



ADA R. HABERSHON

<sup>with</sup>  
ADA R. HABERSHON: 1861-

A GATHERER OF FRESH SPOIL

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
AND MEMOIR

COMPILED BY HER SISTER

MORGAN & SCOTT L<sup>TD</sup>.

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## INTRODUCTION

ADA RUTH HABERSHON, the subject of this short memoir, was the youngest daughter of the late Dr. S. O. Habershon. She was born on January 8, 1861, in London, where the greater part of her life was spent, with the exception of a few years at a boarding-school in Dover. She had two brothers and two sisters, the youngest brother dying when a baby. Her childhood was a very happy one ; indeed, her life was a life of sunshine ; full of fun and brightness herself, she attracted others by her winning ways. Many a time in later years her sense of humour carried her through various difficulties.

Brought up in a Christian home, with believing, praying parents, the young heart was early led by God's grace to believe in the Saviour's love, and her whole life was devoted to His service. As she grew in years she also increased in the knowledge of that love, and lived in the sunshine of it.

## INTRODUCTION

Many friends having asked for some record of her life, the following pages are published, the greater part being written by herself in response to a request some years ago for details of her early days. These details so clearly tell of her life-work that it has been felt that much more was not needed to describe the varied character of her service and the testimony of her life.

E. M. HABERSHON.

PART I  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

**A**MONGST the many privileges with which I have been surrounded throughout my life perhaps the greatest of all has been that of intercourse with "out-and-out" Christians and students of God's Word. In looking back over the years that are gone, the incidents of an uneventful life group themselves round certain prominent figures well known in Christian circles, in the forefront of work for Christ. Few have been more favoured in this respect. Both our dear parents were earnest, uncompromising Christians, zealous for the truth, personal workers who were always ready to speak a word for Christ and thus were successful soul-winners. My father was fearless of the opinion of others in this respect. He constantly spoke a word in season to his patients, and since he has been called Home we have met with those whose lives were entirely changed by some wise and tactful word he had said. When he went round his hospital wards followed by his students, it was his custom to give away Gospel booklets such as "A

Saviour for you," " Heaven and how to get there." Every new student who came to the hospital received a copy of the Book of Proverbs and an invitation to his house to the opening Bible reading of the session. My father was, I believe, the first who had meetings for medical students and thus was the pioneer of the Medical Prayer Union, in which he took a deep interest.

It was a very real pleasure to our parents to show hospitality to God's servants, and they loved to converse with them about the things of God, His Word, and His Work. In some Christian homes it has seemed to me that such subjects are little talked of when the whole family is assembled, but we were accustomed from our earliest days to hear delightful conversations at meal-times and whenever opportunities offered; and the influence of such intercourse can never be measured.

One of the earliest of such occasions, which made a deep impression upon me, was the visit of dear old Dr. Moffat and his wife, soon after their return from their mission work in Bechuanaland. I was only a little child, but I remember sitting near him at dinner and listening with the greatest interest to his conversation, as he recounted God's goodness to him through many dangers and told of the Africans who had been led to the feet of the Lord Jesus. I

have often recalled one remark in his broad Scottish accent as he spoke of the health God had given to him—" I've had mony a heartache but never a headache." And then there was the afternoon that followed, when the " little lassie," as he called me, was seated on the old man's knee listening to lion stories and the adventures of his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone. In some homes the children would have been sent away when such an honoured guest was entertained, but it was not so in our home.

My memory carries me back to the time when I was little more than two years old, for I can still remember a baby brother who died when I was only two and a half. It was in the same year, about four months before this, that the Prince and Princess of Wales, our late King and Queen, were married. The whole of London was gaily decorated, and everyone turned out to see the festivities. We were taken to a house in Piccadilly, and I can still recall the triumphal archway on our left, under which the royal carriage passed. As they drove through, the crowds cheered and waved and shouted " Hurrah." The baby, of course, wanted to join, but her vocabulary was not large, and being more familiar with Bible stories than any others, and possibly thinking that this scene was something like one of them, she shouted at the top of

her little voice, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" much to the amusement and delight of the people who heard her.

Some of my earliest recollections have to do with hymn-singing. On Sunday afternoons, when we were quite little children, we used to sing hymns marching round the dinner-table, and my mother delighted to tell how the youngest singer when it came to her turn to choose a hymn announced as her favourite "O't in sowwow, o't in woe." As, according to tradition, she was rather an irrepressible infant, much given to laughing, the choice did not seem particularly appropriate, but the tune was one which "got into the feet" and I have no doubt this influenced her.

Snapshots of memory are not easily accounted for, but a very early and still very vivid one is the impression left by my first attempt at joining in congregational singing. I can still picture the pew where I stood by my sister's side perched on a footstool, wanting to join in the hymn but unable to do so, as it was one I did not know. I can remember how pleased I was when the brilliant idea struck me of listening to what my sister sang and repeating the words and notes after her. I do not suppose the result was a very great improvement to the singing of that hymn, but I did not approve of being left out.

I do not know when I first became a child of God by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, but it must have been when quite a tiny child. When I was about eight years old a cousin stopped me in the passage outside our schoolroom, and said she was so glad to hear that I had given my heart to the Lord Jesus. I still recall my childish perplexity as we stood there, when she said this; for though I knew I was the Lord's I did not know in the least when it had taken place. I could not tell then, and I have never since been able to settle the question of the date.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> My sister has beautifully expressed her experience in the following lines, which were published in July 1915:

The Shepherd found me in His boundless grace  
 Before I even knew that I was lost;  
 My tiny footsteps scarcely had begun  
 To tread the path of danger ere I saw  
 The Shepherd close beside me.

"Twas enough!

No sense of danger made me seek His arms,  
 I did but catch a glimpse of His dear face,  
 Then gladly let Him lift me to His breast.  
 And only after that, when I was safe,  
 And felt His arms encircling me with love,  
 Did He Himself point out the road beneath,  
 And make me see the precipice below.  
 I saw His love before I saw my need,  
 I knew my safety long before I knew  
 The awful death from which He rescued me;  
 And though I cannot tell when this took place,  
 Or when I first was clasped in His embrace,  
 I only know He found me—I am His.

When I was in America in 1895 I met Mr. Payson Hammond, and as I well remembered being taken to hear him at the Metropolitan Tabernacle I asked him when he had preached there. He mentioned two occasions, the later one being when I was seven years old. The great assembly of little children made a lasting impression on me as we looked down upon it from the gallery on the right hand of the preacher. Though I was very often in the Tabernacle in after years I have only on one other occasion sat in that gallery, and then I looked down on the coffin of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon overshadowed by palms. My only definite recollection of Mr. Payson Hammond's service, except the general impression of the scene itself, is that a hymn leaflet was given to each child, a golden chain of verses on such subjects as love, faith, etc.

As I attended many of the children's services held in connection with the Torrey-Alexander missions in different centres, I have thought of my own memories and felt sure that the children would probably remember those meetings all their lives.

When I was eleven years old I had my first introduction to the Children's Special Service Mission<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The C.S.S.M. was an outcome of Mr. Payson Hammond's visits.

during a summer visit to Llandudno, and I remember Mr. Spiers teaching us "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

The year 1875 was memorable for two reasons. In the Easter holidays I went to the Opera House meetings, and for the first time heard those honoured servants of God, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. How well I remember those vast gatherings and the first time I spoke to the two who were afterwards to become real friends to me!

The singing of Mr. Sankey made a great impression. It never sounded quite so beautiful as in those early meetings when I first heard him sing "The ninety and nine" and "Oh to be over yonder"—the two hymns which I specially connect with that time.

In the autumn of the same year I went to a school where we attended the ministry of Mr. Spurgeon, and for three years and a half I had the great privilege of hearing him preach week by week, not only on Sunday mornings but after a time in the evenings (Sundays and Thursdays), and also at the prayer meetings on Monday nights.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was during this time that my sister first united with the Lord's people at His Table. As soon as she left school she became a member of the Assembly at St. George's Hall. The meetings were afterwards removed to Portman Rooms, and about a year and a half ago to Carton Hall.



It was a great pleasure to know him personally. He occasionally spent an evening with us at the school, when a few Christian friends were asked to meet him. They were delightful hours spent in his company, for his conversation was full of interest and most helpful as he told of remarkable providences, and answers to prayer. Some of the wonderful incidents of his life were very striking, and they all seemed to illustrate how God honours simple faith. He told us of one night when the same dream was sent to four people, himself and Mrs. Spurgeon, one of the elders of the Tabernacle and his wife, by which it was vividly impressed on all four of them that Mr. Spurgeon and this elder must go to a certain place the next day in order to secure a large sum of money which had been left to the Orphanage. The account of how they discovered that the two couples had dreamed alike, and how they started to communicate the dream and then acted upon it, and found that it had been of the utmost importance that they should take the journey that day, was very remarkable, and I never forgot the stories he told of answers to prayer. After I left school I got to know Mr. Spurgeon still better, for I often went to hear him on Thursday evenings, and he allowed

me to come in to speak to him in his vestry and often to introduce to him friends who wished to know him. In this way I took Mr. Denham Smith, his son, Dr. Gilbert Smith, Mr. F. C. Bland, Mr. Mahony, and others.

It would be quite impossible to measure how much I owe to those two men of God, D. L. Moody and C. H. Spurgeon, and I feel it amongst the greatest honours of my life to have been privileged to know them and to number them amongst my friends. I have often delighted in comparing and contrasting them, for though so different, there were many points in which these two, who were probably the greatest soul-winners of the nineteenth century, resembled one another.

## PERSONAL WORK

IN 1883 I first took up regular work at "Gray's Yard Ragged Church and Schools," a mission in which my parents had long been much interested. I had known about the work since the meetings for the casuals had been started in 1870, and had been there occasionally, especially to the Annual Breakfast. My mother had started a mothers' meeting in the same year (1870);<sup>1</sup> but I now began to attend the Sunday afternoon gathering of tramps and the little evening service for the poor of the neighbourhood conducted by my father (commenced at the same time as the mothers' meeting).

I had known something of personal work before this in trying to win schoolfellows and fellow-students for Christ (for about three and a half years I attended the School of Art at South

<sup>1</sup> After our dear mother had been called Home my sister and I carried on the mothers' meeting.

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Kensington), and God had blessed my tiny efforts to two or three, but it was a great joy to point some of these homeless and outcast ones to the Saviour of sinners. Is there any joy like that of seeing the light break over the face as a poor sin-burdened soul loses his burden at the foot of the Cross? God was wonderfully good to me in allowing me to see several very striking cases<sup>1</sup> of conversion in that little mission room. (I continued to attend regularly the Sunday afternoon meeting for the tramps till illness prevented my doing so at the end of 1899.)

But the overcrowded and badly ventilated room made the atmosphere almost unbearable, and it was laid on my heart to try to collect funds for a new building. I had heard from C. H. Spurgeon especially how God could answer prayer, and now I put it to the test. In a most wonderful way God guided and blessed, so that after several years of waiting and working, and in answer to much prayer, a freehold was purchased and a new building erected.

Looking back now, I often wonder that we should have ventured on such an undertaking; but my dear parents were as anxious for it as I myself,

<sup>1</sup> Narrated in *Gleanings from the Harvest Field of Gray's Yard*.

and they also entered into the project with all their hearts.

I could tell of many striking answers to prayer. The funds came in a way that showed that God was working, so that the required sum of nearly £10,000 was at last raised. One incident which greatly encouraged me was when the first successes were over and it was beginning to seem very difficult to get funds—my dear father and mother had been ill, I could do nothing towards telling friends about the work, and my father, who was largely responsible for the purchase money, was rather anxious about it. One Friday evening I was praying that the Lord would send us a large sum to cheer and encourage us, and to assure us that He was really going to provide all we needed. As I prayed a thought flashed into my mind, "Write to Miss R."; so vivid was the impression that I could not but feel the thought had been really given to me of God, and that I must write at once. It was difficult to do so, for the old lady had helped most generously, and had already given me £100 in various cheques; but I felt I must write. I told her about our progress, how the hall was built and the lodging-house in the basement was being opened the very

day she received the letter—the Monday of the following week (January 1889).

I could not have sent the letter a day later, for already a letter was on its way to summon my father to her bedside. Before he arrived, although she was seriously ill, she was able to read my letter, and drew a cheque for £500. A day or two afterwards she died.

In 1884 the great London Mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey was held, and I had the privilege as a choir member and worker of attending many of the meetings in the different districts. I was able to attend most regularly the gatherings at Addison Road, and greatly enjoyed the after-meeting work.

Several times Mr. Sankey asked me to sing with him, and between the meetings we went through some of the hymns together. Amongst the most popular at that time were "Let the Master in" and "He is abundantly able to save."

Mr. G. C. Stebbins of Brooklyn, who has written some of the best tunes in Mr. Sankey's collection, was helping at the London Mission, and stayed with us for some weeks at our home in Brook Street. The subject of hymn-writing was very prominent as we practised duets with him, and learnt and

copied some of his new tunes. The happy days of 1884 were brought very vividly to our remembrance in 1905 during the Torrey-Alexander Missions. How greatly favoured have we been, and how great is our responsibility in consequence!

#### VALUED FRIENDSHIPS

**B**UT in tracing the influences for which I have to thank God so gratefully, I am not only indebted to these seasons of special favour and blessing. Missions and conferences are indeed helpful, but I also have to praise Him for constant privilege in the ministry of well-taught servants of God. My mother used to tell us that in our childhood she had prayed that we might have a pastor such as hers, Mr. James Stratten, had been, and whom I remember visiting us in his old age. She had greatly valued his teaching, and used to take down his sermons and write them out for him for publication. Her prayers were abundantly answered when the Lord sent amongst us dear Mr. Denham Smith.

The Irish revival of '59 and '60 had broken out in his church in Kingstown, and as the outcome of that great work Merrion Hall was built for him in Dublin. When his son, Dr. Gilbert Smith, settled

in London, the family also came to reside there, and our two families were soon closely associated with each other. Mr. Denham Smith became a true pastor to us, and as time went on was more and more beloved and valued amongst us till about eighteen years later, when he and our dear parents were called Home.

In 1875 my father engaged St. George's Hall for Sunday services, in order that Mr. Denham Smith might preach there when not engaged at Merrion Hall or Upper Clapton. During the other months of the year we were privileged to hear many well-known Bible students who have now passed away, such as T. Shuldham Henry, Herbert W. Taylor, Colonel Puget, J. G. M'Vicker, F. C. Bland, R. Mahony, Dr. M'Killiam, and others.

Mr. Denham Smith was a great lover of hymns and hymn-singing. He composed the words of many that have been much used, and often wrote hymns to well-known tunes. It became his delightful custom when in London to call at Brook Street on Monday afternoons, and I think scarcely a visit passed without our gathering with him round the piano to sing some of his favourite hymns. He had a beautiful tenor voice, and it was always a pleasure to hear him taking his part. During

the Irish revival he had issued a hymn-book called *Times of Refreshing*, and in '85 brought out an enlarged edition, *The New Times of Refreshing*, with which I was privileged to help him. A number of hymn-books were searched, and great care was taken to exclude hymns of doubtful theology. It was a labour of love to collect all the hymns, copy them, or cut them out of other books, and he gave much thought to their arrangement according to subject, that they might follow one another as to experience. His conversation over the hymns was of itself most helpful, and it was a privilege and an education to be allowed to work for him on this and other tasks, such as writing out notes of his addresses, copying the MSS. for his books, making a large prophetic diagram from which he lectured, etc.

In 1889 great changes took place in our happy circumstances. First, Mr. Denham Smith was called Home, after a long illness of eighteen months, during which time we constantly visited him and heard his beautiful testimony. Five weeks later, our mother, and four months after that, our father followed, so that the three much loved ones were taken from us within five months, and their bodies were laid side by side in West Hampstead Cemetery. But in this

time of great sorrow we received wonderful help from Him of whom it is said : " Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The Lord helped us to trust, and gave us His peace.

Mr. Spurgeon, who had been a true friend during these weeks, writing with his own hand several beautiful letters which I treasure greatly, conducted a funeral service for my dear father in our home, and I shall never forget the sweetly appropriate address he gave from Psalm xc. There were medical friends and others present, who were strangers to the love of God, and for these he chiefly spoke. Three months later, when our brother and his family came to the old home in Brook Street, my sister and I moved to our cosy little house in Devonshire Street, where we have been so happily engaged in Christian work ever since.<sup>1</sup>

Those first weeks seemed very strange, but I became much occupied in working at long arrears of Bible marking, and finishing the study, which I had begun just before Mr. Denham Smith's illness, of *The Priests and Levites: A Type of the Church*.

<sup>1</sup> The eldest sister was married several years earlier to John R. Davies of Treborth, Bangor, and henceforth her home was in North Wales.

What a solace Bible study was in those days ! I have often thanked God that He led me to devote many hours to it when I had the time to spare and that He made it so fascinating to me. We had been taught to love Bible study and were encouraged to search for ourselves, and to tell of new discoveries, and when many of the old occupations were gone this became increasingly precious.

In 1891 and 1892 I paid two visits to the fishing fleets on the North Sea, and there saw something of the work of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. I went with a lady friend and with the late Mr. T. B. Miller and Dr. Grenfell in one of their hospital ships, and found it a most interesting experience. We were at sea for about three weeks each time, but on our second voyage it was often too rough for the fishermen to come on board the Mission vessel. Mr. Spurgeon asked me on my return to write a short account of my visit for *The Sword and Trowel*. I had been able to distribute a good many of his sermons, with other literature, in sailor bags. These sermons had been sent for the purpose by readers of that magazine, at a request from Mr. Spurgeon. " Sermon Readers on the North Sea " was almost my first attempt at writing for the press.

In 1891 I paid my first visit to the Keswick

Convention, and much enjoyed the gatherings. One outcome of this visit was an invitation, which I gladly accepted, to become Hon. Finance Secretary to the London Y.W.C.A. My time thus became very fully occupied for the next few years, and it brought me into very happy association with many honoured Christian workers.

It was always a privilege to work with my co-Finance Secretary, Mr. W. T. Paton, who has been so greatly missed since he passed away. Besides collecting funds for the work, and especially for the new headquarters at 26 George Street, and helping to organise methods of making the work known, I greatly enjoyed the Bible classes which I was invited to take in the Y.W.C.A., and many opportunities which were given, in different ways, of speaking on Bible study.

A morning Bible reading for ladies in our own drawing-room was perhaps one of the happiest hours in the week, for though the numbers were never large it was kept conversational, and thus was full of interest as one and another brought out questions and difficulties for our consideration.

During the months that Mr. Bland was preaching at St. George's Hall, he and Mrs. Bland used to stay with us, and we esteemed it a great privilege

to have such Bible students in our home. The intercourse we had was most helpful, and many were the readings we had together. How much he too has been missed since his Home-call in '94.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Bland followed her husband in 1917.

## VISIT TO AMERICA

**I**N 1892 at Keswick I once more met Mr. Moody. On the Saturday of Convention week he came to lunch with the Misses Kinnaird, who had kindly allowed me to join their party for the Convention, and before we sat down to lunch Mr. T. A. Denny took me up to Mr. Moody and reintroduced me to him. I had heard from Mr. Bland that he was marking a Bible for Mr. Moody, and I at once spoke about this, and hearing of the various friends with whom I was in contact he asked me if I also would undertake to mark one for him. I gladly consented to do this. After lunch, Lord Kinnaird and his sisters had arranged for him to go with us round the lake, and the party was accommodated in two large chars-à-bancs. Just as we started Mr. Moody came up to me and said, "I'm going to sit next you," and I was only too delighted to have the privilege. He wanted to hear about a great many of his friends whom I knew. I did not notice much

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of the beautiful scenery through which we passed, but had a most delightful drive.

On the Sunday evening Mr. Moody preached in the tent, and some of the members of his old choir sat near him on the platform. Just in front, facing us, sat Deacon Abraham's daughter-in-law and her tiny child, and as Mr. Moody preached, the little one's eyes were fixed upon him. He was speaking of the Lord's loving invitation, "Come," and with outstretched arms he repeated the word again and again, while all his great big heart seemed to go out in that word. As he spoke I caught sight of the baby in front, and saw it put out its little arms to go to Mr. Moody as he repeated his loving "Come, come, come." Probably the child could not understand a word of English, but the tone and attitude were enough.

In the autumn of the same year Mr. Moody took a week's mission at the Tabernacle (dear C. H. Spurgeon had passed away early in the year), and it was a very great pleasure once more to attend Mr. Moody's meetings. It was at this time that my brother, having been called by Mr. Stebbins to see Mr. Moody, discovered the serious condition of his heart, and persuaded him to see Sir Andrew Clark, that they might together tell him,



and warn him of the importance of being very careful.

Before Mr. Moody left England he ordered an interleaved Bible to be sent to me, and I began at once to enter the jottings which I already had in my Bible and to collect others from various sources. It was not till the beginning of '95, after spending much happy labour upon it, that I felt ready to return the Bible to Mr. Moody, and I then wrote to ask him how I should send it. I told him of the many who had lent me notes, or whose Bibles I had borrowed—Colonel Puget, T. S. Henry, R. Mahony, and others. Mr. Moody's reply was as follows: "How can I thank you enough for your great help! May the Lord reward you ten thousand fold is my earnest prayer. I want the book at once; I am to have a great many students soon at Northfield, and it will be a wonderful help to them. Can you not bring it over and give some lectures? . . . I will have someone to meet you at New York, or do it myself."

This letter reached me one Saturday evening early in May. At first I thought it quite out of the question for me to start off to Northfield alone, but after thinking it over and praying about it, I began in a very few hours to wonder if it really were im-

possible, and it was not long before I decided that I would accept the invitation.

How glad I have been ever since that I made that decision and thus had an opportunity of seeing the work at Northfield and Chicago and, best of all, of becoming acquainted with dear Mr. Moody in his own home! Northfield itself is far more beautiful than I had imagined, and the flowers and ferns so luxuriant, and in many cases very different from those which grow in our own country; but the fact that it was Mr. Moody's home gave to it the chief charm. He delighted in its beauties, and did his best to show them to his English visitors. My happiest memories of the three months in Northfield (July, August, and October) are those which recall the beautiful drives which he took me in many directions. It was a great privilege to be in the company of such a man, and his conversation showed what he was—a man of God, of simple childlike faith, who lived very near to the Lord and was full of love for His Word. He was so humble and willing to efface himself when well-known speakers, such as Prebendary Webb-Peploe and Dr. Andrew Murray and others came for the Conferences, and yet he was always the Commander-in-chief. Everyone did exactly what he ordered.

It was beautiful to see how he was beloved by the people of Northfield. He seemed to know them all and to be welcomed by all. If we passed the children playing in a field, he would suddenly turn the buggy and drive into their midst, much to their delight. Sometimes, very early in the morning, he would be heard driving down the lovely Northfield "street"—a beautiful country road shaded by an avenue of maples—visiting some of the many parts of his property. Between his great missions he seemed to have the power of throwing himself into his country life, taking the keenest delight in the care of farms and orchards. Several times he drove me across the ferry to Mount Hermon, the boys' school, so wonderfully organised that it was made possible for those without means to earn their education by doing farm work, etc.

One of the most frequented spots in Northfield, especially during the Conventions, is a little hill, called Round Top, just behind Mr. Moody's home and close to the auditorium. Here many open-air meetings were held, and it is now made sacred by being the resting-place of Mr. Moody. On the first Sunday afternoon of the Young Women's Convention, I had a talk with them on Round Top on the subject of Bible study, and had other meetings

there afterwards. One course of readings on the Offerings was given in "The Northfield," a charming hotel in summer, and the training institute during term time. Sometimes we met in one of the Northfield Seminary buildings, where there is one of Mr. Newberry's beautiful models of the Temple, and talked over that wonderful type. It was a great pleasure to be brought into contact with the bright American College girls, and above all to get to know many well-known American workers.

My visit to America has added many new names to the list of God's servants whom it has been my privilege to know, and I specially think of Professor White, Dr. Torrey, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Pierson, and Major Whittle; also of the families of the last two and of Mr. Moody, all of whom it was such a great pleasure to meet.

Several old friends were there too, Mr. Sankey and Mr. Stebbins among them, and to be with them brought back memories of the old mission days. Mr. Stebbins, who had so kindly welcomed me on landing, and entertained me at his home in Brooklyn for a day or two, was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever during our stay in Northfield.

Towards the end of August I went with Major

and Mrs. Whittle and Mr. Jacobs to the White Mountains, where Major Whittle was taking a short mission; for Mr. Moody thought it would be an opportunity for me to see the lovely scenery round Mount Washington, besides helping with some of the women's meetings, and I greatly enjoyed the few days spent there.

I was told it would be better not to take up the subject of the Lord's Coming, as there was much prejudice in America against it; naturally this made me long to speak on it, and at the second afternoon meeting I introduced the subject incidentally, and was asked to take it up the next day. It was the best of the three gatherings as to numbers, and much interest was shown in the thought of the blessed Hope.

At the end of August I went with Dr. Torrey to Chicago. We started at about 4 p.m. from Northfield on a Friday afternoon, and did not arrive till midnight on Saturday. It was a terrible journey to me, and anything but enjoyable to Dr. Torrey. The great heat added to our discomfort, and the crowded traffic, disorganised on account of some large temperance gathering at Boston, caused us to miss connections, so that we had no sleeping berths till far on into the night. By the

time we reached Niagara, about 7 a.m. on the Saturday morning, my strength had given way, and for the rest of the journey I was quite ill—fainting off three times. I was very glad to get to the Bible Institute, but for several days was unable to do anything. The heat for three weeks was intense, 92° degrees in the shade, so that I could not enjoy my visit as much as I should otherwise have done, especially as I had tonsilitis all the time. I have always been glad, however, that I was able to see Chicago and the work of the Moody Institute, and to be present at some of Dr. Torrey's Bible classes on Ephesians, etc. I had Bible readings on many subjects, mostly typical, such as "The Priests and Levites: A Type of the Church," on which I had brought out a small book just before leaving England. It was strange at the mothers' meeting connected with the Moody Church, of which Dr. Torrey was pastor, to find myself addressing black women as well as white.

I had caught a glimpse of the Niagara Falls on my way to Chicago, but had scarcely been fit to enjoy it. On my return to Northfield I broke the long journey at Niagara, staying one night at the hotel on the Canadian side and spending about thirty-six hours there.

I shall never forget the sight that greeted us as the train drew up at View Point. The sun was just rising, and the Falls were spread out in front of us, enveloped in a cloud of rosy mist and spray, which gave the most wonderful impression of their grandeur. I made the most of my time, and went from end to end of the Niagara valley electric railway on the Canada side, seeing rapids and whirlpools and getting a glimpse of the lake beyond. The only drawback to my enjoyment was the fact that I was quite alone, and so had to restrain all my exclamations of admiration, and gaze at everything in silence, if it could be called silence amidst the constant roar of the Falls. It was not pleasant to stand quite alone by the boiling water of the rapids, feeling how easy a false step would have been, and I was quite glad to ring the bell of the elevator and find myself at the top once more.

That night I had fresh impressions of the beauty of the Falls as I saw it by moonlight, and the next day I took a carriage to the different points on the American side from which the Falls could be best seen.

I spent the month of October once more at Northfield, staying at the training institute for women

workers and often taking Bible readings with the students there, and speaking at the Northfield Seminary. It was a glorious month. The beauties of Northfield, with the autumn tints on the trees, were far more gorgeous than anything I had seen or imagined. Mr. Moody arranged for me to go to two of the women's colleges of New England, Mount Holyoake and Smith University at Northampton. I had two or three talks with the students at Mount Holyoake, and spent a Sunday at Smith, and had the great privilege of speaking in the afternoon to a large assemblage of between 800 and 900 college girls, and giving a testimony on "What a look at the Lord could do." It was a wonderful opportunity, and I felt that I was greatly helped. Though my throat was still bad from tonsillitis, I was easily heard at the very back of the long chapel. In the evening a good many of the girls came to the college building where I was staying, and I told them about work in London, giving them stories of the poor tramps at Gray's Yard, and thus putting the simple Gospel before them again. In the morning I had found it difficult to decide what service to attend, as I knew nothing about the various places. I was told that there were two Congregational churches, and I was advised to go

to one of these. Some of the girls advised one, others recommended the other. I asked what the first preacher was like, and one of them said, "I am sure Miss H. would not care for him," and turning to me she said, "I will tell you what he is like: he will take for his text 'The wicked is like a green bay tree,' and his sermon will be all about the bay tree." I quite agreed that this would not suit me, so I went to hear the other, and his text was "Where is now thy God?" a question that I felt inclined to ask all through the sermon.

Mr. Moody was not at Northfield during all the time, but he came there for several flying visits, and was there when I left. His parting prayer when he came up to the Northfield to say "Good-bye" was very sweet. I did not know then that I should never see him again, but I could not have had a more beautiful memory for the last. I stayed for a few days in Brooklyn with Mr. Stebbins, heard Dr. Dixon on the Sunday, and dined with Mr. Sankey on my last evening in America. He and Mr. Stebbins and Mr. W. Stebbins came to see me off, and Mr. Sankey introduced me to Dr. Cuyler, who had also come to the steamboat to see friends off to England.

Mr. Moody had urged me to stay longer, but I had to leave the States on account of my having already done too much, difficult as it was to refuse to take advantage of the many opportunities for testimony.

## BIBLE CLASSES AND BIBLE STUDY

ON my return home I had to rest for some months, but after that was very busy in the Y.W.C.A. and in Bible class work. A model of the Tabernacle, which I had had made from Mr. Pressland's, was a great help, and it went with me to many places—Guernsey and Jersey amongst others. There were large meetings at Guernsey, when I was speaking on this subject, and on the Lord's Coming. The Y.W.C.A. room was far too small, so that we had to move into the Town Hall.

Soon after this, illness prevented me from carrying on this sort of happy work, and I had gradually to relinquish all Y.W.C.A. and other Bible classes. The service which the Lord gave me was changed, and for some years I have been chiefly engaged in Bible study and in writing.

In the busy rush of London work it is almost

## BIBLE CLASSES AND BIBLE STUDY 45

impossible to find much quiet time for such work, and I should scarcely have been able to bring out my books on Bible study if it had not been that I was shut out from more active service. *The Study of the Types* was brought out after my first illness. It was the outcome of my visit to America, for one day Mr. Moody had announced that I would speak on this subject, and as a result Messrs. Morgan and Scott, who were present, asked me to write articles for *The Christian*. After working at this study for two or three years it had grown beyond the scope of a series of articles, and had taken shape in the volume which was published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott Ltd., a few extracts from it appearing in *The Christian*.

The larger book, *The Study of the Parables*, was the result of several years' labour, and was my chief occupation during that time. It has been one of the great compensations of bodily weakness that I have been able to devote much time to such work.

Amongst those to whom I am very much indebted I must gratefully mention Sir Robert Anderson. It was when I was still at school that addresses from Mr. Shuldham Henry first opened my eyes to see clearly the truth of the Lord's Coming, and to

understand something of the outlines of prophetic truth. He gave me a copy of Sir Robert's book, *The Coming Prince*, soon after it was published, and this was, I believe, the first volume in my own theological library.

#### POETRY AND HYMN-WRITING

I T was not until 1901 that I attempted to write any poetry. As I lay very ill, sweet thoughts came to cheer me and the words arranged themselves in metre. A word of sympathy about wasted time led me to think of the Transfiguration, and of how the disciples had been led away from busy work in the plains to climb the mountain with the Master, and I wrote down the lines of "Apart with Him," published as a leaflet later.

From that time I have often greatly enjoyed various messages which have come into my mind in blank verse or rhyme. The majority have been written out just as they came to me—often during wakeful nights or times of weakness.

The thoughts which I have thus tried to express were a cheer to myself, and since their publication as leaflets and in magazines I have been greatly encouraged by the testimonies received from others, of how they have been messages to them.

During the Torrey-Alexander Mission, Mr. Alexander came one Sunday morning to sing and speak to the poor tramps at Gray's Yard. As I walked down to the meeting I was thinking of the "Glory Song" and wishing that there were a verse in the present tense. We have not to wait, we may begin to enjoy the glory even now. During the meeting I jotted down and passed to Mrs. Alexander these lines:

When by the gift of His infinite grace,  
I midst redeemed ones by faith take my place,  
Even down here, as I look on His face,  
This very moment *is* glory for me,

heading it "The Glory Song in the present tense. It's too long to wait."

It was a few days after this, on Good Friday, April 21, 1905, that Mr. Alexander asked me to write some hymns and songs for him, and I replied that I could not write to order, but that I would pray about it, and if the Lord gave me anything he should have it. Not many hours after I began my first hymn for him, suggested by Dr. Torrey's address that evening; by April 22, 1906, I had supplied him with two hundred hymns.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following letter was written by my sister to Mr. Alexander at this time:

*"April 27, 1905.*

*"When you suggested on Friday that I should try and write*

It has proved a very happy service this "ministry of song," and the thoughts which have formed the subjects of the hymns have seemed to come so definitely in answer to prayer, that I can only praise the Lord for what He has given to me through them.

Mr. Spurgeon once said, in commenting on John iv. 12, "Our father Jacob, which gave us the well and drank thereof himself," "You cannot give other people wells if you do not drink yourself," and this is true of hymns. We must enjoy the truth embodied in the lines we write, before they can be a help to others.

On May 17, Dr. Torrey was speaking at Brixton on the Lord's Coming. After the meeting I introduced Mr. Trevor Francis to Mr. Alexander, and as we were speaking of hymns and hymn-writing, Mr. Alexander said that very few on the subject of the Lord's

some songs for you, I prayed much that thoughts and words might be given, and the answer came. These twelve are the result. They are arranged in the order in which they were written during these five days. The 'hymns and spiritual songs' have been a great enjoyment to me, and I trust they have produced melody in my heart to the Lord (or did the melody produce the songs?). If you can use any of them I shall be very pleased. And if the Lord would use them to help some burdened souls, or to encourage His children, it would be best of all. I am praying that the blessing at Brixton may soon reach 'high tide' and that then there may be 'spring tide.'—Yours in the Master's service."



Coming had taken hold on the people and become favourites. As he said it, I felt that this ought not to be the case. I prayed that the Lord would give me a message about His return which might become useful, and I began to write "Oh, what a change!" that night, and finished it the next day. This was the first of the hymns which I had given to Mr. Alexander which was set to music and used at the meetings.

It was first sung at the Strand Mission, and it has been a great joy to me to hear how it has been used. . . .

My dear sister here left this autobiography unfinished. How much more she could have written of all that has taken place since then! But it remains an unfinished story. Had she known of its publication, her great desire and prayer would have been, that the Lord might be glorified in all the details of her life and service, that have been recorded in these pages.

In connection with the hymn "Oh, what a change!", about which she last wrote, the following interesting letter has been received.

AT RED LION HOTEL, CHENIES, BUCKS,  
March 17, 1918.

DEAR MADAM,—Responding to the invitation in last week's *Christian*, I write to say that although not personally acquainted with the late Miss Ada R. Habershon, I have often been refreshed and inspired by her sweet and beautiful hymns, and have a very vivid recollection of her, at one of the great Torrey-Alexander meetings, which was held in a large temporary hall erected on a then waste piece of ground in the Strand.

At the close of the meeting, on this particular night, instead of dismissing us in the usual way, Mr. Alexander asked all who could do so to remain for further singing. My wife and I, who were members of the choir, were delighted at the prospect of singing and hearing more of those bright, simple, spiritual songs which were such a marked feature of those Revival meetings, and which always helped so wonderfully to enforce and carry home to many hearts the earnest, faithful message of the great American evangelist.

We were all holding ourselves in readiness to respond to Mr. Alexander's next call, when looking in his direction, we noticed Mr. Gilbert, the beautiful tenor singer, standing beside Mr. Alexander; the latter had one hand on Mr. Gilbert's shoulder and the other was uplifted to attract our special attention. Mr. Alexander promptly announced that Mr. Gilbert would sing a new hymn to a tune just composed by Mr. Robert Harkness, with the refrain, "*Oh! what a change, when I shall see His Face!*" Helped and led by Mr. Gilbert, the whole choir joined in singing this soul-stirring spiritual song. When the last note of the transporting chorus had rung out and died away, in his cheery way Mr. Alexander called out, "*Splendid!*"

and then he told us that the lady with the beautiful and beaming face, standing beside him on the rostrum, was the writer of the hymn and had come to hear us sing it. Then, of course, every eye was turned towards Miss Habershon. Never shall I forget her face. If ever the light of heaven beamed in a human face, it beamed in hers that night. As we continued singing her hymn, the joy of heaven filled and flooded our souls, and it was not until after ten o'clock that night, that Mr. Alexander succeeded in persuading us to stop singing and go home. Some of us, on our way home, broke out and sang the chorus again and again.

And now Miss Habershon has reached "the goal at the end of her race"; now, she "sees His Face." I am one of those who thank God for her life and testimony.

I am, Madam, very truly yours, A. F. HARRIS.

My sister continued to send her hymns to Mr. Alexander until early last year, when she commenced to write for Dr. Harris Gregg of St. Louis. Nearly 1000 hymns had been sent to Mr. Alexander. Many sweet messages were given her in song, and the Lord has used many of them for His glory. Very specially in the early days some of the greatest favourites, besides "Oh, what a change!", were "The Pilot Song," "Is He yours?" "Bearing His Cross," "No burdens yonder," and recently the one most used has been, "He will hold me fast." Many have testified to the blessing it has been amongst our soldiers and sailors, as well as amongst

others, and my sister wrote a Gospel booklet, *The Story of the Hymn*, which has been very largely circulated.

The following interesting account will speak for itself.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE DIARY OF A DAY'S HYMN-WRITING

"My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter; I speak the things which I have made touching the King" (or, "I speak: my work is for a King").—Ps. xlv. 1 (R.V. marg.).

Sunday, Dec. 30, 1906. 11.30 a.m.—I have been wondering what to-day will bring to me in the way of hymns and hymn-writing, and as my expectations are high (for I have been led to pray for much) I have determined at the outset of the day to try and write down hour by hour how the day passes.

Last evening I felt that I had not a single idea on which I could write a hymn, and yet I knew that I should probably have the whole day at home and should be able to devote it to the work. I prayed that this might be a good day, the very best I had had, and I began to look through my Bible for marked texts and marginal jottings which might

<sup>1</sup> The numbers quoted refer to the order in which the hymns were given to Mr. Alexander.

suggest ideas. I felt that all the hymns I had ever written would not make it easier to write one hymn alone, that I must have special help beforehand to give me the right thoughts, *while* writing to give me the right words, metre, chorus. Then after the hymns have been written there will be other things to pray for—the right tune, favour amongst the people, and that it may be made a blessing to many hearts. But, first of all, I wanted the thoughts themselves, as I tried to express it in my last leaflet, *Captive Thoughts*, feeding on Himself and clothed in words of praise. So I turned over the pages of my dear old Bible, praying to be directed to the best themes. Thus I jotted down about twenty texts.

One of these especially seemed to fit me: "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." Before I slept I had begun one verse of a hymn on this subject (322), and the first thing this morning I wrote the remainder, praying that it might be a great cheer to discouraged ones.

Thinking of "after-meetings," and longing for something that might be a blessing at such times, I began to think of the subject of excuses, and I prayed that I might be given something that would be used of God to make many see what trivial

excuses they had been making. I felt suddenly solemnised as I thought of the possible importance of what I was doing, if indeed God answered my prayer, that God Himself might actually use the thoughts He was giving to me for the conviction of sinners! How wonderful it seems!

Without stopping to finish, I poured out my heart in prayer, telling the Lord that I wanted Him to bring great glory to Himself. It is so easy for Him to do it—only an earthen vessel but He can use it. I asked Him to make this a day to be much remembered, and as the words were whispered to Him it flashed into my mind that will do for a hymn, and the words began to come (324).

As I prepared to come downstairs, I was thinking of this, and my heart rejoiced over His goodness. Then I went on to think how different my lot was to that of many who had so much of this world's wealth, and I felt that I had something which I would not exchange for riches or worldly position. As I thought how beautiful the will of the Lord was, these four lines came into my mind:

I ask not for pleasure, I ask not for wealth,  
I leave Thee to choose for me sickness or health;  
But one thing I crave, that my heart Thou wilt fill  
With knowledge and love of Thine own blessed will.

I do not believe that the Lord will disappoint me

to-day, and so I am writing down these reminders that I may perhaps be encouraged in days to come.

In the middle of working at one of these hymns my eye caught one of the texts that I had written down last night, and I jotted down

Oh, cast thy burden on the Lord,  
He surely will sustain;  
But when thou bringest it to Him,  
Ne'er take it up again.

While I was thinking of the "great supper" and reading the account of it, I had a new thought, for it struck me that the excuses in this parable are just the same as the thorns in the parable of the sower, the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, the pleasures of this life, and the lusts of other things.

Until dinner-time I worked at the hymns already mentioned, and finished the one about "A night to be much remembered," and the one beginning "I ask not for pleasure" (325). During dinner I had my book by my side, and wrote a little more of (326) "Oh, cast thy burden on the Lord," also a verse on Eccles. ix. 8:

Let thy garments be always white,  
Unspotted by earthly stain;  
Keep them free by His grace from sin,  
Let never a spot remain.

As usual, I went to lie down for a little after

dinner, but I did not sleep. I began thinking what a wonderful thing it was to have one's expectation from such a God, and almost without a correction, I wrote off a hymn on the verse "My expectation is from Him" (327). Then I suddenly began to think about the walls of Jericho in connection with the verse in 2 Cor. x. 4, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The last time I saw Dr. Pierson he was talking to me about linking the two passages together. As I thought of this I wrote (between 3.30 and 4 p.m.) a hymn on the mighty power of God.

At 4 p.m. I came down again after my rest (!) and wrote out these two hymns in my rough notebook. Each hymn is generally written on a slip of paper, sometimes more than once, before it goes into notebook No. 1.

At 4.30 I began a hymn on a verse I had jotted down last night, "In the morning sow thy seed" (329); at 5 o'clock I began to write on those words in Deut. xi., "The days of heaven upon earth," and finished No. 330 just before tea.

From 6 to 6.30 I was thinking and writing on the text in Ps. lxxxv. 10, "Mercy and truth are met together" (331).

At 6.30 I began another from "What shall I render?" (332), and wrote three verses and the chorus, leaving another verse to be completed later, for it did not come easily. Then I read through some of those I had written during the day, correcting words here and there, and making these little records of the passing hours.

And now I pray for another Gospel hymn. As I do so my eye catches sight of the first verse on one side of my list of texts (the sixth I have used from last night's list), "Turn us again, O Lord." How can we bring men to repentance? It is impossible, for only God Himself can make any of us turn to Him, and so I wrote on this verse (332).

10 p.m.—By the time this was finished it was 8 o'clock, but two lines of a new hymn on "watching" had come into my mind while writing the last, for I suddenly remembered a thought that had come into my mind last night. So I ended my day's work by writing on this subject (No. 334, making the thirteenth in the day), "Be sober, be vigilant, watch and pray."

Last night I encouraged myself in the Lord my God, to-day my expectation has been from Him; and I have not been disappointed, as I have feasted on the various portions of the Word on which I have

tried to write. I write these notes of the day's experience to testify how He has answered prayer, and because I do not want to forget this day to be much remembered.

If any of these hymns should be blessed of God, as I believe they will be, to Him shall be all the praise and glory. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory."

PART II  
THE SECRET OF INFLUENCE

## LOVE FOR THE WORD OF GOD

**I**T might well be asked what was the great secret of my dear sister's influence. Why was her life such a channel of blessing to other lives in all parts of the world? The answer may be threefold. Her love for the Word of God; her faith in the power of Prayer; and above all her devotion to the Person of the Lord and the Hope of His Coming.

Her attitude to the Word of God was *the* theme of all others that occupied her mind, and many hours were spent in its study, in searching for hidden treasures and in gathering fresh spoil, as she herself loved to call it. It was a great joy to her to compare notes with many servants of the Lord who constantly visited the home, and to give out to them and to others some of the Bible nuggets which had so enriched her own heart. She had a wonderful gift of expressing herself clearly, and was able quickly to grasp a thought given out by others.

Her counsel and advice were constantly sought after. A very retentive memory was a great help to her, and the Holy Spirit Himself was her Teacher and Guide. Her Bible was well worn, and many are the notes and jottings in the margin which she had carefully inserted. The following lines, pasted in the fly-leaf, will show how dear the Book was to her.

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,  
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh;  
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,  
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and my psalm.

We've travelled together, my Bible and I,  
When life had grown weary, and death e'en was nigh;  
But all through the darkness of mist or of wrong  
I found there a solace, a prayer or a song.

So now who shall part us, my Bible and I?  
Shall "isms" or schisms, or "new lights" who try?  
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for good bread,  
Supplant divine wisdom, give folly instead?

Ah! no, my dear Bible, exponent of light!  
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put error to flight!  
And still through life's journey, until my last sigh,  
We'll travel together, my Bible and I."

The treasures that she had found were not kept to herself. It was always her delight to share them, and she learned to pass them on by

giving Bible readings, addressing mothers' meetings, young women's Bible classes, speaking to the poor girls at the Lock Hospital, and by her pen. It might truly be said that her pen was the pen of a ready writer, never seeming to lose an opportunity, and her pen being at the Master's disposal, He used it for His messages.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the various publications that have been brought out from time to time. Apart from her larger books and booklets, many articles were written for magazines and periodicals, difficult questions were answered, and many subjects of interest dealt with.

One of her earliest books was *The Priests and Levites: A Type of the Church*, which was followed by *The Study of the Types* and *Outline Studies of the Tabernacle*. She revelled in the Old Testament Types, constantly finding so much in the Old to throw light upon the New. (Many have thanked God for her lectures on a Model of the Tabernacle, as she sought to point out some of the beauties of the Old Testament Types.) *The Study of the Parables* and *The Study of the Miracles* were other of her works over which she spent years of labour. These are very valuable to Bible students, as also is *The Bible and the British Museum*.



While preparing the last named, much time was occupied in studying the ancient monuments and tablets, the discoveries of archæology which throw light on the Bible. This book was based on talks to parties she occasionally conducted through the galleries of the Museum, pointing out the innumerable proofs of the accuracy of Scripture. (Many had their faith strengthened as they accompanied my sister in these rounds, and many testified to the help they had received.) She also wrote *Exploring in New Testament Fields*; *The New Testament Names and Titles of the Lord of Glory*; and *Hidden Pictures*, the last of her larger works.

Her booklets also were very numerous, one of the earliest, *Keep to the Old Paths*, being brought out in 1887 when she heard of some who were giving up the foundation truths. She was ever ready with her pen to uphold some precious truth that had been attacked by the enemy, and to encourage young Christians and others to hold fast the Sacred Word. And when some error was being circulated on all sides, she was at once eager to warn against it. Thus she sent forth her booklet on *The New Theology and its Origin*, when this insidious doctrine was deceiving many. Again, when the "Tongues Movement" was working such havoc in

so many quarters, she published a pamphlet entitled *The Strong Man Spoiled* and a booklet on *Satan's Devices*, both of which have been very helpful in delivering many of the Lord's children who were entangled by the snares of the enemy. Her firm trust in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, from cover to cover, never wavered, and she was fearless in standing up for the old foundation truths no matter what others might say or think.

Her Gospel booklets have had a wide circulation, thousands having been distributed amongst soldiers and sailors, and have gone to all parts of the world. Many testimonies have been received to their usefulness, but The Day alone will declare how many precious souls have been blessed through them. The principal ones have been *From the Jaws of a Shark*; *That's What He says of you*; *Will "Yes" do it?* and *He will hold me fast: the Story of a Hymn*. Two of her leaflets have been printed in foreign languages as well as in English—*Contrast between the Law and Grace* in Spanish and in Portuguese, and *Mary the Mother of Jesus* in French, Italian, and Spanish, both of which have been greatly used in Roman Catholic countries.

Amongst her numerous little books to help Christians have been, *How a River ought to flow*;

*The Message of the Tabernacle; Full Moon or New; a Lesson in Shining; What was Pentecost?* and many others.

Then her books of poems, *I am a Prayer*, and *Things concerning Himself*, have brought untold cheer and comfort to many tried and sorrowful children of God, and her leaflets for letters, *Echoes in the Valley; Bringing back the King; I am a Prayer; The Children's Telegram; The Master's Lesson*, etc., have stirred up and encouraged the hearts of many. One of the last leaflets, entitled *A Remedy for those who are nervous of Air Raid and other Alarms*, has attained a circulation of between 50,000 and 60,000, and hundreds have been comforted by it in these trying days.

It would, however, be impossible to mention all the writings that came from my sister's pen. Her papers on Prophecy and the Lord's Coming are referred to later. Her life was, indeed, a busy one, the difficulty being to meet all the demands on time and strength.

Her greatest work of all she was never able to complete. She herself called it a "huge task." She had started *The Illumined New Testament*, comparing verses in the Old Testament with those in the New. Some portions were finished, hours

of toil having been spent upon them. She had hoped that they would be published and that she would be able to continue the work, but the Lord willed it otherwise, and He has taken His child Home before the task could be done. He had need of her for higher service.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is intended that these finished portions will be published a little later by the Scripture Gift Mission, but the difficulties of printing at the present time have necessarily delayed this work.

## FAITH IN THE POWER OF PRAYER

ANOTHER great secret of her influence and power was her simple, childlike faith in the power of Prayer. Many a time in days of sorrow, in seasons of weakness, or when faith was tried in connection with difficulties in the Lord's service, she proved that her Heavenly Father was faithful to His promises and never failed those who put their trust in Him. Her leaflet entitled *I am a Prayer* expresses more eloquently than any words of mine, her sense of the need of Prayer and her faith in Him who is the Answer.

"I AM A PRAYER" (Ps. cix. 4)

I am a prayer, O Lord, a constant prayer,  
I cannot tell Thee all my wants in words;  
I have no eloquence with which to plead,  
But 'tis enough—I am myself a prayer.  
Like beggar whose outstretchèd hand appeals,  
Or fledgling in the nest with open beak,  
My case to Thee is mutely eloquent;  
And seeing me Thou seest all my need,

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For Thou who mad'st my frame can always read  
The language of desire it ever speaks.

Thou art the Answer, Lord, Thyself alone!  
For every need Thou art the rich supply,  
Thou art the "Yea" to all God's promises,  
The sure "Amen" to every one I claim.  
"Is it for me?" my heart with longing cries,  
One sight of Thee proclaims a gladsome "Yea";  
"Oh, make it mine," the yearning stronger grows,  
"Amen, it shall be so," and it is done;  
And as each promise is to me made good,  
Thou, Lord, in me art freshly glorified.

'Tis at the mercy-seat that heaven and earth  
In presence of the Blood, communion hold,  
And at the Throne the prayer and Answer meet—  
The Answer waits before the prayer begins,  
For Thou art first at every trysting place.  
As iron filings to the magnet fly,  
My wants all spring to Thee and gladly rest.  
*I've found the reason why Thou canst bestow,  
Exceedingly abundant, far above  
What I can ask or even think! It is  
Because Thou art the Answer—I the prayer.*

I am an answered prayer, but still I plead,  
For as each want is met new wants arise,  
And every day I crave the Answer still.  
My very being is a constant prayer,  
Each member adding words of mute request.  
These empty hands need filling from Thyself,  
And ask for strength to do their work for Thee;  
The feet would fain be guided in the way,  
That they, with oil anointed,<sup>1</sup> may speed on,  
And run the race which Thou hast run before;  
Mine eyes need Thine illuminating beams,

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxxiii. 24.

That they may see Thy footprints and Thy face,  
 And gaze upon the wonders of Thy Word ;  
 Mine ears need opening to Thy still, small voice ;  
 My lips need touching with the living coal ;  
 My tongue enflaming with Thy wondrous love,  
 That it may speak with glowing words of Thee ;  
 My mouth fresh filling with the heavenly food,  
 And satisfying with the latter rain ;<sup>1</sup>  
 My brow needs dally sealing with Thy peace ;  
 My heart with every beat proclaims its need,  
 And every breath I take repeats the tale.

So I would fain for evermore abide  
 Within the secret place of the Most High,  
 Like empty vessel in the flowing stream,  
 That thus the prayer may in the Answer dwell.

She believed too in definiteness in prayer, and sought to urge others, especially in the Prayer Meeting, to make known their requests to the Lord, instead of (as is so often the case) talking to Him first about all sorts of things. The following was written some little time ago in this connection and has been helpful to many.

#### JOHNNIE'S REQUEST :

##### A PARABLE OF THE PRAYER MEETING

The children were playing in the garden one morning when old Peter was seen trudging along up the lane with his basket of cakes and sweetmeats.

<sup>1</sup> Job xxix. 23.

As the little ones recognised him, they eagerly asked each other if they had any halfpennies to spend. No, not a single one amongst them !

“ Let's ask father,” said Bob.

“ All right,” said Johnnie ; “ I'll run in and ask him for sixpence.”

“ Do you think he'll give us one ? ”

“ Oh yes, I think he's sure to.”

Off ran Johnnie as fast as he could, and knocked at the study-door. “ Come in,” said his father, and he opened the door and went in.

“ What do you want, my boy ? ”

“ Oh, father, I am so glad that you are going to build a new house, and that the drawing-room will have such a beautiful view, and we're so glad that there will be such a splendid room for us children. We are delighted to think there will be a good garden, and that there will be lots of flowers—roses, and lilies and sweet peas, and a frame for violets. We're so looking forward to the fruit we shall be able to gather, the ripe strawberries and raspberries ; and, father, we are ever so glad that you are going to have plenty of apple-trees and pear-trees ; and it will be splendid to have a greenhouse with vines and peaches and beautiful flowers. And, father, we are so pleased to hear that you are going to do so

much for the neighbourhood. The new schools will be a great help to the village people, and we are thinking about the almshouses for the poor old people, and the new ward for the hospital."

"But what do you want, my boy? What did you come in from the garden to ask me for?"

"Please, father, old Peter has come round with his basket; so will you give us sixpence for sweets?"

"Why, certainly, Johnnie; here it is."

"Oh, thank you, father;" and off he ran to the other children, who were waiting impatiently.

"What a long time you have been, Johnnie," said Bob; "we thought you were never coming, and old Peter wants to go on to the village."

"What were you doing?" said Dick. "Didn't father want to give you the money?"

"Oh yes," said Johnnie, "he gave it me directly I asked him, but I didn't like to tell him what we wanted too quickly; I thought I'd better talk a little about the new house first."

"What was he doing?" said Bob.

"Oh, he was only writing letters."

"Well, I'm sure he didn't want to hear what you had to say about the new house, and we were almost tired of waiting; but, never mind, we've got the sixpence, let's choose our sweets."

My sister has already told in these pages of remarkable answers to prayer. She had learned the blessed secret of going to the Lord about everything and the strength and encouragement that came from rolling the burden of the work upon Him. The great success that she had in collecting money for the Lord's work may be attributed to the wonderful answers that she had to prayer. Again, in her hymn-writing, many a hymn came in answer to prayer, and I am sure that much from her pen was given to her in the same way. She knew that she had a great God to go to, and that He was "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and she went to Him and was not disappointed.

Not only did she prove the blessedness of prayer herself, she also tried to encourage others to trust in the Lord more implicitly, as will be seen from the following article, entitled "Just Home from Switzerland," which was written for *The Christian* early in August 1914, at the very beginning of the war, showing how in the minute things of our daily lives, as well as in the greater, all may be made known to our Heavenly Father.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!"

Surely it is the least they can do when He has proved once more that "He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever." It is due to HIM, who has been faithful to His promises; it is due to *others*, who may thus be encouraged to trust Him more confidently.

So I want to tell how the Lord, during the past week, opened the way for us, and led us through the sea of the nations as surely as He led the children of Israel of old through the Red Sea. The glorious snow-mountains of the Bernese Oberland looked grand and peaceful as the sun rose on Monday of last week behind the Eiger; and my sister and I started from Mürren at daybreak on our long journey to England. We looked across the valley to the snow-fields of the Jungfrau (near the summit of which, two years ago, some of us sat with Mr. Crawford when he gave his "mountain-top" Bible reading); but now we had to go down into the turmoil of the valley and join the seething multitudes, taking our part in the general "mobilising."

It seemed plain that we could not stay where we were, for cooks, bakers, hotel proprietors, and others were leaving for the frontier. Hotels were closing, food already becoming scarce, money unobtainable.

How were we to get home? Would the promises stand the test? Yes! We knew they would, and have proved it. We wanted *wisdom*, for it seemed impossible to find out the truth in the midst of all sorts of wild rumours and contrary advice. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him *ask*." We asked, and at each step of the way we had no difficulty in deciding what to do, the path opening before us in a remarkable manner.

"Thou wilt keep him in PERFECT PEACE whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Was this also possible in the midst of such tumult? Yes! He could keep our hearts still, through the really alarming circumstances, with all the difficulties of travelling through surging crowds. He helped us to trust, and by innumerable mercies, connected with little details, smoothed the way from the moment we started, and thus our faith and confidence were greatly strengthened.

The Lord had said, "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight," and they were straightened out as we came to them. In a most wonderful way the Lord brought us in contact with those who could help us. He inclined the hearts of officials and others to make it possible for us to move on, in spite of constant assurances,

at the earlier stages of our journey, that it was utterly useless to attempt it.

At Neuchâtel we were all turned out of the crowded train, and told that we could not get over the frontier. Hundreds stood waiting for the next train, which might take them to the Swiss frontier, but we were told there would be none to take them to the French frontier—Pontarlier. Everyone would have to walk or drive as best they could.

With real kindness, an official, to whom we applied for advice, explained how hopeless it was, telling us that even if they got to the frontier they would probably be sent back to wait in Switzerland, as there were already crowds there. My sister and I were beckoned aside from all the rest, and he told us of another way over the frontier, by a more circuitous route than the main line. We ventured to take his advice, asked him to get tickets, and left the crowds behind us. After we had got into the train on the other side of the station, we were able to signal to a Christian friend and his wife who had just recognised and spoken to us. We told them of the advice we had received, and they joined us, so that now we were four instead of two.

The official told us that there was only just "a chance" that we might get through, and that after

we reached the Swiss frontier, Locle, we must not expect to find a train, as they had all been taken off. But when we reached the station, the *last* train to the French frontier was waiting for us; and so we reached the little frontier town of Morteau. Here we had to spend the night (Monday) in a queer little commercial hotel. Sleep was scarcely possible amid the shouting and singing of men, the marching of soldiers, the playing of bands, barking of dogs, and neighing of horses—for we "slept" (?) over the stables.

Again we were told that all the trains were in the hands of the military, and we could not go on; but once more the hearts of officials were opened to help us, and we were given a "safe conduct," which carried us without any further difficulty as to passport or papers right through France. We were told it would only take us to our next stopping-place!

On Tuesday we had to travel, in a not very comfortable carriage, with the soldiers who were on the way to join; and we witnessed many sad farewells as at each station the men of the place left their homes. The train grew longer and longer, till it seemed impossible that the engines could pull and push it safely on. It took us eight hours to go thirty miles!

At last we arrived at Besançon, a strongly fortified city, and we found ourselves in the heart of military activity. Thorough organisation, rapid carrying out of long-prepared plans, and enormous provision for the long-expected day of war—this was the impression we received as we waited for several hours in the midst of the busy scene in the great railway-station.

Again hearts of officials were opened to help us; and after a long waiting time of thrilling interest, we started at night on an eighteen hours' journey to Paris. Now we were in the midst of the regulars moving to the front. Train after train passed us filled with regiments and their equipment. Many of the horse-boxes and luggage-vans, etc., in which the men travelled, were decorated with branches of trees. We had several changes in the middle of the night, but always found someone to help us, though most of the ordinary porters, guards, and station officials were gone, the railways being entirely in the hands of the military. Happily at each stage of this journey from Besançon to Paris we found comfortable carriages, though in the last part of it our compartment was turned into the post-office, and we had to make room for bags and men.

The drive in torrents of rain across poor, darkened, disturbed Paris, to the station from which we had to start for Boulogne, was anything but comfortable, and the five or six hours' wait was the most unpleasant experience we had. The shouting and singing, the crowds of soldiers, travellers, and refugees, made it a strange and exhausting scene. In one part of the dimly-lighted station numbers of poor Poles and their families were sitting disconsolate on the ground with their bundles, waiting to be sent off.

Many of the travellers were excited, and had waited for days to get out of Paris, unable to obtain passports or permits. They told us we should have to wait for hours and hours, as they had done, but we had no difficulty. Our "safe conduct," obtained so easily at the little frontier town, was all-sufficient, and later in the evening (Wednesday) we went on with about 200 who got through, arriving in London at midday on Thursday, full of praise and thankfulness. "The eyes of the Lord" had been "running to and fro" along our route "to show Himself strong" on our behalf; and though from time to time there were doubts as to whether communication ahead was open, communication overhead could not be interrupted.



Many were the opportunities of testifying to His goodness, and explaining how it was we could attempt the journey at such a time, and succeed. We said again and again : " We believe in prayer. God is our Heavenly Father, and is looking down upon us, and arranging it all. We shall get through. It is only one step at a time." Thus we could encourage others to try the same plan. Surely He has been good. " Let the redeemed of the Lord say so ! "

### THE HOPE OF THE LORD'S COMING

IT has already been said that my dear sister's usefulness was due above all to her devotion to the Person of the Lord. She was made a blessing to others as she herself was blessed. It was the Power of the Person in her own life, the knowledge of what the Lord Himself was to her ; what He had done for her in His finished work on Calvary's Cross ; what He was doing for her in His present work of intercession ; and what He would do for her in His coming glory, that enabled her to be a soul-winner and a helper of God's children.

The hope of the Lord's Personal Coming for His people had been made real to her for many years, and it was her great delight to speak of it, and write about it, that other hearts might be stirred up to look for the Saviour, and to study the Prophetic Word. The study of Prophecy had a great charm for her, and she was constantly seeking to understand, with the Holy Spirit's guidance, more of the

Lord's purposes and plans; and when anything fresh was revealed to her, it was a great joy to talk it over with some of the Lord's servants, and to pass it on.

For the last nearly six years of her life she had been the Honorary Secretary of the Women's Branch of the Prophecy Investigation Society, which she had been asked to start in 1912. This involved a great deal of labour, as she was a very active Secretary (she never did anything by halves), and she wrote many very interesting papers, which were read at the half-yearly meetings. These papers have been printed with others in a series of pamphlets known as the Dispensational Series.<sup>1</sup> Her first on "The Dispensations" was very valuable, and her last on "Israel's Exodus, Past and Future," will never be forgotten by those who heard it, as she referred to the Future of Israel (it was just at the time of Mr. Balfour's proclamation concerning the national home in Palestine for the Jewish people), and touchingly closed with Mrs. Walton's lines:

"When we were little children and heard of Jesus' love,  
We often wished that He would come and take us all above;

<sup>1</sup> Published by Alfred Holness, 13 and 14 Paternoster Row.

But the Day is nearer now,  
Far nearer—  
And the signs of His approach  
Far clearer!

Lord, make us ever ready, as each day hurries by,  
To raise the welcome shout of joy—'The Lord our King is  
nigh.'

But the Day is nearer now,  
Far nearer—  
And the signs of Thine approach  
Far clearer!"

We little thought then how soon she would see the King in His beauty. Her absence from the meeting is a very sore loss to all the members, but the Hope of the Lord's Coming shines out more brightly. It is only a "little while," and all will be gathered into His Presence. Besides these meetings, words fail to tell how greatly she is missed from so many branches of the Lord's work—the Carton Hall Assembly, the Gray's Yard Mothers' Meeting, the Lock Hospital, and much else.

Amidst all her abounding usefulness she was ever kept humble. We should have said that one so gifted, and so specially fitted for His service could ill be spared in these difficult days, but the Lord makes no mistakes, and He, Who was her strength and sufficiency, had need of her for higher service. He has called her to enter into the joy of her Lord.

Her Home-call was very unexpected. She was suddenly taken ill on January 10 with a slight seizure. Everything was done that could be done for her. At first she suffered very much from her head, but she seemed to be getting better, till another very bad attack came on in the early morning of February 1, from which she never regained consciousness, but gently fell asleep.

How unutterable is her gain! She has the better part. The unspeakable loss is the portion of those whom she has left behind. Christians scattered in all parts of the earth are poorer; her large circle of friends sorely miss her, but specially is she missed by her sister who for so many years has been so closely linked with her in such happy fellowship. But the Lord remaineth. He will not fail His people. Soon the welcome shout will be heard, days of service will be over, the Lord Himself will come, and "so shall we ever be with the Lord."

## ECHOES IN THE VALLEY

Psalm lxxxiv. 6

**I**N a certain mountain pass amongst the higher Alps there is a very remarkable echo. When we visited it some years ago our party divided, some remaining behind, whilst one of our number, who had learnt the peasants' "rond-des-vaches," went on in front till he reached a certain point in the valley. Then he began to "jodel," and I shall never forget the effect. The notes reverberated, till all the mountains seemed to take part, not once, nor twice, but over and over again, as though a full choir of trained singers were repeating the notes. As we stood listening, strangers joined us, and they, too, marvelled at the echo. *The singer was out of sight, but his notes were heard by those far behind.*

We are trav'lers through the valley,  
And the road is sometimes steep,  
And the mountains all around us  
Often make the shadows deep—  
'Tis the narrow vale of Baca;  
'Tis a valley full of shade;  
But we're only passing through it,  
So we need not be afraid.

Far away the land of Beulah  
Wrapped in sunlight may be seen,  
And this little bit of valley—  
It is all that lies between.  
Right beyond us is the sunshine,  
Right beyond us is our Home;  
When we reach it, 'twill not matter  
By which valley we have come.

Though the rocks that tower above us  
Often intercept the view,  
Though the path is sometimes stony,  
As our way we thus pursue—  
Yet the mountains with their shadows,  
Only keep the trav'lers cool,  
While the rain that falls in showers,  
Fills up every empty pool.

There was One who trod the valley,  
And He suffered much from thirst;  
He was weary, faint, and footsore,  
As He passed this way the first;  
But His footsteps made the pathway  
Which we safely now may tread  
And it makes the journey easy  
When we know He's just ahead.

But before He left the valley  
And emerged into the light  
He had turned to those around Him,  
Ere He passed from out of sight;  
And He spoke a parting message  
For the travellers in the vale,  
And not one good thing He promised  
Has been ever known to fail.

"Though I leave you in the valley  
I will surely come again:  
Then the shadows will be over,  
And the sunshine you will gain,  
Do not let your heart be troubled,  
For the hour is very near;  
To Myself I will receive you,"  
Thus His accents sounded clear.

Then the mountains caught the echoes,  
As they passed from hill to hill,  
And the notes continued ringing—  
We may hear them sounding still;  
We can see His form no longer,  
But we know that He is there,  
For we recognise His accents  
As they vibrate through the air.

We should never hear the echoes  
If we walked upon the plain,  
But within the "vale of weeping,"  
We can catch the glad refrain:  
For the rocks that loomed above us,  
And upon our pathway frowned,  
Like a wondrous mountain choir  
Make the tuneful chords resound.

So we listen to the echo  
Till we quite forget our pain:  
"I am coming to receive you;  
I will surely come again."  
Thus we tread the vale expectant,  
Any moment He may come;  
Then the journey will be over—  
We shall be with Him at Home.

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