

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The name of Frances Ridley Havergal has become to thousands of Christians, in all parts of the world, a household word. She has spoken to us in her writings so personally as to be a real friend of all. Little children go to sleep on one of the "Little Pillows," and wake to the chime of a "Morning Bell." The older folk are helped, stimulated, and cheered by wise and loving words, unfolding some of the promises and commands of the King whom she loved and served, or the privilege and blessing of being wholly his, "kept for the Master's use;" whilst many voices, the wide world over, take up the echo of her songs of praise. The memorials of her life have brought us yet nearer to her, and explained the power of her words, by showing her lowly walk with God.

Born December 14, 1836, she was the youngest daughter of Rev. W. H. Havergal, then Rector of Astley, Worcestershire, afterwards of St. Nicholas, Worcester.

She was a singularly bright, clever child, early giving promise of the gifts so fully developed in later years. The little book in which she wrote her childish hymns and rhymes begins with verses written at the age of seven; from nine years old upwards she wrote long and amusing descriptive letters in perfect rhyme and rhythm. She seems to have had deep religious impressions during childhood, both at home and at school, but could not fix any actual time as the date of conversion.

From 1851, she knew what it was consciously to trust in Jesus, and to find the sweetness of the Word of God.

All her life henceforth was filled with blessed work for the Master, in Sunday-school, Bible-classes, cottage visiting, Y. W. C. A. meetings, and many other things. More than once she was laid aside for a time through severe illness, and "under his shadow," learning more and more of the love of Him who laid her low; and made to feel the pressure of his hand, she was further trained in that wonderful sympathy with, and tenderness for others which was such a marked feature in her character. Truly she comforted others with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God.

In 1870, Rev. W. H. Havergal entered into rest; and those who have read "The Memorials," or the poem "Yet Speaketh," can form some idea of how much poorer

was earth henceforth to his daughter, and how much richer heaven.

She had an intense love for music, and would play from memory through Handel, and much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Her singing was beautifully expressive and sweet; and she loved to sing God's own words, praying that they might be his message to the listeners. In this way many opportunities were afforded of speaking of Him of whom she sang; and she had the joy of seeing fruit found to his glory.

Her sister writes: "Almost the last time we walked to church together she turned round to me and said, 'Marie, I've come to the conclusion that it will be very nice to go to heaven. The perfect harmony; the perfect praise; no jarring tunes. You don't know the intense enjoyment it is to me to sing in part music. I don't think I could hear the Hallelujah Chorus and not sing it; but *there!*'"

Miss Havergal made several tours in Switzerland, entering with intense enjoyment into the beauties of nature, recognising the touch of the Father's hand in all, and finding in them spiritual help and teaching. Abroad, as well as at home, she was constantly doing the "King's business," and was privileged to lead many—tourists, peasants, invalids—to rejoice in her Saviour. The volume, "Swiss Letters," is a lasting memorial of these happy journeys.

In 1873, a little book entitled, "All for Jesus," by Rev. J. T. Wrenford, Newport, Mon., came under Miss Havergal's notice, telling of a fullness of blessing beyond anything she had yet attained. It met a felt need, and soon she herself could say, "I have the blessing," the Spirit powerfully applying this word to her soul: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

From this time her life was full of sunshine; some expression of it is found in the beautiful hymns, "Without Carefulness," and "From Glory unto Glory":—

"And now I find Thy promise true,
Of perfect peace and rest;
I cannot sigh; I can but sing,
While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
Whose ways are always best."

"From glory unto glory, without a shade of care,