Edith is eager for this, and thinks she would *always* have a 'question,' though she could not venture on a

'remark'! *Do* try it. I think it would be a practically valuable feature of the new series.

Does not your brother want old gold and silver for his tabernacle things? I enclose two bits to throw in, if so. I found them in clearing out. I have shipped off all my jewellery to the C. M. S., chain and all, so of course I never enjoyed packing a box so much. Fifty-three articles! But I have reserved my portrait brooch of dear Papa for daily wear, and Evelyn's portrait locket. I really only want one brooch.

(*To the late Miss Esther Beamish.*)

MUMBLES, 1878.

It seems like standing afar off, beholding with solemn and fresh sense of the reality of the things unseen, as you tell me of this strange 'trial.' No, I never had that sort of sifting,—it seems to me, however, all a token for good. First, that it is a case of 'The strong He'll strongly try.' Such honour have not all His saints. Satan allowed to try His hardest, and defeated! Then surely it is a prelude to special blessing of some sort. When the devil has had his turn, then I think Jesus is sure to have His! He does not speak to me like He does to ——; yet I think it is from Him that words have kept coming to me about it, 'He shall appear to your joy.' Then in connection with this comes 1 Pet. i. 7, taking the appearing as a present one. Just think of this trial of your faith being precious to Jesus, dear friend; for of course it means what it says. I know sadly plenty about times when I cannot pray, but do not get the fiery darts

you tell of; I expect it is that Satan thinks I am not worth them, and God knows I am too weak to stand them; for oh, if you only knew how really far behind I am—my feeling always is that I can hardly keep you and —— in sight at all! I ought to be much further on with all the discipline I have had.

I could *not* write to you this A.M. somehow, and now it's late, and Maria will be anxious if she hears the typewriter going, so I finish this in pencil!

Thanks for Lord Radstock's speech, which is very interesting. But I cannot think the Lord would have made such wonderful provision of medicine and *means* for our use, if He did not both intend and sanction the use of them. And I do not see in the least why there may not be just as perfect and God-honouring trust while accepting and using *them* as His means, and doctors as His exponents of means, as when refusing them. It is a dangerous principle to admit, or at once it may be followed by queries as to using means of grace! as the same arguments or *seeming* arguments apply to that.

THE MUMBLES, *October* 7, 1878.

Oh M., it is such gracious leading to have been guided here, *just* the place! Maria has been so ill nearly all the time in Switzerland, and looks fearfully bad—it will be a long time ere she regains tone and sleep, etc.; she has never had what other folks would call sleep since

that terrible time in May. *So* thankful to be here. I am very tired—could not have gone on much longer visiting—am weary to death of *lionessing!* Yet have had no end to be thankful for—only so overdone. I hardly ever had a text more sweetly and powerfully given me than Ex. xv. 13 on Sunday week. Hope Association affairs all subsided and settled. We are in the midst of carpets and curtains and suchlike gear—settling in takes time and strength! I suppose I shall get rested *some* time! Anyhow, there is heaven to come!

MUMBLES, *October* 1878.

. . . I must send a line to tell you I have had a very happy time. The Lord 'dealt wondrously,' and caused —— to throw herself (metaphorically) right into my arms, not waiting for me to open fire! Conscious that the Lord has given me something which she, as yet, has not got and is groping for. Of course I did not mince matters—full consecration is the point. How many know and love Jesus, and yet are not 'all' and '*only*' for Him, and they cannot see that He is able to keep them from stumbling, so the goal is not reached.

I do think we Church of England are more conscientious about Sunday post than Nonconformists generally. Those excellent —— had their letters, to my grief, on Sunday. So I was delighted in another house to see a notice on the post box in the hall, with the post times, and 'No delivery or despatch on Sundays.' '*No manner of work*' must include postal delivery, and it is not right to ignore God's commands.

I have met 'B. M.'! Never felt more interested in any one yet, and never met any one yet who just knew and understood all my special mental and poetic experiences in thinking and writing; and as she is the only *real* poetess I ever met, I am beginning to fancy I must be a bit of one too.

(*To G. S. P.*)

October 10, 1878.

'All right' did not include the picture—that arrived two days ago, to my great delight; it was just in time for it to be rightly placed: I was just going to arrange my pictures. My especial favourite is a large engraving of 'The Martyrs in Prison: Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford,'—a saintly picture linked with my earliest good memories, and it was my father's: so this is centre of the best piece of wall in my little study. Your Spanish prison view hangs most curiously appropriate on one side of it, so you could not be in better company.

As to *Never say Die*,[1] I do not much wonder you shirked it! for a more puzzling little editorial work I never undertook! I cannot decide till I have gone twice through at least, how to chapterize it! But, dear friend, time spent on it is overpaid,—it brings to me all the sweetness and freshness of the old, old story as nothing else ever did; I keep reading it all for myself.

Two or three evenings ago my sister Maria and I went out to see a superb sunset just beginning. I gave her *N. s. D.* just before, and she had it in her hand. In

[1] *Never say Die.* S. G. P. Nisbet & Co.

about half an hour I came back, having gone a little way on—the sunset was over, and she had forgotten all about it, never saw it at all! She is so peculiarly alive to natural beauty, that I could not have believed any book could have so 'riveted' her, as she herself said. I am glad she so endorses my deliberate convictions, for she is very independent as well as decided in her judgment; and she has *far* more experience than I have among poor people, so it is worth a good deal. We agree that it is exceptional, and in fact unique, and that we know nothing in the evangelistic line to equal it. When I have done putting it straight for press, I will write again, and shall also tell Nisbet what M. says! A good proof of her sincerity as to its real value as work for God is, that she is ready to anathematize anybody and everybody who gives me *anything* to do at present, and wants me to send everybody's else little requests straight back with a refusing P.C., but is 'quite agreeable' to my giving my mind to *N. s. D.*

Yes, I do trust that you may have, or rather that the Master may have, a very harvest of souls from its circulation.

(*To the late C. H. Purday.*)

THE MUMBLES, *October* 14, 1878.

Your note has touched and interested me most deeply. 'Heart answereth to heart.' I do trust that ere now you are still further on the way to recovery. Yet there is, I *know*, so much real blessing in the touch of our Lord's hand, even when we have to say, 'Thy hand presseth me

sore,' that somehow, ever since a very long and suffering illness of my own, I have hardly been able to say sincerely to any really Christian friend, 'I am *sorry* you have been ill.' And the 'afterward' is surely promised. Every time of calling apart leads us to know and understand a little better 'Him with whom we have to do.' How much these words imply! . . .

I am so glad you like my *Royal Commandments*, though I should not have expected you to like it so well as *Royal Bounty*. Mr. Snepp is charmed with your tune to 'Yes, He knows the way is dreary,' and would be very glad to include it in his new edition.

Possibly the enclosed tiny books may give you some pleasant thought—I shall be so thankful if they do. (*Precious Things*, and *I also for Thee.*)

(*To the same.*)

MUMBLES, *October* 30, 1878.

. . . I am so glad to hear you are raised up again. It is curious that in the night I was thinking so much of the promise, 'Thou shalt glorify Me,' specially in its connection as following deliverance from trouble (Ps. l. 15). And then your letter came in the morning, speaking of your desire to do something for His glory! Whatever He has promised, surely we may and should claim and expect, however much better and greater it may be than we should have thought of asking. Oh yes, if one may but do anything for Him 'who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood,' it is worth coming back from the very golden gates to do it. If He

has made us for His glory He will surely 'be glorified in us.' That He will even *now*, and there is 2 Thess. i. 10 to come! It is so wonderful.

(*To* ——.)

December 19, 1878.

. . . Yes, I have noticed the text you send; it is most solemn and striking. But because I happen to have got this one, please do not hesitate always to tell me of any that strike you as '*finds*'—I am always glad and grateful to have a share in the spoils of others, and sometimes even, when *not* new to me, it brings a text with new force or freshness. Christians might help each other in this way far more than they do.

I must send a line to say how delighted I am that the Church Missionary Society has taken up the Gaza Mission, which I had already heard of. You need not trust (!) 'that it will be faithful and do the work in the proper way!' You may just *rejoice* that it *will!* If there is faithfulness and soundness to be had in the Church on earth at all, it is in the C. M. S.—the grandest and most uncompromising of all evangelical societies—except that one may bracket the Bible Society with it. Not one *touch* of any evil leaven has been permitted by God's great mercy to enter it from any side. Just *go*, and you will find all I have said true, and you will be under the best and safest auspices any human organization can furnish. God speed you!

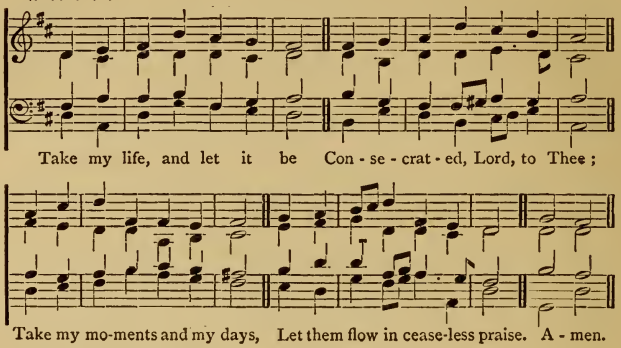
(*To the late C. H. Purday.*)

December 30, 1878.

I have been on the shelf, or should have replied sooner. And now the few days' illness has thrown me all behind with letters and work, so pardon haste. The only tune I do not like, and cannot possibly sanction, in your *Songs of Peace and Joy*, is the setting of my Consecration hymn, 'Take my life,' to that wearisomely hackneyed kyrie of Mozart. It does not suit the words either, and I was much vexed with Mr. Mountain for printing it with it in his *Hymns of Consecration*, and it would just spoil your book to let it pass. I *particularly wish* that hymn kept to my dear father's sweet little tune, 'Patmos,' which suits it perfectly. So please substitute that, and your book will be the gainer. You have rather taken the wind out of my own sails by your book, as Hutchings & Romer have for a good while wanted me to set *Loyal Responses* to music (now published by them); but I have so many irons in the fire, that I can barely find time to heat a musical one. However, I could not find it in my heart to hinder you in your wish, with which my whole heart sympathizes, to do this thing for God's glory. I do so very much like many of your tunes.

'Therefore, being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God.' Dear friend, why say, 'May that peace be mine,' when it is yours already, purchased for you, made for you, sealed for you, pledged to you—by the word of the Father and the 'precious blood of Jesus'! Forgive me for touching up your words, but I have recalled them so many times since you wrote.

(7 7, 7 7.) PATMOS. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



(*To M. V. G. H.*)

THE PARAGON, BLACKHEATH,
February 7, 1879.

Send by return of post our dear father's words, 'God save our widowed Queen,' which he arranged in the minor key. Mr. Bullock is bringing out a capital little book about our Royal Family, and would like to insert it.

I have been photographed! Mr. Elliot himself came for me, Saturday, and they tried eight times, and hope one will do! Elliot and Fry both superintended in person; such a fuss! And I forgot to put on tidy frill and cuffs!

I hope you and Ellen will not go saving the fur things I send—will disappoint me entirely if you don't wear them for garden.

(*Memorandum.*—My sister F. had intended buying a sealskin jacket for herself, *instead* of which she bought these fur cloaks for her sisters !)

Mr. and Mrs. Bullock ever so kind and pleased to have me here—she is such a nice friend.

February 12.

Will Miriam undertake to write out some biographical notice of our dear father for the *Dictionary of Musicians?* You see I have barely three months to do my new books for next season, and cannot do the odds and ends that pour in.

Interesting lecture last night by the Rev. H. Lansdell on a Bible-scattering scamper to Archangel, etc. 25,000 'portions' and tracts given! Proceeds of lecture to Irish Church Missions.

I called at the Church Missionary House—Mr. Eugene Stock most delightful!

Glad I have had the opportunity of making friends personally with my publishers. Dear Mr. Watson is still so ill, but he came down in the evening and seemed cheered with talk and music, asking me to play again Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata for Mr. Robertson. Mr. Watson is almost, if not quite, as heavenly as Giles! His prayers most beautiful, and lovely grace before meat. He will not live long, I am sure, so feeble and so ripe. He gives me plenty of good advice—I do *love* him, he is so fatherly. His partner, Mr. Robertson, a pleasant Christian—much younger and very energetic. I think he took a liking to me, which is important, as I may have all book business to do with him in future years.

Mr. Hutchings was quite struck with 'Loving all

along' (*G. S. P.*). Dr. Waugh accepts his verses for (*The Sunday Magazine*) 'Abercane,' and calls it 'splendid poetry.' Mr. Watson read them out one night magnificently!

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

CHARING CROSS HOTEL,
February 17, 1879.

Singular and sad instance of not knowing what a day may bring forth! Case of small-pox, and poor dear Mr. B. so overwhelmed. Doctor ordered the house cleared at once. I saw my way in an instant—not right to go to any friend's house, and so shall give up my invitation to Mr. S. Blackwood's. It seemed horrid to come away from the dear B.'s in their trouble, but I could do no good; and though I have not a vestige of fear of infection, they were eager to see me safe out of it. So I had fire in a cosy little room here all the afternoon, and quiet rest, as I could not venture out to church, my cough teazing me. You see this involved only *one* bit of Sunday travelling, and I leave direct for Mumbles by express this, Monday, morning.

Tell dear Giles and Ellen they need not be afraid of my putting my neck into any nooses. I am much too snug at the Mumbles!

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

MUMBLES, *February* 18, 1879.

It was quite delightful getting in here last evening (from my sudden flight from London and change of

plans), although you had not returned. It felt so really coming *home*, and I had such a comfortable journey. Mary helped me unpack, and it was delicious to be all straight the same night. Oh, the sunshine here! hot and brilliant in my study. Such a pile of letters this A.M., only one worth sending on for you to answer. Mr. Shaw will be amused with dear Mr. Wright's explanation, which of course I answer. When I called at the Church Missionary House, I thought him kind, but a little bit stiffer than I expected; so his not knowing who I was, explains it. I had no idea he did not know me, but it seems he did not catch the name from Mr. Eugene Stock, and as he says, 'We are not in heaven yet!'

Elliot & Fry will send you proofs of my photos. Remember nothing ever will induce me to have any sort of likeness-taking again. So you make up your minds once for all! Please send me the address of the Church Pastoral Aid Society and the secretary's name, as now I can do what I wanted.

(*To M. V. G. H.*)

PARK VILLA, MUMBLES, *February* 21, 1879.

If you are writing to E. Clay, please give her my love, and I shall not forget to-morrow. You will get the photos. to-day; I was wretchedly poorly, and shivering with cold the day I was taken. I thought I looked more of a lady, which these certainly do not give me the idea of!

I had such a spree last night! I got the whole

household to sign my Temperance Pledge-book, Tucker himself down to little Johnnie! and Mary F. I am so delighted.

I did so want to send to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, but I don't like halving things, so I will not do that; but to please dear Giles, I will postpone my gift to C. P. A. till next year, and send to the Bible Society instead, so he may reckon that is his getting for it! Tell Ellen I will be sure and take care of number one, and that I have not found Phil. iv. 19 to fail yet, and moreover the Lord always does at least as much, and generally more than He promises, so she need not be alarmed as to my future.

I have set really to work. I am re-writing part of the *Kept* papers: the first chapter is quite new; there was so much to say. It is a very serious thing to set about work which goes to tens of thousands. I felt I must set apart a day entirely for prayer, etc., which I did yesterday, instead of setting to work, and I do not think it was time lost.

I found old Mrs. Phillips sitting up, and no end delighted to see me back. A dear little girl died yesterday in the village from heart disease, the sister of that lovely little heathen who comes to me for books. The little dead child looked so exquisitely beautiful.

Snow here the last three mornings, but it melts, and as usual brilliant sun, when not actually snowing. My cough is less, and I feel much better than before I went to London. Mary is most devoted, and it will be an immense addition to my comfort to make her save my eyes; as finer weather and longer days come on, I shall

try to be out of doors as much as I possibly can, so as to be fresher for real work at my desk.

I have just sent £100 towards clearing ——'s premium; I do want that millstone cleared off, and then I can easily do more next year. It is so tremendously nice earning money to give away; I had no idea it was such fun!

(*Post Card.*)

March 29, 1879.

I know it is fanciful, and not the real meaning, but I like applying verse 8 of Ezek. x., 'The form of a man's hand under their wings,' to the thought of the Divine wings and hand. 'Under the shadow of His wings,' there is *still closer* the form of a Man's hand—the pierced Hand. Perhaps pressing sore, but certainly encircling and holding fast. Or again, taking the cherubim in their, I suppose, *real* meaning, as the Church of God, while the sound of their wings (ver. 5) is 'heard even to the outer court' (cf. Rom. x. 18), the Man's hand, 'Christ the Power of God' (1 Cor. i. 24) is under them as they 'run and return' (ch. i. 14), not *their* hand, but 'Thy right hand' (Ps. xliv. 3), 'working with them' (Mark xvi. 30). Do you like this thought? I have only this minute hit on it.

The Mumbles, *April* 2, 1879.

My dear Collectors,—God has given us one of the most splendid answers to prayer I ever knew. He

has prospered our Bruey Branch ever so much beyond what *I* asked or thought, and so, maybe, it is beyond what you asked or thought either. So those of us who have been faithfully remembering to pray for our work on Monday mornings, may have the joy of hearty thanksgiving for answered prayer; and if those who have been forgetting all about it will nevertheless join in thanking Him for doing what they did *not* ask, I think they will be glad to join in our prayers after this.

Two years ago we started with eight collectors, and sent up £20, 9s. 1d.; last year we had eighteen collectors, and sent up £41, 9s. 3d.; and this year we have seventy-eight collectors, and have sent up £108, 19s. 1d.! Is not this grand? And this is not nearly all. Mr. Roe, one of the Association secretaries, tells me that he has 'hundreds of cards out, and is appointing "Twig" secretaries in all directions,' so that dear little Bruey's work is bearing most wonderful fruit, and it looks as if there would be a great deal more next year than this. We have five 'Twigs' in the Bruey Branch, besides the senior and junior divisions; but it seems we shall have a *great* many more soon.

Now, as our faithful God has heard our poor little prayers so far, I want you to pray still more, and especially that He would not only help us in our collecting, but that He would send a very great spiritual blessing on the work done in Ireland by means of the money collected. Will you join me in asking four things? 1. That God would give His Holy Spirit to all the Irish teachers and their pupils. 2. That very many may,

during this year, seek and find Jesus. 3. That those who find Him, may be filled with love, and that the joy of the Lord may be their strength, especially in bearing persecution for His sake. 4. That every one who finds Christ, may begin at once to bring others to Him. I wish you would just copy these four things out, and put them in your Bibles, so that you may be reminded every Monday morning *what* to pray for, and we shall see what gracious answers God will give us. 'The Lord *hath* done great things for us,' and it seems as if He were saying, 'Thou shalt see *greater* things than these,' so 'be glad and rejoice, for the Lord *will* do great things.' Find these three texts out, and mark them in your Bibles.

Now for some business remarks. I wish you would all learn to be business-like. Some of you did everything right, and I herewith offer my best thanks, as secretary, for their having saved me a good deal of trouble by doing *all* I asked. But how was it that I had to write to seven or eight of you, because the 1st of March went by, and you did not send your card in? Some of you even then kept me waiting, and thus I was defeated in a very nice little plan I had, which I meant to have written to each of you about, to reach you on St. Patrick's day, March 17. I will see if I can do it next year.

Do you remember my asking you to pray for a dear little girl? Her mamma writes as follows:—'I enclose £5, our darling Nony's collection for the Irish Society, and which in all probability will be her last, as the doctors say she is now past recovery, and that it is only a question of *time*. What an unspeakable comfort and

perfect rest it gives us to feel that our *times* are in His hand whose way is *perfect!* so that we cannot for one moment wish anything otherwise than as *He* orders it. The work sold was not *all* her own doing, but she worked a few minutes at a time as long as she was able. She has had two operations during the last month, and has a large wound in her thigh. Her sufferings have been terrible, but I have never heard a murmur. It was so kind of you to ask prayer for her, and seemed to please her much.' Please remember poor dear little Nony, and ask the Good Shepherd to deal very tenderly with His little suffering lamb. Surely He will send a special blessing on *her* work, 'the few stitches' done 'as long as she was able.'

I am sending a copy of the February number of *Day of Days* to each collector. If any one does not receive it, please let me know. I particularly want you *all* to take the little magazine in, and recommend it to your subscribers—it is only a penny a month,—for now we have arranged to have something about the Irish work in it every month, so that all collectors and contributors will be able to get fresh accounts, besides a great deal else that will be nice to read. The one I send contains a paper called *Novel Kind of Schools.* The March number (which I do hope you will get) has been called *How very Irish!* April will have —— Well, you get it, and see what! Next June I hope, please God, to go to Ireland myself, on purpose to go to the parts where our Society is at work, and then I shall write all about what I saw and heard, and have it printed in the magazine, which will be better than these short circulars, and I hope much more interesting. That's another thing I

want you to pray for; ask that if it is God's will I should go and do this, I may be both blessed and made a blessing in doing it.

And now I will give you a text for your next year's work: 'Be not weary in well-doing.' Perhaps some of you *are* a little bit weary in it; some have owned that they are, as they sent up a card not quite so full as last year.

However, I do trust the loving Saviour will lay it on their hearts with enduring power, that they may work for Jesus' sake only, and not get weary now the novelty has worn off. This is just what I pray for every one of you, dear ones, whether I know you personally or not. To that loving Saviour I commend you and your work for the coming year.—Your very affectionate secretary,

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

On receiving the £5 with the news that dear Nony had been very, very ill for some months, my dear sister sent her this sweet little note:—

MY DEAR NONY,[1]—I had no idea you were suffering so much all this time. I think Jesus must have been carrying you in His arms all the while, because you see when anybody can't even walk, they *must* be carried. And I am quite sure He must be loving you ever so much; I mean with a very special and tender love, because it says, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' I thank you so much for the violets. I have such a number of new Bruey collectors that I hardly know how

[1] See *Memorials of Little Nony*. Nisbet & Co.

I shall manage them all. We shall have a famous report for next year, I hope. Very much love from your loving friend.

MUMBLES, *February* 25, 1879.

Yours is just such a letter as it is real self-denial to me not to sit down and answer *seriatim*. I resolutely take only a P. C., because I have set myself to a bit of work which I find requires very careful thought; and as writing tries me, I am going to write post cards till it is done, as I do want to keep fresh and free, that I may give my *best* to the Master in doing it. (*Starlight through the Shadows*).

Very much obliged for the books, and for your sister's charming letter. And believe me that my full sympathy followed *all* you told me; instead of answering by pen I will, God helping me, answer by prayer!

I cannot understand how any Christian can stand still and sing such a misrepresentation of His service as—

> 'If I find Him, if I follow,
> What His guerdon here?
> Many a sorrow, many a labour,
> Many a tear!'

Is not that too bad? Do we not know it to be unfair to our Lord and His happy seryice? Where does *He* say that is 'His guerdon here'? Let us just think for our service what He *does* say: 'Work; for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.' That alone is the grandest, richest, sweetest 'guerdon here' that any loving heart can ask. Now for another promise, which

certainly does not look like that wretched linking of 'labour' with 'many a sorrow, and many a tear.' That is what the old Greek hymn-writer says. But God says, 'Mine elect shall long *enjoy* the work of their hands.'

MUMBLES.

. . . The one thing strongly on my mind to say to you is, Do not let your mind dwell at all on any attentions you may receive. If it is to come to anything, your thinking about it will not make any difference; but if it is not, then every thought you have spent on it will have to be, as it were, unthought—you will be preparing pain and disappointment for yourself just in proportion to how much you have allowed yourself to dwell on this. I know well enough by experience, that one cannot help it of one's self, but I do know also what power our Lord has over our thoughts when committed to Him, and how wonderfully He can make a way of escape for us. See, dear ——, I want you first thing to go and lay the matter very simply before the Lord. Tell Him all that is in your heart, every bit of it. And then ask Him to undertake for you. Ask your King just to order everything if it is His will, and to keep you very calm till His will *is* clearly shown, and very willing that He should take His own way with you and with your future life. But ask the Lord, if it is not His will you should marry, to make you perfectly content, and then to *take away* all the wish out of your heart, so that you may be 'free to serve' with your whole mind undistracted by it. And then ask Him, in His great kindness, that He would interpose in some way to make this easy to you, He has

such wonderful ways! I think this is very important, for I am sure one does not serve quite so freely and fully when one has possibilities of marriage in suspense. Of course I have gone through all this years ago, and even just now have had to say 'No,' though to a decided Christian, being perfectly clear it was right to say so; I need hardly tell you I shall, God helping me, pray about it for you. I will ask that if it is God's will you may not be kept in any suspense, whichever way it is. I should so like you to have the happiness of human love and care for you; it would make me extremely happy, if it does turn out to be a real and right step. But you are in the hands of your own dear Master, and He will do the *best* thing for you, I have no doubt of that!

(*Memorandum by M. V. G. H.*)

March 20, 1879.

'H. converted and O. P. consecrated.' This extract shall be briefly explained.

F. R. H. had promised to take most needed rest from her desk-work on the breezy cliffs that afternoon. The hour passed by, and still her door was shut. Then she came, beaming of course: 'Marie, I've had such a tussel with Satan! I had my hat on and was going to the cliffs with you when I saw O. P. on a ladder painting my study windows. I was so tired, that it was quite a battle to talk to him *then*, but I threw the window open to ask how he was getting on. Directly he said, "O, Miss Frances, I've been longing for weeks for a chance to speak to you." Then came such an outpour of his

desire to be quite out and out on the Lord's side; so I saw the time was come, as I expected it would from our last conversation. So I told him to come in through the window; and after reading and prayer, I asked if he would *now*, in his own words, say to Jesus Himself, "Thou art my King." And so he did, so fully and really; and the answer, "I will be Thy King," seemed to fall with hushing power as we knelt. And afterwards he told me how differently he left my study than when he came in, so glad that Jesus was henceforth his King as well as his Saviour. My verse seemed just to express his desire:

'"Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
Oh make my heart Thy throne;
It shall be Thine for ever,
It shall be Thine alone!"'

(*Post Card to Mrs. Morgan, Vicarage, Swansea.*)

Good Friday Night.

I am still better, and though of course not myself yet, I hope now to be able for Thursday (Y. W. C. A. meeting). Was so ill Tuesday, that it seemed quite hopeless to think of it, but I should think you have been praying! Should have been so sorry to disappoint you, knowing your difficulties. Do pray that I may have a real message to some.

Monday, April 14, 1879.

DEAREST MRS. MORGAN,—God has been so very gracious in making me better so very much quicker than

usual after such a turn, so it is all right for Tuesday as far as that is concerned. I took a sort of turn and got rapidly better just after my first note went—but I was *so* ill when I wrote it, that judging from previous experiences it did not seem likely I should be out of bed, let alone out of doors, in time; and it seemed as if God were intending to say 'No!' to my coming. However, I was mistaken in that! I wish I had your and my sister's gift—because I know I must disappoint you and all who know me as F. R. H. Gifts do differ—and mine is not addresses. Still I will just simply try to say whatever God may give me at the time. I feel too *done up* somehow to prepare properly—I tried and could not! So must just leave it and ask God to use a *weak* thing, and you will ask too for blessing, in spite of my incapacity.

(*Memorandum by M. V. G. H.*)

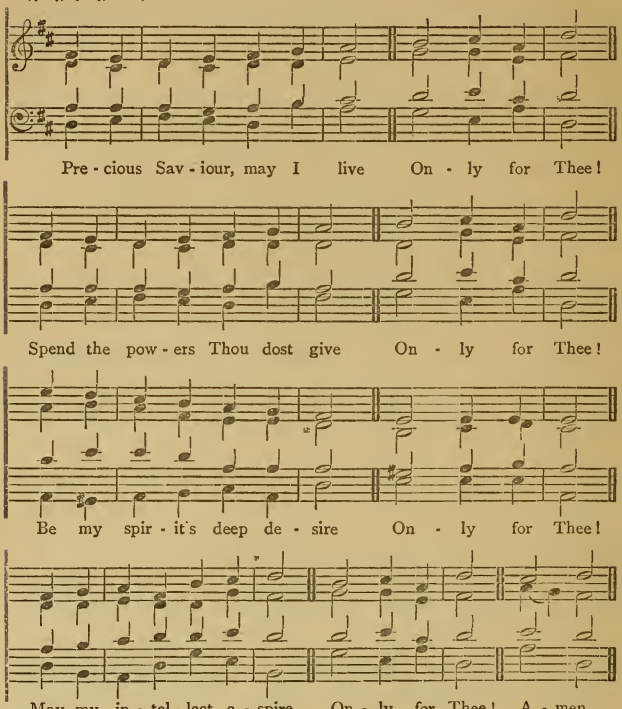
My dear sister Frances went to Swansea on Thursday, 17th. I sent our good maid M. Farrington with her, as she did not wish me to go; she says that on the way Miss Frances talked so humbly, and that she 'felt as if she had no right to go teaching others—such a sinner as I am; but then Mary, I am just trusting for every word.' The room was quite full. Mrs. Morgan, not knowing F.'s subject, had chosen a hymn that did not suit it, and my sister always thought it important that hymns should be suitably chosen. As her subject for the evening was from Hos. iii., 'I also for thee,' (See *Starlight through the*

Shadows), F. said she wished to sing 'Precious Saviour, may I live, only for Thee.' Mrs. Morgan said they did not know her tune to it ('Onesimus,' *S. G. G.* 257.) F. : 'No fear! Do let me just sing one verse alone, and I know they will join.' Going to the piano and turning her face to them, she sang with her own bright ringing cheeriness one verse, and then all joined most heartily with her. Mary told me of my sister's soft pleading voice —that her words were intensely tender and entreating. At the close of the meeting, my sister gave to each one a card with her Consecration hymn, 'Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,' specially prepared and printed for this evening (Messrs. Parlane, Paisley, still supply them). Her own name was omitted, and a blank space left for signature. As she gave the cards, she asked them to make that hymn a test before God, and if they could really do so, to sign it on their knees at home. Then the hymn was sung to our dear father's tune 'Patmos' (No. 145, *S. G. G.*).[1]

It seems to have been a great night of decision to many present. The next morning, before ever her breakfast was finished, one and another came for conversation with my dear sister—a French governess was specially impressed. My sister returned very much exhausted — meetings seemed to take away her little physical strength, and yet she always cheerfully took up any work for her King.

[1] This tune was invariably sung by my sister to her words, and it certainly grieves us that such a very *mournful* unsuitable tune is substituted for it in Sankey's *Solos*.—Messrs. Parlane, Paisley, supply this and many others of F. R. H's. *own* tunes, as also the only *correct* version of 'Tell it out.'

(7 4, 7 4, D.) ONESIMUS. F. R. H.



(*To S. G. P.*)

May 1879.

I will tell you the *worst* first! It's all up about Mr. Sankey singing 'Loving all along' in England. He has asthma or something worse; is forbidden to sing at

all; is giving up all his engagements here, and going back to America next month. So he only tinkles on the piano. Then the very day he came, I started a feverish attack which threatened to get serious, but mercifully is diminishing this morning; but when I shall be able to sing again I don't know! as I am in bed of course. However, I did sing 'Loving all along' directly he came, as I knew I might get no other chance, though it was a poor chance enough to sing it with a splitting headache and an icy chill down my spine. And the first thing Sankey said was that 'it wouldn't do for America at all'! because 'Tramp, tramp' is their most popular war song, and it would never do for him to sing it!

Now for the other side.

Next morning he said, 'That song of yours abides with me, that *big one!* I woke up with it. There's two or three points that *haunt* me.' 'That's all right,' said I, 'for *I* woke up with a way out of the American difficulty. "*Far, far* on the downward way," etc., instead of "Tramp," if the author does not object.' Then he looked very serious (which he generally does not), and said, 'It's my belief that song has *got* to *go*. And that *I'll have* to sing it! It's kind of taken a *hold* of me'! So then we looked carefully through the song, for as I have not heard him sing, I could not tell if it would suit his voice, and was ready to alter and carve as much as he liked, but oh, dear no, he would not have a single note touched. I was '*just to go right ahead*,' and write it out for press, exactly as it stood.

I hope you won't feel it needful to give thanks *under protest* for the answer to your prayer under protest!

The Baroness von Cramm is extremely struck with the music, which she says is 'so dramatic and so beautiful,' and I know you won't be sorry to hear this! All the same, I do not think the song will be popular, because it is just one of those which is utterly ruined if stumbled over, or even if well played by one who does not DASH off the recitative-like style with real *spirit*, and bring out the *sharp* contrasts which give effect. But if nobody else *ever* sings it but Sankey and the Baroness in their different spheres, those two are worth thousands of ordinary singers, and if not a copy sells, the two copies that go to them, may do more real work for God than a dozen editions. So we will *thank God* and take courage. Besides, though I cannot sing like them, I know I can make some listen to '*Loving*—ALL *along!*' and perhaps God will give *me* a little fruit thereby besides what they will get.

I go off to Ireland on my mission station tour on June 4 (*D. V.*). Have been 'marvellously helped' in total abstinence work here, and got 120 to sign in this little village of Newton—at least, chiefly in the village and a few around—mostly children, but it is spreading upwards. I am quite astonished at what God has wrought. I never dreamt of asking for so many as He has given me for my 'Newton Temperance.'

(*F. R. H. to C. H. Purday.*)

May 1, 1879.

Glad it is all straight now for Nisbet! Shall leave form and style and everything to you and Mr. N.

Thanks, I rarely have anything the matter with me except what arises from over-pressure. God has given me an exceptionally healthy set of organs, so all doctors tell me, only they add, 'Your physique is not equal to the brain and nerves.' 'If you could live as an oyster, you might be a little Hercules,' said one to me! But *I cannot* live as an oyster! I have always more to write and do and talk and attend to than I *can* get through in the day without just so much fatigue and pressure as keeps me nearly always more or less suffering or exhausted. It is the little things that do it—'only just' this note and that letter, and the other ten minutes' interview, and so on—all day long! And I cannot live near a poor village (Newton Mumbles) and not get doing anything for the people—and one thing always involves and leads on to another, and the very success that God gives to really everything I put my hand to, wears me out. A special branch of work for the Irish Society, which I started only two years ago, thinking merely to have about a dozen juvenile collectors in tow, forthwith grew, so that there are now more than 100, all in my own hands, and this will ere long be multiplied and be kept organized with lots of other things growing out of it. I only name this as one out of many similar *growths*, and your kind interest deserved an explanation of the state of things once for all! Then every time I pay a visit, I always get a whole following of fresh friends, and readers and correspondents! I can't imagine whereinto it will grow! And sometimes I look longingly to the land that is very far away just for *rest*.

THE MUMBLES, *May* 9, 1879.

I leave this (*D. V.*) on June 4. Then for two months I shall be touring about the Irish Society Mission stations, with a few visits to friends near Dublin at the end. Of course, it would be very inconvenient to have proofs pursuing one on a carpet-bag tour in the backwoods, but equally of course they cannot stop altogether, so I will get the Society to keep forwarding them from headquarters.

I have just finished a little book for children, *Morning Stars; or, the Names of Christ for His Little Ones.* Please say truly whether your hands are so full, that if you were to read over my little book, it would cause you any extra trouble; for in that case I would forego the advantage sooner than you should be burdened. It is just a size larger than the *Bells and Pillows.*

I have had it much on my mind to write something for children. It seems time I gave them a turn, but I was waiting for my orders!

I think my sister is as grateful as I am to you, for the way in which you have saved me fatigue.

THE MUMBLES, *May* 1879.

DEAR MR. WATSON,—You did not answer one part of my question, whether I should print the enclosed little book with the *Kept for the Master's Use*, as it is all part of the same subject? I should be glad to know what you think, because it will make a little difference in my rewriting the first chapter of *Kept* whether I include *I also for Thee* in the same little volume or not. If I do include it, I shall of course alter the opening,

rewriting it so as to fit on to the other and complete it. I should *rather* prefer thus putting the two into one, for the sake of getting greater completeness of the subject; but if you see any objection, I will not do so. Of course, I can easily do it at once, and have it out for Easter; but would you like to risk my having nothing but the invalid book for October? Had I not better wait? I'll tell you just how it is. I have been very unhappy since I left you about the whole thing, and I don't think I have got any *real* commission to write anything at all for next season except the invalid book. You see, I found I was looking at it all in a different light, thinking rather of what would be most successful, and keep up the run, than simply and only, 'Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?' And it won't be the least use my attempting to write to any purpose if that element comes in, and I simply dare not write at all if I find it there. It is a totally different thing with you. I quite see all you said, but then God has given you a definite calling, and therefore it is your duty before Him to fulfil it from a business point of view, but He has not given *me* any duty of the sort at all, and I believe I am going off the lines of my especial calling altogether if once I begin thinking of it as a matter of business and success and cheques and all that, and I can't expect the same blessing in it. And so, though of course it stands to reason that the invalid book must have a very limited circulation compared to the others, I shall be much happier doing that, and I believe I shall have more real, *i.e.* spiritual, results from it than if I set myself to do those I subsequently thought of, because I do think God gave me the thought and the wish to do the

one, whereas the thought of doing the others this season seemed to me to arise rather out of having got that big cheque. No one can be more delighted than I am to get those same cheques; but so far as I know myself, I have never yet taken them into consideration when thinking of writing any one of my little books, and finding myself doing so, made me just miserable. I don't know if I have explained myself, only I have felt so very strongly and sweetly hitherto that my pen was to be used *only* for the Master, that I am very fearful of getting the least out of the course in which I have felt His blessing.

The upshot is, I don't think I shall write *any* general book for October, nothing but *Starlight through the Shadows*, and possibly one or a pair of books for children; and this being the case, had I not better reserve *Kept* to come out along with *Starlight?* Then I should still have a pair of books apparently, though not really a pair. I did not mean to tell you all this, but if I did not, you might think I was fickle and perhaps idle, and that it was no good giving me advice. I hope you won't be vexed and disappointed with me; you don't know how really grateful I feel for all you have said and done.

Will you tell dear Katie that if she has not already sent the photographs to Winterdyne, I should be glad if she will address them to Elm Row instead? How glad I should be if the reports of you were better.—Yours affectionately and gratefully.

[This was one of F. R. H.'s last letters. She passed into the presence of her King, June 3, 1879.]

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE APPROACHING MISSION SERVICES, BY F. R. H.[1]

EDITED BY A. W. THOROLD, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

A WEEK of SPECIAL MISSION SERVICES is proposed. The movement, which has spread so rapidly in all parts of the kingdom, has reached your own doors. Energetic preparation is being made, earnest prayer is being offered, and warm expectation is already awake.

What is it all about? Why do people talk of 'expectation'? Why should clergymen give themselves so much trouble? And how will it affect the readers of this paper?

We will answer the last question first, and say to every one who reads this: Perhaps it will affect *you* for ever and ever and ever! Perhaps, ere that week closes, you, who know and love the Lord Jesus, will be sealed anew with a fresh baptism of the Spirit, blessed with richer manifestations of Christ's presence and love, filled with deeper joy, and stirred up to holier zeal and more single-

[1] Re-issued as Leaflet. Messrs. Nisbet & Co.

hearted devotedness than ever before. Perhaps, ere that week closes, you, who earnestly desire to be saved, and yet have never dared to lay hold of Christ's full and free salvation, will be rejoicing 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Perhaps, ere that week closes, you who have 'no hope, and are without God in the world,' will be made 'new creatures' altogether, will know the terrible danger in which you have been living, and the hitherto unguessed joy of having a 'sure and certain hope,' and an Everlasting Friend to love and lean upon. Such are the effects which we hope for, pray for, and expect.

It is a thrillingly grand and glorious thing to stand on the eve of such a season, looking forward to such blessings, and to an actual share in them. It is a thrillingly solemn and awful thing to remember that one may be taken and another left; that a day of doom may follow close upon a day of grace, and that if the blessing is despised or neglected by any heart, that heart may be left dry, dead, untouched, while showers of blessing fall on all around.

But WHAT IS A MISSION WEEK? It is a means of grace which, more than any other of late years, God appears to have used for the conversion of sinners, and the raising of His own people to a higher, holier, and happier life.

Many important towns have followed this plan. The whole week is set apart for one object. Special services, not long, but intensely fervent, are held in every church every day; the usual order of services being shortened, and earnest, striking addresses given by

special preachers, specially qualified for this work. These are preceded and followed by meetings for prayer —for pleading and wrestling with God for His blessing, and the outpouring of His Spirit. Arrangements are made to bring the glad tidings to those who will not come to any place of worship, and to those who cannot attend the special Church Services. Meetings and addresses are planned for all classes—rich as well as poor. Short addresses are given in factories, workshops, and railway sheds; gatherings of different callings and classes are held; cabmen, policemen, servants, young shopmen and shopwomen, poor mothers, young ladies in boarding-schools, gentlemen in business—all are considered and arranged for.

It may not be advisable to mention names, but we could tell of many places where great and abiding blessing has rested upon the Mission Week. In one small town, the number of those who were not merely impressed at the time, but have become decided and steady Christians, is estimated at 1200! In a manufacturing town, the numbers added to the church in one parish were so great, that the Incumbent had to procure an additional Curate, on purpose to take up the work arising out of the Mission Week! In another, it was the working men who seemed to obtain the greatest blessing; and such congregations of these have perhaps never been seen as in a large church in that town on the Sunday evenings after the Mission Week. In the same place, the railway men, to whom short daily addresses had been given, have requested the Vicar to continue them regularly; and the results have been such as no scoffers could ignore or explain away.

It has been remarked that the greatest blessing, in nearly every place, has been among those who have already had serious impressions, and in whom the soil was in some degree prepared, rather than among such as have had no previous care or thought about their souls. Is not this a very important note of encouragement and of warning? To those who are seeking Jesus, but have not found Him, it gives encouragement to pray very earnestly that this coming Mission Week may be the great turning-point of their lives, and the coming out of doubt and darkness and indecision into 'marvellous light' and 'glorious liberty.' To those who care for none of these things, it gives a warning, lest this great opportunity should only add to their condemnation, if they refuse to 'prepare their hearts to seek God.'

Our God may work above reason, but He does not work against reason. So we may fairly ask, WHY SHOULD WE EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM A MISSION WEEK? And the answer is no mystery, to those who know the secrets and the power of PRAYER. For months beforehand, many faithful hearts have been pleading, constantly and intensely, for a blessing. As the time approaches, more and more are stirred up to join in these prayers. Their fervency and earnestness deepen day by day, till at last one great cry is ascending day and night, unheard by the sleeping souls around, but strong and loud in 'the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.' How is this? Do our own evil hearts prompt to such prayer? Does Satan set us praying? How else can it arise, but from the promptings of the HOLY SPIRIT? The God in

whose hand the blessing is hid, waiting to be gracious, pours out 'the spirit of grace and of supplication' upon His people, because 'He will be inquired of' for the good things which He purposes to give. And the coming shower of blessing, of which this spirit of prayer is the earnest, will be all the sweeter and more powerful for being thus, as it were, drawn down by their prayers.

'He that watereth shall be watered;' and it seems that these prayers for those around generally receive a double answer, returning in a wonderful gladness,—a very reaping-time of joy, upon the hearts of those who have been, it may be, sowing these supplications in tears. Let no Christian heart lose its share in the blessing, by neglecting or delaying to join in the prayer. Let every one resolve at once, by God's help, to make it a subject of daily prayer during the coming weeks of anticipation.

But WHY DO THE CLERGY TAKE ALL THIS TROUBLE? They are not paid for it; they will get nothing by it; they will only be wearied and worn out, after days of work, and perhaps night-hours of prayer. Why? It is because they love the people around them, and because they believe that God means what He says, when He speaks in His Word, of sin, death, judgment, eternity, and of pardon, life, salvation, and glory. Months of prayer and preparation, and a week of labour to the utmost, are a very small thing to those whose whole lives are being spent for their people, and who know that in a few years every soul under their care will be in heaven or in hell.

If so, shall it be a great thing to those for whom they toil, to give a few hours to the affairs of millions of

years beyond imagination? What does it matter about any business or engagement in comparison? 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

The Mission Week will be a golden opportunity; perhaps the very last for some who read this. Loving voices will say to you, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by! Rise! He calleth thee!' Oh, will you not come to Him, that you may have life?

A word with those who talk about 'excitement,' or who throw cold water on that zeal for God, which one longs to see kindled in every heart. Do any perish through religious excitement? But are not thousands perishing of religious apathy?

There is much foolish parrot-talk about this, by persons who, having no real means or power of forming an opinion of their own, catch up clap-trap phrases of irreligious cant (and for every phrase of religious, there are ten of *ir*religious cant!) and talk grandly about the 'danger of excitement.' What *is* the danger of it? Confessedly this, that if the feelings are touched and excited, without real change of heart, they lapse into greater coldness and deadness than before. Then the danger obviously is—not of going too far, but of not going far enough! None are so illogical as those who try to argue with God. See to it, you who would hinder others by talk about the danger of 'excitement,' but shut your eyes to the danger of death and hell,—see to it that God does not take you at your word, and leave you, untouched by 'excitement of feeling,' cool and easy, outside the gate, while others are entering in. What will you feel, when the last hour has struck for

you, when the door is shut, and you are outside, left to 'the blackness of darkness for ever'? Will there be no 'excitement' in the moment of *that* discovery, think you?

But some real Christians look a little doubtfully upon new efforts, and hold aloof, and do not see why ordinary means should not be sufficient. *Have* they proved all-sufficient? *Do* they reach all the unconverted? And if not, why not try other means, in the spirit of our Heavenly Father, who doth '*devise means* that His banished be not expelled from Him;' in the spirit of our Master, who said, 'Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in;' in the spirit of His follower, who said, 'If by *any* means I might save some.' Let us not, then, hinder the Gospel of Christ by our chilling half-heartedness.

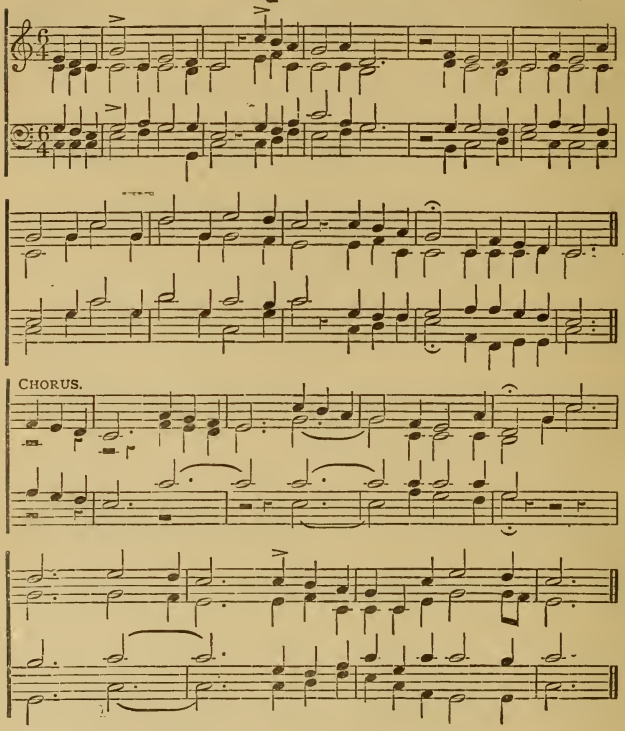
While praying for 'showers of blessing' upon our country and our Church, surely it will be both right and pleasant that Christians should join their pastor in seeking and expecting a special blessing on their own parish. God's order appears to be, 'The more prayer, the more blessing.'

Again, the approaching Mission Week seems a new call to pray for our own home circles, that if any who are near and dear to us are not yet 'on the Lord's side,' they may then be brought to Christ, and thenceforth live unto Him. And, drawing the circle still closer, shall we not each, whatever be our state or need, whatever be our age or position, seek a personal blessing upon our own souls? '*Bless me, even me also, O my Father!*'

LUCIUS.

'Will ye not come?'

Words and Music by F. R. Havergal.



Will ye not come to Him for *life?*
Why will ye die, oh why?
He gave His life for you, for you!
The gift is free, the word is true!
Will ye not come? Oh, why will ye die?

Refrain, after any or each verse.

Will ye not come? Will ye not come,
Will ye not come to Him, to Him?
Oh, come, come, come to Him!
Come unto Jesus, oh, come for *life.*

Will ye not come to Him for *peace*,
Peace through His cross alone?
He shed His precious blood for you;
The gift is free, the word is true!
He is our Peace—Oh, is He your own?
Will yet not come, etc. . . for *peace?*

Will ye not come to Him for *rest?*
All that are weary, come:
The rest He gives is deep and true,
'Tis offered now, 'tis offered you:
Rest in His love, and rest in His home.
Will ye not come, etc. . . . for *rest?*

Will ye not come to Him for *joy?*
Will ye not come for this?
He laid His joys aside for you,
To give you joy, so sweet, so true:
Sorrowing heart, oh, drink of the bliss!
Will ye not come, etc. . . . for *joy?*

Will ye not come to Him for *love*,
Love that can fill the heart?
Exceeding great, exceeding free!
He loveth you, He loveth me!
Will ye not come? Why stand ye apart?
Will ye not come, etc. . . . for *love?*

Will ye not come to Him for ALL?
Will ye not 'taste and see?'
He waits to give it all to you,
The gifts are free, the words are true:
Jesus hath said it, 'Come unto Me!'
Will ye not come, etc. . . . to HIM?

In compliance with a request from Sankey for a Gospel Musical Call, my dear sister F. R. H. wrote these lines at Winterdyne, December 21, 1873. The same morning, I met her with the MS. in her hand, toiling up to the Wyre Hill schoolroom. She said, 'Maria, will the children be out of school?' 'Yes.' 'Then I shall lock

myself in and fancy the room full for a mission service! I have been praying that the *music may be sent me*, to fit His message, 'Will ye not come?'

Soon I heard these chords on the harmonium and her ringing voice. She called the tune 'Lucius,' and often sang it with pleading tenderness at mission and other meetings.

Thus in poetry, in prose, in music, in life, and in death, her silver refrain was, '*Will ye not come?*'

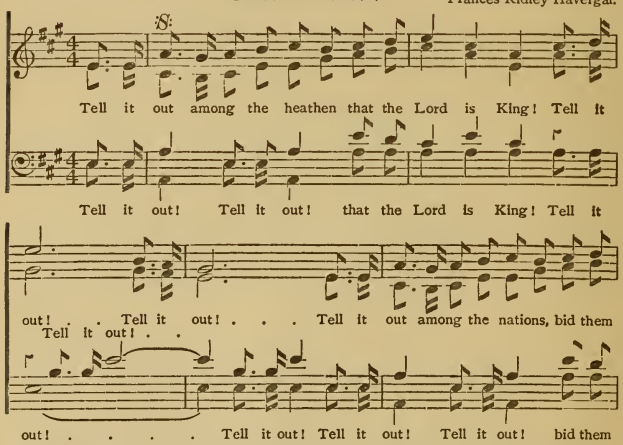
'Still shall the key-word, ringing, echo the same sweet "*Come!*"
Come with the blessed myriads safe in the Father's home;
Come—for the work is over; Come—for the feast is spread;
Come—for the crown of glory waits for the weary head.'

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

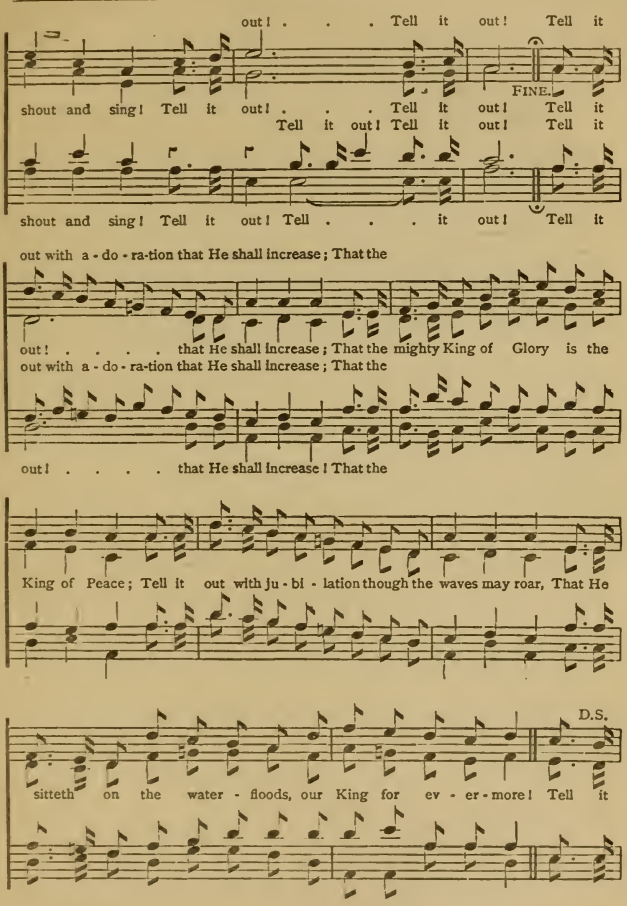
Leaflet, Parlane, Paisley.

Tell it out![1]

Words and Music by Frances Ridley Havergal.



[1] This is F. R. H.'s own arrangement—that given in the *Christian Choir* is incorrect. M. V. G. H.



Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains.
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!

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