

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
AND TEMPERANCE WORK.

By the courtesy of the editor of the *Orillia Packet* we have received *The Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, for August, 1881, and in response to his indication, we shall give our readers a reprint of the notice of Francis Ridley Havergal which appears therein, together with some additions of our own. We only wish we could reproduce the portrait of Miss Havergal as it appears in the *Chronicle*, but in default we may describe her as a noble-looking woman, with a broad, high forehead expressive of great serenity; large, imaginative and warm eyes overshadowed by that deep brown which betokened a musical feeling; the mouth is rather large, sufficiently firm without a trace of hardness, and the contour of the face generally is a fine oval, the hair is drawn back above the ears and hangs in rich curls below a heavy braided coil set well up on the head. The impression of the portrait is that of a much younger woman than her years. Miss Havergal being forty-three when she died.

For the pleasure of such of our readers as have not had the opportunity of seeing the various memorials of this gifted lady, we may be allowed to say that she was the youngest daughter in a family remarkable for their genius as for their piety. Her father, brothers and sisters were either poets or musicians, or both, but their talents were, we believe, wholly devoted to the advancement of piety and religion; and while they were ornaments to the church to which they belonged, their hymns and spiritual songs are none the less of so purely Christian a character that they form parts of nearly every collection in use by every denomination of Protestants throughout the Christian world. Perhaps, however, the hymns of Francis Ridley Havergal herself are the most numerous and widely-known of any among all the members of this gifted family. But it was not in hymnology alone that Miss Havergal shone: stories, tracts, verses for children, and the many other literary avenues opened by her connection with her church and the temperance cause received contributions from her ready and graceful pen. During the "last week," as her sister tells us, a letter came from the Church Congress inviting her to write a paper on Hymnology for its meeting at Swansea, in October. She was pleased to get the first proof of "Morning Stars," her new book for children. She corrected the first page, on the text, "I am the bright and morning star," and this was the last work she ever did, for Wednesday, 28th May, of the same week, found her attack of "peritonitis," that is, universal internal inflammation, increased to the highest degree of severity, which her extremely delicate organization intensified greatly, and on June 3rd, after much distressing suffering, she passed away, testifying to the last joyfully that "not one word of all His good promises had failed."

Having gone to Caswell Bay, near Swansea, South Wales, for her health, she felt better than usual, and this is the way in which she worked: "When the afternoon service in the village school-room was over, we went to every house with tracts, giving notice (with our Vicar's consent) of an evangelistic and temperance meeting on the following Friday. Every child in the village, except two boys had signed her pledge book, also some whole families. On Tuesday, May 20th, her Temperance Regiment came on our lawn, and with her own inexpressible vivacity she marshalled them. Every boy or girl who brought another to sign was at once called an "officer," and given something to do. When she dismissed her party her "officers" clustered round her to receive papers wherewith to canvass the village for Friday's meeting. Wednesday, May 21, was a rainy day, and Frances kept incessantly at her desk

and type writer, trying to keep pace with her daily flood of proofs and letters. For the last three years strangers and others constantly wrote to ask her opinion on all conceivable subjects, and for several months past the correction of some proofs was a great pressure on her overwrought powers, as she said, "It is these proofs and business letters that hinder me from writing down flashes of hymns and poems and Bible thoughts that keep coming." The same day being damp, "I urged her," says her sister, "not to keep her promise to meet some men and boys on the Newton Village bank; but she went, and they swarmed round her while she pleaded with them not only to be temperate, but to "drink of the water of life freely." She then, as always, spoke of the Lord Jesus as her long, loving Saviour.

In a post-script to "The Last Week," her sister says: "When she died, the whole village was stirred: her 'Regiment' brought flowers; carriages brought white crowns of costly exotics; not only her room but the whole house was one bower. We made wreaths, for Frances ever approved of such, and her eldest sister made a golden star, (Dan. xii. 3), of Banksia roses, and a poet's wreath of laurel and bay; and these we left with many white crowns on her tomb. In death she looked smiling and lovely, and many craved to see their 'Angel Friend.' Many then bore testimony. To the dear nurse, one said 'It was Miss Frances led me to Christ.' Another, 'It was her words brought me in.' Frances had written down, four years ago, 'Let my coffin be simply deal, (pine). Her brother added simple white with a chaste device of crowns and stars, and the baroness, (Helga Von Crament), supplied the plate, painting roses and forget-me-nots around the inscription.' The inscription within the wreath was this:

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
Born Dec. 14, 1836,
Died June 3, 1879.

"There hath not failed one word of all His good promises."

"On Monday, June 9th, at six a.m., all the villagers and many others stood in order round the lawn after walking reverently past the flower-crowned coffin, and the Vicar of Swansea read from the well-marked Bible, and then addressed the crowd of over three hundred present. My brother and I brought her into Worcestershire, where relatives and distant friends joined in following her to her father's tomb in Astley Churchyard.

"There, within sight of her birth-room in the Rectory, and under the branches of the fir her father had planted—and away beyond—the hills, and valleys of her childhood's haunts—we laid our sister in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

"There had been heavy storms all day, but as the service ended, the sunshine came, and a chorus of birds burst forth, and so her sunny life and death ended in a bright Alleluia! Amen."

In loving remembrance of
FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
Born Dec. 14th, 1836,
Entered into the King's Palace with exceeding joy at Caswell Bay, near Swansea,
June 3rd, 1879.
She was the youngest daughter of
Rev. W. H. Havergal,
Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral.
Buried at Astley, Worcestershire, the
place of her birth, June 9th.

(From the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*.)

Readers of the interesting Memorials of Francis Ridley Havergal will have learnt something of the lamented lady's intense desire to help forward the Temperance movement. Writing to Mr. Eustace Havergal, on April 12, 1879, she remarked:—

"As to actual signing I only deferred it, that I might do the act at a good interest, which I did by getting six persons to sign with me. . . . I have found by

experience, as thousands of other Christian workers are finding, that this 'outward and visible sign' is just the needed means to prevent the beginnings of that terrible evil. See now, I have here eight growing lads, besides several others, all in surroundings of more or less temptation, who have signed my book and are thus helped to say no; and instead of swimming with the stream, not one has been into a public house since, trying their best to get others to abstain also. . . . I could not feel impatient at your not seeing it yet, because four or five years ago I felt exactly as you do; but hearing so much of the great work done by this means, I set myself to pray for clear light and guidance about it, asking that I might be able to lay aside prejudice on the one hand, and that I might be kept from going without God's leading on the other. From that time conviction gradually dawned and deepened in my mind that I could not hold aloof from a movement on which God had set so very evident a seal of blessing. . . ."

"May 1, 1879.

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

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

Then, again, in a communication to the Rev. C. B. Snepp, Vicar of Perry Bar, (who has since passed away), F. R. H. wrote on May 17th, 1879:—

"Really a wonderful little Temperance work here; all the rising generation have joined the pledge except about twelve, and now the men want to speak to me, and I am to meet them to-night at the corner of the village (open air, having no place else) with my pledge book! I have got 118 pledged, and each with prayer over it, and personal talk about better things."

A MEXICAN WEDDING.

(Concluded from our last.)

The hall was filled with a most motley crew, who were all invited guests. When space had been cleared by the M. C., the bride, the bridegroom, the mother and all the relations walked round and round the room about half-a-dozen times in the most solemn and awful manner to slow music. Not one of them spoke or smiled, and their countenances were so lugubrious that I thought something had happened, but was informed "it was their nature to," and indeed in the course of the evening I found out that such was the case, for never once did I see a single individual become excited or animated in the smallest degree. They even danced in perfect gravity and silence.

I wish I could describe some of the costumes;—they were most variable. Here was a lady in pale blue silk, with gloves to match and diamonds. Beside her a swarthy fellow with a dirty comforter and woollen shirt. There, a young dandy with delicately tinted satin tie, and near him a wrinkled old woman with the inevitable black shawl pulled over her head and nearly covering her. Men with white shirts and no collars, girls with their heads literally covered with common artificial flowers, like victims prepared for sacrifice, and lastly a youth enveloped in a sort of counterpane. I suppose it was because brown was the prevailing tint in the complexions of those present that the young ladies who laid claim to be called belles thought it would enhance their beauty to whiten their faces to the extent of making themselves look positively ghastly. One damsel had relieved the dead white by tinting her cheeks of blue, with the result of making you imagine that presently she would take the role of

a spectre and re-appear wrapped up in a sheet and holding a lighted candle.

There were programmes for all the guests, and I looked forward with interest to dance No. 8, which was written down *Cuna*. I was, however, much disappointed, for when it came it was just like all the others. Indeed, though the waltz, galop and quadrille were duly set down they might all have been called by one name, for they were all very much alike. Two couples met, set to each other, turned each other round and passed under one another's hands, then broke away and each couple waltzed a little till they got tired of it, then they joined two more and began the setting to, &c.—and so on till the music stopped and another dance was called, which was only a repetition of the former one. Of course the majority of the guests did not dance, and these amused themselves by looking on and talking; a few of the older women surreptitiously smoking cigarettes. As they puffed away under the shelter of their shawls it was quite a difficult task to trace out the guilty person when found, it was interesting, if you could see her face, to watch how thoroughly she enjoyed letting the smoke escape from her nostrils in fragrant clouds like a regular veteran smoker.

Supper was at twelve. This was in another building altogether, some few yards distant. Two long tables in a dirty room with a filthy floor were laden with chicken, pork, ham, salads and fruit. In the centre of each table reposed a garnished and decorated pig. These pigs, the most tempting of all the articles of food, were not partaken of, but when supper was finished, which did not happen till six the next morning, one of them was solemnly presented to the bride. I do not know if she carried it home with her, or whether the bridegroom took it in charge—probably not, as before going to their home they had to be at confession at the church.

I have also been unable to discover whether the bride died from the effects of cold, for considering it was 17 degrees below zero that night, and that she had to walk through snow to the supper-room and back to the dancing hall, and as I am only too well able to remember that both the church and hall were unwarmed, and above all taking into account that she had no other wraps except her tulle veil, it would be decidedly remarkable if she escaped going into a consumption or being seized with the bane of this country—a congestive chill. I had hitherto thought that the monstrous custom in Scotland for gentlemen to attend funerals in full evening costume in the most inclement weather was the greatest of all absurdities, but it seems there is yet another height to be added.

The poor bride had not even the chance of keeping warm by dancing, as it was evidently not etiquette for her to dance often or long at a time.

The party did not break up till seven o'clock; the natives retaining their rigid inflexibility of countenance till the end, and I am happy to add that although there were six hundred present and many of them from the very lowest classes, and although champagne and wine could be had during the entire evening for the asking, only one individual forgot himself by taking more than was prudent.

AMY RYE.

Las Vegas, New Mexico, Jan. 27, 1881.

A PLEA FOR CROOKED STICKS.

Did you ever visit one of our shipyards on the coast of Maine in the days when they were turning out those splendid clippers of which we were so proud, or one of the government navy-yards when a man-of-war was building? If you have, you doubtless noticed with some wonder a curious assortment of apparently worthless, crooked sticks. Whoever gathered them would seem to have ransacked the forests for all that was twist