

**"UNDER HIS SHADOW."  
THE LAST  
POEMS OF FRANCES  
RIDLEY HAVERGAL**

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"Under his shadow." The last poems of Frances Ridley Havergal by Frances Ridley Havergal

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“UNDER HIS SHADOW.”

*THE LAST POEMS*

OF

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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ONE HUNDRETH THOUSAND.

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"Then the Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold I have put My words in thy mouth."—*Jer. i. 9.*

"Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope."—*Ps. cxix. 49.*

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"I will direct their work in truth."—*Isa. lxi. 8.*

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*(Written on the first pages of F. R. H.'s last  
Manuscript Books.)*

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## PREFACE.

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My dear sister Frances had intended writing an opening poem to this volume, showing *why* she chose its title of

“UNDER HIS SHADOW.”

Only these fragmentary lines, written in pencil, were found :—

“ Faint footsteps tracked the burning sand  
Far o'er the wild white waste,

    A thirsting band, lessening each hour ;  
Lost was all energy for hopeful haste,

    Lost e'en despair's convulsive power,  
Although the dangerous glare  
Fell fiercely through heat-quivering air,

Although the way was strewn with bleaching bones,  
And treasure dropped by hands that could not care  
For gold or precious stones ;  
When very life evaporated, and although  
There was no safety in that terrible plain,  
No point of pause, but death, For swift or slow,  
Advance or halt, seemed all alike in vain ;—

\* \* \* \* \*

Happily I have preserved in writing the recollection of a conversation, in which she gave me an outline of what she intended the volume to be.

Three years ago, when we were in Switzerland, and she was recovering from illness, she said to me : “ Marie, I think my third volume of poems will be my ‘Nunc Dimittis’ ! Do you remember my poem, ‘Threefold Praise’ ? I think my first volume, ‘Ministry of

Song,' was like Haydn; then 'Under the Surface,' like Mendelssohn; and I want my third volume to be 'Messiah,' all to His praise!

"I should like the title to be 'Under His Shadow.' I seem to see four pictures suggested by that: under the shadow of a rock in a weary plain; under the shadow of a tree; closer still, under the shadow of His wing; nearest and closest, in the shadow of His hand. Surely that hand must be the pierced hand, that may oftentimes press us sorely, and yet evermore encircling, upholding, and shadowing!"

Only the day before my dear sister died she asked me to collect and publish all her MS. poems. I said, "Shall the title be 'Under His Shadow'?"