

the opinion of the silversmiths. The 12th of October is the anniversary of the descent of the virgin, and on this day 50,000 pilgrims have been known to flock into Zaragoza.

A few steps from the cathedral is the ancient leaning tower of Zaragoza, which, like the tower of Pisa, leans far out from the perpendicular. From its summit there is a fine view of the many-towered city, the olive and vine-clad plains around, the canal lined with poplars and willows, the winding Ebro, and the snow-crowned Pyrenees to the north.

The city is surrounded by a wall, and one of the gates, the Portillo, was defended during the war with Napoleon, in 1808, by the famous "Maid of Zaragoza." Her name was Augustina, and she died in extreme old age in 1857. During the siege of Zaragoza by the French, in 1808 and 1809, when over 50,000 of the inhabitants perished, she distinguished herself by her heroic participation in the severest encounters with the enemy. She was called *la Artillera*, from having snatched a match from the hands of a dying gunner and discharged the piece at the invaders. For her services she was made a sub-lieutenant in the Spanish army, and has been immortalized in art and poetry.

A Consecrated Life.

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"SPLENDID to be so near the gates of heaven!" These words come back to us from the lips of one in sight of the beautiful city. With her hand clasped in that of the dear Saviour, who had never failed her, she went down into the valley of shadows, murmuring, "So beautiful to go." It was most fitting that the life of this chastened, consecrated woman should close amidst the sweet fragrance of the summer flowers, and that her grave should be made beneath the radiant smiles of the skies of June.

Looking backward over the path this lovely Christian woman trod, we find tokens of her ministry in the grateful hearts of those she met by the wayside. The precious name of Frances Ridley Havergal will live in the deeds she has done, and the words that she has spoken, long after thrones shall have crumbled in the dust, and suns and stars shall have set to rise no more.

In the vine-clad rectory of Astley, Worcestershire, England, this noble woman first saw the light of day, December 14, 1836. Here her father, William Henry Havergal, ministered to his little congregation for more than a score of years. It was from him that this young child inherited her poetical and musical genius. Outwardly, her childhood was one long summer day; but underneath this smooth surface there ran a current of unrest—a desire to possess something that would bring peace at all time. These unsatisfying hours were often

called forth by a sermon, a look, or, more frequently, by a lovely sunset, gentle breeze swaying the boughs in the forest, or even a delicate violet peeping through the shadow-mottled grass.

The loss of her mother, when she was but eleven, was the one great sorrow of her childhood. Into the darkened chamber of death she crept many times during those sad days; and drawing aside the curtains, rained tears and kisses upon the dear, cold face, half expecting to see the lovely eyes open and smile upon her, and the pale cheek grow warm under the caresses lavished upon it.

It was not until she saw the funeral procession winding slowly out of the rectory gate, and turning into the church, that she realized that she was indeed motherless. "Oh mamma! mamma! mamma!" she cried. In that desolate heart there was room for no word but that one, "mamma!"

Though the longings and sighings after a higher, holier life, were ever present, it was not until the February after she had completed her fifteenth year that she found that blessed rest for which she had been striving.

She mastered French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and in Wales she learned enough Welsh from her donkey-girl to follow in the church-service. She taught herself harmonies by reading the "Treatise," and working out the exercises on her pillow at night. The Bible she studied early and late, memorizing whole books of its precious readings. Her musical genius was of such a high order that she was urged to make music her life vocation; but her voice, as well as her hands and feet, and lips, and heart, she consecrated to her King. Possessing rare grace and beauty of person, in connection with a mind so richly stored, and capable of such a high degree of enjoyment, she turned from the smiles and praises of the world to do "wee bits of work by the wayside" for the Master.

So great was her passion for usefulness, that her sweet Sabbaths of rest came only when she was confined to her couch by sickness. When, by the burning of a large publishing-house, she lost her appendix to "Grace and Glory," she recognized that God had a "turned lesson" for her to learn in re-doing old work instead of taking up new. "Thy will be done" was to her "a song," and not a "sigh." Often there would be a stop put to her work by the withholding of the gift of verse. She says, "The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession, and said, 'Now use it as you like;' but he keeps the gold, and gives it me, piece by piece, just when he will, and how much as he will, and no more." "My King suggests a thought, and whispers me a line or two, and then I look up, and thank him delightedly, and go on with it."

"Toll it out among the heathen," came to her like a flash, being suggested by the title hymn of her Prayer-book. Consecration Hymn was written in a thrill of rapturous thanksgiving, when dear friends, for whom she had been praying, came trembling to the foot of the cross. Year by year she realized more and more fully her closing words: "Ever only, all for thee."

Her wish "to glorify him every step of the way," found abundant fulfillment in her peaceful endurance of the intense suffering appointed her, as in the triumphant death that crowned her victory over the last enemy.

A severe cold, contracted while engaged in temperance work, developed dangerous symptoms which, in spite of the best medical skill, soon proved fatal. On the 2nd of June, 1879, at Caswell Bay, Swansea, Wales, she entered into life more abundant.

She "being dead, yet speaketh."

The Old Man in the Model Church.

WIFE, wife! I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day! It made me think of good old times before my hairs were grey; The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago, But then I felt, when in, it wasn't built for show. The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door; He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor; He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew. I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring. The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!" The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled, Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold. My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire; I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir, And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all." I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore; I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form, And anchor in that blessed port forever from the storm. The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said. I know it wasn't written: I know it wasn't read. He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning of his eye Went flashin' long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by. The sermon wasn't flowery: 'twas simple gospel truth; It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth; 'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed; 'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed. The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews,

He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews; And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear That told me hell was some ways off, and heaven very near. How swift the golden moments within that holy place! How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face! Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend— "When congregations 'ar break up, and Sabbath has no end." I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too— In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue; I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' grey, The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day. Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory soon be won; The shinin' goal is just ahead! the race is nearly run; O'er the river we are nearin'; they are throngin' to the shore, To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

Wellington.

THE DUKE was well acquainted with his Bible, and valued it. Many years ago, when—before Sir Arthur Wellesley—a brother officer was speaking sneeringly of the Bible, and ridiculing the idea of its being a revelation from God, he abruptly said, "S—, have you read *Paley's Evidences*? If you have not, I advise you to read them. I once thought as you now think; but I read Paley, and am convinced." The officer afterwards became one of the holiest men in the British army, and thanked the Duke of Wellington for his timely reproof. You may have heard me speak of my visit to Walmer Castle, and observing that a number of his books in his bedroom-library were on divinity, and by the most evangelical writers. On a little round table, close by his plain iron bedstead, were always to be found four apparently well-handled books. One was the Book of books—the Word of God; another was Leighton's *Commentary on Peter*; a third, Howe's *Living Temple*; and the fourth, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*. "Who could desire better books for the soul of such a man? and he kept nothing for mere show—the books were for use, not ornament.

The following is illustrative of his kindness and humanity: "Early in the morning after the battle of Waterloo," says Dr. Hume, "on entering his room, he sat up in his bed while I reported to him the casualties that had come to my knowledge. He grasped my hand, and seemed deeply affected; and I felt the tears falling fast on my hand, and, looking up, I saw them coursing down his dusky cheeks. He suddenly brushed them away with his left hand, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, I know not what it is to lose a battle, but it is painful to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends.'"