

Dr. Brugsch has wisely inserted to aid students of sacred topography.

It is impossible in the limits of an Article to follow Dr. Brugsch in the many illustrations of the sacred narrative his History affords. But it is pleasing in these days of sifting criticism, and often flippant cavil, to put on record the testimony of one so well qualified to speak as to the striking evidence borne by the Egyptian monuments to the truth of the records on which our faith is based :—

Any one (says he) must be certainly blind who refuses to see the flood of light which the papyri and the other Egyptian monuments are throwing upon the venerable records of Holy Scripture, and, above all, there must needs be a wilful mistaking of the first laws of criticism by those who wish to discover contradictions, which really exist only in the imagination of opponents.¹

The History virtually closes at the final conquest of Egypt by the Persians, though a few pages continue it briefly to the defeat of the Persians themselves by Alexander the Great. It marks a great progress in the decipherment of the monuments that such a narrative could have been written, and great praise is due to the author for the ability with which he has constructed it from materials hitherto unused.

CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE.

ART. VIII.—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

GOD'S servants are immortal till their work is done. A thousand may fall at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand; but as long as the King their Master has one more commission for them on earth, however small it be, the arrow comes not nigh them, the angel of death passes over their dwelling. It may be that the bared breast will welcome the arrow; death may be looked for with expectant joy as the messenger summoning the loyal soul into the King's presence; but none the less is that summons impossible while the allotted work is yet unfinished. No doubt there is a sense in which even the most laborious and the most long-lived have at last to lay them down and die with the deep consciousness that what they have done in the Master's service is but a fragment of what they might have done. Yet, while it is true that opportunities are given us which we miss, and "talents" which we fail to use, that, like King Joash, we smite thrice on the ground and stay, when the arrow of the Lord's

¹ Vol. ii. p. 330.

deliverance in our hands might have been sharp in the hearts of His enemies,—it is also true, that there is a work appointed in the King's hidden counsels to each of His servants, and that when that particular function is fulfilled, He calls them away.

Only thus can we understand the early removal of one so manifestly used of God, and yet so apparently on the threshold of her career, as Frances Ridley Havergal. It is but a few years since her first volume of poems appeared. It is but the other day that she expressed to the present writer, in terms of almost childish glee, her thankful astonishment at the extraordinary success of "My King," the first of those little "Royal" books, as they are called, which were her chief prose works, and which have attained so wide a popularity. She was in the midst of half-finished contributions wherewith to satisfy—if that were possible—the impertunity of rival editors, and of plans for "telling it out" in all directions that "the Lord is King," when, almost in a moment, the summons came. The pen—or rather the "type-writer," for she used, with enviable facility, that pretty instrument—was laid down for a day or two; but the hand for which it waited is mouldering in the tomb, while the spirit to whose bright thoughts it gave a visible existence has gone within the veil—fetched away, not, as it seems to our imperfect sight, from an incompleted task, but because the work given to do is *finished*.

Very thankfully, nevertheless, may we look back to that short but much-blessed life of service. Nor is thankfulness awakened only by looking back. For of Frances Havergal it may be said, not conventionally, but most literally, that "she, being dead, yet speaketh." We sometimes say this of those who have gone, thinking of their fragrant memory, of their far-reaching influence. We say it, for example, of a man like Lord Lawrence, and hope that his memory will, indeed, speak to his successors in the administration of the great empire he helped to build up. But a *writer* lives on in his written works as no mere man of action can do; and Frances Havergal will yet speak to many hearts in her "ministry of song," as well as in the little prose books so highly prized by the loyal subjects of the Great King.

Many writers have surpassed Miss Havergal in originality and depth of thought. To her the humbler gift was granted that she should be useful. Yet her writings have very distinct literary merits. In her poems she displays a real command of striking and felicitous language. We need but recall, as a single illustration of this, the truly beautiful "Sunset Chorus" in the cantata of "The Mountain Maidens," in which she pictures the crimson glow of the setting sun upon Mont Blanc, and the "pure and perfect whiteness" it leaves behind—

Like the calm and blessed sleeping
Of the saints in Christ's own keeping.

The same power of choosing appropriate words is manifest in her simpler pieces, and even in those few in which she gave rein to her bright humour, as in "London-super-Mare."

We have just used the term "picture" of one of her poems. But, in truth, they are less word-*painting* than word-*music*. Frances Havergal was a musician, like her accomplished father, and her musical inspiration found vent in her poetry.

Another marked feature of her verse—indeed, of her writings generally—is the sunshine that pervades them. Far removed is their spirit from that morbid melancholy which is so characteristic of modern poets. In truth, there is a reason for the difference. There can be little joyousness if, while men feel they cannot help but write about Christ, they can only write about Him as in that most melodious but most melancholy of stanzas, to which the name of Matthew Arnold is attached:—

Now he is dead, far hence he lies
In the lone Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

What would Frances Havergal's verse have been, if she had believed *that*? Truly, "if Christ be not risen, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."

In her prose writings the same clear, felicitous thought and language are conspicuous. You see it in "My King," and you see it in such stray magazine papers as that exquisite parable, "Our Swiss Guide" (*Sunday Magazine*, October, 1874), in which, from the functions of a mountaineering guide, are drawn a series of most striking analogies illustrative of the work of Christ. There is a directness, too, and reality about all she says. She does not write for writing's sake. She evidently means every word. A good example is seen in the most recent of her post-humous contributions, the chapter of "Marching Orders" in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* for September. The "marching order" for the month is, "Talk ye of all His wondrous works."

I wonder how many of us have observed this among our marching orders? and how many of us have been obeying it? Think of the last month, for instance, with its thirty-one days; on how many of those days did we talk of all His wondrous works? and if we did so at all, how much less did we talk about them than about other things? . . . Only suppose that for every time each English Christian had talked about the day's news of the kingdoms of this world, he had spent the same breath in telling the last news of the kingdom of Jesus Christ to his friends and casual acquaintances! Why, how it would have outrun all the reports and magazines, and saved the expense of deputations, and set people wondering and inquiring, and stopped the prate of ignorant reviewers who "never heard of any converts in

India," and gagged the mouths of the adversaries with hard facts, and removed missionary results and successes from the list of "things not generally known!"

"They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power." Is this among the things that we ought to have done and have left undone? Are we not verily guilty as to this command? "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep *this* law!"

Perhaps we say we have kept it; we have had sweet converse with dear Christian friends about the Lord's kingdom and doings, and surely that is enough! No, read further; there is not even a full stop after "talk of Thy power." It goes on to say why and to whom: "To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious minded friends, exchanging a little information may be, but talking *with purpose*, talking so as to make known what great things our God is doing, not gently alluding to them, but *making* the sons of men majesty of His kingdom." Some very intelligent and well-educated "sons of men" do not seem to know that there is such a thing as "His kingdom" at all; and whose fault is that? They do not and will not read about it, but they could not help the "true report" of it reaching their ears if every one of us simply obeyed orders and *talked*, right and left, "of the glory of Thy kingdom," instead of using our tongues to tell what we have just seen in the *Times*.

A memorial fund is being raised by Miss Havergal's friends, to be committed to the administration of the Church Missionary Society, for the purpose of employing native Bible women in India, and of translating some of her books into the Indian languages. The idea is a happy one. Frances Havergal's heart was in missionary work, and only a few months back she said, "If I were strong, I must and would go even now to India." We are persuaded that many who have enjoyed her writings will gladly seize the opportunity of helping to perpetuate her name in connection with the noblest of Christian enterprises.

E. S.



ART. IX.—THE FIFTY-SIXTH PSALM.

WITH the devout, the Psalter has always been a particularly precious portion of God's Word. It has been valued for meditation, thanksgiving, and prayer. The early Christians, as Luther mentions in his preface to the Psalter, diligent in reading Scripture, were specially fond of the Psalms. And in every age, no doubt, among Christians generally, the feeling has been the same. The Church of England, for nearly all her Services, has appointed a Psalm or Psalms; and of our private devotions words or thoughts from the Psalter form no small portion. To