

had all woman's attractiveness about her. This is how she speaks of that frightful ordeal—sitting for your photograph:

I never shall get a good one till I find a photographer who has the moral courage to take me straight off at once, and trust to me standing still without sticking my head in an iron thing to ensure it. After a quarter of an hour of posing, and "china little up"—and "bend a little more this way, thank you"—and "now a smile, if you please"—and so on. I reach a point of utter stupidity, and the whole spirit and expression, whatever it might be, is simply killed out of one's countenance, and one might be an amiable idiot for all there is left.

How thankful one feels that she who wrote the world-famous "Consecration Hymn" was woman enough to thus satirize the ineptitudes of the photographic saloon.

Amongst these letters to her publisher are some from other persons testifying to the gracious influence of her "ministry of song."

Julia Kirchhoffer (whose own gifted life was cut short by early death) writes to tell her of a great longing she felt, when very ill, to hear her sing. The poetical expression of that desire Miss Havergal declared had been very pleasing to her. In her "Life" we find her saying, in acknowledging the receipt of the lines, "I have had plenty of verses headed 'F.R.H.,' but never any which touched me more, or gave me such a thrill of loving fellow feeling toward the writer."

As I look at the original copy of the verses, I am not surprised that they gave such pure pleasure to the recipient. They breathe not flattery, but love:

Ask her to come and sing to me,
For day by day I long
With a craving never known before
For the magic of a song—
'Twere like a sweet, stray wanderer
From heaven's choral throng.

You see, she feels the gift of song
A holy, high bequest,—

Then how could she refuse to grant
A poor sick child's request?
Methinks 'twould soothe this constant
pain,
And lull me into rest.

I want "The old, old story"—
How Jesus set us free,
Or "The Riven Rock of Ages"—
Or else "Abide with me,"
Or, what we used to sing at night,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Had it been possible, how gladly would she have gratified this sick girl's thirst for music. Her voice as well as her pen was consecrated to the service of man, and thus to the glory of God. The next letter which I quote shows this clearly:

I must tell you a wonderful bit of ministry of song through "Having not seen." I was taken on speculation last Friday to call on a young married gentleman, of immense wealth, living at a place near here—just an infidel, knowing the Bible and disbelieving it, and believing that nobody else really believes, but that religion is all profession. I was not primed at all—only knew that Mr. J. 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. 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 "Whom having not seen," and felt I could sing out all the love of my heart in it.

Well, this hardened young infidel, who had seemed extremely subdued by "Tell it out," completely 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 sung, and I could not stand it; and that's a fact."

He is most anxious for me to come again. When I came away, his sister (a Christian), who had introduced me, wept for joy, saying that 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