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RECORDS  
OF THE LIFE OF  
WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, M.A.



W. H. Havergal



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From a Painting  
by S. Cole.

Faithfully Yrs  
W. H. Havergal.

Engraved by R. & E. Taylor.

RECORDS OF THE FIVE

OF THE

W. H. HAVYER, M.A.,

OF THE

OF THE

JANE MERRIAM CRANE

OF THE

London:

HONG KONG PUBLISHING OFFICE,  
WING LOK BUILDING, 11





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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

# THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY  
WILLIAM D. HOWELL, M.A., LL.D.,  
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Volume 7 of 10

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July 11  
1842

# RECORDS OF THE LIFE

OF THE REV.

## W<sub>M.</sub> H. HAVERGAL, M.A.,

*FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS, WORCESTER, AND  
HONORARY CANON OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.*

**By his Daughter,**

JANE MIRIAM CRANE.

*"'Yet speaketh!'" In the memories of those  
To whom he was indeed 'a living song.'"*

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

**London:**

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## PREFACE.



“THE memory of the just’ is not only blessed in itself, but is often made a blessing to others.

“The recollection of departed excellence has in numerous instances proved a tender but powerful impulse to the practice of those things which adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. If we would be followers of those who through faith inherit the promises, we must often remember them.

“Besides, by enlarging the list of those who through the work of faith and labour of love have ‘obtained a good report,’ we may hope to set up a banner of invitation to others, and to proclaim a pledge that they who honour Christ shall indeed be honoured by Him.”

These remarks by my Father, in prefacing the Memorial of a Friend, are equally applicable in presenting to the public some records of his own life.

His widow intended to prepare a memoir, but after her death it was found she had left an account of three years only and a selection of letters. His eldest daughter has now taken up the work, feeling that his grandchildren, his numerous godchildren, and the many friends and parishioners still living, should possess some written memorial of one whose life was in several respects worthy of notice and imitation.

My father's chief characteristics were accuracy, activity, industry, punctuality, and generosity. His musical touch, and voice, and handwriting, were beautiful and unique. He was eminent as a church musician. He wrote some good hymns, and his sacred songs added largely to various religious and charitable treasuries. Above all, he was a truly faithful ambassador for Christ; and his ministry was greatly blessed in guiding many into the way of peace.

Now that my youngest sister has also joined "the spirits of the just made perfect," a double interest will be felt in his memory as the father whom Frances Ridley Havergal so intensely and admiringly loved.

There are few references to her in the following

---

pages, as her "Memorials" are so widely known, and a collection of our father's letters I had hoped to include, in which she is mentioned, are now irrecoverable.

The facts of my father's early life were given to me at various times by himself. These and other incidents I have linked together with as few words of my own as possible, preferring to let the memoranda and the letters speak for themselves.

My thanks are due to the Rev. Charles Bullock, of Blackheath, for his kindness in reading my manuscript and making some suggestions.

All who appreciate simple histories of Christian life will, I think, find some pleasure or profit in tracing the course of one who could say, "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth."

Some stanzas by my sister Frances will appropriately conclude these few preparatory observations.

The joy of loyal service to the King,  
Shone through his life and lit up other lives,  
With the true fire of faith that ever strives,  
Like a swift-kindling beacon, far to fling  
The tidings of His victory, and claim  
New subjects for His realm, new honours for His Name.



And so the years flowed on, and only cast  
Light and more light upon the shining way ;  
That more and more shone to the perfect day,  
Always intenser, clearer than the past,  
Because they only bore him on glad wing  
Nearer the Light of Light, the Presence of the King.

*From "Zenith," by F. R. H.*

J. MIRIAM CRANE.

OAKHAMPTON, NEAR STOURPORT,

*September, 1882.*

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**“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 !

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

RECORDS OF THE LIFE  
OF THE  
REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

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CHAPTER I.

*BIRTH TO ORDINATION.*

Ancestry — Wycombe Sunday School — Early years — Merchant Taylors' School—Love of music—Enters St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford—Like-minded friends—Letter to the Vice-principal—Ordination—Curacy with Mr. Biddulph.

THE ancestors of my father, the Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, were country people possessing small properties at Great Milton in Oxfordshire, and Great Marlow and Fawley in Buckinghamshire, where many of them are buried, and some tombs still remain. The old clerk at Fawley told my grandmother that he remembered the tattered escutcheons of the Havergal family, which finally disappeared at the restoration of the church in 1748.



The orthography of the name has varied from Heavergill, which signifies the rising of the brook, to Havergill, Havergall, or Haverгал.

The first name of any babe recorded in the Fawley baptismal register is that of Ann, daughter of John and Elizabeth Heavergill, in 1694. It was probably her brother Thomas, born in 1696, who practised as a doctor at Henley-on-Thames, where he owned a street. He died in March, 1734, leaving one orphan child, John, born December 8, 1733. Through the neglect and dishonesty of his guardian John Havergall's property was greatly diminished, but he married and settled comfortably in High Wycombe. He pre-deceased his wife Ann, and left three children.

1. John, the eldest, lived and died at Great Milton ; his descendants are extinct, as his elder son, Edward, who had an office in the Customs, died unmarried, and the younger, William, had only one son, William Henry, educated for the law, who died in London unmarried in 1871.

2. Ann, whose miniature exists, and who was very beautiful, died at the age of twenty-one, June 7, 1784. A tablet to her memory is inserted in the churchyard wall at Wycombe.

3. William, born March 29, 1765. He was my grandfather, and was a much respected alderman in his native town. He was an amiable and upright

man, and possessed some skill in music, which so largely developed itself in his descendants. He married December 29, 1790, Mary, the only surviving child of Thomas Hopkins.

My grandmother was a woman of true piety and of superior sense and judgment. Her education was completed in a French convent, but she always remained a sound Protestant, although her chief school-friend, Miss Macdonald, was a Roman Catholic, and continued to correspond with her when abbess of the convent at Winchester.

My grandmother originated the Sunday-school at Wycombe, and continued to superintend it till she was seventy. Writing to me when a child, she said : "Within the last week I have had the pleasure of hearing six poor boys and girls repeat very correctly the following seven Psalms from the Old Testament, namely, i., xv., xxv., xxxvii., ci., cxiii., cxlv., and for which they each obtained a handsome Bible containing the Book of Common Prayer. You would have been pleased to behold their smiling countenances when I expressed my approbation at the conclusion."

The only son of William and Mary Havergal was my father, who was born January 18, 1793, and was baptized February 15, in the parish church. The old house in which he was born was taken down long ago. In a memorandum he writes : "I

was named William after my father, and Henry from Mr. Henry Trombel, a native of France, a most excellent man, and a great friend of my grandmother Hopkins, whose maiden name was Ruth Brooksbanke."

His only sister, Mary, was born November 8, 1796; she also was a fine performer on the organ and pianoforte, and wrote a beautiful hand.

William Henry seems to have been a very good little boy: his old nurse, Nanny, who fondly remembered his long golden curls and rosy cheeks, declared that the naughtiest thing he ever did was taking the cat to bed. This fondness for animals in general and cats in particular continued his characteristic through life. There are few records of his early years. When he was eight years old he was sent to a school at Princes Risborough, from whence he wrote his first letter home in excellent round hand, but with no stops.

"PRINCES RISBOROUGH.

16 *October*

"HONOURD PARENTS

I write these lines unto you hoping you are all well as it leaves me at present if you please to send me some almonds and raisons and fireworks I love my school very well we rise about Six and go to bed at eight give my best regards to Mrs. Shaw my duty to my Grandfather and Grandmother

---

I received the two parcels safe which you sent and  
I thank you very much please to give my love to  
my sister I remain

Honoured Parents

Your dutiful Son

WILLIAM H HAVERGAL”

“P.S. by the Master.—Accept my kind respects.  
It is necessary to say the above is Master William’s  
own in every respect, as I make it a point never to  
alter the first production in any particular.”

He subsequently went to Merchant Taylors’  
school, in London, but of his life as a public school-  
boy no memoranda remain. In the holidays he  
cultivated music, practising on the piano and the  
flute, and from the age of fourteen often played  
the organ in his parish church, and composed  
several hymns for its anniversary occasions.

In an old MS. music-book the following memo-  
randum is written by my father, dated 1870. Other  
books of fugues and anthems exist, written in  
copper-plate style.

“The tunes in this book are such as were popu-  
lar at the beginning of the present century. I had  
sung them at home and at church from my early  
boyhood. No one was more pleased with ‘Willie’s’  
clear treble voice than his beloved mother. I  
began to copy the tunes when fourteen or fifteen

years old, when I began to be 'organ mad.' It used to be my Vade Mecum when invited to play in the church at Loudwater, Beaconsfield, &c. Dear, good Dr. Slater (a most eminent physician) was always inviting me to go with him in his phaeton to Loudwater (three miles from W.) that I might play the organ there."

On leaving school, being fond of medicine as well as music, which he had contemplated as a profession, his father agreed with a surgeon, a good man, to receive him; but before the indentures were signed the doctor died suddenly. The deliberations which followed this sad event had a happy result in determining him, with a humble dependence on God's help, to commence a course of preparation for serving Him in the ministry.

My father matriculated at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, in 1813. Its Vice-Principal was the Rev. John Hill, of whose kindness and fitness for his office he often spoke in warm terms. The visit of the allied sovereigns to Oxford on the 14th of June, after the peace of 1814, was an event of great interest to him, and he wrote an ode to welcome their arrival, and also an Ode to Peace on the occasion, with designs for illuminated allegorical figures. He had previously joined the military drill at Wycombe when the fear of French invasion prevailed.

His time at Oxford seems to have passed pleasantly and profitably in industrious study and in intimacy with like-minded friends. One of them, the Rev. Robert Francis Walker, was then a curate in Oxford. He excelled in music and drawing, and was a remarkably sweet and heavenly-minded man. He was incumbent of Purleigh for thirty years before his death in 1854, when a memoir was published, including several poems. But his chief college friend was John East, afterwards vicar of Croscombe, and finally rector of St. Michael's, Bath, the author of many pleasing and spiritual works in prose and verse. The first he published, "Original Memorials," was dedicated to my father. In it he thus refers to their frequent country walks together in the neighbourhood of Oxford—

"Bounding along in all the vivacity and vigour of youth, one in sentiment, taste, and affection, pursuing the same studies, and making our way through the initiatory discipline of the university to the same high office, we were at no loss for topics of discourse. We loved to enthusiasm

"the boundless store  
Of charms which nature to her votary yields,"

calling forth quotations from the sacred and the classic page. We often conversed with the child or the cottager by the way, leaving with each an appro-

prate tract, and sometimes rested in friendly homes, where the voice and hand of my friend Havergal delighted the inmates with the songs of Zion."

Another dear friend and life-long correspondent was Henry Virtue Tebbs, a delightful specimen of a Christian layman, who became a proctor in Doctors' Commons, and was the last survivor of the happy trio who met for praise and prayer in each other's rooms in "that honourable hall," as Bishop Daniel Wilson termed it, because it had nurtured so many devoted ambassadors for Christ. Mr. Tebbs was also skilful with his pencil. He resided much abroad in the last years of his life, but died at Hillside in Henbury in 1876.

My father passed his final examination November 15, 1815, and took his B.A. degree February 24, 1816. On leaving Oxford he wrote the following letter to the Vice-Principal—

"ST. EDMUND'S HALL,  
1st March, 1816. 10.30 p.m.

"MY DEAR SIR,

At this present crisis of my life I feel a sadness, the nature of which you can imagine. The lateness of the hour forbids many words, but I cannot leave Oxford and this revered abode, which has witnessed in me such varied and memorable feelings, without simply expressing somewhat of that high estimation and cordial

gratitude which I do feel for the exceeding kindness, interest, and tenderness you have at all times shown towards me. To do this *vivâ voce* is more than my feelings would suffer ; but now that I can speak in silence I rejoice to utter the affection of a heart that has minutely, though perhaps not apparently, noticed your actions of love. I have deeply valued them, and though you, dear sir, may disown them, yet our God will keep them in everlasting remembrance, inasmuch as they were done in His Name and to one of His little ones. My poor prayers for your lasting peace and universal happiness are the only return and perhaps the best acknowledgment I can make. It has been my happy privilege to have for my college tutor 'a friend,' a man who could feel, and I must ever regard this as among the blessings of my life. And now, my dear sir, when you pray in the Ember weeks, or any other period, for those who are about to be admitted to Holy Orders, let me entreat your special request on behalf of

Your unworthy yet most obedient friend,

WM. H. HAVERGAL."

Writing to his mother about the same date, he says : "I have heard considerably more about the Bristol and Somersetshire curacy. So desirable is the position considered to be that Mr. Biddulph has



had no less than six applications, and I am told my letter determined the choice of candidates." Accordingly he became curate to that holy and eminent man, the Rev. Thomas Tregenna Biddulph, vicar of St. James's, Bristol, and rector of Durston and Lyng, about forty miles distant. My father's duties were to assist another curate in St. James's for the summer months, and then (exchanging with Mr. Biddulph) to take the sole charge of the country parishes in the winter. The residence then was a cottage in Creech Heathfield, two miles from the nearest church. His friendly fellow curate in Bristol was the Rev. John Swete, afterwards D.D. and chaplain to the Orphan Asylum at Redland, and rector of Blagdon.

The following most touching letter was found in my father's pocket-book after his death. It was written in pencil to him by his mother in the early morning before he left home for his ordination at Wells—

"I had much to say to you last night, but my heart was too full to permit it. My earnest prayers accompany you. I trust He who has promised to be His people's Guide will direct and guide you in all you are going to undertake. You have an Almighty arm to lean on, and a faithful God to look up to. Surely these will suffice. To Him I commend you whether we meet again or not.

---

“Do not bid me good-bye ; it would upset me for the day. God abundantly bless you. Be faithful to the charge about to be committed to you. Fear the face of no man, but preach Jesus Christ alone. May God enable you to do this. My feeble petitions will accompany you. Adieu ! A father’s love you may some day know, but a mother’s love you can never feel !”

He was ordained deacon on the 24th of March, 1816, in Wells cathedral, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. On Sunday, March 26th, he preached his first sermon in Durston Church, on Acts iv. 12; and at Lyng in the afternoon his text was Col. i. 12.

These sermons still exist, simply and forcibly setting forth the fundamental truths of the Gospel to which he adhered to the end of his ministry, untouched by the religious epidemics which arose, ever pursuing the even tenor of his way, and faithful to the Reformation principles of our Protestant Prayer Book. Even those who differed from him felt and recognized the personal nobleness of his character.

## CHAPTER II.

### *MARRIAGE AND LIFE IN SOMERSETSHIRE.*

Marriage—First home at Creech—The “Baring” party and Antinomianism—Ministerial success—A choir difficulty—Takes his M.A. degree—Letter from Rev. T. T. Biddulph—“A Mary and a Dorcas”—Interest in missions—Removes to Coaley.

ON the wedding day of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Prince Leopold, being the 2nd of May, 1816, my father married, in the parish church of East Grinstead, Jane, the fifth daughter of William and Mary Head of that town. She was beautiful and graceful, and by her piety, energy, and practical ability was well fitted for a clergyman's wife. Her youngest sister, Susanna, soon afterwards married the Rev. Joshua Stratton, who was for so many years the efficient and genial precentor of Canterbury cathedral.

My mother's first home after her marriage was the cottage at Creech Heathfield, Mr. Biddulph being detained in Bristol by illness in his family. My father's sister, Mary Havergal, gives the following graphic account of the place in letters to their mother—

“*May*, 1816.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

We had pouring rain all the way. We did not reach Bath (from Maidenhead through Marlborough) till past nine o'clock. Leaving early next morning, through Wells we reached Creech St. Michael Cottage in the afternoon. It is a most lovely country with extensive views. The cottage is not so good as I had hoped, but Jane and William are contented and pleased. It has the pretty thatch and white walls so common hereabouts, and the inside is very comfortable. The garden in a great measure compensates for any disappointment I felt in the house, and we have a lovely prospect from the windows. William does not dine till after the services, and carries a little lunch with him. The people are all apparently so fond of him, and seem so pleasant and kind. I like all very much, and though so quiet here and thorough country, am not at all dull. We walked to Taunton yesterday—a very pretty town, nice shops and houses, and two fine churches : St. Mary's has a beautiful tower.

William says he cannot spare time to take us about; he is always in his parish. He has, however, reluctantly accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Snow, one of the Baring party, to-day. I hear that William is appreciated by all that set; they think

him so sensible, so good, and so clever. Mrs. Baring actually preaches! She sings and plays in the cottages about Taunton. She has her harp taken where she goes, and all the country-folk go with eyes and ears and mouths open to see the wonderful lady. You would greatly smile to hear the Somersetshire dialect."

[*From the same.*]

"*May 30th, 1816.*

"We walked to Lyng on Monday. The good people are most pressing to make us eat and drink. We took tea with one family, thereby conferring a great favour! They were all so eager to hear William. He says he has great pleasure in preaching, the people are so attentive. No listlessness or staring about them, but such profound silence. He feels quite at home at Lyng, even more so than at Durston, though there one can but admire the seriousness of the people.

When service is in the afternoon at Lyng the church is crammed. Last Sunday crowds went away, not even finding room in the porch. The font and the communion table were surrounded with people; then as soon as William left the reading-desk four persons were squeezed into it, and the old clerk took some in his seat. His only fault is in preaching too fast, but he is trying to

break himself of this. He possesses a large share of Daniel Wilson's animation and warmth. Many say he will not stay long here ; he is too good. On Monday he is to preach for a club which is to be instituted here, and he dines with them afterwards in hope of good resulting."

[*From the same.*]

"ROYAL FORT, BRISTOL,

*June 24, 1816.*

"We came here on Tuesday, the 11th. The day was fine, the country very beautiful. We had a view of the Channel sometimes ; once we were only two miles distant from it. We spent two days with Mr. Biddulph's family. He is certainly a most excellent and kind man : quiet, and what would be called reserved, but it is natural to him. He is humble and very domesticated ; remarkably fond of his children, and has much cool wit and good-humour about him. A college friend of William's, who is staying here, is to preach at St. James's on Sunday ; it is quite a relief to William, who feels very nervous about filling Mr. Biddulph's pulpit."

The "Baring party," to which my aunt Mary Havergal alludes, is commented on in a letter from my father to his friend Mr. Tebbs, and in the following one to his mother :—

[*W. H. H. to Henry V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

“Thank you, friend beloved, for your letter. You address me with all the ardour of youth and the decision of age! ‘If you have *one* friend, think yourself happy,’ is a familiar adage. A friend I have for some time enjoyed in dear East, but my love for him is no barrier to a regard to you. The human heart is morally elastic, and when renewed by grace is capable of thrilling with affection for many friends, and heaving with pity towards ‘enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.’ That ‘a man may have many acquaintances and not one friend’ is a truth which a celebrated wit uttered a century ago, and which the experience of every day confirms. But how many disbelieve the fact: else why do so many ingeniously cheat themselves by politely reckoning mere society, that has no union of mind, no share of heart, no trace of heaven in it, as genuine friendship. Let me remind you that his friendship is most valuable who prays most earnestly and frequently for his friend. Intercede, then, for me! and O that to our mutual intercessions the great Intercessor may say Amen, and we receive an answer of peace!

Matters as to the Antinomian heresy I found waxing worse on my return to the little sphere in which the providence of God has placed me. All I can do is to pray for penitence on their part and

patience on my own. Still God spares me some whose simplicity and meekness in the faith adorn the doctrine I strive to preach. Here and there I know of a violet that bows its head to Jesus and flings its perfume into the censor of His incense ; while many a gourd that grows near it scorns its beauty and frowns on its humility. I speak thus because it is painfully remarkable how arrogant and supercilious the promoters of these strange doctrines speedily become. Baring, it is said, has espoused a modification of the Sabellian heresy. I have positive evidence that he asserts that the Holy Spirit is not a party concerned in the Covenant of Redemption. Surely this virtually denies the Divinity of the Eternal Spirit, and is awfully consistent with a scheme that admits of sanctification only by imputation. Among many who call themselves Christians Antinomianism glides into the hearts of some who have long been sermon-proof, because it does not molest their hidden iniquities."

[*W. H. H. to his Mother, 1818.*]

"Mr. Snow, one of the Baring party, thinks it is wrong (as he wrongly thinks) for believers to unite with unbelievers in any act of worship ; he preaches consequently to his congregation generally, but prays and sings only with 'the church' particularly. On the Trinitarian question he is sound ; while his



colleagues in the secession are going to awful lengths on that topic.

The neighbourhood of Lyng is now inundated as far as the eye can reach. Many cottages are full of water, and several small farmers have not a yard of dry ground, which is very distressing for them and the poor cattle. I wish the waters would wash away the plague of Antinomianism. That leprosy spreads, I fear ; it is trying, indeed, but yet I hope and persevere."

In December, 1818, my father writes to Mr. Tebbs :—

" Amidst my clerical discouragements I have had equivalent supports. A young gentleman to whom the great Head of the Church had blessed my ministrations, but who subsequently fell in with the Baring party, has returned to me, and after counting the cost, has resolved in the strength of Christ to give himself up as a labourer in the Gospel vineyard. He has accordingly commenced a preparation for Oxford University under myself. *Deo gloria.*"

This young friend was afterwards ordained, and made an offer to the Church Missionary Society of his services and property, which being accepted for Sierra Leone, my father writes : " That he " (the Rev. T. R. Garnsey) " will be a shining light on the mountains of benighted Africa I do not doubt. I

rejoice in the prospect of his mission to that land of the perishing."

My father was ordained priest in Wells Cathedral in March, 1817, by Bishop Ryder, when Dean of Wells, acting for Bishop Beadon.

From letters to his mother in his first curacy a few extracts are given, but space will not allow the insertion of many anecdotes of the kind feeling and growth in grace of the people around him.

"CREECH, *Feb.*, 1817.

"There are numbers of poor little heathens on the borders of two or three of the neighbouring parishes, and I long to take them into my Sunday School, but cannot yet awhile. How I wish you were here to foster and tend it. The arranging and planning it has straitened me much for time. I wish I could live nearer the parish. The good Bishop Ryder will preach at Gloucester on Friday for the District Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Of course I shall (God willing) go to hear him.

Do you know that the celebrated spot, the Isle of Athelney, where Alfred concealed himself from the Danes, is in Lyng parish, half a mile from the village? I am going to Lyng as usual this evening to teach my *singers*, as they are called, some new tunes; they get on tolerably well.

Yours, dear Mother, as 'ever and ever,'

W. H. H."

“CREECH, HEATHFIELD, 1818.

“I have not been devoid of ministerial difficulties. A farmer in Lyng had promised the singers, or rather the *performers*, a glorious treat if they would oppose me by singing in their old way, in spite of my giving out any other psalm or hymn. The majority of the singers agreed to the bait. Accordingly, they came to the church with the intention of doing as he wished ; but when it came to the point their hearts failed them, and to the chagrin of the said farmer, who had brought his whole family to hear the triumphal singing, they gave way and sang in the accustomed manner. I was not apprised of this underhand spirit of discord till I was going into the church, but providentially I had selected a suitable text (Isa. xlvi. 12, 13), and from the former verse I took care to give them a serious castigation, without being fully aware of their wickedness until afterwards. Thus He uses His own Word ! The whole matter is now exploded to my comfort and the people’s wishes. I have desired the bass singers never to bring their instruments again.

My Wednesday evening lecture has been cheerfully attended. Many of my hearers, come from a distance of two to four miles. In the dark and stormy nights there have been never less than forty present, and when the moon is up and the weather

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tolerable from eighty to a hundred. You would be surprised and rejoiced to see the number of Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books I am constantly selling ; these must do good to present or future generations. Our flowers are lovely ; we could give you handfuls of anemones, double stocks, and roses."

In June, 1818, my father and mother accepted a most kindly and pressing invitation from the Rev. J. Hill and his wife to visit them at Oxford, upon which occasion my father took his M.A. degree. At this time he had some pleasant correspondence with the Rev. C. E. De Coetlogon, author of sermons, &c., and much admired in London for his eloquence. When rector of Godstone, where my mother's eldest sister, Mrs. Stenning, lived, meeting my father there he became ardently attached to him, and intended to promote his advancement in the Church ; but he did not live to fulfil his kind promises. His mother spent some weeks at Creech in the spring of 1819, and he speaks of his delight that she should "see Somersetshire in all its vernal beauty, orchards in full blossom, and banks on the way to church, twenty or thirty feet high, literally covered with violets and primroses."

His rector continued to express the great satisfaction he felt in his deputy, of which this extract

from a note, written from Creech to my father in Bristol, is a specimen.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have repeatedly mentioned how much I have been gratified by the appearance of things at Lyng. The church has been filled both at morning and evening service. From seven to ten miles round on every side people have flocked to hear, and many I have observed in tears every Sunday. Last Sunday morning, though some of the constant attendants were absent from a cause which I will presently explain, yet the seats were all occupied, and several persons (among the rest poor Philips, who was there for the first time) were much affected while I called on them to behold the Lamb of God, &c.

Those whom I have visited in private have given me the greatest satisfaction, particularly by the love they have manifested towards yourself, and the thanks which I have received as the humble instrument of bringing you among them, &c.

Very faithfully yours,

T. T. BIDDULPH.”

My parents found some inconvenience in the frequent removals to and from Bristol, and disliked spending the summers there. The country cottage

was also too small for their increasing requirements. They therefore decided early in 1820 to welcome any eligible change that presented itself. My father writes : " If a door is opened I may think seriously of it, but I shall not attempt to open the door myself. I must leave this matter entirely to the directing providence of Him who, since He placed me where I am, has given me all things necessary, and many things comfortable." Soon after, writing to his mother (always his trusted counsellor), he asks her advice about two curacies offered him. He remarks :—

" One vicar said, ' Among other things it is requisite for the curate's wife to be a Mary and a Dorcas.' I answered, ' I trust my wife is like Mary and loves our Lord Jesus Christ ; and, like Dorcas, would cheerfully make clothes for the poor disciples as far as her domestic engagements and means will allow.' As to myself, I really have not sufficient assurance to write to him as one coming up to the model he names. He can hear enough of me at many places round Wycombe, and here also recommendations would be plentiful. I thank my dear father, and am as much indebted to him for applying for a certain living on my behalf as if he had procured me all he wished. I indeed thank him. Publish my sermon for good old King George ! Fine idea, truly ! I hope I have wisdom

enough not to publish sermons yet awhile. Young men had better be studying while young, and publish, if at all, when riper. Besides, a sermon made for such a congregation as mine is not at all equal to what I imagine I could produce if I had a superior congregation to preach it to. But dear mothers feel differently from strangers and publishers. Mr. Biddulph preached at St. James's from 2 Kings ii. 12—a text I greatly admire; it is so patriotic, and places the character of our late king in so exalted a point of view. If you want a new work to propose for your library, let it be Morier's 'Second Journey through Persia, Armenia,' &c. It is an admirable volume; full of illustrations of Scripture from the present customs of the East."

In March, 1820, he says, "The Bristol Missionary Anniversary is this week. Pratt, Bickersteth, D. Wilson, Cunningham, and Mortimer are expected; the latter I do not yet know. Swete kindly invites me to his house."

Early in May, 1820, he had three offers of curacies, Astley included; but at this time he preferred Coaley, a sole charge in Gloucestershire, with a lectureship in the neighbouring town of Dursley. Writing to his mother, he says, "The Bishop of Gloucester is very solicitous I should take the lectureship, as Dursley is an important

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sphere, and he longs to get the truth preached in it. Mr. Biddulph and other friends have again made kindly effort to retain me for Bristol, but this cannot be. I will write again; meantime remember me in prayer."

He thus writes to his friend H. V. Tebbs on the resignation of his first charge: "Before our stay of three weeks in Bristol I took leave of my much-loved people in Somerset. I preached my farewell sermons on Sunday, the 28th of May. The trial was great, and the parting scenes in both churches very affecting. The farmers, in a really kind manner, presented me with a piece of plate as a parting memorial of their good-will."

The kind Bristol people, with many of whom my father kept up a life-long intimacy, also made him handsome farewell gifts.



## CHAPTER III.

### *LIFE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.*

First pupil at Coaley—Birth of a son—Revival in a dark parish—  
Sermon-writing—Increasing usefulness—Testimonial on leaving  
Coaley for Astley—Letter from the Bishop of Gloucester—Parish  
medical aid.

[*Letter from Rev. W. H. Havergal to his Mother.*]

“COALEY, *June 29, 1820.*

“ I SEIZE the earliest opportunity of letting you know we are safely lodged in our new residence. Busy enough we have been. We are delighted with our home ; it is picturesquely situated, and the view in front is very charming. The village, which is straggling for four miles, is a perfect contrast to Durston and Lyng : you would be highly pleased with its romantic scenery, and with the clean appearance of the cottages. It is a dairy country, but some cloth and edge-tools are manufactured in the parish. Coaley is three miles from Dursley, an uncommonly pretty place about twelve from Gloucester, and a mile and a half from the high road. The incumbent of Coaley resides at Bath. Mr. Biddulph first told me of the curacy, and then the good bishop corresponded with me.

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The people of the village already show us much kindness, sending us vegetables, &c., as we have none at present in our garden.

You will be surprised to hear that through Mr. Biddulph I have consented to receive a pupil in the autumn, a youth of fifteen, the eldest son of General Graham, now in the Mediterranean, and nephew of Sir George Cooke, Governor of Portsmouth. He will need my attention both in his studies and his amusements."

This pupil was the precursor of about eighty others during the next twenty-three years. He received from two to six at a time, some remaining only for a few months before College or Ordination; and of these eighty there were only three or four whose after life was not exemplary. His success as a tutor will be referred to in a distant page. We now continue his letters.

[*To Henry V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

"COALEY, *August*, 1820.

"On the 22nd of July my lovely little boy was born, and through mercy my dear Jane is now doing well, and our dear treasure is charmingly hearty. My heart overflows with joy, and my mouth is filled with praise. . . . Coaley is one of the parishes long considered as one of the dark and

neglected parts of Gloucestershire. . . . But notwithstanding these sad things, it has pleased God to reserve many in the parish who can testify that He is gracious. The people now come with eagerness to church, and there is no small stir among them in consequence of what they hear. Five Sundays ago I commenced a lecture in the evening; from the first the congregation rapidly increased, till on the two last Sunday evenings the church was completely filled, even to the porch door; so that ministerially my prospect is remarkably encouraging. Help me with your prayers, that the Word of the Lord may indeed be glorified. Coaley has about one thousand inhabitants; the neighbourhood is beautiful, and in the extreme and higher parts of the parish the views are lovely and extensive. Our vicarage is newly built, and in a convenient situation.

About a fortnight ago I received a direct communication from poor Garnsey, at Sierra Leone. On the 4th of October their babe died, after four days' sickness. About the middle of the month Mrs. Garnsey was attacked with fever and ague, and is still distressingly weak, and he himself is so much reduced by constant attacks of fever, that the medical men urge their return to England. Dear man, he is agitated with variety of feeling, anxious to remain, but is told his life will be the

price. They have, therefore, determined to leave Africa late in March, so as to reach England when the cold of spring has passed."

[*To the same.*]

"October 23, 1821.

"My parish has called me out a good deal, while my indoor hours have been fully occupied in attending to my pupil and in preparing sermons. In this latter employment my thoughts have little rest. I am an *anxious* sermon writer. Few things are more painful to me than to be obliged to preach a sermon I have used before, and it is so for two reasons: first, every old sermon skeleton rather pains me by its defects; and secondly, I love to preach that which I have felt and desire, and desire to feel that which I preach, and these things are only effected when the heart and the head and the hand have been engaged in the work of preparation.

Yesterday I went to the cottage of a widow who has six children. Herself and her eldest son are following our dear Redeemer with all that delight which those who are but recently converted to Him usually feel. Six months ago they were strangers to the power of godliness, and if they now really feel it I shall never have cause to regret coming to Coaley. After some warm-hearted conversation she requested me to purchase for her four Bibles,

stating that God had been gracious to her, and as she of late had had plenty of work, she was resolved to make an effort, and give her four younger children, who are from home, a Bible each! Some measure of this spirit is, I have reason to hope, spreading through the parish. The little cloud is expanding. Oh may it not pass away, but swell and burst in fertilizing showers till the wilderness around me become the garden of the Lord!

In recurring to the date of your letter, what an eventful and interesting period of our national history is the intervening time! Such a crowd of rare occurrences seldom has been pressed within so short a space; and yet when does our God leave Himself without witness? When does He not appear to be omnipotent and reigning? Never! The events of our own little history, so interesting and so dear to a feeling mind, as strikingly demonstrate the energies of His Providence as when a king is permitted to assume his crown in peace, or when such spirits as those of Buonaparte and the last Queen of England are summoned into eternity.

The table of contents in the last part of my history is somewhat like this: July 1st, opened my Sunday-school; the children are semi-pagans, as wild and uncouth as aboriginals. In August was unwell. In September set on foot a Missionary

Association, printed a collection of hymns, preached charity sermons at four places, assented to the wishes of my people to continue evening services through the winter. Very busy at Dursley, and just now heard from my vicar that he has applied to the Lord Chancellor for an exchange of this living. 'Arise, depart hence; this is not your rest.'"

[*To the same.*]

"On the 15th of last month my dear Jane became a mother for the third time. Our newly-given treasure is a sweet little girl. Mercy has constantly attended, and though not always smiling, has not turned her face from us. . . . Truly your diary presents a series of incidents which are not undeserving of notice. The best of them probably is your Amharic engagement; may the angel of God be sent forth to minister to you in that holy undertaking.

Coaley presents little variety of incident, hemmed in by the inconveniency of wet weather; the roads are horrible, some impassable. It would be an excellent penance for a clerical exquisite to take my duties for a week or two. I preach at Dursley once on Sundays, and each other Thursday. The middle and poor people hear me gladly, but the wealthy and gay, though not hostile or unkind,

are stout in prejudice and worldliness. But I 'plow in hope.'

The diocese of Gloucester is still in an Arctic sea, notwithstanding it has had a fine sun in its bishop for several years. Blessed, however, be God, the state of the diocese is improving; the ice is broken up in many places, and zealous adventurers are entering it. Our Sunday evening congregations are truly encouraging. My little selection of hymns, intended as a supplement to the New Version of the Psalms, gives my people great pleasure. I am of opinion that the great barrier to congregational singing in country churches is the dulness of the versions of the psalms used. Give the people words that speak, and they will soon learn to sing them."

[*To his Mother.*]

"Jan. 16, 1822.

"I have been to Hilton Park, and my visit was very pleasant. Mrs. Graham is as a high-bred lady what Mrs. Anderdon is as a gentlewoman. She is a good woman, and does a great deal of good. Now for home news. Jane is better, and so is Henry, but he has no more teeth, nor can he say any word but 'Adone!' and how he learnt that we cannot tell. He takes after me in point of self-will, &c. Oh, such a boy for a book; he will follow you

all day, and cry, 'Tah! Tah!' in order that you may show him pictures, and talk to him about birds and lambs, &c. Miriam continues to grow, and her tongue grows too; she has an answer for everybody, and something to say upon everything. She is always reading and scribbling, and learns papa's text every Sunday."

[*Letter to H. V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

"*May, 1822.*

"About three months ago notice was given me that my services were no longer required at Dursley. The ostensible reasons were that the incumbent's better health would allow him to take the evening duty, and that he could no longer afford to engage help. But I suspect there is a feeling you can better imagine than I describe. The parish began to arouse, and individuals to inquire. The church was filled when I preached; some Dissenters, alas! found their way into it, and sixty subscribers to the Church Missionary Society had been readily obtained by some of my friends. At this juncture the Vicar of Coaley apprised me of his intention to resign or exchange. Thus situated, came almost simultaneously three offers: one Mr. Biddulph's cure, then a perpetual curacy near Ringwood and Christchurch, with new church and parsonage, and with zealous coadjutors in the parish. I wrote to



my mother, asking her counsel about this, and also desired her to name it to dear Bradley, and Mr. Pryce of Loudwater. After much anxious deliberation, we decided to accept the offer of the curacy of Astley, in Worcestershire, which I had before declined on leaving Somersetshire. It is now arranged for us to go to Astley at Midsummer next. But 'if Thy presence, O Lord, go not with us, carry us not up thence!' All that I can now tell you is, that it is a lovely spot and a promising curacy."

The church at Coaley was filled with an overflowing congregation on my father's last service, when his text was Phil. i. 27. The grateful parishioners presented him with a silver teapot and an affectionate address. His Dursley hearers set on foot a subscription for a silver basket, but he earnestly begged it might be discontinued, and his wish was obeyed. His life in Gloucestershire pleasantly closes with the following letter from his kind Bishop.

[*Bishop Ryder to W. H. H.*]

"*June 27, 1822.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

I enclose the testimonial countersigned, with a letter which you may read and then wafer or seal. It will, I hope, prevent any possible doubt

about the want of three years' testimonials. May it please God to supply your place with a labourer of similar views and talents! May He bless you in your new situation! The Christian love of your people was very pleasing. You have acted very wisely about the Dursley plate, as you have done in all things. With every kind and Christian wish,

I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. GLOUCESTER."

[*Letter enclosed to W. W. H. from the Bishop of Gloucester to the Bishop of Worcester.*]

"June 27, 1822.

"MY DEAR LORD,

I cannot help adding to the usual testimonial in favour of Mr. Havergal, the tribute of peculiar respect and regard which his character demands from me. He is indeed a very serious loss to the parish which he served, and to the Deanery in which he resided and acted as Secretary to the Diaconal Committee as the Secretary for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours very truly,

H. GLOUCESTER."

I may here mention that in all his country parishes my father turned his early medical studies

to good account. He was skilful in treating burns and broken bones, and in prescribing for all kinds of ailment, and his remedies were generally thought more efficacious than the doctor's. Some, indeed, would not take the medicine that came from a surgery till he had tasted and approved it! The doctor who attended in Coaley warmly thanked my father for saving him so much time and trouble in unremunerative cases, and begged him to send to his house for a fresh store of medicines whenever required.

Thus did my father follow His example who went about doing good to the bodies as well as to the souls of men.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *FOOTPRINTS OF MY FATHER WHEN CURATE OF COALEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, 1819-1822.<sup>1</sup>*

Footprints—"The elders that outlived Joshua"—Eliza Workman—"Mr. Havergal is all music"—George's remembrances—"The way of transgressors is hard"—The fighting on Coaley Peak—The vicarage kitchen class—A cottage in Silver Street—"The doctrine to fill churches"—How he led "the rabble of Coaley"—Thomas Cam, the "musicianer"—The text in the "Pock-rifa"—Work in the workhouse—"All the Dissenters turned to Church"—"Footprints" amongst the farmers—"His life preached."

**F**OOTPRINTS! Some never seen, some quickly erased, some shining indelibly, cheering and guiding others, pressing to the selfsame mark.

Soon after my dear father's death, in 1870, I determined to revisit my birthplace, Coaley, and if possible trace his footprints. The vicar kindly secured me lodgings just opposite the church and vicarage. Though my father was curate for only three years, his ministry, his life, and his visits

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<sup>1</sup> This chapter has been written by my sister, Maria V. G. Havergal, who prepared the Memorials of F. R. H. for publication. (London : J. Nisbet & Co.)

were well remembered by many in both cottage and farm.

Sunday, July 17, 1870. The bells were chiming for church when I passed through the churchyard gate. The last time that gate opened for me I was in my christening robes! The old church is pulled down and beautifully rebuilt, the old tower remaining. Many of the tombstones bore the dates when my father must have stood there. I saw some Sunday-school children laying flowers on a grave; there were rails round it, but no stone. "Whose grave is that, dear child?" "It is our last clergyman; we bring flowers every Sunday, and when the cowslips come we put so many!"

After church I followed two aged women, hoping to find they were like "*the elders that overlived Joshua*, and which had known all the works of the Lord that He had done for Israel" (Josh. xxiv. 31). In answer to my question, "Do you remember Mr. Havergal?" one said, "To be sure, and ha'n't never forgot him. Wasn't he kind to me and every one! I'm the widow Philamore. Dear Mr. Havergal!"

It was not kind to keep her tottering there, so I promised to call at her cottage.

It was soon known in the village that "a belonging of Mr. Havergal's" was come, and sundry visitors called, whose simple words shall now be given.

“My name is Eliza Workman; you must have heard your dear father speak of me. I believe I was the first he spoke to. My mother was a dress-maker, and I remember Mrs. Havergal sending to know if she could go to work at the vicarage and sew a carpet for the study. My mother told me to go, but I was timid, and said, ‘Perhaps Mr. Havergal will be asking me questions I can’t answer.’ But I went, and as soon as I saw him I was no more timid. He had such a way as won everybody. Dear Mr. Havergal! when my troubles came he was just everything to me. My mother died—his visits so comforted her. Then I went to live with grandmother, and was so cast down till Mr. Havergal called.

“Mr. Havergal is printed on my mind, and will be till my dying day.

“The congregations were wonderful. The church that was so empty hadn’t even standing room. I’ve seen the road lined with horses, gigs, and carts from all parts. When the people knew he was going away they thickened to hear him; and the last sermon! not a dry eye in the church. I can show you the hymn-book Mr. Havergal made for us. We used to say, ‘Mr. Havergal is all music.’ Old Thomas Cam, the clerk, was so too; and they did have such talks. The new hymn-book was so liked that my little cousin George took some eggs to the

vicarage to get one. Mr. Havergal was out, but George soon had one. The school children loved him dearly. He was the one to keep a parish right, for they took all their quarrels to him and he squared them all."

Another knock, and another visitor.

"Good evening, miss. Why, you features your father uncommon!"

"Perhaps you will tell me all you remember—it is so pleasant to find my dear father is not forgotten."

*George.*—"I was a stiffish lad of fourteen when Mr. Havergal came to Coaley, and I went with my father to work at the vicarage garden. The vicarage was new, for the old one was pulled down after the last parson had hung himself in it. The garden was covered with rubbish. I remember Mr. Havergal would work along with us sometimes, and he could put his hand to anything. He was a lithe-some man—not a lithesomer in England. Such a one to be up in the morning; and he'd set the vicarage windows open, to let out the night air. And to see him walk! why he'd be at Dursley in twenty-five minutes, and its three miles. He never touched the stiles; he'd go clean over them. When I heard you were come to the village, miss, I said to my missus, 'Her father did what few would do now-a-days.' There was a poor fellow, Joe Ford

convicted at Gloucester for horse-stealing, He was condemned to die, and when the 'Size was over Mr. Havergal travelled every day to see him, though it's fourteen miles, and he mostly walked it. From his condemnation to his execution Mr. Havergal saw him daily. His body was buried under the church tower; there were over three hundred at the funeral, and Mr. Havergal addressed them from the grave. The text of the sermon the next Sunday was, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"I remember how people said 'Mr. Havergal do be in and out of the houses all the week, and that fetched them to church on Sunday; and he do be as frequent to Dissenters as to the t'others.' Why, the head man at the chapel turned over to the Church!

"The old clerk, Thomas Cam, was a musicianer; he made pieces that were sung at Gloucester College. Mr. Havergal and he had mighty turns at it; and what seemed so curious to me was, that they both made tunes in their heads without stopping to play them."

Coaley Peak is one of the juttings of the Cotswold range. The long narrow lanes leading up to it are almost impassable in winter; not only "oxey" and clayey, but with water-springs overflowing the path. But through mud and water



ankle deep did the pastor go after his flock. An old man remembered one night when, he said, "There was awful fighting highish up, quite at the hills. They ran to the vicarage and called him, though long past midnight. Up he went; he wasn't the sort to mind a journey night or day to do good, and he had some One to watch over him. They say when he got up to the fighting they soon dropped their hands, and he reasoned them into lambs, and got 'em all to shake hands and go home."

Returning down the lane, I saw a woman running after me, saying, "Will you please to stop, miss; there's a woman wants to see you; she says she went to his class in the kitchen."

Going into the cottage, the good woman exclaimed, "I heard talk there was some one belonging to Mr. Havergal up this hill. I never see that kitchen without remembering him."

"What kitchen?"

"The kitchen down at the vicarage."

"Who taught you there?"

"Who? him himself;" and she burst into tears. Then she continued: "He had the first class of girls every Wednesday to instruct in the Scriptures and in the answering. 'Twas him himself that tried to bring us to Christ, and if he had stopped longer we should all have come to the Lord's table. Mr. Havergal had such a sweet, lovely voice. Yes, I

remember it, and the hymns and chapters he taught us. I never shall forget him. And is he gone?" And she cried afresh.

The woman went on telling how he always went to the opening and closing of the Sunday school. "And your mother, dear Mrs. Havergal, always came too; the girls were under her education. I remember her well—such a pretty look; we thought her a lovely lady."

One of the Coaley lanes is called Silver Street. In one of the lonely cottages a woman asked me what my name was?

"Havergal."

"Havergal!" She burst into tears. "Then I count it must be him I did love; aye, I did love him well, and never heard of one as didn't. It's a few years back he called to see me; my sight was very dim, so he put out his hand and said, 'Don't you know me?' I could have fallen down before him! O I loved him, and he was so friendly to us all. I warrant he knew all the Scriptures by heart. He'd have his little Bible on the pulpit cushion, and take it up now and then, but I never saw a sarmint book in his hand."

Just then her husband came in.

"Tom, thee knowed Mr. Havergal?"

"Knowed him? aye, and loved him; and is he alive?"

“No; he’s gone.”

“Aye, gone to his Lord’s kingdom. Many’s the time I’ve heard him preach; but I was one of the giddy multitude, and then it took no effect of me; now I see the wall pulled down betwixt my soul and Christ. The wall must be pulled down before you can pluck roses on the t’other side. But I must give account of all his texts and sermons. Was he ill long, miss?”

“No, it was a very sudden call; he never opened his eyes to bless us, nor could he pray.”

“That was done afore: he’d no need to pray then; he had lived in the Lord, and he died in the Lord, not a doubt.”

They asked many questions, and listened eagerly as I told how he sang and played that last Easter Even.

They said, “Ah, he was a musicianer; he drewed out music on paper; only he and old Cam the clerk could do that much.”

Then asking them if I should sing one of my dear father’s tunes, I sang “Evan,” the old man joining in the tenor.

He said, “That tune is sung in all the churches and chapels round. I’ll assure you we have some happy moments singing that sweet tune.”

The dear old woman exclaimed, “I often think what I’ll do when I get’s to heaven; I’ll be such

a poor creatur up there ! But I believe to see  
Jesus will be my first look out ; and I shan't take  
any sin in with me, for the hymn says,

‘ Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
For none will gain admission there  
But followers of the Lamb.’ ”

Passing on to a wild common, I saw a man sitting  
on the trunk of a tree. I said, “What a beautiful  
view this is !”

“Yes, 'tis uncommon grand ; not that many  
travels to see it.”

“Do you go to Coaley church ?”

“Sometimes ; not as I did when a young 'un.  
The old church was crowded then. Mother told  
me she often stood three Sundays running. Mr.  
Havergal preached then ; a good minister he was,  
beloved by all far and near. They travelled from  
Uley and Dursley and Kingscote to hear him.  
He preached the Gospel, and that's the doctrine to  
fill churches. Not that I'm a possessor, and I ain't  
going to make any profession till I has possession.  
Mr. Havergal and other parsons have talked at me,  
but the world, the flesh, and the devil are again  
me ; and then the trials and troubles put out the  
amusements of religion from my heart. I had  
a book lent me lately, ‘Four Last Things : Death,  
Judgment, Hell, Eternity.’ Sommat in it striking,

sommat in it encouraging ; it's all my own disbelief that I'm not ready."

"Have you got a Bible?"

"Yes ; it was my mother's, and Mr. Havergal gave it her ; it's big print. My mother was an established Churchwoman. Often and often Mr. Havergal walked up to see her ; and a smartish walker he was. One of his texts is plain afore me now, 'The way of transgressors is hard,' and many another comes round to me. Not that I'm religious, mind you, nor beint going to profess it, to please any one."

One more cottage stood far on the hillside. An old man was mending shoes ; the wife looked very ill. Looking keenly at the stranger, he said—

"I count as thee belongs't to Mr. Havergal ; he brought her and me t'gether at Coaley church. But I didn't 'spect thee to travel so far. Mr. Havergal led the rabble of Coaley as asey as a shepherd leads his she'p dog. There was plenty of rabble when he cum'st to Coaley ; and when he took to us, them that wudna hearken to nons't, ud hearken to him. There was one particular bad fellow, not over eighteen. Mr. Havergal got him put in the stocks a few hours, just as long as he thought needful to soften him. Then he took him to the vicarage, and gave him a good supper and good advice. He'd hearken to no one ; but in

course he hearkened to Mr. Havergal, for no one could go agen him. When my father was ill, that good parson came again and again, and he'd administer medicine to sowl as well as body—aye, a sight of medicine he guv for nothing—up till ten at night folks went for his mixtures. I remember Coaley church was cram full, not a standin' empty. He was a plain-spoken man, preaching the Gospel, and that 'all our righteousness was as filthy rags.' He's in my eye now—a very upstanding man, not his fellow in the pulpit, I knows."

Another day I called on the daughter of Thomas Cam, "the musicianer." She was not so communicative as some, but told me of the wonderful music her father made in his head. From her garden, just under Coaley Peak, the Severn looked almost like the sea, and she seemed pleased with my admiration of the view, exclaiming, "You may go hundreds of miles and not see such a sight! The tide comes up the Severn every twelve hours—it's ruled by the moon; it comes up like to the boil, and then lessens again; isn't it wonderful?"

I saw cottages still far away, and I knew my father's footprints would be "excelsior," and so I trudged on. Some women were churning at a cottage-door, so I could not hinder them; but I asked if they remembered Mr. Havergal.

“Yes, that I do, though I was only five years old. He preached a text mother could not find in all the Bible, so she said it must be in the ‘Pockrifa;’ and I remember her sending me across the fields to ask missus at the farm to please to find it out in the big Book.”

“Can you tell me the words?”

“Yes: ‘His head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip.’”

I assured her it was in Leviticus, but only carrying my Testament I failed to convince her it was not in the “Pockrifa.”

Another footprint deep and clear! It is singular how the unobliterated track shines out unexpectedly. Returning Eliza Workman’s call, she told me that my beloved father was voluntary chaplain at the workhouse. “Mr. Havergal went of his own free will to comfort and instruct them. He used to take a three-legged stool and sit down among them as freely as if he was in a palace. There was one poor creature, Kate Twirling, who had been excommunicated out of the Church. ’Twas stricter rules in those days. Poor thing! she had been a beautiful girl, but so bad. Mr. Havergal could not rest till he brought her back to the Church; and he knew that was not enough; ah, it was to Jesus he tried to bring us all. I remember after Kate died it was found that great pro-

perty belonged to her. Never mind, Mr. Havergal showed her the true riches. All he did was out of love to God and free good-will to man."

Another man told me that when my father first came to Coaley, as soon as ever church was over the game of fives was played against the tower walls ; but for shame they could not play after hearing such sermons. An old pilgrim, John Stiff by name, remarked : "Aye, he preached the Gospel and the marrow of the Gospel. There was mighty little of that in the Establishment then. I used to walk five miles to hear Mr. Havergal preach. And all the Dissenters turned to Church. Ah, he preached Christ and he lived Christ, and now he's with Christ for ever. He was the first to tell us about the missionaries."

Nor was it only amongst the cottagers, but in many farmhouses I found pleasant footprints. One farmer said : "I shall never forget Mr. Havergal's confirmation classes. He was beloved by all ; such a nice spirited man, and no bigot. Never was a better churchman, and yet he never ran down Dissent. He was anxious to do good to every one's soul, and so won many. I remember how well he stood up in the pulpit ; such a fine proportioned man, his head erect, his hand waving. And his voice ! no one could ever forget it, and no one's like it. We gave him a silver teapot



when he went away, though there was not a rich man in the parish. Oh, how we wished to keep him! and as a lad I used to think I'd follow him to the ends of the earth."

An elderly lady told me of his voluntary lecture in Dursley Church on Sunday afternoons, walking four miles there and back just in time for his evening service. She said his preaching attracted large congregations, and most blessed results followed from his faithful preaching of Jesus Christ: "I was quite a child, about ten years old, when your dear father left Coaley. His sermons were the means of my dear father and mother's conversion, but I did not then know the Lord myself. I remember the effort made by my crippled father to go and hear him. How well I recollect your father's beaming face! He was so full of the love of Christ, it shone in every feature. Precious man! every one loved him, every one looked up to him, for his life preached. And it was not only his own parish he cared for, but many others; and it was Mr. Havergal who first held missionary meetings in Dursley, Uley, and other places. His correspondence was much blessed to me. For two years I had not heard from him. I used to stand before his portrait and think, 'I should like to know if you are in heaven.' I did not hear of his death for six weeks. Then I went to look at his

picture, and thought, 'Now you *are* in the glory, and oh, what must your music be now!' And I knew my father would be with him, and both singing, 'Glory be to Thee, O God!' Yes, he has a glorious crown, and I can't tell you how sweetly I realize his glory."

## CHAPTER V.

### *CURATE OF ASTLEY, 1822-1829.*

Scenery of Astley—Visit to Aberystwith—Mr. and Mrs. East—First and second Church Missionary Society tours—Letter from the Rev. Thomas Kelly—The Rev. Joseph Wolff—Hebrew melody—The Newfoundland School Society—Third Missionary Tour in Cornwall and Devon—Letter to H. V. Tebbs—Notes for a missionary speech—Grandeur, difficulties, and advance of the work—Offer of secretaryship—Bishop Heber's hymns and sacred songs—Letter from the Countess Valsamachi—Indian Education Society and Moravian Missions—"Hurry and Worry"—Letter from the Rev. D. J. J. Cookes—Fourth Missionary Tour in Cornwall—The Rev. J. Cawood—*The Protestant Warder* published—Death of Rev. D. J. J. Cookes—Meets with a serious accident near Hallow Park—First letters after accident—Birth of youngest son—Baptism and sponsors—Mr. and Mrs. M. Usborne.

ON the 25th of June, 1822, my father and mother, with children and servants, arrived at Astley Rectory; a plain building, but beautified with ivy, China roses, and a vine, standing close to the old church, built in Saxon and Norman times, with a fine tower of later date. The little sloping lawn, where my mother afterwards loved to work among her flowers, was only separated from the churchyard by a grassy bank below a wire fence. The

scenery of Astley, under the name of Satley, has been well described in "Trevor: a Tale for the Times," by one of the pleasant family who resided there in the early years of my father's stay. The view from the upper windows of the rectory and the church bank, before the overgrowth of the present time, was perfectly enchanting—undulating or steep wooded grounds; orchards, with here and there a cottage roof; plantations, with the glimmer of a pool; far below, a brook winding through a flowery dell; above, far away in the south, the cone of Malvern, and nearer, the graceful outlines of Woodbury, and the Abberley Hills, formed a scene unique in the character of its loveliness.

The curacy of Astley was virtually another sole charge, as the rector, though generally resident, was too great an invalid to do more than preach very rarely; but he was able for a few years frequently to attend the morning service, and often expressed his gratitude for the clearer Gospel light which my father's sermons had brought to his heart.

I have no memoranda of the first two years at Astley, except that on August 19, 1822, he made his first appearance on a platform at Stourport as a speaker for the Church Missionary Society, and the following day for the Bible Society at Worcester; that he visited the kind godmother of

his little Maria at Hilton Park before her departure for Geneva ; and that he added a sermon to the afternoon service, changing the hour to six o'clock in the summer, when people flocked from Stourport and the neighbouring country parishes to hear him. From one of these occasional hearers my father received the following note :—

“MY DEAR SIR,

I have delayed a few days from indisposition to inform you of the removal of my dear honoured mother to her eternal rest. She died in great peace, and the day previous requested me to give her dying love to dear Mr. Havergal, and ‘tell him to continue on boldly declaring full salvation in Christ Jesus. I have prayed constantly for his ministry in the dark wilderness of Astley, but his labours have been owned of God, and will again be blessed.’ You would have been delighted to have seen the holy peace she enjoyed, and what a glorious testimony she witnessed to the power of faith. For fifty years, she said, she had been kept in the way to the kingdom, depending on the mercy of God through faith in Christ Jesus. We are left to sorrow, but not without hope, and the same grace is free for us, and the fountain is still open ; may we be sharers of its fulness!

Yours very respectfully,

E. L.”

In January, 1824, after a visit to his mother, he writes: "Safely home! all and everything well, and the little ones as much rejoiced as a distant colony is when a richly laden ship arrives. You would have smiled to see them as I opened my portmanteau. Miri has your letter in lavender, Henry takes his knife to bed with him, little Ria soon hugged Dolly's head off, and baby—who is better—kicked her little legs and was satisfied with a bit of sweetie."

In June, 1824, my father and mother, with their four children and two servants, had the rare pleasure of a month at Aberystwith, my father returning home for a few days for parish duties, and to see the progress of a new study he was building. He then wrote the following letter to me:—

"July, 1824.

"MY DEAR MIRIAM,

You cannot think how papa longs to come and see you again and kiss you all, and then for you to kiss him. I hope, my dear child, you learn your lessons, and give mamma no trouble. Tell me what is the English of this, *Ego amo te, me amas?* Is it not delightful to see the great billows of the wonderful deep? Now think how few little girls there are who are taken to see the sea, and how many men and women have never seen it. Be

thankful, then, that you behold so charming a sight. Read what is said about the sea in the 104th Psalm and in the 107th Psalm. But, Miri dear, do make me some pretty verses about the sea ; only think how many things you can mention—the pretty pebbles, the beautiful weeds, the waves, and the fishes, and the ships, and the lovely green colour of the water. Now if you make me some nice verses I will give you a pretty book some day. Good-bye, my dear Miri ; pray to God to bless you, and be sure to pray for your

DEAR PAPA.”

He writes enthusiastically to his mother, who had lately visited us at Astley, about the scenery at the Devil's Bridge, Barmouth, and Dolgelly, and entreated his father to take her a tour in Wales instead of going to the tameness of Brighton and Hastings. In a postscript he says, “Jane bought a couple of fine chickens for sixteen pence, and two fine soles for sixpence!” While at Prospect House, Aberystwith, he invited the other inmates to family prayer every evening, and thus made acquaintance with two Miss Ditchers, who kept a ladies' school near Wellington, in Shropshire, with whom he was so pleased that he placed me under their care in 1826.

After our return my parents received a fort-

night's visit from the Rev. John East with his second bride—a most heavenly-minded woman, daughter of the Rev. W. Day, of Bristol—and his children, Jane Havergal and John Fraser East. Both the latter died young, and Mr. East published a memoir of his son under the title of “The Happy Moment,” and also a life of this his second wife. Their own sweet and clever mother was a special friend of my mother. One day my father actually walked to Malvern with Mr. East, returning on the following one by “short cuts,” which proved almost as long as the eighteen miles by road.

The only item remaining of 1825 is the following scrap to H. V. Tebbs :—

“*July 4.*”

“I am on the Bristol coach, on my way to Cornwall, whither I am going with Garnsey and Berkins for a missionary tour. I shall be absent four Sundays, and then have to preach two Sunday-school sermons at a new church near Birmingham.”

The principal events of 1826 were my father's journeys to Yorkshire and Cornwall as a deputation for the Church Missionary Society. In his travelling portfolio are still preserved hundreds of resolutions moved or seconded by him in these counties in this and other years. On the back of the resolutions are outlines of his speeches and a



variety of missionary facts. The ease and elegance of his manner, and the singular sweetness and clearness of his voice, his well-arranged matter and forcible appeals, always aroused enthusiastic cheers at the close of his speeches, as his hearers have often testified. With the Rev. E. Bickersteth and the Rev. W. H. Bartlett he preached twice, or assisted at meetings, every day between June 24 and July 4, in the principal towns of Yorkshire. Then travelling rapidly down to Holsworthy, in Devon, he held a meeting July 7, and formed a lasting friendship with the chairman, the Rev. R. Kingdon, and his family. He proceeded to Jacobstow and Boscastle, and other places in the north of Cornwall, till July 24, by which time he had collected nearly £75 in his southern tour. He also attended six meetings for the Church Missionary Society in Worcestershire in this year, and preached sermons for it at his friend Mr. Bradley's living of Glasbury. He was also industrious in the musical line, and published his Op. II., "A Collection of Original Airs and Harmonized Tunes," thirty in number; and very pretty they are, though not all of the style he approved in latter years. Writing to the Rev. Thomas Kelly for permission to use some of his popular hymns, he received the following answer—

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“ 37, DOMINICK STREET, DUBLIN,

Jan, 16, 1826.

“DEAR SIR,

Two of the hymns you mention are already set to music by myself, and belong, though for a limited period only, to Mr. Power, of Dublin : but I have reserved the right to publish them with music : so it is in my power to comply with your request respecting the following hymns, “ Whence those sounds symphonious ? ” &c. I consider your setting them to music a compliment, and I feel thankful to the Lord whenever I hear of any of my poor productions being a comfort to any of His people. I shall be thankful for a copy of the work whenever it is published. The Lord’s people know one another in one sense without a personal acquaintance. The Lord the Spirit dwells in them all, and unites them together. May we know more of His grace and power, and walk more as becometh the Gospel !

Yours, I trust, in best bonds,

THOMAS KELLY.”

My father also published a song, “ Crown with freedom Afric’s brows,” for the benefit of an Anti-Slavery Association, in the autumn.

[*Letter to his Mother.*]

“ASTLEY RECTORY,  
Nov. 4, 1826.

“Our missionary collection again increased—£25, besides a £5 note. I attended the Jews’ meeting at Worcester. The lion of the day was that extraordinary man and Hebrew missionary, Joseph Wolff. He spoke for two hours! Every sentence was either sensible, interesting, or overwhelmingly exciting; we had also Marsh, Stewart, &c. Wolff recited a Hebrew chant, or air, which he used to sing at Jerusalem and Bushire with some venerable Jews. He has no knowledge of music: so by request I noted it down from his voice. This was done with difficulty, as the Eastern traveller could not be kept still or to the point; he would jump up, clasp W. H. H., kiss his forehead, and then break out in another strain or anecdote. It is a beautifully simple and pleasing air, and is to be published.”<sup>1</sup>

[*To his Mother.*]

“Nov. 17.

“About a week ago I was strongly urged to quit Astley, and become the clerical secretary of the Newfoundland School Society, to reside in or

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<sup>1</sup> “Lord, build Thy house speedily.” Op. 5. Profits to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, which soon reached £100.

near London. Upon mature deliberation I declined it, though I should prefer to labour as a preacher rather than a tutor, and am perhaps better adapted for it. I have little else to tell you. In October I went to preach two Sunday-school sermons at Kinver, about fifteen miles from hence. As to H.'s shyness, the better way is to take no notice of it. We have often seen, and others have remarked, that to urge or rebuke a child for shyness is the very way to confirm it. Age and further society is sure to rub it off. M.'s birthday was on Wednesday; the hours of course counted till its arrival; when it came she was highly pleased, but said, 'Why, papa, I don't feel any older, and I don't feel any taller: how is it? It is my birthday, and now I'm five, but was only four yesterday.' Such is childhood; and the expectations of many in maturity are about as rational."

In 1827 my father again made a tour in Cornwall for the Church Missionary Society, and this time as sole deputation and pioneer in some hitherto unvisited places. The following letters will give some particulars—

*[Letter to his Mother, written on the back of a  
C. M. S. Handbill.]*

"ST. TEATH, NEAR CAMELFORD,

July 23, 1827.

"From this paper you will see whereabouts I

am. I left home on the 2nd and began my work in Cornwall on Sunday, the 8th. I was nearly the whole week in very delightful society at Ruan Lanyhorne, Veryan, Philleigh, Gerrans, Tregony, just above Falmouth, so that I much enjoyed the sea coast. The congregations and meetings have been very interesting. This year I am the only 'foreigner' in the county, as Mr. Trist is resident with his father at Veryan, so that the whole weight of speaking at meetings falls on me as the agent of the Society. I shall finish, you see, at Launceston, an important town where a meeting has never yet been held. I am very well, and desire to be thankful for it. To-morrow and Wednesday I shall be close to the sea on the northern coast, near Boscastle. The cliffs and rocks there are very fine. I write in haste rather than not write at all; my time is constantly occupied, coming almost every day into fresh society."

“ST. COLUMB MAJOR,

*July 18, 1827.*

“MY DEAREST MIRIAM,

You shall see that papa does not forget you; indeed, my thoughts amidst new scenes are often flying off towards you. Last week I spent near the sea with kind and intelligent friends. I was at Ruan Lanyhorne, and Veryan; look for them about the middle of the eastern side of Corn-

wall. I met with three nice little girls ; two of them, Charlotte and Fanny, come from Madras. I wrote ever so much poetry for them, and some music. They send you some flower seeds, and their grandpapa a book. Where I am to-day are beautiful shrubs and flowers, a paraquet, a Java sparrow, and turtle doves. I am just going to Padstow, where Mr. Biddulph was born, and where I am to preach this evening. And now, dear M., I commend you to God and to the word of His grace. May you strive to be a really good girl, and let mamma have a pleasing account to give me.

Your affectionate Papa."

[*Letter to H. V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

"August 16, 1827.

"I was absent about five weeks in Cornwall and Devon. The season was laborious but refreshing to my mind. I met with much to cheer a Christian mind, and saw and associated with many excellent and friendly individuals. Many little incidents occurred to interest me, and I returned pleased with my tour and thankful to reach my home. Alluding to 'incidents,' I was charmed with a little brother and sister in a retired spot in Devonshire ; they went last year to the first meeting of the kind there, and were so interested with what they heard me tell that they resolved to do what they could.

The little boy had a lamb given to him, and he came to me and said, 'My little lamb has become a sheep, and the wool sold for 3s. : will you please to take it? If I have a young lamb next year you shall have its wool and all its mother's.' Then came the little girl, who devoted a chicken to the same cause. She had raised four shillings by her chick becoming a hen and nestling. She gave that sum with a warm expression of hope that next year she would be more successful. I was right glad, and blessed God that so much strength and praise redounded from such little ones."

*W. H. H.'s Notes for a Speech at a Church Missionary Society meeting at Stratton, North Cornwall, July 31st, 1827.*

"I recollect saying last year, 'We are assembled to lay the first stone of a moral edifice.' I come as an humble agent of the greater architects to inspect its progress, to report it to them, and to accelerate it among yourselves. I rejoice at seeing an increasing number of good materials. I trust many are disposed to 'arise and build.' It is the union of effort which we want. Indeed, the secret of success lies in inducing individuals, as members of a body, to do their part. Moravian, Esquimaux, Indians, in bringing each a stone for a chapel, illustrates this point. Bring *your materials*."

“But from our local edifice turn to the great temple that is erecting throughout the world. Turn your eye to 1st, *The grandeur of the work*. It is the work of God! Far more glorious than creation. It respects the souls of men. Six hundred millions are perishing in heathen lands. They are scattered like the blocks of spar and granite on your heaths, rugged and misshapen. We labour to make them fit for the temple of the Lord. And, blissful sight, when the top stone shall be brought out with shoutings, and our King and High Priest adorn it with the more visible marks of his presence!

“But now note also 2nd, *The difficulties that impede its progress*. Alas, how great! But Elliot's remark. Idolatry and every spiritual abomination stand in our way. View the state of society in savage and barbarian lands. Cruelty. Infanticide (Ellis). Ashantees. In more civilized countries, India. Norton's account of Alleppic. Millet's Sutte. Women. Sibthorpe's mother at the Ganges.

“3rd. *The means by which we labour to remove impediments and forward the work*. By sending missionaries as wise builders. They copy that great master builder, St. Paul, and preach ‘Jesus Christ and Him crucified.’ This is the simple but the powerful and constituted means of building



the house of God in all lands. The fable of Amphyon and city of Thebes. Church of Rome in vain used other means in China and South America. Moravians also, for seven years in Greenland. Story of the Makikan Indian (W. H., p. 51).

"4th. *The details of the C. M. S. as illustrating the advance of this work.* The Society sprang up as a labourer in 1800. Other Church Societies. No rivalry but that of love. It is a Church Society, but it maintains an affectionate and charitable temper. Honest Society. It first sent episcopates (Dr. B.'s episcopacy). Preparation at Islington. Labourers. Missions. Stations. Scholars, &c. Patronage and Funds. Africa. West Indies. East Indies. Ceylon. North America. O pray!"

After this tour he was offered by the Committee the office of travelling secretary to the Church Missionary Society. After some hesitation and repeated offer he finally declined it, on which the Rev. E. Bickersteth, in the name of the Society, wrote a kind letter, ending with, "I fear that we are not likely to meet with one in whom we could so entirely confide, and with whom we could so entirely unite as yourself."

[*Letter to H. V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

"August, 1827.

"The sensation around you produced by Canning's death has, no doubt, been considerable. In

our torpid village it is by this time almost forgotten. Oh that men were wise, &c. ! Newspaper accounts of such deaths do, I conceive, much towards confirming the world. in its thoughtlessness. When the nation is told that he who stood at its highest post was in his dying hours *most* solicitous about its political course, the men of this world shut their eyes and their hearts still closer against convictions of the value of the soul and the awfulness of dissolution. May we do otherwise."

In this and other years my father published many sacred songs to Bishop Heber's words, the profits being devoted to various Societies, but chiefly for Mrs. Heber's Hindoo Female Schools. After the last he set to music—"Wake not, O Mother, sounds of lamentation" (Op. 32)—he received the following letter from her :—

"Sept. 4.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Although I have changed my name since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, I have not in any degree changed my feelings either for the past or the future. Your kind letter and the approbation which it expressed of my last publication gave me very sincere pleasure, and I have great satisfaction in complying with the request it contains, by enclosing you some of the handwriting of one of the most perfect beings who

ever lived, and one whose memory must ever be loved and honoured and revered by me. You will doubtless have heard of my marriage about two months ago with Count Demetrius Valsamachi, secretary to the Governor of the Ionian Islands, and an English knight. He is a man well known to the members of our government, and highly respected for his talent and integrity and the services he has rendered to his country. Indeed, in every respect, whether moral, religious, or educational, his character and talents stand high in the estimation of all who know him. He loves my children as if they were his own, and his affection is even more than returned. My first and anxious wish is to bring them up to be worthy of the name of Heber. The character of their excellent father will ever be their model, and his features ever before their eyes. Should your health permit of your setting any more of his hymns to music, will you allow me and my children to partake in the pleasure you will then give the world : any parcel sent to Mr. Murray, in Albemarle Street, will be forwarded to me. I am very anxious that the Indian Female Education Society should not suffer from my temporary absence from England ; as yet I have not succeeded in persuading any lady to take my place, although it will be an idle office for this year. I have myself made the necessary

arrangements and purchases for the schools, and in 1832 hope to resume the situation. I hope you will never cease to befriend the Society. Accept my best wishes for your better health, and believe me ever, with much respect and esteem,

Very truly yours,

AMELIA VALSAMACHI."

[*Letter to H. V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

"*Nov. 28, 1827.*

"MY BELOVED FRIEND,

Most Christians, in these days especially, have indeed need of circumspection, both in forming opinions and in broaching them. The more I review all past things and consider the present, the more I see the necessity of labouring to unite fervency of spirit with very great caution; ready rather to act upon tried and established views than those which have not been proved, and respecting which authorities as great as any in the present day have been mistaken.

As to your request about Moravian missions, I could not bring them to the notice of my people till I have obtained their support to more objects in our own church. I have a great esteem for the Moravians, and enclose £2 as a donation to their missions, and will publish a piece of music at once on their behalf."

[*To the same.*]

“*Feb.* 11, 1828.

“Hurry and Worry sometimes visit me as well as yourself. They are sad fellows, but let us turn to the Epistle to the Hebrews and take comfort, ‘There remaineth a rest.’ This is sweet.”

During these years my father maintained a voluminous correspondence with his kind rector, whose health now kept him in Devonshire. From one of the folio sheets I transcribe a part.

[*Rev. D. J. J. Cookes to W. H. H.*]

“BROOKFIELD HOUSE, TEIGNMOUTH,

*April* 21, 1828.

“MY BELOVED FRIEND,

I wish much to know the effects of your run to the metropolis, and I am anxious to hear that Dr. Farrar has been enabled to eradicate the evils, and to qualify the patients to prevent their recurrence. I am sure that much after evil might be obviated were we disposed to eye with greater suspicion incipient causes. I hope soon to receive an amended report of my twain-valued friends. The Almighty appears to have much for you to do in His vineyard, but it is better and wiser to labour with three parts out of four of our strength and ability than to lay out the whole four at an early

part of the day, and at the tenth hour be thrown upon the shelf. Active spirits in debilitated, or rather in *debilitatable*, frames have an additional duty imposed upon them when they well know that the useful activity of the former depends so greatly on the soundness of the latter. It is not constant restlessness in polishing that the instrument requires, and economy in husbanding the resources of the Christian guardsman and soldier is a prerequisite to length and duration of usefulness. . . . God has placed you at an early hour in His vineyard, and may He, my dear Havergal, keep you 'doing' till, like the ripe fruit, you fall into the lap of the husbandman. Since I last wrote my life has appeared hovering in doubt upon 'the Brink.' Pray that the Lord may be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. . . .

I look forward to having you here with unusual delight, and hope, though the hope be feeble, that I may be enabled to accompany you in some at least of your rambles.

Yours affectionately,

DENHAM J. J. COOKES."

This year my father made the last of his C. M. S. tours, beginning with a sermon at Allhallows, Exeter, June 29, and a meeting in Exeter July 1; then, in company with the Revs. E. Bickersteth

and Fisher, he proceeded to Linkinhorne, in Cornwall, and many other places, till the 27th of July. One letter remains referring to this journey written July 12, 1828, at Parc Behan, in Veryan—

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

Knowing that you will be pleased to see whereabouts I am, I enclose you a handbill of my travels. I am now in a most delightful spot and in a most charming family. To-morrow I set out again for the neighbourhood of Truro and Falmouth. I finish on the 27th at Sennen, the last parish in the kingdom, near the Land's End. I am pretty well; all the better for change and sea air, and blessed work for the Master. With much love to my father,

Yours, W.”

[*To his Mother.*]

Sept. 22, 1828.

“Why sleeps your pen? We half fear something is the matter, and we long to hear how our boy is getting on. Encourage him to sing. The hymns enclosed are fresh from the pen that is writing to you. Written for missionary sermons here Sept. 28. Which do you like best?<sup>1</sup> You

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<sup>1</sup> The hymns were, “Hallelujah! Lord our voices:” “Widely midst the slumbering nations:” and “Shout, O earth! from silence waking.”

have heard of good Mr. Biddulph's decease. East is gone to his new living—Croscombe, near Wells ; a handsome purse of money was presented to him on leaving Bristol. My pupil, S., is better ; he is at Brighton for the vapour baths, but longs to come again. My friend Abernethy told him he was a goose for having studied more hours a day than he could walk ! Have you seen the 'Life of Legh Richmond' ? It is worth reading."

[*To his Mother.*]

*Dec., 1828.*

"I was glad to have a tolerably good account of my hopeful son. I shall be pleased if he pleases you. Tell him if he is a good boy I will probably fetch him the week after Christmas. It is late, and I have yet to write something for the *Worcester Herald*. I am just returned from a long ride on Protestant business. We are all tolerably well, for which I have to be thankful : as of late I have worked hard, head and pen constantly employed. The main business is the Protestant cause. The more I study it, and the more I study my Bible, the more important does it seem and the more imperative do exertions appear. Look at Scott on 2 Thess. ii. 4, and Rev. 17, &c. Surely the mass of the nation is asleep, while Popery, the deadly enemy of the Church of God, is stealing upon it



rapidly and deceptively. I am stirred within myself to fight manfully against it. Cawood is preaching anti-popish lectures at Bewdley, and repeating them at Birmingham on Thursday evenings ; they make a commotion, which is better than stillness or ignorance. I am busy with the press ; the Protestant's hymn is just out : music and words are mine, but the hymn may always be sung to the old Protestant tune, ' God save the King.' Send them going where you please. The Scripture references are designed to set readers on the search.

The editors of *The Protestant Warder* are Cawood and myself. I send you some prospectuses. More about it when we meet. The week before last I darted into Yorkshire, preached the missionary sermons at Ossett and Wakefield, and back on Monday ; the fag was a little too great. I have asked Tebbs to come to our aid with poetry or prose in the *Protestant Warder*. I hope he is a soldier on our side."

[To H. V. Tebbs, Esq.]

"ASTLEY RECTORY,

Feb. 13, 1829.

"BELOVED FRIEND,

You know what it is to have much to say without leisure to say it. All our first No. of *Protestant Warder* is gone, and the second also

is nearly out. Whether the appalling treachery of our Protestant leaders may deter our readers from reading, and hinder the sale of our little work, I know not. There certainly is more occasion than ever for it. I am not disposed to slacken. The Lord help us, our king, our country, our Church! 'The end will be glorious.' Never despair with such an assurance! You will see in our original articles compression is a leading feature. In writing mine I scribble at length, and then reduce to one-half. Nothing is lost by this in neatness, perspicuity, or sense. Diffusion is the fault of most articles in periodicals. The *Christian Observer*, for instance, might reduce by half many of its articles, and yet be quite as good. But, as you know, it is more tedious and difficult to write with perspicuous brevity than with unimportant length.

My parishioners have numerously signed a petition against the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, and its acknowledgment has arrived with Robert Peel's signature."

[*To his Mother.*]

May 29, 1829.

"On Saturday last poor Mr. Cookes was released from his sufferings. His bodily state has for months been most affecting, but his mind has been tranquil and happy.

I preached two sermons for Sunday schools at Coaley last Sunday, and contrived to visit Kingscote Park and Dursley, and reach home again on Tuesday. The distress in that neighbourhood is truly grievous from stagnation of trade. Mr. P. of Dursley is quite a changed man, and is himself persecuted for the truth which he once disliked in me! We quite look to see my father. I am expecting by and by a younger pupil than usual, a son of Mr. Ridley, the rector of Hambleden, with whom I have had some pleasing correspondence."

On the 14th of June, 1829, my father met with a most serious accident. He was driving alone to fetch me from school near Worcester; when opposite the gates of Hallow Park, nearly nine miles from Astley, the usually steady horse suddenly plunged and dashed against the opposite bank, throwing him out, and causing concussion of the brain. He was soon discovered and carried into Hallow Park, where his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mann, made every possible arrangement for his relief. They sent for my poor mother and myself, and we remained some days till it was safe to remove him home. The excellent and charming hostess was a daughter of Sir Lucius O'Brien, and one of her sisters was Archdeacon

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Spooner's wife, and another the Honourable Mrs. Gerald Noel.

Whilst at Hallow he was attended by old Mr. Carden, father of the late eminent surgeon, Henry Carden, of Worcester, and at Astley by Mr. K. Watson, of Stourport, in whom he had much confidence.

My grandmother spent the first weeks of her son's illness at our rectory. His nerves were so shaken by the accident that he suffered more or less from its effects for many years. After about five weeks he was able to write thus to his friend, H. V. Tebbs:—

“I am getting better every day, but my progress is slow. The concussion of the spine extends to my extremities. Only within the last day or two can I hold a pen. Watson tells me escape from instant death was narrow indeed. Oh! what does my heart feel at this! And yet I want it to feel abundantly more than it does. All my desire is towards the Good Physician who has smitten, only, I trust, to renew me more and more in His own image. Pray for me, and give thanks with me! Accept a few shillings' worth of music in aid of the Moravian Missions.”

On the 7th of August he was able to resume his correspondence with his mother as follows:—

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“All your kindness has been deeply felt. The Lord reward you for it, and hear the prayers that ascend for you. All mercifully and happily over, and God has given us a little boy, who arrived at five o'clock, a.m. I write this wide awake though up all night, and make no delay, as I expect to feel amiss by and by. I am getting well really as fast as could be expected. I follow now my usual hours, and hope to be competent for the return of my pupils, having good assistance. I have not yet officiated. All my desire is to live wholly and constantly for Him who has spared me.”

August 20th he writes to Mr. Tebbs :—

“I am again on the advance. May my progress toward health be marked with greater humility of heart and devotedness of life. On Sunday I re-entered my pulpit, and preached from Isa. xxxviii. 22. Still I am not equal to much. I earnestly wish our present babe to be called Edward or Astley Tebbs. Will you, his father's friend, become his Christian sponsor? You know that such a relationship will give me unfeigned pleasure. I cannot write so fully as I could wish; understand what my heart would reply to your refreshing letter; thanks for it. My fingers are still very

capricious, but 'why should a living man complain?'"

The "babe" was named Francis Tebbs; the former name from his other godfather, the Rev. Robert Francis Walker, incumbent of Purleigh. Mr. Tebbs came for the baptism and made a little book full of slight but masterly sketches of Astley. After this visit, my father writes to him, September 4th:—

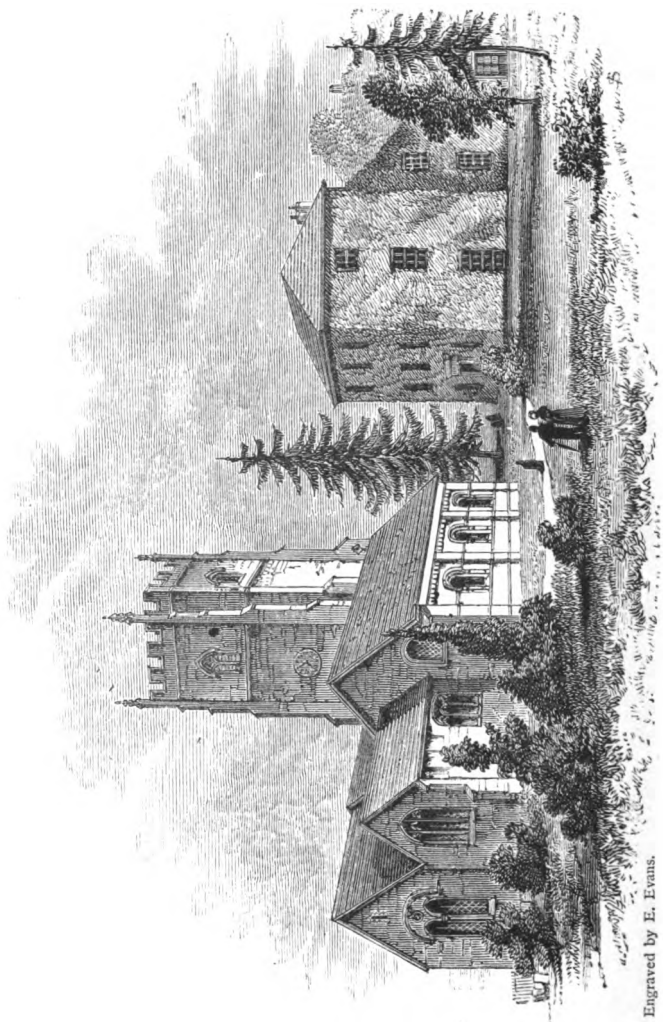
"Your kindness, dearest friend, demands some acknowledgment from my heart. I thank you for coming hither. I thank you for all your affectionate thoughts now that you are away from us. To hear you say, 'Dear Astley!' and 'I was profited,' makes me say, 'what am I or my house that one of God's children should speak thus?' Ah! dear friend, we may be thankful even for a smile in this troublous world. Our dear E. is leaving us next week, which is a source of regret to herself and to me, for as she has I really hope entered the school of our heavenly Master, it is very delightful to become her helper and teacher. Dear girl, if prayer and fervent desire will avail with the Great Intercessor, I may taste of that spring of joy which the servants of God in converting souls alone feel."

The "dear girl" referred to was sponsor to my baby brother with Mr. Tebbs, and one of my

mother's nieces. She married Major Usborne, Esq., and lived in London. Both died long ago, but their kindness and hospitality, especially to my father in his frequent visits to town on musical and other business, are held in grateful remembrance.







Engraved by E. Evans.

**S. E. VIEW OF ASTLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY.**  
*From a Sketch by Mrs. Crane in 1839.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### *LIFE AS RECTOR OF ASTLEY.*

Perplexities—The Rectory of Astley *in commendam*—Effects of his accident—Visit to Rev. J. East—A relapse—Preaching recommenced—Bristol riots—Great Campden House—Rejoicing with trembling—Sympathy in suffering—The Mumbles and Glasbury—Tour in Somerset and Devon—A long silence—Curates and livings—Musical publications—Letter from Sir Herbert S. Oakeley—Gresham prize medals—Affecting burial—Bereaved mothers—Birth of Frances R. Havergal—The Rev. W. H. Ridley—Request for sponsorship—New Church clock—Baptism of Frances R. Havergal—Letters on the burial service—Letter to a first-class pupil—Low spirits—Astley Church restoration—Queen Victoria's coronation-day—Rural festivities—"God save the Queen"—Visit of Dr. Edward Hodges—Musical names—Tour in Ireland—St. Asaph's Cathedral—An Irish welcome—Glendalough—Vale of Avoca—Ferns Cathedral—Vinegar Hill—Whisky and popery—Kilkenny—Limerick—Kilrush and Killarney—Illness—"Fanny full of prattle"—Re-opening of Astley Church—Sermon by Rev. J. East—A happy day—At the Isle of Man—Tour in North Wales—Bangor—Carnarvon—Snowdon—The Bishop of Calcutta's charge—Taylor's "Ancient Christianity"—"A refined transubstantiation"—Rev. J. Keble as an examiner—A means of grace not "the" means—Visit to Iona and Staffa—Fire in the chancels of Astley Church—"The King of Terrors"—Sermons at Dewsbury—Visiting Paris and Canterbury—Resignation of Astley—Gift of Bibles, &c., "for ever"—Farewell Sermons—Rev. J. East—Parting Presents.

THE last four months had been a time of great perplexity to my parents. My father's invalid state rendered it possible that he might be obliged to resign his curacy and give up tuition, and consequently leave the home to which he was so much attached, as indeed a medical consultation urged him to do. Then after Mr. Cookes' death the uncertainty as to the new rector, and whether he would wish to reside in the rectory itself, naturally gave rise to very anxious feelings. But now the bow was seen in the cloud, and its silver lining became visible.

Shortly before Mr. Cookes made his last will, in July, 1828, he sent for my father to Teignmouth, and informed him that he intended to leave him the living of Astley "out and out." He naturally, and at once, remonstrated against an arrangement which would not have been just to Mr. Cookes' own children, supposing one of them might hereafter enter the ministry. Mr. Cookes acquiesced; but as a proof of the affection and esteem he felt for my father, he left him the second option of becoming Rector of Astley *in commendam*. The first option was to his old friend the Rev. Harvey Marriott, who declined it, preferring to retain his own living. These circumstances are referred to in the following letter—

“MY DEAR MOTHER.

“I am almost afraid lest you should think we forget you and our dear child now with you (Maria V. G. H.). So many things have been in agitation. I have now a budget to open to you though I scarcely know how to begin; but I must not tantalize you or myself, but at once tell you I am to be the new Rector of Astley. As Mr. Marriott declines it, the living devolves on me; for so Mr. Cookes has left it in his will, and moreover, as Mrs. Cookes tells me, to the very last he talked of me, and expressed his hearty wish that I should become his successor in the living. Certainly *it is* remarkable, and you will say so, as you know the manner in which I refused to accept it when Mr. Cookes offered it to me. Certainly ‘honesty is the best policy.’ I shall be inducted as soon as the necessary papers can be got ready. The event brings me unnumbered congratulations, and the satisfaction of the parishioners is extreme. In mentioning the news to any one, be sure state plain facts. I hold ‘*in commendam*’ only. I wish never to forget that it is the blessing of God alone that maketh rich: without this what will it all avail? With prosperity I may in all probability have some proportionate trial.

[*To his Mother.*]

“*Oct. 23rd.*

“I am thankful to say I am wonderfully well. Still I am not what I was. I cannot endure fatigue or excitement, I feel the taking a Sunday duty Frank thrives so nicely, altogether a charming little fellow. Ellen is quite a nurse; she sits by the hour together and watches him when asleep, as quiet and contented by herself as can be; she is a good child, but of late has not been strong. My crop of apples is most abundant. It would grieve Buckinghamshire eyes to see what beautiful and delicious fruit is knocked down and thrown in a heap for the cider-mill.”

[*To his Mother.*]

“*Nov. 23rd.*

“There will be no tithe dinner for a twelvemonth, no alteration of pulpit, or else, beyond what shall be in proper consideration for God's glory. I do not intend to dismiss my pupils, as I have an able assistant. On the 13th I was inducted, *i.e.*, put in possession of temporalities, by the Rev. H. J. Hastings, of Martley. Institution is to spiritualities, and on Sunday the 16th I read myself in, as the phrase is. I send you the skeleton of the sermon then preached. It seemed to make an impression. God grant it and deepen it. I still feel effects

of my accident in my breathing and my fingers, which die very frequently.”

[*To his Mother.*]

“*Dec. 18, 1829.*

“Dear East is very anxious I should visit him in his new rectory this Christmas, and be sponsor to his little boy, and open the missionary cause in his new parish. I have therefore concluded, with the Divine blessing, on starting from home on the 28th by the ‘Aurora’ coach, which leaves Worcester at 7 a.m., goes round through Cheltenham, reaches Wycombe, I guess, about half-past five p.m. I then proceed to London. Tell Maria we do not forget her ; she may tell her cousin Kate that little Frank is as soft as velvet, as merry as a kitten, and as good as a babe can be.”

[*To H. V. Tebbs.*]

“*March 31, 1830.*

“I am again laid low. I have a seaton in my neck as an expedient against paralysis. Every engagement is given up and every exertion is forbidden. I am to live only as a vegetable. How difficult the task ! But may I glorify God ; pray that I may.”

[*To the same.*]

“*June 1st.*

“Thanks be to God our Healer ! My general health is better, my walking power increased. But

paralytic symptoms still hang about me : any exercise of the brain, even in pleasant conversation, throws me back. But how good is the Lord ! I might be in circumstances a thousand times more afflictive."

[*To the same.*]

"*Nov. 29th.*

"BELOVED FRIEND,

What can be the occasion of your long silence? Imagination has often taken wing respecting it, but no place can she find for the sole of her foot to rest. As to myself, about a fortnight ago I had a sad relapse. Leeches, however, by God's blessing, saved me from what my head threatened."

[*To his Mother.*]

"*April 29, 1831.*

"I would always regulate my voting by patriotic feeling, *i.e.*, without the influence of mere party, I would vote for that candidate who thinks as I think upon any *vital* or important question. Tell grand-papa that Frank (nineteen months old) can sing 'God save the King' quite distinctly ; he catches any chant in a few minutes. I have a nice set of pupils, for which I thank God."

In July, 1831, my parents took Terrace Cottage, Malvern Wells, for a month, which was a time of great enjoyment to us all. Here my grandfather

Havergal joined our party and returned with us to Astley.

[*To his Mother.*]

“*Nov. 24, 1831.*”

“Through God’s mercy I am stronger and better. Hitherto I have only taken my desk once on the Sunday, besides the slight occasional duty. I hope to gain permission after Christmas to preach once every Sunday. The prospect is cheering, and yet I sometimes view it with trembling. I desire to be God’s servant, even in waiting for Him, and to do His will by endurance as well as by action.

You have heard, of course, of the sad tidings at Bristol. I was going thither last week, on the very days of the riots, to fetch Ellen, but some obstacle arose, and besides, I felt an extraordinary and unusual reluctance to go this journey, saying, ‘We shall, perhaps, see by events why it is that I feel so.’ Now, no one will call this superstition, but I am thankful such singular feelings befell me. If it was of God’s mercy I will speak good of it.

The Bristol rabble never would have proceeded to such excesses had they not been urged on by higher individuals whom the Government court or countenance. Their cowardly and foolish bending to such infamous parties as the Birmingham Political Union is quite enough to account for these disturbances. All these things are, in my eye,



scourges for our national countenance of popery and infidelity. I have been to Bristol since to meet Mr. East with Ellen, and saw some of my old friends ; their alarm had been excessive. I saw the devastation in Queen's Square and the bishop's palace. It was a melancholy and affecting scene. We are quiet here, thank God, and do not anticipate any stir. The cholera, of course, and the Reform Bill are the general themes."

In the summer of 1832 my father, by the advice of the Rev. John East, sent me to the large school at Great Campden House in Kensington, presided over by the well-known and excellent Mrs. and Miss Fanny Teed. In the following year I was joined by my sister Maria, who wrote an interesting account of the school, which appeared in "The Sunday at Home" for 1863. The other sisters also went there in due course. The experiences of Frances Ridley Havergal (then unborn) at Mrs. Teed's are recorded in her "Memorials."

[*To H. V. Tebbs, 1832.*]

"Since recommencing preaching I have gradually become worse, and am now strongly urged to discontinue even a single sermon. The excitement, it seems, is more than I can support. Such are the Lord's dealings with me : may I bow my proud and

eager spirit to them. Thankful and happy you, I doubt not, are in the circumstances you describe to me ; but oh, forget not that all our rejoicing at the possession of temporal mercies must be with fear and trembling. At no time is it perhaps more necessary to remember this is not our rest than when our hearts beat high in our first days of deliverance from tribulation. A conqueror flushed with victory has often been vigorously assailed by the vanquished party, because it was rightly supposed that conquest induced carelessness. Let us take heed to what the Captain of our Salvation says to us and to all, 'Watch.'"

[*To Miss M. Bulgin.*]

"*Nov., 1834.*

I am indeed sorry that you are again a sufferer ; you have my earnest sympathy. I hoped your summer excursion would be permanently beneficial to you : but as God sees fit to appoint otherwise, I pray that His grace may suffice for your patience and comfort. All such dispensations are very trying to the flesh, but they may become sources of joy to the spirit ; everything that will wean us from earth is a mercy. It is a hard task to learn contentment with a painful lot, but when the lesson is submitted to, it becomes even sweet and pleasant. So the saints of olden time found it, and so may you abundantly prove it.

In the summer I went to The Mumbles, returning through the pleasant vale of Neath to Glasbury, my dear friend the Rev. Charles Bradley's living."

[*To H. V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

"Sept. 4, 1835.

"I have had a month's tour with my eldest girl, taking her first to Durston and Lyng, then to Exeter, Launceston, and Bude, intending to stay with the Kingdons of Pyworthy; but on account of the death of Mrs. K. we proceeded up the coast to Clovelly and Ilfracombe. There we crossed the Channel to the Mumbles, having sent to my boy Henry to join us there. We had plenty of oysters at Oystermouth. We reached home three weeks ago, and, refreshed by my trip, I have recommenced preaching once every Sunday. Mine has been a long silence in the midst of my years, but it has been marked by many mercies. Although my path of late has been most tangled and trying, light arises upon it, and God's countenance makes it pleasant."

One of the trials alluded to had been his frequent change of curates through unavoidable circumstances, such as being able only to make temporary engagements, or their succeeding to livings, as in the case of his valued helper the Rev. John Garwood Bull, who by the sudden death of his father

became Rector of Tattingstone. But now his former clever pupil, Octavus Fox (afterwards rector of Knightwick), was ordained and remained at Astley more than three years, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Thos. Ludlam, a truly faithful pastor, but who in the next year became vicar of Ellington. He was followed by the Rev. Frederick Jeffery, whose efficient help came to an end by his marriage and appointment to the incumbency of Sway, but his faithful friendship continues to the present day. The former curates are now all deceased.

In 1836 my father published one of his popular songs, "Hark to the old bells' chime!" profits to the restoration of the Abbey Church, Malvern; and "An Evening Service in E flat," *Cantate Domino* and *Deus Misereatur*, prefaced by lengthy "Remarks on Chants and Chanting," and with the addition of "A Hundred Antiphonal Chants," selected from the many hundreds he had composed.

Two of these chants are referred to by the accomplished Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh, Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, in a letter to Maria V. G. H.

"EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 18, 1882.

"DEAR MISS HAVERGAL,

Acquaintance with your talented father, Canon Havergal, and with Mr. and Mrs. Stratton,

also with your brother, is my apology for writing direct to you to thank you for the permission and the chants received through Mr. Robertson. As my selection is made up I am unable to introduce any more chants, but I have taken a copy of a very good single in G minor, changeable, in case of requiring one. I have always admired the construction and harmony of your father's admirable chants and without the "immortal Recte et Retro" in D and the E Worcester chant, no collection would be complete.

Yours very faithfully,

HERBERT S. OAKELEY."

In this year also appeared "An Evening Service in A," *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* (Op. 37), for which the Gresham Prize Medal was adjudged. He obtained another of these prize medals in 1841, for an anthem, "Give thanks," 1 Chron. xvi. 8-10.

[*Letter to the Rev. J. East.*]

"ASTLEY RECTORY, *April 27, 1836.*

"MY BELOVED EAST,

Your letter has just reached me; it is like this very April day, dark and stormy, genial and sunny. It comes too at a singularly coincident moment: it was waiting for me as I came in from a very affecting burial. A respectable couple had

followed their eldest son to the grave, a dear, affectionate, pious child of twelve years of age. The poor mother had more energy, but not less sorrow, than the spirit-broken father. He had watched the dying boy incessantly for four days, and nursed him with all the assiduity of a mother. When the bier was set down in the church he paused a moment at the door of a pew, and then followed the yearnings of his heart by throwing himself upon the coffin, and then kneeling down and embracing it during the solemnities of the Psalm and the Chapter. I omit the rest of the scene.

The death and burial of your babe — what an appendage to the earnest sorrow I have just witnessed! I can hardly touch the chord which is vibrating of itself beneath my finger. Our hearts bleed with yours; may the one Almighty and most merciful Saviour look upon you! Tell your dearest wife to look with a Protestant eye at a mother on Calvary. What a sword was that which then pierced through her very soul! And yet, though the sufferer was her Son and the Saviour of all the world, there was no other grace provided for her support than precisely that grace which is provided for every bereaved mother. All these things are trying, dearest friend, but then they are transparent. You seem to know why the Lord

deals thus with you. That knowledge is part of His grace to you. Thank Him for it, and welcome each cross if it adds brightness to your Redeemer's crown,

To buy up Bath ecclesiastically is indeed a mighty work. But it is, as you say, half done. I *will* afford a £5 note, for your sake and God's glory, towards its completion. The Lord of the Church speed and prosper it! My wife's love and all my children's. C. R. Hay's, too. Let us hear soon.

Ever yours,

W. H. H."

At the close of the year 1836 an event occurred which has made the name of Astley Rectory familiar to tens of thousands. Late in the evening of December 14th the little Frances Ridley Havergal arrived, whose poetic genius and heaven-taught mind produced those writings in prose and verse which have exercised so wide an influence on the present generation. She will only be mentioned incidentally in these pages, as my sister Maria has written her "Memorials." On December 24th my father thus writes to his much beloved pupil, Wm. H. Ridley, afterwards Rector of Hambleden:—

"You may be sure, dear Ridley, that it was not without cause a letter from me failed to reach you at Oxford on the day of your appointment to a

Christ Church Studentship. The cause was increased indisposition ; for some days I was wholly laid aside, unable to bear a sound, and am still unfit for anything. Your appointment is very, very gratifying to me. I heartily rejoice at it, and earnestly pray our heavenly Father to make it a blessing to you and to others. My dear Mrs. H. and babe (whose sisters think it the sweetest little creature in the world) are going on very nicely. We are planning the baptismal arrangements. Will you be a party to them? You have resided in our family for a longer period than any person, whether pupil or friend, it will therefore be a real pleasure to us all, but to myself especially, if you will undertake to 'promise and vow three things' in the name of our last born babe. I can ask you with confidence, and I trust you will assent without any regret. As to the day of baptism, we will endeavour to fix it so as to suit your convenience, &c., &c. We think of calling our little one by a name you love, Fanny. Take my Christmas love, and may the God of Christmas give you peace and joy.

Ever affectionately yours,

W. H. H."

New Year's Day, 1837, was signalized by setting in motion the new church clock (with dials on the



east and west sides of the tower) which my father presented to the parish. He arranged for it to strike the hours and quarters on the chord of G. Long may it remain

A musical memento of his love,  
For time, and tune, and punctuality.

[*To his Mother.*]

“*Jan. 31st, 1837.*”

“It was no little disappointment to me not to be able to spend a few days with you; indeed, I went to London with a heavy heart. As long as God is pleased to spare your lives I hope to come and see you twice a year at least, and much oftener if the bounds of my habitation were so fixed that I could. Long may your lives be spared, and more blessed and happy may they be as you approach the close of them. Oh, I thought my heart would have burst as I passed my father’s house without entering it; the thought pierced me that in a few years, if I am spared, I may often have to pass that door, with the grief of knowing that I have no father or mother there! May the God of mercy put that day a long way off from me! Now that my own children are growing up I seem to feel that I am myself a son more and more. But enough. Thanks to God I am pretty well. Baby grows nicely. She was baptized on the 25th inst

Frances Ridley—of course we shall call her Fanny. Frank is gone to school. I took Henry on his way to Bruton. Mr. Abrahall gives him an excellent character, and we find him a conscientious, good sort of boy. What a mercy! The Lord be praised for it.”

[*To his Daughter Maria V. G. H., at Great Campden House, Kensington.*]

May 28, 1837.

“MY DEAREST MARIA,

I have not time to write more than is necessary to answer your question respecting a passage in the Burial Service. The objection you hear made is utterly without foundation. Observe, the clergyman does *not* say, ‘in sure and certain hope of his or her resurrection’ but ‘of *the* resurrection.’ So that, in fact, it is simply a declaration of faith in God’s promise respecting the resurrection of the just. Only transpose the words, according to the original Latin, and you will see the true sense of the passage immediately; thus it will read, ‘*we*, therefore (in sure and certain hope of *the* resurrection, &c.), commit his (or her) body to the ground,’ &c. That this is the true sense is further evident from the corresponding part of the Service for the Burial of the Dead at Sea. So long ago as 1661, at the Savoy Conference, the words were altered from *a* resurrection, &c., to *the* resurrection,

&c., thus *intending* to put the question beyond all dispute. As a general rule, so far as our most excellent Church is concerned, you may safely take it as certain that all her formularies and their phraseology will, *upon examination*, be found to be far more scriptural, and far more accordant with the teaching and practice of the earliest Christians, than objectors are wont to imagine. Never forget that the men who drew up these Services were *martyrs*, holy, learned, and faithful followers of the Lord Jesus. May you and I, dear girl, one day join that company of which they constitute so noble and so conspicuous a part. Amen.

Ever your affectionate father,

W. H. H."

"Dec. 1, 1837.

"MY DEAR RIDLEY,

"'Not unto us! not unto us!' You know the words and their application. I am just now in one corner of the valley of humiliation, but I can look up, and with you rejoice and give thanks. *Truly, I am glad.* Neither do I forget to pray for you, especially that you may with alacrity and fervent affection carry your class-crown, and lay it at the feet of the Saviour. Yes, yes, dear Ridley, you have still a race to run; and a nobler crown than that which you have gained, or at Oxford still can

gain, awaits your efforts through life. May you be as successful and as honourable in the Church of God as you have been enabled to be in the university! My heart goes forward for you.

It is kind of you to think of me as having lent a hand towards your success. My share of commendation in the matter is, if truth be consulted, so very scanty, that while I heartily thank you, I am in no danger of being elated. There are *two* in heaven whose earlier training far outweighs any poor services of mine. They give all glory to the Lamb. Let us learn to do the same."

[*Letter to his Mother from Bath.*]

"Jan. 9, 1838.

"I have been here for ten days, but was unwilling to write until I could give you a somewhat encouraging account of myself.

I have been very unwell, spirits low, and my mind disposed to dwell on the darker side of things. The new year has brought up many old thoughts, but also, I hope, some new resolutions. I have lived nearly forty-five years—none of them have been spent as they ought. My hope and desire is that the remainder, as many as God may see fit to grant, may be more entirely devoted to His glory. My very mercies humble me, because I am un-

worthy of them ; and my trials, though not few, are light in comparison with some which many of the Lord's people are appointed to suffer. One of my greatest mercies is the promise of good among my children.

The church business is going on well, and contracts will, I expect, be soon settled. I do not recollect if I told you the parishioners were most earnest and liberal in subscriptions towards their part. I was amazed at them. I long to know how you all are faring, and how my father is. It is good to be here for better things than those which concern the poor body. East is a Christian of the best stamp. God is doing great things by him in Bath. His new church is a noble and beautiful structure. All done by his own exertions ! To see it as it is, thronged from end to end, is its glory and greatest beauty. It puts my poor plans and efforts quite into the shade. However, to be able to do *anything* is an honour and a privilege."

[To H. V. Tebbs.]

"May 13, 1838.

"I have in hand a great work in the enlargement, repair, restoration, convenience, and decorous fitting up of my church. It was in a sad state, altogether unworthy of such a parish and such a living ; but when finished, it will, I trust, be, if not a model of

a parish church, yet such an one as will indicate a little more reverence than heretofore for the house and the honour of the eternal God. The parish contribute nobly to its restoration; for my own share I am building a new north aisle, putting in a new chancel window, and other items. It will cost me something! But I have nothing of *my own*. It is all of the Lord's giving; and in the end I shall not lose. He gives me faith in His promise, and certainly I feel strong in His strength. Come and see what we are doing; not that, Jehu-like, I care for your seeing it, but I should love to *see you*."

[*To his Daughters at Great Campden House.*]

"May 7, 1838.

"MY DEAREST ONES,

"The Good Shepherd carry you in His bosom. I am so unwell that, with much on my hands and head, I can say little more than, 'The Lord be with you, keep you, bless you.' Dear mamma is very poorly, and darling sprightly Frank too, so both, with baby and Ann, are going to Aberystwith for a month. Mr. Watson insists on this. Mr. Ludlam continues to act as I approve, and to give us just such sermons as the Lord will bless. My kindest love to your dear friends.

Ever your affectionate father,

W. H. H."

Queen Victoria's coronation-day was suitably kept in Astley by my father's arrangement. Early in the morning the parishioners assembled at the meeting of the three roads before the western churchyard wall, where also the tables were placed, with loaves and joints of beef, and a huge barrel of cider gaily decorated. My father stood before his seraphine<sup>1</sup> in the churchyard above, nearly on the site of his own after-grave, with family and friends on either side. (We had all adorned ourselves with a sprig of oak for Old England, and a rose-bud for the Queen). Then, after a prayer, he made a loyal address to the people, and led their cheers. Before the distribution of provision, all joined in singing one of his versions of "God save the Queen." A copy of the hand-bill is subjoined. The school children had a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding at 12.30 in the rectory garden.

### "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"To be sung of all the people together" in the Parish of ASTLEY, on the morning of Thursday the 28th June, 1858; (the day of the Coronation of our MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN, QUEEN VICTORIA.)

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<sup>1</sup> The Royal Seraphine, invented by J. Green, Soho Square, was a predecessor of the harmonium. My father's instrument was one of the first ever made, and certainly the first imported into Worcestershire, where it was regarded as a great curiosity.

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"God save our noble Queen !  
Long live Old England's Queen ;  
    God save the Queen !  
Great and victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
May she reign over us ;  
    God save the Queen !

"On her anointed head,  
Blessings on blessings shed,  
    Constant and rare :  
Robe her with truth and might,  
Health, peace, and holy light ;  
Save her from faction's blight,  
    And withering care.

"'Give peace in our time ;'  
Spare us from blood and crime ;  
    Up for us stand !  
Nursed by our 'Gracious Queen,'  
May our Church e'er be seen  
Waving like evergreen,  
    Over the land.

"God save our youthful Queen !  
Long live Old England's Queen ;  
    God save the Queen !



Upward with joyous spring,  
Let every heart take wing ;  
And the whole nation sing,  
God save the Queen !”<sup>1</sup>

[*To the Rev. J. East.*]

“MY DEAREST E.,

“The King of kings save you ! After the bustle of the Coronation day, I commence a short epistle to you at half-past five this morning. Henry had no chance at Merton, twenty-four crack candidates, and the contest very close. However, my dear boy came off with great credit, and a note was sent me to that effect. I have just read Dr. Fausett’s sermon before the university on the revival of popery. God be praised for it ! seven-eighths of it are good, good, good.

The whole scene of yesterday was affectingly simple and beautiful. The whole village assembled by nine o’clock (but Miriam will describe all this). My dear ones had trimmed a fair flag for the church tower, and arrayed and arranged the school children, who, after the proceedings, had a dinner followed by speaking, and singing, and cheering, &c. Young and old were contented and pleased, and some, I trust, prayerful and thankful. It was just the thing that

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<sup>1</sup> A slightly altered version was made by my father some years after. See p. 142.

would have delighted you, for I suspect such village scenes are far more simple and pleasing than any which you can enjoy in a city. The Lord pardon all sin, and accept our prayer and praise! I have worked very hard lately, and must try and trip it to the sea, perhaps to Ireland for a little relief. The Lord afflicts, but He pours oil on the wounds. I rejoice to see my children all turned, or turning to the Lord. Oh, it is enough! Talk not of trials. 'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king.' When we get our crowns we shall never think we had one trial too many, or one cross too hard to bear.

Our Poet Laureate should have put forth an authorized National Anthem. We have none worthy of such an epithet. Many foolish or party ones are afloat, and therefore I had no alternative between taking one of those or scribbling what I send you. All unite in love to you and yours.

Ever as since college days,

Yours,

W. H. H."

About this time Dr. Edward Hodges came to see us at Astley, before leaving for New York. He and my father had a great regard and admiration for each other. Dr. Hodges was a Churchman and Conservative, well read in classical and sterling

literature, a witty and cheerful companion, although his life was an anxious and struggling one. He was a fine organist and a wonderful pedalist, the composer of much church music, and author of treatises on chanting and psalmody, &c. He was born in 1796, became organist at St. James's, Bristol, 1819, took his Mus. Doc. 1829. In New York he was director of music in three churches, and finally organist of Trinity church. Enfeebled by paralysis, he returned to Clifton, and there he "entered into rest" in 1866. His clever daughter, Faustina, is still an organist in America. All his children were musically named, *e.g.*, Jubal, John Sebastian Bach, Asaph, and I think there was a Miriam and a Handel.

In this summer my father made a tour in Ireland, shortly described in his various letters home.

"WICKLOW, *July* 14, 1838.

"I stopped at St. Asaph to see the cathedral, which the organist showed me, and the organ, which is new and good as far as it goes. Saw my two services there; the Gresham one is in use, though it is not to be compared to the other. Saw Mrs. Heman's monument; the neighbourhood is pretty and pleasant. On Friday sailed from Holyhead. In Dublin beggary and finery abound in painful contrast. Went to Bray, a pleasant

village twelve miles off, near the shore, and then came on through a Welsh-like country here. Yesterday (Sunday, July 15) was a truly singular day with me. I went early to the rocks and the sea, fine and beautiful; at nine the Popish Chapel. Oh, what a degrading, soul-stirring sight! I could have cried out, 'Sirs, why do ye these things? Turn from these vanities,' &c.

At 12 o'clock I went to the parish church (finely situated), and there found a respectable congregation, with a pair of most gentlemanly *Christian* pastors. The young one read, and the older one preached, much to my taste and satisfaction. They *seemed to eye* me. In the evening at 6 o'clock I went again. But a small congregation. To my surprise the vicar sent to me, when seated in a pew, to come into the reading desk. I briefly declined. Seeing me without a hymn-book, he sent me one. After service he came towards me before I could get to him to return the book. In an instant, all in a gentle breath, he said, 'I am sure by your *head* you are a brother clergyman, so you must come home with me.' A few words followed, and out came a hearty Irish welcome—'I must stay two or three days and see the country, and he would drive me,' &c. So home he took me, with his family and his curate, in his barouche and pair, to a lovely residence in a sweet spot near

the sea, about one and a half miles out of Wicklow, just the place to please me. He is a most gentlemanly man, about fifty-three or more, his wife a lady, with twelve children, the eldest about Miriam's age, and the youngest (a boy) about fourteen months (the rest mostly girls), altogether a decidedly Christian right-minded family. This morning his curate (a *Ludlam*-like young man) is to call for me, and both of us are going to the vicar's, and he is going to drive me to the Devil's Glen. I am to dine, and I don't know what beside. I see the daughters have a pianoforte, so I mean to take them some music, and Mrs. C. a 'Memoir of John East.' Altogether this is a pleasant adventure."

"MATHDRUM, *Tuesday, 1 o'clock.*

"Yesterday was in every respect a charming day. Mr. Charnley (for such is my new friend's name) drove me, with Mrs. C., two daughters and his curate, to a place called the Devil's Glen, about six miles from Wicklow. Oh it is a lovely spot! It delighted me much. Took me, too, to Glenmaur Castle, the seat of a good man, but he was not at home. We drove back to Mr. C.'s house, dined at 5 o'clock, and spent a pleasant evening. Altogether very pleased. Felt better too. This morning I took a car (good thing for travelling, sixpence a mile and no turnpikes!) and went to Glendalough, or the

Seven Churches of Kevan. Delighted ! delighted ! with wild mountain scenery and *genuine* Saxon architecture."

"ENNISCORTHY, July 18, 1838.

"Yesterday afternoon at Rathdrum ; the weather cleared up, and after being perished with cold, I had a charming ride through the vale of Avoca to Arklow. That vale is the pride of Ireland, and a lovely vale it certainly is. Mr. Fox was highly pleased with it, and so indeed was I. Arklow is nothing of a town, though as populous as Bewdley. Such lots of *squalid*, horrid-looking females and wild children everywhere to be seen. The beach is capital for bathing. I had a ramble all along it till nearly dark. For tea I had some 'white trout,' a most delicate sort of salmonet caught in the sea at Arklow. I longed to send you some to Astley. I came through Gorey to *Ferns* to see the cathedral, as it is called, and the ruins of a fine *old* castle. I reached this place about 5 o'clock. It is a rather large town, six thousand people, with some interesting things about it. This evening I have been to the top of Vinegar Hill (easy ascent, just out of the town), the scene of the celebrated battle in which General Lake beat the Irish rebels in 1798. The ruins of a windmill still remain on which scores were hung after the battle. The view from the hill is extensive and fine. All Ireland is cursed

with whiskey as well as popery—shocking. I am always at Astley! Thank God I am pretty well for me, but not up to the mark. The Lord bless!”

“KILKENNY, *Thursday evening.*

“Left Enniscorthy at half-past eight this morning, over a wild mountainous district to Barris (*alias* Ballyburris), then through a more level and cultivated country to this town. No rain again to-day, but brisk wind. Kilkenny is a large place, twenty-five thousand people, and said to be the best town in Ireland. If so the green isle has not much to boast of. It is, however, an interesting place, and has some fine ruins. I have been all over the cathedral, and touched its organ. Fine old building, and delighted with it, but modern additions and abuses put me in a stew, and would make Mr. Eginton mad. Organ in miserable plight. Thank God am tolerable, but feel the effects of the *wind* in my face.

*Kilhill* (to the north of the mouth of the Shannon, about forty miles to the west of Limerick). Yesterday I passed through Clonmel, Cahir, and Tipperary. I reached Limerick about 5 o'clock. Thomas U—— and his wife's sister were walking in a street along which I was entering Limerick. He saw me and ran after me. Consequently I went to his house at once, for Elizabeth

had apprised him of my coming. I went over Limerick with Mr. Thomas. It is really a handsome and spirited place. Was pleased with the cathedral. As good shops in some streets as are to be seen in England. Mrs. U—— touched her grand upright pianoforte. She is evidently a dashing player of the London school. They have family prayer every evening, and accordingly their servants came in, evidently as usual, and I did as I should at home. This morning at 7 o'clock I left Limerick by a splendid iron steamer down the Shannon (a fine river, truly, far beyond the Thames or Severn) as far as Kilrush, and on by cars to this place, which is the Margate of the Limerick people. It is nothing of a town, and the hotel where I am is miserable. However, here is a magnificent sea, and a *fine bold* rocky coast, as much like Bude as well can be. I have been strolling to my heart's content, delighted with some caverns, &c. The noise is great, but I bear it better than at Bude. I spend to-morrow here, and on Monday go back to Limerick, and on Tuesday to Killarney. I hope to reach home about next Wednesday week."

[*To his Mother.*]

"*September 7, 1838.*

"God be praised that I can write to you! Three weeks ago, in the act of stooping to take up baby,



I was seized and sunk down, and laid for two hours unable to be moved, for the slightest motion brought on intolerable spasms of the spine. Leeches thrice repeated, and other remedies, by God's blessing, have enabled me to move about again, but I lie down as much as possible. There was great danger of paralysis, but the Lord has mercifully averted this; I am in His hands and there I desire to remain.

I am glad to hear the gout has relaxed his tyranny, and I hope he still keeps away as my father directed the last *Record*; that, however, induces me to fear that you are ill, or that you are out. In either case 'the Lord hear and help.' Fanny is well and full of prattle, though not twenty-one months old; she inherits my head of hair; quite *your* grandchild; God give all your desire for her. My church building goes on at a broad-wheel waggon pace, and yet I know not who to blame.

Harvest is chiefly over, plentiful and good; I preached on that last Sunday."

1839. The great event of this year in Astley was the re-opening of the church on the 11th of June, St. Barnabas' Day, after its restoration by the parishioners, and the building of a handsome north aisle at my father's sole expense. The weather was very fine and pleasant, the church was

crowded from far and near, and more than £90 was collected for the remaining expenses. The music of the opening anthem, Psalm cxxxii. 8, 9, "Arise, O God, into Thy resting-place," &c., the old version of Psalm lxxxiv., the hymn by Bishop Heber, "O Saviour is Thy promise fled," and "Christ is our corner stone," were all sung to my father's cheerful music. The Rev. John East preached an excellent sermon from a very appropriate text: "We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago" (Ezra v. 11). Afterwards there was no general gathering, but every house feasted its friends. How nice our dear mother looked in her grey silk and lace shawl as she moved among her guests with gentle courtesy! So one dream of my father's life was fulfilled, and praise and prayer with dear old friends around concluded the happy day.

After this exciting time he went to the Isle of Man, from whence he writes as follows:—

*"At Archdeacon Moore's,*

KIRK ANDREAS.

"MY DEAR EAST,

"I arrived at this quiet spot on Tuesday last, and am already better. May I be thankful for it and have grace rightly to use returning health. I never was at Scarborough or Filey, but have

heard much of the former, as, in fact, the Brighton of the north. Therefore I could not fancy it. The air is bracing, situation elevated, and the sands and bathing are good. I love wilder and quieter spots. The Lord go with you wherever you go. I wanted rest, but it seems I must preach a little here. Oh for burning love to feel preaching to be both rest and refreshment. But alas for our poor earthly natures and feeble hearts. If, too, I did but feel my spiritual languor as much as I do my bodily depression sometimes, how would it be!

You decry Mona; I cannot recollect when you were in it. To me it is an interesting isle. Its mountain aspect suits my eye, and its breezes are very refreshing. Access to it now is easy. Here are many good people also. The new bishop is a kind man, ready to favour what is good, but likely to take things without pains or energy.

All at home much as of late. Ever yours,  
W. H. H."

On his return he was so unwell that change of scene was again ordered, so on the 22nd of July he took Maria and myself a delightful little tour in North Wales, of which my first sketch-book forms a diary. Our brother Henry drove us to Wolverhampton, where we parted with him. But first we set out two-and-two to see the fine old church.

The people stared, and one woman cried out, "Eh, but that's a pretty wedding!" which amused us much, but we never could decide which of us was considered the bride or the bridegroom. Then we took the rail to Liverpool, the first time Maria and I had thus travelled, and the next day a steamer was seven hours taking us to the Menai Bridge, also a novelty in those times. We rested at the George Hotel, near Bangor, and in the evening saw all the maids dancing with bare feet on the stone floor of the hall to the strains of an old Welsh harper with a long white beard. Next day we went to Bangor cathedral and the tiny Llandisilio church, where a notice on the door informed us that "The Holy Sacrament will be administered here next Christmas Day." We then went for a fortnight to Carnarvon, where the old daughters of a late archdeacon were very friendly, and gave us carnations and Welsh diamonds, and showed us all their curiosities. The incumbent and my father coalesced delightfully also. We met our doctor, Mr. Watson, and went up Snowdon with him, and after seeing the lovely Nant Gwynant, and the magnificent Pont Aberglaslyn, we returned *via* Liverpool. We stayed one night at Prescott Vicarage to visit Maria's friend, L. Driffield, one of a large and delightful family, and we all reached home with renewed health and spirits.

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[Letter to Rev. W. H. R.]

“ November 5, 1839.

“ You have frequently testified your kindness by sending me books and pamphlets respecting topics which can hardly be matched in point of interest. I allude to what is rife around you in theological matters. Let me beg you to accept the recently published charge of the Bishop of Calcutta, as containing towards its close what I esteem a correct and masterly view of what is called the Oxford case. Do read it, and may God give you guidance and grace in pondering it.

Perhaps it will interest you to learn that I am increasingly interested with the subject, that I am reading the ‘Tracts for the Times’ over and over again, as many as I possess, and that I have ordered all that have not yet reached me. Hitherto I only get deeper and deeper in my former convictions, while I gather a good deal that is excellent and valuable. I am about half through Taylor’s ‘Ancient Christianity.’ It is a book of books. Do get it. Do study it. It cannot fail to repay you. I am delighted with it, because it gives just such a view of the *truth* of the case as I have always been *disposed* to entertain. One party depreciates too much that antiquity which the other party unduly exalts. Mr. Taylor sees in antiquity all that Dr. Pusey sees, *and something more.* He

sees the truth in *all* its bearings. Consequently, while he entertains the highest veneration, he exercises the utmost caution."

[*To the same.*]

"November 14.

"I have been accustomed to say, in opposition to more heated opinions, that the Oxford divines (so called) are not Romanists *themselves* (in disguise), but well-meaning, though mistaken, theologians, contending for what they deem ancient Christianity; only that their views and doings have a direct tendency towards Romanism, *just as certain views and doings of the primitive Church itself insensibly* led to the development of Popery. This is the Bishop of Calcutta's idea. Only look again at both works and you will see it. Here my belief is as firm as my life.

'Whatsoever approaches to a part of the doctrine of the Church of Rome,' &c. You decidedly *mis-take* what is conventionally meant by the 'Doctrine of the Church of Rome.' No one, I presume, intends by that phrase any portion of *genuine Catholic* truth; but merely the additions and corruptions of Romanism. Had you but borne this in mind—for that is what Bishop Wilson means—you would have seen that your own syllogism was perfectly correct.

The Bishop quotes some expressions to which he says our ears are unaccustomed—'Sacrifice,' 'Oblations,' &c. A short and simple reply may suffice. The Oxford divines are fond of such phrases as savour and favour the notion of *a sort of corporeal* presence in the bread and wine. Is it not so? 'A refined transubstantiation,' says Bishop Wilson. Now every use of the same common terms and phrases in the formularies of our Church is utterly opposed to the notion of a corporeal presence in any mode or degree. (See the protestation at the end of Communion Service.)

The *real* presence is the spiritual presence, 'not in the elements themselves,' as Whately says, 'otherwise the wicked would have Christ in them,' but by the incorporation of faith in the holy recipients. This is the sure meaning of Jewel's Latin sentence which you give me. Do, dear R——, be on your guard on this very point. There is so much refining and subtilizing on this vital point, that a little error may soon be admitted; and that, like a wedge in a block, endangers the whole framework. Keble himself questioned me in the schools on this very topic. I well remember it, and have memoranda of it. He made me define the Scriptural views of the Church of England about the real and veritable presence, as opposed to the Lutheran and Romish Churches. I stand where I

did, but he, I fear, is not the same man he was then. You say, 'Surely the Sacraments are the means through which grace is given.' Not, dear R——, THE means, but simply 'means,' or 'a means,' as in Church Catechism. The same exclusive language about the Sacraments occurs in the very preface of the Tracts. I repudiate the notion."

[*To his Daughters, from Oban.*]

"July 20, 1840.

"MY DEAREST GIRLS,

"God bless you! Oh that I could turn my shillings into sovereigns, and take you where I have been this *blessed* day! Indeed I have seen the far and justly famed Iona and Staffa! The former is ten times what I thought it to be. The ruins would delight Henry — Early Norman and choicest Decorated. Beautiful! And then Staffa! Fingal's cave—what a temple! I could not help a burst of tears on entering. I send you some heaths, &c., growing on the rugged top of it; keep them. I am tired, but well. The day has been splendid.

Ever your

W. H. H."

Of the year 1840 few records remain. One Saturday evening in November the church stove set fire to the little north chancel, but happily, being



soon discovered and speedy means used, it was quickly extinguished. The roofs of both chancels were slightly burnt, but the Winford monuments by Bacon and the old Blount altar tombs were uninjured, to his great delight. In the first week of December he went into Herefordshire to preach a funeral sermon at Llangarren Church for the eldest son of a friend, to which he thus alludes in a letter to Mr. Tebbs:—

“HIGH WYCOMBE,

*January 4, 1841.*

“Your letter, dearest friend, was like sunshine on one of these piercing days, and yet to hear of the paralysis of a mother and the illness of a wife was a cold blast indeed. But ‘it is well;’ when faith can sing that short anthem our sorrows are charmed into joy. The good Lord comfort your dear ones, and that will comfort you. He has comforted us very greatly amidst our recent circumstances of grief and excitement.

First the fire. God gave me very serviceable composure and presence of mind, so that though the roof of each chancel caught fire, not a pane of glass was broken; nor are the monuments injured. I forget the loss in the recollection of the sparing mercy. The difference of an hour or two in the night saved the entire church.

Then the King of Terrors! Oh but he was made to come with all his terrors in the background, and was compelled to acknowledge that he was vanquished. Our dear E. J—— had become a vigorous Christian, and when sickness told him of eternity he laboured manfully to do all the good he could. He did much in his locality in a way that cannot soon be forgotten. His funeral, and the attendance at my sermon after it, was such as is rarely seen. My text was the two last lines of Luke xv.

And now worse than fire or death is the probability of my leaving my pleasant flock, one of the sons for whom I hold the living *in commendam* having taken his degree. But the Lord rules, and He keeps me content—what a mercy is that! I am staying with my father and mother. I preached twice yesterday—a feat for me. The Lord make this year the best you have ever seen. My godchild! I long to see Emily and bless her. The Lord do so more abundantly!"

In April, 1841, he went to Dewsbury to deliver a lecture on Church music and preach school sermons for the Rev. Thomas Albutt. In August he went to Paris, and on his return visited his brother-in-law, the Rev. J. Stratton, in the Precincts, Canterbury.

In December a son of his former rector was ordained priest, and being thus "qualified" to take the living of Astley, my father expressed his intention of resigning in three months' time, the period specified in the deed of resignation. My father devoted the last quarter's income of the living to supplying the parishioners of Astley, through the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, with Bibles, Prayer-books, and Homilies on the Second Sunday in Advent "for ever."

The last time he officiated in Astley Church was the afternoon of the first Sunday in March, 1842, when he re-delivered the first sermon he preached there in 1822, on Colossians i. 28, his object being, as he began and continued, so to end "with setting forth and setting forward the salvation of sinners and the perfecting of believers only through Jesus Christ the Lord." He wrote a farewell sermon for the next Sunday morning, March 13, but becoming too ill to leave the house, he sent for his kind friend, the Rev. John East, to deliver it for him. The text was Acts xx. 32, and the sermon concluded thus:—

"Astley has been a land of brotherly love and kind-heartedness to me and mine. Never shall I forget the friendliness of past days and the willingness to oblige which all classes have shown. Of late, also, when trials of no common bitterness

have come upon me, I have intensely felt the hearty sympathy of every one who has seen me or my family. The simple sayings, too, of many an humble parishioner have gone to my very heart. Brethren and friends, for myself and my family I thank you, I *thank* you! My office will soon cease, but my affection cannot cease. Many of you I have baptized, many of you I have led to confirmation, and to many also I have administered the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Not a few of your nearest kindred or dearest friends have I tended on a sick-bed, and consigned to the silent tomb. All which things are ties so fastened by years of kindly intercourse as not to be dissolved by any earthly severance.

Brethren, farewell! Pray for me and for mine. Live for Christ, and you shall die in Christ. Live also in peace and love among yourselves, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Amen, and amen."

In the afternoon Mr. East preached himself on the occasion from 2 Corinthians i. 12-14. These sermons were afterwards published.

The parishioners of Astley were most generous in their parting presents to my parents—massive silver candlesticks, handsome inkstand, cake-

basket.<sup>1</sup> Handsomely bound large books, including the Hexapla, also were presented, and a pocket Bible in which two hundred and twenty names of the kind donors of these gifts were written by the late John Wright, Esq.

At the end of this list my father has written the text Matthew xxv. 40, "Inasmuch," &c., and

" May all whose names are written here  
In the Lamb's Book of Life appear !"

The dear school children also gave me a silver pencil-case, with "Astley" engraved on its jasper stone.

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<sup>1</sup> The inscription on the silver cake-basket specially given to my mother was this: "A token of grateful affection from the parishioners of Astley to Mrs. W. H. Havergal, in remembrance of her uniform kindness during her residence among them of nearly twenty years. March 8, 1842."

## CHAPTER VII.

### *HYMNS BY THE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.*

Missionary hymns—Astley Wake Sunday—Hymns for Sunday-school sermons—Harvest hymn—The National Anthem, new version—Christmas Carols—Hymns written in illness—“Jerusalem the Golden”—“The Rock of Ages”—“My times are in Thy hand”—“Summertime is coming”—“Just as Thou wilt”—“Rest in the Lord”—Palindrome on Easter Even—“A Fireside View of Sunset.”

AS the greater number of my father's hymns were written before he left Astley, the notice which is due to them is given here by the reprint and enlargement of a paper which appeared in *The Day of Days* magazine for March and April, 1882—

It was the intention of my lamented sister, Frances Ridley Havergal, to write a concluding chapter of “Specimen Glasses” on the hymns of her father. The Editor of *The Day of Days* has asked me to prepare such a paper, and in doing so I have chosen for notice some of the hymns which I think she would have been likely to select.

From his boyhood my father was fond of rhyming, chiefly with a view to amuse and brighten his

own home circle ; and even in his riper years many were the poetical and playful epistles to his young friends, and acrostics on their names.

His hymns seem almost invariably to have been called forth by special occasions ; and many of these were printed on hand-bills (as was formerly the custom), to be sung at the annual sermons for the Church Missionary Society, in his beloved church of Astley, Worcestershire. He always composed a tune for each new hymn. It should be remembered that these were times when but few missionary hymns had been written, and the deep interest he took in Missionary work was very exceptional. Fifty or sixty years ago a missionary sermon would have been considered in many of our churches no slight innovation.

A specimen hymn, simple yet spirited, is given, which was sung, after a sermon by the Rev. I. Lamb, D.D., Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, on the 23rd of September, 1827, when nearly £21 was collected—a goodly sum for a country congregation.

“HERALDS OF THE LORD OF GLORY.”

“Say (Tell it out) among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth.”—*Ps.* xcvi. 10.

Heralds of the Lord of glory !

Lift your voices, lift them high ;

Tell the Gospel's wondrous story,  
Tell it fully, faithfully ;  
Tell the heathen 'midst their woe,  
Jesus reigns, above, below.

Haste the day, the bright, the glorious !  
When the sad and sin-bound slave  
High shall laud in pealing chorus  
Him who reigns, and reigns to save.  
Tempter, tremble ! Idols, fall !  
Jesus reigns, the Lord of all !

Christians ! send to joyless regions  
Heralds of the gladdening word,  
Let them, voiced like trumpet-legions,  
Preach the kingdom of the Lord :  
Tell the heathen—Jesus died !  
Reigns He now, though crucified.

Saviour, let Thy quickening Spirit  
Touch each herald-lip with fire,  
Nations then shall own Thy merit,  
Hearts shall glow with Thy desire,  
Earth in jubilee shall sing.  
Jesus reigns, the eternal King.

Several of the most poetical and popular of his



missionary hymns are the following. The first was a special favourite with his daughter, Frances Ridley Havergal.

“SHOUT, O EARTH! FROM SILENCE WAKING.”

“And men shall be blessed in Him : all nations shall call Him blessed.”—*Ps.* lxxii. 17.

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 blessèd on thy mountains,  
In thy wilds and citted plains ;  
Call Him blessèd 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.

## THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

“In Him was life ; and the life was the light of men.”

*John i. 4.*

In doubt and dread dismay,  
'Midst Superstition's gloom ;  
The heathen grope their way,  
And joyless reach the tomb :  
No holy light,  
No balmy ray  
Of Gospel-day  
Has blessed their sight.

Then, Star of Life, arise !  
And on thy healing wing,  
With blood of sacrifice,  
Thy great salvation bring :  
Let heathen lands  
Thy brightness see :  
Oh set them free  
From cruel bands.

With searching beam explore  
The dark strongholds of sin :  
And on the prisoners pour  
Transforming light within.  
Bright morning Star !  
Unveil thy face,  
And shed thy grace,  
In realms afar.

O Jesu, Light of Life !  
Arouse the world from sleep ;  
Send holy love in place of strife,  
And joy to those who weep.  
Great King of Kings !  
Thy Spirit give !  
Let Gentiles live,  
Beneath thy wings.

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“CHRISTIANS, HASTE! THE MORN IS  
BREAKING.”

Until the day dawn, and the Day-star arise.”—2 *Peter* i. 19.

Widely 'midst the slumbering nations,  
Darkness holds his despot sway ;  
Cruel in his habitations,  
Ruthless o'er his prostrate prey.  
Star of Bethlehem !  
Rise and beam in conquering day !

Light of Life, our sole Defender,  
Rise, with healing on Thy wing ;  
Rise, in all Thy soothing splendour ;  
Rise, and earth with joy shall sing !  
Israel's Glory !  
Gentiles call Thee “ Lord and King !”

Christians, haste ! the morn is breaking ;  
Darkness wheels his downward flight ;  
But, your polished armour taking,  
Stand ! nor quit the waning fight.  
Great Redeemer !  
Guard us with Thy shield of light.

Onward, Christians, onward pressing,  
Triumph in the Crucified !  
Endless honour, rest, and blessing,  
Wait you at His radiant side.  
Cease not, cease not,  
Till you see Him glorified !

“NO DAWN OF HOLY LIGHT.”

“The Dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death.”—*Luke* i. 78, 79.

“To turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.”—*Acts* xxvi. 18.

“I am the Light of the world.”—*John* viii. 11.

No dawn of holy light,  
 No day of sacred rest,  
 E'er breaks upon the heathen's sight,  
 To soothe his troubled breast.

But lo! with healing ray,  
 The Dayspring meets our eye :  
 And Christians, on their Master's day,  
 Rejoice to feel Him nigh.

To Him let praise be given,  
 The noblest, sweetest, best ;  
 For He has brought us light from heaven,  
 And hope of endless rest.

Lord, let Thy saving light,  
 Thy day of glorious rest,  
 Soon chase from earth the toilsome night  
 And soothe each wearied breast !

## REDEMPTION.

"Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."—1 *Timothy* ii. 6.

Redemption ! Oh the thrilling word !  
It tells of joy in woe ;  
Of more than prophets saw or heard,  
Of all that *we* can know.

Redemption ! God's great charity  
To man imprisoned long ;  
The world's reprieve ; the sinner's plea ;  
And heaven's eternal song.

Redemption ! but—its countless cost !  
It cost the blood of Him  
Who spread the heavens, and rules the host  
Of flaming Seraphim.

Redemption ! be its joy proclaimed  
By men of every tongue,  
Where Christ has never yet been named,  
Where Satan's power is strong.

REDEEMER, Thou who diedst *for all* !  
Let all Thy love adore :  
Let Jew and Heathen join to call  
Thee—*Lord* for evermore !

“BRIGHTER THAN MERIDIAN SPLENDOUR.”

“The Sun of Righteousness.”—*Mal.* iv. 2.

Brighter than meridian splendour,  
Beams Messiah's spotless fame ;  
Him we hail our firm Defender,  
Him let every tongue proclaim.  
He is precious,  
He is gracious,  
He for ever is the same.

Lord of glory! Source of favour!  
Bid Thy heralds take their stand :  
Let Thy name's reviving savour  
Wake each dark and drowsy land.  
Saviour, hear us ;  
Speak and cheer us,  
When we lift the suppliant hand.

Thou art all! and all adore Thee,  
Where they hymn one ceaseless song :  
Soon shall earth, subdued before Thee,  
Peal Thy name her tribes among.  
Sons of glory,  
Chant the story,  
And your deep Amen prolong!

For several years the Church Missionary sermons were preached on the Astley Wake Sunday,

a day my Father was anxious to redeem from the intemperance and revelling with which it was kept ; and the first hymn at the morning service was always the following, which he wrote in 1834.<sup>1</sup> The notes accompanying the hymn are subjoined.

## ASTLEY WAKE.

Many persons require to be informed, and others to be reminded, that a parish Wake is properly a Religious Festival. It was originally the Feast of the Dedication of the Parish Church ; and was kept by watching, or waking, unto prayer and praise, during the whole of the preceding night, till sunrise.

“Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day.”—*Ps.* lxxxii. 3.

Our festal morn is come,  
 And, Lord, we come to Thee ;  
 Thy house shall be our joyful home,  
 Thy name our melody.

“ These temples of Thy grace,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 The honours of our native place,  
 And bulwarks of our land.”

---

The second verse is quoted from Dr. Watts.



Our fathers built this fane,  
And watched the livelong night :  
They sleep in death ; but we remain  
To hail a purer light.

Then blow the trumpet, blow :  
The psalm, the psaltery take :  
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,  
And every lip awake.

Sound, sound that sweetest strain,  
The gospel-jubilee,  
Till, bursting from their idol-chain,  
The heathen shall be free.

Thus let us keep the feast,  
Thus wake to righteousness :  
And teach the world, from sin released,  
The Lord our God to bless.

“In the Jewish Church, notice was given of feasts, jubilees, &c., by sound of trumpet. We have now our religious feast-days. On these and all other solemn occasions, let the evangelical trumpet give a sound of victory over death, of liberty from sin, of joy and rejoicing in Christ Jesus our Saviour.”—*Bishop Horne.*

My Father delighted to sing to children, and with them, his own nursery rhymes, and short hymns suited to their understanding.

He led the child-singers in Astley Church with his singularly sweet and penetrating voice, accompanying on his seraphine (a precursor of the harmoniums of to-day).

From the hymns he wrote for the annual Sunday-school sermons, three are selected. The first two are sweet and tender strains ; the other a song of spiritual and inspiriting praise.

#### THE HOLY CHILD.

“ He was subject unto them.”—*Luke* ii. 51.

Blessed Jesus, Lord and Brother,  
Once thou wast a lowly child,  
Subject to Thy Virgin-mother,  
“ Holy, harmless, undefiled ; ”  
Wisdom, favour, grace, and truth,  
Graced, like morning stars, Thy youth.

Great Redeemer, Mediator !  
Now Thou art enthroned in light ;  
But Thou wearest still our nature,  
And all heaven admires the sight.  
Lord, to tender years impart  
Mercy's boon, the tender heart.

Jesu, by Thy childhood's favour,  
By Thy manhood's agony,  
Fill us with Thy Spirit's savour,  
Train us for eternity ;  
With the glittering hosts above,  
May we sing Thy boundless love !

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

“ He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them  
in His bosom.”—*Isa.* xl. 11.

To praise our Shepherd's care,  
His wisdom, love, and might ;  
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,  
And bid the world unite !

Supremely good and great,  
He tends His blood-fought fold ;  
He stoops, though throned in highest state,  
The feeblest to uphold.

He hears their softest plaint,  
He eyes them when they roam ;  
And if His meanest lamb should faint,  
His bosom bears it home.

Kind Shepherd of the sheep !  
A weakly flock are we,  
And snares and foes are nigh ; but keep  
The lambs who look to Thee.

And if through death's dark vale  
 Our feet should early tread ;  
 Oh, may we reach Thy fold, and hail  
 The love which safely led !

“HOSANNA !”

“Hosanna to the Son of David.”—*St. Matt.* xxi. 15, 16.

Hosanna ! raise the pealing hymn  
 To David's Son and Lord ;  
 With Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue  
 No lofty strains can raise :  
 But Thou wilt not despise the young  
 Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
 How vast Thy gifts, how free !  
 Thy blood, our life : Thy word, our feast ;  
 Thy name, our only plea.

Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring  
 Our offerings to Thy throne ;  
 Not gold, not myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
 But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear  
 Approved a lisp'ing throng ;  
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
 Our poor but grateful song.

O Saviour ! if, redeemed by Thee,  
 Thy temple we behold,  
 Hosannas through eternity  
 We'll sing to harps of gold !

Among hymns composed for parochial occasions, a Harvest Hymn, written in 1863, for his parish of Shareshill, Staffordshire, is truly admirable for its doctrinal and practical character—

#### HARVEST HYMN.

“He will gather His wheat into the garner.”—  
*St. Matt. iii. 12.*

Our faithful God hath sent us  
 A fruitful harvest-tide ;  
 He summer boons hath lent us,  
 And winter wants supplied.

The fields, at His ordaining,  
 Stands thick with golden sheaves ;  
 And man, full oft complaining,  
 New bounty now receives.

Though Mercy largely giveth,  
Is justice pacified ?  
We live through Him who liveth,  
The "Corn of Wheat that died.

Then full be our thanksgiving,  
And clear each note of joy ;  
While faith and holy living  
Our earnest thoughts employ.

And at the last great reaping,  
When Christ His sheaves will own,  
May we, no longer weeping,  
Be garnered near His throne.

Praise we the Godhead-Union,  
The Eternal Three in One ;  
With them may our communion  
For ever be begun.

My father's strong feeling of loyalty was shown  
by versions of our National Anthem in language  
more graceful and becoming than

"Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks."

Those on the Coronation and Widowhood of the  
Queen, the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, and  
for the Festivals of the St. Nicholas Sunday-schools,  
at Worcester, are worthy of reprint for similar  
occasions.

## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

NEW VERSION FOR THE SCHOOLS ASSEMBLING IN  
WORCESTER CATHEDRAL ON WHIT-MONDAY.

God save our noble Queen ;  
Long live Old England's Queen ;  
    God save the Queen !  
Great and victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
May she reign over us :  
    God save the Queen !

On her anointed head,  
All choicest blessings shed  
    Forth from Thy hand :  
Let her be Thy delight ;  
Make her path always bright ;  
And in Thy Word and might,  
    Firm be her stand !

While nations rage and groan,  
Stablish her sacred throne  
    In sure repose :  
Where'er our banners wave  
O'er land or ocean-cave,  
There all our warriors save :  
    Forgive our foes !

Send peace in this our time ;  
Spare us from strife and crime ;  
    Strengthen each band !  
Nursed by our gracious Queen,  
May our Church e'er be seen  
Planted, like evergreen  
    Throughout the land.

Sovereign of earth and sky,  
Hear Thou our Nation's cry,  
    Bless, bless our Queen !  
Grant us, through her, to be,  
In Thee and all for Thee,  
"Great, glorious, and free :"  
    God save the Queen !

The following verses were composed on the death of the Prince Consort. My father's arrangement of the National Anthem in the minor key is, I believe, unique.

*" WEEP WITH OUR QUEEN."*

Let Britain's prayer ascend,  
Let mournful voices blend,  
    Weep with our Queen !  
God of our country, see  
How England bows the knee,  
How suppliants cry to Thee,  
    God save the Queen !



In sorrow's withering hour,  
When droops the smitten flower,  
    Be Thy might seen :  
God of the bleeding heart,  
Heal Thou the bitter smart,  
Thy Spirit's grace impart,  
    Comfort our Queen !

Chase every cloud away,  
Turn all her night to day,  
    Bright but serene :  
God of the widow, hear,  
Dry up her burning tear,  
Strong for her help appear ;  
    God save the Queen !

Lord, let Thy husband-arm  
Be her life's heavenly charm,  
    Felt, though unseen :  
Long as her days extend,  
Her home and throne defend,  
And give a glorious end ;  
    God save the Queen !

While he was Rector of St. Nicholas, musical and poetical compositions were a great resource in his failing eyesight, for which he twice obtained leave of absence to be under the care of the great Prussian oculist, Dr. de Leuw, at Gräfrath.

Writing from Langen Schwalbach, in May, 1862, my father says :—" My version of ' God save the Queen,' in the minor key, makes its way in the goodwill of the loyal and musical, here and in Prussia, where the tune is claimed as a native and national melody ; the minorizing is much liked, no one seems to have thought of thus treating it."

My father wrote some lively Christmas Carols, the first published being :—

#### THE WORCESTERSHIRE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"The glory of the Lord shone round about them."

*St. Luke ii. 9.*

How grand and how bright  
That wonderful night,  
When angels to Bethlehem came !  
They burst forth like fires,  
They struck their gold lyres,  
And mingled their sound with the flame.

The shepherds were 'mazed,  
The pretty lambs gazed  
At darkness thus turned into light :  
No voice was there heard  
From man, beast, or bird,  
So sudden and solemn the sight.

And then, when the sound  
Re-echoed around,  
The hills and the dales all awoke :  
The moon and the stars  
Stopped their fiery cars,  
And listened while Gabriel spoke :

“ I bring you,” said he,  
“ From the Glorious Three,  
Good tidings to gladden mankind ;  
The Saviour is born,  
But He lies all forlorn  
In a manger, as soon you will find.”

At mention of this,  
(The source of all bliss),  
The angels sang loudly and long ;  
They soared to the sky,  
Beyond mortal eye,  
But left us the words of their song :

“ All glory to God,”  
Who laid by His rod,  
To smile on the world through His Son ;  
“ And Peace be on earth,”  
For this wonderful birth  
Most wonderful conquests has won :

“ And Good-will to man,”  
Though his life's but a span,  
And his thoughts all evil and wrong :  
Then pray, Christians, pray ;  
But let Christmas-Day  
Have your sweetest and holiest song.

Another favourite carol is “ A Bethlehem Shepherd-Boy's Tale,” in which, with unconscious poetic feeling, the child describes his unusually good thoughts and pleasant feelings through the previous day, with which the sights and sounds of Nature seem in unison, and he feels as if this must be the prelude to something uncommon. Then he describes the calm loveliness of the night, the “ musical breeze” of distant angel-notes, the sudden blaze, the heavenly message, and the walk to Bethlehem to see the wonderful Babe.

A BETHLEHEM SHEPHERD-BOY'S TALE.

“ Those things which were told by the shepherds.”  
*Luke ii. 18.*

So happy all the day  
Had I been without play ;  
And such good thoughts had come o'er my mind :  
That I wondered what it meant,  
Or for why it was sent ;  
As I ne'er had felt aught of the kind.

And the birds, all day long,  
Had kept trilling their song ;  
And the sun had gone down, oh so red !  
We had folded the sheep,  
And were talking of sleep,  
But, somehow, we cared not for bed.

The stars were all drest  
In their brightest and best ;  
And the moon showed a streak of her gold :  
'Twas a glorious night ;  
And we thought of the sight  
Of which David our father has told.

A sound struck our ear,  
Sweet, joyous, and clear,  
It seemed like a musical breeze :  
But, ere we could gaze,  
We were all in a blaze,  
And found ourselves down on our knees.

A bright one then said,  
( 'Twas like life from the dead ),  
" Good tidings, good tidings I bring !  
Messiah's come down ;  
In your own little town  
You will find Him a Babe and a King ! "

And then the whole choir,  
Rising higher and higher,  
Sang of "glory, sweet peace, and good-will,"  
The sheep seemed to dance,  
And the mountains to prance,  
And the stars could no longer stand still.

Then onward we sped,  
To find out the bed,  
Where the Saviour in lowliness lay :  
Near Bethlehem's inn,  
(Oh shame on their sin !)  
We found Him midst cattle and hay.

But we saw the blest sight ;  
'Twas our Judah's delight ;  
And Mary and Joseph were there :  
And soon we made known  
To all in the town  
What we heard the good angel declare.

And now, every day,  
I sing and I pray  
To the Babe who is Saviour and all :  
May His wonderful birth  
Be known through the earth,  
And cheer both the great and the small !

The last Carol he composed is also original in idea. A shepherd who had seen "the glory of the Lord," and heard the melody of the "heavenly host," calls upon his companions to celebrate with prayer and song the first anniversary of the Saviour's birth.

THE  
FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF CHRISTMAS.<sup>1</sup>

Come, shepherds, come, 'tis just a year  
Since sweetest music woke our ear,  
    And angels blessed our sight.  
Come, lift your heart, and tune your voice,  
And bid the hills and vales rejoice,  
    As on that glorious night.

'Tis just a year ago, we say,  
When night shone out as clear as day,  
    And Heaven came down to earth.  
How we did fear, how we did gaze,  
Surrounded by the sudden blaze,  
    And thrilled with sounds of mirth!

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<sup>1</sup> For the words and music of these Carols, see the Musical Editions of "Songs of Grace and Glory" (J. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street).

Ah! see you not that angel-choir?  
And hear you not that mighty lyre  
Which hushed our bleating sheep?  
And, oh, that voice of sweetest awe,  
Which told us all we after saw;  
Who now would silence keep?

Come, shepherds, come, with prayer and song,  
This night to be remembered long,  
Rejoice to celebrate.  
With reedy pipe chant forth who can  
To God all glory, love to man,  
And peace in every gate!

'Tis just a year ago to-night,  
From heaven came down the Prince of Light,  
Our guilty world to bless,  
Let Gentiles now with Israel sing  
Our Saviour, Brother, Friend, and King,  
Our promised righteousness!

From a manuscript volume, entitled "Forty Hymns from Subjects in the book of Genesis," written at Langen Schwalbach during a season of illness, in August and September, 1865, I transcribe the two following:—



“IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR HIM?”

“Is anything too hard for the Lord?”—*Gen.* xviii. 14.

Is anything too hard for Him,  
Whom Cherubim and Seraphim  
Incessantly adore?

No! He, the everlasting Son,  
Made countless worlds their course to run,  
And reigneth evermore.

He stooped from highest heaven and died,  
That every want might be supplied  
Of all who own His power.

His gracious eye, His mighty hand,  
Are always waiting faith's command,  
In trial's darkest hour.

He can the hardest heart subdue,  
The most corrupted soul renew,  
The driest bones make live;  
He can the bruised reed bind up,  
The bitter take from every cup,  
And strength to weakness give.

Then blessed be Thy glorious might,  
Thou God-man! Saviour! Infinite!  
Whom Abram longed to see,  
When by Thy arm we rise from death  
Our chant shall be, with ceaseless breath,  
Nought was too hard for Thee!

## BETHEL.

“And he called the name of that place Bethel.”

*Gen.* xxviii. 19.

Lonely wilds and woodland mazes,  
Spots remote from human din,  
God can make His holy places,  
And reveal himself therein :  
Dread Jehovah,  
Contrite hearts Thou dwellest in.

Jacob weary, sad, and fearful,  
Chose a spot for sleep by night ;  
All was soon divinely cheerful,  
Heavenly visions blessed his sight ;  
Henceforth Bethel  
Was his watchword and delight.

Everywhere, good Lord, be near us,  
Let us many a Bethel see ;  
By Thy one great vision cheer us,  
Christ the Ladder-Path' to Thee,  
Gate of heaven  
Now to all believers free.

God of Jacob, God of Jesus,  
Standing at the ladder's height,  
Soon from pilgrim toils release us,  
Rest us in Thy home of light :  
Blessed Saviour,  
Thine the glory, ours the sight !

The next hymn is one rich in comfort to the tried believer.

“O CAST ON CHRIST YOUR MIGHTY CARE.”

“Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you.”

*1 Peter v. 7.*

O cast on Christ your mighty care,  
However great it be ;  
He knows it well, and can prepare  
Some sure relief for thee.

Thy surging thoughts and spectral fears  
Thy boding dreams of ill,  
Thy sighings, and Thy silent tears,  
Are all within His will.

Lay these upon His holy arm,  
For He can all sustain :  
He'll end thy cares, as with a charm,  
And lift thee up again.

Sustaining grace waits His command,  
And He awaits thy call ;  
Then pray, and down within thine hand  
Shall strength and comfort fall.

I, Lord, would cast on Thee my care,  
And nothing anxious be ;  
Content if Thou, who hearest prayer,  
Wilt care, O Lord, for me.

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The following beautifully worded hymn will, I think, bear comparison with the well-known versions of the ancient hymn by Bernard de Morlaix on the heavenly Jerusalem.<sup>1</sup>

## REVELATION XXI.

Jerusalem the Golden  
The home of saints shall be ;  
What eyes have not beholden,  
They shall for ever see !  
Those gem-built walls of wonder,  
Those pearly gates of praise,  
Those harps of sweetest thunder,  
Those streets of sunless blaze.

By them shall Christ in glory  
Be always seen and heard,  
And His Redemption-story  
Shall be their household word.  
Apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Shall their companions be,  
And loved ones shall be partners  
Of their felicity.

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<sup>1</sup> The comparison is, we think, considerably in favour of Canon Havergal's hymn. Much that is "fanciful" in this case gives place to the substantial and the real, and there is no falling off in poetic power.—THE EDITOR OF *The Day of Days*.

Each golden street and dwelling  
Shall teem with happy throngs,  
In holiness excelling,  
And chanting lofty songs :  
The Lamb ! the Lamb, once dying,  
They worship on His throne,  
And fall before Him crying,  
Thou, Thou art Lord alone !

Great Bridegroom of the City,  
The Maker, Lord, and Light,  
Grant us, in tender pity,  
To walk with Thee in white !  
So while on earth we linger,  
All joyous in thy love,  
Our hearts shall watch Thy finger  
To beckon us above.

Toplady's immortal hymn, "The Rock of Ages," *seemed* to my father to confound the rock which Moses smote for water (Exodus xvii. 6) with the rock in which he was hidden for shelter (Exodus xxxiii. 22). Each separate case, he thought, suggested a separate train of ideas. This led him to write the next hymn.

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"THE ROCK OF AGES."

PART I.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee,"  
While the glory passeth by,  
Keep me as the tenderest eye :  
Keep me, for I dare not gaze  
On that glory's awful blaze :  
All unholy and impure,  
I its light cannot endure.

When my sins, a mighty sum,  
Threaten me with wrath to come :  
When, to crush me, draweth near  
Tyrant Doubt, or giant Fear ;  
When my hopes, now few and faint,  
Seem to mark the almost saint :  
Rock of Ages, unto Thee  
I for instant shelter flee.

Rock of Ages, in Thy side  
Let me joyfully abide :  
Then my daily boast shall be,  
Thine, Incarnate Deity :  
Then no wily tempter's skill  
Shall entangle me with ill :  
Then nor earth nor hell shall harm,  
Thou wilt shield from all alarm.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Cleft from all eternity ;  
Hidden here, I fully share  
All the Father's love and care :  
Hidden here, the Spirit's might  
Shall my darkness turn to light ;  
Rock of Ages, one with Thee,  
All Thy glory I shall see.

## PART II.

Rock of Ages, cleft for all,  
Who for saving shelter call,  
Who, forsaking selfish pride,  
Stoop to enter and abide.  
Cleft for all ! Oh joyous sound !  
Chant it long and loud around :  
All may thither now repair :  
Mercy meets the sinner there.

Rock of Ages, Rock of God,  
Smitten not by human rod :  
Opened from eternity,  
Heaven's profoundest mystery !  
Hidden in its wondrous cleft,  
Though of all things else bereft,  
Sinners find a mine of wealth,  
Riches, honour, endless health.

Rock of Ages, Christ my Lord,  
Hidden here, by faith's accord,  
Guilty souls at once possess  
Pardon, peace, and righteousness,  
Though thy glory passeth by,  
They may gaze and yet not die :  
Yea, thy glory they shall see  
In its full intensity.

Rock of Ages, Rock of Life,  
Hide me in the last dread strife :  
And when suns shall cease to roll,  
Let thy life light up my soul !  
Then, as all things pass away,  
Let my raptured spirit say,  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Ever shall I dwell with Thee.

The next two hymns have been much appreciated, and well illustrate the devotional and cheerful spirit of the writer.

"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 cannot 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.

“ SUMMERTIDE IS COMING.”  
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.

Summer-tide, I hail thee,  
The empress of the year !  
But thou soon wouldst 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.

Among the pieces my father wrote of a more experimental kind, I quote one which was dictated in severe illness in 1860. It was apparently an impromptu ; and the occasion—a sigh. Being asked if it arose from any fresh pain, he replied :  
"Oh, no ! I feel it a little relief ; but do not think

I repine : I should be ashamed. Repine? No, nor change aught, though suns and stars were mine. How busy are my heart and brain!" He then repeated in whispers the following "specimen" of complete resignation.

"JUST AS THOU WILT!"

Just as Thou wilt, O Lord, do Thou!  
I to Thy sovereign purpose bow;  
On brightest day or darkest night  
Whate'er is Thine is right.

Just as Thou wilt! O Lord, perform  
Thy counsels 'midst the raging storm;  
Not for the earth would I complain  
Of sorrow, cross, or pain.

Just as Thou wilt! Be all to me,  
E'en when Thy hand smites heavily;  
Not for the stars would I repine,  
If only Thou art mine.

Just as Thou wilt! Should anguish fierce  
With scorpion stings my body pierce,  
I'll praise Thee, if on me Thou'lt shine  
And whisper, I AM thine!

Just as Thou wilt! In death's dark hour,  
Should Satan's cloud around me lower,  
If Thou, O Christ, wilt be my Guide,  
No ill can me betide.

Just as Thou wilt ! When Thou shalt come  
 And take of souls the mighty sum,  
 Then, blessed Saviour, let mine be  
 Among Thy family !

Another hymn, written at the same time, is  
 entitled

“REST IN THE LORD.”

“Rest in the Lord.”—*Ps.* xxxvii. 7.

“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 !"

Some years after this illness he felt obliged to give up parochial work, and obtained leave of absence from Sharesill. In the autumn of 1867 he bought a house at Leamington, and called it Pymont Villa, after his favourite resort in Germany. This was his last home ; but he was able to return to Pymont, and take Sunday services for the English visitors in the summer of 1869.

The last lines he composed, and which he set to a Palindrome on Easter Even, 1870, are these :—

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

Earlier in the day he had composed the beautiful tune "Havergal," No. 163 in "Havergal's

Psalmody." On Easter-Day he was seized with apoplexy, and remained unconscious forty-eight hours, when he quietly passed through death into life eternal the 19th of April, 1870.

One of his lovely little pieces in "Fireside Music" will fitly close this list of "Specimens."

A FIRESIDE VIEW OF SUNSET.

How calmly sinks the sun  
Beneath the western deep,  
When day his giant course has run,  
And storm is hushed to sleep.

So, like the sun, would I  
In tranquil eve descend,  
And watch with softly waning eye  
The footsteps of the end.

But though in darkness set,  
The sun seems lost awhile ;  
He will his shroud shake off, and yet  
Arise with joyous smile.

Thus, like the sun, may I  
Descend to rise again,  
And meet my Saviour in the sky,  
With all His glorious train.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### *LIFE AT HENWICK.*

Henwick House—At Cologne—A Marriage in Hallow Church—Remarks on the Compilation of Church Music—Architecture and Music—Ravenscroft's "Whole Booke of Psalmes"—"New Church Music, but no New Style"—Charity Sermons and Musical Lectures—Letter to Rev. J. East—Visits the Isle of Arran—Ordination Sermon at Worcester—Appointed Rector of St. Nicholas', Worcester—Names of Pupils—System of Training adopted—A Pastoral Visit.

**I**N the last week of March, 1842, my parents removed with children, pupils, and servants to Henwick House, in a suburb of Worcester, but belonging to the parish of Hallow, of which the Rev. W. J. Phillpotts, now Archdeacon of Cornwall, was vicar. It was a cheerful and commodious residence, with a large garden and terrace-walk, half in sun and half in shade, much longer when the merry little Fanny R. H. raced up and down than it is now. There was also an arbour at the north end, looking over the Severn and its meadows towards Worcester, where she loved to sit and read. It has disappeared like the grave of her little dog

Flora ; but the snowy Mespilus above it still adorns the lawn. In May my father wrote to a friend :—

“ Thank the God of all gods we are thus far on our pilgrimage. Passing through Astley was very pleasant, but leaving it was trying indeed. Our new residence suits us well. May we be thankful for our many comforts. I am not a settled tutor, but an expectant, waiting for any permanent post in the Church which I am equal to take. A living has already been offered me, but I shrink from its weight, and others do so for me.”

The only record of his summer holiday this year is the following letter to my mother :—

“ COLOGNE, 18 July, 1842.

“ MY DEAR JANE,

We spent our Sunday at Aix, and heard an excellent sermon from a Rev. Mr. Clifton (not one of the Worcester clan). The Sunday was more marked than at Paris by massing and profanation : the churches crammed, and yet the streets full of buyers, sellers, and idlers. Close to the cathedral lots of shopping of all sorts are in full exercise. The world and the Church have no barrier between them.

This place of delicious *eau de Cologne* is fully equal to its reputation for dirt and evil odours.



It contains many fine churches. It has been so hot that I could not get about except along the bridge of boats this evening. We are to embark for Bonn to-morrow. We have given up Geneva, as I cannot enjoy bustling about, having been very poorly. We mean to make Mayence the bourne of our trip, and beat about Frankfort, Wiesbaden, &c. We intend to begin to descend the Rhine in ten days, see Amsterdam and The Hague, and be at home about August 6. Direct to Rotterdam if necessary. I am oftener at home than anywhere else. The God of Jacob be there constantly. I can only send earnest love, love, love, to each and all.

Ever your

W. H. H."

In the October of this year the first home-bird left the nest. I was married in Hallow Church by my uncle Stratton, vicar of Graveney and rector of Goodnestone, to Henry Crane of Oakhampton, in Astley, who had been my father's churchwarden for many years.

At the close of this year my father had some correspondence with the Rev. J. Faucett (who consulted him about his compilation of Church music) from which extracts are given.

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“HENWICK HOUSE, WORCESTER,  
Dec. 8, 1842.

“DEAR SIR,

As I told you, there is trouble enough in your undertaking. And you have not done yet. You want a competent hand to edit every piece that is sent you. I have done it only cursorily and generally. The fact is that most of the articles sent you are got up hastily, as their authors sometimes acknowledge, and as other cases plainly show. Some also are sent you at random without care or concern, *ex. gr.*, dear —. Hence one half of the pieces, though more or less decent, are hardly fit for publication. Lots of little things want seeing to, altering, amending, correcting: otherwise, when the volume is out and has slept a little, it will be found full of oversights and imperfections. Bear, too, in mind that many of your contributors are not *Church* musicians, as — and —, &c. Consequently they make a mess when they attempt a style they really do not understand. There is as much difference between styles in music as in architecture. Many a man who can manage a Grecian or an Italian structure well, is at sea in Gothic buildings. And this is a fact which I want to ding-dong in everybody's ears till they see and *feel* it.

Again, too, many of our cathedral, collegiate,

and large parish-church organists are but poorly educated men, in music as well as in letters. They can play and, as they think, compose ; but really they do not know what they are about. They have had no theoretical education, and in after life are too busy with teaching or performing to allow them to study, read, write, and *think*. Consequently many of them, —, and even — and — pen trash, nonsense, and that in a thoroughly secular style. In truth they do not understand *style* ; they do not discriminate.

Hence while many of your contributors show latent *power*, very few evince practical *skill*. They could compose Church music if they knew how. The consequence is they send you a lot of stuff, all very pretty and taking with the musical commonalty, but utterly unfit for Church service. Instead of music of a stately, dignified, majestically plaintive or devotionally warm character, they write things in the style of the tavern or concert-room—things which would have horrified the worthies of Queen Elizabeth's days.

All this applies to all the sorts of music you intend to comprise in your volume. Therefore, dear sir, keep a sharp look-out. Chants, for instance, are among the most meretricious doings of the present day. 'Everybody thinks he can write a chant,' and yet to write a good chant is

*now* one of the most difficult things in the musical world.

One other general remark, and then to particulars. Most of your greater contributors are accustomed to send their contributions for a little pecuniary consideration. When they send gratis they send careless things. See Dr. C.'s shrewd hint at the end of his chants.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Further, I send for your inspection an introit anthem, 'Arise, O Lord.' It wants a little furbishing, which I will see to *if* you wish to have it. And now I beg to send you my Evening Service in E flat and one hundred chants; *Te Deum* to match, with sixteen chants; and Gresham Prize No. 6—I won't say as a present, but in exchange for a copy of your forthcoming volume. Read my preface on chants, &c. Any of those chants are at your service; if you wish it I will tell you which I deem the best. Now I would willingly dock the hundred by fifty or more. We grow wiser by time. So you see I cut up myself as well as others. But a truce, for I am tired. God's blessing.

Ever yours,

W. H. H.

P.S.—I do not exactly like *our* collects set to music, so I am not solicitous for your having any."

[*To the same.*]

“*Dec. 23rd.*”

“——’s Chants are not worth your notice. Mr. —— is a clever and a capable man, and a superior organ-player ; but from what I hear of him I am very wary how I put myself in his way. I did venture to point out to —— the crudities and incongruities of certain pieces of his, in consequence of which he threw them out of the second edition and sacrificed the costs. How different is the style of all our great English composers—Handel, Greene, Arne, Boyce, Crotch, &c. With them all is natural, simple, beautiful.

Some persons seem always to be wanting brisk and lively tunes—just as though they can drink nothing but champagne.

Some composers, A. and G. to wit, cannot harmonize a tune without seeking for discords at every step. They keep the ear in torment, teasing it at every turn ; like persons who, in laying out grounds, place stiles and gates at every step for mere whim.

I should like to see anything of Gibbons and Palestrina’s. They most likely would do for you. I send you a Decalogue Response, which will give you my idea of what *such* a Response ought to be, simple, plaintive, masculine, devout, without prettiness or repetition.”

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[*Letter to another Musical Editor.*]

“The accompanying hymn tune is essentially good, but its arrangement is careless and irregular. Will you induce the author, whoever he may be, to reconsider his effusion? It has the faults of the great majority which are submitted to me. Men compose now, as architects built in the last century, without due attention to *style*. Hence we have so many ugly churches and so many bad tunes. Style is an appointment of God in both nature and art. He follows it Himself. Men discover it in art and follow it too, if they are wise. Hence I do mean to contend for the common-sense propriety of musicians discriminating certain styles, and shaping their productions in accordance with them. What may be allowable in one style of architecture, painting, or even language, may be quite out of place in another. *So is it in music.* If a composer sits down to write, let him be in keeping with his aim. Now in church music the worthies who formed our church style always shunned the doings which I have marked in the MS. The chord of 6.4.3 was used by no good master till after Handel’s day. To begin a strain as the last one in the tune begins, with a 6.4, is the veriest modernism of the day. The great Beethoven, I believe, in one of his half-mad and self-willed freaks, was the first to start it.”

The foregoing are the only remnants of my father's musical correspondence while at Henwick House. His chief musical publication at that time was a reprint of Ravenscroft's "Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621, which he brought out in 1844. He prefaced it by short notices of "the authors which composed the tunes of the Psalmes into four parts," and by an account of Thos. Ravenscroft himself, who was born 1594 and took his degree of Bachelor of Music at Cambridge when only fourteen years old, and was yet in his teens when he published "Melismata ; or, Musical Phansies fitting the Court, Citie, and Countrey Humors." The preface continues with remarks on the tunes and on the decay of the grand style of Elizabethan Psalmody and the peculiarities of its harmony. He makes practical observations and admonitions to observe Dr. Crotch's rule, "new church music, but *no new style*," and concludes with Ravenscroft's own excellent words :—" Thus I end, humbly wishing to all true Christian hearts that sweet consolation in singing praises unto God here upon earth, as may bring us hereafter to bear a part with the choir of angels in the heavens."

Although in his three years' residence at Henwick my father had no regular Sunday duty, he frequently preached for his brother clergy in its parish and neighbourhood, and was much in request for charity

sermons and musical lectures. In June, 1843, he preached two sermons in aid of the funds of the choir of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon. They were published, by request, with notes, and contain interesting accounts of Jewish and Christian sacred song. These sermons were referred to in a letter from the Rev. J. East, which obtained the following reply from my father in December, 1843—

“Prosperity to your kind-hearted people; they are ‘noble’ Bathites. Of all my gift-books I value most Bagster’s English Hexapla. And now for the sermons and your specks in them. But first hearty thanks for my brother’s ‘smiting.’ I love the motive and honour it. With a lens out of my poor telescope perhaps the specks will no longer seem deformities.

1st. As to a side blow at the divines of the Puritan age, I had not the remotest idea; I merely showed the fallacy of a favourite argument, rife even so late as the last edition of the Eastcheap lectures in 1810. These good men were, as I and thousands think, decidedly wrong about instrumental music; I therefore aimed a blow at their error in *that* respect. Besides, it still is the error of the Scottish Church. Did they not dogmatize on the subject we might leave them alone.

The ‘glimpse of the martyr’s tomb.’ Again you



startle me. I only alluded to a well-known fact that the persecuted Christians were wont to worship where they could, or where their tearful affection would naturally lead them. The upper chamber, the darksome cavern, the martyr's grave were their resorts. Certainly I should not say that St. Paul favoured pilgrimages, mendicantism, or hermitages, or naked and dirty devoteeism, because he alluded to *facts* when he spoke of wanderings and caves, and sheep and goat-skin coverings, &c. As to the cloud of glory which filled the house being a token of Divine complacency, surely no Puritan ever disputed that. But should a Puritan say, 'The cloud came to stop the music,' then I reply, 'If it came to stop the music, it came also to stop the sacrifice--for "the priests could not minister."' Besides, the musicians did not stand *in* the house! So hush, dear friend, especially as the music either continued or began again (2 Chron. vii. 3). God to stop the praises of Israel when He 'inhabits them'? Impossible! 'The trees of the wood,' &c. I think the idea analogous to the words of the Psalmist, who exhorts not merely all creatures to praise God, but ourselves to praise Him by His creatures. I once mentioned the idea to Mr. Faber, who is very musical, and he was much taken with it. But now as to oratorios I am wrong, not in what I said, but only in not saying more. I should have said as I

have elsewhere, and on which I have always acted, viz, that oratorios in themselves are perfectly legitimate, but conducted as they generally are they receive no help from me. I have never doubted that we can do more good by battling against abuses, and not weakening our force by mixing the legitimate with the inexpedient."

[*To the same.*]

"BRODICK, ISLE OF ARRAN,  
*July 6, 1844.*

"MY DEAREST E.,

Hitherto! After preaching twice at Bradford, in Yorkshire, and visiting my father, Maria and her young friend Augusta Walker arrived with me here on Thursday last. We sailed from Liverpool; the voyage was splendid, and mercies were abundant. We are in cottage lodgings, homely, but as good as this remoter district affords. A lovely bay, with Glasgow shipping constantly passing, lies before us. Behind is the Black Glen, and on one side the beautiful Goatfell rising 3000 feet above us. Altogether it is a lovely spot; sea, wild hills, and deep glens all about us. God who made them all grant us His presence! At home all were well, but discomposed at not hearing from your Annie after her return to Bath. We think of crossing to Ardrossan on the 25th, and I hope by rail to give

my young travellers two days' peep at Edinburgh ; then take ship at Glasgow and wend homewards by August. Say how it fares with James's eyes. You and yours are all, I hope, singing of mercy and strong in health. We are three days' post from you at Tenby, I think. Maria is all I can wish ; she sends love to each. The blessing of our long-tried Father be with you all.

Ever affectionately yours,  
W. H. HAVERGAL."

In this year a living in Derbyshire was offered to him through Archdeacon Moore, but the population being too large for his strength, it was, after consultation with his friends, declined.

On Trinity Sunday, May 18, 1845, he preached in Worcester cathedral the ordination sermon,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "The solemn character of the ordination service was much heightened by the presence of so many clergy on the platform, and the striking suitableness of the noble cathedral with all its furniture and ornaments. The rural deans assisted the bishop in the imposition of hands. All the candidates were presented by the archdeacon. The only novelty of variety in the service which we noticed on this occasion was the use of the second and longer hymn, *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, the bishop singing the two first lines in each verse, and the clergy and others answering as directed in the rubric. The tune used is that composed for this hymn by our great cathedralist, T. Tallis ; of which one of the best of modern composers (the Rev. W. H. Havergal) has remarked—"A child may sing the tune, while manly genius may admire it."—*Extract from the Worcester Journal.*

from John x. 3, which was published by request of the candidates, and about that time the bishop preferred him to an honorary canonry in that cathedral, being the third he had appointed since their commencement. Still further to mark his appreciation of my father's merits, Bishop Pepys presented him to the living of St. Nicholas, in Worcester, vacant by the resignation of his chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Stephenson, on his promotion to the living of Hallow. It was when walking into Worcester when the bells of St. Nicholas were welcoming him that the beautiful hymn tune called at first by that name came into his mind. It is now called Eden, No. 38 of Havergal's Psalmody.

On leaving Henwick House in June, he gave up taking pupils, but retained one for a short time to read with my youngest brother. Many pupils had come and gone in these long years, and there are some still living who would gladly testify their sense of his ability as a tutor, and who feel they owe him more than advancement in mere earthly knowledge.

Several took high honours at Oxford, some few died young—the polished H. R. Slade, the amiable Fitzhardinge Kingscote, the promising Henry Emva, drowned in his first term at Oxford, the gentle C. R. Drury, &c. The names of others, who, I believe, continued laymen, are J. and T.

Bagnall, R. Blackburn, E. Burton, brother of the traveller, Lord Crofton, S. Charrington, Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, A. J. S. French, W. L. Grant, F. Grote, H. C. Vernon Graham, W. K. Heseltine, L. L. Haslope, W. W. Hozier, R. A. F. Kingscote, Walter Long, Lord Louth, J. and T. Fuller Maitland, A. Macalister, A. Tod, S. W. Maul, R. B. Mansfield, J. Scott, Gerard Spooner, D. H. Rucker, W. W. Carus-Wilson. Of the remainder, forty-one became clergymen; among them are (or were, for some have entered into rest) T. Albutt, R. W. Barnes, J. S. Broad, P. H. Boissier, Ed. Bradley, Hon. H. O'Brien, J. Cawood, Octavus Fox, V. G. Faithful, Geo. Greig, C. Rae Hay. W. Hulme, Jas. Jones (of Naseby), John Antes Latrobe, F. Simcox Lea, Archdeacon J. C. Moore, J. W. Neat, Edward Pollard, J. E. ("Dictionary") Riddle, W. H., and N. J. and O. M. Ridley, G. Ed. Walker. Of many of the above my father would say, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

He was peculiarly fitted to guide young men, by his quick insight into character (although bodily short-sighted), by his kindness of heart, sense of justice, order, method, accuracy, and punctuality. His conversational powers also were of much use with them; he never seemed at a loss for a topic on which to descant gravely or gaily, forcibly or

pathetically. After I left school I felt it a great advantage to listen to the meal-time conversations between my father and successive clever assistants and the young men preparing for college, or ordination at Astley Rectory. The political and religious topics of the day were invariably discussed, and university affairs also, with keen interest ; new books from the Stourport Reading Society were commented on. But the breakfast conversations, the greater part of each week, were always on Scriptural subjects. Every Sunday morning my father wrote on a half-sheet of paper in his clear and distinct hand six or eight questions on some Scripture character, or incident, or doctrine. The pupils were expected to spend their leisure hours on Sunday in searching Bibles and commentaries to enable them to answer those, and any questions arising out of them, on the week-day mornings. In this way much critical and historical knowledge and a store of spiritual ideas were early and pleasantly acquired. Many at the close of their university career informed my father of the advantage they had found from their recollection of his skilful and exhaustive handling of the Sunday questions. One first-class man declared he thought his divinity examination turned the scale from a second to a first class, for which he thanked my father as having so well prepared him when at Astley.

The chapter at morning prayers was always followed by the pupils with their Greek Testaments, and in the short interval before breakfast they were expected to show up a short sentence neatly written on a slip of paper from any Greek or Latin author; and at breakfast, before the Scripture question for the day was propounded, each had to quote a text, with chapter and verse. So that a large amount of knowledge was gently imbibed by nine o'clock every morning.

Great attention was paid to English composition; the wherefore of each correction in a theme was always thoroughly explained.

Such of the pupils as were fitted for it, especially those preparing for the ministry, were encouraged to take classes in the Sunday school, in which their help proved most valuable, and also to visit old or invalid people selected by himself.

It was a great comfort to him to think of these young messengers of mercy turning their daily walks to good account, when he was unable, from the state of his head, to visit the poor himself. How welcome and cheering his calls were when made many a one could tell.

When quite a child I remember accompanying him on a pastoral visit to a young woman at Astley Burf. It was evening: there was no conversation; a kindly greeting, a reverent recital of appropriate

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passages of Scripture, a prayerful blessing, and we silently left ; but the soothing sound of his voice in the deepening twilight, the flickering firelight on the cottage wall, the calm face of the dying girl, made a pictured impression on my mind never to be effaced.



## CHAPTER IX.

### *LIFE IN WORCESTER.*

St. Nicholas' Rectory—Letters to the Rev. J. East—Elizabeth Edwards and George Vaughan—Letters from Dr. Lowell Mason—Marriage of the Rev. H. E. Havergal—Illness and Death of Mrs. Havergal—"Old Church Psalmody"—"A Century of Chants"—"Havergal's Psalmody" and "Songs of Grace and Glory"—Special Sermons—Death of his Mother—Letter to the Rev. J. East—Second Marriage—Lansdowne Crescent, Worcester—Failing Eyesight—Consults Prussian Oculist—"Sermons on Historical Subjects from the Old and New Testament"—Letters from the Rev. G. S. Faber and the Rev. Charles Bradley—"A History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune"—Dr. Wainwright's Preface—Marriage of his Daughter Ellen—"Nuptial Grace"—Death of the Rev. John East—The last word "Home"—Visit to Killarney—Letter from the Rev. S. B. James—Death of the Rev. John Davies—Resignation of St. Nicholas'—Generous gifts—The Parish Schools—Letter to the Churchwardens—Parting Address.

**A**T Midsummer, 1845, my parents, with their younger daughters and son, took up their residence in St. Nicholas' Rectory, Worcester. It was a very dreary abode compared with their former homes, overshadowed on one side by the tall Doric church, and on the other by the houses from which it retreated, behind a strip of ground which ex-

tended to the street. A Banking Company now occupy the new building erected on its site a few years later. Notwithstanding this unpleasant change as to residence, our dear mother was quite content, and congratulated herself on having a smaller household to care for than the former she had managed with so much tact and ability, and looked forward to finding more time to work among the poor and visit her friends generally. She little knew how soon she would have to prove her faith by patient suffering instead of by active service.

In a letter to a friend my father described his new sphere as "arduous, but promising." Not much more can be gathered from the few letters that remain of this time.

[*To the Rev. J. East.*]

"Oct. 16, 1845.

"My heart rose into joy as I glanced at your improved handwriting. It seems all yourself again, and comes to me itself a bulletin. But I startle at hearing you say that the sensation in your leg returned as you stood in your pulpit. Now that sensation is a text and a sermon to you! Read it well, and preach to yourself about it continually. You should go out again for full nine months, to make up the year. I am most serious, because, with that sensation, you are not sound.

Thanks for your invitation to preach ; I cannot and dare not accept it. You must not tempt me to violate the rule you lay down for me, 'Be not righteous over much.' If I fail in that point, it shall be in my own parish. The fact is, to make exceptions is a difficult task. Hence I have said, Nay, I must not go anywhere. In addition, I find much interest in my own pulpit ; other things render it highly expedient for me to stay in Worcester my first year. It was only yesterday that I refused to preach for George Bull, of Birmingham. A wisdom tooth has prevented my eating these ten days, but is recovering its folly.

'The times,' indeed ! One of the worst features of them is the supineness of our bishops. Poor Jordan is hauled up and racked for indiscretion only, while Pusey is left in open heresy to enjoy his dignities. We shall be interested with the letters of your naval son. I should like a talk with you, and a long one."

[*To the same.*]

"*April 20, 1846.*

"The Lord uphold and comfort you, dearest East, under your sore trial. No doubt these dark ways are all right, and are only parts of a bright plan. But one cannot help thinking of poor Bagot and the diocese. Somehow I dread to hear of the death of good men. One has a boding idea that

their departure is a loss to the Church not to be supplied. Well, the more reason why we should strive to the utmost while we can. But oh! to sleep in Jesus away from sin, turmoil, and anxiety. And yet it is foolish to be anxious. I know it, but too often fall into it . . . Your letter has only just reached me, as I interdict delivery on the Lord's Day.

[*To the same.*]

“ ISLE OF MAN,

Jan. 19, 1847.

“ I am staying with the Archdeacon of this island, and have only a few minutes to reply to your announcement. Truly I can sympathize with you. I know the sort of pain and the sort of pleasure which you now experience. May our God turn the one into the other, and crown all with His abundant blessing. My love to your dear girl, and tell her to believe that I do wish her all joy in the prospect before her. But these things, dear brother, tell *us* that life is but a dream, except so far as we keep our eye on eternity. We pass from stage to stage, and the last scene soon comes. In our real home we shall meet where distance and separation will not be known.

May we rejoice, no wanderer lost,  
A family in heaven !”

My father met with much encouragement in his

work among the poor of St. Nicholas', and published a little account of Elizabeth Edwards, a Christian child, and also of George Vaughan, "an old disciple," who died February 13, 1847, aged 98 years. Many other instances of holy lives and happy deaths among the poor in his parish who were rich in faith, may be found in his daughter Maria's record of her "walks and talks" among them in her "Pleasant Fruits." <sup>1</sup>

His musical correspondence of course continued. I insert an extract of a letter from the American musician, Dr. Lowell Mason, of Boston, April, 1847, and from others of later date.

[*Letters from Dr. Lowell Mason.*]

"I have lately introduced into my choir and sung with admirable effect your tunes of St. Nicholas and Glasshampton. The effect of St. Nicholas was truly magnificent; I have never heard anything come nearer to my *beau ideal* of Church music than did the singing of this tune on a fine Sabbath morning, in a church filled with people. It made a deep impression, and the next day one and another was asking, 'What tune did you sing yesterday morning?' 'Where did you get that tune?' &c.

On the Sabbath following we sung Glasshampton;

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<sup>1</sup> London : J. Nisbet & Co.

this is beautiful, but St. Nicholas is sublime. The performance makes one feel as Jacob did, 'none other but the gate of heaven.' Wonderful would be the effect of psalmody were all the people to unite in such lofty, majestic strains."

"November, 1848. My book the 'National Psalmist' was completed about September last. I fear to send it you, for there is, I well know, much that you cannot approve. There is much indeed, I (who am not so orthodox as you are) do not like, but I was obliged to adapt myself to the state of things, and I introduce into my book quite as much of the real psalmody as the people are prepared for. But I have done something towards reformation. A few of your tuncs which I took a little liberty with I have marked ; forgive me, my dear sir, for the few instances in which I deviated a little from your copy, for the purpose of adapting them for more general use here. Much have you enriched my book. Your letters and remarks have much modified my book. For all this and much more I shall ever be truly grateful."

"March, 1862. I thank you for your kind note of February 2. It has gladdened my heart, and caused me to look upon your portrait, ever before me, with renewed interest, and, if possible, with a deeper respect and affection for its original, who has been so kind to me. Ten years ago, on Janu-

ary 3, I saw you at Worcester? dined with you on Saturday. On Sunday I attended divine service at your church; you preached from Jer. l. 5. I wish you had put that sermon into your printed volumes. In the evening you preached again on Psa. xxiii. 4. It is most pleasant to recall the remembrance of kind friends. I shall never cease to hold them dear. Now, dear sir, may the blessing of our heavenly Father ever rest upon you and yours, and at last, when you shall be called home, may an abundant entrance be ministered to you into everlasting habitations.

Yours most truly,  
LOWELL MASON."

The chief event of domestic interest in 1847 was the marriage of my eldest brother, the Rev. Henry East Havergal. He had been chaplain of New College and Christ Church, Oxford, successively, and had published a few musical works, and two editions of Geo. Wither's "Hymns of the Church." He was now vicar of Cople, near Bedford. On the 16th of September he married, at Norton-juxta-Kempsey, Frances Mary, the eldest daughter of Geo. J. A. Walker, Esq., J. P. and D. L., who was heartily welcomed among us.

Our dear mother was then, to our inexpressible grief, languishing in her last illness; but in bridal

attire they came to her bedside for a blessing, which she gave in the words of Numbers vi. 24-27, and saying, "You, my dear children, are beginning life, I am ending it. It is such a relief to me to see you united; I so feared being the means of preventing your happiness;" adding some sweet counsel which was not recorded.

Many sweet expressions of resignation and holy joy were throughout her illness written down by another sister. I will unveil one page only of her diary.

"The earliest dawn always found my father at my dear mother's side, even before the night-nurse left, with words refreshing as the dew. Once kneeling by her, with her hand upon his head, she repeated many times, 'My dear, dear husband.' 'Yes,' he said, 'but One is with you dearer still; He does more for you than I can.' *My Mother*: 'It has so troubled me to-night that Satan has power to keep me from dying, and so hinder me from my rest.' 'Oh, no! that cannot be; life and death are in the Lord's hands alone. "My times are in Thy hand," and there is a glorious comfort that Christ alone has the key of death—"He openeth and no man shutteth."' At another time she said to him, 'How wonderfully God has blessed us through life and in our dear children. Goodness and mercy have indeed followed us.'



Pointing to some camellias from Oakhampton, she said, 'How beautiful! but not *perfectly* white; soon I shall be in garments whiter than snow.' *My Father*: 'Yes, and see your Saviour, who is altogether lovely. What a change awaits you! Into what joy will you soon enter! You have joy now, knowing Jesus is with you, and that He will remain with you.'

Our beloved mother lingered in great suffering, too dreadful to dwell on, till July 5, 1848, when her spirit was released to be "for ever with the Lord." She was buried in the crypt beneath the church of St. Nicholas, and a tablet to her memory was placed on the chancel wall with the inscription:—

" JANE, the beloved wife of the  
REV. W. H. HAVERGAL,  
Rector of this Parish, and Hon. Canon of  
Worcester Cathedral;  
Died in holy peace, July 5, 1848.  
Aged 54 years.  
' I give unto them eternal life.' "

Her daughter Frances thus alludes to her burial-place in " Travelling Thoughts." <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> " The Ministry of Song," p. 147.





Engraved by  
W. Ballingall.

**ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, WORCESTER.**

*From a Sketch taken in 1848.*

"There in a busy city,  
 A crypt all dark and lone,  
 A name engraven on our hearts  
 Is traced upon a stone.

Not *there* the sainted spirit !  
 She dwells in holy light,  
 Within the pearl-raised portals,  
 With those who walk in white.

May all her children follow  
 The path she meekly trod,  
 And reach the home she rests in now,  
 And dwell like her with God."

After this heavy bereavement we all went together to Aber, in North Wales, for some weeks, lodging in a farm-house named Tyn-y-coed.

In November, 1847, my father published "Old Church Psalmody," a collection of old English tunes and others of foreign origin which he esteemed a *desideratum*, as he believed there was no existing volume which contained only such tunes and such harmonies as strictly accord with the style of those times when psalmody was best understood, and of which the date of T. Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621, he considered the zenith. No composition of a later date which did not accord with that style was admitted, nor any tune by a living author.

“Old Church Psalmody” contained remarks on harmony, style, rhythmical form, the time and pitch in which the tunes were sung, followed by notes of information respecting many of them.<sup>1</sup>

He received numberless testimonies from America and Scotland, as well as England, of the high estimation in which this now standard work was held. It passed through five editions, and has since been incorporated with the next mentioned volumes. He published, in 1859, “A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes,” Op. 48. These tunes were selected from very many of his own composition, and are all constructed on the principles set forth in his “Old Church Psalmody.” They are named from the natural geography of the Bible, as Amana, Bethany, Carmel, &c., a system which had not before been adopted, and is a distinctive mark of his later tunes. My sister Frances in like manner named her published tunes from the names of St. Paul’s friends, as Claudia, Euodias, Hermas, &c. The preface to the “Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes” contains remarks on the secularities too prevalent in psalmody, &c. ; insisting that in music, as in architecture, the church should have a style

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<sup>1</sup> In 1859, as in some other years, my father had much correspondence with the Rev. C. H. Davis, then of Nailsworth, who kindly gave him much assistance in preparing for the press one of the editions of “Old Church Psalmody,” &c

of her own. In January, 1870, he published "A Century of Chants," with a preface, and a "Supplemental Note" on the career of Dr. Crotch.

When an Oxonian my father had the advantage of hearing Dr. Crotch on the organ in his best days, and of imbibing his musical ideas, for which he always retained the utmost veneration. In later years Dr. Crotch often expressed his high opinion of my father's compositions, and his respect for his judgment and learning.

In 1871, the year following his death, the above works were incorporated in one volume, entitled "Havergal's Psalmody," and published by his widow; but it was entirely prepared and arranged by his daughter Frances R. Havergal, with the addition of many of his other tunes, some kyries, and glorias, and also some of her own tunes, to which she afterwards added an appendix. Finally the Rev. C. B. Snepp published in 1875, by permission, another edition as a musical companion to his "Songs of Grace and Glory." This also my sister Frances arranged, adding new tunes by herself and other composers.

The only record of 1849 is that my father preached, on the 22nd of March, a sermon which was published by request, entitled "Death for Murder," a subject which was then much agitated in Worcester and elsewhere. His text was, "He beareth

not the sword in vain" (Rom. xiii. 4), on which he founded an able defence of our present law. He was then chaplain to the High Sheriff of the county. On the 29th of November he preached at the Rev. J. East's church, St. Michael's, Bath, on the opening of a new organ, an appropriate sermon, also published, entitled "Elisha and the Minstrel," from 2 Kings iii. 15.

The year 1850 brought one of the great trials of my father's life. In February he was summoned to the death-bed of his mother, who had been seized with apoplexy. He thus writes to his daughters:—

"MY DEAR ONES,

You will be anxious to hear. Dr. H. and Mr. J. again saw my mother this morning. They say, as I feared, that life diminishes—in fact, that recovery is hopeless. It becomes increasingly difficult for her to swallow, so that all is against her as to the body, but all, rather, is forwarding the soul to its blessed home. I would not detain her, although I see the loss to myself. Her living prayers have been my sheet-anchor. Aunt Mary arrived last evening from Norwich. The nurse is efficient and a good woman, my father's tenant the last twenty-five years. P.M.—Symptoms no better. The Lord see and hear! Though my dear dying mother can say nothing, yet sometimes

her meaning can be caught. It is quite clear that she anticipated a seizure, from what she said to Kate and the directions she gave her. It is clear also that she is enjoying full peace and assurance. Her strong Protestant feelings are singularly fresh to the last. On my saying to her, 'Dear mother, would you like me to administer the Lord's Supper?' she emphatically muttered 'No! no!' She added another word, which at last we found to be 'Rome.' Her meaning was, as I found, that she had always been a communicant, and did not wish by any death-bed act even to appear to countenance the notion of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper being *necessary* to a dying person. No passport—no! no!"

She died on the 24th of February, aged nearly seventy-eight years. Afterwards my father writes: "Frank has arrived, also Edward. Yesterday was a most sad day with my poor father. Alternations between gushes of sorrow and mental wanderings. His last leave of the blessed dead was very affecting; I had to sustain him and myself too. The Lord helped! The last earthly scene was off our eyes (never to be off my heart) about mid-day. Mr. Paddon read the service—oh what a service!—very nicely. Many neighbours followed. I hear the whole town feels the event. All seem to know she *was* a good woman. I think much of you. The Lord think of us all!"



My grandfather survived his wife more than four years, dying of old age (having worn out the gout), September 2, 1854, aged eighty-nine years and a half. Their only daughter Mary, Mrs. Prestage, died March 21, 1874, leaving three children—Catherine, Edward, and George. She had long been a widow, as Mr. Prestage died at Tunbridge Wells in 1848.

[*Letter from W. H. H. to Rev. J. East.*]

“WORCESTER, *March 22, 1850.*”

“MY DEAREST EAST,

Heart thanks for your earnest solicitudes and sympathies. I am, thank the God of my mercies, as well as I can reasonably expect. The loss of my mother—such a mother as she was—will ever be a loss which cannot be repaired. I feel that I have lost my *praying* mother! I have been so accustomed to send to her to ‘undertake for me,’ that it is with me now as when a ship parts with its sheet-anchor. Lord, help me to look more to Thyself!

The bracing weather is the instrument of my better health, spite of incessant fog to the full. My Lent lectures are nobly attended. Let the Saviour be praised! Maria and Fanny are pretty well, though the former is like a sparrow on the house-top without her Ellen, who, as Theophilus told you

is gone on a guardian visit to my poor father. Splendid indeed is your mission list. Poor Archdeacon Thomas of bygone days! Thank the Lord our archdeacon will (D.V.) preach for the society in my church next month, and take the chair at the meeting. Is *our* great battle at hand? It looks like it. 'The sword of the Lord' and the articles! All love to all.

Ever yours,

W. H. H."

On the 28th of June in this year my father preached in the Abbey Church at Tewkesbury, for the enlargement of its organ, from Psalm xxii. 3. I have no memoranda of any family event till the next summer.

In July, 1851, my father married Caroline Ann, daughter of John Cooke, Esq., of Gloucester (then deceased), and sister of John Russell Cooke, Esq., of Newent, who made him an affectionate and devoted wife. The first weeks after their marriage they spent at Slindon, near Arundel, where in August my sisters joined them, excepting Fanny, who had gone to school at Powick Court, near Worcester, which is described in her "Memorials," also her visit with her father and step-mother to Colwyn in North Wales the following summer.

In 1852 my father delivered Lent lectures on

“The Ark of the Covenant,” which were published some time afterwards.

The site of St. Nicholas' Rectory being required for business purposes, and the plan of building a new rectory being deferred, my father, after his second marriage, took up his abode at Lansdowne Crescent, Rainbow Hill, within easy distance of his parish, but on higher ground. It was an advantage to him to live in purer air, and the new home commanded a lovely and extensive view, looking over the city and the Severn to the beautiful range of the Malvern Hills. His eyesight had for some time been failing, and now became so seriously affected that, having obtained leave of absence from the bishop, he left England in November with Mrs. Havergal and my sister Fanny, to consult the renowned Prussian oculist, Dr. de Leuw.

The Hofrath, as he was locally called, pronounced the case to be one of incipient cataract, which he hoped to absorb and disperse by his remedies if my father could remain within reach. Accordingly, after staying a few weeks at Gräfrath, they wintered at Dusseldorf, placing Fanny at the Louisenschule there. Mrs. Havergal's birthday was on the shortest day of the year, and my father always commemorated it by a poetic offering. That for this year is given as a specimen.

"The shortest day in a foreign land  
Would be one of lengthened sadness,  
Were it not my spirit has at hand  
A lamp of sunny gladness.  
O Thou who, forty years ago,  
Didst give that lamp its natal spark,  
Keep bright its own ethereal glow,  
No day shall then with me be dark !

W. H. H.

*Dusseldorf, Dec. 21, 1852.*"

My father in this winter wrote a little book (published by Hatchard) on the Hofrath and his surroundings, entitled, "The Prussian Oculist." In the spring he made excursions to Munster and other places, and returned to England in December, 1853, with improved sight and a distant prospect of complete cure. Of this first long sojourn abroad his MS. "Facts and Scraps" will form a chapter by themselves.

Ever industrious, even under difficulties, my father had, while abroad, published in London two volumes of "Sermons chiefly on Historical Subjects from the Old and New Testament, preached in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, Worcester."<sup>1</sup> He was assisted in their selection by his friend the Rev. S. R. Waller, then incumbent of Mitton, Stourport.

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<sup>1</sup> London : Hamilton, Adams, & Co. ; and Hatchards.

Many favourable notices in papers and magazines followed their publication, but it will be sufficient to quote from the letters of two friends, who were excellent writers and preachers themselves.

[*From the Rev. G. S. Faber, Canon of Durham.*]

“SHERBURN HOUSE, DURHAM,

July 17, 1853.

“MY DEAR SIR,

My two copies of your sermons I have received. I read one every morning in the course of my ordinary devotions, and without compliment I think them both very original, and, what is much better, calculated to be eminently useful. In my perfectly sober judgment, I think them some of the best I have ever read—sound in doctrine, eminently practical in application. In a mechanical point of view they are most comfortable reading. You adopt the plan I always follow, that of numbering the divisions and subdivisions of the subject by figures, instead of writing in unmarked continuity, which greatly increases a reader’s difficulty of comprehension. . . .

Yours most truly,

G. S. FABER.”

[*From the Rev. Charles Bradley.*]

“MY DEAR HAVERGAL,

I have received your sermon, and thank you for it. It is pleasant, nice reading. But the

**Sermons!** Their chief value in my eyes is their suggestiveness. They contain 'seeds of thought.' Of course to ordinary lay readers this excellence in them might not be perceived; but there are other excellences which the commonest mind might discover. Your mind is eminently practical; may I say, though logical it is not metaphysical? On historical subjects you are unrivalled; no author that I know, save Bishop Hall, comes near you. Your style is racy, and has quaintnesses which some would think might be removed; but I like the raciness, and moreover we preachers like a new word now and then as well as a new idea. I am sure we shall find your sermons very helping.

The time with me is very short; I feel as though I had never preached my Master's Gospel fully yet, and long to preach it before I die. Pray for me.

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

CHARLES BRADLEY."

In this year also my father wrote "A History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune with Specimens," for which the Right Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D., Bishop of New York, wrote a preface, and it was published there in April, 1854. In the last month of his life my father began to write a preface for a new edition.

Dr. Wainwright's prefatory note so well por-

trays the merits of this work, and the estimation in which my father's character and talents were held, that an extract may here be given :—

“There is probably no musical composition, with the exception of the ancient Ambrosian and Gregorian tones, that has been so universally sung by worshipping assemblies as the Old Hundredth Psalm tune, and certainly none so familiar to the ear of Protestant communities. It has proved equally acceptable to the instructed and uninstructed musical taste. When in any congregation, through ignorance or bad taste, it has been for a time laid aside to make way for more modern yet more feeble tunes, it has been taken up again, after the intermission, with increased interest ; and as its strains have been given out by the organ, and its first tones raised by the choir or clerk, devout affections have been roused, and voices which have been long silent have swelled the loud chorus of praise. It has been known in this country from its first settlement. It was in all probability used by the earliest Church of England missionaries in Virginia, and it was certainly one of the songs of the Puritan fathers of New England, since we find it in Ainsworth's Psalms, the book of Psalmody which they brought from Holland. It was, therefore, one of the tunes to which the wild forests in this new world were first

made vocal with the praise of God. Nor was its use confined to the early European settlers; its lofty strains were taught by them to the inhabitants of the forest they found here; it was sung by the new-made converts of the missionary, John Elliot; and in the various missionary settlements amongst the Indians it may yet be heard.

“The history of such a composition must be a matter of interest not only to the musician but to all who have the slightest taste for musical art, and especially to those who take delight in the service of song in the house of the Lord. Mr. Havergal has performed a most acceptable work in his curious researches. He has carefully hunted up, probably, everything that can be discovered relating to its origin, and has established its authorship as satisfactorily as can now be done. 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. But the result of Mr. Havergal's researches is perhaps of more practical importance considered with reference to the form of the tune. This, it seems, has been greatly changed, and hence the heaviness and almost tediousness which sometimes attends its performance. Could its old rhythm be restored, the tune would more fully accord with the joyful character of the psalm by



which it is called, and would not fail to be even more popular and useful than heretofore.

“The most estimable author of this work, a clergyman of the Church of England, is well known in the United States as well as in England for his devotion to the cause of sacred music ; and no one in our day has contributed more than he has done to the revival of a taste for pure ecclesiastical melodies and harmonies.”

The introductory part of the volume is devoted to an inquiry into the versions of our early psalters and Psalms, in which the tune is inserted, and in which is shown how deep have been his researches into this interesting subject. He then enters into an examination of the works of the several foreign composers—Luther among the number—to whom has been attributed the composition of the tune, establishing clearly that to William Franc the merit of the composition belongs ; not so much that he was the original composer as the fragmental compiler, my father clearly tracing each phrase of the tune to sundry Gregorian hymns.

It having, however, been the subject of controversy, whether an Englishman—Thomas Ravenscroft or John Douland—was not the composer of the tune, he enters into the discussion of this point with his usual acumen, and thus satisfactorily disposes of the surmise in relation to both :—

“In consequence of Ravenscroft having prefixed the name of John Douland to the tune, as the harmonizer of it, Douland has been considered its author. The erroneous notion seems to have taken its rise from some vague remarks of Dr. Pepusch, about the beginning of the last century. The surmise that Douland was the composer of the tune spread among the editors of many local collections of tunes of the ensuing generation. At length the Rev. W. Bowles, Canon of Salisbury, in his interesting ‘History of Bremhill’ (p. 206, &c.), advocated the surmise, and detailed many arguments in support of it. The process which the estimable poet, historian, and divine thought fit to follow is this. Considering that there is no authority for attributing the tune to Luther, he endeavoured to prove that it is ‘originally English.’ The tune, he argues, so exactly suits the accentuation of the first verse of our hundredth psalm, old version, that it must have been composed to those words. In an old book of his own, the title of which is not given, the worthy Canon found the name of John Douland at the head of the tune. Ravenscroft also, as he thought he had discovered, assigned it to that eminent musician. But ‘after,’ as Mr. Bowles supposes, ‘Ravenscroft published the air as Douland’s he saw it in a French book of psalms, and, without sufficient examination, re-

tracted in the index what he advanced in the body of his work' (p. 208). This is the sum of a rather long argument. A breath would suffice to demolish it, and the deserved repute of the pleader of it requires a little more formality in its annihilation.

It is singular that a man like Canon Bowles should have so slurred over facts which he was perfectly competent to investigate. He furnishes, however, another proof of what has been so often proved, that a superior mind, without a special turn, is not always equal to every task. Had the poet been more of a musician he could hardly have failed, as he has, in handling a point of musical history. A very easy glance at any of the old psalters, which must have been within his reach, would have sufficed to convince him that his argument about the accentuation of the words was but a mere cobweb, and that it was far more likely that the words were written to the tune than that the tune was composed for the words; especially as there are many tunes to the same metre in the foreign psalters, but only this one set of words in our own *old* psalter.

But apart from all arguments and surmises, it is plain fact Douland was not the author of the tune, for he was born in 1562, and the tune was printed in an English psalter at Geneva in 1561."

In relation to the time in which the tune should

be sung, he makes the following appropriate remarks :—

“The time in which the tune is now sung furnishes an instance of alteration as remarkable as any in its entire history. Originally, and till a comparatively late period, the tune was regarded as the liveliest and most cheerful in the whole Psalter.

“On the publication of Tate and Brady’s New Version, the Old Hundredth Psalm tune was singled out as a model tune ‘for psalms of praise and cheerfulness.’ As such it is still recognized in the ‘Directions concerning tunes’ printed at the end of some recent editions of that Version. But time, which changes so many things, has witnessed a strange alteration in the mode of singing this tune. Instead of being regarded as a joyous and animating melody, it is reckoned a solemn and even a funeral strain. It consequently is no longer sung in a spirited and sprightly style, but doled forth with the utmost length of syllabic utterance. So inveterate, too, has this singular change become, that not even the extremely jubilant character of the Hundredth Psalm itself is sufficient to awaken attention to the anomaly. Though choirs and other singers are familiar with the old title of the Psalm, ‘*Jubilate Deo,*’ and repeat its translation, ‘O be *joyful* in the Lord,’ in the Morning Service

of our Church, they, nevertheless, fail to see the inconsistency of singing the tune to its metrical version in a drawling and sleepy manner. Not even when using the old or new version, and repeating lines which call on all the dwellers upon earth to rejoice in praising, lauding, and blessing Jchovah, do they perceive the incongruity; but continue to sing those lines with the same sleepy slowness as they would sing a dirge in a graveyard. The reason of this perversion may perhaps be found, nowadays at least, in the very antiquity of the tune itself. It has become a popular notion that all old tunes must be sung in proportionably slow time. How groundless and inaccurate this notion is, there would be no great difficulty in proving at large. It is sufficient to state that, in the year 1621, Thomas Ravenscroft, the great oracle for this species of church music, directed 'That Psalms of Rejoicing be sung with a loud voice, and a *swift and jocund measure*.' This, no doubt, was in accordance with what had been the custom of the Elizabethan age; for unless such custom had existed, how were our forefathers to get through twelve or sixteen verses, the usual partition of the longer psalms? Even Dr. Isaac Watts, who composed many of his 'Imitations of the Psalms of David' to suit the measure of our fine old church tunes, remarked, about the middle of the last

century, that 'If the method of singing were but reformed to *a greater speed* of pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm, with less expense of time and breath; and our psalmody would be *more agreeable to that of the ancient churches*, more intelligible to others, and delightful to ourselves.'

Before giving twenty-eight specimens of this celebrated tune, of different ages and harmonies, my father thus concludes his observations:—

"Considered as Gregorian in its texture, the Old Hundredth Psalm tune is indeed very old, much older than is commonly imagined. Its sacred strains had been sung by Christian voices not only a thousand years before Luther was born, but for centuries before the Papal system was developed.

"Viewed in this light, the old tune assumes a new interest, and its antique notes vibrate with freshened impulse. May the fervour with which it used to be sung at St. Paul's Cross, soon after its first importation into England, be speedily revived in all our parish churches."

1856 was signalized by a very happy domestic event. My sister Ellen was married by the Rev. Charles Bradley in St. Nicholas' Church to Giles Shaw, Esq., of Celbridge Lodge, County Kildare, where they resided till December, 1866, when they

came to Winterdyne, near Bewdley—a home of Christian word and work.

My father composed a hymn to be sung when the guests were in their places at the wedding breakfast, and as such a musical grace was a novelty, a copy is given.

### NUPTIAL GRACE.

FOR G. S. AND E. P. H.

February 5, 1856.

*“Holy Matrimony—instituted of God in the time of man’s innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, and first miracle that He wrought, in Cana of Galilee.”*

O THOU, whose presence beautified  
 Poor Cana’s nuptial board,  
 By Thee let ours be sanctified,  
 And Thou shalt be adored.

Thyself to us, ourselves to Thee  
 In mystic union join;  
 And grant us greater things to see  
 Than water turned to wine.

Thy glory show, our faith make strong,  
 Like rivers be our peace:  
 And seat us where Thy Marriage Song  
 Shall never, *never* cease!

---

To Him who wove the marriage tie,  
In Eden's thornless bower,  
To Him, the Christ of God Most High,  
Be glory, praise, and power!

This grace was sung to a tune then called St. Nicholas, but named Eden in Havergal's Psalmody, No. 38.

A few days after this "model of a Christian wedding," as I heard it called,

"So swift treads sorrow on the heels of joy!"

my father received the news of the dangerous illness of the Rev. John East, who for forty-three years had been his most affectionate and devoted friend, whose funeral sermon he preached in St. Michael's, Bath, February 24th, from "Moses my servant is dead" (Joshua i. 2).

The last word Mr. East uttered, pointing upward, was "Home!" On this my father remarked; "This last word 'home' falls on my ear with thrilling force, for it is the first remembered word which passed between him and me. 'Home' was the altar round 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 frequently referred to it affectionately in after days.



Our East was a thorough man of home ; he loved it with hallowed intensity, and only feared that he loved it too much. Never could it be said of him that he was not at home what he was in society. Fitly, therefore, did a glance of his eternal home waken up his sinking thoughts."

After an illness in the summer my father gives a short account of his autumn holiday in a letter to Dr. Lowell Mason.

" KILLARNEY, *Oct. 22, 1856.*

" MY DEAR SIR,

Your kind letter of the 29th ult. has overtaken me in this charming locality. An attack of poor or suppressed gout left me in an enfeebled state. As, too, I had had no holiday for fifteen months, I felt obliged as soon as practicable to take a long rest. With Mrs. Havergal and our neighbours, the Misses Nott, I have been in Ireland for more than a month, and hope to reach home again next week. The main attraction to Ireland was the new home of my dear daughter Ellen ; we are thankful to say we found everything equal to our fondest wishes. We spent three weeks at Kilkee, a wild but noble spot on the western coast, where the waves and breezes of the Atlantic greatly refreshed and delighted us. I am, thank God, much benefited by the change.

While out I have been catching an hour now

and then to arrange and copy a selection of my own psalm and hymn tunes, which have either never been published or are scattered in the publications of others. My children are urgent for me to do this, but it is a difficult task with my imperfect vision. I have had some very large music paper ruled on purpose for the occasion. If the accompanying MSS. will be of any service to you, all is yours *ad lib.* The sacred round was hit off some years ago. The *recto et retro* chant was picked by Fanny, my scribe, out of a lot of such articles. I never have time for greater things, but scraps of weary hours *will* lead my thoughts to some little contrivances of a short description. My dear wife joins me in very best remembrances to Mrs. Mason.

Believe me,

Most faithfully yours,

W. H. HAVERGAL."

It is somewhat remarkable that two of my father's curates at Worcester were ordained on the same day at York, little thinking they would be called to what they both considered the high privilege of serving at different times under the same rector. One of them, the Rev. Charles Bullock, his successor at St. Nicholas', and now the editor of *Home Words* and other magazines,

will be alluded to later on ; the other, the Rev. S. B. James, is now vicar of Northmarston. He is the author of sermons and lectures, &c., and a well-known contributor to periodical literature. He was my father's esteemed coadjutor from September, 1856, to February, 1858. He thus writes to me concerning him :—

“So unselfish, single-hearted, generous, and transparently upright a friend and rector I think it would be difficult to find. It seemed to me, when he was taken home, I should never be able to fill the blank in my correspondence, my thoughts, and my heart. He so entirely mourned with me when I mourned, and, what is far rarer, rejoiced with me when I rejoiced, that I viewed him with almost filial affection.

“I have his pocket Communion Service, as my child has his accomplished daughter's writing-desk. I have books with his well-known autograph ; I had very many precious letters of his, but, by a sad mischance, they are lost to me. I have his portrait and other valued mementoes, and as long as I live shall cling to his memory and all its associations.

“I remember his disappointment at my remaining unbeneficed, and ending a letter with, ‘Ah, there's nothing left but the Great Patron.’ And when somebody attacked one of my sermons, he re-

marked, 'Have you never noted, friend James, that whenever the great serpent is angry the little snakes are sure to hiss!'

"His generosity was ever in advance of a curate's expectations. On one occasion he wrote thus: 'Your last letter is before me; I value it and thank you. The good Lord return for me all its kindness to you. Herewith I enclose a cheque, and henceforth you must let me name £—' (an advance of £20) 'as the stipend, because I fear I am likely to task you a little more than heretofore. Even that little increase will exhaust the proceeds of my gradually exhausting living.' And he would take no refusal.

"He was keenly appreciative of the regard and honour which I strove to indicate by outward acts. 'With you,' said he, 'it is always "My rector and I;" it is not so with all curates.' I think my reply was an allusion to Wolsey's "*Ego et rex meus.*"

"He was, as friend, as rector, as man of business with me—and, as I verily believe, in all relationships to others—a man of a thousand and of ten thousand."

One little note of 1857 has been preserved, written to his daughter, Mrs. Shaw, on the first anniversary of her wedding-day.

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“MY DEAREST ELLEN,

As many happy returns to you of this your happy day as the God of Abraham and Sarah may see fit to grant you! My best love to your dear husband. We enjoyed the thought of your unexpectedly seeing dear Frank; we long to hear all about his visit. Kiss the babe for me. Our God fix his smile on her!

Ever yours,

W. H. H.”

I have no other records of this year, but my father's widow has left a little diary of his home sayings and pastoral doings from January, 1857, to March, 1860, extracts from which will form a separate chapter. She died at Pymont Villa, Leamington, May 26, 1878.

Not only did my father support in his own and other dioceses Home and Foreign religious and charitable societies, but he collected large sums for any unusual distress wherever it occurred. Lists and receipts remain with grateful letters from Scotland, Ireland, Lancashire and other English counties. Worcestershire seems to have been very liberal to the Highlanders in 1847, when he collected £276 for their destitution.

In 1858 the Rev. John Davies (one of four estimable brothers in holy orders), Rector of St.

Clement's, Worcester, died. My father preached his friend's funeral sermon from Philippians iv. 9, on July 12th, and afterwards published a small volume entitled, "Memorial Notices of the Rev. J. Davies, M.A.," including his own and other sermons preached in Worcester on the death of this kindly and holy man. The profits were given towards the erection of a church for the watermen on the Severn, for whose spiritual welfare Mr. Davies had so warmly interested himself.

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[*To his Daughter, Mrs. Shaw.*]

"Jan. 11, 1858.

"MY DEAREST ELLEN,

The God of life be praised! May He make this new token of His love and care a blessing to each of you! All I trust will be well with you, as day succeeds day, in your upward progress.

Babies are solemn joys; you know it. Be the



knowledge sanctified to you in training another immortal for the house of Jesus! Dear Grannie cannot pen a line to-day, as she is in all haste to be at the school; it is a new commencement under a new mistress. But she joins me in earnest love to Mr. S. and yourself. Kisses to the new one.

Ever affectionately yours,

W. H. H."

To my father's second sojourn abroad to be under the care of the Prussian oculist, and to shorter holidays in Derbyshire and Somersetshire, reference will be found in Mrs. Havergal's diary. In 1859 he began to long for a country parish of small extent suited to his failing powers; and having good ground for hoping that his kind bishop would offer St. Nicholas' to his dear and valued curate, the Rev. Charles Bullock, he prepared to resign that living and accept the incumbency of Shareshill, in Staffordshire. This was in Lord Hatherton's gift; but Hilton Park, the residence of his friend, Henry C. Vernon, Esq., being in the parish, he kindly accepted that gentleman's nomination of my father, who thus writes to Mr. Vernon's sister on the occasion:—

“LANSDOWNE CRESCENT, WORCESTER,

Dec. 28, 1859.

“MY DEAR MISS VERNON,

And so I am to settle at Shareshill ! Well I have written to Lord Hatherton, and have his courteous reply. I trust the step will prove a wise one, at least a blessed one for the people of the pasture. Some who desired better things for me, as the world's balance weighs them, would have had me wait. But higher motives, something better than the best of earthly boons, have decided me. Not a little do I think of *her*, who, with an irresistible look of heavenly sweetness, would have said, ‘Do, dearest Mr. H. ; oh, *do* come.’ I am sure there is a large phial yet to be poured out of the prayers of herself and her sainted sister. And you, too, will be a little host to me, will you not ? Amen ! and may the great Advocate add His omnipotence to it.

Should it be fine to-morrow we hope to be at Shareshill as before. Our best love.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. H. HAVERGAL.”

At different times the generous parishioners of St. Nicholas' made handsome presents to my father, either in the shape of money for the poor or in articles for his own use. In 1850 the Sunday-

school teachers gave him a writing-case, "as an affectionate and grateful acknowledgment of his ministerial faithfulness, uniform kindness, and untiring zeal in the promotion of the spiritual and temporal happiness of both teachers and children."

In 1854 some "friends and parishioners," on account of his failing eyesight, and as an expression of their heartfelt sympathy in the "strange trial which has happened unto him," sent him "Macklin's Illustrated Bible," in 6 vols. folio, bound in Russia leather and gilt.

Before one of his journeys to Gräfrath a purse of £130 was presented, to be used in the recovery of his eyesight.

Both W. Laslett, Esq., M.P., and J. W. Dent, Esq., made very liberal offers for certain parochial plans, which, however, were not carried out, at least in my father's incumbency. One proposal, however, from a worthy and wealthy parishioner took happy effect.

One morning an early rap at his study door announced Mr. John Wheeley Lea; he had come to inform my father that it was a jubilee-day with him. For fifty years God had prospered him commercially, and now he was come to propose a thanksgiving offering; and to show his appreciation of my father's ministry, he wished him to choose in what way it should be applied. "Schools! schools!" was the reply. A borrowed room on

Sunday, and a wide scattering of the children on weekdays, had long been a grief to the kind pastor, and doubtless this sudden answer to prayer called forth an "Alleluia! Amen." The jubilee schools were nobly and picturesquely built and arranged according to my father's ideas. Some years afterwards most comfortable almshouses were also built by Mr. Lea.

Now that his term of ministry in Worcester was drawing to a close, farewell gifts flowed in. The more wealthy of his people presented him with a purse of 160 guineas on a handsome silver salver, with a very gratifying address on the termination of his pastoral care during fifteen years. He replied to the churchwardens, T. B. Burrow, Esq., and Geo. Grainger, Esq., in writing.

"MY DEAR SIRS,

In the midst of much weakness I can find no words strong enough for the adequate expression of those grateful feelings which wellnigh overwhelm me. The gold and the silk and the silver, and the beautiful words brought me from my most kind and generous parishioners and a few other friends, are all too much and too good for one so unworthy as myself. I acknowledge them all to Him 'whose I am and whom I serve.' May He write in His own book all the names which you have given in writing to me!

Unworthy as I am, yet my dear ones, and especially *the one*, cannot be unworthy of the reference which your address makes to them; they have indeed laboured in the parish.

I will not attempt to say more at present, as I hope when somewhat stronger more fully to express both my gratitude and thoughts to my beloved people. I am, my dear sirs,

Faithfully and gratefully yours,

LANSDOWNE CRESCENT, W. H. HAVERGAL.

March 21, 1860."

My sisters, Maria V. G. Havergal, and Frances R. Havergal, also received gold watches with inscriptions.

Of the poorer parishioners one hundred and fifty contributed for a handsome library table; Mrs. Packman and Mrs. Walton of the Trinity almshouses being deputed to wait on him with an address, which he suitably acknowledged.

The teachers and children of the parochial schools presented my father and Mrs. Havergal with framed views of the church and schools, and my sisters with handsomely bound books.

And so ended my father's term of nearly thirty-eight years in Worcestershire. Its close was gladdened by the knowledge that from the effects of his ministry many would hereafter arise and call him blessed.

---

The following parting address expresses the feelings with which he left St. Nicholas'.

## PARTING ADDRESS

*On Resigning the Rectory of St. Nicholas,  
Worcester.*

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS AND OTHER  
KIND FRIENDS,

It has pleased God to mingle for me the cup of disappointment as regards my taking leave of you. He has seen fit, by illness which has not yet passed away, to prevent my doing any of the things which I intended to do. It was my intention to preach to you and to call upon you ; to meet our Sunday-school teachers and district visitors ; to assemble our poor and their children in our beautiful and generously given school-rooms ; and to hold such intercourse as would be opportune in itself, and by God's blessing profitable to all. But these things I am compelled to forego.

One thing, however, I was permitted to do which I had little thought of doing. Late in the clear evening of a stormy day, characteristic, perhaps, of my time of life, I was driven very slowly through all the accessible parts of the parish. As I passed each well-known locality, and as far as practicable rapidly thought of you all, prayers and supplica-

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Babies are solemn joys; you know it. Be the



tions and thanksgivings in your behalf were with many tears poured forth before Him, who alone knew the intention of that secret drive. The only other thing which I can do is now to address to you a few remarks, which I doubt not will be received in the same loving spirit with which they are written.

I. *I am deeply grateful for your exceeding kindness to me.* I have not to complain of any lack of esteem for my work's sake. Many generous acts in acknowledgment of it have often humbled and wellnigh overpowered me. I can never forget the liberality which met me on my first return as an eye-patient from Germany. In the autumn of 1857, at a time of common loss in our city, my need was supplied by Bank of England notes sent with untraceable privacy. Similar instances of kind feeling have at other seasons reached me. I venture on this acknowledgment of them, as no other opportunity may ever again occur.

But what shall I say of that *rain* of kindness, which in the shape of letters and presents has been coming down on mine and me for the last few weeks? May it return on yours and you with the richest luxuriance of blessedness.

And then, as to the offerings of the rich followed by those of the poor in the week preceding the last, what words can suffice to tell you the half of what

I feel? The pounds of the one and the pence of the other, with the touching addresses of each, have much the same effect on me as the waggons and gifts of Joseph had upon the patriarch Jacob. At first I seem ready to faint. Then I revive with a full heart to exclaim, "It is enough!"—yea, more than enough, my beloved people. Good Lord, accept it all as done in Thy Name and given to Thyself, through the medium of the most unworthy of all Thy servants! That which puts a glow upon the whole of this moral picture is the fact of which I have been certified—that all has been done, not only without solicitation, but as with a spontaneous burst of the most hearty feeling.

In some way, which I do not understand (for I am pleasantly told not to ask any questions), it seems that a few "grateful ones in secret" have been doing a noble thing. My heart says, "O Thou who seest in secret, reward them openly and abundantly!"

My best thanks are earnestly given to our Sunday-school teachers, who have devised and effected such liberal and tasteful gifts for their fellow-helpers in my family, as well as for myself. Each article will be often viewed with the most affectionate esteem. To those teachers and our district visitors I owe much for their indefatigable exertions.

And now, last of all, but by no means the least, I thank those aged and holy women who have habitually assembled together to make prayer and supplication for me, whenever they have heard that illness or trial has come upon me. The God of all grace help them, as they have helped me.

II. *Kind as your thoughts of me may have been, my own thoughts often trouble me on your account.*

I have done nothing for you as I ought to have done. Whatever I have preached, or said, or done, is so full of stain and imperfection, that it is all as nought without the cleansing of that blood which alone "cleanseth from all sin." At the best I am but an unprofitable servant. Often have your commendations driven me to inward shame and self-abasement; for though we serve not an austere Master, yet must we give account to an infinitely holy God.

Notwithstanding, however, my countless shortcomings, I can with humble but fearless integrity say, as St. Paul said, "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). Never also have I omitted, at the table of the Lord or at other suitable opportunities, to say with Zacchæus, "If I have done any wrong to any

man, I restore fourfold" (Luke xix. 8). In other words, if I have done any person the slightest wrong, I shall be but too glad to make the utmost amends, provided the wrong *can* be pointed out.

That *all* my parishioners are of one mind towards me cannot be expected. Were it so, I should be in a perilous position ; for our Divine Lord has said, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you" (Luke vi. 26). Consequently, if there be in the parish any who cherish wilful mistake or thoughtless prejudice, or, alas, a secret desire to make a stumbling-block for an excuse, may He "who willeth not the death of a sinner" grant them "repentance unto life."

But ere I pass on from noticing your kind thoughts of myself, who am unworthy of them, let me assure you that there is one on whom your kindest thoughts may deservedly rest. It is but common justice for me to avow that all the hidden work of the parish—the management of the schools, of the Christmas charities, of the accounts connected with clubs and associations, have devolved on her who has always laboured to the utmost of her strength, and too often beyond it. Kind friends and all others will therefore please to understand, that her utter inability to call on any of them for the purpose of taking leave has arisen from her devotedness to me in sickness, from her

sole supervision of our removal, and from the desire to leave all accounts intended for my successor in the best possible order.

III. *Let me assure you that my resignation of the living of St. Nicholas is not a matter of choice, but of necessity.*

After having been in the county and diocese for thirty-eight years, fifteen of which have been spent among you, it was likely I should wish to continue in one at least, or both. Failure of sight and constantly diminishing health have compelled me to feel that the advice of medical friends to seek comparative repose ought to be taken. While pondering that advice, the little living which I have accepted was, with others, most unexpectedly offered me. The offer came with every mark of providential intervention. One thing I especially beg you to observe—that I do not leave you for *any sort of gain*. I well know that many, among my poorer friends especially, imagine that I might still retain St. Nicholas', and leave my present most excellent and willing curate to do all, or nearly all the work. The friends to whom I allude must implicitly believe me when I say *this cannot be*. I have no space for explanation of this point, nor of others which might be named.

To leave you, even as I now leave you, with every conviction of propriety in so doing, occasions

me no ordinary sorrow. Upon this I cannot dwell further than to remark that with me it is not only a sorrowful but a very solemn event. It is the closing of a spiritual account which has to be examined in the last great day. When, in that day, "the books shall be opened," the paragraph of my fifteen years' service among you will be found minutely recorded. May you and I hear it, not with anguish and sorrow, but with pleasure and joy. God grant in the present acceptable time speedy repentance to all who, during my humble ministry, have been careless or negligent. Let me affectionately warn them of the bitter consequences of personal irreligion and Sabbath desecration. Conscience will some day turn like a serpent upon them, and the recollection of the much study and the daily pains so long devoted for them may bring unavailing distress in the next hour of sickness, or plant a thorn in the inevitable death-pillow. May these few sentences be the means of inducing timely self-examination, and an honest effort to enter on a better course. To those of my people with whom, as "followers of the Lamb," I have been accustomed to "take sweet counsel," I would briefly but emphatically say, "Abide in Him!" and "Continue in prayer" for me and all mine.

*IV. It remains for me to offer a brief but kind hint or two, and to add a few parting words.*

Whoever my successor may be, I beseech you to receive him "with all readiness of mind," with the utmost candour, and with fervent and constant prayer.

Remember that he cannot carry on your parochial schools successfully unless you support them liberally. Never let him lose much precious time in repeatedly calling for your subscriptions. As the rent of the rectory-house cannot again be received, your enlarged contributions to his personal means will be the more necessary. I can thus speak for him what I could not say for myself.

Let me also affectionately counsel you to continue your support to those religious associations which for the last few years have steadily advanced among you.

And now, "dearly beloved in the Lord," having written thus far to you, in much weakness, let me assure you that whatever concerns your best interests will always be very near my heart. It will be the great joy of my remaining days to know that all your days are given to Him whose days were shortened on the cross for you. May His Spirit be largely poured out upon you, so that there may be a great awakening among you, to the diminution of all worldliness, and the increase of vital godliness. And then, in "that day," when all pastors and people must stand before the righteous

Judge, may we be among the number of those who hear Him say, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

Meanwhile I pray you to remember how I have endeavoured to preach and to teach the things which alone belong to your everlasting peace. My unworthy lips have declared to you not "another Gospel," but the one, pure, simple Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His atoning blood, His all-perfect righteousness, and His sanctifying grace, have been constantly and honestly set before you. On those great truths we must build for time and eternity.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts xx. 32).

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel" (Phil. i. 27).

In a few days I shall cease to be your rector; but never shall I cease to be

Your grateful and faithful friend,

WORCESTER,

W. H. HAVERGAL.

*April 5, 1860.*"



## CHAPTER X.

*EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MRS.  
CAROLINE A. HAVERGAL, 1857-59.*

Birthday—The “shepherd of the flock”—The school and parish—Preaching and God’s Word—The Preparation Day—At Matlock—Journey to London—At Spa and Gräfrath—Serious illness—“I die daily”—Day of Humiliation—Return home—At Clevedon—Visits Durston and Lyng—Illness at Worcester—Thanksgiving Day—On Oratorios—Repeated illness.

**J**ANUARY 18, 1857.—The birthday of my precious husband. It was the Sabbath, but, as usual, little mementoes of love, respect, and affection, given to me for him, were arranged ready for his receiving on his first rising. On seeing the various little packets he said, “Alas! how is the unworthy one remembered! God remember each. May the great Giver abundantly bless each giver!” On coming to his breakfast, on his plate was another small parcel. Guessing it to be from his little granddaughter Cecilia, then staying with us, he took it up before her and kissed it, saying, “The Lord bless the giver, whoever it is.” This little fact the dear child loves to remember. He took the morning school; could not read as he

hoped and intended, but preached in the evening ; text, "God shall bruise Satan," &c. It was a sermon of his own dear style, a text few could handle as he.

Few know his deep inward breathings, how he lives on his God and draws all from Him. He said to-night, in answer to a question from myself, "Happy ? oh yes, truly happy ! But then, dear love, as you say, there will come little storms and trials—the dark opposition to truth and such like. But we have much to enjoy ; yes, and we will enjoy it. Only let us try to enjoy all more in Him, and be more watchful and earnest than ever."

*January 25th.*—One of his beautiful sermons, all given to me *vivâ voce* before going to preach it, on St. Paul's conversion. At the afternoon school he addressed the children on the same subject. During the week an incident showed his benevolent spirit. A respectable widow with five children, who worked hard at dressmaking, was behind in her rent. The landlord would not wait, and threatened to have her things sold. On the case being brought to the "shepherd of the flock," he instantly set about to rescue his sheep from the thorny hedge, and in the course of two days collected a great part of the sum, and adding the rest set the poor widow free.

The small tenements belonging to the rectory

having been sold, he now ceases to be landlord. To each tenant, on ceasing to be his, he has presented either a Bible or his own two volumes of sermons, with an appropriate address. It is sweet to hear the poor blessing him.

*February 1st.*—Self taken ill: so I can only note the exquisite tenderness of my devoted husband, who waits on me and administers my medicines with his own hands. I cannot put down all his holy sweetnesses, and much regret they should be lost. “Ah, dear love, I cannot say, Take up thy bed and walk. But One can; you are in better hands than mine, and He who afflicts loves you with better love than mine.”

*Sunday, February 22nd.*—A most earnest and faithful sermon from Luke v.: the leper. He followed it up closely in the afternoon address at the school, bidding the children tell him of Gehazi's lie and consequent leprosy, and bringing home to the conscience of a boy he knew had been very guilty during the week the consequence of a lie. This was unknown to any one in the school save the boy himself.

*February 28th.*—Greatly troubled in consequence of a gin-palace being opened in his parish. O Lord, forgive! Earnest in prayer for them. Saw a parishioner coming from an hotel tipsy; went next day and told him of his sin, and also to the inn.

*March 6th.*—Evening prayers : “Call us, O Lord, by Thy Spirit, by Thy Word, by Thy doing ; call us, and awake our hearts to Thy call : and awake us to-day !”

His wont is to devote his Saturday morning uninterrupted to his sacred work on the coming Sabbath. After four o'clock he does what needful visiting there may be. Every Saturday in our evening prayers he refers to it. To-day he prayed for a blessing, “that all who had been or were diligently labouring for their work might be enlarged in heart, and greatly revived in themselves, and made a blessing to others ; and that all who were about to be ordained on the morrow might be faithful,” &c. On his return from the parish in the evening spoke of nurse W. “She is in a precarious state, may not recover, but she is safe.” This poor woman always calls him “The Father,” meaning the father of the parish.

*Sunday, March 8th.*—In the evening spoke to me of his constant feeling—and said he thought it must be that of every preacher—that the more he preached and dug into the ever deepening mine of God's Word, how poor all his preaching seemed, how empty it was in comparison with the fulness of God's Word. “I seem to wish all unsaid that I might say it better.” Hearing his curate (Mr. James) commended as having kept nicely to his

text, he said, "Yes, only as we keep to God's Word and give the Spirit's meaning in those words can we expect a blessing. The less of our own thoughts or reasoning, the more of God's. It must be Christ we preach, and not ourselves; not the nice phrase or essay, but Christ and His Gospel."

*March 9th.*—At evening prayer he began thus: "O Lord, we bow before Thy throne of grace now; grant that we may be of those who shall bow before Thy throne of glory."

He is in his study as soon as it is light, and visits in his parish for two or three hours in the morning, and nearly the same in the evening. He often visits twenty a day, praying with the sick, and leading all to seek Him who is the alone Saviour. On Saturdays he never enters the town till afternoon, and then only to visit urgent cases, feeling the day before the Sabbath should be a "preparation" day. In our usual Saturday evening meeting for prayer, having finished the prophet Amos, he was asked what we should next take. "Go on, you cannot err; all in *that* Book is *good*." Prayed, "Even by infirmity may we glorify Thee."

Visiting a poor woman, rather an invalid; a bitterly cold day. She had just returned from her daughter, who was ill in the infirmary. She was suffering from her walk in the cold, but said she had again to go out to take work home which

must go, and to be paid for it. "Oh no," said the kind pastor; "put the work in my pockets, and I will take it." The poor woman hesitated, but he was firm, and asking how much she had to receive for it he quietly paid it, and not it alone. The poor woman told me all this herself, speaking of him as her "heavenly minister;" and, with many a tear, saying he was "like his Divine Master, that he was."

*April 25th.*—The fourth Lent lecture, 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. A lady calling, expressing her thanks to him for his sweet and comforting sermon, he meekly answered, "The Lord make it profitable, and then take all the praise." Another thanking him said it was a precious sermon. "Nothing in itself," he said, "all nothing; but the Lord can make it precious, and may He do so."

*April 30th.*—Dearest husband left Matlock this morning for London. He purposes to be at home May 2nd. He prayed that we might be mercifully preserved in our going out and coming in, that His presence might be with those who stay and those who go, bringing us together again to recount the loving-kindness of our God. On leaving Matlock, at the station some one had pencilled this verse on the wall—

"Love not, love not—what you love will die;  
Love God—He will not die."

He instantly changing it said—

“Love not too well—the dearest one will die ;  
Love Him who loves, and lives on high ;  
And then you'll love eternally.”

Writing his little granddaughter Cecilia's name in a book he gave her, he added this : “May she love the Word of grace here, and hereafter live in the world of glory.”

*June 23, 1857.*—Fanny leaving for some long-promised visits in Germany, to return, as we anticipate, with ourselves, who are (D.V.) expecting to visit the oculist in August. I accompanied her to the station for London, where she joins her travelling companions. He came to the point of the road, watching us out of sight, with hand pointing upward to signify his heart was ascending for the traveller. Who can ever tell what mercies others have received from his ever-ascending supplications! Eternity only will reveal.

*July 2nd.*—He was not quite well, and on lying down complained he could not get on with his sermons. He then referred to Mr. C. and himself as agreeing on general points, “but not always as to sermons.” “Dear Bradley and myself have always been of one mind. Often, in comparing our feelings, the one has felt that the other just entered into all ; and as to sermons, we seem ever to take the same view of a text—treat it the same, divide

it the same, and both look back with increasing dissatisfaction on every sermon, always aiming at something better, and yet no sooner preached than we feel ashamed of it. How vast the treasury, and how little do we get at a time, of the Word of God."

We left home for Spa and Gräfrath, *August 26, 1857*. Before leaving his usual prayer ascended, that for the Saviour's sake God would be very gracious, and as He had often taken us out and brought us back, so He would graciously again; commending his dear people, curate, children, and servants to his Heavenly Father's care and blessing, and ascribing all praise to Him who is the only wise Disposer and Preserver of men.

Meeting with Lord Shaftesbury on board the vessel from Dover to Calais, and sitting by his side, he soon commenced conversation. Afterwards he said to me: "It is something to be permitted to travel with such a man; may God bless him!" We fell in with his lordship's courier and Lady S.'s maid. He spoke to them, and told them to prize such a master, and that England did not possess a better or nobler man. He then gave them each a "George Vaughan."

He was not well all the journey. At Ghent we rested all night and part of the next day. At Spa, as soon as he was in his room, he thanked God for preserving, travelling mercies.



*Sunday, August 29th.*—Went to the English service, where his sweet voice rose as usual in praise to his God. He was grieved with seeming irreverence of the preacher, and emptiness of his sermon. Evening, still more grieved with the haste and lightness of the preacher's manner. He said, "How important that such a place as this should have a good, consistent, holy pastor." Hoped that Lord Shaftesbury, as a member of the Continental Society, would be able to effect some good.

*August 30th.*—He started for Gräfrath ; his care for me not allowing me to go with him, as the place was crowded, and we were expecting Fanny. He was absent four days, poorly all the time, and he arrived again at Spa September 4th, so ill as greatly to alarm me. Dr. de Leuw had prescribed. He was fearfully ill, but, thank God, measures were blessed, and he improved till Tuesday the 11th, when bad symptoms came on. The doctor came constantly ; for days he had medicine every hour. My hope seemed all gone, and so I saw was his. He said, "Not my will ; I ask not life. I know in very faithfulness Thou has afflicted me." His tenderness and anxiety for me were more than I could bear.

We had almost telegraphed for Mr. Carden from Worcester, but the *bureau* was closed. Fanny came from her visit in Düsseldorf, but could not be allowed to see him.

*September 19th.*—A better night ; hope increased. He dozed a little and then said, “ Oh, my Carrie, how little can you know the depth of unworthiness I feel ; deep, oh how deep ! In time of affliction how little avail is all, save the simple first principles : as a little child you must fall back on those. Oh, when they say to me, ‘ How you have comforted and nourished others,’ how sad it makes me. To look back I see nothing but to make me ashamed. My emptiness, my emptiness !”

In the evening he was not so well again, but after a while was better, and said, “ ‘ In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the Angel of His Presence saved them.’ Do you know those lines of Ambrose Searle’s ?—they suit me so—

‘ Not equal grace by Paul obtained,  
Nor Peter’s pardon I desire,  
But what upon the cross was gained  
For the poor thief, is my desire.’ ”

*Sunday, 20th.*—After breakfast he said, “ The dear school ! The Lord be there !” When others were preparing for church he said to me, “ I so wished last Sunday that I could send a winged message to my assembling dear people.” “ What should it be ?” I said. He replied, “ Your unworthy absent pastor earnestly asks the prayers of his dear people during his time of dangerous illness.” I whispered, “ Your wife has sent a message, and

perhaps at this time their supplications are ascending." He looked on me and said, "One in spirit ; thank you, sweet love. May their prayers be returned by a thousand-fold blessing in their own hearts."

At intervals I read a sermon preached by the Rev. C. Forster in Canterbury Cathedral, one of a series entitled "Perilous Times, or Rationalism in the Church," on "The faith once delivered to the saints." He said, "It is an able sermon ; I thank God for it."

*Wednesday, 23rd.*—He was fully dressed for the first time. A kind message from his curate (the Rev. S. B. James) elicited, "I thank him from the depths of my heart, and pray the Lord to sustain and comfort him." Poor Fanny had had an alarming attack of erysipelas, brought on by imprudence, but as she was recovering he said, "God is better than our fears." I have omitted one little thing : as Fanny one evening bent over him to bid him good-night, saying to him, "What a gem you are!" he said, "Hush, hush, my child, your father is unworthy, unworthy—a worm and no man."

*Thursday, 24th.*—Sent to his daughter Fanny this message : "Her father's love, crowned by the blessing of Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

*Sunday, 27th.*—He was wrapped in his plaid for

one minute to breathe under the canopy of heaven. Tears suffused his eyes and a prayer of thanksgiving arose, exclaiming, "Oh, the beautiful hills! the beautiful sun!" In the evening he said, "We must realize this, 'I die daily.' I used to think I did; but oh, it is quite different to feel on the verge than when in health. Here I am a monument of His mercy, as I trust I am of His grace. May we live more as monuments."

*Tuesday, 29th.*—First time he breathed the air in the garden. Came in and fell on his knees to thank God.

*October 1st.*—A sweet letter from the Rev. C. Bradley to myself. He said, "Dear, dear Bradley! he is a good friend, the Lord comfort him; but it is of little consequence what he calls me, or what any one does, so that I am called by God as His."

*October 7th.*—The day appointed for fast and humiliation. He did not sleep the night previously, but seemed like a watchman in Israel; and when he thought I slept, I could hear his heavenly musings: "May all my people and all mine be humbled before Thee. May the hearts of all be bowed down as one man. May it be no lip service. I need to be humble. Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive. Let Thy Name be known, Thy righteousness acknowledged, Thy praise be extended over the whole earth!"

*October 16th.*—Left Spa for Gräfrath. Attended morning service there on the 18th, where he met clerical friends, and enjoyed converse with them. Left on the 19th, full of gratitude for the mercy to eyesight there. Stayed at Aix, and spent Sunday 26th at Liege. Arrived at Folkestone October 30th, where we stayed a fortnight, and returned to Worcester November 13th, greatly benefited and his heart deeply thankful.

*January, 1858.*—While all his people rejoiced at his return, none so welcomed him as the sick. One poor man, J. Packman, had prayed to be spared to see his dear minister again on earth, as he “could then die happy.” He was spared, and thanked him for all he had taught him, and for bringing him to Christ. He died before a second visit could be paid him.

Dear Mrs. Usborne died suddenly February 4th. On the 10th she was interred, and my darling kept the hour with ourselves assembled in his study. He read Psalms xc. and lxxxix., and prayed most solemnly, often utterance choked by feeling. She was a favourite niece. Morning and evening he continued to pray for the bereaved family.

*April 16th.*—At evening prayer he prayed that all, especially his people, should sanctify the Sabbath-day. “May they fly as doves to the windows, crowd Thy holy house, and be filled with Thy holy Gospel.”

*September 22nd.*—Came to Clevedon.

*Sunday, October 10th.* Afternoon, the preacher's text, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Afterwards my dear husband said, "The first thing here is the joy of the Lord : in what does it consist ? then what is it opposed to ? how comes it ours ? and what have we if we possess it ?" &c. ; but good Mr. — only spoke of its possession and its opposite. It is the principal thing to expound 'the *joy of the Lord.*' Here so many young preachers fail, laying hold of a part, and not expounding the whole of a text. We should strive to know the mind of the Spirit in every text, and be very fearful of giving any interpretation of our own."

*October 12, 1858.*—Darling took me to visit the parishes of Durston and Lyng, to which he was ordained in 1816. As we entered the parish from the station, standing still and looking up to heaven he said, "The Lord look upon us and bless us ; go before and follow us with His blessing."

Several old people we visited recognized him with untold joy. One good Mrs. Clement cried for joy and blessed him. He was her spiritual father, and she could hardly find words to express her feelings. She is now eighty-six, but wrote out for me the following acrostic, which my husband had composed for her son when a little boy.

D ear Jesus teach a little child,  
 A nd kindly hear me when I pray ;  
 V ouchsafe to me Thy mercy mild,  
 I nstruct me early in Thy way.  
 D raw, dearest Lord, my heart to Thee,

C leanse it from every youthful sin,  
 L et not the least impurity  
 E ntwine itself for ill within.  
 M ake me as David was when young,  
 E nriched by grace, beloved by Heaven ;  
 N or let my heart, or hand, or tongue,  
 T ransgress the precepts Thou hast given.

We went to see Mrs. Anderdon, of Henlade House, who used to come four miles every Sunday to hear him preach. She is now eighty-four, a true Christian. Her joy at having him once more under her roof was very great. She urged him to continue bold as ever in the faith, reminding him of what he had done.

On the 23rd we went to the house of kind Mr. Wood ; and from thence he went to preach at Lyng in the morning, from Acts xv. 36. Then we stayed at good Mr. and Mrs. Wills, who dated their conversion to his ministry. To Durston for afternoon ; crowded churches ; young and old with eager gaze, and such attention ; text, Acts xiv. 7. Crowds after to speak and claim him as their pastor, and praying blessings on him, some walking miles to hear him. His humble gratitude is so beautiful.

A retired tradesman, who formerly never frequented church, spoke of him thus : " Ah, nobody preaches like Mr. Havergal ; he teaches me what I want. I tell you what he does : he takes a text, picks it all to pieces, and shows us what is inside it, and then makes us feel it."

From morning family prayer, *January 1, 1859.*  
—"And though Thy promises are new every morning, yet are they old as the everlasting hills ; help us therefore ever to trust them."

*February 2nd.*—My precious husband was taken alarmingly ill on his return from his parish walks in the evening, and I sent for Mr. Carden. He was better before night, and took family prayer as usual, praying " the Great Physician to take soul and body under His Divine care, to do with both as He saw best, and prepare all for any event, enabling each to lie in His hands in full and perfect hope."

*February 3rd.*—He was very ill again. Mr. Carden ordered perfect quiet and great care.

*Friday, 4th.*—On my telling him of the kindness of our good curate, Rev. Charles Bullock, and his wife, he said, " Ah, they are very pleasant, but God will have us learn the danger of all pleasant things on earth ; and so sends a crook in the lot, and on the right person too. Oh yes, He knows who needs it."



*February 5th.*—A nice little dish made and brought for him by Mrs. Bullock. He said, "The Lord make *all* good things theirs, and reward them sevenfold."

*Sunday, 6th.*—The bell ceasing for service, he said, "Now hush!" closed his eyes and clasped his hands: "Now, Lord, be *there*, help Thy servant, bless Thy Word, sow the seed, water it, and make it bring forth abundantly."

*February 9th.*—He sat up for first time. Presently he said, "Ah, my sweet, I want—ah, I want *a trinity*. I want to be all thankfulness, all holiness, all devotedness."

*February 22nd.*—He was able to be moved to Clevedon. Many kind presents and inquiries followed us. During our three weeks' holiday I read to him Mrs. Schimmelpennick's Autobiography. He was deeply interested, but thought there was too much false liberality in the early part of it; he knew her. Also read "Godfrey Massy, the Faithful Shepherd." He was so pleased with it he wrote to the author, and a pleasing correspondence began.

*May 1, 1859.* — Thanksgiving Day. A wondrously powerful sermon; it cost him much study and prayer; 2 Sam. xxii. 48-50. So bold and truthful, warning against frivolity, &c., a ball having taken place in the week, and some of his congregation present. In the evening he said, "How

little do the mass of our people look on these momentous times otherwise than with political eyes. How different the Christian. The former can have no rest or comfort ; all must be vague. Not so the Christian. With his Bible in his hand he watches all, guided by this unerring Word. He sees how all must be fulfilled, and how all is being fulfilled ; he feels all will go on till the all is accomplished, but he remains in peace, unmoved in spirit, while around there is turmoil."

*December 3rd.*—Speaking of a poor woman, one of Christ's rich ones, whom he had been praying with, he remarked, " Ah ! she is a blessed one—one wing in heaven, though a foot yet on earth."

*December 4th.*—He had preached on the Bereans, being the second Sunday in Advent, and remarking on some good poor people he said, " They are God's gentry. As I said in preaching, many of God's kings and queens live in cottages."

Speaking of an intended visit to the Bishop on particular business, he said, " I shall want great grace and wisdom for my interview. I cannot do without."

*On Oratorios.*—Not as singing in worship—different. Allowable to use Scripture so ; known to have converted men. One instance related by Dr. Hodges : in the chorus " He shall reign," a Socinian was so converted ; in tears he went home, studied

his Bible, and was converted. An artist represents Scripture scenes; some look on with a right eye, others only artistically. So with oratorios: one goes as a sacred pleasure to hear holy words given in their sweetest and most winning manner; others only listen to the music artistically;—because all see not aright, that is no argument why it is wrong.

*January 31, 1860.*—On my adult class of lads presenting me with a touching testimonial, he bid me thank God and take courage, and remarked how sweet it was to him for me to have this gift.

*February 18th.*—He said, “What can I do—how preach a farewell sermon? Lord, help me!” Miss Passey sent a beautiful *déjeûner* tray to us unitedly. On my placing it before him, he said, “The Lord reward her abundantly, and give her to drink constantly of the cup of His love and consolations.”

*March 3rd.*—He was very poorly this morning, but set out to see an old parishioner, now living in another parish, who is ill, and sent for him. Knowing she was in danger, and so feeling no time must be lost, he made the effort when not equal to it. The consequence was, he became so much worse he was obliged to take a cab in Worcester and return home. Medical help sent for, and our anxieties are somewhat appeased. He is feverish and restless, yet often in silent prayer. On his

saying, "O Lord," I asked what was the petition ; he quietly answered, " He knows the thoughts and desires that crowd around His holy Name." Often in a little gentle tone, as dear Maria says, like an Eolian harp, he breathes them forth.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *“CONTINENTAL FACTS AND SCRAPS.”*

Protestantism in Rhenish Prussia—“Common Prayer”—Cemetery at Düsseldorf—Burial of the dead—Church bells—Romish intolerance—A Continental Sunday—The true Decalogue kept out of sight—Romish “Confirmation”—Architecture and Romanism—Gregorian music—Bell-ringing—Romish priests—“Tawdry modernisms”—The Jews and the Sabbath—Baptisms—Wedding at Heidelberg—Marriages—Sunday schools—Holy Communion—Rome out-Romed—Condition of the Jews—A Jewish Service.—Notes : Civic, Rural, and Miscellaneous.—Minima.

THE following notes were written by my father at different places when visiting the continent. He entitled them “Continental Facts and Scraps, chiefly relating to Rhenish Prussia, Baden, and Nassau.”

I. Protestantism in Rhenish Prussia has a mean existence hardly worthy of its name. Pastors and people seem alike listless in its peculiarities as opposed to Popery. Many good ministers preach evangelical truth with even clearness and energy, but generally in such a way as to leave the dark errors around them to propagate and prevail as

though they were of little consequence, or else of too much strength to be opposed. Something may be said to excuse or account for this. 1. The political influence of Popery is so great that any vigorous exposure of its errors or devices is sure to be followed by legal troubles or penalties. Practically, pastors must hold their tongues. 2. The majority of the population almost everywhere being popish, and the entanglements of marriage, trade, &c., being great, Protestant fervour is sadly cooled, and men cease to oppose that which in so many ways becomes familiar to them.

II. Roman Catholics on the continent seem to be either profoundly devout or capable of singular abstraction. The tinkling of bells at the altar, the coming in and going out of other worshippers, and sometimes the loud vocal service of the season, seem to have no effect in diverting their attention from the pages of their breviary. Nowhere, however, may the English churchman so vividly perceive the force of the expression "Common prayer" as by contrast in a Roman Catholic church. There is no common prayer, *i.e.*, prayer engaged in by all the worshippers at once, engaged in as a common custom by all at one and the same time. Occasionally and at some set service there is something of the sort, but the general custom is otherwise. Constantly is one priest seen massing at one altar and another

mumming at another, the people variously engaged ; some are kneeling before neither altar, but at one of the many image shrines ; some are using one set of prayers and others silently praying ; while going out and coming in, with no concern about noisy doors, is constantly proceeding. At Munster we observed that while high mass was being celebrated by the bishop and a capital orchestra in the choir, a priest was celebrating "dry" or silent mass in the nave, which was filled with a crowd of persons on their knees, beginning and ending their prayers according as they came in, with no reference to the other proceedings. Oh the beauty of the holiness of our common prayer in a congregation of earnest worshippers !

III. In some of the litanies of the Roman Catholic Church the manner in which the people respond is truly admirable ; they speak out and keep good time, and that without any clerk to lead them. The like may be said of their metrical singing. Many of their tunes are the same as those used in the Lutheran and Evangelical Churches ; and, as also in those churches, they sing only in unison, rather slowly, but it is earnest and universal, though generally loud and coarse.

IV. The cemetery at Düsseldorf is worth inspection, if only to see how pretty and interesting a graveyard can be made. It is less than a mile

from the town, in a dry and pleasant situation a little above the right bank of the Rhine ; it is about four hundred yards long and forty wide. In the middle is a lofty crucifix ; the monuments are cruciform, excepting some belonging to Protestant families ; many of them are elegant and costly. A considerable number of graves or vaults are fenced in with ornamental rails, having a little gate (with a lock) to admit of friends entering to train flowers or shrubs, or suspend fresh wreaths on the birthday or deathday of the deceased. On the evening of All Saints' Day the cemetery is said to present a striking and an affecting appearance. Wax candles are lighted all round each tomb. The lights being on the ground give a singular aspect to the scene as sorrowing friends and relatives pace the walks or kneel at the graves. The mixture of excited grief and promenading fashion forms a strange scene. The Church reaps a harvest from it, by the stirring of affection among surviving relatives, and the consequent payment of fees for fresh masses for the souls of the deceased.

V. Judging from what is habitually to be seen at Düsseldorf, the R. C. undertakers are marvelously clever in making the burial of the dead a very picturesque affair, having many devices to disguise death and divert attention from ideas usually associated with a corpse. The hearse is an



elegant and rather fantastic-shaped vehicle, black indeed, but not sad looking; the driver wears a cocked hat. The sides of the hearse are covered with festoons of evergreen; occasionally these are joined to leafy chains, which are held by gaily dressed young girls walking by the sides. Then follow boys in white or coloured attire, carrying tall wax candles entwined with artificial wreaths of various colours; other lads and men carrying censers, holy water bucket, banners and crosses. The priests, often six or more in number, of course are the principal figures. Then comes a long train of friends and neighbours, generally bareheaded and joining aloud in a chanted litany or hymn; their train is also interspersed with banners and gold or silver crucifixes. The coffin itself is ornamentally fashioned with ribs and flutings, with a ridge-like lid, painted green, with gold or silver striping on it so as to form a cross. All these things make up a picturesque scene, and harmonize with anything but English notions of a *solemn* funeral.

VI. There are church bells throughout Rhenish Prussia of rich and beautiful tone, but there is no such thing as "bell-ringing;" occasionally three or four may be rung in gamut succession, but the ordinary practice is to ring either the whole peal or part of it pell-mell, without any order or regard to

relative succession. All is confusion. Sometimes two or three men will ring eight or ten bells at once ; they tie the ropes to the clapper and pull several at a time as fast as they can. It is a childish jingle, unworthy of the noble metal.

VII. It is curious to observe the policy of the Church of Rome in the exercise of her native intolerance. Where the population is considerably Protestant she is quiet ; but if she is mistress of the majority, all is noise, pomp, holiday and arrogance. At Düsseldorf the two Protestant churches are built in narrow yards aside from the main streets, and not visible to passers-by. Some say they were so built because the Roman Catholics of former days would not allow them to occupy any conspicuous parts. Others say the Protestants chose these spots as being sheltered from Popish mobs, and affording less scope for missiles against the windows. Both accounts may be true—the one originally, the other by consequence. So also for safety's sake the Protestant schools are obliged to give a holiday on certain Popish festivals, or else their windows would be broken in the course of the day.

VIII. The desecration of the Lord's day is frightfully common on the continent, excepting in Holland. In Rhenish Germany and Prussia among Protestants and Papists alike this sin prevails. The Sabbath is made a sort of merry day, sobered a

little in the fore-part by religious service. With very few exceptions the shops are dressed as if for a fair ; it is, in fact, the chief shopping-day of the week. Country people come in to the towns to make their principal purchases, and the shopkeepers are dressed in their gayest clothes to welcome them. Hotels, beer-gardens, railroads and steam-boats, and carriages all prepare for extra occupation. Hence, in proportion to those who spend the day in pleasure is the number of those who are forced to engage in extra labour—so true is the remark, “ Sunday pleasure - taking is Sunday labour - making.” As a matter of course, in all the larger places, Sunday evenings are given up to all that the god of this world can desire. Theatres, concerts, balls, gamblings, and every sort of revelry and laxity have throngs of eager devotees.

Even those Protestants who profess spiritual religion are far behind English Christians in the observance of the Sabbath. Indeed, both among pastors and people there is a low tone both of feeling and conduct, and the customary violations of the day pass without any protest against them. The fairs are always held on Sunday, often close to the church, and bales of goods are lodged close to the doors, and yet the pastor walks home through the fair as though no transgression were being perpetrated under his very eyes.

IX. What reasons may be assigned for this almost universal desecration of the Lord's day? The following facts may partly account for it. The true Decalogue is kept out of sight, and rarely comes within hearing. In neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic Churches is any transcript of the Ten Commandments to be seen. Occasionally a copper-plate ornamental copy is hung on the wall in a Roman Catholic house, but then the version of the Commandments is false and treacherous, the second commandment being altogether omitted and the fourth abbreviated to "Remember the festivals!"

Thus is Jehovah insulted by the omission of all allusion to His own day, and thus are the people brought to regard the festivals of the Church in the same light as the Sabbath. The people even call a Church holiday Sunday—*e.g.*, the market people may be heard to say, "There will be no market on Tuesday (or some other ordinary day), because it is Sontag," *i.e.* Sunday. Thus by bringing down the Lord's day to a mere holiday, and elevating the mere holiday into a Sunday, the people are induced to spend all alike; *i.e.*, they do no regular work, put on their best clothes, go to mass in the morning, and spend the rest of the day in some sort of pleasure. This laxity has a benumbing and lowering effect on the mind.

Protestant pastors, say the French, when occupying the provinces, did much harm by bringing the people to a worse state than before. This may be, but the people too evidently love the evil, and the pastors do not set a good example in this respect. At Bonn, on one Sunday morning in this August, 1853, a Protestant pastor preached himself in, as the phrase is, and afterwards joined a hundred persons, clerical and lay, at a grand dinner in Key's Hotel to celebrate the event. Altogether the Sabbath question is one of melancholy import on the continent.

X. Confirmation is a somewhat different thing in the Roman Catholic Church to our own. The candidates are generally not more than ten or twelve years old. Whatever else they learn, they are taught to carry and behave themselves with effect. The crossed hands, the bended head, the undiverted look are admirably performed. While we lament for them we may well learn from them. Our candidates should behave better than they sometimes do. The female candidates at a Roman Catholic confirmation are attired in white with a long hood-like scarf or veil. In this conspicuous dress they walk about the rest of the day, and generally seem to fancy that is very fine and themselves very attractive. It is also common for the younger sisters of the candidate to be decked

in the same style on the confirmation day. Hence children soon learn to connect personal finery with church solemnity.

XI. Confirmation in the Reformed Church also differs in some respects from our own. It comprises a more laborious preparation than is common in England ; it is the work of a whole year. Confirmations are generally held in the summer. When one is over, candidates for the next are requested to come forward. The pastor meets them once a week in the church for catechetical instruction. Each candidate purchases a large and usually well-bound and lettered book, in which are carefully written down answers to theological questions and notes on Scripture topics. These books are from time to time inspected by the pastor, and the amount of labour is considerable. On the final day of public examination the girls appear in black dresses. The examination too often elicits the clever girl and leaves the good one in the shade. On the following Sunday morning all the females appear at church in white dresses, which, like the black examination dresses, are scrupulously new, and in the making and the wearing receive too much attention. The confirmation service is said to be solemn and decorous. The candidates as soon as confirmed receive the Lord's Supper. After this the pastor gives to each

an ornamentally engraved certificate of the fact of confirmation and communion ; he also writes on it a text of Scripture, which is regarded as the motto text of the candidate for life. This certificate is generally framed and hung up in the house ; great importance is attached to it, and without it parties incur difficulty in case of wishing to marry.

XII. There is a sad sort of feeling abroad among young people respecting confirmation. The year of examination is looked forward to as the dark and wintry year of their youth. To get the confirmation well over is like the passing of a barrier or fence which separates the young traveller from some longed-for country. When it is passed and done with, the young person dreams of being at liberty to follow any pleasures or gaieties which suit the taste. The certificate too is secured, and marriage is made easier. Thus, as in many another instance, well-intended regulations are perverted or rendered worse than useless.

XIII. Many a little parish along the Rhine has an interesting old church, generally Byzantine in style and of an early date, perhaps not later than the 11th century. The arches and pillars resemble our Norman ones of about the same date ; the towers are strong and square, with blunt diagonally-formed spires. Architecturally the interiors are unimportant, but they form an historical protest

against some of the now most essential marks of popery. There is no room for canopies, banners, or processions, and certainly none for the side altars the priests are so fond of setting up. Consequently the present garniture of these old churches ill befits the original structure. So much for the antiquity of the papal forms of worship. Old churches were not built for them.

XIV. What there is to admire in the strictly Gregorian part of the Romish service, one musical ear at least cannot discern. It is generally a gruff, noisy affair, difficult to do correctly, and when done correctly not worth the doing. When performed with the aid of the organ, it is sometimes pleasant enough; but then it is no longer strictly Gregorian, it is no more like its original self than a piece of dyed broadcloth is like a fleece of wool. The talkers about unearthly Gregorian beauties concoct an article of their own out of some original stuff, and twist and shape it into some Anglican mould or other. They then admire what Gregory never compiled, and what his successors never heard.

XV. At Obercassel we were much amused with the style of bell-ringing on the vigil of any particular day. One man would be the performer. The method was to tie the ropes of three bells to their respective clappers. These three bells formed a common chord, as the treble notes F, A, C, so that



however they might be jingled the effect could not be inharmonious. But the fun of the thing was, that with two hands and a foot one man used to edify the faithful for the space of an hour by jingling petty changes on these three bells, and then tang them all together after the manner of a small Kentish fire. But this ludicrous jingling was an ecclesiastical form, a notification of a special service in the morning.

XVI. There are clever-looking and even gentlemanly-looking men among the Roman Catholic priests, but a great number are ill-looking, sly, and low-looking men of the coarsest manners, with no aspect of purity or religion about them. Some few are even interesting, from their pensive and abstemious demeanour. We have seen some curiosities of priesthood, for instance, on the deck of a steamer, when three or four priests have been walking together and talking, smoking and conning the breviary at the same time. This last exercise is a frequent practice in travelling. Whether it is done to make up for lost time, or to fulfil a certain *quantum* of duty, is best known to themselves. Oh that they all may come to the Light!

XVII. All sorts of ill-taste and desecrations are to be met with in and around the noble cathedrals and churches of the Rhineland. To say nothing of

tawdry modernisms in the interiors, the walls are completely encased with paltry secularities. At Aix-la-Chapelle petty shops of all kinds are built close to the Dom or Minster church; at the east end is a dirty liquor-shop, close at the back of the wall behind the altar. At Mayence the fine massive cathedral is completely hemmed in by mean houses built into its walls. At Heidelberg a line of tinkers' shops occupies the spaces between the buttresses of the large church of the Holy Ghost.

XVIII. The Jews set a striking example to the Christians with regard to the Sabbath-day. They close their banks or shops entirely on Saturday, in rare instances only keeping a Gentile agent to do what is barely requisite. At Godesberg the principal butcher was a Jew. With his handsome wife he went regularly to synagogue on Saturday, and not a pound of meat would he sell till the evening, when the Jewish Sabbath ends. They were perfectly surprised when I told them English butchers did not sell on the Christian Sabbath. "Ah so, dat is goot!" said they. They seemed to have no idea that Christians anywhere kept Sunday with any strictness. How sadly chargeable are Protestants as well as Roman Catholics on the continent with the guilt of obstructing the conversion of the Jews! No marvel that a Jew thinks a Chris-

tian can have no religion because he keeps no Sabbath.

XIX. What the form of baptism is among Roman Catholics I had no opportunity of observing. Among Protestants it is too frequently administered in private, especially among the superior classes. At Obercassel I saw the child of a small farmer baptized by Pastor Schulzeberge. After the sermon the pastor descended to the communion table in an open space before the pulpit. The table was covered with a white linen cloth ; into a basin on it the pastor poured water from a bottle. The young mother, carrying her babe, went up to the table with two young men who were the sponsors. The pastor read a form of words from a book, asked a few questions of the sponsors, and then proceeded with the service, the sponsors retiring to their seats. In all the large Evangelical churches there are stone fountains, some of them very handsome.

XX. Marriage near the Rhine is differently conducted to what it is in England, and the betrothal is more formal. When two persons agree to wed, their agreement is made public and is considered binding. Tidings of it are sent to relatives and friends in all quarters, and the pastor names it from the pulpit and asks the prayers of the congregation for the parties. They then appear

together in public, are greeted as happy ones, and allowed to associate as they please. For the actual marriage a civil contract is made at the Rath House; the bride and bridegroom then proceed to church for a religious ceremony in much the same style as with us. I saw a wedding at Heidelberg in the church of the Holy Ghost. The bridal party walked from the house of a respectable tradesman to the church. There were first four young women, including the bride, all neatly and similarly dressed in white, with wreaths of oak-leaves on their hair; then five young men, including the bridegroom, all dressed exactly alike in black, excepting white waistcoats and ties. On entering the church they went to the vestry, where they continued some time. At length they came into the body of the church, and ranged themselves before the communion table, in front of which stood the pastor, all in black, with large white bands and a new black service book. The ladies stood together on the pastor's right hand, and the gentlemen on the left. The bride and bridegroom then stepped forward alone, and went close to the railing, the others standing a little on each side. At this instant a burst of men's voices proceeded from an opposite gallery. They sang in madrigal style a soft, pleasing composition, with occasional loudness. When this was ended the pastor read a rather long

address. He asked the bridegroom a question, to which he replied "Ja!" (yes); the like was done with the bride. The pastor joined their hands, made another address, gave a blessing and then retired. The sacristan then came forward with a plate and collected money from each of the bridal party. The chorus of men again burst out in louder and more chromatic composition. They sang well for a few minutes, and then all left the church. There was a considerable crowd of lookers on.

XXI. It is everywhere observable that R. C. priests encourage marriage between members of their church and Protestants, especially when the woman is one of their body. In this case she is always instructed to stipulate that, in the event of issue, the daughters at least will be brought up in her faith. When the husband is a R. C. too often the bargain is that all the children shall be educated in his religion. So vigilant and so wily is Popery in the old game of aggression. And so provident of certain injury was the wisdom of God in prohibiting mixed marriages among the Jews. God knew that the danger would always be on the side of the Jew or Jewess. It now always is on the side of the Protestant. None know this better than the priests; they calculate on gaining something for their church sooner or later.

XXII. The non-existence of Sunday schools in Germany is a sad blot on its ecclesiastical annals. They can hardly be expected to originate in the R. C. Church, for that seems only to adopt the Sunday-school system when impelled by jealousy of other religious bodies, or as a means of self-defence. But the Protestants of the Rhine nowhere, alas, provoke them to any sort of emulation, for they have no Sunday schools. They give religious instruction on other days, and seem to think that is enough.

XXIII. The position of the communion table in the Reformed Churches in Germany seems to correspond in some degree with the intention of our own Reformers, as to its position "in the body of the church." It frequently so stands in the continental churches, and generally in front of the pulpit, either close to its base, or so as to admit of walking round it.

At Langen Schwalbach the Holy Communion was solemnly administered on the first Sunday in October, 1853, which was kept as a sort of harvest festival. After an address was read to the communicants, and other parts of the service ended, the men advanced in a line to what we should designate as the north corner of the table. The minister stood at that corner with the bread, and administered a portion to two at once, repeating certain

words. These two walked onwards round the east corner of the table, moving on as other two communicated, till the three sides were filled. The minister then took a cup in each hand and pronounced a short form of words, gave one cup to each of the two individuals, who retired as soon as they had drunk of the cup, and were succeeded by two others, the whole line gradually moving onwards, all the communicants standing. Then the women came up in like manner, headed by the pastor's wife. The same order was followed as before. The women took off their bonnets and left them in their seats when they went forward to the table. There were no candles on the table or elsewhere ; the organist played a soft movement, and a few singers sang a hymn while the communicants were at the table. The entire scene was reverential and devout.

XXIV. There is more scrupulousness in England, at least among certain parties, than among Roman Catholics in Germany with regard to the position of chancel and pulpit. The chancel is not always towards the east, nor is the pulpit always on the north side of the nave. Instances are so common as hardly to require mention ; still it may be noted that the church of the Jesuits at Düsseldorf has the chancel about due west, and the large church by the post-office has it due south. And as

to the pulpit, it is as common on the south as on the north side. A practical lesson may be learned from these facts: we must not out-Rome Rome in trifles!

XXV. It is a rare thing to hear a good boy's voice in Germany—they are all thin and wiry; the voices of the men are loud and rough. The effect of the combination sometimes may be described as if a herd of bulls of Bashan were vociferating in company with a tribe of wild cats! In the orchestra, at some high mass, the effect is often very different, the sopranos being always females.

XXVI. The condition of the Jews is in many respects different from what it is in England. Here, except in London, they hold a very inferior position in the mercantile community. In Germany they hold the first commercial positions; they are among the first-rate shopkeepers of all kinds, and often the chief bankers in every place. In agriculture and artizanship they seldom engage. To find a Jewish family in an English village is very unusual; in Germany there is scarcely a village without them, and in tolerable-sized villages they are sure to have a synagogue. In such localities they are generally shopkeepers, butchers, or cattle-dealers. There is something singular in this, as in Germany no man seems spiritually to care for the Jews, whereas in England great efforts are made



for the dissemination of Christianity among them. The Romanists merely pronounce an annual curse on the Jews, and the Reformed Churches take little interest in them ; they either spiritualize the magnificent prophecies concerning them, applying them to the Christian Israel, or regard them in some way as fulfilled.

England alone cares for the souls of the Jewish people, and she will have her reward. They are generally in a thriving state, poverty is rare among them, and fine features and beautiful faces are to be seen among them everywhere. Like other things pertaining to the Jew, may not their singular beauty be an indication of innate national greatness which future days are to develop. In Sabbath observance, as before stated, they set an example to Christians.

XXVII. At Frankfort on the Maine there is a regular old Jewry, chiefly consisting of a long, narrow, and dirty street. The houses are lofty and black with age, built of wood which once was painted ; here the Jews are huddled together. The synagogue is a plain building ; adjoining it is the original one, said to be four hundred years old. It is a low, stone, arched chamber, with a gallery for the women. Only the shorter P.M. services are held in it.

On the afternoon of their Sabbath, October 15,

1853, we were politely shown in by one of the rabbis. There were about fifteen persons present, besides two women in the gallery. It was the most irreverent, heartless, and despicable mode of religious worship that is probably anywhere to be seen. The rabbis seemed low sort of men ; not a knee was bent, nor a hat taken off : the service seemed to have no distinct beginning or end, but all begun and ended in saunter and talk. A rabbi in plain clothes and grey cap was the chief reader, or sing-songster, for it could not be called chanting ; then our polite friend in a white wide-awake hat recited a few sentences and stooped down to kiss the large folio ; a slight humming response was made. Whoever went up to read first put round his neck a sort of grey speckled shawl, and threw it off as soon as he came down. The parchment copy of the Law was then brought out of the sanctuary cupboard to the platform on which the reader stood, and after some mysterious handling of it, was carried back on the rabbi's shoulder ; two or three young persons touched it in passing, and then kissed the fingers with which they touched it. Altogether the scene was childish and contemptible. The Jew is blind indeed. On one side of the synagogue is the very Gadara of Frankfort, for it is the pig-market held on Saturday, said to have been fixed on as an annoyance in old time to the Jews.

Here were scores and scores of little pigs, chiefly sucklings in hampers, some asleep amid the din of the others. Unless the Jews have no sensibilities, or secretly love pork, the Sabbath market must be an odious insult.

XXVIII. It is singular that in the Roman Catholic Church in Germany there is no uniform practice as to the posture of worshippers when singing. They sit, stand, or kneel on most occasions, though in some one posture or other is most commonly observed. In cathedrals the principal ecclesiastics *sit* in their stalls, while chanting the psalms, with their caps on, but pull them off when they come to a *Gloria Patri*. Oh, the holy beauty of the arrangements which our Reformers made for England's Church!

## II.—CIVIC, RURAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

I. An Englishman cannot enter a Rhenish city or town without being struck by the backward state of things as compared with even the ordinary towns of his own country. Inconveniences and nuisances which have long ceased in England meet him at every turn. The absence of a foot pavement in the streets is as common as it is annoying. Open gutters by the sides and across even the principal streets, the rush of spouts and dropping of eaves in rainy weather, with all sorts of odious

scents, are some of the common inferiorities of these towns and cities to our own.

II. There are strange inconsistencies in the buildings of our continental neighbours. They build strong, airy, handsome houses, but care nothing for their situation. It is common to see such houses in the course of erection, or under substantial repair, in the narrowest lanes or just opposite to a focus of nuisances. They finish the ceilings of their rooms superbly or prettily, but yet have no carpet on the floor. They may have a good well and pump, but close to a cesspool. They have lots of *eau de Cologne* and flowers, and beautifully-worked articles looking so nice, and yet their passages and corridors are filled with pestilential vapours.

Then, again, they are almost rudely strict about the removal of a corpse within three days for burial and yet have no drainage, but allow heaps of pestiferous filth to accumulate close to their dwellings. At Königswinter, the house of the principal medical man was surrounded with these abominations.

III. The streets of most towns are generally clean, being always swept by women in the early morning; but as in other things, so in this the German cleanliness is superficial. There is abundance of filth where the scavenger's broom never comes.

IV. Everywhere, both in town and country, there are many taverns and places for drinking, and there seems to be quite as much drinking going on as in England. But there is not the same amount of *open* drunkenness, nor does there appear to be so much consequent disease. This I cannot account for, especially as ardent spirits are varied and cheap.

V. German shops have neither the neatness nor the exhibition of the English. It is a rare thing to see a handsome shop; usually they are mere rooms, with only the ordinary windows of a dwelling-house. There is a sad propensity to vary prices, and to impose on the English. It seems to be a popular axiom, "To cheat English customers is no crime." Those who speak French are more likely to meet with fair dealing, as they will not be taken for "English fools."

VI. The Prussians are said to be "thieves," and, as the phrase goes, "from the king downwards." Some things occurred to ourselves which did not tend to remove this odious impression. We sustained some annoying losses under circumstances which occasioned much suspicion of even respectable parties. We have also heard of instances which more than matched our own.

VII. The Germans generally have an ugly fashion of putting their right fore-finger to their

nose when speaking to any one. Even a lady does this when talking in the street or at table. As soon as she begins talking at all seriously or knowingly, pop goes her fore-finger to one side or along the ridge of her nose, It looks very peculiar.

VIII. The Rhine is remarkable as being different from most rivers, in being widest and looking noblest about the middle of its length. From Mentz to Mannheim, four hundred miles or more from its outlet at Rotterdam, it is often so broad and contains so many large islets that it seems more like a lake than a river. But to talk of the "blue Rhine" is German dreaming, at least till it flows near Switzerland. For ten months of the year it is of a whity-brown colour, and so thick and impure as to have no transparency. In a calm autumn there are azure gleams in places at times.

IX. *Table d'hôte* is the soul of every German hotel. Everything gives place to it, and everything must be squared by it. And yet there is hardly anything on the continent more disagreeable to a person who values time and health. It is a tedious, messy affair, to say nothing of grease, raw ham, and raw herrings. The German order of things is first soup, then vegetables, then pudding, then meat—which often proves annoying to the Englishman who has partaken heartily of pudding.

X. The varieties of money current in Germany are occasions of inconvenience and annoyance to foreigners. Almost every petty state has some coinage or "notage" of its own. On the frontiers, natives are sometimes puzzled themselves in reckoning from one standard to another, so that people generally carry a pencil to apply on every little reckoning. These varieties of money are also an occasion for cheating strangers, especially at post-offices and railway-stations. The writer could tell of infamous frauds in this way.

XI. When cholera invades Germany, the wonder is not that so many fall, but that so many escape. Nowhere is there anything like freedom from all those habits and filthy accumulations which invite cholera. The marvel is that it does not always exist. True, many of the German streets and rooms in houses are beautifully clean; but all is superficial; the streets have no sewers, and the rooms are close to horrid receptacles of filth. Nothing but the fine climate can instrumentally preserve it from raging pestilence.

XII. The Germans are by no means an equestrian people. Saddle-horses are not common among any class. As for ladies on horseback, it would be a perfect phenomenon in many districts; only where the English resort is a side-saddle seen now and then. There is a plentiful supply of

carriages in most places. Generally speaking they are roomy and convenient vehicles, commonly drawn by two horses. Their hire is cheap; four of us went from Remagen to Altenahr—about eighteen English miles—in an excellent carriage with a capital pair of horses, and returned next day; for this we paid 13s. 6d. of our money. The driver was well content with 1s. 6d. We have nothing like this in England.

XIII. It is hardly possible to have what we call “a sweet walk” in the agricultural districts of Germany during the spring months, as the people save up their liquid manure for applying it to their haricot (?) beans, of which they plant a great many. The detestable odour is so great that even windows are obliged to be closed to keep out the scent. They have also the irrational custom, now exploded in England, of leaving manure on the fields to be washed in by the rain.

XIV. “The rule of the road” all over Germany is just the contrary of our own. Thus a carriage meeting another drives to the right, and goes to the left in passing one. This difference as to the road is matched by the rule of the wife’s ring: she wears it on the fourth finger of the right hand.

XV. Oxen and kine are used both in German town and country for draft. Though slow, they are very docile and efficient. Instead of pulling



by a heavy wooden yoke on their shoulders, they are taught to pull with their heads. A spar of wood, padded to fit the forehead, is tied below the horns, and the trace-ropes are fastened to it. The oxen generally draw in pairs, attached to a high and roughly-built four-wheeled waggon. Both oxen and horses are kept in good condition, but they are smaller than in England. The cow is everything to a cottar or peasant farmer; with but one cow he ploughs and hauls, feeds his family, and rears calves, and at last supplies the butcher.

XVI. All pastures in Germany are mown or hand cut. No animals are consequently to be seen grazing in meadows as with us, they are all stall-fed; even sheep are kept in a pen or a hovel, excepting in some parts of Saxony, where another system is followed. The unnatural one is very convenient as preventing the necessity of partitions and gates, but must be very unhealthy for the poor animals. Their food, too, is of the coarsest description; everywhere women are seen cutting for them the rank and dusty grass and weeds on the roadside.

XVII. The absence of cattle from the fields is a great drawback to the rural scenery. The rarity, too, of a bird or any wild animal is strikingly singular. Nightingales and other singing-birds may

be heard in particular spots ; but during the whole spring and summer of 1853, though taking daily walks in various parts of the country, we seldom saw a bird, and only once a rabbit. No rooks nor even saucy sparrows met our gaze, and the only partridges we saw were in a butcher's shop at Heidelberg.

XVIII. Certain viands in Germany are always excellent. Capital ox-beef may be had almost everywhere, but not so large or fat as in England. Pork also is excellent ; but mutton is too often lean or woolly, no doubt from the sheep having little air and no exercise. Bread is good of its sort, but the sort is seldom good ; the white bread is too spongy, and the black bread, chiefly made of rye, is close and sour. Excellent coffee everywhere, and always freshly roasted. Every little shop-keeper roasts coffee each other day. The Germans do not boil their coffee, but scald it.

XIX. Some of the commodities of life are dearer than in England, as bread, sugar, salt, and candles ; but meat, oil, coffee, and spices are cheaper. Oranges and lemons are very dear—a *good* orange costs fourpence. Common vegetables, fruit, eggs, and poultry are as cheap again as with us. Lodgings are also lower, and when a person can speak the language and has mastered the manners and customs of the people, so as not to be imposed

upon, he may live much more cheaply than in England.

XX. In Prussia, particularly, the compulsory education of the poor is a blessing to the poor themselves and a benefit to all classes. A little consideration will enable any one to discern wherefore. German servants are on a totally different footing to English ones ; they are less dissociated from their original selves, their mode of living and their style of dress. They are never spoiled by superior food and fine clothes ; they are not allowed butter, white bread, nor generally meat, but live as at their own homes. The Germans do not cook large joints which servants finish, but only small portions, just enough for one meal. Maid-servants wear neither caps or bonnets, and £4 per annum is considered good wages. They easily fall back to their home style of living, because they have never deviated much from it, and yet there is more familiarity with the family than is usual in England.

### III.—MINIMA.

1. The Prussians turn their apples and pears to good account. They grow them in great abundance, and instead of making cider and perry they make a delicious *kraut*, by squeezing out the juice as for cider and boiling it down to a thick treacle-like substance. They also make jam or apple jelly

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of a superior quality by paring the fruit, boiling and straining it.

2. The Germans have vast numbers of walnut trees ; they extract an inferior salad oil but superior lamp oil from the fruit, and use the wood for articles of furniture. Why do we not grow more walnut trees ?

3. The German maidens have a very pretty way of dressing their long hair : they braid it into two long plaits behind, and bring them in wreath-like style to the top of the brow, with various fastenings, either combs or silk, &c. Light flaxen hair is the prevailing sort ; curls would be unsuitable, as the middle and lower class of women go about in all weathers without cap or bonnet.

4. The universal custom in Prussia is to take off the hat on entering a shop and to keep it off till you depart, even if a little girl only or a servant-of-all-work is behind the counter. Is this real politeness or unmeaning habit ?

5. From Obercassel a market-boat goes every week-day to Bonn. As soon as they come opposite to the old church (Roman Catholic) of Obercassel the boatmen sings out, " In the name of God ! " and instantly all the Roman Catholic heads are bowed and a short prayer muttered.

6. Smoking is carried on to an odious extent throughout all Germany. Tobacco is grown in

great quantities in Baden, &c., and six cigars may be bought for a penny. Boys not in cloth, of even eight years old and under, may be seen puffing a cigar—sad to see; and wives like their husbands to smoke because, forsooth, it keeps them quiet!

7. The life of German women and girls of the lower class is incomparably more laborious than anywhere in England. They do all sorts of field-work, even the heaviest. It is piteous to see girls of fifteen or sixteen with knitted brows and furrowed foreheads, as the effect of pressure from the enormous burdens of wood and of the grass they carry for the cows. The palm for good looks must be given to our own poor countrywomen. The German women soon get haggard, squalid, and swarthy.

8. The Germans do not understand our clerical prefix "Reverend." They call a clergyman "Pastor," and his wife, "Pastorinn." Roman Catholic priests are plebeianly called "Holies!"

9. As a people the Germans are dirty. Few wash themselves on dressing in the morning; they leave it till mid-day.

10. Germany is the land of soup. Everybody swallows it daily, and it disagrees with nobody. The secret can be told.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *LIFE IN STAFFORDSHIRE.*

Shareshill — Marriage of son—Birthday Letters—Rev. W. Marsh, D.D.—Parish Almanack and Address—"Firstfruits"—Letters to grandchildren — The Archæological Institute — Ritualistic services—Lord Hatherton—Death of the Rev. James Knight —Letter to Mrs. Knight—Home letters—Letter to Dr. Lowell Mason—Return to Shareshill—Services at Pymont—Letters on Music—Memoranda by Mrs. (C. A.) Havergal—Restoration of St. Nicholas' Church—Retirement from Shareshill.

**I**N the last week of March, 1860, my father and Mrs. Havergal removed to Shareshill Parsonage, my sisters Maria and Fanny remaining with me at Oakhampton for some weeks. It was a comfortable modern dwelling in a rather picturesque country, about six miles from Wolverhampton. There was a garden and a pleasant lawn looking over green fields to the tall trees of Hilton Park ; a door in an ivied wall close to the house opened into the churchyard. The body of the church having been rebuilt in the "no-century style" was not such as to gratify my father's architectural taste, but the plain old tower remained and some curious antique monuments. It had lately been

discovered that the circular end of the chancel, in the line of the wainscot, forms a whispering gallery.

The next event of interest was the fourth entrance into the state of matrimony among his children. On the 6th of September, in Hereford Cathedral, assisted by his brother-in-law, the Rev. J. Stratton, of The Precincts, Canterbury, he had the pleasure of uniting in marriage his youngest son, the Rev. Francis Tebbs Havergal, with Isabel Susan, only surviving child of Mrs. and Colonel William Martin, late of the 57th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry. Sir Frederick G. Ouseley, Bart., of musical fame, was my brother's best man. The bride was half a "Scotch lassie," and her relatives of the Mar and Kellie and Lawrence families were present. Frank, as we always call him, was then Vicar Choral of Hereford Cathedral, and shortly after became Vicar of Pipe and Lyde, and is now Vicar of Upton Bishop and Prebendary of Colwall in Hereford Cathedral. He is author of "Fasti Herefordenses," and other antiquarian works; and, like his eldest brother, himself built his own church organ.

For the next two years my father seems to have led a retired life, visiting his children only, and his kind old friends at Hilton Park, and making acquaintance with his other parishioners, who soon

began to appreciate his ministry. A few letters must supply the want of other information.

[*Birthday Letters from her Father to F. R. H.*]

“December 14, 1858.

“I have not forgotten you. There is One who knows how you have been in my thoughts. May you be much in His, and He in yours! Another year of mercies past, and another of obligations on you. Every blessing!”

“December 13, 1860.

“To-morrow! You know what it will be. I do not forget it. May He who gave it you at the first renew it for many a long year.

But you must be wise, without *always* having to learn the *same* sort of wisdom. You should consider your promise to *take care* as a solemn vow, and look to God to enable you to keep it.”

“December 13, 1861.

“Every year will be sure to introduce some new trial or other to test your faith or practice. New forms of *worldlyism* are ever meeting us, and we always need new grace to ‘resist’ them. God grant you, by His Holy Spirit, abundant peace, strength, and steadfastness.”



[*To W. H. H. from Rev. Dr. Marsh.*]

“BECKENHAM, KENT,

July 26, 1860.

“DEAR MR. HAVERGAL,

How kind of you to think of me! Since the operation for cataract, I have been able by spectacles to read the smallest print with ease. I often think what cause we have to thank God for the ingenuity given to man to help his fellow-man. Many thanks to you likewise for your affecting Farewell Address, and for the beautiful missionary hymns.

You may yet live as a witness for your Redeemer's love and power. May His blessing be on you and yours! Lift up your heart for me, that I may finish my course with deep humility and fervent gratitude.

I am heartily glad to hear that our friend Mr. Bullock was your successor. You will pray for the Bishop of Worcester. I hope his health is returning.

Yours faithfully,

WM. MARSH.”

At the close of the year 1860 my father wrote the following address to his parishioners for the Shareshill Parish Almanac, which he presented to them :—

“ MY DEAR FRIENDS AND PARISHIONERS,

A few months only have passed since I came to ‘watch for your souls,’ as one ‘that must give account.’

Life is advanced with me, and time may be very short with you. Let us, therefore, ‘pray without ceasing,’ that ‘the word of Christ may have free course’ in our parish, ‘and be glorified.’ To forward that course, I beg to present you with an Almanac, which may help you for time and eternity.

Suffer me to commend to your consideration a few important subjects.

1. Let the salvation of your souls be the great business of your lives. Pray for the Holy Spirit to keep you from a ‘*dead* faith,’ and to make you Christians ‘*in deed* and *in truth*.’

2. Let the Bible be the Book of your hand and heart. Let it also be the lamp and guide of your house, if you wish your children to be obedient, and your servants honest.

3. Make every effort to keep the Lord’s-day holy. Avoid all *unnecessary* occupation, visiting, and travelling. Come to church regularly, and as often as possible. Manage for every servant to come at least once every Sunday. Pay weekly wages early—on a Friday, if practicable. Labourers, shopkeepers, and others should count it a shame to buy or sell on Sundays.

4. Love your Prayer-book. It was made by Reformers, who died or suffered for it. Observe its directions about kneeling and responding. Do your best to join in singing. Engage not in worldly conversation on leaving church. Always pray for a blessing on the whole service.

5. In these days of change and beguilement, hold fast to the Protestant principles of our forefathers. As your station may allow, observe 'the signs of the times.' 'Watch and pray.' 'Distress of nations' may be coming. Death and judgment will come.

'Finally, brethren, be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.'

Always your faithful friend and servant,

W. H. HAVERGAL."

The only item of family affection which remains on record for 1861 is the present of a handsome silk cassock, in which is sewn a piece of parchment, bearing the following inscription in my father's own handwriting:—

" THE LOVING GIFT  
OF MY  
LOVING DAUGHTER  
FANNY,  
THE FIRSTFRUITS OF HER PEN,  
1861."

[*To his Grandchildren at Oakhampton.*]

“LANGEN SCHWALBACH,

*June 10, 1862.*

“MY DEAR LITTLE LOVES,

God Almighty bless you much through His dear Son! We often think and speak of you. Aunt Fanny will tell you where we now are, and about the waters we drink. They are sparkling and very pleasant, especially when the weather is hot. We go to the well by seven o'clock a.m. Grandmamma is very much better, and I also as to bodily health; but I always want to be better in heart and soul and as to the things of heaven.

An excellent band of stringed and wind instruments plays near us two or three times a day. The music is often first-rate. They begin by six o'clock every morning with some fine old chorale which I very much enjoy. The gardens are thronged with people of all nations, ages, and ranks. Some of their dresses are very funny and fine. I often pass a group of little Russian boys, sons of great personages; they dress most curiously. Just fancy Johnnie dressed up in a red and blue cap, white knickerbockers, with long black boots and red tops, black velvet frock coat and red sash, or in hot weather with handsome short sleeves, bare arms, a velvet vest, and strange looking appendages. At the baths are a lot of shop-

recesses for all sorts of articles, stationery, boots, Tyrolese gloves, and Swiss articles carved most beautifully in ivory and wood, and lots of the most funny toys you can imagine. I must end. I hope to hear you are all of you very good, and give no one any trouble. Give my love to dear papa and mamma. God again bless you!

Ever affectionately yours,

W. H. H."

[*To his Grandson, J. H. Crane, aged six years and six weeks.*]

"MY DEAR JOHN,

I thank you for your questions. But neither I nor any one else can *quite* answer them. Though we know when Adam died, yet it is not known *exactly* how many years have passed from that time till the 18th of the present month; learned men are not agreed on that point. It is impossible to say how many men were killed in David's reign, as every death is not recorded. No one also can say *how* wise the wise men were who came from the East to see the infant Jesus. But we know that they were "wise unto salvation." This is what I pray my dear little Johnny may be. Yes, I shall rejoice to see him become a wise and holy child, growing in grace and wisdom as he grows in stature, and in favour with God and man.

Give my love to Miriam, and Evelyn, and Constance. Tell Nanna I thank her for her kind hop pillow. I have used it and so has dear grandmamma. Come and see us in the spring.

Ever your affectionate G. P.,  
W. H. HAVERGAL."

*[To the same when just seven years old.]*

"MY DEAR JOHN,

I thank you for your nicely written and prettily embellished letter. When I was a little boy I used to write well. I had, too, one of the best of mothers, who used to take pains with me and teach me all that was good. I bless her memory.

Like you, I was an only son, and had only one sister ; you have three ; my love to them all. My grandfather's name was John, and so also was my only uncle. I thank you for your Latin, only you should have written, *Dulcis est libertas*, not *Dulce*. Now let me give you a little bit. *Libertas est dulcis, sed Pater et Mater et sorores dulciores sunt, Christus autem est Dulcissimus*. God bless you, my dearest John, always, and may His Holy Spirit teach and strengthen. A really happy new year to you all.

Ever affectionately yours,  
W. H. H."

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[From the Precentor of Lincoln to W. H. H.]

“June 16, 1863.

“MY DEAR MR. HAVERGAL,

I am hoping to visit Worcester next Friday to survey the ground for our proposed Archæological Meeting next July. I wish I could have had the pleasure of meeting you there, and of renewing my acquaintance with one of the earliest and truest friends of my dear wife and my excellent father-in-law, whose name has always been associated in my mind with all that is friendly and kind. But if this gratification is denied me now, I heartily hope I may enjoy it when I next visit your city (for *yours* I must still call it), in July.

And now let me convey the request of the Committee of the Archæological Institute, that you will not only favour us with your presence and patronage at our approaching meeting, but also gratify us by giving an illustrated lecture on the subject with which you are probably better acquainted than any man in England—our early Protestant Psalmody.

Last year at Peterborough we had a very interesting lecture on the music of the Sarum Breviary, and other early Roman Catholic ecclesiastical compositions, which, though very much could not be said for the melodies themselves, greatly pleased our friends. We now wish for a pendant to that

lecture ; and meeting at the city of whose cathedral you are a Canon, we feel we have a claim upon you for such an illustration of our more glorious Protestant Church music, as may show the superiority of Protestants in this as in every other essential respect.

It would gratify us very much if I could receive a few lines from you announcing your kind willingness to take this matter into your consideration. A more formal request shall then be forwarded to you by our secretary, Mr. Albert Way, who has begged me to indicate to you thus unofficially the wishes of our Institute. With Caroline and Emily's sincerest regards,

I remain, dear Mr. Havergal,  
Yours very truly,  
EDMUND VENABLES."

[*Description by W. H. H. of the services he attended at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, in February, 1863.*]

*"Saturday, Feb. 21, 5 p.m.*

"Three excellent bells tolled briskly for ten minutes before service. When they ceased I heard from towards the clergy-house a mutter followed by an amen of boys' voices intoning. This I took to be a sort of priests' introit near the entrance. As soon as the four officiating clergy entered the



congregation rose, when they kneeled the congregation knelt. This is neither an English or a Romish custom. Some but not all bend the knee and bow towards the (so-called) altar. This is Popish, and was done just as is common on the continent. A bearded priest began intoning; his voice was a rough tenor without feeling. On coming to the Lord's Prayer he pronounced the words 'Our Father' alone, the response commencing 'Which art in heaven.' The same process was observable in the Creed, 'I believe,' by the priest alone, &c. This is neither English nor Romish, but in my judgment incorrect. The chant to the Psalms was (so-called) Gregorian, the organ playing steadily, but with very equivocal harmonies now and then. At the *Gloria Patri* the Priest Precentor turned right round to the east, as did some of the congregation, and all bowed their heads, and held them so till the Amen. This is neither home nor foreign. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were chanted to another Gregorian; the effect to me was sing-songy, and the slurring of some two or three notes together was distasteful. This sort of Gregorianism is mongrel and hybrid. It is not in use on the continent, and certainly it cannot be like what it was in the 6th or 7th centuries. After 'Lighten our darkness,' a hymn was sung in unison by choir and congregation very

neatly and in good time. The service altogether did not impress me as *devotional*.

Sunday morning, Feb. 22. Full church. All much the same as the preceding evening till after the Creed. Only the Psalms were more gabbled and the *Benedicite* sung to a Gregorian, which offended me much. The mixture of triplets in the *Benedictus* was most odious; I felt the want of that noble distinctness and masculine pleasantness which marks our best Anglican chants. The harmonized responses in the Suffrages, 'O Lord, let thy mercy,' &c., were new to me, and dramatized by softening and swelling. In the preceding 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' a liberty of repetition was taken, which I had not before even heard of, and the words were toned down in a sort of *Miserere* style. For the anthem we had a hymn, 'Forty days and forty night.' It was well sung by all, and the tune was worthy of 'Old Church Psalmody.' After it came the prayer of St. Chrysostom, and 'The grace of,' &c., a sort of shortening quite new to me.

The choir sang twice without the organ; it seemed to want bass.

Then came the sermon. The text was Matt. xviii. 19. The sermon was chiefly on the duty of prayer during the Ember week. Many good things and some ill ones were said in a free and easy style,

*e.g.*, 'Prayer and patience are the weapons of our victories.' I thought of faith which overcometh the world. He also said, 'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man, viz., one who is wistful of being righteous,' &c ! Not a syllable about Who is to help us to pray. Much said about truth, but no definition given nor any holding up of Christ. Altogether the overwrought place and its modes sadden me.

W. H. H."

Among my father's pleasant ministrations during his residence at Shareshill were his visits to Lord Hatherton, the patron of his living. In his long illness he requested an interview at least once a week, and with thoughtful kindness provided a carriage for the long drive to Teddesley Park. He much valued the conversations and prayers on these occasions, and on the last visit emphatically thanked him, saying, "Mr. Havergal, you have taught me two things, that I am a great sinner, and that Jesus Christ is my great Saviour."

On one or more occasions, by Lord Hatherton's wish, my sister Frances accompanied her father, that, in an adjoining room, he might hear her voice and touch on his piano. Thus was her skilful "Ministry of Song" appreciated by the solitary invalid, as it was in following years by assembled hundreds.

After Lord Hatherton's death both his son and heir and his widow wrote in most grateful terms to my father. Lady Cavan wrote :—

“ Having perused with the deepest interest the little sketch you have so kindly drawn out of your interviews with my dearest father, in which an uplifted Saviour brought peace and joy to his soul, I cannot refrain from sending you a word of thanks most earnestly felt ; for though Mr. Fell was most faithful and affectionate and my father highly prized his visits, ‘ In the mouth of two witnesses shall every word be established,’ and ‘ The Lord is with them that uphold my soul ;’ and the ever ‘ new song ’ needs often repetition to be learnt here below.”

Among all classes in Shareshill, and especially among the “ poor and needy,” my father was most assiduous in pastoral visits. I regret that no written anecdotes or observations on these remain, but doubtless many hearts still rejoice in their remembrance, and many lives are benefited and enlivened by their effects.

In August of this year died the Rev. Jas. Knight, to whose widow he thus writes :—

“ SHARESHILL, *September 1, 1863.*

“ MY DEAR MRS. KNIGHT,

Lucy was right in saying that you knew I should sympathize with you. How could it be

otherwise? I have known and loved him for forty-eight years.

From 1815, as you know, I have felt that in him I had a true-hearted brother. But our great elder brother of all had a gracious right to call him to Himself sooner than we expected. *It is well.* That is enough for a sorrowing heart, if said in full faith and in unfeigned submission.

Yes, I know, without fear of presumption, that it *is well* with him. We have no power even to imagine the real blessedness of the change to him. Only let us press on to know it ourselves, through the Saviour's love to our own souls. May it be well, *well* with you, dear friend, now that a widow's lot is assigned you. It *must be* well, for you have also the widow's God. He is nowhere called the God of the *widower*, but only of the widow. There must therefore be a special blessedness in that new relation to our God on which you now have entered.

And may it be well with all your dear children. May they follow Christ as their father followed Him. Thus will they be comforted under all trials: he had many. They will be loved by the wise and good, and at length come to an honourable end and a crown of glory after it. My love and sympathy to them all. Tell them that, for their dear father's sake, I shall always be glad to see them or hear

of them. My dear wife weeps with you, for she loved and admired her husband's friend. God's best and lasting blessing.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. H. H."

Mr. Knight was for thirty-six years the Incumbent of St. Paul's, Sheffield, which living he resigned four years before his death. He and my father ran an amicable race in buying up rare editions of the Bible, and wrote to one another when a fresh Biblical treasure was added to their collections.

In 1864, owing to the ill-health of his wife and himself and the difficulty of finding a suitable curate, my father seems to have thought of resigning his living, and saw the Bishop of Lichfield on the subject, for whom he had a great regard, and often said he felt towards him as a real "Father in God."

In the absence of other memoranda some letters must now carry on the history.

[*From Dr. Kempe.*]

"HEREFORD,

July 8, 1864.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Accept my grateful acknowledgments for your valuable present of sermon and music. I shall treasure them up as relics representing the labours of one whose name and compositions are

identified with my first sympathies for contrapuntal studies.

As a pioneer in resuscitating our ecclesiastical music from the degrading and meaningless flippancy of the last and beginning of the present century, it must be gratifying to you to witness the vast and increasing hold which the church music of a former century is obtaining on the public mind. May you long live to see its influence extending, and

Believe me to remain, dear sir,  
Yours most respectfully,  
GEO. KEMPE."

"SHARESHILL,  
July 9, 1864.

"MY ELDEST AND NOT LEAST BELOVED  
GRANDDAUGHTER,

Monday next will be the day of your natal majority. It will be an important day to you. May the good Lord make it a blessing to you. He has kept and prospered you hitherto, in all the youthful and domestic scenes through which you have passed, and He alone can make all your future days honourable and happy. Then, dearest Miriam, spend this day *with Him*. Amidst all the congratulations that will be sure to meet you, let Him be your first and last Friend. Seek His Holy Spirit. Ask for much softness of heart and earnest-

ness of mind, that you may see present life in its true colours, and aim at securing the future life just as His Gospel tells you how to seek it. You will in future days be a *happy* woman just in proportion as you are a true Christian. It seems but a few weeks since I became twenty-one. 'So soon passeth it away and we are gone.' Never forget this fact, and *time* will then always be right with you.

But, dearest Miriam, all is haste to-day, as mamma will tell you. My precious one cannot write to you, nor can we send you our little birthday tokens, but in a while.

Ever most affectionately yours,

W. H. H."

"LANGEN SCHWALBACH,

September 9, 1864.

"MY DEAR AND MUCH LOVED CHILDREN,

Your father has you all in his heart—you, I know, have him also in your hearts. May the Spirit of our only Saviour be constantly on all. As I am to write as little as possible, I will be brief as possible, and leave my devoted one to tell you all general things. Thanks to God, she is wondrously well. I too am now much better, but my eyes are not greatly improved. Dr. Meuser says they are not essentially worse, but that they are very weak and extremely sensitive. I must be more careful



to avoid light, and hence I am to wear blue glasses whenever I go out in fine weather. This is an exception to a general rule; I already find great comfort from them. All this you will, I know, like to hear."

[*To his Children.*]

"LANGEN SCHWALBACH,

*September 14, 1864.*

"At length my eyes seem on the mend. The utmost I must expect is not to lose ground and to secure strength for the eyelids, which are the most troublesome part. Let Him who 'made the eye' do as He will. A remark of Dr. Müller of this place led me to ask him, 'Well, and how old do you think I am?' He replied, 'Oh, between fifty and sixty.' When I told him the reality he looked incredulous astonishment. 'Well, there's not such a man in all Germany!' How great, my dear ones, ought my gratitude to be! But oh! what an unprofitable servant have I been! Lord, make my coming days, if any, better than hitherto they have been! These things are ever uppermost in my thoughts; I know my years cannot be many. My spirit is painfully stirred within me on the subject of clerical representatives of our Church on the continent. Such inefficient chaplains! Would that I were more at liberty than at S—— as to absence!

I am concerned at Frank's rheumatism. It is

what I dread for him in his ever residing on the clay at his living of P. and L. May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ give to all of you just that grace which you severally need. This poor life must soon pass away. Let us strive more and more for the blessed assurance of an *abundant* entrance into the everlasting home.

Ever most affectionately yours,  
W. H. H."

[*To his Daughter, F. R. H.*]

"SHARESHILL,  
May 3, 1865.

"DARLING FAN,

Give all your pretty musical plans to Æolus to make harmonic sport with, for I am not at all competent to meet them. If we come to Oakhampton it will be on Tuesday next, and home on Saturday. You will, I guess, see some alteration in me. I do not regard myself as ill or broken, but a little shaken and warned. It is all right and well, even if I do not fully rally again as Dr. M— thinks I shall. For some time past I have been in an unfixed state, and that has done me ill. What to do for the future as wisest, discreetest, best, I see not yet: you shall hear when we come (D.V.) Dear Maria is not well. The Notts go to Bayton tomorrow. We were pleased with Arthur: God spare

and bless him. All love to all. Papa always thinks of, loves, and prays for his dear little Fan more than she supposes.

Ever your

W. H. H."

[*To his Son, Rev. F. T. H.*]

"ELIZABETH'S RUH, EMS,

July 19, 1865.

"MY DEAR FRANK,

We arrived here late on Saturday. Fearfully hot travelling. Saw the Hofrath, Dr. Spengler, on Monday. I drink 6 oz. of the water at 6. a.m., another 6 oz. at 7, and take a bath of 80° at 9.30; and 6 oz. water at 5 p.m. This I am assured will do me good. Ems is a most lovely spot, a vale closely surrounded by wooded hills, with a sweet river. Hours are early. A capital mixed band near the drinking-fountain. A beautiful little Gothic church, but a Romanizing chaplain. I am indignant. Upon the whole I am rather better, but feel the heat banefully. We are here for three weeks at least. If you can take a trip we will board and lodge you. From London to Antwerp, on by rail *via* Cologne, and on return go down the Rhine. See the *Record* of Monday last for a letter of mine about Ostend. Love from all to Isabel and you. God's blessing!

Ever your

W. H. H."

[*To the same.*]

“EMS, August 5, 1865.

“MY DEAREST FRANK,

This is likely to reach you on your birthday. The God of life bless it to you! May He long spare you to be a blessing to many souls, and to us and all yours. Learn more and more to see all things in the light of Gospel truth, Christ the only Redeemer and the great Providential Preserver. All else is vain; I find it so. We all longed for your coming in the fine weather; now we have such cold rains. The change falls sadly on many here. I wished you to see Ems because it would give you a synopsis of the whole continent. The noble band is a charm for me; the morning chorale at 7 is fine indeed. Dear C. is, thank God, again herself, and Miss Nott is flourishing. All say I look better, but the main evil is not removed. We go to Schwalbach on Tuesday (D.V.); I long to be there. All love to you and all.

Your

W. H. H.”

[*To his Children.*]

“LANGEN SCHWALBACH,

September, 1865.

“MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

You have heard how the God of love has been dealing with me. He is righteous, even when

He tries most severely. I, no doubt, was very ill, but again I am better; I am feeble and thin: all this of external things, the internal I can but little recount. My days of illness were days of deep humbling. I found I was a 'worm and no man.' I wish to lie at the lowest step of the saints' gallery. I thought intensely of each one of you—what if I should never see you again? But I was not distressed; I could leave all with confidence in the Saviour's hand. All is of the Lord. I bow, amen. Only pray for me: I need all grace. I have had the most tender, sedulous nursing by night and by day.

Your

W. H. H."

[*To his Son, F. T. H.*]

"POPPELSDORFER ALLÉE, BONN,  
Dec. 6, 1865.

"MY DEAREST FRANK,

We have not heard of you since you left Edinburgh. Did you see Dr. Hodson, and what did you make of him? Before this reaches you you will have seen Miss Nott, and have heard all she can tell. Bonn suits us, myself especially. As Fanny is to start on the 18th on her way to us, please send to her any reading you may like us to see. Alas for Dr. Pusey's 'Irenicon;' I hoped

better things after his noble stand against neology. Nothing will ever stand but the simple truth in Christ. The *Elijah* in German was performed here a week since. I dared not go. The weather has been fine and open, no such winds and rains as have been in England.

The cathedral has some fine bells, which I much enjoy—I mean as to the harmonics, *ex. gr.*, in pitch according to Novello, Bass E flat, D, C, B flat. They are jingled and jumbled, not rung in sequence, and only half up, *i.e.*, in a swinging style. The largest bell takes four men. Dear C. hopes you have the *pro bono* letters she sent.”

[*To his Grandchildren at Celbridge Lodge,  
County Kildare.*]

“BONN, Jan., 1866

“MY DEAR LITTLE LOVES,

I cannot write to each of you separately, so I write to you all as one. The Bible, you know, is just in that way. It is God’s Word to each and all at once. I thank you for your nice birthday texts. May the Holy Spirit cause all their blessings to come on you! I often think of and always pray for you. I long to hear of not one ever being naughty, but each always good. You are, my dear little ones, more highly blessed than most children. Few have such parents and such a home as you

Be thankful, and remember you must give account. Give my kind wishes to Harriet. You must be very good to her as she belongs to my parish. The God of love bless you !

Ever your affectionate

GRANDPAPA."

[*To his Grandchildren at Oakhampton.*]

"Jan. 24, 1866.

"MY DEAR, DEAR GRANDCHILDREN,

I pen a few lines to you all as one. I thank you for your nicely-chosen texts on my birthday. May all the blessings they contain be fully realized by you, through the grace of the Holy Spirit by whom they were inspired. Be assured that I fail not to pray for you, that every failing may be diminished, and every indication of good abundantly increased. But you must pray for yourselves ; unless you do no other prayers are likely to benefit you. You have the kindest parents ; you must love, honour, and obey them.

I am your most affectionate

Grandpapa, W. H. H."

[*To his Son, F. T. H.*]

"BONN, Jan. 24, 1866.

"DEAREST FRANK,

Fanny is to start to-morrow, sleeping at a friend's at Lille, and hoping to be in London on

Friday. She has been well, and says Bonn always agrees with her. She has won more musical laurels in Germany than I care for her to wear. It has been a great disappointment that I have not been able to sing with her, or go out much with her, as I have had influenza and toothache. I am ashamed of the scurrility and childishness, not to say popery, of such papers as the *Church Times*. What babies men can be! All blessings on you and yours.

Ever your

W. H. H."

[*To Dr. Lowell Mason, of Boston, U.S.*]

"POPPELSDORFER ALLÉE, BONN,

March 5, 1866.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter has just been welcomed. I hasten to reply to it as well as my eyes will allow. I can hope only for less dimness of vision at the most. At this distance I dare not advise you; possibly an operation may restore you to perfect sight spite of advancing years; I have known many such instances. The good Lord favour you. I can keenly sympathize with you. I feel that I write worse than I did, and can read only large church print for a few minutes; but all these things, though trying, are but light afflictions compared with what might be. Then our great



standing mercies in Christ Jesus, how precious are they! May they abound to you. Only my dear wife is now with me and one of our home servants. My parish is left in good hands. I regret to hear of the popularity of Robertson's sermons in America. There is much of splendid trifling in them, with 'fair speeches' on behalf of erroneous novelties.

As to music I do but little, although I cannot keep from nibbling at chants and metrical tunes. I have fifty varied forms of the Grand Chant,<sup>1</sup> and have one hundred other chants, mostly single, ready for publication.

All that has been passing in America has engaged my anxious attention. In dear old England Church matters are perilous, though I hope for the best by reason of the Bishops having spoken out well on *ultra*-ritual movement.

Here, as in England, we have had no winter yet. My own parish is still mercifully preserved from cattle-plague. My old friend Dr. Hodges is gradually failing at Bristol. My dear wife is better, and joins me in best regards.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. H. HAVERGAL."

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<sup>1</sup> Early in 1867 J. Shepherd published, "The Grand Chant in Forty Different Forms." By the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A. Op. 52.

[To his Daughters, M. V. G. H. and F. R. H.,  
at Oakhampton.]

“SHARESHILL, April 16, 1866.

“DEAREST MARIA AND FAN,

All mercy and goodness, blessed be the Name! I hasten to sketch you a little of yesterday. At 11 a.m. found the tidy church well filled. Began with the morning hymn on the ‘grinder,’ which is far better than I expected. Mr. Rushton in the desk. The Vernons all there. Guess my surprise to hear the *Venite* chanted in good style to ‘Havergal’s Worcester Chant:’ the same to the *Glorias*. Then Dr. Boyce’s chant to the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in really fair mood. Then the metrical psalm, lo and behold, to St. Nicholas! and the L.M. hymn to Waldeck. Much the same in the afternoon—my tune, Astley Wake, S.M., &c.

You can hardly picture my pleasure and astonishment. I afterwards found, from a list of the barrel tunes, that with few exceptions all are from my ‘Old Church Psalmody,’ and all the chants such as we had at St. Nicholas’.

I was marvellously helped through my sermon, new, from the old text, Hebrews xiii. 17. Afternoon, from 2 Corinthians iv. 5. All most attentive. Treble the congregations that used to be.

I am afraid to tell you how cheery and promising all things seem. There must be a crook in the lot. Amen. All love to all.

W. H. H."

[*To Mr. and Mrs. Shaw.*]

"PYRMONT, *May 30, 1866.*

"MY BELOVED SON AND DAUGHTER S.,

What mean ye to break mine heart? Yes; but not with any hammer of iron, but with the soft mallet of love. The God of my life bless you both abundantly, and especially my good son, for all that has been and is in your hearts! I am unworthy of the least goodness from the Triune God of our salvation. I thought that my dear E. clearly understood what I said before you left us last week, when she mentioned her husband's wish to pay the stipend of my curate. I distinctly but affectionately declined the proposal, and begged that it might not be entertained or mentioned.

Accept an excellent book, 'End of All Things,' by Mr. Grant, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. Heart's love.

Ever yours,

W. H. H."

[*To H. V. Tebbs, Esq.*]

"GENEVA, *Sept. 8, 1866.*

"Thanks for yours last evening on arriving. I am heartily glad to hear from you after so

long silence. We wintered at Bonn, went to Pyrmont, and, after further benefit, have reached thus far through Switzerland on our way home ; but my *locum tenens* is obliged to leave on account of his wife's illness, and spite of all efforts no curate can be found for me, though I offer £120 for assistance only. My poor eyes prevent my writing about wonders and beauties. Suffice it to say the day-dream of life has been favourably realized."

[*To the same.*]

"SHARESHILL, Oct. 8, 1866.

"Our God brought us home on Tuesday last all safe and well, excepting a check from a slip downstairs at Oakhampton the preceding evening. It shook me much ; blessed be the unseen Hand for holding me up from a more serious fall. As no help could be obtained I took my whole two services. My worthy clerk read the lessons, and the Lord helped me marvellously. Yours to Sharehill reached me safely. Yes, Bonn, not Rome. I would not willingly winter at the latter place ; the expectation of its 'millstone'-like destruction is always before me. The predicted reality cannot be far distant. 'Eternal city!' vain appellation—its very vanity is a part of its doom. Loving thanks for all your kind plannings. You amuse me with your old combination of playful imagina-

tion and sound judgment. The difficulty of finding a good helper is great indeed, and I cannot give a title now. I can only be still and trust."

[*To his eldest Daughter.*]

"Feb. 12, 1867.

"May all your daughters, dearest Miriam, be to you as you are to me! The Lord the Spirit can do this for them and you. I thank you for all your thoughtful kindness. The good Lord return it to you. Just now I am busy in expectation of a new *locum tenens* curate. Fanny will tell you all about this and other matters; I shall be glad of quiescence as to them all. I consulted Professor Plito about my old Bohemian *Gesang Buch*, and sent it to Professor Kraft, who is enthusiastic about it, and thinks it is unique and a first-rate gem. My heart's best love to you and each of yours."

In February, 1867, my father published a little book entitled, "Pymont, an Eligible Place for English Patients who require Chalybeate or Saline Waters." (J. Nisbet & Co.) The profits were devoted towards preparation for English service at Pymont; thither he proceeded with Mrs. Havergal in June, and remained nearly three months.

[*Memoranda by W. H. H. at Pymont, 1867.*]

"Arrived on Saturday, June, 15. No English besides ourselves, nor English-speaking visitors.

Speedily got the large inner room of the Friends' or Quakers' meeting-house put in a tidy state. It had been closed for many years, except as a store-room for grain and garden produce. When Mrs. Elizabeth Fry 'held forth' in it, there were, it is said, three hundred persons closely packed together. The use of this room was obtained chiefly by the kind intervention of Herr W. J. Seebohm.

In 1866 we had found many Americans and others who could speak English lodging in the town. But this season the Paris Exhibition was thought to forestall everybody. Still, a printed notice was prepared; but no arrivals were announced in the *Kur-Liste*.

At length, in the week preceding August 18, we heard of several. Accordingly, in the afternoon of that day, after sending word to all we could discover, Church of England service was, for the first time in the history of the building and even of the town itself, held at 4 o'clock. A goodly and grateful congregation of nineteen made the 'little sanctuary' look encouragingly pleasant. My text was Matt. xviii. 10, 'Where two or three,' &c. We had previously sung 'Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.' Many of the few seemed to feel that the promised Presence was indeed granted.

*Sunday, August 25th.*—Congregation, twenty-three.

*September 1st.*—Only eight were present—Miss Pollard being one—as a severe storm of thunder, hail, and rain set in just before the time for service. Commenced a collection this P.M., which amounted to three thalers.

*September 8th.*—Congregation, twenty-one. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson from New York, Mrs. Knight and mother from Copenhagen, Mr. Collins from Harefield, &c. Great attention. May it have been watered with *the* dew! Collection, 6 th. 8 gr.

*September 15th.*—Rainy and dark; congregation, twenty.

*September 22nd.*—No service. A sharp east wind had made many invalids. Half our expected congregation were unable to go out. I was ill in bed and Mrs. Havergal also. When God deals thus decidedly with us, we may well submit and be patient.

*Sunday, September 29th.*—Congregation, seven. Boisterous wind and driving rain, but the ‘pilgrims’ came. The Lord was indeed with us. Glory to Him! Amen.”

[*To the Rev. J. P. Metcalfe, of Bilbrough Rectory.*]

“*September, 1867.*

“MY DEAR YOUNGER FRIEND,

With reference to Dr. Monk, I can only say I am open to any aid which I can render in

the cause of Church music, but my ability is sadly lessened by failure in eyesight. My inability to read, especially choice music, is a great trial. Others can read *words* to me, but I must read *music* myself to thoroughly understand it. All your kind sayings I shall cherish. I thank you for the handsome volume of 'Catches,' &c., and for your introduction to Mr. Macfarren. About this time last year I saw your good brother, Dr. M., at Geneva. The interview was I think mutually agreeable. Of course Canterbury was a rallying-point of conversation. Your account of the change in Mr. M. deeply interests me. May the God of all grace perfect the work thus begun. Dr. R. is no great musician, but a first-rate antiquary. I have lots of little anthems, but they are scattered in print or MS. 'Mr. Havergal composes *pretty* tunes,' &c. Well you shall have some of them when I am able to look them up. My royal round is one of several. Our school-children used to sing it ringingly. I fancied the little introit canon would please you. I have very funny things of that sort and carols also. In the forty Grand Chant specimens are things of the kind in abundance, so that ears that like perpetual repetitions may revel. '*Ars celare artem,*' is my motto in such doings. I like no art in music unless it is sensible and pleasing. Because so many of the Psalms are artificially composed, I



like a little of the same principle brought to bear in chants to them.

I have a theory of popular, and I think primitive, chanting, of which you shall hear some day ; but I dare not go on. All through life I have looked on music only as a pleasant means to a gracious end. I see many abuses and watch them. In these days we need vigilance.

Ever faithfully yours,  
W. H. HAVERGAL."

Respecting March and April, 1867, Mrs. (C. A.) Havergal has left a sheet of memoranda.

*March 24th.*—Reading the second lesson for evening service. ‘A faithful and precious chapter ; the Canaanite woman’s prayer is mine. Strange that I should so have preached to and for myself.’ In allusion to this and his last Sunday morning sermon, preaching for first time after five Sundays’ seclusion from laryngeal attack.

*March 27th.*—Through the day often in quiet prayer. So calm and trusting. At the usual time for our reading he asked for it, fancying I was thinking him too poorly to hear.

*March 28th.*—Dr. Millington visited ; darling prayed for a rich reward on him. No anxiety visible, but knows his precarious state.

*March 30th.*—Being told of poor children praying

for him, he said, 'The Lord hear them for themselves.' Very anxious about a sick parishioner.

*March 31.*—Very drowsy, the effect of medicine. Sent messages to Mrs. Vernon on her sending him some flowers: 'May He give her the leaves of the tree of Life.' And on reading to him a message from her, 'The Lord bless and comfort her, and make her peace as a river.'

Talking of children being from their youth allowed to read the Bible in full, and how far it would be good they should have extracts. 'No, abide by what God Himself says, "Thou shalt teach them thy children," &c.; and "It shall come to pass when thy children ask thee what meaneth this, thou shalt," &c.; and to Timothy, "That from a child," &c. Keep to God's directions. How many children die before they would have a whole Bible. To how many is it their only learning time. How many learn by rote, and when older, in sickness or trial, it is brought home to them.'

*April 9th.*—Had he been well he was to have preached—by the special request of his former curate, the Rev. Charles Bullock—a re-opening sermon or sermons at St. Nicholas', Worcester, after the Restoration of the Church. The Bishop took the morning sermon and Mr. Fisk the evening. He said in the course of the day, 'Ah, had I preached I should have taken a well-known

text, "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them." Divided thus: 1. Where two or three. 2. In my Name. 3. There am I.'"

The necessity of frequent visits to Germany, both to consult his oculist and for Mrs. Havergal and himself to take the waters of Pyrmont, his increasing inability to fulfil his parochial duties, even with the aid of a curate, had long caused my father to feel it to be his duty either to resign the living of Shareshill, or to procure leave of absence for an indefinite time, and place a *locum tenens* in his parsonage. Having heard of one he had formerly known in whose hands he could safely leave his flock, and whose wife would be a true helpmeet in tending it, he chose the latter plan. The Bishop kindly assented to it, and the Rev. Robert Butcher became my father's curate in 1867, till his death about three years afterwards, when the patron acceded to the wish of the parishioners and presented him to the living.

The inhabitants of Shareshill, on my father's retirement from active service among them, presented him with a purse of gold, and an easy-chair with an inscription ending with the simple and touching words, "In weariness oft." Doubtless his rest in it was often sweetened by the remembrance of their thoughtful kindness.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *LIFE IN LEAMINGTON.*

Pymont Villa—Services at Pymont—Illness—Diary by Mrs. Havergal—His musical powers—Last visit to Pymont—Letters—Rev. A. K. Cherrill's pamphlet—Letter on oratorios—Closing days.

ON leaving Shareshill my father and Mrs. Havergal removed to apartments in Leamington, from whence they visited Shrewsbury and other places in search of a home. They finally decided to remain at Leamington, and my father bought a newly-built semi-detached house in Binswood Terrace—which he named "Pymont Villa," from his favourite foreign resort—now numbered 43, in which they took up their abode on Saturday, December 28, 1867. When settled he diminished his library by parting with some books and making presents of others to his family and friends. He retained such as were endeared to him by association or beauty; also his valuable collection of old Bibles and rare musical and theological books, which were a pleasure to him to exhibit and discourse on to his friends, and to form eventually

memorial treasures to his children. At Leamington he had more leisure for musical correspondence, but none of 1868 has been preserved except a copy of a letter from Mr. J. Bickers, of Glasgow, to a mutual friend.

“*January 20, 1868.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

Allow me to thank you most heartily for the criticism on St. Rowan's and the holograph score—which I value greatly—by your much beloved Mr. Havergal. I did not look for this kindness, and I feel that I owe it entirely to you. I am half amused at the care you take to let the stroke of the Nestor fall lightly on me. But I am by no means so deeply in love with myself as that this should occasion you the slightest anxiety. Blame from such a man is to me of more account and use than praise from half a hundred of the ordinary run of musical amateurs. I have well considered every one of his remarks and made note of them. That about the interval of a minor seventh being ‘so secular’ as *never* to be found in any authenticated Church tune is quite new to me. Moderns have yet much to learn in the matter of Church music.

You will perhaps permit me to say, that I saw Jeremiah Clarke's ‘Nottingham’ for the first time a *good while after* writing ‘St. Rowan's,’ and the

opening is therefore in all fairness as entirely mine as it was, and is, the notable Jeremiah's. After the discovery I would fain have altered, but was strongly urged by certain musical friends to retain the phrase, on the ground that the character of the tune would be destroyed by any alteration. If you have any opportunity of communicating soon with Mr. Havergal, I would like him to know this, as he might think me of that kind of bird which goes about in borrowed feathers. Do me the favour at the same time of conveying to him the sense of obligation which he has called forth—not in these inelegant words, but in your own. You can't go wrong, for I really feel grateful to him.

I am yours most sincerely,

JAMES BICKERS."

*[Memoranda of Sunday Services at Pyrmont held by my Father, continued.]*

"Arrived at Pyrmont June 18, 1868. On the following Sunday no service, because no congregation was ready.

*Sunday, June 28th, at 6 p.m.*—Misses Pollard and Soames, Miss Nicol from Glasgow, present, and several Germans—thirty-three in all. God grant that some word of His may have touched the foreign hearts. Unfavourable weather.

*Sundays, July 5th and 12th.* — Congregations much the same. Mr. and Mrs. Wason there.

*July 19th and 26th.*—More English than before. Burkes from Dublin, Mr. Cross from Valparaiso.

*August 2nd.*—Misses Garner, Stewart, Thompson, and Mr. A. Wilson from Walthamstow. *Master* Burke, of the Common Pleas, Ireland, read the lessons in a nice devout style. Hearers seemed interested.

*August 9th.*—About twenty-three of the congregation real English. Mr. and Miss Lawrence Walker. Rev. James Beatie, from Perth, read the lessons. Singing quite agreeable.

*August 16th.*—Collection, 3 th. 17 gr. But an anonymous hand deposited two sovereigns towards costs. Lord repay it largely!

*August 23rd.*—Text, 'Jezebel and the portion of Jezreel.' The little flock seemed interested with the novel subject in evangelical and Protestant grounds. Miss Jane Murray. Collected 5 th. 9 gr. The Germans seem to have little idea of contributing.

*August 30th.*—The English diminish, only fourteen.

*Sunday, September 6th, 4.30 p.m.* — Text, Job vii. 20: 'O thou preserver of men.' Two pounds added to the collection for *ad lib.* expenses, which I sent to the C. C. Society itself. As only one

English visitor was expected to remain, this was the last service for the season of 1868. Whether the unworthy chaplain will be spared to return for another season is known only to that sovereign but beloved Saviour to whom, as his Redeemer, Job plaintively looked up and said, 'O thou preserver of men !' All praise to Him for the mercies and encouragements of this season !

W. H. H."

[From a Letter of August 21, 1868.]

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Yesterday week I was very ill, but since then, with the exception of two ailing days from the epidemic malady, I have been making decided progress. These wonderful waters seem to be the very thing for me. Still I dare not boast, but I do desire to give great thanks and take good courage. No doubt it is a great help to me not to be anxious about a parish, or under necessity for immediate return. For work I am certainly not yet competent. Another month will show whether I am really better or not. I want for nothing here. My love to all, I am always thinking of you. I send a little *impromptu* for the birthday festivities, literally such, on hearing Proverbs x. 1.



## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROVERBS X. I.

Jointly, age and youth,  
 Hear this standard truth !  
 Sons who fathers gladden  
 Honours shall receive ;  
 All who mothers sadden  
 Will be sure to grieve."

My father was again alarmingly ill early in January, 1869, and expressed himself as distressed at not being able to preach at Christ Church for Dr. Bickmore, as arranged for the very day after his illness began. He frequently preached for his friends in Leamington when at all able to do so, especially at Milverton and Holy Trinity, in which district he resided. He used in his study a folio Bible on a lecturn, and having looked out his text would ruminate on it for a day or two, and then write down the heads of the subject ; but in the pulpit delivering the sermon entirely without notes, and enlarging upon it extemporaneously.

I will now give extracts from the short diary for four months (at intervals) of Mrs. Caroline A. Havergal.

"January 9th.—Still very ill. He said, 'Let us give

thanks. I seem not to have a care ; my parish is well supplied ; no business to attend to. Here I may be in peace. It is easy to lie calmly in Jesus' arms when we have everything we want, and all is made so nice for us. How little my suffering to that of many an honoured servant of God ; how much have I to be humbled for, how much to be thankful for.

*January 13th.*—Such a succession of dark days. Some one said, 'I think the sun has ceased to shine !' His answer was—

“ My God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise.”

It shines still !' and then went on to compare it to sin and grace.

*January 16th.*—Such bad nights ; I often hear him in whispered ejaculatory prayer, always full of humility, but sure confidence in Christ. So calm and thankful. 'My thoughts always busy, wondering how this one or that is doing. I pray that many may be taught and blessed for their work on the morrow—dear Frank, dear Henry ; my old curates, Jeffery, James,' &c.

*Sunday, January 24th.*—'I hope all my dear ones will remember me to-day when they pray for all sick folk. Wearisome nights are appointed me, but how tenderly relieved. Lesson, a.m., Gen. i.

“Day” is literal, twenty-four hours, as in Fourth Commandment ; no doubt of it, cannot be strained to years ; but “In the beginning” may mean some prior time to present formation of the earth ; but now all arranged as on each day. Vain men would be wise, &c., and to meet their difficulties will try and alter God’s word.’

*February 1st.*—‘So much of the past comes to me. I live over again so many scenes—Wycombe especially. How I pray for light to be given and continued there, and in all my parishes. My head is full of texts and preaching, and what I would do. Music and poetry, too, all come busying me.’

*February 2nd.*—A little sleep granted. On awaking, ‘Oh, praise and thank the Lord, He has given sleep. Now, Lord, again grant it.’

*February 6th.*—First day he went out. Soon tired and rested in the porch: ‘I am standing at the wicket, where I would be always standing, waiting and watching.’

*February 9th.*—On my saying ‘My treasure!’ he said, ‘What a poor earthly one ; but I have treasure given me now in an earthen vessel ; it will be a glorious one some day. How wonderful for a worm to be made at last like unto *Him*.’

*February 14th.*—On awaking he said, ‘I have just repeated Dr. Watts’s hymn—

“This is the day when Christ arose.”’

This shows the value of such, for once learnt how they come back to the mind ; none of the more sentimental hymns can supply their place ; they are hooks on which to hang the thoughts.

*Eastbourne, February 27th.*—Alluding to some troublesome law business which fidgeted and distressed him, he said, ‘ I prayed earnestly, “ Lord, I would cast this and all my cares at Thy feet, and leave them there ; ” and He did help me, and I was quieted ; and I have thought of something on which to act, and I will, believing His Spirit has suggested it.’

*March 7th.*—After reading Gen. xliii. : ‘ How full that chapter is of the Gospel ! The Lord Jesus, in the person of Joseph, makes Himself known to His brethren ; they come to buy, but he gives ; he yearns over them, but they know it not. How did Jesus show Himself to His disciples ; yet they understood not. John, the youngest, especially loved—so Benjamin. In Egypt the Israelites learned to know their brother as their saviour ; so the Jews, in their scattered state, will learn to know Jesus, and return to their own land, to tell they have found Him whom they once sold and hated.’

*March 12th.*—‘ I was thinking in the night of St. Paul and the Hebrews ; though writing especially to the Jews, yet what an entire absence of allusion to the music of the temple services. The silence of

the Epistles on this, on the Virgin Mary, &c., shows how the Holy Spirit by silence left all Christians to infer the insignificance of form and ceremony. There is also only a single reference to the Lord's Supper in the Epistles.

*April 14th.*—'The eyes of the Lord be ever smiling on you,' was his wish. 'The doctrine of imputed righteousness is very clear and strong. Christ's active and passive obedience was necessary. Praise Him for His *perfect* obedience, His holiness, and His atoning blood. Never may I say, or do, or think anything but what an angel from heaven should witness, approve, and bless. May actions always speak for me when words are few.' "

On his return from Eastbourne my father resumed his usual quiet avocations, enjoying short calls only from his friends, for he was soon tired of talking or of hearing others talk. His musical correspondence was continued at intervals. Among those who succeeded Dr. Crotch and Dr. Hodges and Mr. Couchman in these later years, I find the names of Dr. W. Horsely, W. Marten Cooke, K. J. Pyne, J. D. Glennie, H. Mayo Gunn, W. Ewing, W. Locke, Miss Hackett, Dr. Rimbault, Professor Taylor, Rev. John Antes and Peter La Trobe, Sir John Goss, Otto Goldschmidt, T. A. Walmisley, H. E. Dibdin, E. G. Monk, Rev. G.

Quirke, and Rev. C. H. Davis. He was still able to sit down for a short time at his piano or harmonium, and with his never-to-be-forgotten touch and voice would "discourse sweet music ;" but his hand was soon fatigued, and his voice had lost its volume and some of its sweetness. But I will transcribe the eloquent account of a musical friend who heard him in some former year.

"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 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' 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 bird-like glee; also numberless carols, hymns, and sacred songs, composing both the words and the music.

"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.

“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.”

My father visited Pymont for the last time in the summer of 1869, and continued the diary of his Sunday services.

“*Sunday, July 4th, at 6 p.m.*—Congregation nineteen ; text, Phil. iv. 19. Favoured with a bright evening, and the presence of God seemed to make this new beginning pleasant and hopeful. Found myself better able to read, preach, and sing than

I expected. All glory to the Saviour! Germans speaking English were the majority in the little company.

*July 11th.*—Congregation twenty-six; text, John vi. 37. No British but ourselves and Consul Crauford, of Grimstadt, a fine Scotchman, but married and settled in Norway. Some of the Germans responded and sung well. Blessed Jesus, let all ‘come’ to Thee!

*July 18th.*—Text, ‘But He answered her not a word.’ Still no more English, but some very excellent Dutch people. The power of the Lord seemed present to heal and bless. Lord, be it so!

*July 25th.*—Congregation twenty-five; text, 1 Kings xix. 12. Three English ladies present, but only passers-by. An Old Testament subject seemed a novelty to our Dutch friends, but it proved interesting and edifying to them. Lord, let Thy ‘still small voice’ prevail!

*August 1st.*—Text, Heb. iv. 14: ‘Seeing then that we have a great High Priest,’ &c. After service a somewhat singular circumstance was detailed to me respecting my text. Madame de Weirt, who takes much interest in my unworthy sermons, dreamed on Saturday night that I selected Heb. iv. 14, the very text I did take. In the morning she told the dream to her family and a devoted friend, all of whom assured me of the fact. None

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of them could have known my intention ; they had no English calendar, and know nothing of our lessons. Who can account for the dream ?

*August 8th.*—Text, Heb. xi. 7. At length a rainy afternoon, and the congregation only fifteen. Much feeling and attention. All glory to our faithful God !

*August 15th.*—Favoured with a fine evening ; twenty-three present. Text, 'Man did eat angels' food.' The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos and some of the Grenville scions present. His Grace, at his own most kind request, read the lessons very nicely indeed. The Misses Rose and Mrs. Fretwell were there. The sermon seemed to interest all present. He who alone knows all things knows how far it was blessed to any or all.

*August 22nd, 4 p.m.*—Text, John x. 9. Drizzly and chilly weather ; the same individuals present as on Sunday last. The Duke of Buckingham again read the lessons very reverently. May our God make the word read, as well as the word preached, profitable to all !

*August 29th.*—Text, John x. 11. Again favoured with splendid weather. Thanks to Him who sent it. Again the Duke read the lessons excellently well. The hymn nicely suited the text, and was sung heartily to Vienna. Much attention. Be thou exalted, O Lord !

*September 5th.*—Text, Acts x. 43, Congregation eighteen; collection 3 th. 3 gr. Fine weather. The Duke read the lessons as before. Oh that he and all may be blessed as was Cornelius and his company. Lord, make all to understand and receive!

*September 12, 1869, 4 p.m.*—Text, 'The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit' (2 Timothy iv. 22). Congregation fourteen; collection, 9 th. 23 gr. Equinoctial wind and rain; branches blown off and trees blown down. As we passed by, a large tree had just fallen on the Roman Catholic chapel. The Duke read the lessons as before. My humble sermon seemed to tell on the last congregation in our little sanctuary. Shall I ever again resume such service? O Lord Jesus Christ, only be with my spirit, and all the praise shall be Thine!"

This was the very last service my dear father held in Pyrmont. His labours were thus alluded to in the Report of the Church Continental Society in the autumn of 1870:—

#### "PYRMONT.

"The Committee are happy to state that the late Rev. W. H. Havergal, who took such a deep interest in the Chaplaincy at this place, has had, during the last summer, a successor in the Rev. A. Lockwood, who has entered into the work and

carried it on in the faith and spirit of his predecessor. They would also gratefully mention the interest which Mrs. Havergal continues to take in the work which was so dear to her late husband. Mr. Lockwood writes in his report :—

“‘ In sending the accompanying book, recording the services held at Pymont during the season now closing, it is well perhaps that I should inform the Committee of the result of my observations of the place as a fitting sphere for the Society’s operations. I have no hesitation in saying that it is one in which much good may be done. The number of English visitors this season has been less than was anticipated, owing to the unexpected breaking out of the war. Nevertheless, the attendance during the last two months, as will be seen from the record book, has, on the whole, been fairly sustained.

“‘ A new railway from Hanover will be opened next June, and as one or two works on Pymont are shortly to be published in England, it is confidently expected that English invalids, in greater numbers than hitherto, will be induced to try its waters, which are acknowledged to be of greater variety and potency than any in Germany.

“‘ There are a few English and American residents at Pymont. By these, as well as by the visitors, the services have been greatly appreciated,

and to some there is reason to believe they have been blessed by the Great Head of the Church.

“‘There is one obstacle to the successful conduct of the services to which I ought to refer—the situation of the Friends’ Meeting House, which is so far from the town, and is so concealed from view that few visitors at first have been able to find it. No other room, however, is available ; but it has occurred to me that a small iron church, if this could be obtained, would best meet the necessities of such a place as Pyrmont. A site might, without difficulty, be secured in a central position. I have thought of suggesting the erection of such a church to the numerous friends of the late Mr. Havergal, to whose memory it would be a graceful tribute. Would the Society be prepared to contribute a sum of money towards its purchase ?

“‘I cannot close this report without referring to the labours of the venerable servant of God just mentioned. His influence in Pyrmont was great. From all classes of people I have heard of him—English and German alike, whom he visited in their houses, and to whom he had been wont to speak on the way, whenever he met them, never omitting an opportunity for doing good. The testimony which all bear to the example and labours of that good man is one of affectionate gratitude. Thus it was Mr. Havergal sought to do



good. He secured the confidence and good-will of the people, and used the influence thus gained to bring them to the Saviour. If his example were followed by the many Chaplains who visit the Continent annually, they would not fail, on their return home at the close of each season, of leaving a mark behind them—one which would speak well for our English Christianity, and would be reflected back upon England in the form of regard and thankfulness from many a true German heart.’”

My father, with Mrs. Havergal, spent the month of November, 1869, at Oakhampton and Winterdyne, and these were his last visits to his married daughters. He proceeded to London Nov. 30th, and after writing the following letter he was taken ill at his hotel, but was soon able to return to Leamington.

[*To Rev. F. T. H.*]

“LONDON, *Dec. 2, 1869.*”

“MY DEAREST FRANK,

Yesterday I sent a packet for the darling boys. I principally wished them to have each a copy of good old Watts’s ‘Divine Songs,’ as published nearly a century ago by the S. P. C. K. My blessed mother taught me to say and sing them. Your own mother taught you and all her children

to do the same. I should like your dear little ones to thread their early steps in the same safe and excellent path.

I have been hearing much of that most remarkable man the Armenian Archbishop, who, through our Prayer-book chiefly, has become a Protestant, and is learning English more perfectly in a garret in Jerusalem under Bishop Gobat. A letter from the Archbishop was read to me. Here is a noble fellow, indeed, and I hope one of the signs of the times. Amen! . . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

W. H. H."

[*To Rev. W. H. H., from the Rev. Joseph  
Powell Metcalfe.*]

"BILBROUGH RECTORY.

*Dec. 29, 1869.*

"I really was very much touched by your kind little Christmas remembrance of me, so appropriate to the blissful season when 'a child was born to us,' in its very simplicity a fit Christmas gift from a Christian Gresham Prizeman.

I am blest with two merry little children of four and five years old. 'The Bethlehem Shepherd Boy's Tale' has been appropriated, words and tune, with marvellous relish by them. The strain only gets interrupted with crying, 'I *do* like it so,'

emphasized with a shake of the curly head against which there is no appeal. It would give us very great pleasure to hear from you or any kind deputed scribe. Miss F. R. H.'s note lies before me, a member of my musical treasury. It speaks of your failing eyesight. It almost seems as though faulty vision was decreed as the doom of unusual musical sensibility. Old Mr. Goss complains of eyes to be nursed. Geo. Macfarren has long wholly lost his sight ; but this can scarcely be laid to the charge of our dear mistress Music, since a brother of his, a scene painter, is also blind. What should we do without music, especially we country parsons? I have been blessed with a wife of musical capabilities. Somehow I always connect the Psalmist's 'voice of joy and gladness' with fireside strains. I do believe many a moody thought and inner grumble that might hatch into family bickerings is exorcised, like Saul's evil spirit, by home music. We always fancy there can be no kitchen mischief brewing so long as the work is done to a tune."

[*To Rev. W. H. H., from Rev. Charles Rae Hay, Vicar of Ridlington, writing from Leven, Fife.*]

"Again I have to thank you for so kindly sending me your Lectures on the Ark of the Covenant, and for the affectionate words you have written on

the first page. It greatly surprises us that you can write so well as you do!

If Miss Fanny is better, which I sincerely hope she is by this time, and if her poetical and other compositions allow the time, I should esteem it a favour if she would kindly take the trouble to copy your old chant No. 4 for us. I mean the one of which the organist of Worcester Cathedral used to say it was 'the best chant ever composed.' I want to introduce it into our little chapel here, and we unfortunately left the book put away somewhere at home. There was also another chant, No. 92, I believe, which we frequently had at Astley; I have known some persons prefer it to the other. It used to be a great favourite with our friends, Sir Christopher and Lady Lighton. I will give your message to V. G. Faithful when next I see him."

[*To his eldest Daughter.*]

"PYRMONT VILLA,

Jan. 24, 1870.

"MY DEAREST MIRIAM,

Thank you for all kind words and deeds. I much enjoyed the sight and sound of your dear boy. He *is* a dear little bud, and will, I trust and pray, be kept from the evils of a public school. I thought of him and you on Friday last at Harrow. Glad shall I be to learn that the 'great Angel'

was indeed sent before you and with you. Yesterday I had another physical lesson ; I found myself suddenly chilly, and other symptoms. However, thank God, I am better this morning, though tired and listless. Thus I alternate, but all praise be to Him who does not lay any burden of a heavier sort.

Your affectionate  
FATHER."

[*To his Son, Rev. F. T. H.*]

"Feb. 22, 1870.

"MY DEAREST FRANK,

I have been some time getting through Mr. Cherrill's pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> as our best one has been so distressingly ill. I have been marvellously upheld, and Fanny is flourishing. 'The Musician' has tuned his pipe in a sharp key as regards cathedral Dons. It will, I hope, awaken them to such duties as are incumbent on them. In allusion to a remark in the Hereford article, let me remind you that the elder of the two Halls, who were organists *circa* 1700, was ordained to a Vicar-Choralship in conjunction with his office of organist.

Cherrill's pamphlet surprises me. He must have

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<sup>1</sup> "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, considered with reference to recent Controversies." Oxford and London : James Parker & Co.

read much and well. He can also not only analyse, but condense when it suits his purpose. On all the main questions between Papists and Protestants, Ritualists and sound Churchmen, he is not only clear but forcible. Here some of his hits are really clever. But I am disappointed at finding him wavering on certain non-essential topics, but which have essentially wrong tendencies; *e.g.*, all he says about the oblation of bread and wine *presentio* (properly placed) on the table, just before the Church militant prayer, is utterly groundless. As Dean Goode and others have well shown, 'oblations' are 'the other devotions of the people,' and not the elements. He enlarges very unnecessarily on the Jewish sacrifices and the fable of vegetable offerings in Paradise, and all covertly to defend the application of the term sacrifice to our Communion. He acknowledges that neither the Bible nor the Church so apply it, and yet suicidally pleads for it. So he takes up the Popish interpretation of Malachi i. 11, and Hebrews xiii. 10, forgetting that Malachi says too much for him, as he prophesies of incense as well as of meat-offering, and that the great Reformation commentator, Dr. Fulke, fully proved that the words of the epistle refer not to any ecclesiastical altar. Then he cannot let the Ritualists go without an excusing and even commendatory word at the last. He forgets

that our Lord did not so with those who, in His day, were *very earnest and painstaking* in making one proselyte. But it is rather significant that Cherrill says not a word about the Popish heresy of receiving the elements only fasting, so speciously followed by the Ritualists under the title of early celebration—*i.e.*, at a fasting hour, and not merely at an early hour.

Neither does he touch on the modern absurdity of forbidding an *evening* celebration, of which S. W., now of Winchester, is, as far as I know, the only episcopal advocate. Cherrill had better, when he was on the subject, have handled the whole of it; an extra page would have sufficed. Alas! alas! that the Church of Christ should be troubled with such trifles while weightier matters are always at hand.

Ever affectionately your

W. H. H."

[*To Miss Emma P. Vernon.*]

"*March 23, 1870.*

"'An old disciple' of 77 may well 'set' his papers 'in order.' Among my heaps I find the enclosed reserves. I have not the heart to destroy them, hence I commit them to you. How fast do years flit on! What a span does it seem since these foreign letters were first opened by me!

Lord, make us meet for the home where time and infirmity shall be no more! Your letter this morning has been eagerly read. The Good Shepherd direct my godson to some choice fold; my kindest sympathy to him. All happiness to the anticipated twain. I have been indoors since Dec. 6th. I sigh to see Shareshill again."

[*To his eldest Daughter.*]

"PYRMONT VILLA,

April 14, 1870.

"MY DEAREST MIRIAM,

To-day *was* my beloved mother's birthday. I always used to associate it with your own, as standing in the calendar so near to her. Had she been alive she would have been 99, and my father would have been 105 on Monday last. The good Lord hear and answer my prayers for you! I do not make much progress; I have not been out since that one trial on the 6th. Just now I tried the garden, but hastened in as I found it damp. As to the future the *vista* is full of odd shapes and the atmosphere is strange, as though something were about to occur out of the usual course. Pyrmont beckons invitingly, but a sort of haze hangs over it. One little matter is that it will not be so easy to arrange about lodgings as before. But 'the God of my life' will bless and comfort.



Dearest wife improves, but is not well. You are most filially thoughtful; my heart thanks you. May my Father and your Father, my Saviour and your Saviour, always remember you and yours.

Ever your

W. H. H."

The following letter, written on the same day as the preceding, was the last he ever wrote. Like his mother, he was Protestant to the end.

[*To Hyla Holden, Esq.*]

"PYRMONT VILLA, LEAMINGTON,

*April 14, 1870.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

For my eyes' sake, which soon fail, you must kindly pardon brevities. I cannot sign the address to the Dean and Chapter of Worcester as it stands. In the love of architecture I yield to no one. But 'grandeur' without purity is as naught to me. 'Images defile the temple of God,' is an adamantine adage. 'Ye saw no similitude,' 'Thou shalt not make unto thee,' &c. If in restoring a cathedral *such* images are set up as our Reformers pulled down, and our Homilies forbid, no pure grandeur can exist.

The 'dignity' of Divine worship in a noble cathedral is very dear to me. But oratorios, *as at present conducted*, are a burlesque of such worship,

and the use of such books as 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' both musically and theologically debase it. Some declaim bravely about ecstatic worship in the performance of oratorios. All facts belie this. Pleasurable feeling is mistaken for reverential worship. Handel, as can be proved, did not write any oratorio, not even the 'Messiah,' with an eye to *worship*. The performers show no consciousness of it, and the mass of the audience never dream of it.

And yet I am humbly of opinion that more may be said for an oratorio in a cathedral than, as far as I know, has been said. I cannot now attempt to say what that *more* is. Suffice it to add, that if an oratorio could be held in a cathedral, apart from worldly adjuncts, and so performed as to elevate the best emotions of the mind in listening to a fine and forcible representation of Scripture facts and truths by means of musical expression, then our highest style of Churchmanship may be fostered and refreshed. I could wish that the original *idea* of 'The Meeting of the Three Choirs' were resuscitated as a basis for new and better arrangements. At present that principle languishes. Early morning service, followed by a full oratorio, is not a very eligible mode; it cramps the service and enfeebles the oratorio in some of its parts. Years ago, before the existence of the

present cathedral management, I laboured hard and long to correct grievous desecration and bring on a less objectionable state of things. Success followed. For a few years the Tuesday morning service, in grand and solemn style, with opportunity for a dignified psalm tune and an edifying sermon, gave general satisfaction, especially when the 'Grand Ball' was separated from cathedral announcements.

In a word, I am sorry that I do not sign the address, but feel that fairly I cannot. With every good wish,

I am, my dear sir, faithfully yours,  
W. H. HAVERGAL."

His wife made the following memorandum on this letter: "This was written on Thursday, but kept, as he wished to make a little alteration. He attempted it on Saturday, on another sheet, but felt unequal to the effort, and laid it aside unfinished. His work was finished, and he soon heard the 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

This Saturday was indeed to prove my dear father's last conscious day. In a letter to a friend, written on the Monday morning, his daughter F. R. H. speaks of that day as "a very climax of peace and brightness in *all* respects." He twice walked out a little in front of his house, hoping

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to catch a young gentleman, a neighbour, to whom he thought a word in season might be useful. He also wrote his last lines, "Messiah, Redeemer!" and set them to a palindrome, and the same day he composed the beautiful tune "Havergal,"<sup>1</sup> to Dr. Monsell's fine Trinitarian hymn, "Mighty Father! Blessed Son!"

But the music of earth now ceased for him, and the singularly beautiful voice was heard no more in songs of praise. The next morning was Easter-day. He rose early as usual, but soon after was seized with apoplexy. The kind and attentive Dr. A. Thursfield came immediately, but pronounced the case a dangerous one. His children arrived on Easter Monday, to behold their beloved father unconscious. His devoted wife never left his side, and his faithful friend Miss Nott was often in attendance. My brother Frank at times relieved the solemn silence by reading consolatory passages of Holy Scripture; and the Rev. J. S. Ruddach came in the evening, offering a few kind words of sympathy and a sweet and soothing prayer, giving thanks to God for the grace which had enabled His servant so to glorify Him in the life which was now closing.

Our dear father continued unconscious, and a

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<sup>1</sup> Tune "Havergal," No. 163 in "Havergal's Psalmody."

few minutes before noon on Easter Tuesday, April 19th, 1870, he almost imperceptibly passed into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

"When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest in hope  
is past,

The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at last :  
No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,  
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away."

F. R. H.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CONCLUSION, AND MEMORIAL NOTICES.

The resting-place at Astley—Letter of F. R. H.—Memorial tablet—Letters of condolence—*The English Churchman*—*The Hereford Times*—Sermons at Sharesill and St. Nicholas'—"The Pastor Remembered"—"Yet speaketh."

MY dear father had often said he should like to be buried in the west corner of the churchyard in Astley, where the longest portion of his ministerial life was spent, and so he was laid there in a rock-hewn grave "till *the* day break and the shadows flee away." On Saturday, April 23rd, the Rev. R. Butcher, his successor at Sharesill, read the burial service, surrounded by mourning relatives and old parishioners. His eldest daughter raised a white marble tomb over his grave, where his second wife was also laid eight years after; and in June, 1879, Frances, his youngest and most gifted daughter, was added to that little sanctuary of the blessed dead. This dear sister thus wrote of his departure:—

"My beloved father's death is a dream as yet, but rather solemn than terrible; and after it—

‘when I awake, I am still with Thee!’ I think He will let me prove that. It has been the very best for papa, and therefore I don’t think any of us would have it otherwise. It was apoplexy, and he never moved or spoke again—lay as in a deep sleep till Tuesday at noon, and then the breathing ceased. That was all—no struggle, no pain, only gone to *rest*. Was it not merciful, so? Not any pang for him, not a good-bye, or the possibility of a troubled thought—not an hour’s conscious illness—then sleep, then glory. We could not have chosen better for him. And for us, everything that could soften and sustain has been given. All were in time to see him. There was no human element, and so no evil, no bitterness; it was only God’s hand! . . . If I loved my father less, I should grieve *more*; but his comfort was truly first, and that is everything. And now he is ‘with Him,’ and I think that includes *all*. And I can look at *that* and even be glad. I did not think God *could* make it so easy to bow and trust and say, ‘Thy will be done.’”

“Death  
Has only parted us a little while,  
And has not severed e’en the finest strand  
In the eternal cable of our love :  
The very strain has twined it closer still,  
And added strength.”

A memorial brass tablet, designed by his son,

the Rev. F. T. Havergal, with a harp on either side of the sacred monogram "I.H.S.," a symbolical crown above, and a surrounding border of appropriate Scripture texts, was placed in one of the niches in the arcade of the S.E. transept of Worcester Cathedral, and similar ones in the churches of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and Shareshill, Staffordshire. The inscription is as follows :

To the Glory of God  
and in remembrance of His Servant  
WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.  
Born at High Wycombe, Jan<sup>y</sup>. 18th, 1793  
Died at Leamington, April 19th, 1870  
in holy peace,  
Resting in Astley Churchyard.  
  
Rector of Astley, 1829-42  
and of St. Nicholas, Worcester, 1845-60.  
Vicar of Shareshill, 1860-70.  
Honorary Canon of this Cathedral.  
Erected by his Widow and Children.

This mural brass is well described in the letter of his life-long friend, H. V. Tebbs, Esq., who survived him for six years.

"HILL-SIDE, WESTBURY-ON-TRYM,  
*November 8, 1870.*

"DEAR MRS. HAVERGAL,

Many thanks to you for your letter of this morning, and for the photograph of the memorial brasses in the Cathedral and Churches.



The design is marked by good taste ; I like it much. That simple record of the name, birth, death, and position in the Church of my beloved friend, how much better than a long statement of intellectual powers, moral qualities, and professional labours. The verses from the holy Book sufficiently allude to these, and the harps of the Psalmist and of a redeemed one most gracefully recall those gifts which so distinguished him, and which he ever used to the glory of God.

The evangelistic emblems at each corner suitably proclaim that chief theme of his ministry, the Gospel of the grace of God. The angel-figure with the writer's pen ; the sacrificial ox ; the lion, strong but calm, bearing in his front the holy Book, not sealed, its page spread open to proclaim its peace ; and then the noble eagle, with its wings outstretched to carry it through all the world. One only suggestion had I seen it in time I might have ventured to make. . . . Still, there is abundant reference to that blessed Being, the Alpha and Omega—the cross with His monogram and the crown with its glory. So let me again thank you for awakening my recollections of the beloved friend with so many pleasant thoughts. With my wife's kind regards,  
Believe me ever yours sincerely,

H. V. TEBBS."

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Among the letters of condolence on my lamented father's death are the following :—

[*From the Rev. J. S. Broad, now of Pentney  
Vicarage, Swaffham.*]

“BRAMPTON HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME,

*April 23, 1870.*

“MY DEAR MRS. HAVERGAL,

It was with sorrow I saw the announcement of the departure of my dear old tutor and friend ; not indeed unlooked for in the course of nature, but yet a cause of deep and sincere grief to all that loved him ;—and who that knew him could help loving him ? It is now upwards of forty years since I first became acquainted with him, and from the moment I saw him I honoured and loved him. Doubtless you have been prepared for the severance of the earthly tie ; but when it actually takes place it is felt as a wrench of affection, as a deep and trying affliction. But ‘blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ;’ blessed are they who ‘sleep in Jesus,’ or, as the word really means, ‘are laid asleep by Jesus.’

Of the beloved one just gone we know that he has entered into life in its best sense, and that he is, and for ever will be, with the Lord. As one indebted to him for instruction and example in early life, I can truly say that both instruction and

example have been impressed upon me and valued throughout life ; and I would desire to emulate his faithfulness and devotedness, his calmness of temper, his kind affability, his holy cheerfulness, so as to adorn as he did the doctrine of God our Saviour.

We must look onward to the future when the faithful shall all meet around the throne, and join in that praise, that holy song, in which he delighted in the Church on earth. I trust and pray that you and those of his who are left behind may experience the consolations of God, which are neither few nor small, and find Him to be 'the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort.' With sincere condolence with you in your loss, and with kindest remembrances to any old Astley friends who may be with you, believe me, dear Mrs. Havergal,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

JOHN S. BROAD."

[*From the Rev. Frederic Simcox Lea, now Rector of Tedstone Delamere, to the Rev. W. H. Havergal's eldest daughter.*]

"TRINITY PARSONAGE, BOW ROAD,

*April 21, 1870.*

"MY DEAR MRS. CRANE,

Reginald's letter this morning tells me of the close of a life so bright and saintly that to have been brought in any way within its influence is

a gift to thank God for. That the end should have come by a sudden stroke is what the recollection of 1842 had prepared me to expect ; though the immediate blow is more hard to realize even to me, and much more must it be so to you. His epitaph is written in Astley churchyard : you know the inscription on the tomb of his predecessor, Mr. Geers, about a hundred years ago ; and those words I associated with Mr. Havergal the first time that I read them. And now the 'Mortalitati, non vitæ, valedixit' is realized.

About, or soon after, the time we came to Astley my love for the 'Christian Year' began to grow, and one of its pictures of Christian character has ever since belonged to him. Whether I ever heard him quote the verse I cannot now remember, but it seemed drawn from the life as his.

'There are, in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime ;  
Who carry music in their heart,' &c.

There has been something so even and unchanging about him, the latest recollections are so exactly the same with the earliest ones, it seemed as though the passing of years left him unaltered, excepting the ageing of the outward man, like the sight of the hills or the sound of his own church

bells. Reginald tells me that he will be buried in Astley churchyard ; it is just what we should all have desired, and have missed, I think, if it had not been so. My wife asks me to add the assurance of her deep and affectionate sympathy. Will you remember me most kindly to Henry and Frank and your sisters, as well as to Mr. Crane and your own home circle, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

F. SIMCOX LEA."

[*To Frances Ridley Havergal, from the Rev. William Jones (extract).*]

"I had the privilege of being your father's curate at Shareshill about ten years ago, and should be ungrateful indeed if I could ever forget either his kindness to me personally, or the pattern which he gave me of faithfulness and single-heartedness as a preacher and a pastor. He told me that one always remembered one's first curacy, and he made mine such that I have good reason to remember it with gratitude."

[*To the Editor of "The English Churchman."*]

"AVENUE MARBŒUF, PARIS,

May 17, 1870.

"SIR,

Will you allow me to endorse the sentiments of your correspondent the Vicar of Bourton

in reference to the late Rev. W. H. Havergal, as expressed in the last number of your journal. His musical attainments, especially in regard to Church music, have never been adequately appreciated ; but it is not chiefly on account of these that I wish he had been better known. I became acquainted with the late Mr. Havergal in Bath more than twenty years ago, and although since that time I have enjoyed but few opportunities of personal intercourse with him, I have never ceased to entertain for him the warmest feelings of affection and regard. About the year 1855 I passed many happy and profitable hours in his society at Bonn-on-the-Rhine. His remarks on the controverted questions of the day were peculiarly interesting and edifying, and were always characterized both by wisdom and love. But that which chiefly impressed me in him was his meek and cheerful acquiescence in the painful dispensation of Providence under which he was at that time suffering, viz., that of failing sight. Though unable to read, he was occasionally ready to preach when his health permitted him. A dear friend of my own has frequently expressed to me her deep and lasting obligations to Mr. Havergal for the spiritual benefit she derived from his conversation and letters. I have often thought that it is a strong demonstration of the anomaly in our system of Church patronage that a man of his

high character and attainments should never have received greater preferment than the Vicarage of Shareshill.

I shall be thankful if you will allow me to offer, through your columns, this feeble tribute to the memory of one whom I so much admired and esteemed as the late Rev. W. H. Havergal.

I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE G. GARDINER."

[*From a Correspondent of "The Hereford Times."*]

"With sincere regret we recorded in our last the death of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for fifteen years the earnest and pious Rector of St. Nicholas', Worcester, and subsequently of Astley, Worcestershire. The deceased was well known as amongst the foremost of the evangelical ministers of the Church of England. As a preacher he was powerful in argument and eloquent in appeals, with lofty intelligence; he was for ever ready to 'contend for the faith once delivered to the saints,' and he boldly encountered the infidel or any one who dared to rob the Scriptures of one text of its immortal truths. He was a trenchant controversialist, using all his artillery of learning and long experience against the modern innovations and tawdry embellishments of the Church.

"With the simple but everlasting truths of the

Gospel he used to scatter to the winds all the mummeries which interfered with the simplicity of Church of England worship. He was ever happy in proclaiming the broad truths for which the Reformers shed their blood, and with zealous earnestness he was accustomed to charge all under his care never to swerve from those truths. It needs scarcely to be added that he strongly opposed any approach to Romanism.

"The sublime simplicity of the Revelation of God to man was his theme of delight, and never was he more joyful than when speaking its words of solace or imparting its blessed consolations to those who were in trouble, sickness, or adversity. He was an eminent scholar, a poet, and a musician, and from long study was ready on most subjects to give well-considered opinions. He was often consulted on occasions of difficulty, and indeed it was his great comfort to mix with his parishioners, doing all in his power to cement their mutual esteem. Being thus usefully engaged in his parish, and always of very thoughtful and studious habits, he interfered little with the outer world. The line of the temple and its services were indeed his highest happiness and privilege. As a preacher he was poetic and eloquent in diction, as well as clear and forcible in argument, explaining the Gospel plan of salvation with a power that would arrest the attention of the most careless listener.



“ For many years his sight had been impaired, and it was his wont once a year to repair to Germany to get the most able advice for his eyes. When he occupied the pulpit in the evenings, the gas had to be so lowered that he and his congregation were scarcely visible to each other. In the midst of that darkness he would preach, without note or Bible, most erudite and valuable discourses. Though without reference, there was no tautology in his style, but all was so compactly built together as to form a body of divinity and eloquence. 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.’ He was of a very humble mind and benevolent nature, and thought little of himself in comparison with his great mission. Many of the poor in Worcester can bear testimony to his great kindness, being always ready to give a helping hand to those who were in need. Indeed, he watched over the poor with a Christian love and affection which were well known to many in the parish of St. Nicholas. The deceased published two volumes of ‘ Historical Sermons,’ which are valued by all who have read





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

*From a Bust by Robert Pauer of Creuznach in 1868.*

Engraved by W. Ballingall.

them for their great and glorious truths. He was about publishing some of his lectures, when death seized him. We still hope to see many of his works yet given to the public.

"Few men have done more to restore the musical portion of our service. His anthems for May services are well known in our Cathedral. He was fond of congregational singing, on which he bestowed much of his time, also frequently admonishing his congregation on the duty of praise to God. About sixteen years ago he brought out his 'Old Church Psalmody,' which is one of the best collections of Church Psalmody extant. The tunes are good, simple in structure, always of devotional strains, and free from too many discords (of which he had a great abhorrence). The work was a great *boon* to the Church, for in all parts it has found a hearty welcome. Some years ago the deceased wrote a history of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune, a subject to which he had given much research.

"The writer of this imperfect sketch knew of Mr. Havergal's great respect for the late Rev. J. J. Waite, of Hereford, and how much he eulogized Mr. Waite for his laborious exertions in rescuing Psalmody from the sing-song style into which it had fallen, and raising it to a higher level. It is now about eighteen years since Mr. Havergal

preached the funeral sermon of his old friend the Rev. John East, of Bath. Also, eight years later, he likewise preached a funeral discourse on that good and faithful servant the Rev. John Davies, Rector of St. Clement's, Worcester. On leaving Worcester he was presented to the living of Shares-hill, near Wolverhampton, but on many occasions he assisted his many clerical brethren at Leaming-ton, at which town he resided for a short time previous to his death. That mournful event occurred when he had reached the ripe age of seventy-seven; his death being caused by apo-plexy. He leaves a widow, three daughters, and two sons, one of whom, the Rev. F. T. Havergal, is Minor Canon of our cathedral, and Vicar of Pipe and Lyde."

In Leamington, at Shareshill, and many other places, funeral sermons were preached on the death of my beloved father. His successor at St. Nicholas', Worcester, gave an admirable sermon, which he afterwards published with notes and hymns and a biographical notice, forming a volume entitled, "The Pastor Remembered." <sup>1</sup>

My own little labour of love in collecting and uniting the scattered records of his life cannot be

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<sup>1</sup> "The Pastor Remembered: a Memorial of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A." By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. London: *Home Words* Office, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

more appropriately concluded than by quoting the first part of this sermon by the Rev. Charles Bullock, the intimate and valued friend both of the Rev. William Henry and Frances Ridley Havergal.

## THE PASTOR REMEMBERED.

*2 Thessalonians iii. 1.*

"Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

The Pastor Remembered ; the brethren entreated. To utter words of affectionate recollection and words of earnest exhortation : this is my purpose, this is my desire.

Brethren, pray for me ! 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 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,"<sup>1</sup> is the grateful testimony of a former fellow-labourer in the ministry: a testimony which my own privileged experience enables me

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<sup>1</sup> "Sermons and Lectures," by S. B. James, B.A., formerly Curate of St. Nicholas'. See Dedication. London: Bell and Daldy.

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 ; 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 or failings, for “there is not a just man upon earth that 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 that he did he was emphatically "real." There was harmony in his character ; the counterpart of that harmony 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 schoolroom 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 gifts, but an evident desire to preach so that all might 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 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 sermons which have been published. They are models of natural and unaffected 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, unknown to others, 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 integrity and humility 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 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 his 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 inquirers 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 cheerily 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 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 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.

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.”

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 ? ”  
(F. R. H.)

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

“ Soon and for ever, the breaking of Day,  
Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away ;  
Soon and for ever, our union shall be  
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,  
 Christians with Christ shall be, soon—and for ever !”

Brethren, I meant these words of affectionate remembrance to be few: but “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and well I know the testimony I have borne will be grateful to many ears. You who knew him loved him, and to you his memory will be blessed.

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 it equally impress upon our minds the Inspired counsel—applicable to all who walk as he walked—“Be ye followers”—imitators—“of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.”

### “Yet Speaketh ?”

“He obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts : and by it he being dead yet speaketh.”—*Hebrews xi. 4.*

“Yet speaketh !” though the voice is hushed that  
filled  
Cathedral nave or choir, like clearest bell,  
With music of God’s truth, that softly thrilled  
The silence of the mourner’s heart ; that fell  
So sweetly, oh so sweetly, on the ear  
Of those to whom that voice was dearest of the  
dear.

“Yet speaketh !” For the echo lingers yet  
Where fifty years ago his voice was heard,  
And old men weep, who never can forget  
Their early gladness through his faithful word ;  
O’er all the waves and storms of life between,  
That voice floats on for them, still powerful and  
serene.

“Yet speaketh!” Glowing hymns, like heavenly  
breeze,  
That stir us, and our soft Hosannas lift  
To Hallelujahs ; holy melodies,  
Enrobed in grand sweet harmonies, a gift  
Laid wholly on the altar of his God,  
Without one thought or care for this world’s vain  
applaud.

Deep teachings from the Word he held so dear,  
Things new and old in that great treasure found,  
A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,  
A trumpet with no faint, uncertain sound :  
These shall not die, but live ; his rich bequest  
To that beloved Church, whose servant is at rest.

“Yet speaketh!” In the memories of those  
To whom he was indeed a “a living song,”  
The voice, that like fair morning light arose,  
Rings on with holy influence deep and strong ;  
Rings on, unmingled with another sound,  
The sweetest, clearest still among all others found.

“Yet speaketh!” By that consecrated life,  
The single-hearted, noble, true, and pure,  
Which, lifted far above all worldly strife,  
Could all but sin so patiently endure.  
O eloquence ! by this he speaketh yet ;  
For who that knew and loved could evermore  
forget ?

“ Yet speaketh ! ” E’en the shadow, poor and dim,  
 Of sun-traced portrait, and the cold white stone  
 (All that the stranger-artist guessed of him),  
 Speak to our hearts in gentle spirit-tone,  
 Vocal with messages of faith and love,  
 And burning thoughts that fall like swift stars,  
 from above.

“ Yet speaketh ! ” There was no last word of love  
 So suddenly on us the sorrow fell ;  
 His bright translation to the home above  
 Was clouded with no shadow of farewell ;  
 His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,  
 And then began the songs of endless Easter *there*.

“ Yet speaketh ! ” O my father, now more dear  
 Than ever, I have cried, “ Oh, speak to me  
 Only once more, once more ! ” But now I hear  
 The far-off whisper of thy melody ;  
 Thou art “ yet speaking ” on the heavenly hill,  
 Each word a note of joy,—and shall we not “ be  
 still ? ”

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