

Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in the land of Evangeline, and seeing a fallen gravestone he overturned it in pure curiosity. And there he read at the foot, engraved in the stone, a verse of four lines that took such hold upon him, and so clearly explained to him the way of salvation that they were the means of his conversion. And from that day, nearly fifty years before, he had, by God's grace as a result of those four lines, led a consecrated life for Christ. The lines were:

"In peace let me resign my breath,  
And Thy salvation see;  
My sins deserve eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me."

"You can imagine," said he, "my amazement as well as my delight when I heard you tell the story about the lines. You brought back to me the wonderful way in which God was pleased to save my soul."

"It was not long after that I was sent for to visit this old gentleman in a sickness, which gradually grew more serious.

One of the last things he did before he died was to take my hand affectionately, and ask me as his clergyman, to do him a favour and that was, that at his funeral and over his coffin I would tell the story of the lines in the hope that the prayer of a dying man might be answered, and that they might be a blessing to many souls more. Not long afterwards he died; and at his funeral, which was attended by some of the most distinguished citizens of Halifax, a large and representative body of prominent men, I told over his coffin, amidst the most profound and interested silence, the story of the stanza that had transformed so many lives. I ended by saying that it was the wish of the dear old man on his dying bed that the words, which would be distributed as his last memorial to all present, might become a blessing to their souls. And as each one passed from the house of mourning he received a beautiful card, elegantly printed in purple, with the name and age and burial-date of that old saint of God, and on the other side the never-to-be-forgotten words:

"In peace let me resign my breath,  
And Thy salvation see;  
My sins deserve eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me."

May I just add this prayer? God grant that these simple lines, so full of truth, may be to you, my reader, and many others, a means of salvation, and that you may say as the confession of your soul:

"My sins deserve eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me."

—Reprint from "The Australian Church Record," April 5, 1945.

---

Price of this folder, "**The Strange Story of a Stanza**," One penny (postage extra); 100 for 4/- (posted 4/4); 25 for 1/3 (posted 1/5).

Order from the EVANGELICAL  
PUBLISHING AGENCY,

13 Gladstone Street, Burwood, N.S.W.

## THE STRANGE STORY OF A STANZA

(By Canon Dyson Hague.)

The following story was told one Sunday evening by Canon Hague in his Church in London, Ontario, Canada, and was blessed to many. A few weeks later he told it in a service on his vacation in the White Mountains, U.S., and an American gentleman was so deeply impressed that he said with deep emotion afterwards: "Never in my life did I hear anything that made such an impression upon me. Never in my life before did I so clearly grasp the way of salvation through faith in the Crucified."

One Sunday evening I was preaching in my old Church, St. Paul's, Halifax, the "Westminster Abbey of Canada," as the Governor of Nova Scotia used to call it,



and towards the close of my sermon I told the following story:

"Many years ago the great Dr. Valpy, an eminent English scholar, wrote a little verse of four lines as the longing of his heart and the confession of his faith. This was the simple stanza:

"In peace let me resign my breath,  
And Thy salvation see;  
My sins deserve eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me."

"Some time afterwards he gave this verse to his friend, Dr. Marsh, a well-known Church of England clergyman, and the father of Miss Marsh, the author of 'Life of Captain Hedley Vickers.' and the verse became a great blessing to him. Dr. Marsh gave the lines to his friend, the Earl of Roden, who was so impressed with them that he had them written out and placed over the mantelpiece in his study. An old friend of his, General Taylor, one of the heroes of Waterloo, came to visit him at Tollymore Park, Ireland, and day after day the Earl found the old warrior standing by the mantelpiece with his eyes

fixed upon the motto. 'Why, General,' said Lord Roden, 'you will soon know the verse by heart.' 'I know it now by heart,' replied the General, with great feeling, and the simple words were the means of bringing him to know the way of salvation. Some two years afterwards the physician, who had been with the old General while he lay a-dying, wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace, and that the last words which fell from the old General's lips were the words which he had learned to love in his lifetime:

"In peace let me resign my breath,  
And Thy salvation see;  
My sins deserve eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me."

"Years afterwards, at the house of a neighbour, Lord Roden happened to tell the story of the old General and these lines, and among those who heard it was a young officer in the British Army who had recently returned from the Crimea; he carelessly heard this tale. Nothing was known about it at the time, but a few

months later Lord Roden received a message from the officer, telling him that he wanted to see him, as he was in a rapid decline. As the Earl entered the sick-room the dying man extended both his hands to welcome him, repeating the lines:

"In peace let me resign my breath,  
And Thy salvation see;  
My sins deserve eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me."

"He then added, 'They have been God's message of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost the Comforter.'

"As I said I was telling this story in my sermon in old St. Paul's, and as I began to tell it I noticed that an old gentleman, who was sitting in a pew not far from the pulpit just in front of me, a representative of one of the oldest families in Nova Scotia, was being overcome with an extraordinary emotion. His whole frame seemed to quiver with some unwonted excitement, and his eyes looked bright with a strange

light. I thought, for the moment, that it was a transient attack of some physical affection. But, as I went on telling the story, there was no doubt that it had in some way seized upon the very soul of the listener, and touched his feelings with some strange and indescribable suggestion. And when at last I told of the Crimean officer, I thought that the old gentleman would have almost cried out in the church, so deeply was he affected. The story ended the sermon, and after the singing of the hymn I went into the vestry. I had scarcely got there when a knock was heard at the door, and the old gentleman, with emotion still evident, came and asked me, 'Where did you get that story?' I told him I had read it in the work of a modern author, whose works are world-famed. He said: 'I do not know whether you saw that I was very much touched by it, but it almost overcame me.' And then, with tears streaming from his eyes, he told me this story. Years ago, when he was a young man, careless and indifferent in matters of religion, he sauntered one day in his walk into an old churchyard near