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# THE PASTOR REMEMBERED

A MEMORIAL OF THE

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.



REV. CHARLES BOLLOCK, B. D.

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THE PASTOR REMEMBERED:

A Memorial

OF

THE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

\* \* \*  
\* \*  
\*



*"The memory of the just is blessed."*



# The Pastor Remembered:

A MEMORIAL OF

THE

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.,

*Vicar of Shareshill, and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral,*  
FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; AUTHOR OF "THE WAY  
HOME," ETC.

"His words of holy teaching,  
Life-preaching, holler still."

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

SECOND EDITION



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210. p. 41.



“ So shall we ever be with the Lord.”

(1 THESS. IV. 17.)

---

*Oh, thrilling thought ! that I shall be  
With Him who shed His blood for me,  
Where naught from Him shall sever ;  
Where I, with sainted hosts above,  
O'ershadowed by the Holy Dove,  
Shall banquet on His boundless love,  
And know those words, “ For ever.”*

*Oh, thrilling thought ! to see Him shine,  
For evermore to call Him mine,  
With Heaven, all Heaven, before me !  
To stand where angel myriads gaze,  
Amid the illimitable blaze,  
While He the Godhead full displays,  
To all the sons of glory !*

---

By the late Rev. W. H. Havergal, M. A.

A TRIBUTE  
TO  
*The Memory*  
OF A  
VENERATED PASTOR AND BELOVED FRIEND,  
WHOSE LIFE  
IN THE HOME, THE CHURCH, AND THE WORLD,  
ADORNED THE DOCTRINE  
OF  
GOD HIS SAVIOUR.

~~~~~  
"Thou hast made him most blessed for ever: Thou hast made him exceeding  
glad with Thy countenance."

Ps. xxi 6.



*"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and  
of faith."*

ACTS xi. 24.





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*"Be ye followers of them who, through faith and patience,  
inherit the promises."*



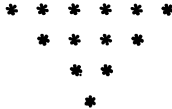
I.

THE PASTOR REMEMBERED,

AND

THE BRETHREN ENTREATED.

A SERMON PREACHED IN ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, ON SUNDAY, MAY 1st, 1870.



“Lord of the Church, we humbly pray.”

---

*Lord of the Church, we humbly pray  
For those who guide us in Thy way,  
And speak Thy Holy Word;  
With love Divine their hearts inspire,  
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,  
And needful grace afford.*

*Help them to preach the truth of God,  
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;  
Nor let the Spirit cease  
On all the Church His gifts to shower,  
To them a messenger of power,  
To us of life and peace.*

ANON.





# The Pastor Remembered,

AND

THE BRETHREN ENTREATED.

—◆—  
2 Thessalonians iii. 1.

*“ Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.”*

—◆—

**T**HE PASTOR REMEMBERED: THE BRETHREN ENTREATED. To utter words of affectionate recollection and words of earnest exhortation and entreaty—this is my purpose, this is my desire. Brethren, pray for me! Pray that I may be guided by the wisdom which descendeth from above, and pray that the Holy Spirit may so “direct and rule” all our hearts that our recollections of the past and our resolves for the future may alike conduce to our spiritual edification and profit.

First, then, I am anxious to utter in this sanctuary,  
WORDS OF AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

It is not, indeed, in my power to attempt any adequate sketch or estimate of the character and ministry of the



“faithful” pastor, whose memory, though years have elapsed since he laboured amongst us, will ever be deeply and lovingly cherished. My words will be few: but still I trust they will, in some measure, give expression to those feelings of veneration and appreciation in which all who knew him so fully shared.

He was truly no ordinary man. His personal endowments were distinguished. A true “poet of the sanctuary” and an enthusiastic lover of “holy music,” his contributions to the Psalmody of the House of God ranked him amongst the foremost musical authorities of the age. His “Old Church Psalmody” will always be a standard book of reference, and scarcely can a collection of tunes be found which is not enriched with his original compositions. But he was rich in grace as well as rich in gifts. His heart and his life were in good tune, and he loved above all other harmony the melody of good works.

I have enjoyed the friendship of many ministers, but I have never met with one whose Christian character in the Church and in the Home shone more brightly than his. “Who could see him and not love him?” asked a brother pastor, who had known him for many years. “One of the kindest rectors and one of the most unshrinking friends a curate ever had,”\* is the grateful testimony of a former fellow-labourer in the ministry: a testimony which my own

\* Sermons and Lectures, by S. B. James, B.A., formerly Curate of St. Nicholas'. See Dedication. London: Bell and Daldy.

privileged experience enables me to repeat, if possible, in yet stronger terms.

His spirit was eminently tender and affectionate, and his heart warm and generous. In society, and especially the society of home, he was full of cheerful anecdote and profitable suggestion. To use words which he applied to another—"There was not only the pious but the pleasant remark always hanging on his lips, and ready to fall in with much that was often very touching and beautiful." He was, in very truth, the sunshine of the home circle: and his kindly influence extended to every member of the household; so that he possessed, as he richly merited, the title of "the kindest and best of masters." But, whether in the home or in the parish, thoughtfulness for others, in little things as well as in great things, was the law of his daily life; and no personal interest or indulgence was ever allowed to stand in the way if by the sacrifice he could further the spiritual interests of his people.

Not, indeed, that he was without faults and failings, for "there is not a just man upon earth who doeth good and sinneth not;" but Gospel grace wrought so manifestly in him "the fruits of the Spirit," that, to a remarkable degree, he "adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour;" so that it would be difficult for those who *knew him best* to specify what those faults and failings were.

In all he did he was emphatically "real." There was harmony in his character; the counterpart of that har-

mony of musical genius which gave him a world-wide reputation. None could fail to recognize his "godly sincerity." He preached and said what he felt: and *from* the heart he spoke *to* the heart, as if he really *had* a message from God to deliver. He was *always* the pastor. His was not the ministry of official routine: it was the ministry of the life. His testimony respecting his friend, the Rev. John East, of Bath, when preaching his funeral sermon, applies most truly to himself:—

"The livery of his Divine Master was always and everywhere visibly upon him. Whether in the desk or the pulpit, the committee-room or the platform, the cottage or the mansion, the school-room or the sick chamber, the street or the railway, he was always the recognized but unostentatious servant of the Saviour whom he loved. He was not ashamed of his Master, or of His Name, or to speak a word for Him, or to do an act for Him, whenever a favourable or fitting opportunity presented itself." He advised, he admonished, he sympathized; and, to the utmost of his means, he aided those who stood in need of aid. And throughout his ministry he was eminently "faithful." He did not hesitate, though he well knew the cost, to battle manfully with the vices and frivolities of the day. None could hearken to his conversation and think it possible to "serve God *and* mammon."

*As a preacher* his words were ever impressive and weighty, because they were always Scriptural: and, for the same

reason, they were always easily understood. Possessing a mind of no ordinary compass and power, his imagination rich, his literary attainments varied, there was no display of his gifts, but an evident desire to preach so that all might understand and profit. He loved especially to welcome the pious poor to the House of God; often did he regret the lack of fitting accommodation for them; and heartily and liberally did he aid us in later years in making our Church, in a truer sense, the House of Prayer where "the rich and the poor meet together." But, whatever might be the character of the congregation, his aim was simply to "preach THE WORD." The Bible and the Bible only was his storehouse for spiritual instruction: and that storehouse could not fail. Never shall I forget his remark on one occasion, when I had referred to his lengthened ministry, and the possible difficulty of selecting new texts and topics. His answer was:—"The longer I live the more I am impressed with the unsearchable, inexhaustible fulness of the Word of God."

It was no slight privilege to listen for a season—only too short—to his impressive and striking expositions of Scripture: and highly do I value the notes which I was in the habit of taking down at the time. Many parishioners I know possess the volumes of his sermons which have been published.\* They are models of natural and unaffected

\* Sermons, Chiefly on Historical Subjects, from the Old and New Testaments. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; and Hatchard's.

eloquence, rich in poetic feeling ; but they are chiefly remarkable for close adherence to the Written Word. The text contains the sermon, instead of, as is sometimes the case, the sermon merely containing the text. The prayerful study of these sermons could not fail, under God's blessing, to conduce to the spiritual edification of the reader. They preach the Gospel to the poor ; and, at the same time, they are clearly the fruit of diligent labour, and frequently embody, without show of scholarship, the results of intellectual research and critical investigation. They afford proof that he did not, as a pastor, offer to his people that which "cost him nothing" in the way of preparation and careful study. It was his regular practice, as long as he could see, to read or write his sermons on *bended knee*. He often used to say, "I am not going to make my sermon now : that I have been doing every day ; but only to write down what I have thought and done." Nor did he relax in this diligent habit of preparation when in later years his sight failed him so far that he could not use either manuscript or notes of any kind. Indeed, many considered that the marked order and precision of thought in the arrangement of his sermons, and the clearness and fulness of his expositions, became only more striking. But the secret of his preaching power was undoubtedly the Scriptural testimony which he bore, combined with his prayerful spirit of dependence on the Divine blessing.

*Humility* was a distinguishing trait of his character. It

marked him amongst men. Whilst honouring, as we have seen, the Word of God, he ever manifested, as a preacher of that Word, the deepest sense of his own inability to preach it as he felt it *ought* to be preached. In his last sermon at Astley, he said:—"Often have I taken my freshly-written sermon, and locked it up as soon as I have left the pulpit, because I have been ashamed of its poverty and weakness *in comparison* with the richness and strength of the Gospel of our Salvation." He had set himself to preach THE WORD, and whoever does this will be prepared to make a similar record. And this humility, which went with him into the pulpit, pervaded his whole life and conversation. He knew how to condescend, in the Gospel sense of the word, to men of low estate. He "put on lowliness of mind," and there was no affectation in his lowliness; it sat on him like a garment which had been long and constantly worn: and his native dignity only graced his humility.

It was this trait of character which made him content to abide where God had placed him. His celebrity as a musical authority, as well as his pastoral gifts, might justly have led him to look for some fitting recognition of his work. But he was not one to seek position or promotion; and, after a ministry in the diocese of more than half the allotted age of man, when compelled by failing health to seek a less burdensome post, he only found, in another diocese, and that through the kindness of a personal friend,

a small incumbency, the income of which barely sufficed to secure the needed help of a brother pastor. Yet I never heard him complain. He was not ambitious of honours or of fame. He knew that "promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west;" and that it becomes the Christian to

"Scorn the highest place on earth,  
For yonder higher place."

And thus, in close alliance with his genuine humility, we note his noble *disinterestedness* and *integrity*: his superiority to the place-seeking spirit: that uprightness of character which ever kept him on the "crown of the road," indifferent, so far as the claims of duty were concerned, to the smiles or the frowns of men.

I say in close alliance with his humility; for, whilst he was emphatically one who "held his integrity fast"—as every honest man must hold it fast—this integrity, this consciousness of disinterestedness, in no way derogated from his humility. It was grace—grace abounding to him as a sinner—grace in which he gloried—it was grace gave him the high standard of integrity at which he aimed, and *by grace alone* did he hope to take a single step towards that standard. But, so far as grace *did* enable him to advance, whilst his shortcomings always kept him deeply humble, he gave glory to God, and he felt that the credit of the Gospel was, as it were, at stake in his person. Like St. Paul, accounting himself "the chief of sinners," he knew

nevertheless what the grace of God had done for him, and he would not have the Master dishonoured by any palpable inconsistency of life or conversation. "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and Godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward" (2 Cor. i. 12).

Yet his consciousness of integrity never went beyond the truth, or beyond the testimony which others, who knew him best, would bear concerning him: and it was always accompanied with the ready acknowledgment of "countless shortcomings." And so, in his farewell sermon at Astley, after noting the importance of this ministerial integrity in order to ministerial usefulness, and referring to the stirring appeal of Samuel the prophet at the close of his life to the people of Israel, he continued:—

"Confident as I am, that, could your answer be openly given to me, it would resemble the answer of the Israelites to Samuel, I nevertheless disclaim, with the deepest humiliation, all self-complacency before you, and all idea of merit before God. I have been but an unworthy steward. I have indeed *aimed* to advance your comfort, and God's glory in that comfort [mark the consciousness of integrity]: but this it was my *duty* to do. I see ten thousand imperfections in my few little doings, and feel that I have urgent need to look up and say, "O Lord, cleanse Thine unworthy servant! accept what is Thine own, and pardon all that is mine!"



Yes, he knew and groaned under "the plague of his own heart:" he felt cause enough to lie low before God, whilst he was conscious of his integrity before man: and it was this *combination* of humility and integrity which gave such power to his testimony to the Gospel of God's Grace, and made him not only a preacher in the pulpit but a preacher in the world—a preacher of what Herbert has beautifully styled "the visible rhetoric of a holy life."

The substance of his *ministerial teaching*, as I have said, was ever the testimony of the Written Word. He did not take the waters of life at second-hand from human or ecclesiastical cisterns, but went direct to the Fountain of living waters. \* As a Bible Churchman, he was a genuine successor of our best Reformers. His soul beat in true harmony with Hooper and Latimer, and Cranmer

\* Scarcely can it be necessary to say that the modern innovations and tawdry embellishments of Ritualism were strongly reprobated by Mr. Havergal: as they must be by all who have true sympathy with the Evangelical teaching of the Articles and Formularies of the Church of England. A writer in the *Hereford Times* remarks:—"He had a great horror of what is called High Churchism [placing the Church *above* the Bible—the ecclesiastical *above* the spiritual]: and, with the simp'e but everlasting truths of the Gospel, the truths for which the Reformers shed their blood, he used to scatter to the winds all the mummeries which interfered with the simplicity of Church of England worship. He was very vehement against any human interposition between the sinner and the Saviour: and always, when the subject was opportune, strongly denounced saint and man worship. Nothing but the Bible satisfied him, and his constant aim was to bring forth its treasures in all simplicity, declaring 'the whole counsel of God.'"

and Bradford. He was faithful to his Ordination promise, "out of the Scriptures to instruct the people committed to his charge:" and never forgot that the Church of England placed the BIBLE in his hand and bade him be "a faithful dispenser of THE WORD OF GOD."

Hence the pole-stars of his teaching were "Repentance towards God," and "Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." In one of his sermons, "The Shepherd of the Sheep," at an Ordination in Worcester, in 1845, after dwelling upon the importance of "the faithful preaching of Christ's Holy Gospel, the oral exposition of God's lively Truth, without which there never was any great revival of piety in either the Jewish or the Christian Church," he thus answers the question, "And *what* shall we preach?"—"Let us habitually preach Christ, as 'the end of the law for righteousness' to every contrite believer, Christ as the source of sanctification through the Spirit, Christ as the all-in-all of the sinner—the helpless, the miserable, the broken-hearted sinner."

Such was the soul-nurturing food with which he ever sought to feed the flock; and hence, amidst all the doctrinal fantasies of the age, and the clashing of opinions in the Church, in closing a ministry of nearly twenty years at Astley, before he came to Worcester, he was able to testify—"I am not conscious of the slightest change of sentiment upon any topic of importance since the day I first came amongst you." The "*truth*" could not change: and his testimony never changed. And, up to the last, his opinions

remained firm and unshaken. All were founded upon the Divine Word: and the only alteration was the daily continuous growth of his own *experimental* knowledge of those doctrines of Grace which caused an Apostle to exclaim, "O the depth!" and into which "the angels desire to look."

He preached a doctrine as humbling to the pride of man as it is exalting to the glory of God's free Grace: a doctrine which casts down all imaginations and every high thought of moral goodness, fitness, or strength, and lays the sinner low at the foot of the Cross, the cleft Rock of Ages, in deep and painful consciousness of guilt before God and without hope from self or any earthly helper: that Evangelical doctrine, which, in the pregnant and comprehensive words of Archbishop Leighton, "lays low the sinner, exalts the Saviour, and promotes holiness." He exalted Christ as "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," and pointed to His blood as the full atonement for all "our mighty sins." He exhibited with equal clearness the justifying and sanctifying grace of redemption. What he said of good John Davies, of St. Clement's, we say of him:—"He preached the love of God in Christ to sinners, and he *loved to preach it*: to tell such how they might be justified freely, and sanctified wholly, and saved eternally, was his study and delight." And so he defines the ministerial work, in one of his published sermons, in these striking words:—

"Repentance and Faith constitute the high road which

leads to the Saviour: and the Bible and the ministers of the Gospel are appointed by God to direct enquirers in the right way. What St. Paul said of himself applies to every minister: 'Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!' If we preach any other refuge but Christ, or direct men wrongly to that refuge, their blood will be required of us. The Great Saviour Himself waits to be gracious, and condescendingly and cheerfully says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' His atoning death, and His sanctifying Spirit, leave us in want of nothing but faith to apply them, and love to be grateful for them. And faith He will give if we ask it: and love He will shed abroad if we cleave to Him, and walk with Him, and pray to Him."

Could a more perfect summary of Gospel truth be expressed in simpler or clearer language? \*

Of the closing days of a life thus eloquent for grace and

\* In estimating the zealous and outspoken avowal of the grand fundamental truths of the Gospel by the pastors of a former generation, it should be remembered that they had to pay the cost of faithfulness. Not only did the preaching of "Christ crucified" present almost an insuperable barrier to ecclesiastical promotion or advancement, but it subjected those who proclaimed the obnoxious doctrines to no slight measure of persecution and "shameful entreaty." Mr. Havergal, in his sermon on the death of the Rev. John Davies, Rector of St. Clement's, Worcester, records some strange things which have occurred in our city. The following extract will be read with interest:—

"When your departed pastor was presented to this living [St. Clement's], in the year 1816, it was regarded by many as a singularly providential event. They saw in it a remarkable answer to fervent prayer. At that date it was vividly remembered that strange things had,

truth and goodness, it is needless to speak. He "walked with God, and he was not: for God took him." The first intelligence I received of his translation was conveyed to me

many years before, occurred in the parish. A devout and faithful clergyman, the father of that eminent servant of Christ, the Rev. Thomas Tregenna Biddulph, of Bristol, was curate of your parish. His fervent piety and forcible preaching raised a storm of opposition, not only against himself, but against all his devoted hearers. Deeds of violence were perpetrated, and many persons were shamefully entreated. When Mr. Davies came to the parish, a good old man, one of the fruits of Mr. Biddulph's ministry, was still living in it; and he kept as a memento his front teeth, which had been knocked out when encountering a mob who attempted to throw him into the river, as he was going to St. Clement's old church. The state of things in Worcester at this period, and for some years after, may seem incredible to the present generation. It is, however, a fact, of which witnesses are still living (1858), that the estimable father of an alderman of Worcester was hunted like a wild beast, with all sorts of missiles, along the High Street, because he had befriended a preacher of Lady Huntington's Connexion.

"As the opposition to Mr. Biddulph was not confined to 'lewd fellows of the baser sort,' he was compelled to retire from the curacy of St. Clement's. Before, however, he quitted Worcester, he one day walked to the hills which lie to the eastward of our city (it is said to have been *Dean Hill*), and which command a view of it. He there, in some quiet nook, knelt down, and solemnly and fervently prayed that God would, in mercy, remember Worcester: and that, sooner or later, the Gospel might be preached in St. Clement's Church as he had humbly endeavoured to preach it himself.

"Years passed away; but not without tokens that this prayer was deposited in God's vial. At length, a grandson of this Mr. Biddulph married into the Stillingfleet family, the venerable prebendary of which name presented to the rectory of St. Clement's that 'good man' who, as your hearts know and your tears testify, has, for the last forty-two years, faithfully preached the Gospel of Salvation in this church."

Referring to a period three years after the appointment of Mr. Davies,

in the simple, touching words, "He is at Home"—the Home in Heaven of which so truly he made his earthly home a type and earnest.\* On his last day of consciousness

Mr. Havergal further records an incident connected with the parish church of St. Nicholas. "The Rev. John Greig, although possessed of an ample fortune, had been for several years the curate of St. Nicholas. The apostolic fervour of his preaching attracted general attention, and, by God's blessing, aroused many souls from the lethargy which too generally prevailed. He raised the congregation at church from a handful to a crowd, and the sacramental collections from pence to pounds. During his ministry much of the daring profligacy which then marked the parish was either checked or shamed into retirement. On his death his funeral sermon was preached by a relative of the then Rector of St. Clement's, the Rev. John Cawood, of Bewdley, on Trinity Sunday, A.D. 1819. Though that sermon was full of 'truth and soberness' [a copy remains in the library case of books in the vestry of St. Nicholas, bequeathed by Mr. Greig for the use of the rector and curate of the parish], yet, because of it, the preacher was inhibited by Bishop Cornwall from preaching again in St. Nicholas. He, however, outlived the inhibition, and, on one occasion, in his declining years, testified the truth of God in that church."

\* His *home* sympathies were very strong. In the funeral sermon on the death of the Rev. John East, which has been mentioned, a passage occurs which brings this trait into touching prominence. No words could better describe his own home-character than the closing sentences of the paragraph. The last audible sound from the lips of his beloved friend, John East, was "Home, home." Referring to this the preacher said:—

"This *last* word 'home' falls on my ear with a thrilling force which I can hardly convey to you: for, singular to say, it is the *first* remembered word which passed between him and me in the early days of our school life. The word 'home' was, so to speak, the altar around which our friendship and fidelity were sworn to each other. '*East, do you love home?*' was the first sentence which he recollected ever to have been uttered by myself. He always bore it in mind, and frequently referred to it fondly and affectionately in after days. There is no marvel

on earth, although there were indications of suffering, he appeared at times brighter and better. He was out twice, and seemed peculiarly happy. Before the evening prayer, he played over a beautiful *Palindrome*, to the following words, which he had just composed :—

“ Messiah, Redeemer,  
Send out Thy saving light  
Where rules the prince of night !  
Day-star, rise ! Cheer all eyes !”

The sunset of life was calm and peaceful : and on Easter day, “ very early in the morning,” the joyful thoughts of Resurrection glory fresh in his mind, the Master’s message reached him—the stroke of apoplexy from which he never rallied. He lay without consciousness or suffering till noon on Tuesday, and then only ceased breathing, and was at *home*. He slept in Jesus, who is “ The Resurrection and the Life.” “ There were no good-byes for the bereaved, only *welcomes to come* in the Father’s House above.”

“ Before one tear was wept below,  
Joy filled the courts above ;  
No parting pang was he to know :  
God took him from a world of woe  
To His own world of love.”

in this, for our East was a thorough man of home. He loved it with hal-  
lowed intensity, and only feared, as I have heard him say, that he loved  
it too much. Never could it be said of him that he was not at home  
what he was in society. *His highest excellencies shone out at home*. Fitly,  
therefore, did a glance of his eternal home waken up his sinking thoughts.”

The yearning thought of *another*, expressive of more touching sympathy and precious comfort for the bereaved than words which we could frame, was to be true of *him* :—

“ Dear ones ! shall it be *mine* to watch you come  
Up from the shadow and the valley-mist,  
To tread the jacinth and the amethyst ;  
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,  
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light ? ” \*

May this thought prove “ the bright light ” in the dark

\* The closing verse of some exquisitely beautiful lines, by a gifted daughter, which, by a remarkable coincidence, after a lapse of some months from the time they were received, were inserted in the May number of a magazine edited by the writer. The entire poem reads thus :—

ON THE COL DE BALM.

Sunshine and silence on the Col de Balm !  
I stood above the mists, above the rush  
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush  
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,  
With hallelujah-light, a seen though silent psalm :  
Crossed with one discord, only one. For Love  
Cried out, and would be heard, “ If ye were here,  
O friends, so far away, and yet so near,  
Then were the anthem perfect ! ” And the cry  
Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.  
Not vain the same fond cry if *first* I stand  
Upon the mountain of our God, and long  
Even in the glory, and with His new song  
Upon my lips, that you should come and share  
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there !  
Dear ones ! shall it be *mine* to watch you come  
Up from the shadow and the valley-mist,  
To tread the jacinth and the amethyst,  
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,  
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light ?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



cloud which hangs so heavily over loving and sorrowing hearts, especially to *one* whose grief can only be measured by her own affectionate devotedness and the irreparable loss she has sustained. "The riches of prayer and counsel, tenderness and comfort," nothing can restore to the home on earth: but that home is bereaved to help to form the Home in Heaven; and "the Day is at hand."

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 Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away;  
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 Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee;  
 When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,  
 Its pangs and its partings remembered no more;  
 Where life cannot fail, and where death cannot sever,  
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He was truly "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith:"—"an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." The grace of God in him, issued in the formation of a character full of beauty and goodness, and in the living of a life which was the spring of purest happiness to himself and of real and abiding usefulness to others.

The contemplation of such a path, conducting to such a conclusion—

“ An honoured life, a peaceful end,  
And Heaven to crown it all,”—

must constrain from every heart the wish, the prayer—  
“ Let my experience, my life, my end, be like his;” let  
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fervent desire for *our spiritual prosperity as a Congregation*,

than the Apostle's entreaty in my text: "Finally, brethren, pray for us"—pray for those who minister to you the words of Gospel life which *I* once ministered—"that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified!"

I say his fervent desire for our prosperity as a Congregation: for, although after the tie between himself and his people had once been broken, his state of health and his sensitive spirit hindered those repeated visits I had fondly anticipated, his interest in all that concerned his old parish was unchanged. When he left us he did not forget us. If ever pastor identified himself with his people, he was that pastor. Long and earnestly did he seek counsel of God before he would think of a removal to a less arduous sphere of labour: although others saw the change to be most necessary, if health, and indeed life, were not to be entirely sacrificed. And when at length he felt constrained to contemplate the step, his anxiety was intense that a simple Gospel testimony might be borne in this sanctuary when he was gone. Well do I remember, at a season of doubt and uncertainty, his committing the issue in earnest prayer to God in the vestry of our Church. Personally I could not but shrink from such a charge: and if ever, certainly at that time, I prayed that the disposing of the lot might be in Higher Hands than ours. But *his* anxiety was a token of pastoral faithfulness; it conveyed a lesson which I trust I valued, and shall never forget; and it is

well that *you* should be acquainted with it. It may help you to attach additional solemnity and weight to the appeal in my text—a word, as it were, from the pastor in Heaven—commending to you, *as the surest and only pledge of spiritual prosperity in the Congregation*, PRAYER FOR THE MINISTRY, “that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.”

I have no lengthened comment to make on this appeal. It is expressed so plainly that it is impossible to mistake its meaning. I would only offer two considerations suggestive of the main grounds upon which the appeal rests. May these considerations, by God’s blessing, prompt in many hearts the hallowed resolve, *We will* henceforth abound more in PRAYER FOR THE MINISTRY.

I. The first consideration is this:—

*Such prayer will dispose you, as Hearers of the Preached Word, to HEAR ARIGHT.*

It is dangerous, brethren, to attend critically upon the ministrations of the sanctuary. I mean critically as to the mode in which Divine truth is presented, or the particular gifts of the ministry presenting it.

Hearers, indeed, cannot be too careful *what* they hear. They cannot examine too closely the Holy Scriptures in order to see whether the preacher’s testimony accords with the testimony of the Oracles of God. If Repentance and Faith, man’s Ruin by sin, Christ’s Redeeming work, and the Spirit’s enlightening, convincing, quickening, and

renewing work, form not the staple of our ministry, then beware lest human teaching lead you far astray. But if there is a clear and full and experimental witness borne to these fundamental verities, then *pray* for that ministry, and criticise not the mode or the manner in which the Word of the Lord is delivered.

You want to *feed on truth*, not to sit and hear and criticise the preacher. His feeblest word, if God the Spirit bless, shall send you to your home "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" his most laboured effort, unblest, however the intellect or the imagination may have been gratified, will leave you "poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked." Buy the truth—"the truth as it is in Jesus;" seek "the hid treasure;" secure "the pearl of great price." Think not of "the earthen vessel;" the excellency of the power *must* be of God. Come not only before the preacher, but before the preacher's God. Look from the pulpit below to the throne above. Pray that "the Word of the Lord"—not the word or the opinions or the gifts of man—"may have free course and be glorified." So praying, you will not fail, as hearers of the preached Word, to *hear aright*.

II. The second consideration, I would mention, points to ministerial need:—

*Such prayer for the Ministry will afford no uncertain pledge and security that the Ministry will PREACH ARIGHT.*

The very entreaty, "Brethren, pray for us!" is a token of a right sense of the work of the Ministry. He can know little of the true nature of the ministerial charge, who has not often upon his heart the question—"Who is sufficient for these things?" And he who asks that question will duly value his people's prayers.

It should never be forgotten that the mission of the pastor is a *spiritual* one. We are to aim at spiritual results. If we have a lower aim, we shall depend less upon prayer and more upon ourselves.

The Apostle is the best exemplar we could have of ministerial character. He was no ordinary minister of the Gospel. He possessed special gifts which we never can possess. He was an inspired writer, a worker of miracles. But he knew his true mission was to accomplish "greater things than these." He knew that the ministry he had received was designed "to open the eyes" of the spiritually "blind," to "turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Therefore *he* asked that question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and *he* urged the entreaty, "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified!" If to open literally the eyes of a blind man is beyond human power, who shall open the eyes of the spiritually blind?

The Apostle knew that whatever gifts he possessed, *God has reserved to Himself the quickening energy of spiritual life*

and power; and he knew that PRAYER—the token of human weakness and the confession of human impotence—was the appointed, the necessary condition, in order that “the Word of the Lord might have free course, and be glorified.”

And, brethren, the deeper our ministerial experience, the more conscious do we become of this need of Divine power to work *in* us and *through* us. We increasingly feel that so far as *spiritual* results are concerned we can do nothing. We cannot overcome the difficulties in our *hearers*. The proclamation of the Law, “holy, just, and good,” will not change the heart. The invitations of the Gospel, “the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God,” will not change the heart. The Lord Himself, the Divine Spirit, must “open the heart,” must give “the new heart,” or our preaching is vain. And then the difficulties in *ourselves*! Our personal infirmities, how they hinder us! How humbling are the lessons of our own weakness and sinfulness, which we are continually learning! And, though we preach the truth, how feebly we preach it! How dependent we are upon God for spiritual insight into the doctrines of the Word! How we often feel our eyes want opening to enable us to behold the “wondrous things” in God’s Word! How little power we seem to have to silence the gainsayer, to encourage and direct the enquirer, to “divide rightly the Word of Truth!” How fittingly might we follow the example of humility which has been set before us by our remembered pastor, and “lock up our freshly-written sermons as soon as we

have left the pulpit, because we are ashamed of their poverty and weakness, *in comparison with* the richness and strength of the Gospel of our Salvation !”

Brethren, this is the experience which makes those who possess it “able ministers of the New Testament !” They who thus learn to “put no confidence in the flesh,” will learn also to put all confidence in God. And whilst seeking to work as Paul worked—bearing in mind his exhortation to Timothy, “Be instant in season, out of season ; preach the Word ; reprove, rebuke ; watch in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry,”—they will cast themselves, as Paul cast himself, upon the power of prayer, their own prayers and the prayers of the brethren, “that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.” So preaching, they will assuredly not fail to *preach aright*

Such are the practical issues depending upon the heed given to the Apostle’s entreaty as expressive of ministerial desire. Can we doubt for one moment that a people *so hearing* and a ministry *so preaching* “the Word of the Lord,” would speedily furnish a marvellous testimony to the power of the Grace of God in the Gospel of His Son to secure spiritual results in the hearts and over the lives of men ?

If prayer is the Christian’s “vital breath,” prayer for the Ministry is the Church’s “vital breath.” Such prayer would bring our people into closer sympathy with the



cloud which hangs so heavily over loving and sorrowing hearts, especially to *one* whose grief can only be measured by her own affectionate devotedness and the irreparable loss she has sustained. "The riches of prayer and counsel, tenderness and comfort," nothing can restore to the home on earth: but that home is bereaved to help to form the Home in Heaven; and "the Day is at hand."

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Divine purpose to bless men through the Gospel. Such prayer would increase their love to God and their love to their fellow-men. Such prayer would kindle zeal for ever-increasing efforts for the spiritual good of others—not zeal unenlightened and misdirected, but zeal conscious from past experience that activity for God must ever spring from fresh strength received at the Throne of Grace. And assuredly such prayer, in the gracious answers that would be vouchsafed, would endue the Ministry with “power from on High.” Our own sense of weakness and infirmity and sinfulness, would be met by the abundant supply of the grace of God. Our question, “Who is sufficient for these things?” would find its ready answer: “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” In our sense of insufficiency we should realize God’s all-sufficiency: and the language of praise would oftener be on our lips—“Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge in every place.”

Then, brethren, LET SUCH PRAYER ABOUND. I believe the special and urgent need of the Church of Christ at this time, is a deep earnest soul-penetrating conviction of the *absolute necessity of the Divine influence of the Holy Spirit for the right-doing of Christian work, and of the Holy Spirit’s blessing to make that work effectual.* We want to apply this conviction especially to the work of the Ministry. It is not enough that we who minister hold the truth, and are

zealous for the truth, and faithfully preach the truth. All this is well: but we need *more* than this. The truth of the Gospel itself must be quickened by the Spirit, or it will not turn men's hearts to God; it will not bring out of the moral chaos of man's ruined state a creation of moral order, life, and beauty; it will not prove the power of God to the salvation of souls. The Divine Spirit is "the Lord and Giver of spiritual life;" and even the Word of the Gospel inspired by the Spirit, which we preach, must be quickened by the Spirit, or it will not convey the life of God into the soul of man.

Ministers in themselves are powerless. The faithful ministry of the venerated pastor who has been called to his rest did not profit *all*. Paul may plant, Apollos may water; but, as in the natural, so in the spiritual world, God only gives the "increase." That increase He gives in answer to PRAYER. He will be "enquired of" for the blessing which He is waiting to bestow. If we would hear "the Word of the Lord" in the sanctuary: if that Word is to have "free course and be glorified:" the petition must be in our hearts and on our lips, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." We are not "straitened in God," nor is "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ" in any way diminished or restrained. But "the preparation of the heart" is needed, and that preparation is "from the Lord."

If, then, as Gospel hearers, we have *not* hitherto tasted

true Gospel blessedness, let us learn to wait more on the Lord before we expect anything from the Ministry. Begin with God. Ask Him—"Teach Thou me." The still small voice will soon be heard: the heart will be opened: and then "the Word of the Lord" which we preach will have "free course and be glorified."

So, also, of the Ministry of the Word as a means to "growth in grace"—the edification and instruction of believers: the same teachable spirit—the same prayerful spirit, is still needed. "*Help the preacher to preach aright—help me to hear aright—the message of Thy Word!*" If such prayer prevailed in our congregations, the promise would speedily be fulfilled—"I will open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The Gospel would come unto us, as it came to the praying converts of Thessalonica, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" and a similar record of Christian influence and missionary zeal might be given of us—"For from you sounded out the Word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to Godward is spread abroad; so that *we need not to speak any thing*" (1 Thessalonians i. 5—8). Mightily indeed would "the Word of the Lord" "grow and prevail," if thus the voice of the living Church of true believers sustained, and almost rendered *needless*, the testimony of the Gospel Ministry!

Ponder these considerations, brethren ; ponder them, as they bear upon yourselves as individuals ; ponder them, as they bear upon our spiritual prosperity as a Congregation ; and, as you feel increasingly their solemnity and weight, remember and act upon the earnest exhortation and entreaty :—

“ Brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified ! ”



❖ ————— ❖

“Shout, O Earth! from silence waking.”

—◆—

Shout, O earth! from silence waking,  
Tune with joy thy varied tongue;  
Shout! as when from chaos breaking  
Sweetly flowed thy natal song:  
Shout! for thy Creator's love  
Sends redemption from above.

Downward from His star-paved dwelling  
Comes the Incarnate Son of God;  
Countless voices thrilling, swelling,  
Tell the triumphs of His blood:  
Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless,  
With His spotless righteousness.

See His glowing hand uplifted!  
Clustering bounties drop around;  
Rebels e'en are richly gifted;  
Pardon, peace, and joy abound.  
Shout, O earth! and let thy song  
Ring the vaulted heavens along!

Call Him blessed! on thy mountains,  
In thy wilds and citied plains;  
Call Him blessed! where thy fountains  
Speak in softly murmuring strains.  
Let thy captives, let thy kings  
Join thy lyre of thousand strings.

Blessed Lord, and Lord of blessing!  
Pour Thy quickening gifts abroad;  
Raptured tongues, Thy love confessing,  
Shall extol the living God:  
Blessed, Blessed, Blessed Lord!  
Heaven shall chant no other word.

W. H. H.

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II.

**B**I O G R A P H I C A L **S** K E T C H .

By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE, ART, AND LIFE."

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“My Times are in Thy hand.”

My times are in Thy hand,  
Their best and fittest place,  
I would not have them at command  
Without Thy guiding grace.

“My times,” and yet not *mine*,—  
I could not them ordain ;  
Not one e'er waits from me a sign,  
Nor can I one detain.

“My times,” O Lord, are Thine,  
And Thine their oversight :  
Thy wisdom, love, and power, combine  
To make them dark or bright.

I know not what shall be  
When passing times are fled ;  
But all events I leave with Thee,  
And calmly bow my head.

Hence, Lord, in Thee I rest,  
And wait Thy holy will ;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast  
Or gladly go on still.

And when “my times” shall cease,  
And life shall fade away,  
Then bid me, Lord, depart in peace  
To realms of endless day!

W. H. H.



## Biographical Sketch.

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**H**AVERGAL has gone to his rest. After that long life-service to the great Master for which he was truly made meet, he was peacefully called away, on Tuesday, April 19th, at noon. The Church on earth is poorer for the change, but the Church in Heaven is richer by one. His memory will be lovingly and fondly cherished by the parishioners to whom he successively ministered at Astley, Worcester, and Shareshill; by those to whom he occasionally preached in later days at Leamington; at Pymont, in Germany, where for many years he officiated during the summer months; and by all those who in any degree enjoyed the great privilege of his personal acquaintance; for he was pre-eminently a good pastor and a faithful friend.

As an ecclesiastical musician and psalmodist he was, without question, the first man of his generation,—indeed, the Ravenscroft of the nineteenth century. His loss is deeply felt and deplored by the musical world.

He was born in Buckinghamshire, in 1793; was educated at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in

1815, and M.A. in 1819. His early tastes fluctuated between medicine and music.

Among his university contemporaries were Archbishop Longley, Bishop Hampden, Dr. Arnold, Lord Westbury, Professor Baden Powell, Archdeacon Creyke, and the Hon. G. Pellew, late Dean of Norwich.

In 1816 he was ordained by Bishop Ryder, for Dr. Beadon, Bishop of Bath and Wells; and, having served some minor offices in the Church, he was, in 1829, presented to the rectory of Astley, near Bewdley.

Here he met with a distressing and almost fatal accident, which laid him aside from his clerical duties for several years. During that period his studious and active mind found relief in music, for which art he naturally had both taste and genius.

His first published composition was an anthem-like setting of Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," the proceeds of which, amounting to £180, were devoted to the Church Missionary Society. Other compositions rapidly followed, and their proceeds were always devoted in the same liberal spirit to charitable objects. Many of these early pieces have become popular, and all of them are characterized by great sweetness of melody and skilful construction.

In 1836 appeared Op. 35, "An Evening Service in E flat and One Hundred Antiphonal Chants." One of these, a "Recte et Retro" Chant in C (now commonly printed in

D), and sometimes called "Worcester Chant," is almost as widely known as the language, and, short though it be, possesses all the elements of musical immortality.

In the same year as the above (1836), the Gresham prize medal was adjudged to him for an Evening Service in A, Op. 37. In 1841 a second medal was gained by an anthem, "Give Thanks," Op. 40, decidedly one of the best compositions of the kind in existence. Upon thus gaining two prizes, the umpires ruled that no one should receive more than two. Other anthems and services proceeded at various times from his pen, whilst, with renewed strength, he was constantly and untiringly engaged in the arduous duties of a minister of religion.

But it is in the restoration of metrical psalmody to its original purity that Mr. Havergal has rendered himself so illustrious, and for this he will be long justly venerated. He has certainly done more and to better purpose in this way than any other musician. Those whose labours come nearest his greatness will be the first to confirm this. From Dr. Crotch he caught the true idea on this subject, which has greatly developed in his hands. He first of all published a reprint of Ravenscroft's scarce work, *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, in 1844. At the close of an elaborate preface of twenty-one pages, he there promised,—“It is the intention of the editor, as speedily as practicable, to publish a selection of the tunes, with the cantus and tenor inverted, or of necessity altered, to suit our present mode

of singing. To such selection will be added other tunes, principally for other metres, but strictly in the same generic style of melody and harmony.”

In 1845 he was presented by Bishop Pepys to the rectory of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and to an honorary canonry in the cathedral.

In 1847 he published the *Old Church Psalmody*, Op. 43. It is the best book of psalm tunes of which Protestantism can boast, representing, as we believe, and as far as is now possible, the true ideal of the Reformation and its time. All compilers since 1847 have drawn largely upon the *Old Church Psalmody*. In 1854 appeared a highly interesting volume, *A History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune, with Specimens*. In this it is proved, and, as Bishop Wainwright in the prefatory note says, “we think it will be generally conceded, that William Franc must hereafter be entitled to the credit of composing this most remarkable of all metrical tunes.” The thanks of the archæological as well as musical world were accorded to Mr. Havergal for this excellent history. A few days before his last illness he was engaged in writing a preface for a new edition of this work. In 1859 was published *A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, Op. 48, entirely his own composition. This was due to his reputation acquired in this walk of Church music, for, excepting in scattered publications by other compilers, no Psalm tune of his own construction had been published. The *Old Church Psalmody* eschewed all modern composition,

as its name would lead readers to suppose. Its preface says:—"No composition of any living author is introduced." Of the *Hundred Tunes* it is not too much to say that they are a monument of learning and industry; and are all, or nearly all, in entire agreement with the principles which its author so long and so successfully propounded.

Handel, Corelli, and our great Cathedralists, were his masters. His aim was to preserve purity of style, and put down musical vanities. Notoriously liberal to publishers of music, he has been equally willing to aid, by scientific criticism and research, all who applied to him. He has written and kept back far more than he has published.

He was not a mere musician, but a theologian also, as his two volumes of sermons and other works of that class prove.

In 1852 he all but lost his sight, which was afterwards only partially restored. He for long was unable to read a note of printed music or decipher his own handwriting. Through weakened health, in 1860, he resigned his charge at Worcester, on being nominated by Lord Hatherton to the vicarage of Shareshill, a small country parish near Wolverhampton. In 1868, from increasing infirmities, he had to lay aside all regular parish work and removed to Leamington, where, with the exception of visits to the Continent, he resided until his death.

For some years he was in the habit of frequenting

Pyrmont, in Germany, during the summer months, for the sake of its mineral waters: and while there he was able to conduct the English service and preach in the Friends' meeting-house, for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen and others, who were also sojourners there. No opportunity for sowing the good seed or uttering a kindly human word of help or cheer did he ever neglect; and so highly were his ministrations valued by strangers from various parts of Europe, that the fact of Mr. Havergal being there in several instances decided that parties should go to Pyrmont rather than elsewhere. This summer he had arranged to go there in May.

To hear Mr. Havergal improvise, seated at a good harmonium with many stops, given him by his parishioners, was a rare treat: something higher, deeper, and more than a pleasure—a thing, or rather a spiritual experience, which cannot be forgotten. Sweet-flowing melody, accompanied with strange, unexpected combinations of harmony, full of mysterious chords and curious synchronous and successive felicities, each part capable of being resolved into a perfect and separate composition—fugues chasing each other, turning, meeting, and then passing through the theme in quite opposite directions, meeting again, then twining lovingly together, and, like the strands of a new cable, finding strength in unison—starry phrases of melody echoed from heavenly heights till lost in the distance; then vast galaxies of chords “swim into ken,” dependent

on and perfectly balanced by other galaxies, controlled even to the perturbation of a single satellite, till all is light and motion ; while Handelian shakes, like auroras, at intervals gleam and dart across the blue starlit dome. Yet with all this there is no hesitation, no confusion, no fear ; ruled by the genius of a master, every phrase, chord, and movement, progresses with stately grandeur and precision towards the evolution of the one idea which informs and pervades the whole marvellous performance. Sometimes we wander far away through wild intervals into weird discords ; and then these, ere they become too painful, are resolved with consummate skill, and we mark "lines of different method" all meeting "in one full centre of delight," as we find ourselves led on and on, and ever by new and unexpected ways, home again at last to the key-note.

The firmness, precision, and delicacy of Mr. Havergal's touch were each and all remarkable, both in kind and degree. These several characteristics were strikingly brought out in his improvisations, which never by any chance contained anything approaching the commonplace. Instead of that, his every combination was original, often a surprise even to himself ; many lovely transient effects thus flashed and faded that could not be repeated. Compositions of daring originality and perfect rounded beauty,—now bold and strident, like the tramp of a giant army, and now ethereally delicate, like the dying cadences of an Æolian harp—streamed from the keys at the magic "touch"



of that "vanished hand" which we shall hear no more on earth!

Although Mr. Havergal's ecclesiastical music is of the very highest type, and severe in style, he has also written many beautiful songs, rounds, and catches for the young, which are full of childlike life and birdlike glee; also numberless carols, hymns, and sacred songs, composing both the words and the music.\* Here is one of his songs for the young, written for his grandchildren. It is in keeping with that incoming season which its gifted author loved, but which he needs not now:—

#### SUMMER-TIDE IS COMING.

##### I.

"Summer-tide is coming,  
 With all its pleasant things;  
 Every bee is humming,  
 And every songster sings.  
 Mornings now are brightsome,  
 Inviting student thought;  
 Evenings, too, are lightsome,  
 With balmy quiet fraught:  
 Hearths no longer lure us,  
 The fields instead we roam;  
 Hearts albeit insure us  
 A happy, happy Home.

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\* Many of these Sacred Songs and Carols will be remembered as contributions which appeared in the earlier volumes of "Our Own Fireside." They have since been published under the title, "Fireside Music" (W. Hunt and Co.): and a Second Edition has been prepared. They include "Summer-tide is Coming."

## II.

"Summer-tide, I hail thee,  
 The Empress of the year!  
 But thou soon would'st fail me  
 Were not thy Maker near.  
 He thy course disposes,  
 Thy light, thy scent, thy glow;  
 He tints all thy roses,  
 And paints thy brilliant bow.  
 Laud Him, all creation,  
 The sinner's mighty Friend;  
 Near Him be our station,  
 Where Summer ne'er shall end!"

W. H. H.

The genius of poetry and music has descended and been largely developed in Mr. Havergal's youngest daughter, whose recent volume, *The Ministry of Song*, has been so extensively and favourably noticed throughout the Press, and been admired by all lovers of true poetry.

Mr. Havergal's severe and classical music is often to be heard in our cathedrals; and in Scotland and America no Psalm tune is oftener sung than "Evan." The history of this tune is somewhat peculiar: and, as its authorship has been questioned, it may be well to mention the matter here, as the writer can do so authoritatively from Mr. Havergal's own words, as well as from written statements. In 1847 Mr. Havergal published an original air (A Sacred Song) to Burns's words, "O Thou dread Power." Dr. Lowell Mason, of New York, arranged the first half of that air as a psalm tune, altering both the time and key, and called it "Evan."

Hence it is frequently given in collections with Mason's name, and at other times simply with the letter H, under which initial it first appeared, because Dr. Mason did not wish to attribute the liberty he had taken in arranging the part of a melody to the composer of the original air. This is Dr. Lowell Mason's own explanation, which we have seen. Mr. Havergal has since arranged it as it should be: and within the last month played over the tune, and gave a MS. copy of it to the writer, with its curious history noted on the sheet. It has travelled far and wide, and been claimed for many composers, and even been called an old Celtic air. We have here stated the true origin of this unprecedentedly popular tune.

Mr. Havergal throughout life subordinated genius and every talent to the work of the Christian ministry, and was in every respect the model of what a faithful pastor and a Gospel preacher should be; giving no uncertain sound, but delivering his message in its fulness and freeness from the heart to the heart, without fear or favour. He studied medicine that he might attend to the bodies as well as the souls of his country parishioners, instructed them in sanitary matters, inculcated habits of domestic and general economy, organized charities, and, in short, was a loving and beloved father and friend to all his people.

As genial as he was gentlemanly, refined in his tastes, high-souled, and gifted, his own immediate home circle, relatives, and numerous friends, were all perfectly devoted

to him ; and no one could possibly approach him, even in a casual way, without feeling the radiation of Christian light and warmth from his heart and beaming face ; for to the core he was a true man : true to God, and true to his fellow men.

Bible societies, district visitation, Bible reading, Home and Foreign Missions, and all philanthropic schemes, had ever his cordial support and co-operation. Loving freedom, he was from of old an earnest and urgent advocate for the abolition of slavery ; and for the same reason he constantly resisted both the open and the insidious aggressions of the Roman Catholic system, as being a conspiracy subversive of all *civil* liberty, to say nothing of religion ; and the very last use made of his pen was to append his signature to a petition in favour of Mr. Newdegate's motion for the inspection of convents and nunneries.

On Saturday, the 16th of April, three days before the end, Mr. Havergal at times felt even better than his wont, and was able to be twice out of doors. Before prayers, on this his last Saturday night, he played over a beautiful *Palindrome* to the following words, which he had just composed :—

“Messiah, Redeemer,  
Send out Thy saving light  
Where rules the prince of night !  
Day-star, rise ! Cheer all eyes !”

W. H. H.

He went to bed as usual, and slept fairly ; but very

early on Easter morning, after complaining of pain in the head, he was instantly and entirely unconscious. It was apoplexy, and consciousness never returned. He lay without any suffering till noon on Tuesday, when, at the age of 77, he fell asleep in Jesus. He fully realised the wish for a peaceful departure, so beautifully expressed in his own characteristic lines:—"My Times are in Thy Hand" (see page 42). He was even spared the pain of a parting farewell to his dear ones around him.

On Saturday, the 23rd, he was borne to Astley Churchyard, and there he peacefully rests amid the scenes of his early labours, awaiting the joyous and certain welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant," which awaits him on the resurrection morn. Truly the memory of the just is blessed!



III.

THE PASTOR'S TESTIMONY.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \*  
\*

“Rest in the Lord.”

PSALM xxxvii. 7.

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“Rest in the Lord!” Sweet word of truth,  
A word for age, a word for youth,  
A word for all the weary world,  
A banner-word by love unfurled.

Then cease, ye wearied ones of earth,  
To slave for pleasure, gain, or mirth;  
Cast down your load of vanities,  
And welcome God’s realities.

“Rest in the Lord!” Sweet word of grace,  
To all the Saviour’s new-born race;  
’Tis music, light, and balm to them,  
An hourly guiding apothegm.

Then, Lord of rest, we rest in Thee,  
For all our daily destiny;  
Our mighty guilt, our grief, our care,  
We cast (strange act!) on Thee to bear.

For Thou, dear Lamb of God, wast slain,  
To bear each load, and ease each pain;  
And now Thy blood and righteousness  
Are rocks of rest in all distress.

And when at last we fall on sleep,  
Nor heart shall throb, nor eye shall weep;  
Then, blessed Saviour, let it be,  
That Thou shalt write, “They rest in Me!”

W. H. H.



## The Pastor's Testimony.

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**A** FEW brief extracts, gathered from "Sermons Chiefly on Historical Subjects from the Old and New Testaments," are added here to those given on former pages. They will, in some measure, illustrate the remarkable Scriptural clearness and fulness of the PASTOR'S TESTIMONY. It is hoped that ere long a Memoir will be prepared, which will embody much valuable material, notes of conversation, letters, &c., which are in the hands of relatives.

### THE PREACHING OF THE WORD.

"Recollect how entirely we depend on God for all we preach to you, or say among you. Our preaching is very much like drawing a bow at a venture, the arrow of which God alone must direct. Often, like the Syrian bowman, we shoot our words 'in our simplicity,' without aim at any individual, and in utter unconsciousness of the mark which they may hit. But, we know that, by such means, many a heart has been infixed by an arrow which God has made the death of sin. Often has the utterance of some Scripture



text or simple speech been carried home to the inmost bosom, and made a blessing beyond what worlds can give. Oh that many such arrows may be shot from this pulpit! Pray that many may."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND SELF-ABASEMENT.

"No man who views himself in the glass of God's Word, will entertain a particle of admiration of himself. He will soon say as Job said, 'Behold, I am vile: I abhor myself.' He will, if honest with himself, always discover enough evil in his breast to make him ashamed, and to keep him humble. Instead of 'laying any flattering unction to his soul,' he will rather bemoan himself with Ephraim, and be lowly in his own eyes. Nor will he omit to seek the daily renewal of his heart; for he will find that it is not to be trusted, and that, on this side the grave, it is never cleansed so perfectly as he wishes. He still finds that, when he would do good, evil is present with him, and that nothing but the Saviour's grace can keep him pure, or uphold him from falling.

"He is not, therefore, one of those who substitute external acts for internal operations—'the putting away of the filth of the flesh,' for 'the answer of a good conscience towards God.' He trusts not in the ceremony, but anxiously looks for the grace which faith finds in it. He knows that the dislodgment of evil from his heart is the work of his life; and, as he lives by faith, so does he pray that God

will purify his heart by faith. He loves that prayer of our Church—'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit.' He prays for that cleansing because he knows that the absence of it in man is the cause of all crime, disorder, and misery."

---

THE NEED OF RENEWING GRACE.

"Nothing but the grace of the Spirit of God can affect the heart of man in that way which will make him a new creature. Without that Spirit we shall continue dead while we live, and fall into a living death when we die. \* \* \* Neither sacramental dedication, nor education, nor official institution, nor even the profession of a correct creed, is any proof of, or any substitute for, a participation of saving grace. No outward station, compliance, or calling, can impart that grace. It must come from another quarter. The Spirit of Christ is the only Agent of the grace of Christ in the heart of a sinner."

---

THE ONE ONLY HEALER.

"To feel our spiritual misery, and to go to our great Intercessor for its removal, are the first steps in the path of restoration to that health which is destined to end in a glorious immortality. The good Lord open many a prayerful heart in this congregation! Then will no prayer fail of its earnest desire. But, till we feel the smart of our sin, and cry to the one only Healer to have mercy on us, we

shall be but as the dying Israelites, who perished before help came to them, or who refused it after it had come."

---

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF LIFE.

"The death of 'the Prince of Life' may well as a fact have its anniversary; but, if that anniversary be set up in the place of daily recollection, man's appointment will only do sad dishonour to God's intention. Never can it be said that we fulfil the Divine intention, unless the Crucifixion of the Saviour is the grand thought and leading principle of our hearts. \* \* \* We must rest all our hopes upon it, as well as trace all our mercies to it. It is to be our stay in life, and our song in death. Well indeed may we make it such, because it will be the germ of that life, and the burthen of that song, which await us after death. 'Thou wast slain!' will be an eternally repeated declaration, amid the throngs who will be assembled around the throne of the risen Redeemer."

---

PERSONAL FAITH INDISPENSABLE.

"There was no looking by substitute or proxy on the brazen serpent; and, verily, there is no such thing as believing for salvation in another's stead. It is all a cruel fable to substitute priestly faith for personal belief. Faith in Christ for eternal safety must be our individual act and deed. The stipulation in the wilderness was that the anxious sufferer should look not on the pole, but on the

typical serpent. So in the Gospel it is Christ, and not the Church, on whom the eye of faith is to dwell. The Church is but as the pole to the brazen serpent,—it is but a means to an end,—a means for the fitting elevation of Him who alone can save. Mark well the mighty difference.”

---

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

“A greater mistake can hardly be made than the confounding of the true Israel with the nominal Israel, the spiritual Church with the visible Church. Holy Scripture labours to keep men mindful of the distinction between the two: but unrenewed minds are unwilling to see the distinction, and teachers who borrow their light from earthly sources are perpetually mistaking and mis-stating the simple truth.”

---

“LIGHT IN THE DWELLING.”

“The Israel of God, as opposed to the families of the world, have light in their dwellings. Truly Christian families are conducted upon principles of light. They set up the Bible as the lamp of their household, and study to work and walk in its light: whereas, in a worldly family, where is only nominal Christianity but no religion, the light of the Scriptures sheds no sanctifying and calming ray. The Bible may indeed be in the house, but it is there to no purpose. It is a light put under a bushel. It is put away on the shelf, in the drawer, or the closet, and if wanted is

hard to be found. And, as for the reading of it daily before the entire family of children and servants, that each may, as it were, kindle their lamp afresh in the midst of a dark world,—how few, alas, practise this!"

ONLY "TWO OPINIONS."

"In the present day, as in every other day, there are but 'two opinions,' two states, two sides, opposed to each other. Light and darkness, holiness and sin, Christ and Belial, still divide the world: and every man is in reality ranged on the one side or the other.

"The difference between the 'two opinions' is broad and very definite. It stands not in any niceties of ecclesiastical or theological sentiment. It does not consist in holding this view or that view—in joining this party or that party. It is altogether of *another sort* of difference. It is a *spiritual* difference, discernible indeed by its effects, but not always so clearly as to be determined by the human eye. The heart is its seat: and He alone who searches the heart can accurately discern the opinion or *thought*, as the word also means, which most sways the heart. But He *does* discern it. He knows if it inclines to Himself or to another master,—if it sides with holiness or with sin—with the love of heavenly or of earthly things. He knows, too, what we are so unwilling to admit, that all the shades and varieties of moral thought and opinion, range themselves into one or other of those two, and only two, classes. We are of opinion

that 'the Lord He is God,' or that some Baal of our own making is worthy of being our God. We are either serving the creature, in some shape or other, or giving up ourselves to the One only Creator. Quibble, and plead, and refine as we may, we cannot make more 'opinions' than Divine infallibility has made. There are but 'two.'"

---

THE RAINBOW A TOKEN OF PEACE.

"The bow, as used among men, is an instrument and a symbol of *war*, but the *rainbow* is eminently a token of *peace*. God's bow, when suspended in the heavens, is a bow without either string or arrow. It, therefore, is not intended for war, but altogether for peace. It is God's picture of the Gospel, hung up in the heavens to cheer the heart of His contrite ones on earth. It is, in fact, a representation to the eye of what the song of the angels at Bethlehem was to the ear. The declaration of both is the same, namely 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men.'

"It may not be inopportune to mention that even among barbaric nations a bow well strung, and a bow unstrung, were anciently the heraldic symbols of war and peace. In the Cambrian Antiquities it is stated that such bows were sent round the country, as proclamations of war or peace, according to the circumstances of the case.

"The representation of 'a rainbow round about the throne,' as seen by St. John, indicates that He who sits upon the throne is a reconciled God, a God at peace with penitent

sinner. And because 'a rainbow was upon the head' of Jesus, He is thereby marked out as the Divine and glorified Reconciler of such, yea, 'the Prince of Peace,' the Mediator of 'the Covenant of Peace.' "

---

FALSE PEACE.

"Let no man say, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' The rainbow is so strikingly beautiful, that thousands admire it without thinking of Him who looks upon it, or that they can be saved only by what it represents. Thus the Gospel has its attractions; and many see its beauties, and hear its glorious truths, and even admire and assent to them, without deriving any saving benefit from them. They see the bow, and in a certain way welcome its peace; but they never receive it in a broken and sanctified heart. The consequence is, that after all they have no true peace. The name contents them, and they delude themselves by it. Then awake; search and try your ways, and know that there is no peace without repentance and the pardon of the great Peace Maker."

---

THE HUMILITY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"What an amount of pride is there in our wicked world! How full of it are our hearts, our streets, our drawing-rooms, and even our halls, and the many far inferior dwellings of our land! How little sense of unworthiness marks the demeanour of many persons as they enter a

church, or take their seat in a pew! How little do they *seem* to think themselves *unworthy* to loose the latchet of Messiah's shoe! Let us apply these brief words to *ourselves*, and not add sin to sin by fancying how applicable they are for other persons.

“John the Baptist thought meanly of himself: but his Master said that among all who had been born of woman there had not been a greater than he. Yes, the Lord hath respect to the lowly: He will deal with them as He deals with valleys; that is, let the flowing rains fertilize them, while the towering hills lift their heads with only *barren* grandeur. And as life advances, and sanctification increases, they shall find good evidence of their acceptance with God in the ease with which their souls bend and bow to His will. A fruitless branch will shoot aloft; but that which is laden with fruit bends downwards. The increase of humility is a sign of a nearer approach to Heaven. At an early period in his ministry St. Paul said, ‘I am unworthy to be called an apostle:’ just before his martyrdom, ‘I am the chief of sinners.’”

#### TRUE HUMILITY.

“We never can know what true humility is, till we know the Lord Jesus Christ as the Mighty God and the Sorrowful Man. ‘Voluntary humility,’ both in heathendom and Christianity, has done its feats and gained its honours; but true humility has only been obtained when the soul



has been filled with that love for Christ and admiration of Him, which are followed by the laying down of every honour at His feet. We accordingly find that in the New Testament the study of Christ is enjoined as the sole method of learning humility (Phil. ii. 5—12).”

---

“THE PRAISES OF ISRAEL.”

“Marvellous, indeed, is it that the eternal God should permit Himself to be addressed as the God ‘who inhabiteth the praises of Israel’ (Psalm xxii. 3); as One who taketh such delight in the songs of His people that their praise, rather than the temple in which it is offered, should be considered as His pavilion. But, let it never be forgotten, that, pleasing as external acts may be when reverently performed for the honour and praise of Almighty God, they, nevertheless, carry with them no inherent excellency. The most splendid celebration of Divine song is odious discord if unaccompanied with the breathings of a renewed heart. The gentlest sigh of a contrite spirit will penetrate the ear of our Divine Mediator, while the loudest chorus without faith and godliness will fail to reach it.”

---

WEEP NOT.

“‘When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said, Weep not.’ Amid the mournful throng the bereaved one seems at once to have caught and fixed the eye of Him

who alone could help her. It may be that her grief, and her mourning veil, prevented her seeing Him till she heard His voice. But He saw her. He knew, too, all the bitterness of her soul, and that keen smart which she smothered to enable her to follow the last journey of her son. And then He showed that He *felt for her* too. He proved Himself to be one of us, having as man all our kindest and tenderest feelings, without one of our imperfections or infirmities. It does not appear that He began any conversation, or uttered any preliminary remark, but that He at once said to her, '*Weep not!*' The early Christians cherished a tradition that our Lord was remarkable for a most sweet and tenderly thrilling voice. Can we imagine it ever to have been more so than when He uttered those two simple but soul-soothing words, '*Weep not!*' There must have been a power of sweetness in their utterance which no tongue can define. Ah! dear brethren, anything from Christ, be it but a look, a touch, or a word, carries with it a world of might, and penetrates where nothing human can."

#### LAST HOURS BEST HOURS.

"It is not the transient flush of hasty profession, but it is the uniform and habitual cultivation of holiness, which makes last hours best hours; and which, amid the darkness of dissolution, gilds the surrounding scene with the calm brightness of a 'good hope through grace.'"

## THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

“The grave is now a sanctified repository for the bodies of the saints. Christ, by entering the grave as our Head and Representative, consecrated it for our safe reception. Instead of a prison, it is become a passage to a blessed Home. ‘Fear not,’ then, ye who walk softly, ‘to go down into this Egypt.’ Jesus has gone thither before you. He will be with you, and bring you up again from it.

“The Christian sepulchre is but a quiet chamber in which our bodies rest awhile till their redemption cometh. It may be likened to the workshop of a superior mechanist, in which our bodies, so fearfully and wonderfully made, are taken to pieces preparatory to their being fashioned by the great Artificer, ‘like unto His own glorious body.’

“Are you, then, ‘in bondage to the fear of death’? Take a near view of Jesus in the Sepulchre of the Garden; and believe that, if you ‘only believe,’ your rest in the grave will be as safe and as peaceful as His. ‘Death is yours!’ saith the Apostle; for Christ has made him your servant: and therefore the grave also is yours.”



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