

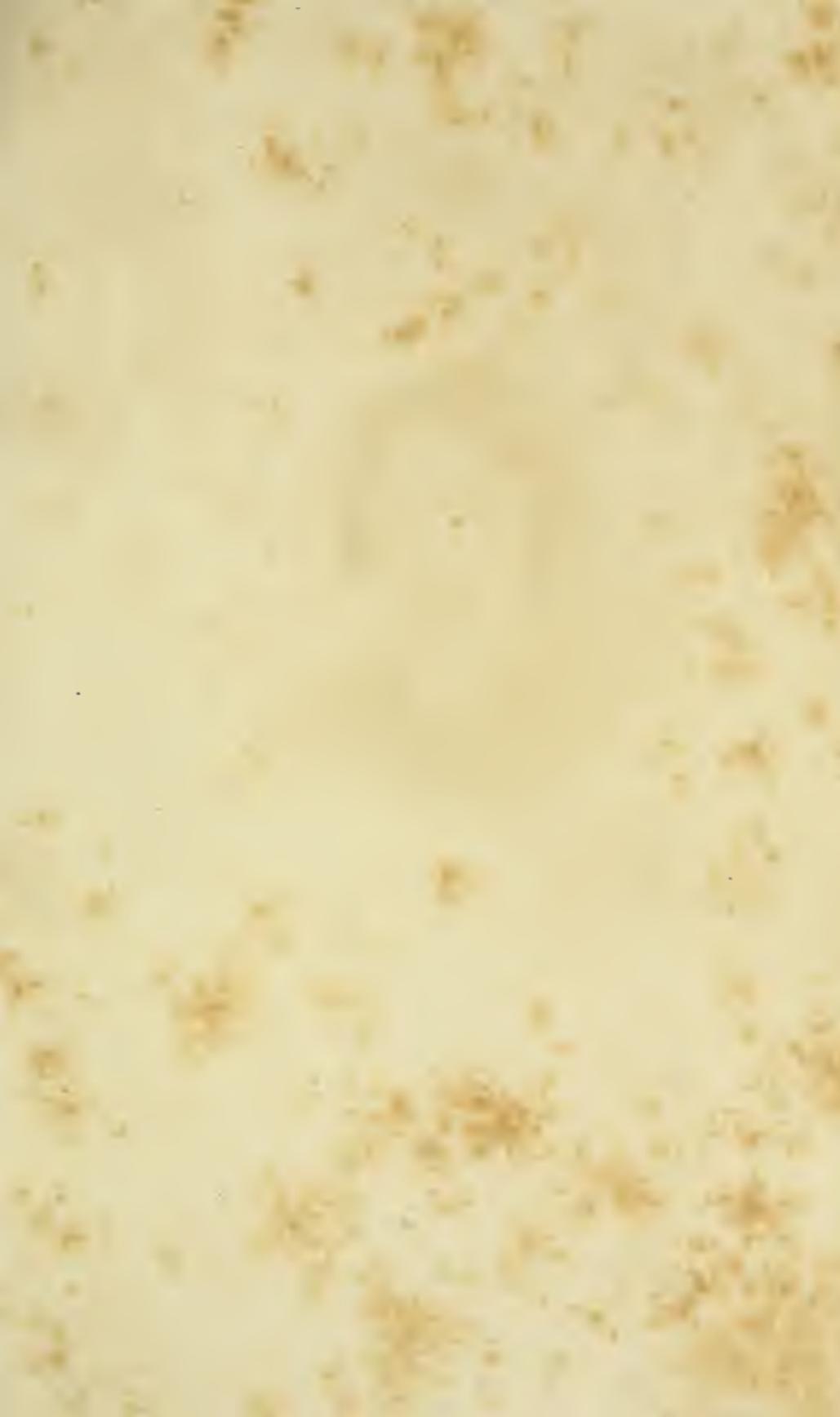
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Susan M. Underwood.

FOLLOWING AFTER JESUS.

A Memorial

OF

SUSAN MARIA UNDERWOOD.

BY

MRS. ELIZA H. ANDERSON.

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MEMORIAL.



CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

THE early home of SUSAN MARIA UNDERWOOD was in Andover, Massachusetts. She was born March 16, 1830. Her father being a physician, and Susan his only daughter, she early became his companion in riding to visit his patients. Her mother, a woman of quiet disposition and devoted piety, died while Susan was very young. In the near prospect of death, she committed her little daughter to a covenant-keeping God, trusting that he would sanctify and save her. The life of Susan will be a new encouragement to parents to cultivate a cheerful reliance on the divine promises.

When about seven years old, her mother's place was supplied by one whom she soon learned to love, and of whom she always spoke

with grateful affection. She was also much attached to her two younger brothers, and ever felt a deep interest in their improvement and happiness. A few years later, the family removed to Hingham, where her father continued the practice of his profession.

In September, 1846, Susan became a member of the Normal School in West Newton. At first her thoughts were so much upon home, that she found it difficult to study, or be interested in those around her. But her affectionate heart, which clung to the loved ones she had left, soon attached itself to those who were showing her kindness from day to day. Her manner was changed. She writes, "A schoolmate said to me one bright morning, 'It is a strange thing to see you look so happy;' but when they know me better, they will find it more of a wonder to see me sad." As she became interested in her studies, her mind awakened to a sense of her deficiencies, and she thirsted for knowledge. It is interesting to see, in her journals, how rapidly she began to think for herself, and to treasure up valuable thoughts. She determined to excel, and pressed on resolutely through difficulties and discouragements. "*Energy, energy!*" she exclaims; "would that this might be my watch-word."

Her intellect now became thoroughly aroused, and there was an increased delicacy of moral perception. Instead of ambitiously emulating others, she began to seek a preparation for usefulness. A sentimental desire for happiness, that led her to brood over little annoyances, gave place to the pleasure arising from self-reliance and a benevolent interest in others. While her character was thus being elevated, there were glimpses of a poetic and original genius which afterward gave sprightliness and beauty to her life.

She learned also to control her feelings. Early in her course of study she writes, "Why is it that some are gifted with talents so much above others? Why can one rise in school without an effort, and another, whose mind is constantly awake to the fulfillment of every duty, attain only an inferior station? But are not those wrong who faint because they do not see their reward immediately? Should they despair because others are crowned with a larger success? Would it not be *nobler* to toil on without seeking a reward in the praise of others, but only in the approbation of their own consciences, and the firm conviction that He who made them will reward them openly for their secret and unwearied efforts? If I could

feel thus when things wear the aspect of gloom, how much greater would be the enjoyment of life! When I think of this, the following beautiful verse always occurs to me: —

‘ Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.’ ”

She adopted the word “try” for her motto, and determined, so far as possible, to *do* right and *feel* right. After being grieved by an unkind remark from a schoolmate, this sentence occurs in her journal: “She does not know with what determinations for kind words and peaceful intercourse I returned to school. She never will know. But I will faint not, falter not. I will still endeavor to do my duty.” This was soon after a visit home in vacation; and she writes, “I had a little touch of my old complaint — homesickness; but business will drive it off, I trust; if it don’t, something else *shall*.”

Under date of Sunday, April 18, 1847, she writes, “This is the first Sabbath I have spent in Newton since vacation. How different from the first ones I spent here! The sacred hours then appeared tiresome, showing too painfully how ill adapted my mind was to those holy in-

fluences. Now, though I am but little, if any, better than I then was, this day of rest is the pleasantest of all the seven." She found, as young people may always do, that her heavenly Father was ready to bless her in all her endeavors to do right. No promise in the Bible is more certainly fulfilled than this: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

In her journals are frequent quotations of poetry, showing that she was cultivating a taste for the good and the beautiful. After copying Ware's "Seasons of Prayer," she says, "I love poetry, which, like this, lifts the mind from its own trifling, and fills it with sentiments akin to those of the inspired authors."

Her home, while at Newton, was in the family of the Rev. Dr. Gilbert. Her father went with her to make the necessary arrangements, and, when committing his daughter to their care, expressed a wish that she might adopt their religious views, since his observation, as a physician, at death beds had convinced him, that what is called evangelical religion is true.

Mrs. Gilbert says of her, "Even then she gave evidence of superior powers, and, by her constant endeavors for improvement, gained the affection of her teachers, while her ever-ready

sympathy and disinterestedness won our hearts. She did not think that she was a Christian while with us, but was becoming more and more impressed with gospel truth. The impression she received from a conversation my husband had with her before she left us, as she afterward told me, never left her."

Another member of the family speaks of her rare intellectual endowments, extensive reading, and fund of ready wit, making her a genial companion, and adds, "I do not believe she ever lived where they did not love her."

CHAPTER II.

BECOMES A TEACHER IN ROXBURY.

MISS UNDERWOOD became a teacher in one of the public schools in Roxbury in the autumn of 1847, and continued there the greater part of four years.

March 16, 1850, she makes the following entry in her journal: —

“This is my birthday. For twenty years have I been a pilgrim on earth. And now I would look back over the past, and within on the present. It is a blessed thing thus to review the space already trod, and from its varied scenes learn lessons for the future. Nor should the clouds, which now cast their shadows on my spirit, make me forget that the sun has shone, and that loving kindness and tender mercies have crowned my days. God hath not forgotten to be gracious, though he may lead me in a way I know not. In looking far back, I recall my little brother’s death, my beloved mother’s grief, my dear father’s mourning for his child; and, not long after, my mother’s

death bed, the administration of the sacrament by the venerable Dr. Woods, the last embrace of that sainted mother as she wound her feeble arms around me and pressed me to her bosom, my father bowed down with grief, and the funeral services in the chapel. All these seem stamped ineffaceably upon my mind.

“Three weeks ago to-day, I was summoned to my dear father’s death bed. He left home, apparently well, in the morning, and visited his patients as usual. While making the last call, he put his hand on his chest, and asked for water. Before it was brought, he fell upon the floor insensible. Two physicians were sent for, and every effort made for his relief; but in vain. When it became evident that he could not live long, I was sent for, and reached home late in the evening. Oh, that Saturday! How pleasant the anticipations of it had been! — M. coming to pass the Sabbath, and the Bible class in the evening. I was happy without knowing that my house was built upon the sand, and that the storm was gathering. When I went to my dear father’s bedside, he said, ‘Why, Susan, how do you do?’ Afterward he said, ‘I am very sick; too sick to talk with you much now.’ All night he was in great distress. Toward morning he looked up, when he felt my tears,

and said, 'Susan, you will not have a father long.' Afterward he called me his 'precious child.' The scenes that followed were such as one can realize only by passing through them. My beloved father lingered until twilight on Sunday. He was calm and resigned, and died as if sleeping.

"My happiness must henceforth be built on things unseen and eternal. And now, as fades the light of my twentieth birthday, let me dedicate myself renewedly to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Help me, O Lord, to walk humbly before thee, trusting in thee alone for salvation. Send thy Holy Spirit to sanctify this affliction to my everlasting good. May I live as thy disciple. May I guard against sin. May I forsake thoughts which thou wouldst not approve, and watch earnestly against pride, selfishness, and vain glorying. May I guard against even the least sin; especially may I resolve not to say one word against another, nor any thing which may give a wrong impression—remembering that 'lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.' May my path shine more and more unto the perfect day."

Susan now felt that loneliness which they only know who are conscious of being fatherless. Her thoughts were much on the past. "I am

turning over memory's leaves," she says, "and reading therefrom the histories of many friends, whose places know them no longer." Perhaps she indulged in this more than was profitable. She sought more for resignation than for sanctification, and for comfort than for usefulness ; but she persevered in asking help from God, and, though she passed through times of trial and darkness, came at last into settled light and peace.

At one period she wrote — "I desire for *myself* no more temporal blessings than I now have. I am more than satisfied. I try to praise God for my condition in life: it is infinitely better than I deserve."

CHAPTER III.

EFFORTS TO GROW IN GRACE.

ON the 7th of July, 1850, Susan united with the Eliot Church, in Roxbury, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Thompson. This important step was not taken without due deliberation. She wrote out in her journal the articles of faith and covenant of the church, that she might ponder well her obligations. From this time, though her advance was more rapid, her Christian character did not mature without much earnest striving. Young people often wish to grow in grace, and be useful, but are unwilling to make the requisite effort. Miss Underwood was fully determined to be an active Christian. She was not content to walk with a hesitating step. Taking the Bible for her guide, she sought to live by its teachings, in the strength of God. The Saviour had said, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate;" and this she sought to do. Finding in God's Word a high standard of religious attainments, she resolved to conform her daily life to it as far as

possible. She set a strict watch over her thoughts, words, and deportment, maintaining a constant warfare with the different forms of sin in her heart.

Practical lessons may be learned from her watchful strictures upon her life. She writes thus on her twenty-first birthday: "Lord, teach me thyself, and make me not only to resolve, but also to do. I desire this year to read my Bible more, and, if possible, learn one chapter each day. I desire to commence and close each day with prayer, and often seek the presence of the Lord during the day. I desire to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that if I ask him he will grant me his Holy Spirit. I desire, at each quarterly payment of my salary, to lay aside —— for benevolent purposes, and an additional sum if any thing be added to my wages. I desire to write to all my unconverted friends and relatives, and pray earnestly for their salvation. I desire to avoid all light and trifling conversation, and live as I would wish I had done when I come to die."

In order to gain a more practical knowledge of the Word of God, she selected a text every day, and often wrote her thoughts upon it. Thus she says, "My text for to-day is, 'Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and be-

loved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, forbearing one another, . . . and above all, charity.' I find constant need of charity. I realize that the apostle's definition of it embodies all virtues in one. In an interview with —, allowed myself to judge hastily and censoriously. See a constant disposition in me to attribute evil rather than good motives to others. Am far from that charity which thinketh no evil. Find it easier to appear affectionate than to be so. Is there another heart as bad as mine? Truly can I say, that in me dwelleth no good thing."

At another time: "Attended evening meeting, and did not enjoy the preaching as much as I should, had I not allowed my mind to dwell on the different methods pursued by pastors. Ought to have received the truth in humility. Read, after going home, the passage, 'Be not wise in your own conceit.' Precious Bible! faithful reprovcr, constant light to those who read and ponder."

Again: "Has every thought to-day been pure and lofty, befitting a creature made in God's own image, and endowed with capacities to distinguish the right from the wrong? Fear I was not quite honest in all I said."

She often reproved herself for censuring

others, and mourned that she was too quick to judge of them and of their motives. Humility was a grace she loved to cultivate—a lowly spirit, that bears contradiction, and rejoices to see others exalted. In scrutinizing her conduct, she writes, one evening, “Showed an unbecoming forwardness in expressing my opinion. Would that I could have recalled my words. Find it not easy to exercise the grace of humility.”

Her constant aim was to order her conversation aright. On this point she labored with watching and prayer, and thus writes: “Worldly conversation blunts the edge of every spiritual truth. Spoke unadvisedly this evening. Let me remember that the preparation of the heart is from the Lord, and seek grace when about to engage in conversation, that I may minister grace to them that hear.”

“My text for to-day — ‘But every man hath his proper gift of God.’ (1 Cor. 7 : 7.) For our several lots in life God has given us gifts according to our necessity. Each has his proper sphere of duty, and each day may witness deeds of love and faith that shall result in untold good for eternity. The recording angel places no trifles upon his page ; for each sinful thought, and each holy desire, is mighty in its issues, and

wrought into the texture of this life of ours, as surely as the thoughts and plans which we deem great.”

Another day: “‘What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’ (Mark 8 : 36.) If I had fully realized the import of this text, I could not have let S. come and pass the afternoon with me, without asking about her personal interest in the great salvation.”

The Scriptures were to Miss Underwood a delight, associated with all that is lovely and beautiful. She writes, “Rainy this morning; but soon the clouds disappeared, and the sun shone out beautifully. My text, ‘The rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come.’ (Sol. Song 2 : 12.) How beautiful the contrast of the sunshine and the storm! How delightful the changing, hurrying clouds, the clear blue sky, the green grass, and waving trees! How manifold the mercies and wisdom of God!

‘Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world I see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy beauties shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.’”

As a teacher in the Sabbath school, she was conscientious in her duties, not only taking a special interest in her own class, visiting them, and preparing the lessons herself, but she sought the prosperity of the school generally, and attended the teachers' meetings, looking forward to them with interest, as a means of acquiring knowledge to impart to her scholars.

She writes, Saturday, August, 1852: "I have left Roxbury, — dear, delightful Roxbury, — as a home, probably for ever. I have parted with the pupils of that school, so long the objects of my solicitude and love. Those sweet, confiding, loving children! I can never forget them. The dear friends, the church, that faithful minister of Christ, — all have I left, in body, but not in spirit. If our faith be not vain, we have parted to meet in an endless re-union, free from sin, to enjoy the light of that countenance whose loving kindness has been better than life."

CHAPTER IV.

A TEACHER IN EAST BOSTON.

IN the autumn of 1852, Miss Underwood commenced her labors in one of the public schools of East Boston, and continued there four years. During all that time her home was in one family. Those who knew her there intimately, speak in the highest terms of her uniformly cheerful and amiable deportment, of her care never to give unnecessary trouble, of her unwearied desire to do good, her unbounded benevolence, and her scrupulous watchfulness in the observance of the Sabbath; showing a beautifully symmetrical Christian character in all the details of daily life. Two very desirable excellences are especially mentioned. One, an habitual aversion to evil speaking. On this point she was unwavering. She would not even smile, or assent in any way, when others were spoken against. Another was, her resolute determination not to indulge in worldly or unprofitable conversation on the Sabbath. Especially was she careful, while

going to and coming from the sanctuary, that nothing should be said which could divert the mind from God.

As a teacher, she was not ambitious to be popular, but endeavored patiently and faithfully to fulfill her duties. She desired that her scholars should get their lessons well, and understand them, rather than be prepared to show off at an examination. She sought to bring as many as possible under instruction, and to interest herself in the children individually, in order thereby to exert a moral and religious influence over them. Her aim was to elevate the whole character, and prepare them for useful stations in society. She visited the families of her poorer scholars, endeavoring to encourage the parents in training their children aright, and sending them to school regularly. She found one poor widowed mother, who by her daily labor could only provide food for her family. The children were in the street, not well enough clothed to attend school, much to the grief of the mother. Miss Underwood made each of them a suit of clothes, and, knowing that the mother, going out early for a day's work, could not attend to them properly, she had the children come to her every morning; saw that they were washed, combed, and de-

cently attired for school, and thus lifted them up from a state of degradation and probable ruin.

In another case a man had been killed by an accident; and the wife and mother, plunged at once into poverty and sorrow, asked, "What can I do?" Miss Underwood stood by her as a friend, and said, "Take the first employment that is offered; I will try to get for you the care of the school house." "But," said the desponding woman, "I never made a furnace fire in my life; I don't know how to begin." Miss Underwood replied, "I will teach you;" and she was true to her word. She obtained the employment for the poor woman, and went, on several cold mornings, to show her how to make the fire and take care of the school house.

This poor woman recently called on the writer, saying that she could talk all day of Miss Underwood's kindness. She had four children dependent on her, was completely crushed by her bereavement, and about to give up all hope of helping herself, when the kind teacher called to see her, and encouraged her to persevere, and trust in God. "How often she said to me, 'Keep up heart; a brighter day is coming.' She helped me prepare my children

for school, saw that they attended regularly, and, whenever I came to a strait, lifted the burden from my heart, till, from earning only fifty cents a week, we now have enough to live comfortably; and all under God, owing to her kindness."

These things interest us as we read them, but there is no poetry in the practical detail of these humble duties. It is only those who live by principle, according to the precepts of the gospel, that really do these things. It requires character and energy, as well as enlightened piety, to carry such plans through. We call these *humble duties*. By what name will they be called in heaven? When our Saviour, the Lord of glory, was on earth, he performed such labors. He healed the sick, fed the hungry, spoke kindly to children, comforted the widow, reclaimed the wandering, and said to the woman who had been a sinner, "Go in peace." Those who knew Miss Underwood best have said that she never seemed satisfied if a day passed without doing some special act of kindness, or relieving some one in distress. After spending the day in school, she would go to some neglected neighborhood, and visit from house to house, perhaps calling at the homes of her poorer scholars, perhaps reading to some

sick or aged person, who needed consolation. Her eye was quick to see, and her heart to feel for those in distress. Sometimes she would find an invalid alone, and lay aside her bonnet and shawl, to make a cup of tea, or a bowl of gruel. She would raise the poor sufferer into a chair, make the bed, and arrange the few articles in the room, so as to give it an air of comfort; talking meanwhile, in a soothing, cheerful strain, of the goodness of God, of the privilege of trusting in him, and how surely he would abide with those who seek his favor. She was like an angel of mercy to many a lonely one, and her face radiant with heavenly love.

At the same time she was a devoted Sabbath school teacher, and a very thorough tract distributor. Of this work she writes as follows: "Commenced at the extremity of my tract district, going into every house, or talking with the head of each family at the door. Was greatly encouraged. Had several interesting interviews. Calling on a woman whose house was in striking contrast with many I saw, — it was so neat and orderly, — I inquired how she was, and if she needed any thing. 'Now that you have asked me,' she replied, 'I will own to you I have nothing under the roof of this house to eat.' She was old, and the look of

sincerity upon her face convinced me that she spoke the truth. If ever I was happy in having the means of relieving want, it was then. I felt unworthy of enjoying the luxury; for such it certainly seemed.

“In reading my chapters to-day, I was impressed with the willingness of the people of Israel to bring their offerings as God commanded, for the building of the tabernacle. Find new and clearer thoughts the more I read the sacred word. March 16, 1855: My birthday. My texts for to-day, ‘We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.’ ‘Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.’ ‘Who art thou that judgest?’ Resolved, through the aid of the Spirit, to meditate on these words. One thing do I desire of the Lord — the victory over sin, the abased spirit, the resolute will, grace to win souls. Henceforth let this be my *controlling* purpose.” After visiting a sick girl, she writes, “She thanked me for the little book I sent her, and for my interest in her spiritual welfare. According to my work has been my reward. Again let me record, the Lord is faithful. Whatever I undertake for Jesus’ sake, obstacles vanish as I press on.”

It will be remembered that, as a teacher, she

was under no special obligation to perform these benevolent labors. Her performance of them arose from studying the character of the Saviour, and trying to live as he lived. She was ready to make sacrifices to oblige others, and found an exalted happiness in such a life. She valued the enjoyment of carrying fruit, or some simple delicacy, to a poor invalid; and when her gifts were pleasantly received, and afforded comfort to others, no personal luxury could have yielded half the joy.

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS.

EAST BOSTON, September 17, 1852.

MY DEAR M.: You and I have changed localities since we last met; and happy for us that, in changing homes, we do not necessarily change friends. Happy for us that we have one Friend, who is never left behind, who is acquainted with all our past, our present, and our future condition, and touched with a feeling of our infirmities, to whom we may have constant access. In him believers are one, each a member of the same body.

You speak, in your last, of doubts and spiritual darkness. I understand you, for I have had the same. Is not this because that, though we have publicly given ourselves away to God, yet we continually suffer our wills to rise up in opposition to his, allow murmuring thoughts against the sphere of labor which he appoints us, and all the while forget that we are acting falsely. Do we never think more of our own ease and personal affairs, than of the glory of

God and the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom? How much more concerned are we as to what others say of us, than what they say of Christ. Travelers to eternity, our journey, at the longest, must soon end, and the great question should be, Am I doing all I can for that precious Friend, in whose presence I long to dwell for ever? I feel that I am too apt to think, like Naaman, that little things are too trifling to weigh much, for good or ill, and that I would rather do some great service. In short, Pharisee-like, I would be making some good works stepping stones to heaven. But this is exalting self to be admired, and forgetting that it is the Vale of Humiliation through which I must pass to the Cœlestial City. It is because we have no righteousness of our own, that the well-beloved Son of God became a surety for us. Let us never forget this; and remember, too, that the daily duty, however simple, and, to the eyes of the world, however easy, is the very best work for us to be doing, and doing well. Are there no spare hours, now spent in light reading and unprofitable conversation, that might be devoted to meditation and prayer? Are there no souls for whom we ought to wrestle in secret? From such seasons of heart-searchings shall we not go forth strengthened, to speak a word in

season to those who carelessly tread the road to death? The feeblest light may be trimmed so as to guide some benighted one toward the place where the true Light shineth.

I must refer a little to my health. It is not very sound, and a little exposure and exertion bring on a weakness, sometimes soreness of the lungs and hoarseness. I have had many thoughts, this summer, that I am not to be wholly well again. . . .

There is a passage in our Saviour's intercessory prayer, where he says, "O, righteous Father, the world hath not known thee." That opens a chink in the clouds of earthliness, through which I catch a glimpse of what glory and excellence belong to God. What emotions will those be, when we shall no longer know in part, but even as we are known! I speak not in confidence here, in saying "we shall;" for, when I consider myself and that glory, I fear that I shall never enjoy it. As the excellence of the heavenly inheritance is more clearly comprehended, the more do I fear its loss. The past week has been one of peculiar spiritual conflict, and my heart's language is well expressed by David, when he exclaims, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." And then the passage has been often in mind,

“ Who is among you that . . . walketh in darkness, and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.”

Only think, we have not met since last May. Though traveling different pathways, under different discipline, meeting different friends, yet I hope at last we shall be brought to our Father's house above, where all the way may be recounted in the leisure of eternity. Then may it be found that we, by our prayers and communion here, have aided each other's progress to so glorious a consummation.

Yours, affectionately, SUSAN.

EAST BOSTON, March 21, 1855.

MY DEARLY LOVED E.: Your dear mother has lately been sorely afflicted in the death of her father. What a dying world is this! Life has appeared to me much, of late, as when we approach the quiet sunset hour, — “ the day far spent, the night at hand ;” and the duties of life resolving into these two soul-stirring efforts, “ winning Christ,” and “ winning souls.”

The thought of my responsibility and duty, at times, almost overwhelms me. The remembrance of the agony of Christ in the contemplation of his sufferings, the cross, the triumph

over death, hell, and the grave, came before me, in one of those seasons, as a glorious type of the believer's walk and conflict. First, the submissive, willing spirit, then the cross; afterward, the joy. But, oh, I find it easier to *write* Christ than to *live* Christ. Do you ask what I am doing? what I am reading? I still teach on, with some steps gained on former years. I have great reason for gratitude, that so many mercies abound in my lot, in friends, ample remuneration, religious privileges, and opportunities for usefulness. A quiet home, and a pleasant one, health, and, more than all, the way ever open to the mercy seat.

I have read much of "Baxter's Saints' Rest," which I think has been profitable to me; also, "Edwards on Redemption," "Lady Huntington and her Friends," "The Better Land," by Mr. Thompson, some in Miss Bremer's "Homes in the New World," and am reading, at present, Mr. Clark's book on Heaven. Have read part of "Wesley's Life," "Letters of Henry Martyn," and "Memoirs of Dr. Judson."

It shows her great industry, that, with her duties in the public school, Sabbath school, visiting the poor, and attending to all the demands of social life, she still found so much time for

reading. And that she was no superficial reader, her frequent reference to books plainly shows. She not only read, but thought much of what she read. She seemed always to keep before her some bright example, as an incentive to usefulness. In one of her journals she mourns over a neglect of duty, and writes, "Let me remember McCheyne, Edwards, Brainard, Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and then look within, around upon the perishing, and above to my injured Lord."

Miss Underwood was so unobtrusive in her various plans of doing good, and studied simplicity so carefully, that many who became acquainted with her were surprised to find, under that plain exterior, such valuable traits of character. In one case, a person who sat near her in church, and saw nothing very interesting in her appearance, was led to observe her more closely, by noticing that she always gave something in the collections for benevolent objects, and not unfrequently a bank bill. On learning more of her, much was found to respect and admire; and the impression continually deepened, that she was one of those few who live above the world, avoiding every thing that would attract attention, but uniformly wearing "the orna-

ment of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.”

One of the characteristics of Miss Underwood was perseverance in well doing. She was sure to carry through whatever plan she began. If interested in a poor family, she looked after them, not once, but continually, till they were in circumstances to sustain themselves.

Doubtless much that is done for the poor is of little avail, from a want of just such perseverance and patience. Isolated acts of kindness and impulsive generosity do good for the time; but to take one family, and help them through years of discouragement, or sickness, or special misfortune, and leave them pecuniarily and spiritually established, is like doing a life work, and the reward is a hundred fold. Often a family suffer a series of misfortunes, and those who undertake to help them become discouraged, and leave them to buffet the waves alone, or sink in the deep waters. They lose their nineteen efforts, when the twentieth would have made all secure. Our friend showed us a more excellent way.

Plain dress is often thought to indicate a want of taste and refinement; but not unfrequently a person who dresses in a simple, inexpensive style, possesses those qualities in a high de-

gree. In connection with them we discern a tender, benevolent heart, an enlightened conscience, and graces of the spirit in beautiful proportion, upon which God looks with great delight. This plainness is not unfrequently the result of much self-denial, for the sake of making others happy. It was so with Miss Underwood. She studied to adorn herself "in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." Had she consulted her own gratification, rather than adherence to duty, she would have taken a different course. Let us hear her own testimony on this subject: "Something was said which led me to think that I appeared old-fashioned in my dress. It was accidental, but I felt it. I had supposed I was so attired as not to cause remark. I thought of heaven, where the fashion of this world shall for ever have passed away, and of the robe of righteousness, which our Lord has wrought, which shall be the admiration of all the saints." At another time, when some remark had been made respecting her personal appearance, she said, "It is well for me to remember, that it is my heavenly Father's will that I should not be specially attractive in

countenance. Strange vanity that would have it otherwise." Here we see the chastened spirit cheerfully accepting the will of her heavenly Father, and looking forward to those higher adornments, prepared in heaven for those who persevere in well doing. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." (Rev. 3 : 5.)

While in East Boston she enjoyed the happiness of living for others, and found, as she has written, that according to her work was her reward. She received encouragement, too, from her pastor and Christian friends, and the years passed profitably. She laid up treasures in heaven while scattering blessings around her here.

CHAPTER VI.

HER MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

MISS UNDERWOOD left East Boston in the summer of 1856, and soon after made arrangements to go to the West, under the care of the Board of National Popular Education, of which the Hon. William Slade was corresponding secretary. While attending the usual course of preparatory instruction in Hartford, with others, under the charge of Miss White and Mrs. Bannister, her remarkable fitness for the foreign missionary work was noticed by these ladies; and as a teacher was needed for a female boarding school in Madura, India, it was proposed to her that she should go out with Rev. William B. Capron and wife, then preparing to sail for that mission.

The manner in which she received the proposition made a deep impression on her friends. She had long before heard the voice of her Lord, saying, "Go work in my vineyard," and, with a cheerful spirit, was prepared to obey that voice, whatever might be the particular

field designated for her. She was willing to teach in New England, in the far west, or in a heathen land. Her only wish was to know her duty. She sought counsel from judicious friends, and still more from her heavenly Friend, and, after much deliberation, and many fears as to her qualifications, offered herself to the American Board as a missionary teacher, and received an appointment to the Madura mission in September of the same year. Some extracts from letters written by friends at that time, with reference to her qualifications for this work, may not be uninteresting to the reader. A lady who had had long experience in teaching, and from habits of close observation was quick to discern character, wrote thus:—

“She is one of those rare persons who see what is to be done, and set themselves to do it as naturally as they breathe, and, when they have done it, do not look for either praise or thanks. She has good common sense, an obliging disposition, and earnest piety. By her study of the Bible she has gained knowledge and mental discipline. In past times her views of the state of our fallen race, and of her personal responsibility, tended to depress her spirits, and she had seasons of sadness. But

within the past year she has found that the more she obeyed the precept of our Saviour, 'Abide in me,' her spirits have been more buoyant, and more uniformly cheerful."

Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Roxbury, her former pastor, thus commended her: "Her religious exercises were of more than usual depth, and her Christian character, so far as I have had opportunity to know, has more than usual strength and consistency. Conscientious love to the Saviour, and a desire to be useful, are strongly developed. To the best of my knowledge, she is more than usually frank, amiable, and kind, warm in her attachments, diligent, and patient."

When Miss Underwood had received her appointment, she calmly set herself to prepare for going to India. Many of her friends will remember the humble, cheerful, earnest spirit with which she entered upon this task. Her "outfit," which must necessarily occupy much time and thought, she began to get ready in a business-like way, as something which must be done, while the preparation of the mind and the heart demanded her first attention. She endeavored to gain a knowledge of the country and of the people in Madura, to qualify herself for the duties before her, so as to make

the most of her talents in this new sphere of labor.

But a trial more severe than any active labor was laid upon her. Her eyes became so diseased as to cause serious apprehensions lest the plans in which she had become so intensely interested might be disappointed. Yet, in a spirit of cheerful trust, through many embarrassments, she persevered in her preparation; and the ladies in East Boston, with great kindness, relieved her very much in the expense and care of providing her outfit.

While in Hartford, Miss Underwood wrote the following letter:—

TUESDAY, August 19, 1856.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have taken the first moment I can spare to write you. Well has it been for me that I have been much employed, for I could hardly have borne the separation from you with much fortitude, if I had sat down alone and dwelt upon it. The light of many a New England home is shedding her gentle radiance here, and I am sure many prayers daily ascend in our behalf. Saturday night I did not feel well, nor Sunday. I shed many tears—they would come in spite of me.

On the morning after I came, as I stood alone

on the steps, looking on the beautiful picture spread out before me by the Great Artist, an aching sense of what I had left behind filled my heart. Our kind preceptress came out, and, laying her hand on my shoulder, said, "You feel quite alone—do you?" She added some comforting words; but all day long thoughts of home came over me like waves of the sea. But it is not so now; nor have I in any moment regretted the step I have taken. We have every advantage we could ask in the way of good instruction, and I have reason for gratitude that I have been enabled thus far to maintain so good a standing in my class. Will you believe it, I have not yet looked at yours, father's, or either of the boys' likenesses. Some quiet time I shall drop a tear over them; but, remember, a tear of love, not of regret, that I am here. I hope none of this will enter my heart, and that I shall have grace to be humble, truthful, watchful, and self-sacrificing toward my associates. Now, dear mother, good night. Remember, I have all and more than I need of this world's goods; yet the dear ones left behind are dear still. My heavenly Father designed you all should be cherished in my heart.

The following note was addressed to one of

the ladies engaged in instructing the class of teachers:—

HARTFORD, 1856.

DEAR MRS. B.: I thought it might gratify you to know the following fact in regard to those physiologies you so kindly procured for us. I always liked the study; yet it is now about nine years since I have studied it. When, therefore, I began it again, a day or two since, I found myself conscious of emotions very different from those I had experienced before. The thought of the goodness and wonderful skill of the Maker of these bodies affected me to tears. I do feel that the illumination of the Holy Ghost, which I hope I have known, was the reason of these new emotions; and I can feel, with the excellent Mr. Newton, "I am not what I was, I am not what I wish to be; but, by the grace of God, I am what I am."

Very respectfully, yours,

S. M. UNDERWOOD.

Her eyes were in such a state that she wrote very little for a year or two; but a few extracts are given from letters written in 1856 and 1857.

HINGHAM, November 28, 1856.

MY DEAR MISS W.: . . . I went to the meeting of the American Board at Newark, and

though, like Christian, burdened with a sense of indwelling sin, I hope I obtained some faint view of the cross, which afforded me relief. The missionary prayer meetings and the communion service were, to many souls, the border land of heaven. "Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven."

I am under the care of Dr. Jeffries for the cure of my eyes. He wishes me to use them as little as possible. So, like a ship in the dock for repairs, I must be still and wait. I ask your prayers, that I may not thwart by self-will the gracious work designed. This interruption of plans seems to many like an end of them; but is not God wonderful in working? And though he brings his Israel to a Red Sea, though the enemy is at hand to dishearten, and to the eye of sense help seems hopeless, yet a way is made through the swelling waves, and safe on the other side they sing of deliverance.

After several months of alternating between hope and fear, Miss Underwood's physician gave the opinion that it would not be safe for her to go to India; and she yielded to the manifest

indications of Providence, and resigned her appointment.

This disappointment was a painful one—probably the greatest of her life. To the ears of friends she seldom uttered her complaints, or told her discouragements; but, bowing low at the foot of the cross, she poured out all her sorrow, and found heavenly aid and sympathy, quietness, and peace.

She went on board the ship at the time those missionaries sailed who were to have been her companions. When a friend afterward asked her of her feelings, she replied, “I was enabled to appear calm, but no one knows the conflict there was in my heart.”

CHAPTER VII.

BECOMES A CITY MISSIONARY IN BOSTON.

It was the privilege of Deacon Andrew Cushing, himself a city missionary, first to suggest to Miss Underwood that a field of Christian labor was open before her, in a similar capacity, in Boston. She received the suggestion as from Christ, and devoted herself to that work with alacrity, looking to him for all needed grace. Whatever she did for the poor she regarded as being done for her Saviour, and by her gentle manners and tender sympathies she secured at once their confidence and love. They felt that she was their friend; for, like her Master, she came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. She was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, and the cause which she knew not she searched out; while her associates in the work ever honored her as the disciple who was nearest to Jesus.

She commenced these arduous labors in October, 1857. Her first step was to go over the district assigned her, and obtain, as far as

possible, a knowledge of the families, inquiring into their circumstances, employments, and religious connections. She made a careful record of each family, and then, with all her heart and strength, devoted herself to their good. She found in their humble dwellings some hidden ones, with whom she took sweet counsel; some mothers in Israel, whose words and smiles cheered and quickened her own spirit; some bright-eyed, loving children, whose young hearts warmed hers; some aged and infirm ones, to whom she administered comfort in various ways; some sick and suffering, with whom, after the labors of the day were over, she would watch through the night. She found, also, the idle, the self-indulgent, the bigoted, and the vicious. But, with great patience, she tried to adapt her instructions to every case, and to relieve suffering as far as possible. Many long walks she took to obtain clothing and get children into school; going with them herself, to interest teachers in their welfare. She clothed many, that they might attend public worship, and often called on individuals, to accompany them to the sanctuary, or the evening prayer meeting. Very frequently she found work for poor mothers, and places for their children, that they might honestly earn their bread. She distributed

Bibles and tracts, books and periodicals, trying to quicken the intellect and improve the heart. But the most difficult duty, and that which occasioned the greatest solicitude, was to communicate suitable religious instruction. Over not a few she was permitted to rejoice as returning prodigals. Some long refused to listen, who were at length won by her persevering kindness. At times her heart sunk within her at the overwhelming poverty, suffering, and degradation which she witnessed; but, instead of yielding to discouragement, she sought, by prayer and reading the divine promises, to obtain strength for her toils and trials. She spared neither time nor labor. A long walk, or a driving storm, never hindered Miss Underwood. If she found a poor girl with weak eyes, she went in person to procure her admission into the infirmary; if a poor boy, with a deformed foot, she would go from one shoemaker to another to get something he could wear with comfort. If a poor woman was sick, and might recover with suitable nursing, a free bed in the hospital was applied for. If a poor, consumptive invalid was found, with parched lips and few comforts, she would at once call on some one able and disposed to give, and with her own hands carry the gifts which she obtained. Very many fam-

ished and feeble ones have been nourished by the wholesome food she thus supplied.

Often these labors and visits were a means of grace to herself. We find records like the following: "Had a profitable talk with Mrs. H. — profitable to me. She always gives me more than I impart; a kind of place of refreshment by the way, such as the Lord provides for weary pilgrims. Love is not a stranger in the homes of the lowly, though some other graces may be. . . . Found Mrs. R. much improved in condition. She bears testimony to the goodness of God in supplying her wants in many and striking ways. So all over the world may memorial-stones be set up to record the loving kindness of the Lord."

After a day of visiting and serving others, instead of taking credit to herself, she records, "An unprofitable servant. Am tired of my superficial working." At another time, after a disappointment, "Perhaps I have been proud in view of my recent successes, and need humbling; if so, let me welcome the discipline." Once, having been deceived as to the character of an individual, she writes, "Has not my goodness often been like the morning dew, that vanishes away?"

Then, again, she records her mercies: "Mr. L. gave me a book: 'Safe Home' is the com-

forting title. It is so pleasant to receive such kind tokens ! I feel as if the Lord was the giver ; and how does my cup overflow with blessings for mind, soul, and body !” At another time, “Deacon S. gave me some money for poor Betsey B. ; and what pleased me very much, he gave me a book, ‘The Memoir of Rev. D. T. Stoddard.’ It seemed to come from the Lord’s hands, because it is such a treasure to me.” Again : “Mr. D. kindly gave me grapes, to carry to any who might be sick. I took bunches of them to several persons ; and though they were not grapes of Eshcol, they had a savor of a goodly land, where I hope the kind giver is to dwell hereafter. How pleasant these little mercies must appear in his sight who deigns to note the sparrow’s fall !” She mentions, with gratitude, many persons by name, on whom she felt at liberty to call, when urgent cases of want occurred. Her gratitude seemed stronger and richer than if the favors had been done to herself ; for she rejoiced with them that God had given not only the means, but also the heart, to do good. In one of these calls for assistance, she says, “Spent an hour with Mrs. D. It was a quiet and profitable hour to me. Like a ship putting in for supplies, I need to draw from gracious hearts some of their store.”

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPERIENCE AS A CITY MISSIONARY.

LET us go out with her, one summer's morning, on her daily round of duties. "A bright, warm morning, too warm to be pleasant to visit an old, wooden house, with its lower floor submerged in the green, slimy tide. But those two bright children, who live there, wish to go to Sabbath school, and have no clothes. Some one must see about them. So I go up the old stairs, and scanning the dirty rooms to find a place where my dress will get soiled the least, I sit down in an old, rickety chair, to lay away in memory a list of the articles needed. A hint or two to the mother about trying to make the room look more inviting, a word to the children, and, like a bird, I escape to breathe again the pure, refreshing west wind.

"An hour or two later, I go up two flights of stairs, to see the mother of little Johnny, the deformed boy. She is away, but Johnny is there. I take him upon my lap, and tell him of God, who made, and of Jesus, who loves him.

There is always a thoughtful look upon his face, but never more so than now, as his dark, full eye looks up to mine, and then away to the distant hills. Pointing to them, I ask him if he would not like to be among the waving grass and flowers. Then I tell him of the more beautiful, the better land, and of heavenly fields, where holy children walk. As I rise to leave, he goes and sits down quietly in his little arm-chair. If a lamb in the great Shepherd's fold has been fed, the humble service has not been in vain.

“The day draws to a close; but that poor widow, with a diseased child, should be visited. So I pass down her yard. What a pretty one it is! The old-fashioned country flowers, swaying with the breeze, make me think of home; and the newly-blossomed sweet pea, lifting its graceful head by the door, thrills me with the memory of by-gone days, when just such flowers bloomed in gardens where I played. If I may but bring one new-born soul into the Lord's garden, how, in time to come, will its opening graces awaken a kindred, yet more heavenly joy! As I enter the widow's single room, which serves for chamber, parlor, and kitchen, I notice an involuntary expression of surprise and pleasure, and a warm pressure of the hand assures

me that I am welcome. But soon observing the young girl in tears, I ask if she is not well. 'As well as usual,' the mother replies. But her face is flushed, and the tears fall fast upon her work, as she says, 'My heart is full.' Mary draws her little stool up to her mother's side, and says, in a somewhat broken voice, 'Mother feels that she loves God; but I don't feel that I do, and I want to. I have always been with mother, all my life, and I don't want her to go to heaven without me. I want to go too.' 'Well, my dear child, no one wants her to go without you. The Lord Jesus himself would rather you would come too.' 'But how shall I get to heaven? That's what I want to know. What is it to believe?' Here, then, was the old question, which trembling hearts have asked ever since the days of the Philippian jailer. It is responsible, but blessed, to answer the inquiry, and point, with a full heart, to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. 'Oh, blessed science! — to win souls to God,' my pastor used to say. After conversing some time with the child, the mother said, 'I have had such a blessed experience this afternoon! Soon after noon, I came home, quite tired, from Mr. B.'s, where I had been working. Mary was asleep; and, cast down as I was, I thought it

would do me good to read a little in the book you brought me last week. I read several chapters; and, oh, I can not tell you what a sweet revelation of the Lord was made to me. I was so sweetly subdued! I felt that it was not only all right that he had brought me to this strait, but I rejoiced to have it so. I was wishing you could only come in, and know what a blessing it was that you ever came at all; and when I saw you, I could not speak, it seemed so wonderful. It seemed as if the Lord sent you.'

"In the prayer offered when two of us were entering upon our new field of labor, last fall, I remember there was this petition: 'Go thou before them, Lord, and prepare the way.' This was not the first time I had remembered it. May it receive continued answers to the end of my missionary life, and, at last, the dark valley itself bear witness, that He who loveth us loveth us to the end, and the everlasting song be, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.'"

Many days presented, however, a contrast to this. Sometimes her heart was oppressed with the poverty that abounded so beyond her power to relieve; and one day, after visiting several poor families, she says, "Went home to gather

courage for new tales of destitution, feeling that I could bear no more then."

"My text for to-day was, 'From whence can a man satisfy these with bread?'" Of one poor woman she says, "Feel, when talking with her, that I am rowing against wind and tide." Of a poor girl, "My plans for her all lay in ruins. My faith is like smoking flax." Of two poor families, "A deadly feud exists between them. What dirt, what confusion reign there, with evil thoughts, words, and blasphemies! Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Let me have faith and grace. My work is too great for me; it leads me into waters which are beyond my depth. Called on Mr. W. He is very sick, and ready to converse on religious subjects; but, alas! there is no sight yet either of his sins or of his Saviour.

"The widow's boy has a diploma, and is to go, with the medal scholars, to the Music Hall. He was dressed in a new suit, and sat waiting the time to leave for the school. I thought, how pleasant it is to see this poor boy receiving equal advantages with the sons of the rich, having a good suit of clothes given him, that he may not feel neglected! Blessed institutions are these, emanating from the Word of God." Afterward, calling at the same place,

she writes, "The diploma has been framed, and hangs upon the wall, and is evidently a great treasure in the family."

Speaking of the different neighborhood prayer meetings, she says, "It is interesting to think of these little fires kindled up here and there, like beacon lights, to show poor sinners the way to heaven."

We have seen how she visited families from week to week, instructing, encouraging, and aiding them; and that often they were led, by her efforts, from poverty and suffering to comparative comfort. But better still, in some cases, individuals were led from irreligion to the house of God, to the reading of the Bible, and to a thorough change of character. One instance she especially mentions of a woman thus watched over, till at length she publicly professed her faith in Christ. Not alone among the angels was there joy that Sabbath day. She made, on an average, between two and three hundred visits every month.

The sewing school was with her a favorite expedient for benefiting the children. Great pains were taken to collect them; and she always rejoiced when a good number came.

After visiting all the week, and doing double duty on Saturday, which was her busiest day,

getting clothing for one and another, that they might attend church and Sabbath school, she welcomed the Sabbath with great delight. "Blessed day of rest!" she writes. "What a sweet relief from toil does it bring." Truly she could say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." She loved to see her pastor, Rev. George Richards, in his accustomed place, and often made mention of the comfort and profit received from his preaching. Her journal was enriched by the leading thoughts of most of the sermons she heard, thereby impressing them more deeply upon her mind.

CHAPTER IX.

INCIDENTS OF THE MISSIONARY WORK.

November, 1857. — The sunny and the shady sides of missionary life are recorded every week. The two incidents which follow are respective types of this sunshine and shadow.

“Calling upon a German woman, Mrs. B., I found that her three children had died with the scarlet fever. The oldest was eight years of age, and a member of the East Orange Street Sabbath school. She lived but three days after the attack. The night she died she began to sing,—

‘ There is a happy land,
Far, far away ;’

but her poor swelled throat prevented her from finishing the strain here below. About five minutes before death, she said, ‘ I love you, mamma ; I love you, father ; and I love my Sabbath school teacher too ;’ and then, ‘ Raise me up, raise me up.’ When they had done so, she put her little hands together, repeated the Lord’s Prayer, and died. ‘ Of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

“A week or two since I had occasion to make some calls at a miserable tenement near the marsh, and in the attic I saw the most distressing sight I have ever yet witnessed. The afternoon was cold; the bleak November wind pierced me through with my warmest shawl on. Yet in this room there was no fire. A shivering boy of four years, whose uncombed hair showed the want of a mother’s care, stood by the stove. Another of three years, just recovering from the measles, sat, pale and feeble, on a little dirty mattress, thrown down in a corner of the room. But the saddest sight of all was the baby, that lay moaning on the same wretched bed, with a cancer *on* and *in* his mouth, which was quite black with the dreadful sore! Its little blue emaciated arms were *tied together* with a small rope, that it might not pick its mouth. ‘Oh, dear, dear! this is dreadful,’ I exclaimed; ‘where is the mother?’ ‘And sure, miss, she must get the bread for them,’ said a woman from the next room; ‘she is out washing now, at the baker’s.’ My heart sank down, down, *down*. What could be done? At this moment a little sister came in, with ragged shoes and a basket of chips. ‘Can you not make a fire,’ I asked, ‘and do something for your poor little brother?’ ‘Does he want some drink?’ she said, soothingly;

and going to the bed, she sent the eldest boy out with a rusty tin pail, which he soon brought back, half filled with cold water! And this for that distressed little one, that cheerless day! I gave the girl a pair of shoes I had with me, and in the entry below met the mother returning from her work. 'I feel dreadfully about your poor child; why did you leave it?' Her eyes filled with tears as she said, 'But they must have bread, miss; how else can I get it for them?' I gave her a quarter of a dollar, and, small as the sum was, she told me on Monday, 'I never had a quarter in my life that did me so much good. I bought with it some milk and crackers for the baby, and six cents worth of salve, which quite helped it.' Through a timely donation from Mr. H.'s class, at Winter Street, I was enabled to place money in the hands of the grocer for her, so that she need not again leave the poor child while it lived. Happy young ladies, to have ministered so effectually to the wants of one of those little ones, 'whose angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven.'

"A week later, and the little one was gone. The mother wished me to go up and look at the body, assuring me it would not give me pain, as a kind neighbor had laid it out beautifully.

The dismal attic had been swept and cleaned ; the pallet in the corner was empty ; but, neatly arranged for burial, in its snowy shroud lay the child upon a table. The mouth was covered with a white napkin ; the full forehead was like marble, as were the little hands, in one of which had been placed white flowers ; a glass filled with the same was at his feet. ‘How old was he?’ I asked. ‘Two years, ma’am, this day.’ What a birthday was his !

“ *October 6.* Called on Mrs. —, a poor German woman, whose husband is working in a manufactory. She lives in an attic, and the place looked desolate enough. But, dismal as was her situation, she had tears to shed for others, whom she considered in a worse condition. One of her neighbors had been seized with apoplexy the morning previous, and, though in better circumstances than herself, aroused her sympathy. Blessed sympathy! — the light of heaven shed down upon the darkest paths of earth! Our Lord, the Son of consolation, wept for others, and his patient, generous bosom still bears the woes of a world. Not one tear, not one throb of anguish, escapes the ‘Man of sorrows.’

“Went in to see the sick neighbor, and found the family in deep affliction — the mother lying

insensible, and breathing heavily. Her son had been sick for a week previous, and she had labored all day to do her accustomed work, having five children; then, at night, she watched with the sick son. Tired nature at length gave out, and she sank down in an apoplectic fit, and has remained in it ever since. A sadder sight I have seldom seen, — the poor boy confined to his bed in a chamber above, and no evidence that the mother is prepared for the exchange of worlds. She is a martyr to her son and family. Enduring, tender, strong as death is a mother's love.

“Called on Mr. and Mrs. K. He is old, and very feeble. They have no means of support, except what their children, a boy and girl, can procure. The boy for a while had employment, and earned a dollar and a half a week. The dollar went for rent, and the fifty cents, the mother said, made them comfortable, with the help obtained from some charitable societies. When we think of the fifty dollar wrought waists given to infants of a week old, among the rich, and the fifty cents per week for a family of four, surely we may thoughtfully inquire, Who hath made us to differ? A pair of shoes and a dress are needed for the girl, a pair of shoes and some tea for the mother.

“ Arranged a ride to Roxbury in the cars for poor feeble Miss A., to-morrow, if the weather be fine.

“ Again called, and, after reading and prayer, left ‘ Songs in the Night ’ with her, and trust that she is cheered somewhat by my calls. Went afterward to Mrs. ——. Left for her the Memoir of Rev. Daniel Temple. With Mrs. M. left the Memoir of Mrs. Smith, and learned more of her own history. How earth’s afflicted ones swell in numbers, as my sphere of observation enlarges !

“ 15th. A day set apart for prayer and fasting. Return unto thy rest, O my soul ; renew thy strength at the unfailing fountain. Sweet, solemn rest, at the feet of our Lord !

“ 16th. Called to see Miss S. She appeared interested in religious conversation, but does not seem to have a clear experience of the truth. How hard it is to probe the heart with skill ! Mrs. K., a German woman, young, and very tidy in her appearance, gives encouragement that she will attend church ; was in the habit of church-going before her marriage. Called on Mrs. F. and her married daughter. Realized while there how much easier it is to do for the thankful than the unthankful. Be admonished, O my soul, and remember Him who, ‘ while we

were yet sinners, died for us.' Made calls, in the evening, for clothing to give away.

“*Tuesday.* Called this evening on Mrs. ——. She met me with a countenance beaming with cheerfulness and unwonted cordiality. ‘Oh, I am so glad you have come! You do not know how I have wanted to see you.’ I had thought her a serious inquirer after the truth, and comprehended her meaning. ‘You have found the Lord — have you?’ I asked. ‘Yes, I believe I have, and every thing is very different with me now. We have had a sudden death in the house. Old Mr. —— was found dead in his bed. He retired in usual health, but when his son went up to him in the morning, he lay as if sleeping. He must have had an easy death. I had heard him say,’ she continued, ‘that he was ready and waiting for the coming of his Lord. His death startled me, and I thought of the passage, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.” What if it had been I? said I to myself. My mind was anxious; and last Tuesday evening, at the class meeting, I desired prayers, and they prayed for me. When I came home I did not feel as I desired to, or thought I ought to. Then I remembered the remark in the book you lent me, that we must not expect our feelings will be

just as we desire, and at last I knelt down in that corner and prayed. Oh, I thought I had prayed before, when my husband died, and in my heart-breaking sorrows since; but never have I prayed as I did then. The divine presence seemed all around me. I felt that the Lord was there; and since then I think I am drawn nearer to him. Every thing looks different to me. I know I owe a bill at the grocer's, and others at other places; but it does not trouble me as it did. I remember about Jesus. You know, when he kindled a fire by the lake, and his disciples did not know where their food was to come from, yet he found it for them, and I believe it will be so with me.' As I walked homeward, it was with tearful gratitude that I looked up to the starlit heavens, and recalled an afternoon in the last October. It was a bright, serene day, as I returned with her from an unsuccessful effort to obtain a situation for her oldest boy. I thought how my heart sank with hers at the prospect before her, until a great shadow rested above and around us, and the gentle waving of the elms on the Common sounded like a dirge. After we parted, how gloomily I looked forward, and wondered if I could live through the long winter, bearing such burdens as these! But what had God wrought?

Independent of minor agencies, he hath, in an accepted day, both heard and succored his afflicted one. Though sorrow endured for a night, joy has come in the morning. 'We will arise and adore!'

A few days later, she writes, "Went up some very old, steep stairs, where I was told Mrs. — lived. Having knocked, a gentle little voice said, 'Come in;' and, on opening the door, I found a little lame girl, about seven years old, standing in a chair by the window. Her mother was not in; so, pleased by the face of the little one, and wishing to know if they were in need, I sat down and talked with her a while. 'How many of you are there,' I asked, 'besides your mother?' 'Two brothers, and a sister who died about two years ago.' 'You say your sister is dead, and you have got two brothers, who live here with you?' 'They is dead, about three years ago,' she answered. 'Oh, they are dead — are they?' I asked. 'Well, then, how many of you are there?' 'Two brothers and my sister.' 'But you say they are dead; is there no one who lives here besides you and your mother?' 'No,' she said. I thought of the beautiful lines, —

'A simple child, . . .
That lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb,
What can it know of death?’

* * * *

“‘But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven:
How many are there then?’ I said.
She answered, “We are seven.””

“She had on an old dress, and when I asked her if she had any aprons, she said, ‘No, only some tyers I had a year ago.’ ‘Should you like a new apron?’ I inquired. ‘I should,’ she said; and taking one from my reticule, I put it on her, telling her that some little girls made it. She passed her hands over it as I was fastening it on, and said, ‘They made it nice — didn’t they? It’s pretty.’ ‘Shall I tell them you think it is made nice?’ ‘Yes,’ she replied. I then asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus Christ. She said, ‘I think I heard telling of him.’ Then I tried to make the story plain to her little mind why he died; told her if she took him for her Saviour, she would one day be an angel and live with him, and then asked her if she had ever seen an angel. ‘Only my little brother, when he was dead,’ was her simple and beautiful reply. Her sweet, ‘I thank you,’ as I left the room, would have repaid the givers of

the pretty apron, which I left her smoothing with her hands, in evident satisfaction and joy.

“The seed that by the wayside fell,
Perchance, you counted dead ;
Yet birds that sing in heaven may tell,
They on its sweetness fed.”

“*Monday, January 4.* The generous donation of twenty-five dollars, yesterday, from Mr. H., ought to make me humble under a sense of God’s great goodness. To be a faithful steward, and a holy disciple, I hope is my desire. But what are my efforts to accomplish this? I ought to be grateful for being an almoner of good to the needy.

“*Tuesday.* Was engaged in providing for the L. family things needful for the funeral of little Willie. A lady kindly gave me some white flowers to lay on the coffin. Some Christian friends were present at the last service, and when they had left, I involuntarily exclaimed, How beautiful is Christianity!—for so it seemed in those kind services rendered. Willie looked pleasant, as if sleeping. We hope, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has gone where, as his pastor read, ‘there shall be no more sorrow nor crying; for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’

“A day or two before little Willie died, he was in much distress, and seemed to be dying. That mother’s sorrow was enough to melt the hardest heart. Be it in an attic, straitened and cheerless, or in a softly carpeted room, with lofty frescoed ceilings, the mother’s love is the same — unfathomed, unutterable. ‘Willie, don’t you want to live where angels is? Don’t you want to live where God is, and see him?’ were the touching questions of this poor mother, whose heart leads her, like those better instructed in Bible truths, to the unfailing source of consolation in such an hour — a reconciled God and heaven.

“Called on Mrs. H. In speaking of pride in dress, she alluded to her daughter, — who died long since in the faith, — and said that, when she was at school, it often troubled her to be slighted by her companions on account of her plain dress and their simple way of living. One day she came home from Sabbath school, saying she had found some verses which she meant to learn, she liked them so well. And ever afterward, when thus troubled, she would repeat, —

Am I poor? Do men despise me?
 Do they pass me proudly by?
 Then, oh, let me still remember,
 Jesus was as poor as I.

‘ Was he poor ? Nay, he was poorer :
 He had neither home nor bed,
 Neither friendly shade nor shelter
 For his unprotected head.

‘ Then I’ll ever cease complaining :
 What though riches be not mine ?
 I am poor ; and thus, my Saviour,
 Does my lot resemble thine.’

“ Mrs. R.’s son has at last an opportunity to go to sea. How glad I am ! Yet she must have more money than they have allowed him, in order to be decently fitted out. Think I must see Deacon R. in the morning.

“ *Tuesday.* Went to see Deacon R. It rained quite fast, and the walk was somewhat cheerless. He, however, gave me five dollars, and thanked me for coming. Oh that they who thus give freely and cheerfully could know the full amount of light and comfort they impart to others !”

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS.

BOSTON, February 10, 1858.

MY DEAR M.: How pleasant it would be for me to step into mother's warm room to-night, as I used to do last winter before retiring! My heart sometimes longs for Hingham friends, and I think of some future day when I may be with you; but then it is not best to look away too much from present duties, for I am sure, when it is best, the way will be open for me to spend a season with you all. I hope I shall hear good news from the church and Sabbath school.

I to-day attended the funeral of a faithful Methodist minister. Some very impressive remarks were made. Among others was this: "Our heavenly Father has nowhere told us, 'Learn to die.' It is all, Learn to live: living faithfully, we die and go home to glory." . . .

Your affectionate cousin,

SUSAN.

To a cousin at school, she writes:—

So you are an academian, my dear A. I am very glad, for I think it will be a great advantage to you. I hope you will improve your time better than I did mine. I think a very good rule for you will be, — whatever you undertake, resolve to do it *well*. Never think one or two poor lessons a week are of little consequence. Resolutely keep hold of your book till every lesson is mastered, and by and by it will be a habit with you to have perfect lessons, and comparatively easy. Habits are great helps, provided they be good ones. An old deacon was meditating, one evening, on the benefit he had derived from the habit of always going to the weekly prayer meeting. So he rose in his seat, and abruptly said, “Blessed be God for habits.” I think the good man’s remark has helped me. Perhaps it may you. If it does, tell it to somebody else, and so keep the ball rolling.

Affectionately yours, SUSAN.

MY DEAR MISS R. : My heart is very full concerning you. And now that you are seeking the Lord, a still tenderer chord is touched. Press on, my friend; let no discouragements hinder. “He *waits* to be gracious.” How tender! Not staying to be sought, but waiting — the Lord of glory waiting!

“ Oh, lovely attitude ! he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands :
Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes ! ”

I would urge you to take “ Doddridge’s Rise and Progress,” and read it over and over, till your heart is at peace.

A lovely Christian told me that she read to where he takes leave of the sinner, and then could not go on in sympathy with him to the next chapter ; and so she read it again and again, until, at last, she cast herself at the feet of Jesus, after which she finished the book with sweet delight. It perhaps may not occur to you, that there is another praying for you, whom, as yet, you have not seen. You wish to know the name ? It is He “ who ever liveth to make intercession for us ” ! Precious prayers are those. Must they not prevail ? . . .

Other precious dust lies at Mount Auburn, besides that of your Lizzie ; and they who, like you, have, beneath its wavy shadows, laid away forms dear to them as life, know well how to shed with you the tear of sympathy. Just on your left, as you enter, is a lot upon the slope of the hill, beneath whose grassy turf reposes one, upon whose breast I rested in my earliest slumbers. My father, my own dear father, is

not there ; it is only “ the place where they laid him ; ” but yet, how prone we are, like the disciples of old, to “ seek the living among the dead, ” forgetting that “ they have risen ” !

I remember how the moon shone the night he died ; how bright the heavens were ; how I begged them to shut out its light, and make my chamber dark, as though I would have the clouds sackcloth, and the rain weep with my own tears. I remember the bright sunset of the following day, when kind friends were folding up the sable garments they had been preparing to clothe my body outwardly, as grief had already robed me within. That sunset was most gorgeous ; yet it made me think of the day “ when the heavens shall pass away as a scroll, and the elements melt in fervent heat. ”

I remember the misplaced comfort one sought to offer, by telling over the marks of an unusual fondness my father had always shown for me. As though I did not know who it was that had died ! I remember many things more, and so will you remember, years hence, many of these recent scenes. It is well to do so, for, though it be a furnace seven times heated, has not one like unto the Son of God walked with you in the midst of it ?

Welcome, then, afflictions which cut us loose

from earth, and help us to soar heavenward! Welcome, "light afflictions for a moment," for they work out a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"! Welcome, fellowship with the Man of sorrows! Welcome, kind Physician, who dost probe to heal! Welcome, streams of living water, of which we long refused to taste! Welcome, precious promises, that assure us of our interest in our Father's love, because, by chastenings, he dealeth with us as with sons! Welcome, crosses which, ere long, shall be transformed to crowns! Welcome, the narrow portal of life eternal! We will arise and trim our lamps; the bridegroom will shortly be at the door, and we have slumbered long. May he grant us grace, my dear friend, so to be watching, that we may hear the melody of that assuring voice, "Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

MR. AND MRS. K.: Kind friends, I thank you very much for your generous donation of books, received not long since. Twelve or fifteen of them I have given away among the families I visit, thinking thereby to do more good than by keeping them all to loan.

It is related of Father Grafton, of Newton,

that when, in his parochial calls, he received gifts from his parishoners, he would say, "My friends, I can not repay you; but I have a Friend who can, and when I get home I will tell him about it." Allow me to leave your cause in the hands of the same friend, and also let me send you a few sunbeams.

Going in to see a young invalid Catholic woman, whom I find it difficult to approach on the subject of religion, I asked permission to read her a chapter from the "Better Land." Notwithstanding some hard thrusts at Popery, which I stumbled on, she was deeply interested, and requested me to bring it again, that her mother-in-law might read it. I left the book with them a fortnight, and, on going for it, the mother said she had read it, but it was "so beautiful a book," would I leave it long enough for her to read it through once more?

A pious member of the Essex Street Church, who depends upon her own hands for the support of herself and husband, remarked to me, that she was so weary and sick on the previous Sabbath, that she could not go out to church. "But," she added, "I lay down and read Elijah the Tishbite (which I had lent her), and it was such a feast!"

To another member of the same church I

carried Baxter's Saints' Rest, which she had long been eagerly desiring. Had a literal "feast of fat things" been spread before her, she would not have brightened up more.

For an irreligious man, who but seldom enters the sanctuary, I left Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity; and, calling for it a day or two since, his wife remarked, "My husband has not yet finished the book, but he goes up stairs Sundays and reads it. He is quite interested in it."

To an industrious but very feeble and poor Catholic woman I carried H. More's "Repository Tracts," knowing that, though she could not read, her children could. I read to her, however, a part of the first story, the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain; and, after listening for some time intently, she exclaimed, "Dear me! it seems as though I never heard any thing so beautiful as that."

For a member of Mr. Parker's society, who, with her husband, has fully coincided with his views and measures, I left "Lady Huntington and her Friends;" and, calling a fortnight afterward, I found her husband reading the volume. He left the room as I went in, and his wife remarked, she thanked me for the book. She felt that it was written by a loving spirit, and as she

liked to see high attainments in goodness, of course she liked to read it. Her husband had read it also, but was now looking it over the second time.

In a street not far from you there lives a pious, lonely widow, suffering, much of the time, from acute bodily pain. I carried her "Songs in the Night," which she received with delight, saying she had often wished to see it. When I next visited her, she took up the volume, as it lay on the bed, and, with a look one would not soon forget, remarked, "I don't think you know what a book this is! It goes right here!" placing her hand upon her heart, her eyes at the same time filling with tears. She called my attention to several hymns that had been peculiarly consoling.

And so these streams of refreshing flow on, making the wilderness and solitary places glad. May the fragrant flowers that spring on their banks refresh in weary hours the liberal hearts who caused them to flow.

CHAPTER XI.

NARRATIVES OF THE POOR.

May, 1858. There is a pleasant story told, of a man living on the borders of an African desert, who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty travelers who might pass that way. And our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, He shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in African deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth, and to its fainting travelers many a ready hand holds forth the grateful "cup."

A lady, whose home looks out upon our beautiful Common, called to ask me if I would tell her of some poor and sick persons, to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea and

white sugar—rare luxuries—for the feeble woman in the cellar kitchen, and the dollar bill, slipped into her hand at parting—were they not “cups of cold water”?

A poor Scotch comb-maker's wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen combs, asking, in a half-doubting way, if I thought some poor children, who had none, would not like them. And so fifteen young hearts were made glad! By what? Surely by “cups of cold water,” in no wise to lose their reward.

Several young misses met in our pastor's parlor, in the early part of the season, to sew for poor children. From time to time, they have come together, plying busy fingers with happy hearts. And we have sixty-two garments as a result. Sixty-two “cups of cold water”! How the heavenly inventory runs up!

A pious German woman, herself an invalid, heard that her neighbor, in the yard below, was yet more feeble. The bottle of wine, provided for her at the doctor's suggestion, would surely do that neighbor good. And so, nimble little feet are soon at the widow's door, a bright face looks in, and, with a “Mother sent you this,” the little flask stands upon the table. Wine to the sick woman it may be; but the divine chem-

istry, which years ago changed water into wine, can show this, also, to be a "cup of cold water"!

Late one Saturday evening, a pious widow, in humble circumstances, who had not walked, save from one chamber to another, for years, sent me a loaf of bread, with the message, "The Lord sent it to me for some poor woman." The lateness of the hour, and our Lord's saying, that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, determined me to leave it until the morning, when I took it where I thought it would be welcome. "The Lord has sent you a loaf of bread, Mrs. S.," I remarked, as I went in. Lifting up her hands towards heaven, her eyes filling with tears, she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised." Then pointing to the neatly-spread table, with its scanty breakfast, she said, "There is all we had for to-day." Was it strange that the ringing of the church bells made glad music in my ear that morning? And may we not believe new notes of joy were heard above, as the heavenly chronicler noted down, in that wondrous book, another "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple"?

And so streams of refreshing flow through the parched desert. So to fainting lips is pressed, by loving hands, the overflowing "cup."

“ Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So will they be to this world’s weary dwellers —
Only remembered by what they have done.

“ Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.”

The following extracts are from Miss Underwood’s monthly reports of her work : —

August, 1858. The month of August is ended ; and where have I been, what seen and done ? Children I have seen, happy children, in the pleasant walk by the pond, and by the shady roadside, on the gently-sloping beach, dancing amid the surging waves ; in the old farm house, at the cheerful table ; in the breezy berry pasture, or in the dim old woods, making them ring with their noisy glee, as, one pleasant afternoon, we took our supper with them, beneath whispering leaves. The boys made a velvet carpet of moss for the girls to stand on, to recite their pretty hymns and sing their songs, while the latter, meantime, wove the oak leaves together, to trim the cake baskets. Then, coming back, what a grand old grove we found, far up on the hill looking off to the west, with the waving

carpet of tree tops, stretching far away at our feet! Somebody, years ago, named it "Forest Sanctuary." We would like to have seen a group of the old Covenanters in it. The children did not think of them — not they; but, singing, shouting, clapping their hands, they seemed fully to understand what the little boy expressed once, —

"Oh, mother, it is such fun to be alive!"

Other children I have seen, grouped on the dusty sidewalk of the city, playing with old barrels, or half famished kittens. Their pale faces have looked out upon me, as I passed up dark stairways, some to welcome me back, as did one in that hot upper chamber, who ran and threw her arms about me, and then pressed my hand lovingly to her heart.

I have stood at the bedside of the sick. The room in which that aged woman lay was cheerful and airy. The sheets were snowy white, and every thing about her person scrupulously neat. One of the family stood fanning her, while another watched every movement with tearful interest. Delicacies were upon the table. Green blinds and white curtains within, and dark, shadowy trees without, subdued the light of the midday sun; soft rugs hushed every foot-fall, and a servant waited, within call, to attend

to every want. Scarcely a sound broke the stillness of that sick room, save the call at the door to make the oft-repeated inquiry, "How is she to-day?" As I stood over her, before leaving, and tried to speak some words of comfort, there was no response, save a momentary gleam of consciousness. Had she a well-grounded hope beyond the grave? We may not know until the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

I have stood by another bedside. It was up in that three-storied tenement, which looks down upon a sidewalk swarming with men, women, and children, who laugh, smoke, and carouse, from morning till late at night. There was no furniture in the room, save two chairs; and on the floor was a dirty—oh, what a dirty!—bed, on which lay a young mother, who, they told me, was near death. Lifting the black veil which had been thrown over her as a protection from the flies, I saw a suffering face, such as might well melt the hardest heart. Foul as was the air, the shawl-covered window, near her, closely shut out the fresh breeze, that now and then might have swept in, while the labored breathing showed how much she panted for it. Overworking to support the family, when her husband could get nothing to do, had

brought her to this. Bound by the ties of a common humanity, I recognized there a sister. It was a sight for angels to weep over. The world may shed its tears over its mock tragedies; we have none to spare for them. Such realities as this are enough for us — heart-breaking sorrows of earth, linked in with the momentous awards of eternity!

October, 1858. A suffering woman, whom some of us have many times found it a privilege to visit, has lately passed away, leaving behind the shattered tenement, so long decaying. Her freed spirit has soared, we trust, to a clime where health and youth are eternal. We miss her, but we do not mourn, for we feel that, to her, death was unspeakable gain. Revisit with me that upper chamber, where faith and patience were so long having their perfect work. Every thing was scrupulously neat. The straw carpeting, though used long, had been used with care. On the old-fashioned bureau were sundry boxes and baskets, covered dishes and tumblers, which would have set ordinary bureaus in confusion, but here seemed made to keep company together. Over this was hanging a picture of an old divine, bent with age, and walking-cane in hand, looking so in keeping with the room and its occupant, that I doubt if the “Art

Union" itself had one more appropriate. The chairs were such as we see in old country homes, some of them with patch cushions; and the neat bed stood in the corner, but was never used, for, in the large easy chair by the fireplace, the sick woman took her repose, night and day, and had done so for more than twenty years. On cool days, a little charcoal fire burned on the hearth before the dark chimney, now dying almost away, and then replenished, sending forth its merry sparks with a snapping noise, that enlivened the stillness of the apartment. I once went in, and, sitting down by it, fell to musing, so that I did not wonder when she said, "That fire is a great mystery to me. I sit and look at it, and think, and think, till it confuses me." "If our hearts were like it," I replied, "what a flame of devotion would ascend to God!" "Yes," she added; "but it requires care, and so do they."

Poor sufferer! There she sat, patiently enduring severe and long-continued pains. The cheerful sun shone through the half closed blinds of the east windows, and bade her "good morning;" and through the west window he bade her "good night." The only modern innovation in her sick room was the little clock, which looked quite out of place; but, like some

cheerful spirits in uncongenial society, it good-humoredly kept up its ticking, as much as to say, "Never mind; we will have a good time after all." Day succeeded night, and night day, almost unheeded by the aged woman. The busy world passed and repassed beneath her windows; children sent forth their merry shout, and the great tide of human affairs ebbed and flowed by, leaving her as it found her. When spring woke to life the birds and flowers in the yard across the way, she would totter to the window, and let in the gladsome breeze. How old she looked! how worn! how faded! So, sometimes, in autumn have you seen the golden summer flower bleached white, swaying in the blast, and wondered why it did not fall before it grew so unsightly. Yet you knew that, within its weather-beaten folds were hid the seeds of a new life, which, in a coming spring, would rise in wondrous beauty. Thus within her feeble, suffering frame was hid the germ of an eternal life. The Angel of Patience dwelt in that heart, preparing the abiding place for a heavenly guest.

Years ago, she was a member of Park Street choir, and listened to the preaching of Dr. Griffin. She loved the grand old truths that she then heard, and gave evidence that hers was an

experimental knowledge of their power. She was not given to relate her personal experiences, but her incidental remarks on practical Christianity showed that she was no stranger with her Saviour. She was well informed on all the great missionary movements of the church; and, though much of the world's secular affairs she did not know, yet her remarks often showed that she was not ignorant of many facts that a more careless mind would have overlooked.

Gradually, all the summer long, the silver cord was being loosed. Though for many a "wearisome night" her tent had been pitched "a day's march nearer home," it was soon to be struck for the last time, and she was "to pass over Jordan." On the Sabbath before her death, she said to Martha, — the girl who came in daily to prepare her meals, — "I shall not be here another Sabbath, and I want you to sing to me, before I eat, —

' On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' "

The same noon her pastor called, and, while there, sung her a hymn. "Nearer home" was a leading thought expressed in it; and, after he had gone, she said, "I can not eat until you have read me that hymn, 'Nearer home;' how

good that was!" And so Martha sat down on the stool at her feet, while, with emaciated hands, the aged one smoothed back the hair from the child's forehead, saying, "You love me, perhaps." "Yes, I am sure I do," was the reply. "It may be you love me as well as you would a grandmother," she added, and then nervously laughed, that so much of her heart's yearnings should have been expressed. "Yes," was the honest answer, "I love you a great deal more than I do my grandmother, for I have been with you more. You seem real near." The tremulous motion of the lips showed that the lonely heart was satisfied. Though, just before, the glorious land of rest had kindled desire and strengthened her faith,—though some faint antepast of the heavenly choir had just cheered her solitary room,—yet there was still an earthly tie to be sundered ere she could joyfully join in it; and she longed to know hers was not the only heart that would feel it. Peace to her memory!

There is one luxury in which the poor should be indulged equally with the rich, and that is, the luxury of doing good. Do any ask how one who can scarce keep his own head above water can save a drowning brother? Let it be an-

swered, that an encouraging word, inspiring the sinking, to hope till relief comes, may often be as a word of life to the dead. The measurement of gifts in the Divine treasury extends back to the means and motives of the giver. It is a pleasant thought, that in the honorable mention of woman in the Scriptures, crowned heads and great ladies are passed by, to note a Dorcas, who made garments for the poor, a Mary, who broke the alabaster box of ointment, to anoint her Lord, and a certain poor woman, who cast her two mites into the treasury.

Similar spirits have been found in the world ever since; and if it be ours to open channels through which the sympathies of their hearts may flow, let us not deem it an unworthy service. I have been much interested in some cases coming under my personal observation. We told the children in our sewing school, that the patchwork they were sewing was to be made into cradle quilts, for poor children. A brightening of their eyes showed that to them it was a pleasant thought. After they were made, a pious woman, who has more heart and time than money, proposed quilting them, ready for use. So the children soon saw them unfolded, all nicely finished, and it would be hard to tell which of the three parties, the children, the

quilter, or the babies, received the most benefit. There is a little shop, which I pass often, that makes me think of those Mary Howitt tells of in her stories. It is about eight feet square, and contains a neatly kept, but nondescript collection of toys, cotton cloth, crockery ware, worsteds, and confectionery. The aged woman who keeps it has a Christian heart, and it affects me to note, from time to time, the varied contributions she makes. One day she will boil a custard, over her little stove, for the sick; on another, she will hand me for some one, a mug of hot soup. Or, it may be, she will have a parcel of thread, needles, and yarn tied up, which she will hand me, saying, "It is but a mite, but I hope it will do somebody good." Who doubts that it does good?

These offerings, I am sure, do me good. They make a spring and summer for me all the year round. Amid much that is discouraging, they afford retreats for the mind to rest in, like Christian's chamber, in the palace Beautiful, whose name was Peace, and whose windows looked toward the sun's rising.

CHAPTER XII.

NARRATIVES OF THE POOR CONTINUED.

November, 1858. Went home, to spend Thanksgiving in Hingham. As the boat came near the landing, no father was waiting anxiously at the head of the pier. The dark leaden clouds mantled the distant hills, and yet, underneath, toward the horizon, was a bright edge, betokening the "silver lining." I thought of the wide contrast in my views of life now, and ten years ago. It seems a more noble thing, this life of ours, than it did then. How I hoped the channels of influence might be henceforth deep and wide before me. How I panted to grow. To use up days and years as the costly threads which the weaver joins into a fabric, uniform and resplendent. If ever this be mine to do, it will be all of grace. If, into this sluggish soul of mine, the divine seed has been dropped; if I may but watch and tend it, surely it shall grow into a tree, in the branches of which the birds of the air may come and lodge, and sing. So, while to grace ever more a debtor, may I yet hope and labor on.

The house was quite bright with lights as the carriage stopped at the door. One, two, ran out, and mother stood waiting in the entry. Glad words of welcome made me feel that I was at home. But what was this to the final "home welcome" from the saints, to those who are heirs, according to the promise?

28th. Last week, made an effort to get my poor people a thanksgiving present, but was unsuccessful. On my return to the city, in calling on some of the families, found they had been provided with dinners for thanksgiving, from various sources. The loving kindness of the Lord has been manifest to me in these providences, so marked, so sweet, so tender, that I exclaim with the Psalmist, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Through avenues, as countless as the streams which flow into the sea, he giveth to all their meat in due season. Too often limiting the Holy One of Israel, we rely upon an arm of flesh, and say, Who shall satisfy all these with bread? With infinite ease, and bounty as infinite, he supplies them, and we shortly see "seven baskets full of fragments" above their need.

Find it is not enough merely to perform

kind services ; the manner of performance demands careful attention.

Our Lord Jesus Christ was an eminent pattern for us in all things. In his acts of beneficence, he made no needless inquiry. He laid his hand upon the bier, and raised the dead. No word is recorded as having been spoken, merely to elicit grateful acknowledgment. He performed charities like a God. With what love and meekness did he also administer reproof ! How beautiful his address to censorious Simon : “ Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee ; ” and then, “ Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most. ” Was ever a rebuke so tender, and yet so complete ?

There is a disposition in the human mind to look at truth through a veil of highly colored imagery. When we step forward upon any new course, this fancy-tinted foreground recedes, and the crags and thorns become realities. We are disappointed, it may be, dismayed. The flesh cries out for relief from the toil, and the spirit, though willing, faints, yet rouses herself when she remembers it is her Lord himself who testifies, “ In the world ye shall have tribulation. ” She sees that she should have expected no less, and, with a sobered, chastened zeal, begins to

act. This lesson I have been learning with more especial reference to the feelings of gratitude I have expected from those for whom I labored so unworthily. Often, that which has caused me the most toil, has seemed to be the least understood. This has cast me down, and led me to see that I expected too much. When I remember the weary traveler over Judea's barren hills, the agonized sufferer in the garden, the expiatory sacrifice on Calvary, I feel it becomes me to lay my hand upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, exclaiming, "O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant."

December, 1858. As I went up the wooden stairs, on the outside of the large three-storied house where the sick boy lives, and looked up to the starlit sky, I thought of another night, some eighteen hundred years ago, when, to the shepherds of Judea, those same heavens were vocal with the songs of angels. The message that was then brought to this sin-stricken world, has not grown old. It was the same that I was to bear to the bedside of the suffering boy. Peace on earth, through Him who lived and died for us! As I went in and took his wasted hand, his dark eye brightened, and a pleasant smile of welcome illumined his face. A kind gentlemen had given

me a book that I thought would please him, about the childhood of Jesus. And so I said, "Have you any Christmas presents, James?" "No," he replied; "but Miss M—— brought me one for my birthday" — and he reached across the bed to get it for me. It was a book called "The Beautiful Home." "Do you know, James," I asked, "where the beautiful home is?" "Yes; in heaven." "And who lives there?" "Jesus." "And who else?" He did not answer immediately, and I added, — "Are there any children there?" "Yes." "Do all children go there?" I asked. "No," he said. "Can you tell me how that is?" I added; "what has to be done to any before they can go?" "They must be washed in the blood of Jesus," was his reply. (McCheyne says the evidences of conversion in children, are to be found in their conscious sense of sin.) From this, and the conversation which followed, I could not but hope a saving change had been wrought in his young heart. I came away, feeling that to him death would be unspeakable gain.

Little Emily is another of the suffering ones. Her mother is a widow, supporting herself and young family by washing and ironing. Yet Emily is made comfortable by kind friends, who

often remember her. The good doctor, who attends her free of charge, was called to the West on business. While he was away, Emily grew worse, and one day said to her mother, "If I should not be here when the doctor comes back, tell him the Lord will reward him." On Thanksgiving day, while her dinner, that had been sent her, was being prepared, she sat up and repeated the lines, —

" Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see ;
What shall I render to the Lord,
For all his gifts to me ? "

A benevolent lady had given her a warm blanket ; and many times, as her mother has wrapped it round her, she has said, " God bless Mrs. W——, mother." Who would not crave such a benediction from the dying ?

" Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was sick, and ye visited me ; naked, and ye clothed me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee naked, and clothed thee ; or sick, and came unto thee ? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto

you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

“ Done to thee, wilt thou esteem it
 O our Saviour, done to thee?
 When life’s burdens grow too weary,
 This shall our rejoicing be.
 Thou hast said it, we believe it,
 ‘Ye have done it unto me.’ ”

The following lines were written by Miss Underwood, at this time, to an associate city missionary, who has since gone as a missionary to India : —

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HANNAH CUSHMAN, WHO DIED
 JANUARY 20, 1859.

We miss thee still, our mother ! Three times the gladsome
 Spring
 Hath clothed anew the hillsides, and made the valleys sing,
 Since mournfully, yet peacefully, with reverent feet and slow,
 To thy last rest we bore thee, amid the winter’s snow.

We miss thee still, our mother — and weary seem the years
 Since last we heard thy gentle voice, and felt thy loving tears,
 As, grasping fast our hands in thine, the cordial greeting
 came —

We heard, as no one else could speak, our own familiar name.

We miss thee still, our mother ! Oh, oft come weary days,
 As we press on bewildered, amid life’s stormy maze,
 We hear not in our sadness thy words of counsel rare,
 Thy wondrous charm to comfort, and lift the burdening care.

We miss thee still, our mother — when struggling with the
foe,
Dark doubts on our tired spirits their gloomy shadow throw ;
We know for us no longer thy heart doth plead in prayer,
That we by grace may triumph, believe, and not despair.

We miss thee still, our mother — and long as life shall last,
One grave beside our pathway will never quite be past ;
Nor from our fond remembrance will ever fade the spot ;
It holds a sacred treasure, — it can not be forgot !

We miss thee still, our mother, — but oh ! the blissful
thought,
If o'er the dark death river our feet are safely brought
Within the "many mansions" upon the shining shore,
With rapture we may greet thee, — to miss thee never more !

April, 1859. Felt depressed, on awaking in the morning, to find the day was Tuesday. The remembrance of explorations into new neighborhoods, a week previous, was not pleasant, and I felt a secret unwillingness to spend another such day. But how can we "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," if we do not meet and contend with obstacles? Newman Hall says, "Test of discipleship is found in exposure to trial, rather than in exemption from it." "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness," was the text for the day. And, with such a staff to lean upon, who could despair?

Shall I link together the brief notes of some of the calls made during the day, so as to show, in the simplest way, what I saw and heard?

Called on Mrs. A. Saw her quite a number of months ago. Thought things did not appear as comfortable with her now as then. She told me the secret. Her husband is intemperate. She said, for once, he brought home his week's wages on the last Saturday, without spending any for drink, and told her that, at the grocer's, where he went to get some articles for his little family, they had urged him to stay and play cards. It seems they have a trap-door in the store, and, on lifting it, you find two rooms under ground, supplied with tables and chairs, and heated by a small stove. A leg of mutton was hanging up from the ceiling, as a prize for the winner in the game. For once, the man was afraid to trust himself to the temptation, and went home sober. His wife expressed a readiness to go to the neighborhood meeting, if I would call for her.

Called on Mrs. B. Her husband left her, with an only child to support, several years ago. Generally calls herself a widow, as she says she does not know whether her husband is living or not. Spoke of the subject with as much indifference as I now write of it. "How

is the fine gold become dim," when the holy marriage relation is entered upon, and broken away from, with such apparent unconcern. Otherwise I thought her a hopeful subject for efforts in time to come. She is very poor. Her room was almost destitute of furniture, as she had only recently attempted housekeeping, having lived out at service since her separation from her husband. She seemed ready to converse on religious subjects. Sends her little girl to Sabbath school, and would like to attend our neighborhood meetings.

I made a number of other calls, of a similar character, in each of which I found something to interest me, sufficiently to make me wish to call again. But the details would prove wearisome, so I will close by recording a brief account of two calls, upon some aged Christian women, whom I had never before seen.

The first, Mrs. F., is a member of an Episcopal church, and seemed truly pious. Her house was scrupulously neat, but she is very deaf, and could only be made to hear by the use of her ear-trumpet, through which I was obliged to speak, in a loud, slow, and clear voice. "Is it not a great deprivation to be so deaf?" I asked. "Why, yes," she said, "it was a great trial at first, not to hear the sermon on Sunday. But

I do not feel so bad now. I have the prayers, you know, in the book, and can hear the singing, and I get along very well. I had so much rather be deaf than blind! God is good."

She wished to have me come again soon, so that I might see her husband, she said, for he could talk with me easier.

The other of the two was Mrs. C. She is totally blind—is a widow, lives in an attic chamber, and can herself, alone, take care of it, and keep it quite tidy and comfortable. She was very cheerful. "Is it not sad to be blind?" I said. "Why, I don't know as it is," she said; "I had a great deal rather be blind than deaf! For now a little girl leads me to church on the Sabbath, and I can hear every word of the sermon, prayers and all. When I am asleep I can see, that is, it seems as if I could, and I am happy. Now, I have a sister, and she is well off in the world, and is not blind, as I am, yet they tell me I am the happier of the two." Then, in her simple way, the blind woman went on to describe how she felt when first it was told her by doctors that she would never see any more; how "her peace flowed like a river," and how the Lord had graciously provided for her ever since.

In these cases we have a practical illustration

of the truth, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth;" and they also show that the Master can sweeten the bitterest cup of affliction, and make his disciples not only to bear, but also "glory in infirmities."

My mind was filled with varied and pleasant emotions as I returned home at night; and when, on entering my chamber, I found it illumined by the glowing rays of the setting sun, there came to mind, with a new and peculiar sweetness, the prophetic promise, "At evening-time it shall be light."

CHAPTER XIII.

FAILING HEALTH.

EARLY in the spring of 1859, Miss Underwood felt an unwonted weariness in attending to her daily duties ; and in April was prostrated by a sudden hemorrhage from her lungs. The following letter to Miss F. gives an account of her feelings at the time : —

MY DEAR FRIEND : How glad I am to be able to write you a few lines, though I can not see you “ face to face.” Those flowers you brought me were very beautiful. Their sweetness filled my room, and I went to sleep breathing their fragrance. They reminded me of one I love, or trust I do, — Jesus.

“ I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.”

I was thinking the other day, as I stood look-

ing at our lily, in the parlor window, that it was strange our Lord was not likened to that, rather than to so small a flower as the "lily of the valley." But those which you brought seem to teach me why. First, because of their sweetness, — "His name is as ointment poured forth." Second, because of their purity, — He "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Again, because of their symbolizing, by their lowly drooping, him the "meek and lowly in heart," the true "lily of the valley." And then they bloom in hidden places; and of him it was written "He shall not strive, nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets." Sweet lilies, have they not preached me a good sermon?

I want to tell you how I felt the night I was taken sick, — to set up, as it were, a stone of memorial of the Lord's goodness. When I awoke in the night, and felt the chill from my open window, my first thought was, how good God is to wake me in season to save me from taking cold. A slight crackling in my throat, as I went to the window to close it, suddenly suggested the thought that I might be raising blood; and on taking a towel from the stand, I found, by the dull light of the rainy midnight, that I could discern discoloration. As I went

to another chamber, to awaken some of the family, I felt no fear, resting on the passage, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." After lighting a lamp for the family to rise by, I went back to my room again; and as I sat on the bed's side, wiping the blood from my lips, my text for the day came to mind, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" and it afforded me a consoling plea. When the light was brought, the memory of the last hymn we had sung at the evening meeting came to me,—

"Thou knowest I love thee, oh, my Lord!
But yet I long to soar
Far from the realms of mortal joy,
That I may love thee more."

And a thrill of strange pleasure ran through me at the thought of being taken at my word. Perhaps the Master was about to let me come home. I thought you would like to know of this. It is an hour against which I can write "Jehovah-Jireh,"—for the Lord did provide.

With love, yours,

SUSAN M. UNDERWOOD.

A state of debility requiring rest led to a suspension of labor, and a visit of a few weeks at Hingham. Her cheerful acquiescence in this

interruption to her work is expressed in letters to familiar friends.

To Miss F. she writes again : —

MY DEAR FRIEND: There is nothing I have found so hard to do as to control my thoughts. Truly, he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city. To keep the heart with all diligence is a life work. No bed of weakness discharges us from that warfare. I wish it were mine to be pure in heart, like those who shall see God.

“Thou hidden love of God, whose hight,
Whose depth unfathomable, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
I can not rest, nor shall I be
At rest, till I find rest in thee.”

Do you ask me if I regret the sudden disarrangement of my plans for this month? I can not say I do; only I would love to have gone on without interruption, as it seems to me those lives effect most that proceed uniformly. But my sinful heart needed correction, and I am glad the Lord was willing to take it in hand. It is great condescension in him to hedge up our way with thorns, if thereby we may be saved from destruction. I want to profit by the lesson.

I wish you could see how, as on a festal day, the earth is dressed out now,—you who love flowers so well. If such the glories of his works, what must our Creator be? It is now near sunset, and the fading rays are falling aslant the window sill as I write, lighting up the green grass and trees with a rich luster. Do you remember the hymn, —

“ So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore” ?

It is sweet; is it not? Oh, we have rich reminders of God’s wondrous grace in the works of his hands.

To the same: —

HINGHAM, June 16, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am unwilling to let another mail go without your receiving some assurance that you are not forgotten. The large-typed copy of the Psalms that lies on my table serves as a constant memorial of your thoughtfulness; while, happily, impaired health has not as yet made memory so unfaithful to her trust that the many other proofs of your love are forgotten. I sometimes feel that I would like to come into the meeting, at the Temple, and see you all; and often imagination lets me come

and pass around the circle with friendly greeting. I wish you would give my love to them all; and let them know how gladly I would be there once more. It is just four weeks to-day since I was there! How little I thought such an interruption to my work was at hand!

I like what you wrote about the shadow of the Almighty. It does express nearness. I love, too, the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Is it not a sweet expression when we are sore beset with outward and inward trials? One bright summer day, some years ago, in company with some young friends, I spent a day at the Beach. I was quite out of health; and more than usually susceptible to religious truth. I strolled away from the rest, and in the face of a large rock half inclosing a little sheet of water, which stretched out into the great ocean beyond, I found a sheltered place, just large enough to get into. There, wholly screened from view, I sang with a before unknown delight,—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me, ~
Let me hide myself in thee."

I can not tell you how the boundless expanse of sea before me, the clear blue sky above, and the secure "cleft in the rock," gave me such thoughts of infinite love and power; but you

can intuitively understand them in the light of your own religious experience.

To Mrs. D. : —

June 28, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. D. : Did you know your letter found me on my bed, on account of raising blood, a second time? I am now quite well again, — that is, pretty well. Once in a while, as I look in the glass, there is an appearance about my face that startles me. I am not nervous; I think you will understand me, — it is a kind of look I have so many times seen on other faces that never exchanged it for one of health. The doctors apprehend no danger. And would it be danger to die? How strangely such language must sound in angels' ears!

The second or third day after I was taken sick, a thought of you came to mind, and, in an instant, filled my eyes with tears. You know what that kind of feeling means. It is said, in heaven, God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Did it ever occur to you, that the sweet tears that relieve us in our tenderest hours, that come responsive to our most hallowed feelings, will be shed even in heaven; and that the Elder Brother, the Beloved, will wipe them away? You know in such tears we often experience the

most exquisite joy,—emotions that seem to have more of heaven in them than of earth. Poorly skilled in the heart's mysteries are they who associate all tears with grief.

CHAPTER XIV.

VOYAGE TO MALAGA.

SEVERAL weeks passed without a return of strength, or any favorable change in Miss U.'s health, and a voyage to a warmer climate was proposed. Through the kindness of friends in Boston, arrangements were made for her going to Malaga, Spain, under very pleasant circumstances.

An account of the voyage was given to the public through the Hingham Journal, in November, 1859; and as Malaga is out of the ordinary lines of travel, and her letters reveal so much of her own inner life, as well as the novelties of a foreign land, some account of the voyage is here subjoined in her own words.

To Mrs. B.: —

MALAGA HARBOR, August, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Away across the dark blue wave is a warm and true heart that sends you its greeting to-day. From the inclosed attempt

at journalizing, you will find that to me life at sea revealed its "shady side." For five days, we had a boisterous head wind, that caused our bark to plunge madly ; and made us feel there was but a step between us and death. Many of the psalms were very beautiful to me, especially the one, "God is our refuge and strength." The little prayer of my earliest childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep," has often been on my lips, as I folded my arms to rest, amid the surging of the waves, the wild play of the wind in the rigging, and the quivering of our noble vessel. There was a new meaning in the oft-repeated words,—

"If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Do you know when and where I had my pleasantest thoughts of you all? I can tell you the very hour and place. On the third Sunday out from Boston, I was able, at seven o'clock in the evening, to accept, for the first time, the repeated invitation to a prayer meeting, in the fore-castle. I had not been well all day ; and my thoughts had flown to the blessed sanctuaries where so many were keeping holy day. My heart truly longed for the courts of the Lord. Often before, the thought that nearly all of those

lardy men were converted, had caused a strange thrill of joy that awakened tears. Often had I longed to steal to their door, and bid them God-speed ; but I was too sick. That evening I felt better, and went. The fore-castle was fitted up tidily. Every thing seemed to be in its place. A lamp, fastened to a beam, shed an imperfect light around. The service was begun by reading the psalm, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord ; let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation." Never shall I forget how, when, after singing "I am going home to die no more," one of them knelt down and humbly committed us to Him who showeth mercy. He prayed for the dear friends who were remembering us ; and the thought of you, as you gather around the family altar, came sweetly to mind, and more sweetly came the thought of a cloud of incense ascending from sea and land, and mingling before the mercy seat. Not a sound was heard from without as he rose. The soft evening mist wrapped us, as in a vail, but, —

"More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated over head,"

fell the dews of the Holy Spirit. I was glad there was but one lamp, for I could not restrain my tears. With probable reference to us, from

the cabin, the third chapter of John was then read; and the truth, in a simple way, was pressed upon us. My hope and prayer is, that of this humble room it may hereafter be recorded, concerning some, "This man was born there." Truly, I was not prepared to find our ship a Bethel. I hope to be made better by the good influence of the example of these sailors. My friends thought only of improving my health; but God designed to quicken the spiritual life of a passenger by a sailor in the fore-castle.

MALAGA, ON BOARD THE "YOUNG TURK," }
August 3, 1859. }

MY DEAR MOTHER: I wrote you last in Boston harbor. I now write you in that of Malaga. As we went into the cabin, for the first time, below "Boston Light," the loud ticking of the clock sounded so lonesome! I wondered if it ticked so when our friends were on board. But the excitement was over; our friends had gone, and we were out at sea. Very soon, I began to feel sick. We sailed on the 7th of July; and last Sabbath, the 31st, was the first day in which I could say, "I feel well." Those twenty-four days of bodily discomfort will not give you the idea that I enjoyed the voyage. I was sometimes very thirsty; then how I longed to go to

that old oaken bucket again, and wondered if I ever should !

Now for the sunny side of the picture. We had a pleasant company in the cabin ; and much of the tediousness of the passage was dispelled by their society. The sailors are all pious, but two. They have prayer meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings ; and it would do any one good to attend them. It is a new thing for religion in the fore-castle to invite the cabin to prayers ; but, I assure you, it is a good thing. One of the men has a library of religious books, which he loans among us ; so I hope their good influence will make its mark on us all.

On the 1st of August, I was called up early to see the land ; which, upon going on deck, we found looming up in high dark promontories, on the African coast. We passed into the Straits of Gibraltar with a fine breeze, clear sunshine, and all hands well. The entrance to the Bay and Straits was grand, and yet lovely. A thin purple haze, such as I have often observed in paintings, half veiled the shore, and added to its charms. All along, as we passed up to Gibraltar, was seen the watch-towers on the lonely headlands, built by the Moors, in the days of their pride. Some of them resembled old castles, and were very picturesque. The

village of Tarifa, with its lighthouse and white buildings, nestled, like a bird, close to the sea ; while far up the slope was a neat cottage, with out-buildings, orchards, and gardens, so like those at home, it seemed a New England child on the bosom of a Spanish mother.

But Gibraltar was the crowning picture of the day ! Such a rock, standing out, like a giant, far into the ocean ; the bright sky overhead ; the white, dashing foam around, leaping up and singing its wild song, is worth crossing the ocean to see. On the opposite coast is a rocky promontory. This and Gibraltar form the historic "Pillars of Hercules." On its summit is a Spanish prison, where the Cuban invaders, under Lopez, were confined.

About midnight, we sailed into Malaga Bay. The moon had gone down ; but the sky was cloudless, and the stars innumerable. All was silent, save the voice of the captain giving orders, and the responses of the men. The lighthouse, at the entrance of the harbor, sent its white and crimson rays over the waters. All around were rows of lights, denoting the harbor-guards' quarters, which line the city's shore. We drew nearer the light, when a boat, with a white awning, shot out from the coast, and came alongside. It was the pilot's. After he came

on board, there was a long silence, broken only by the ripple of the waves around the ship's side, or the pilot's occasional word of command. The city loomed up, dark and still. It was a strange, wild hour, never to be forgotten! "Let go the anchor," said the pilot. It rattled out, and silently sank in the waters. The bell of the old cathedral chimed out the hour of two, and we were safely anchored at Malaga. In the morning, the captain's wife came to my state-room, and held up a bunch of grapes, such as I had never seen before. It was nearly half a yard long, and such beautiful white grapes! Going on deck, there was evidence that we were near an "exceeding good land." Fresh figs, plums, new potatoes, eggs, mutton, with other fruits and vegetables, — oh, what a feast! All these things are brought to us; for we are in quarantine, and can not go on shore. The weather is very warm; though under the awning, on the quarter-deck, it is nice and cool. The city is worth looking at; it seems as if I should never tire of gazing on it. We are very near the shore. In front of us is a hill, dark brown, and very high; the city lies at its foot. The houses are built of stone, plastered, and painted white, green, blue, and yellow. Donkeys innumerable are going about, loaded with men

and baggage. My eyes have become stronger; I have no trouble with my lungs, and feel perfectly well. If any one should be grateful and trustful, it is I, who have tasted so much of the goodness of God.

On their arrival at Malaga, the ladies in the cabin, one of whom was the wife of the captain, decided to keep together on board, rather than go to a hotel in a foreign city, and formed a very pleasant family.

CHAPTER XV.

MALAGA.

Saturday Evening. It is moonlight in Malaga harbor; multitudes of boats float about on the glassy sea. Not a cloud is in the heavens; the air is balmy, and vocal with numberless voices. A large ship — the largest that ever sailed into this port — lies alongside, and its crew have just been singing some of their songs, and having a merry time in jumping from the deck, a height of twenty feet, headlong into the water. On the shore, a company of some three hundred soldiers, with a band of music, have just passed along the street, and crowds of people throng the principal thoroughfares. It is a scene of gayety, life, and beauty! Our own ship is quiet as a New England farm house, where, the busy week ended, its inmates prepare for holy time. The captain and ladies have gone, this afternoon, to Grenada. Our other passengers and the first mate are at the city; and I wander about quite solitary. The ticking of the clock sounds lonely. I look out upon the main deck; the moonlight pencils

the spars and ropes on its neatly washed surface. The shadow of the Spanish guard falls there, just by the fore-castle ; while, from within, I hear the pious sailors singing “ a song of Zion in a strange land.”

I am not alone ! I was disappointed to have the Grenada party go without me, to visit the Alhambra : to see its ruined palaces, flower gardens, and fountains would have been like an Arabian Night’s dream ; but I could not go. There is a more glorious palace where “ God is known as a refuge.” Thither I trust one day to ascend. No regretful glance will then be cast toward the fading monuments of earthly grandeur. If faithful, the humblest disciple shall walk those golden streets. In the eyes of angels, a purer joy dwells among the inmates of the fore-castle than in the gayest company of tourists on the continent. No ; I am not alone ! A “ household of faith ” are gathered in this ship, among whom I believe Jesus walks. Deprived for the time of earthly society, may I not hope for his heavenly companionship ? Happy solitude, that invites his presence ! Enriching poverty, that draws on his fullness.

First Sabbath at Malaga. Our Spanish guard has had his family on board, this afternoon, to see him. As they sat, grouped on the main

deck, I went out and gave to one of his children my penknife, and to another a cologne bottle, to show that the "Americans" felt kindly toward them. I did not speak; for they would not have understood me. I afterward sat reading in the cabin, and had just finished this sentence in the "Better Land:" "Oh, taste the grapes of Canaan, before you come to Canaan!" when a timid footfall on the carpet made me look up, and there stood the little black-eyed Spanish girl, with her apron filled with grapes. It was pleasant to witness this illustration of the power of kindness.

The day is drawing to a close. On shore, a band is to play martial music from eight to eleven o'clock. Crowds of people will throng the public walks; and the Lord's day, in this dark land, will close as our holidays do at home. The thought of the children of this great country growing up into such ways of spending holy time, is painful. Oh, when will morning dawn in guilty Spain?

Friday. We went to-day to visit the cathedral. It is a large building; at each corner of the front wall is a tower, but one only is finished. Ascending the other, you look out on an extensive prospect of mountains, hills, city, and sea. A massive iron door swung open to admit us;

then we found ourselves beneath lofty arches, heavily ornamented, with Corinthian columns supporting them. Figures of the Virgin and saints, without number, adorned every arch and column; paintings filled up the intervening spaces. Here and there were altars of alabaster, marble, and jasper, profusely gilded; while two organs, as high as from floor to ceiling in churches at home, stood opposite each other in the center. Between them was an inclosure of oak, elegantly carved. I noticed two paintings only, which I especially admired: one of the Holy Family, and the other of the Virgin walking on clouds, and surrounded by cherubs. It was the hour of vespers, and a group of priests, in long black robes with white mantles, were chanting Latin prayers. The same afternoon we visited the English burial ground.

Sunday. Another delightful Sabbath. A fresh breeze spreads out into the sunlight the many-colored flags at the mast-heads of ships from all parts of the world. Now the silvery water of the bay, like a loving mother, bears them upon its heaving bosom. Soon, like the children of the homestead, they will go out upon their several errands. He who taught us to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven," alone, will behold each little company. "The Lord's eyes

are in every place." In that one touching sentence, he taught us to recognize the bond of universal brotherhood. Not *my* Father, but *our* Father, who art in heaven.

Met Mr. and Mrs. H., of Boston, at the cathedral, and went with them to the English chapel, which is in the large mansion belonging to the mother of the English consul, and formerly his own residence. The front door of this house opens into a court, from which wide flights of stairs lead up to apartments above. These open upon a stone-paved hall, lighting which are high, wide windows, covered with a lattice work, interlaced by woodbines, resembling the morning glory. The intervening spaces on the wall were hung with paintings. The room devoted to the chapel is large and airy; its walls painted with colonnades of Corinthian pillars and a background of mountains. The seats are cane-bottomed chairs,—in front of each is a straw cushion, or hassock.

Wednesday. Accepting the invitation of Mr. M., an English gentleman, a party of us accompanied him to-day to his country house at Alhaurin. We rose at three o'clock, and took a lunch on shipboard; for a distance of three leagues to breakfast required it. Antonio, the boatman, waited at the ship's side; and our

coach-and-four we found at Mr. M.'s house in town, and, though very comfortable, it looked as though it had traveled "life's hard road" a century or more. Built like a carry-all, yet having side seats like an omnibus, it was a grotesque affair, with its old flapping curtains and narrow cushions. Our party numbered seven. . . . But to the ride. Harnessed into this original conveyance were four sorry-looking steeds, having two drivers; one of whom, however, turned out to be simply a "beater" of the horses.

After leaving the walls, and passing through a long avenue of dusty aloe trees, the road wound over brown fields, with scarcely a tree in sight. There are no fences or houses scattered along, but one wide range of fields, terminated by high hills, with here and there a walled village, embowered in orange, fig, and olive trees. One of these towns is the "bread town," the village that supplies the city of Malaga with bread. The loaves are brought in on the backs of donkeys every day. This bread is excellent; I have never eaten any thing made by bakers quite so nice. We found the roads narrow and steep, and the shallow streams were without bridges. As some one has waggishly said, "The rivers of Spain are very good rivers, only there is no

water in them." There were some country houses on the estates of rich merchants, but they were "few and far between."

After a ride of more than three leagues, a short bend in the road brought us to as glorious a view as I ever looked upon of hills, valleys, streams, orchards, and villages. The town itself is very clean, the streets narrow, and the houses white. The front door of Mr. M.'s house opened upon a tile-paved hall, which in its turn opened upon a court yard covered with a trellised vine. In one corner of it was an old well, with oaken buckets. From this court was a long walk covered with vines, and ending in a summer house. In the orchard were growing dahlias, roses, pinks, balsams, and oleanders, with figs, almonds, peaches, apples, pomegranates, olives, mulberries, sweet potatoes, corn, oranges, and lemons. The rooms of the house were high and airy, and paved with tiles. The windows had balconies looking out upon a grand prospect, the beds had lace curtains, and the chairs were made of the wood of the lemon tree, with flag seats. In the hour before dinner, we visited the springs which supply the town of Alhaurin with water. A stream, some three feet in width, walled in on each side, rippled along the streets through which we passed.

Bare-headed women were kneeling over its edges washing their clothes, and spreading them on the flagstones. Old women and young maidens gathered in groups to gaze at us as we passed. The springs, twenty or thirty in number, bubbled up in the bottom of a kind of reservoir, at the upper end of the town. Flights of stone steps led down to the water, at the bottom of which water-cresses were growing. Feeling warm and fatigued, we sat down on a stone seat, under the shade of poplar and oleander trees. A little girl, of about fourteen, was just going down, with her water jug on her shoulder. Mr. M. asked her to bring us a drink. Going into one of the white-washed houses, on the other side of the street, she quickly returned with a tumbler, which she brought to us overflowing. Refreshing as was the water, it was not more so than her charming face. She had a clear olive complexion, and cheeks redder than roses. Her eyes were black and sparkling, fringed with long eyelashes that gave her a roguish look, while her hair was black as the raven's wing. Her features were regular, and her teeth like ivory. As she stood there, with her old faded calico dress, her hempen shoes, trying to talk to us, and then laughing to think we could not understand a word she said, I thought how far

one might travel at home without seeing her equal in grace or beauty. Finding we wished no more water, she bade us adieu, with the dignity of a queen.

We were glad to return to the house, for the heat was oppressive. Our dinner waited for us; I think we had six courses. Among other things, we had the Spaniard's favorite dish,—the oleo,—a kind of succotash made of vegetables, a rich potato pudding, and a bunch of grapes, which, it was estimated, would weigh ten pounds. We reached the ship in the evening, after spending one of the most interesting days I remember.

Monday. And now, what do I think of Malaga? That it is a strange, curious place; its streets narrow, so that in some places we have to step into the doors if a horse comes along. Balconies abound on the dwellings of the better classes, in many of which stand pots of flowers. The stores are neat, and, though small, well supplied with goods. There is one we have visited frequently for linens. It looks very much like a cellar, having a stone floor and white-washed rafters. The ceiling alone is papered. Two or three closets, with glass doors, contain the nice piles of linen, which the merchant takes out as we call for them; unlocking

the doors with a little key, which he keeps on his writing desk. He looks like a professional gentleman, and quite out of place in so simple an establishment. Out of this room opens another, where, with the old-fashioned loom, all these linens are woven by hand.

The city is indeed a foreign looking place, with its long lines of heavily laden donkeys and their drivers; the peasants in leathern breeches, white stockings, and hempen shoes. As we walk about, children point to our bonnets, saying, "Americano! Americano!" for the señoras wear no bonnets, but black mantillas instead, trimmed with lace, and caught gracefully on the back of the head by gold, silver, or shell pins. All carry fans, for which the demand is so great that you find stores devoted solely to their sale. As a people, the Spanish are remarkably handsome.

There are numbers of convents, with gates and doors opening into the public street. We can look in, and see paved court yards, with borders of flowers, and every thing very nicely kept. My strong desire to visit some of them has not yet been gratified.

Multitudes of soldiers throng the street, in neat blue uniforms, gilded caps, and epaulets; while mingling with them and the crowd are nu-

merous priests, dressed in long black gowns, and hats with rolling brims. The principal street is the Alameda. It is wide, has a graveled walk, resembling the mall on Boston Common; and, like it, is shaded with trees, though they are small in comparison. On this Alameda all classes promenade from nightfall till near midnight. Water-carriers go about crying, in a sonorous voice, "agua! agua!" (water), which they sell for a penny a glass.

Sunday, August 4. Spent this day on shore, with Mr. and Mrs. H., at the Fonda. This is the principal hotel of Malaga, and stands facing the Alameda. Went with them, before service, to several of the Catholic churches, in two of which the ceremony of "grand mass" was being performed. We afterwards attended worship at the English chapel.

We sat and read during the afternoon, though we were much interrupted by the noise around the Fonda; for it was the day of one of the great Spanish bull fights, and consequently more riotous than usual. We saw from our windows the bull fighters, in their gay dresses, ride off to the fight; also the poor horses destined to cruel torture, and turned away heart-sick. In this fight alone, nine bulls and twenty-four horses were killed. After it was over, the

streets were thronged with the returning multitude, for the amphitheater, which seats ten thousand people, is remote from the center of the city. The sounds and sights that now met our ear and eye were enough to deaden the impression that it was Sunday, in the devoutest heart.

Tuesday, September 6, was our last day at Malaga. From early morning till after night-fall, boats had been alongside, heavily laden with boxes of raisins, bags of almonds, and cases of lemons. The sonorous counting of those keeping "tally" had sounded on our ears all the day long. Late in the afternoon, a donkey, the present of an English gentleman of Malaga to Capt. H., had been rowed alongside, and merrily hoisted in his rough little stable on board. Poor donkey! he little guesses his fate, as he stands there so meekly. He has a rough road to travel; but happily, unlike us poor mortals, he can not anticipate evil.

At last, every thing is on board; it is late in the evening. We are to sail to-night. After spending an hour with us, Mr. and Mrs. H. have just bade us "good-by;" and the captain has gone with them to the landing. I go up on the quarter-deck to take a farewell look at the city. Having loosed from our moorings, we are now

so remote from the shore that its sounds scarcely reach us. Scores of vessels lie at anchor in the harbor, whose waters are placid and clear as a mirror. In the background is the high, dark hill, with its gray fortress, looking down like a sentinel upon the city. The white walls of warehouses and dwellings gleam in the moonlight, while toward the ocean I see the sails of ships "outward bound." It is a beautiful picture. Faithful memory, hang it up, in all its freshness, within thy walls! Here what blessings have been vouchsafed me: health, pleasant acquaintances, and scenes visited that I shall always love to recall. I try to lift up my heart in humble gratitude to the bountiful Giver, and renew the dedication of myself henceforth to his service.

The cathedral bell chimes out three quarters to eleven; the fortress soldiers and harbor guard respond, one after another, in Spanish, "All is well!" I cast one more lingering look, and feel, as I go below, that I have bidden "farewell to Malaga!"

Miss Underwood has mentioned the pleasant company in the cabin during their voyage out, and we have seen them preferring to remain together on board during their stay in Malaga.

The following letter to her young friends of the Winter Street Sabbath school, gives a more full description of their floating home : —

ON SHIPBOARD, }
MALAGA, August 22, 1859. }

MY YOUNG FRIENDS : Indebted, as I feel myself to be, for your kind remembrance of me before leaving Boston, I know no fitter way of acknowledgment than to write you from this distant city. Though my letter is dated on shipboard, you will not, I hope, associate with it ideas of close or uncomfortable quarters, because my present home has won my regards, and I want it should have yours also. Our convenient state-rooms, with their white-curtained berths, open into a little drawing-room of a cabin, with sofas and arm chairs, and ventilated by doors at either end. These, with the cool quarter-deck, covered with its new awning, where we sit evenings, and enjoy the moonlit waters, all unite in rendering our ship as inviting a home in this foreign land as we could ask.

Last evening was the Sabbath, and the air was vocal with the voices of Spanish sailors and boatmen, — for the Sabbath is a holiday with them, — yet on going to the door I heard, above all, the voices of our men singing our own sweet hymns. And it is pleasant on a week day to

hear even those indifferent to religion, go about humming to themselves our sacred tunes. We reached here after a sail of twenty-five days. It was an interesting thought, that over these waters Columbus sailed on his wonderful voyage of discovery. Spain is no longer the land she was then.

The city itself is a foreign-looking place. A range of high hills lies back of it, crowned with a fortress, from which a gray wall runs down, surrounding the town. Soldiers are stationed at the different gates, and about the city. There is an English burial-ground near by, on the hill slope, overlooking the sea. All English and American seamen, and all English residents, dying at Malaga, are buried within this inclosure. A Gothic lodge guards the entrance, which opens upon a smoothly graveled walk, bordered by shrubs and flowers. This walk leads up a slope to the burial-place, which is laid out much like our American cemeteries. The cenotaphs and stones are also like our own, except that I noticed on the graves of seamen a covering of shells laid closely together, which I think appropriate. There is a small chapel in the grounds, connected with which is the dwelling of the Spanish family who takes care of them. This seems to consist of an old woman, her

son, and granddaughter. Seeing we were tired, the old woman made signs for us to come and sit down. The door-yard was paved with pebbles, and having been washed, was cool. Here the little girl placed chairs for us, and glad were we to accept the kindness. Presently the grandmother went out among the shrubbery, and returned with bunches of grapes, which the little girl washed at a spring close by. The man climbed a fig tree, and gathered a dish of that delicious fruit; and afterwards, another, of the prickly pears, that grow abundantly in the inclosure. The little maiden then took the clay water jug up the path, and brought us water fresh from a spring. As we sat, I looked up to the trellised vine and fig tree, and was reminded of the Scripture which describes prosperity, by every man's sitting under his own vine and fig tree. There was abundance of home flowers around, and the family gave us bunches of them. This portion of the cemetery opens into another, which is smaller, with paved walks, and surrounded by a white faced wall, with woodbine growing over it, while on the sides of the paths were pots of rare plants. Standing at the head of the main walk, and looking down the avenue of cypress trees, with the blooming flowers on either hand, and then beyond to the blue sea, dotted with white sails, and the clear

cloudless sky, it was easier to believe it a dwelling-place for the living than for the dead. Our party were in excellent spirits, and chatted merrily about the Spanish family, their cottage, and the flowers; yet I could not but think what heart-breakings had been beside those graves, and remember those whose eyes fill with tears at the mention of the "English burial-ground" at Malaga.

Here, too, thought I, as we slowly came down the sloping walk to the gate, are those who, in the judgment day, are some of them to come forth to the resurrection of life, and some to the resurrection of damnation. How awful is the place where death reigns! I can not tell how many times I have been thankful that my home is in New England. We who have been taught from our youth up in the Holy Scriptures, will have much to answer for, if we do not believe in Him of whom they teach. Let us then, by loving and serving our Saviour with all our hearts, show our gratitude for the great blessings we enjoy in our highly-favored land. I trust you will be interested to know that my health is restored, and that I hope to return soon to my accustomed duties in the city. Once again thanking you for your very acceptable gift,

I remain very affectionately yours,

SUSAN M. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUPPORT IN SICKNESS.

MISS UNDERWOOD returned from Malaga in October, and after spending a few weeks at Hingham, resumed her labors as a city missionary in Boston.

November 20. For the first time since the 28th day of May, I this day made calls among the poor. Shall I forbear to write down my thankful tribute for the mercies which have crowned these intervening days?

O God, I bless thee, through thy Son our Lord and Saviour, that thou hast been mindful of me in my lowest state. On the sea, in a foreign land, in my own land, have I been upheld by thee. In my deepest griefs has been vouchsafed to me sustaining and comforting grace, in the sorest temptations a door for escape, in my hours of gladness some disposition to remember the Giver. "Oh, to grace how great a debtor." "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications."

It was a sweet privilege to attend once more the meeting for prayer at the Temple. How earnest and heavenly seemed the petitions, how instructive the exhortations, how delightful the songs of Zion! "My soul shall make her boast in God; I will magnify the God of my salvation." Here, on this day, I raise a memorial stone to the Lord.

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

"In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

"When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

"In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more."

November 20. The blessed Sabbath day!
Once more, O God, my feet stand within thy
holy and beautiful house. Once more I hear

the songs of praise swelling beneath its sacred roof. But I miss one who ministered there in days past. Sad earth, clouds overshadow thy brightest days! The pastor elect interested me. The old familiar faces made me glad; the noon Bible class gave me pleasant thoughts, and against this day must be written, "Goodness and mercy." But I have "nothing to pay" — our text for this morning — to offset my rapidly accumulating debt of benefits. But oh, what a price was paid for them, once for all, on Calvary! Not that we loved God, but that he loved us.

Monday. Made several calls. All appeared glad to see me. Met little Annie R. in the street. The child looked surprised. I said to her, Did you know I had been sick, Annie? "Yes; a lady told us. I thought you were dead." You are glad I am not? I said. Her eyes, I thought, filled with tears, and she did not look up, but said, "Yes'm." Could it be the child's tears were those of joy? How unworthy I am of such love. How unworthy must I appear to the all-seeing Eye.

Most auspiciously did her work begin, and some of the visits made were of peculiar interest. But in less than a week, unexpectedly to herself and friends, another hemorrhage from the lungs

disappointed all her bright hopes, and laid her low. This was a sad visitation, and the first effect was depression. But she soon turned to her never-failing refuge, and a few days after handed to a friend the following poem, which shows how the Comforter can bring relief to a trusting heart: —

SONG IN THE NIGHT.

A beautiful vision arose on my sight,
 And my fond heart had treasured it long ;
 It showed what a Life of this life might be made, —
 How its strife might be changed into song !
 Ah, beautiful Life !
 With its strife ever changing to song !

It showed me my work was to toil, watch, and pray,
 And help wandering souls to their rest ;
 The hungry to feed, and the naked to clothe,
 And to make many heart-stricken blest.
 Ah, soul-stirring Life !
 That could make many heart-stricken blest !

I thought, ere I crossed the dark Jordan of death,
 There might, though unworthy, be given
 To me the blest hope that I crossed not alone,
 But bore sheaves for the kingdom of heaven !
 Oh, sweet-ending Life !
 Bearing sheaves for the kingdom of heaven !

But clouds gather blackness. A mantle of night
 Hides in darkness my vision so free ; —

The angry waves moan, as they break on the shore, —
Peaceful Jordan, this seems not like thee !

Alas, stormy Life !

Peaceful Jordan, this seems not like thee !

As billow on billow doth over me roll,
Up my heart lifts its suppliant cry,
When a voice breaks the storm, the tempest is hushed :

“Poor sinner, fear not ; it is I !”

Oh, wonderful Life !

“Poor sinner, fear not ; it is I !”

“The life thou wouldst live, I for thee once have lived,
And the work thou wouldst do I have done ;
For debts thou didst owe, I the ransom have paid ;
Thou with me and the Father art one.”

Ah, thrice-blesséd Life !

With the Father, the Spirit, and Son !

To free grace a debtor, I'll sorrow no more !

But my loud hallelujah shall be,

That, though so unworthy, so helpless am I,

There is Life Everlasting for me !

Oh, glorious Life !

There is Life Everlasting for me !

BOSTON, December 19, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY: I have just received your letter, and write an immediate answer, for my health is so uncertain that when I am able to do any thing it is best to do it *then*.

You will be sorry to learn that I have been out of the house but once since last Thanksgiv-

ing. A more severe hemorrhage than either of the two former was the commencement of my illness. I have probably closed my missionary work in Boston. Like Jonah, I sit and look at my withered gourd. It was a beautiful tree, that winter plan of mine; but it is withered and dead, roots and all. So you see I am under the rod again. I comfort myself in remembering who it is that chastens. I love to think, with dear Mrs. A., when her daughter died, that "it shows the Lord has not forgotten me." Your requests moved me for more reasons than one. Up above we will talk it all over. And I trust those dear friends you mention, may indeed join the blissful companionship of saints, for which I am hoping in our Father's kingdom.

I read yesterday "The Inalienable Possession," by Dr. J. P. Thompson. Read it, if you have not already. It gives the spirit of joy for that of heaviness, and lifts up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees. A friend has kindly given me Archbishop Leighton's works, and I have begun his Epistle of Peter. I suppose you are already familiar with it; if so, you will see that I have a feast of fat things. I found a cordial for one day, when the waves and billows were going over me, in this work. May I send it to you? "God has one Son without *sin*, but no son without suffering."

Dear Mary, we will not repine if we are to be admitted to that class in Christ's school, who learn by suffering to comprehend the great mystery of his sufferings. The old pictures in Woodbridge's Geography, of Gibraltar, bear but a faint resemblance to the reality, as it passed before me on August 1st. More widely different the speculative and the experimental knowledge of our Lord's sufferings. Do you recollect the expression, the "fellowship of his sufferings"? But, alas, my notions are but meager, my sight obscure, like the restored blind man, who saw men as trees walking, though at first I wrote as though I understood. I only meant to show that it must be the only way fully to understand our blessed Lord, to have first suffered ourselves. He who comes out of great tribulation, must surely know Christ better than the highest archangel. . . . If I were to send you a portrait of myself as I am spiritually, it would be holding a cup overflowing, on which is engraved, "*Mercies.*" So I will leave the imaginary picture as a sort of souvenir for you to think of me by. . . .

Your mending friend,

S. M. U.

To Miss O.

SATURDAY EVENING, November 19, 1859.

MY DEAR MISS R.: When at Malaga, I met with friends who had previously visited the Isle of Wight, where they saw a monument erected to the memory of an English princess. She was represented as resting on a couch of marble, with a Bible for the pillow, opened at the passage, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I at once thought of you and your "dear Lizzie," who, as you felt, pillowed her dying head on that same precious text. I hope this will find you resting on the Word of life as your strong and sure support. If I could say all I might of the faithfulness of our Lord to me, his unworthy creature, since we last met, it would strengthen your faith and kindle your love. But in heaven there will be time enough to talk it all over.

"We will roam the sweet fields, on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE POOR.

November, 1859. More than a year ago I called on a poor American family, supported chiefly by the labors of the wife and mother, who took in washing. The husband was intemperate and profane, and none of the family religious.

Staying in the family at the time was a lone crippled woman, named Caroline, wholly dependent on charity. She, too, had been, and perhaps still was, intemperate. At any rate, her past life had not been a virtuous one. I was at once interested in her; why, I know not, unless because she was so entirely *uninteresting*. Sometimes just such want of attractions draws one by a sort of pity. As though a throb of that great heart, that beats for a universe, had touched our own, making us to *feel*, what we always know, that a world-wide bond unites every creature, and makes all the children of one heavenly Father.

Manifesting this interest in her awakened

hers in return, and she was soon induced to attend the prayer meetings and the Sabbath Bible class. She was very ignorant, but apparently in earnest to find religion. Whatever the weather, and perhaps without having tasted food for the day, she would creep along, by the aid of her crutch, to the place of meeting.

Shall I plead guilty to a feeling of disappointment sometimes, during inclement weather, on finding in my class nobody but "poor Caroline"? Shall I confess that, at times, in glancing around upon the prayer meeting, she was almost overlooked? Ah, my friends, if it be denied me in the future to notice with special attention the blind, the lame, and ignorant, let me beg you to improve your opportunities to do so, remembering that God has often chosen these to be rich in faith.

During last winter and spring, Caroline occupied a bed on the floor of a cold room, containing no other furniture. Here she went to pray, and at night, lighting her bit of candle, and wrapping her shawl around her, read her Bible and the little book "Come to Jesus," which, she said, used to help her.

The inmates of the house laughed at her, because she was "getting pious," and Mr. W., as she said, "would swear at her dreadfully."

“But I mean to try,” she added, “until I find religion.” And she *did* try, following the meetings perseveringly, till she left the city to visit some relatives, hoping to stay with them until the winter. In the town of A. is a neighborhood of poor and irreligious families. The nearest place of public worship is a Universalist church, about a mile distant. Here the friends lived. Caroline told me she shouldn’t find much there to help her, but she meant to hold on to her Bible-reading and praying. This was the last time I ever saw her. She returned to the city during my absence, and immediately resumed attendance upon the evening meetings, but, in going home from one of them, she fell and was seriously injured. The faithful missionary brother, whose ministrations she had attended with so much interest and profit, was soon by her bedside, and found her still loving to read her Bible and to be prayed with. She was, however, soon removed to the Island hospital, where she now remains. My heart goes out to the poor, lonely creature, and my feet would gladly go also, if my health would allow; but since it will not, I love to leave her in His hands, who notes the sparrow’s fall, and hears the ravens when they cry, for he will not forget her in her low estate. “Like as

a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.”

A week since, while lying on a sick bed, a letter came from the niece with whom she staid when out of town, which I transcribe below:—

Permit me, although a stranger to you, to address you a few lines in regard to Aunt Caroline. May the blessing of Heaven attend you for the kind interest you have taken in her welfare. I truly appreciate your calling. It takes strong hold of my feelings to see the benefit of your kindness and interest in her the past winter. Your name is always on her lips. She thinks if it had not been for you she would never have been awakened to a sense of her sin. She has not neglected reading her Bible three times a day since she has been here, which is about eleven weeks, and she is altogether a different woman. I thought it might afford you some pleasure to know you had been the means of doing her good. And now she is going to return to Boston, as our circumstances will not allow us to afford her a home permanently, though we would willingly do so if we could. But we have nothing except what we earn from day to day; if we had, she should share it as long as she tries to do well. She needs encour-

agement, and I humbly entreat you, if she is in your vicinity, to feel the same interest for her that you have done. . . . I hope you will excuse the boldness I have taken in writing to you, yet I thought it was but right to express my gratitude for what you have done for aunt Caroline. And I can not but admire the religion which partakes so much of our Master's spirit, "who went about doing good" in by-lanes and alleys, recognizing in each form, though fallen, a brother or a sister. He said, when on earth, "The poor ye have always with you," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I shall have to close my letter by wishing you the choicest of Heaven's blessings for your pure and humble life.

S. J. B.

Fully aware of my unworthiness of commendations which this letter contains, I feel that the City Missionary Society deserves them, and am glad that from a town many miles distant, such a grateful tribute can be sent up to its worth. Go on, then, beloved friends, hopefully in your work. "Sow beside all waters," and rest assured that, though the seed may not germi-

nate under your own eye, if sown in faith, it is surely destined to bring forth fruit.

“ You may not be missed, if others succeed you,
To reap down the fields which in spring you have sown.
Who plows and who sows is not missed by the reaper :
He is only remembered by what he *has done!*”

TO THE LADIES OF THE BENEVOLENT SEWING CIRCLE AT
WINTER STREET CHURCH.

— DEAR FRIENDS: I have to acknowledge from you the receipt of nearly fifty garments, which I distributed the last winter and spring among the poor. It would be needless to designate the persons benefited by your charity, and equally so to assure you that the gifts called forth a grateful response. It was a privilege thus to stand between giver and receiver, most happy in affording pleasant interviews with so many of you, and in enabling me to serve the poor.

I had hoped that during the present winter these pleasant duties would be again enjoyed. But God orders otherwise. It is well. Allow me, in conclusion, to refer to one only of those who shared your bounty. Some of you have often in other ways remembered her. Your visits to her bedside, your generous efforts to relieve her necessities, are recorded elsewhere.

One day, while distributing tracts in a dirty and crowded neighborhood, where I had not found one Protestant family, I was asked by a poor Irish woman if I would not go up to the room above her own, and call on a sick woman. "May be she'll be glad to see ye," she said. "Is she poor?" I asked. "Pretty poor, I'm thinking," she replied, sadly shaking her head, "but as nice a woman as ever ye se'ed." Then lowering her voice, she added, "But she's a Catholic; she'll take none o' yer tracts." Both the words and manner of my informant made me somewhat doubtful as to the reception I should meet with, so it was not without some misgiving that I went up to the sick room. It was at the end of a narrow passage, smoky, dark, and dirty. To my hesitating knock, a hollow voice responded, "Come in;" and on entering the tidy room, I saw in the center of it, the sick woman leaning back in her rocking-chair, pale and weary. Near the window sat a rough looking man, who I afterwards learned was her husband. "Will you take a seat, ma'am?" said the woman, pointing to a vacant chair. I sat down and inquired about her health. She was evidently not very well pleased to see me. I avoided all allusion to religious subjects, and sought to win her confi-

dence by sympathy and kindness. She interested me at once. Her high, smooth forehead, and bright, clear, hazel eye, gave her a look of more than ordinary intelligence; and the sensible answers to my questions, and almost entire freedom from Irish brogue, confirmed me in the belief that I had no ignorant mind to deal with. She looked suspiciously at my tracts, but said nothing. Her husband was also sick, having had a bad cough for a long time. He was without suitable clothing for cold weather, and I suggested some flannels would perhaps be acceptable. At this, a flush rose to the pale cheek of the wife, and with tears in her eyes, she replied, "I'd never thought we should come to this. If I was but well we'd not take any thing." I pitied her, for easily could I guess how hard the thought of dependence was to a spirit like hers. I tried to make her feel that it was no disgrace to be helped when God made her helpless, then left, promising to see her again.

This was but one of many visits made to that upper chamber. Reserve and distrust gradually gave place to confidence and love, and it was not long before I was nowhere surer of a welcome than in that humble abode. Looking upon this poor Papist, simply as I should on one of

our own people, destitute of a saving knowledge of the truth, I endeavored to show her the way to the cross. How eagerly those expressive eyes looked up into mine, as I tried to tell her what it was to believe in Christ. I remember I once said, "Try to imagine what you would do if our Lord was truly in this room. You would fall at his feet, would you not, and say, 'Lord, I believe.' Go, then, in spirit, just in the same way, and he will receive you." "And you know," she said, with animation, as if catching the thought, "he told Thomas, 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.'" At another time she said, "I'm thinking what a pleasant thing 'tis to be the Lord's wholly; but I've so many things to trouble me, that I can't be, — my husband and children, and we poor, and all ——" She paused for a moment, then added slowly, "but it must be a blessed thing." One day when I called to see her, there was an air of unwonted cheerfulness about the place. "You seem quite bright to-day," I said, as I sat down by her. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I'm pretty well to-day;" then pointing to several packages on the table, said, "that gentleman you sent yesterday brought them. The Lord reward them that's good to the poor, and he will," she added, with tearful eyes and quivering

lips, "for he says, you know, Whosoever gives a cup of cold water shall not lose his reward."

These interviews, so interesting to me and I trust profitable to her, were interrupted by my own sudden sickness and subsequent departure to a foreign shore. But nearest to my heart, as the bird presses closest under its wing the wounded nestling, I carried the case of this suffering woman. In the dreary night watches, amid the wild dash of the waters, thoughts of her filled my eyes with tears, constraining me to lay her case before Him, whose eyes are in every place, and who could minister unto her abundantly, above all that I could ask or think. On my return I was surprised to learn she was still living, and though myself feeble, I resolved to go and see her. With many thoughts of what had passed since I last was there, I passed under the old arch, and up the broken stairways, to her chamber. As soon as she saw me, before I spoke her name, she raised her wasted arms, and with tears streaming down her sunken cheeks, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Underwood, how glad I am to see you!" I could not speak, but sat down by her bedside, and we wept together. At length I told her that I had prayed for and loved her through all my sickness, and out upon the mighty deep, and that I had thought the

Lord had taken her to himself before this. But, I added, "he will take you if you truly believe on him." "I — think — he — will," she replied, with broken voice and panting breath, "for — he — says, — Ask — and — ye — shall — receive, — knock — and — it — shall — be — opened — unto — you." Then clasping her hands together, and looking upward, with her cheeks still wet with the falling tears, she said, solemnly, "I believe — in the merits — of my — almighty Redeemer. I trust — he will have — mercy on my soul." From my inmost heart I believed he would, and that she would shortly be in the presence of his glory. She died soon after. I never saw her again. Fed only on "the crumbs that fell from the Master's table," she was, by them, I believe, made "wise unto salvation," and is now, I doubt not, numbered among that blessed company who "eat bread in the kingdom of God."

S. M. U.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTERS.

ALL the time Miss Underwood lived in Boston, as city missionary, her home was in one family, where she not only received kind personal attentions, but her labors were lightened by the encouragement and facilities constantly afforded her. She was taken sick there, and when a little recovered went to East Boston on a visit, and there had another attack of hemorrhage. Sick and depressed as she was, she wrote the following letter, expressing, as few can do, her grateful affection for the friends she had left:—

MY DEAR MRS. B.: How my heart worries to see you. Ah, such friends as you and yours have been to me I shall not often find. Like a prize tree in a horticulturist's garden, I look at the friendship that is rooted at No. 223, and taste with delight its pleasant fruit. I may find those who weep when I weep, much as you would, but those who rejoice when I rejoice are not so common. How you seemed to love to

have me noticed, how eager you were to believe all good, and no evil of my poor life, how patient with me in every way. But I shall *cry*, — yes, that is the very word, if I dwell upon it, — so I will stop. Do not think, from this rather somber introduction, that I am not as well as I have been, for I truly am a good deal better, only children, who are not wholly weaned, are apt to be fretful and unreasonable. I have not, you see, reached the state that Mr. T. and the Psalmist had attained, when both said, in times of trial, “My soul is even as a weaned child” — “weaned of his mother.”

Yours,

S. M. U.

EAST BOSTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am going to let my pen talk with you for a while, hoping it may drop at least some one pleasant or profitable thought. I have been on the “mending hand,” but last Saturday night I was apprehensive of another hemorrhage. After taking the usual remedies, “I laid me down and slept, and awaked, for the Lord sustained me.” I hope those ugly pains of yours have taken to themselves wings and gone. But if not, they will, I trust, help to wean you from this burdensome flesh, and make you long to be free. I inclose a letter received from ——,

in which you will find evidence that you have brethren who "toil in rowing," as well as yourself. Happy for you both if you hear, in the midst of the storm, the voice of the Master saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

When I think of the great company who have fought the good fight, and got safely home, I am almost impatient to be among them. To see Abraham, Jacob, David, Isaiah, Daniel, and all the prophets; to see John, Paul, Peter, and the holy women of old; to see the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; to know the full design of his dealings with us here on earth; to begin to comprehend the length, breadth, and depth of his love to usward, — these are the promised possessions, in exchange for earth, with its sickness and death. Is it not reasonable that we should begin to be homesick? Yet the passage thither is what we fear. If we could stand among them, translated as holy Enoch was, we would fain be gone speedily; but the valley of the shadow of death is dark and strange to us; we shrink back, and cry, "Not yet — not yet." Ah, we are faithless. As though a pilot would leave a ship in the midst of breakers, as though a mother would drop her child into the raging waves just as she had borne it safely across

them; as if a master builder would leave his work just as the top stone was to be laid, — even so would it be for Him, who hath begun a good work in us, to leave it in the most critical hour. No, I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from this love of God in Christ. Therefore we need not fear passing through the dark river. “For when thou passest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee.” I hope to hear you are much better. With love to the household of Gaius,

I remain yours, S. M. U.

To MR. B.

LONGWOOD, January 4, 1860.

MY DEAR MRS. D. : You may be sure I have not forgotten the valuable gift I received from you last Monday, although I have neglected so long to acknowledge it. As you may suppose, the last few weeks have found me “passing through the cloud.” “Deep has called unto deep; all the waves and billows have gone over me. Yet the Lord hath commanded his loving kindness in the day time, and in the night his song has been with me.” Had it not been thus, I should have fainted in my day of adversity. You know there are times when the winds of affliction blow from every quarter. McCheyne

says, at such moments, we are to remember this Scripture, "Be still, and know that I am God!" Like the patient under the knife of the surgeon, our only security and duty is, to *lie still*. How much it sometimes costs to do this! Lately my thoughts, like feeble birds, have fluttered around the nest, unwilling if not unable to stretch their wings and soar even so far as is requisite to write a letter to a friend.

To MRS. M. F. D.

SABBATH DAY, January 29, 1860.

I have just finished "Catharine," and must write down for the friend who furnished such food for this day of weakness, some of the thoughts that it suggested. I was thinking how many of our severest trials we are called upon to pass through alone. Earthly friends, with their tender offices, alleviate many an hour of sadness and pain, but yet there are hidden griefs that weigh heaviest, often, when removed from their fellowship. And even were they with us, we ought not, could not, tell them the secret springs of our grief. We must meet the trial, and grapple with it alone. Still, if we belong to the family of which Christ is the elder brother, we are not alone. The arrow that pierces us, pierced him also. And in this connection, a new light shines upon that passage of grand and

mysterious import: "I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with me." Only of him can it be truly said, He was alone. The wilderness, wherein for forty days he wandered, and then was afterward tempted, tells of it; the solitary place, where he went out a great while before day, tells of it; Gethsemane's blood-sprinkled turf tells of it; Calvary's cross, and the agonized cry that went up therefrom, tells of it. Yes, Christ, the only-begotten of the Father, and the express image of his person, suffered alone. I am comforted while I wonder! He passed through a darker room than he calls any of his disciples to enter. He drank to the dregs a bitterer cup than he offers to any of us. "He was made a curse for us." And, therefore, is he our peace. Let us adore his wondrous love, and courageously follow the thorniest, loneliest path, for we shall assuredly hear his voice, and sing, oftentimes, joyfully, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for his rod and his staff they comfort me;" Good night, till then.

"For the way, though 'tis rough,
Will end before long,
And then, oh, how sweet
The Conqueror's song."

S. M. U.

To MRS. W.

LONGWOOD, SATURDAY, A. M., }
 February 11, 1860. }

MY DEAR MRS. D.: How can I ever thank you, or my other kind friends, sufficiently, for your thoughtful remembrance of me, expressed both by deed and word, in your note of yesterday.

Mr. Thompson says, "We can not always express here below all we feel, but up above there will be no impediment to the free outgoings of a full heart."

Neither you, nor those other beloved friends, would wish to feel that all my gratitude had been exactly weighed out in words. One of the attractions of the Sacred Writings, doubtless, is found in our believing them to be but so many exponents of a knowledge and love that is unfathomable.

My chapter, in course, for this morning, was Romans xii., commencing, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God." I felt that I could respond, "Yes, by the *mercies* of God I am constrained to serve him."

I have a quaint old book, printed in Halle, Germany, some hundred years ago, called Bogatsky's Spiritual Treasury. You have a copy of the same, probably, as it has been reprinted in this country. The copies of the American edition I find differ somewhat from mine. But

I was quite interested to know what my old friend had gleaned for me from the sacred Oracles for to-day? And what do I find but the following:—

“Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.”

“Unto the upright, there ariseth light in the darkness; He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.”

“Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward, for ye have need of patience; for yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.”

It is impossible for you to know what meaning these words convey to me. It is as though the gracious Visitant at Bethany had come beneath our so much more “unworthy roof,” and said, with the tender emphasis his lips alone can speak, “Martha, Martha, thou art careful about many things, but one thing is needful.” “Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst *believe*, thou shouldst see the glory of God.”

I am glad to bear my testimony to the faithfulness of this “Friend above all others.” Oh, Mrs. D., *Christ is a reality to me!* But I must briefly (turning from Him, who might well claim all the space remaining) allude to one of his “disciples.”

I sent word to Mr. Thompson that Mr. Richards was in Palestine, and that the voice of that other shepherd I knew not, and when sick, "I flee from the voice of strangers." He responded to the message by calling the next day.

To Miss F. : —

March 17, 1860.

Sometimes I am well able to see a friend or two in the morning; but by afternoon I feel rather tired, and then several come about the same time. I try to refer the matter, however trifling it seems, to the same overruling hand that raises me to health, for "even the very hairs of our head are all numbered." Oh, the change between earthly and heavenly living! No weariness, no ill-timed meetings, but all our powers, in uninterrupted vigor, and then, as Mr. T. says, "the abundant leisure of heaven, where there is time enough to say *all* we feel, and the *power* to say it."

I thought of you, Wednesday evening, and was glad the heavens "starred" out for your benefit. My thoughts, however, were more with that other one "we love, who is sick." I remembered the last gathering we had was at the house of Mrs. S., and as we were about ready to go, I stood looking out of the window, when

you came and took my hand in yours. I was thinking then of the sisters in the palace Beautiful, where Christian tarried for a night, and slept in a chamber, the name of which was "Peace." Our pleasant earthly sisterhood is doubtless, ere long, to be a broken band, but may we not believe the tie will be again acknowledged, at that future day, when all shall have got home to the house of many mansions.

Yesterday was my birthday.

"Thrice ten years have passed away
Swiftly since my natal day.
All made up of hopes and fears,
Thickly strewn with smiles and tears.
Standing here and looking back,
On the narrow winding track,
On the joys so quickly fled,
On the flowers all pale and dead,
Yet I would not call back one
Of the years for ever flown.
All so tainted o'er with sin,
Foes without, sad doubts within,
Ever wandering from the Lord,
Ever grieving thee, my God!
All now gone, the sad and bright,
Some were tinged with rainbow light,
Some were dark with clouds of woe,
All now vanished, — let them go."

These are a part of some birthday lines written by an invalid friend. Are they not sweet?

To Mrs. M. F. D. : —

WEDNESDAY, April 18, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Some one brought me a bunch of the fragrant mountain-laurel, this morning, and as I was breathing its sweetness, a thought of one whose image you can see reflected in your mirror, came pleasantly to mind. Now what you have to do with those fragrant blossoms, I do not pretend to say, yet they did whisper about you, and reminded me, that I had better write you a line to-day. So, though no believer in fairies, yet when they tell me to do something so very agreeable, I can not but obey, and I can only wish they had, for your sake, told me just what to say. As they have only, however, given me a text to discourse upon, I must needs branch off into the subject matter, on my own responsibility. I did not forget you in your hours of bereavement. Ah, those hours have not ceased to come and go even now. That sick chamber is vacant, to the eye of sense, but to you, it will long be a hallowed spot. I was thinking to-day, if angels do visit this world of ours, how easy it would be to believe dear Milly's mother is often the bearer of unseen, but not unfelt consolation, to the faithful foster-mother of her now, we trust, angel child. You have sown a great deal of

precious seed, that I believe you and yours are to reap in an abundant harvest.

I found a good deal of real comfort in "John Bunyan's Life," for which I thank you. You seem to minister to my happiness a good deal, without being fully aware of it. Many a sick and otherwise profitless hour was made sunshiny with the quaint, yet spiritual messages, that came first from Bedford jail. I am reading Archbishop Leighton, and find him a rich treasure. He was my father's favorite author. Your "German hymns" I have undertaken to commit to memory, but find them rather hard. The course of Bible reading, laid out by McCheyne, I have also followed since the beginning of the year, and like it much. And you must not smile if I conclude the category by saying, I have begun to learn more thoroughly the Assembly's Catechism. You may think it time to "put away childish things;" but I am thinking many a child in the days of Edwards was a better theologian than some of our present divines. At all events, as this is a day when error is coming in like a flood, it is well for those of us who see the danger to build up the barrier that shall keep us from ruin.

But do not forget that among those who write themselves "yours truly," none do it more sincerely than

S. M. U.

Two months later brought the following impromptu to the same friend : —

A heart sent forth a venture,
 A searching for a friend,
 In whom the varied graces
 In union rare should blend.

Right prosperous was the venture,
 In finding what it sought,
 And "homeward bound" it merrily
 A precious treasure brought.

The heart that sent the venture
 Was mine, unworthy mine ;
 The heart it found by sending,
 Was thine, belovéd, thine.

ANDOVER, June, 1860.

To Miss F. : —

April, 1860.

Whose thoughtfulness but yours, my dear friend, has supplied me to-day with a breath from the spring wild woods ? One loves to catch the sweet perfume as it steals from the delicate blossoms. What tender memories of days when we were young do they awaken. I thank you for them, and more for the love that prompted you to bring them to cheer me. But ought I to mention my disappointment at not seeing you, when you left so pleasant a souvenir ?

I feel that these hours of quiet retirement are golden ones, and just as the mariner spreads every sail to catch the favoring breeze, I feel disposed to make the most of convalescent hours to speed me heavenward. I have been feeling of late with Paul, "We are made a spectacle to men and angels;" and the sudden question has rushed to my lips, "Wherefore, Lord?" I see the way so strangely uncertain in the future, and yet I dare hardly speak of it, lest I appear to doubt in regard to its being all clear to Him with whom I have to do—lest, after having preached to others on faith in an all-wise overruling of the smallest events, I myself should become a castaway, and the reproachful question be set home to me by the unbelievers, "What do ye more than others?" Oh, how I wish I had been more faithful in times past, then I could have borne this test hour better. I hope you will daily, by faithfully serving your Master, be fitted to weather the stormy day, when it shall come to you. A ship in good repair bears the gale best. Take care of the little rents in the canvas. A small hole for the wind to whistle through became the avenue for the whirlwind when our mainsail was blown away off the coast of Newfoundland.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHANGE OF EMPLOYMENT.

IT now became manifest that she had not health and strength to perform the duties of a city missionary. It was a painful decision to give up laboring for those in whom she had become so deeply interested. This was her favorite employment. But she found that she must walk carefully, with sudden prostration constantly overhanging her path. As soon, however, as she was a little better she was buoyed up by hope, and her cheerful temperament led her to anticipate more days of usefulness. She was not willing to be idle, when so much was to be done in the vineyard of her Lord. She wished also, by her own efforts, to meet her expenses. She writes, "The spirit of honest independence we inherit from our Puritan fathers, and it is a lawful spirit. Dependence may wear silken chains, but it is dependence still." After several weeks of feebleness, vainly trying to perform more active duties, she went to Andover, and resolved to employ her pen, as

a means of doing good, and securing that "honest independence" she so much admired.

The following letter, though of later date, while it acknowledges the kindness of a friend, shows how she was employed, and how conscientiously she regarded her time and talents, as consecrated to doing good: —

To Dr. B.: —

ANDOVER, November 23, 1860.

DEAR FRIEND: It is now nearly a year since you first suggested to me to make my pen a means of support. You do not realize, perhaps, the struggle it cost me to meet that suggestion with fortitude and hope. I could not believe that it was possible for me to write acceptably enough to receive remuneration. You patiently removed, one after another, the obstacles I placed in the way, held up to my view a bright picture of the future, and when you found me resolutely shutting my eyes to it, was patient still.

Whenever I was willing to talk about it, you never wearied in devising the most feasible methods for its accomplishment. And when, at last, you found I had actually gone to work, you forbore to question. How I thank you for this! The human heart is a sensitive thing, and there are times when it writhes under questioning.

About the time I came to Andover, I commenced a series of articles on Spain, for young people. These formed the "first round in the ladder." But I could not stay in Spain all my life, and yet what could I do ?

The department of practical religious writing was already filled, and novels I would not write. About this time, a friend wished me to write an article for the Andover Advertiser. In one of my morning walks, while devising what I could write about, an old farm-house suggested the outline of "Mark Goldsmith's Lesson." I returned home and finished it, but it was too long for the original purpose, so I sent it to the editor of the Christian Watchman. Providentially he was away from the city just then, and a letter which he sent me immediately on his return, I did not receive for some time. Meanwhile, the story was published and, one Saturday I received a copy. It was an article which had no direct religious aim, and one on which I could not ask the blessing of God. The next day was the Sabbath, bright and serene as Sabbaths are on Andover Hill. Under its subduing influence, I would look calmly at the whole matter. A door seemed opening upon a course that would doubtless be remunerative, in a pecuniary sense, but might I lawfully enter it? I was not left

long in doubt. He who never suffers those who stand in covenant relations to him to be tempted "above that they are able," opened another door of escape. Yet not, I trust, until I had grace to lay the half-formed purpose to go forward in a doubtful course on the altar of sacrifice.

That very week brought the letter, so long delayed, from the editor of the *Watchman*, wherein, after expressing his satisfaction with the article, and mentioning his terms, which were unexpectedly liberal, he went on to say: "Please continue to write, if your health permits. Give us sketches, written in the easy, genial style of the one before me, but let your purpose be, in the delineation of character, to enforce some lesson in morals, which, if remembered, will be of practical, every-day benefit to the reader. This is our only purpose in using sketches, and not simply to entertain the reader. Please give us your best writing. We would rather pay a larger price for a highly-finished article, than less for one not so meritorious. There are plenty of commonplace sketches to be obtained; such we do not want; and I have no fear that you can not give us sketches equal to our standard. 'The better the article, the higher the remuneration,' is our rule, which I trust will be an acceptable one to you."

The veil was now lifted, and a path, humble and unobtrusive, but in which I might safely walk, opened before me. I could write such articles, and ask on them the blessing of Him, who taught the people in parables.

My friend, my literary bark, to use your own language, is now launched, as I believe, under the eye of the great Pilot, who will guide it safely from the shoals and quicksands of a dangerous popularity on the one hand, and from inglorious failure on the other.

For the encouragement that has brought me thus far, I am mainly indebted to you, and in the success that may attend me in the future, you have a right to a personal gratification.

Looking back, then, to the past, and forward to the opening prospect, what can I write myself, but your obliged and grateful

SUSAN M. UNDERWOOD.

Soon after going to Andover, she writes, —
“ There is a kind of inspiration in these hills which gives vigor to mind and body. I don't know how long I shall be content without a sight of my Boston friends, but ‘ true love can live on long remembrance,’ and I trust the friendships which link me to them are of a nature that will bear the test of absence.

“I walk out a short distance every day, and when the air is warm, I find some sheltered spot where I sit down, on a rock, in the sun, and enjoy the beautiful scenery. At such times I recall one with whom I used to ride in the days of my childhood, through these very streets and lanes, and think what tenderness he would now have for me were he still alive. But our heavenly Father can never die.”

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE PATIENTS IN OUR LORD'S HOSPITAL
TO THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH AT "No. 223."

Our Lord's Hospital! and where may that be? you ask, my friends, and as you ask, your mind's eye runs through the crowded wards of some of those spacious buildings, set apart by public charity, in our large cities. But not there will you find the blessed retreat of which I write, for it is broad as the earth, and embraces the sick bed of every believer. When you, too, beloved, chose first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, the "*all things*" then added unto you," included a title to its blessed privileges; and when the hour of pain and languishing comes, you will also find "a balm in Gilead," a Physician there, who will make all your bed in your sickness, and put underneath you the everlasting arms.

Come spend a day with me, and testify if I do not tell you truly.

As I wake to the consciousness of the new day, the bright rays of the morning sun are glancing through my southern window. I soon hear a light step, and my invalid friend from the next room, steps within the door, and says, here is the text for the day:—

“I, even I, am he that comforteth you!”

Too languid to respond, my heart drinks in the heavenly nourishment, and like dew upon the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth, it brings refreshment and rest.

Then loving hands bring to the door sweet flowers from the autumn garden. How beautiful they are! Upon all, the eye rests with delight, from the gorgeous dahlia to the pure snowberry, and the asparagus that bends as the light breezes sweep in at the window.

Then comes my gentle friend again, to read the day's chapters, beginning with, “Let not your heart be troubled.” She finishes the consoling message, and leaves me alone again, but shortly returns, for the busy world from without has sent its offering. A letter from a hand that can find time, amid many cares, to pen lines to the absent. As they are read; one, two, three, four, five, six Christian friends are men-

tioned; and the blessed thought comes of the great company, which no man can number, that will be gathered at last on Mount Zion, where, with seraphic swiftness, spirits of just men made perfect shall bear their own heavenly communings, "knowing as they are known," untrammelled and free.

The day wears on. There is a ring at the door. It is the village pastor, who calls to inquire for the sick one. Not a short walk is it from his parsonage, on the hill, to ours, in the valley, nor has he few cares; yet he finds time to look after the stranger, and leaves a kindly word.

Another ring, and my faithful Martha, who took so many steps for me in my March sickness, has rode over from a neighboring city, to spend with me an hour or two. But it will not do for me to see her. The doctor's orders are positive; so I hear her ride away, without looking upon her face.

I lie and look from my window upon the pleasant landscape. The old ash tree, around whose gnarled trunk twines a wreath of gold and emerald, is a constant delight to me. I love to see the squirrel run up and down with his winter store, love to look at the moss-grown wall beneath, at the road beyond, wind-

ing down under the overshadowing trees, to the village.

Up on the green hill-side stands a fine country house, and very pleasant are the thoughts it awakens, for there live those who, for love to their Master, entertain his disciples. About a month since, a missionary and his wife went forth from their hospitable roof, to join their mission in Southern India. We remember the half day spent with them, and love to recall the words of that wife and mother, who had left five of her six children in as many different homes, in her native land. We asked her if she did not dread the sea. With a sweet smile she replied, "Oh, no! I have learned not to *dread* any thing."

The setting sun now casts his golden rays through the western window, and by it my friend sits down and reads me one of those goodly Huntington sermons from the text, —

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

I lie with closed eyes, trying to learn the instructive and consoling lesson. Soon the sun goes down, and the flickering shadows of the old ash tree cease to play over the bedspread; then by and by shines forth like a celestial lamp, the evening star.

My friend steps again within the door to give me something to go to sleep upon. And this is it:—

“I love thee, I love thee; pass under the rod.”

And now the earthly ministry of the day is ended. The house is still. The birds have ceased their twilight chirpings.

“Then soft, as birds their pinions closing,”

brood over the soul thoughts of Him, who in his love and pity redeemed his people, and carried them all the days of old.

The eye of sense looks no longer into the dark and narrow grave, for faith has opened hers on the city that has no need of the sun, nor of the moon, but the Lamb is the light thereof. And trustfully I lay me down to sleep, exclaiming,—

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

CHAPTER XX.

HER WRITINGS.

THIS volume is made up mainly from her own pen. Yet the friendly reader would hardly be satisfied without some specimens of the articles referred to in the last chapter. A number of these are within reach, but we have selected two, which may serve as a sample of the rest.

The first shows that her missionary zeal was as ardent as ever, though unable to go abroad in person, and also reveals a keen appreciation of certain popular hindrances to missionary benevolence in our churches.

The other is doubtless a leaf from her note book as a city missionary, transcribed in order to increase the interest of others in a class for whose benefit she could now labor in no other way.

“INFLUENCE.

“A pair of Cashmere gloves instead of kid ones? Oh, Emily, what an economical body you are!”

Emily smiled, as she cut the shop mark from the

gloves and drew one of them over her hand. "There, see!" she said, "does it not fit as nicely as your Paris kids?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said her sister, "they look very well, but very cheap. I can imagine you calling to see your friend, Kate Lord, with them on."

"Say, rather," said their brother Charles, who lay lounging on the sofa, "that you can see her carrying old Patsy Sullivan a basket of groceries, bought with the half dollar she saved in the purchase."

"Oh, if you are going to plead her cause, and uphold her in such foolishness, I may as well stop," said Annie Weston, gathering up, as she spoke, from the table several packages, and leaving the room.

A scornful expression rested on her face, as she hurried up the softly carpeted stairs to her chamber, and there threw herself into a low rocking chair by her toilet table.

"Emily is odd, but Charles thinks she is a pattern of self-denial," she said to herself.

Annie was evidently ill at ease. The elegantly formed Paris gloves, the delicate Honiton lace, and the rich ribbon that lay upon her lap, had all lost their wonted charms; for, with an expression of weariness she tossed them aside, and in a disconsolate frame sat rocking to and fro.

"Why, my dear Annie, what is the trouble?" said her sister, cheerfully, a few moments after, as she entered the room.

"It is trouble enough, when one's sister has so little sympathy with her."

“Why, Annie, what do you mean :” said Emily, gazing anxiously at her.

“Mean? Why, just this. We have the same monthly allowance for spending money, and yet you dress so much less than I do that people really notice it, and I think it is positively unkind in you.”

The color came and went in the mild face of the elder sister, and then her eyes filling with tears, she said, —

“Once, Annie, there was a time when we dressed alike.”

“Yes, I know that very well. Before we joined the church you was as fond of dress as I am.”

“And, Annie, is it not expected of Christians that they should deny themselves for their Master? After such a sermon as we had yesterday, on foreign missions, I am sure I dare not spend my money on needless things.”

“Just think how the Dorr girls dress, and yet you know yourself, Emily, that you love to associate with them as well as I do.”

“Yes, I love to associate with them, because they are affectionate and intelligent, not because they dress richly; for, truth to tell, it really gives me pain to think how much money they must spend upon it. But then the Dorrns are a great deal richer than we are, and give largely to good objects. We can not spend largely in dress and in giving too, so it seems to me, as true disciples, we should deny ourselves. Oh, Annie,” she continued, bending over the back

of her sister's chair, and kissing her forehead as she spoke, "self-denial is a very pleasant thing, after all. Why will you not find this out for yourself?"

Annie made no answer, but rose and commenced putting her things away, and so the conversation ended.

Emily hoped that what had been said was not in vain, but the impression, if any had been made, soon wore away, for the very next week, Annie confessed that she had spent the whole of her month's allowance, without reserving a cent for benevolence.

Emily and Annie Weston were the children of pious parents, who, from plain habits and narrow means, had gradually risen into wealth and position. The mother, a gentle and yielding woman, allowed herself, unconsciously, to be governed by the society in which she moved, and expended sums in dress and furniture, such as once she would have deemed inconsistent in a follower of Christ. Her husband, on the contrary, was a man of great firmness and decision, who retained, in the midst of many pressing cares, a simple adherence to an unworldly faith.

It was now somewhat over a year since two of their three children had professed their faith in Christ, and become members of the visible church. That there was a great difference between the two, the father soon discovered, with mingled joy and anxiety. Joy, that Emily bore so clearly the marks of the "new creature," and anxiety, lest Annie, while a professor, was no possessor of the grace of God. Nor did their

young brother fail to note the difference, and express his opinion, much to Annie's annoyance.

Several weeks had passed since the above conversation between the sisters, and they were sitting together alone, in their chamber, sewing. It was now midwinter, yet a summer-like atmosphere, laden with the perfume of flowers, filled the room.

"Pray, who can be out making calls this bitter cold day?" said Annie, as she heard some one at the door, and stepped out to the stairway to listen. She returned, saying, "It is somebody that inquired for ma, and Jane told her she was not in. Then the visitor asked if the young ladies were at home, and she has gone into the parlor; so one of us will have to go down."

"Mrs. Watson," said Jane, appearing at the chamber door, "would like to see the Miss Westons."

"Oh, Mrs. Watson, you know, Emily; she is the woman that sits in the Blakes' pew, and looks, for all the world, like a Quaker. She's on some begging expedition, you may depend. She'll glean but a poor harvest here, I can tell her."

Emily looked up with a troubled expression, and was about to speak, but checked herself, and began to fold up her work.

"Well, I am going down now," continued Annie, "and you can come when you get ready."

It was a mild, pleasant face that met the young girl's eye as she entered the parlor, and a sweet voice that bade her "good morning." "Mrs. Watson, I believe," said Annie, extending her hand.

“Yes,” said the lady; “you did not expect callers on so cold a morning, I suppose. I am one of the foreign missionary collectors, as perhaps you knew, and the names of Mrs. Weston and daughters are on my list.”

“My mother is not at home,” said Annie; “I dare say she would like to contribute if she was.”

Annie stopped, and for a moment there was an awkward pause; and then, with some hesitation, she added, —

“I wish I had some money for you myself, Mrs. Watson, but my monthly allowance is all expended, and there are so many calls for money, you know. I think our church take up altogether too many collections. There is one almost every week. I do not see how any but the richest people can give to all.”

The lady rose with a look of disappointment. This was her fourth call, and as yet she had received but a single dollar. With delicate health and a sensitive heart, it was no easy mission to go, in the extreme cold, from street to street, and receive what chilled her far more than the sharp air of that January morning. Such words of excuse and complaint! Her hand was already on the door, when Annie detained her, saying, —

“I believe my sister would like to see you. Please be seated for a moment, and I will speak to her.”

Mrs. Watson sighed as she sat down again upon the soft divan, and looked around the spacious parlor. Rich paintings hung upon the walls; delicate Parian

vases were on the marble mantles, and choice works of art were tastefully arranged about the room.

“And yet there is nothing to give to the Master’s cause,” said she to herself.

Just then a light footfall was heard on the stairs, and in a moment more Emily Weston came in, with a smile of welcome lighting up her face.

“I am very glad you called on us,” said she, handing Mrs. Watson a five dollar note. “And my mother, I believe, has some money for you too. Indeed, I should think every body who heard Mr. G.’s sermon in behalf of foreign missions would wish to give.”

A new light seemed to gleam from the clear, hazel eye of the visitor, as she said, “You remember that sermon, I see.”

“Remember it!” said Emily, her face flushing with enthusiasm. “I can never forget it. I thought, when it was finished, that no earthly work could compare with that of the foreign missionary.”

“Yes,” replied the other, “it is an honorable and enviable position to be a shining light amid so much darkness. But you know, my dear,” she added, rising, “our light can shine just as brightly in a more humble sphere, though its rays may not be seen as far.”

“Will you not sit longer?” said Emily.

“No, I think not. You have encouraged me to go on in my collecting. Before you came down I had about determined to go home, and wait until I felt more hopeful, my success had been so poor this

morning. I am glad you love this cause," she continued, pressing her young friend's hand warmly.

When the "good mornings" had been exchanged at the door, and Emily had returned to the chamber, Annie burst into a laugh, saying, "What a stupid kind of a woman that is! I can't think what it is about her that makes every body notice her so much. Is she rich, or what is it?"

"Yes," said Emily, "she has one kind of riches. She is rich in faith. I have heard Mr. G. tell mother she was the loveliest Christian he had ever known. I wish I could be more acquainted with her."

"Oh, you droll creature!" said Annie. "Why, you have the strangest fancies in the world. I expect you will apply for the situation of matron of the Old Lady's Home pretty soon."

"I shall be glad," said Emily, gravely, "if the day ever comes that sees me worthy of it."

Two years had passed away. It was a clear, mid-winter night, and myriads of stars lit up the deep blue sky. Unbroken stillness reigned around the dwelling of the Westons, though a solitary light was still gleaming from one of the windows, and now and then a shadow flitted across the white curtain. Was there sickness, or why, at this late hour, were not all retired in that quiet home?

Ah, she who was now keeping her solitary vigils was passing through a fiery ordeal that forbade repose. It was Emily Weston. On the morrow she was to become a missionary's bride, and this was her last

night in the home of her childhood. Far away over the ocean, among "the dark browed children of the sun," was henceforth to be her home. Great was the mystery to her that she had been counted worthy to suffer thus for the Master's sake. Nor was this an hour of vain regrets that hers was hereafter to be a life of self-sacrifice. But the ties of kindred bind closely, and it was agony to think that they were so soon to be severed.

She thought of her mother, — her ever gentle, considerate mother, — memories of whom hallowed every day of her past life; of her father, her noble father, whose pure life, steadfast faith, and earnest prayers, had been golden chains, linking her with all that was holy; of her warm-hearted, generous brother, who had lately consecrated "the dew of his youth" to his Master's service; and last, and tenderest of all, came thoughts of her young and deeply cherished sister.

"I can not, indeed I can not part with her," she murmured, as she leaned over the bedside, and gazed upon the face of the lovely sleeper.

Suddenly the eyes, swollen with weeping, opened, and throwing up her arms, her sister clung convulsively to her neck, and gave way to uncontrolled grief. It was long before either could speak, but at length Annie grew calm, and said, —

"Oh, Emily, I have found out why this earthly parting is allowed. It is that we may not be parted for ever. I have been deceived; did you know it?"

she added, with a shudder. "I am not a Christian. I have never known the Lord. But I believe I shall know him, and when I do, I hope I shall serve him too. Not as *you* have done,—I never expect to do that,—but if it is in a poor, humble way, He will accept it, will he not?"

Emily could only weep a reply, and press her lips fondly upon her sister's hot forehead.

"The *world* will think you go to suffer, while I stay to enjoy. But, oh, I shall suffer too; suffer the bitter pang of longing for what can never come to me again. But, Emily, eternity will make amends for all." There was a pause, and then she continued: "Will you not pray with me once more?"

Together there, in that solemn hour, the two sisters knelt, while the elder poured out her full soul in earnest petitions for divine help and guidance. It was a precious relief, that unburdening her heart at the feet of one who could be touched with the feeling of her infirmity, and great was the help given; for through all the trying separations that followed, hers was a calm and unruffled spirit.

Emily Weston had not lived in vain. At home, around her young sister, she had thrown, month by month, and year by year, the chains of a sacred influence that no earthly spell could break. In the church, as a young servant of Christ, ready for every good work; and as a prayerful disciple, growing in grace and in the knowledge of her Saviour she had been a living epistle, known and read of all men.

Upon whom will her mantle fall? thought her pastor, as he watched the white sails of the missionary barque disappear in the distant horizon.

Would he have then believed it was to rest on that sister, whose marked indifference to her Master's cause had so often caused him dark forebodings?

Yet it was to be even so.

A new life had begun to struggle in that wayward disciple's heart;—first it was the blade, then the ear, but now it is the full corn in the ear; and no greater joy has that missionary sister, as she gathers her sheaves in that distant harvest-field, than the cheering evidence that among the poor and degraded of her native city, other sheaves are being gathered for the heavenly garner, by her once selfish and earthly-minded sister.

JAMES O'DONNELL.

A SKETCH OF SCENES IN CITY MISSION LIFE.

“AN' where is it that the big Bible is?” said James O'Donnell, running into the house, almost breathless, one afternoon.

“A strange quistion, that, for you to be asking,” said his mother, who stood cooking at the stove; “an' what is it you're wantin' of the big Bible?”

“Oh, niver mind, I want it,” said James; at the same time climbing up to look at the books on a crowded shelf just over the head of the bed.

“But it's not there ye'll find it;” and Margaret

O'Donnell laid down her cooking fork upon the table, went to an old chest in the corner, and lifting the lid, took out a heavy, leathern-bound Bible. James reached forth his hands to receive the book, but his mother retained it, saying, —

“Till me, first, what ye are after wantin' it for?”

“Why,” said the boy, throwing himself impatiently into a chair, “to find somethin' the lady tould me about, to be sure. Ye see, as I was comin' from school, I went into Tom Lanergan's, and a lady was settin' in the room radein' to lame Margary. Whin I went in, she stopped and axed me what my name might be; and whin Margary tould her I was the boy who brought her wather, and did her runnins, the lady she laft, and said she always liked the boys who were obligin' and willin' like to do for those who couldn't do for thimselves. Thin she talked to me about bein' good, and asked me if I wouldn't be afther likin' to grow up, and make the world betther for livin' in it. She tould me uv a chapter in the Bible that would hilp me, and it was that I was afther wantin' to find. It was the fifth chapter in the New Tistament part.”

“Take it to the winder where ye can see,” said his mother, placing the Bible in his hand, “and whin ye've found the place, rade it aloud.”

A quaint looking old book it was, with curious letters, and leaves yellowed with age! James turned its leaves over eagerly, until he found the fifth chapter of Matthew, which he began to read aloud. Little Katy, a frail, sweet looking child, had just drawn up

her arm chair to his side to listen, when a heavy step, was heard in the entry, the door opened, and the tall, stalwart figure of Thomas O'Donnell, the father, entered. His wife uttered an exclamation of surprise, then said, "Is it sick ye are?"

"Faith, I should think yer eyes would till ye betther than that. We're through our month's job, and it's late in the day to begin another, so our gang was off at five. I would a bin home sooner, only I staid to see the fight."

"Fight?" inquired Margaret, "where?"

"O, but it was over at the North Ind. Tom Harny,—an' a brisk Catholic lad he is,—tould a big Yankee boy, that in tin years there'd not be a Bible in a Boston school. Thin the Yankee boy doubled his fist and said, 'Don't ye say that agin'. Thin Tom set up a laugh, and said, 'Be gorrah, me boy, if ye'll wait twenty years, mind ye'll see the pope in the White House.' Thin the Yankee wint at him, and faix they had it there, strong and heavy, I can tell ye."

Thomas suddenly stopped, for at that moment his eye caught sight of the book in James's lap. A savage expression settled over his features as he strode across the room, and snatching it from the boy, he held it out at arm's length toward his wife, saying,—

"An' it's your work, is it, that ye're after settin' the boy to readin' this?"

Margaret tried to speak, but the words died on her lips. Little Katy sprang forward, and throwing her arms around her father, said, "No, father, it was the lady,—a lady tould him to do it."

“Lady, did ye say?” said the man, fiercely; “what lady, an’ where is she; out wi’ it? What lady?” He seized the boy by the arm, and shook him roughly.

“Tom O’Donnell,” said his wife, in a calm voice, coming forward, and laying her hand upon his arm, “have ye forgot the promise ye made to me mither, in ould Ulster?” An’ over that very Bible ye made it,—the promise ye would never middle with my religion.”

“Nather hav’ I,” said the man; “but mind the childer. Niver a drop of hiretic blood disgraced an O’Donnell, and niver, while I have a voice to spake or an arm to fight, will I see a stain fall on the gude name of my father’s. So, rade the hiretic’s Bible ye may, Margaret O’Donnell, but if iver ye put it in the hands of the childer agin, as true as the blissed Virgin, I’ll burn it for ye in a twinklin’.”

Margaret said no more, and Thomas, throwing the book on the bed, walked angrily from the house to a neighboring grocer’s, where, to a group of eager listeners, he was soon rehearsing, with unwonted vehemence, the story of the North End fight.

It was nearly twilight that same evening, when a boy of some dozen years might have been seen hurrying through one of the many streets that open out upon our beautiful Common. It was James O’Donnell. The harsh and unjust treatment of two hours before had roused a storm of passion in his young heart, and he had now come to throw himself upon the grassy hill-

slope, where, unseen and unheard, he might give vent to his smothered grief.

“It’s no use,” said he, with a kind of moan, “it’s no use for me to be tryin’ to be iny thing!” For while the words of the kind lady had kindled within him a little ambition for great and noble deeds, the words of his father as suddenly had quenched it, and the quick-formed purpose was now a smouldering ruin. Many and bitter were the tears shed by the poor Irish boy, as he lay alone in the damp evening air; but the storm at last spent itself, and he uncovered his eyes and looked upward at the starlit sky. Then, like the voice of an angel, there came to him the thought which he had sometimes heard his mother express, “God knows all about it!” and with the thought there spread through his soul a blessed calm. Ah, James O’Donnell, you may well anchor your tempest-tossed bark on that life-inspiring truth! For, from the hills and vales of desolated Lebanon, and the dungeon cells of Italy to the loathsome slave-ship on mid ocean, or the cotton fields of Southern oppression — wherever and whenever the soul or the body is in bondage beneath the yoke of the oppressor, there may be found calm and fearless ones who, like you, say, trustfully and hopefully, “God knows all about it!”

So it was that, with a more patient, more hopeful heart, James went back to his humble home. He crept quietly into bed, that he might not awaken Katy; but the dear child was not asleep. She had been waiting for him; and now, nestling close to his

side, she threw her arms lovingly around his neck, and said, —

“Jamie, was the lady who tould ye about the chapters a tall, white lady, with a bit of blue ribbon tied under her chin?”

“Yis,” said James.

“Thin it was my sewin’ teacher, my dear sewin’ teacher! She it was who tould me how to say, —

“ ‘Jesus, tinder Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless thy little lamb to-night.’ ”

“Oh, Katy,” said James, interrupting her, “did ye know that in ould Ulster they have white lambs and green pastures? Mither says so, and, Katy, I mane to grow up to be a man, and earn money, and thin we’ll go over to ould Ulster, and see the good Morrisons ; for that is what lame Margary says they call mither’s folks, in all the region round.”

Katy did not answer. She was already, in her dreams, among the white lambs and green pastures of old Ulster.

Lame Margary had spoken truly, when she told James that his mother’s kindred were the “good Morrisons of Ulster.” Staunch Protestants they had always been, from their earliest history, and never had any of their race formed a Catholic alliance, until Margaret became the wife of an O’Donnell. Great was the grief of her old mother, that her youngest and cherished child should be the first to step without the fold. She made no open opposition, but she would often sadly say, —

“ Ah, Margary, I’m fearing ye’ll find it hard work to git into the kingdom at last.”

It was in vain Margaret told her that Thomas had promised never to meddle with her religion; in vain that she said she should still read the Bible. Her mother would only shake her head, and say the more doubtfully, “ May be ; may be ; but I’m fearin’ for ye ! ”

There was not a young man in all the county who had more energy and perseverance than young Thomas O’Donnell, so no one was surprised to hear that he and his young wife were going to America to seek their fortune. In less than a year from her bridal day, the young, loving and trusting Margaret bade farewell to her dear old mother, brothers and sisters, and sailing across the ocean, exchanged the green hills and vales of old Ulster for a narrow, dirty, and crowded court, in the midst of a New England city. A stranger in a strange land, Margaret clung fondly to memories of the past. Nor did she forget her promise to her old mother, that she would read her parting gift, the leathern-bound family Bible. Still, as one child after another was added to the household, her cares multiplied, and Margaret grew less mindful of the Sacred Book, and it was only now and then she was made to feel how bitter was her husband’s hatred of it, and all that pertained to her Protestant faith.

Unknown to her father, little Katy went every Wednesday and Saturday to a sewing school, kept by some Protestant ladies. Margaret excused herself for keeping her husband in ignorance of this, — a course

which, to her ingenuous mind, could not but look somewhat doubtful, — by saying within herself, “If he wasn’t so unreasonab’ I would till him. Other Catholic childer go, and why not ours?”

Too feeble to enjoy the rude sports of healthy children, this pleasant school was an untold blessing to little Katy. And never a flower drank in more readily the sunshine of heaven, than did this tender hearted child the truths of God’s Word from the lips of her gentle teacher.

A month had now passed away since the last outburst of Thomas O’Donnell’s religious zeal, and it was quite forgotten by all except James; when, one Saturday evening, Katy, whose privilege it was to sit on her father’s knee as soon as he had finished his supper, sat smoothing down her new apron that she had brought home that day, from sewing school.

“Guess my girl’s got a new apron?” said James.

“I made some of it meself,” said Katy. “The sewin’ teacher showed me how.”

And now came question after question, and darker grew the father’s face at each answer, until with an angry flash of the eye, he suddenly unfastened and drew off the apron, and threw it into the fire.

Katy ran sobbing to her mother, and hid her face in her lap, while her father said, fiercely, “Margaret, if iver agin’ Katy O’Donnell goes to the sewin’ school she’s tilling of, I’ll bate her to an inch of her life!”

There was no occasion for Thomas to fulfill this

threat. That very night little Katy was taken violently sick, and the doctor who was summoned pronounced it a "bad case" of scarlet fever. The few succeeding days were days of intense suffering and delirium. With the tenderness of a woman, and an anxiety too deep for words, Thomas watched unceasingly by the bedside of his sick child. Margaret kept up as bravely as she could, trying to comfort poor James, who, almost heart-broken, would frequently give way to uncontrolled weeping.

On the fourth morning, Katy was once more conscious. James, almost wild with delight, covered her pale face with kisses, saying, "Jamie's darlin' will be now gittin' well!"

Margaret's sad face was lighted once more with hopeful smiles, and Thomas went whistling cheerily about the house. But the doctor struck a cold chill to all their hearts, by saying, —

"The child is sinking — she will not live — there is no more that I can do!"

Dark was that day in the house of Thomas O'Donnell! Dark to all but Katy. She, alone, seemed happily unconscious of the grief that filled every other heart.

"Jamie," said she, "could ye not fetch the sewin' teacher?"

"Not now, Katy; it's Tuesday, ye know; but to-morrow she'll be at the school, and thin I can."

"Thin won't ye rade me the card she gav' the last time at the school?"

James went to Katy's little school-bag, and finding the card on which was printed the beautiful Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," brought it to the bedside, and began to read aloud.

As he finished the verse, — "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters," — Katy's face brightened, and she said, "Don't that make ye think of ould Ulster, mother? Did ye know the tacher tould us that the blissed Jesus is the Shipherd, and we're his lambs, if we're good. An', ses she, by and by he'll tak' us to the green pastures, — to the green pastures, Jamie, dear." And then Katy sank back, panting, on her pillow.

A change passed over the sweet features. "Thomas!" said Margaret, in a frightened tone, to her husband, who sat at the foot of the bed, with his head bowed upon his knees, "Thomas! tak' the child; she's dyin'!"

The father started suddenly, and lifting her, just as she lay, upon her pillow, carried her to the window. The sun was setting, and as its lingering rays fell upon her golden hair, she opened her eyes and said "It's dark, father."

"My God!" said Thomas, sinking down into a chair, "my darlin' is blind!"

"Lift me," said the child, trying to rise. He gently raised her head, when, putting her hands together, she commenced in a low, husky voice, her evening prayer: —

“ Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
 Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me ;
 Keep — me — till ” —

The voice ceased, but the prayer was answered, for in the morning light of glory, little Katy entered Paradise.

Then did the strength of Thomas O'Donnell become weakness, and with moans of anguish he bowed over the unconscious form. James threw his arms around his mother, crying, “ Oh, mither, mither, what'll we do ! Oh, what'll we do ! ”

Margaret alone was calm ; for, floating back to remembrance, there had come some of those mighty promises of God's Word that she had been taught in her childhood, and so, with a new, strange fortitude, she lifted the body from her husband's arms, and carrying it into the bed room, laid it on Katy's little bed. Then folding the same hands over the breast, and smoothing back from the snow-white face the sunny hair, she murmured, “ My darlin' is in greener pastures than ould Ulster's ! She shall not want ! ”

It was the afternoon of the next day. All needful preparations for the burial of their child had been made, and Thomas and Margaret O'Donnell sat alone together in their desolate home. “ Where's Jamie ? ” asked his father ?

“ Gone to till the sewin' teacher about Katy,” said Margaret, in a low, quivering voice. There was a

long silence, broken at last by James' returning footsteps. He evidently brought some message, for, taking off his cap, he went directly to his father's side. He hesitated a moment, then, dashing away the tears that had gathered in his eyes, said, —

“Katy's sewin' teacher axed me to come to school. Will ye let me go nixt Sunday, father?”

Margaret leaned forward, and placing her hand on her husband's knee, said, “Our darlin' Katy's teacher it is, that asks it.”

“*Our darlin' Katy's teacher*” was the key that unlocked the bolted heart. With arms tightly folded, and a voice trembling with emotion, the father said, “Yis, go; boy, go: and may the blissid Virgin forgiv' me, if it be a sin!”

James waited to hear no more, but stole softly through the half-opened door into the little room, where Katy, like a white-robed angel, lay, and kneeling down by her bedside, said in a low voice, —

“O Shipherd of darlin' Katy, hilp me to be good, that one day I may liv' with her, and be with thee in green pastures. Thin will we both together give thee thanks, oh, tin thousand times tin thousand, for iver and iver. Amen.”

And this was how James O'Donnell came to be a member of our mission school.

CHAPTER XXII.

LETTERS.

To Mr. and Mrs. B. :—

SATURDAY EVENING, June 10, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIENDS : I am not willing this week should slip away without beginning, at least, a reply to yours. It was very thoughtful in you to send me those words of good cheer, and most welcome they were, I assure you. Now, you would like to know in return what engages my time and thoughts. Let me give you a brief programme of the week's incidents.

Monday Morning. Delightful day. Air fragrant and warm. Walked a mile with K. toward school. Had a quiet hour to read my Bible and Leighton. Wrote two hours. Dinner. Sat down to write, but was interrupted by a call.

Wednesday. When the sun shone out, walked a while in the woods. In the afternoon took baby out to the barn, in her little carriage, and sat smelling the new hay, listening to the twittering of the swallows, and looking up at the serene blue sky. I thought of you all as I sat

there, and wished you could know how well I was.

Friday. Mr. —— came with his chaise, and took me to his house for the day. And what a pleasant day it was. Sat in the summer parlor all the forenoon with his niece, talking. It was really “a feast of reason and a flow of soul” about books, about poetry, about the life of faith, and a better country, — but I will not go on. It was a short forenoon. Only think how many good things in one day.

Saturday. Another pleasant day. Walked a mile. Read some. Have been sewing this afternoon and now am closing up the day by writing to you. I have two bouquets of beautiful flowers in my room, which I wish I could send you. Hundreds of pinks are in full bloom under my window. The scenery about me is delightful. I love to sit, and look upon the high hill in front of us, — at the cattle browsing up its side, or lying down under its shady trees, — and think of the Proprietor of all this vast domain, to whom belong the cattle on a thousand hills. Nor are evidences of his richer grace and higher power wanting amid all this beauty. Redeeming love has found its trophies here, who will, in the eyes of angels, make this a hallowed spot.

To Mrs. J. N. D.:—

MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . Are you tired of my rambling letter? I can not make it as valuable as yours, but I think the affection it breathes will bear analyzing. I believe it is the genuine article. It grew from seeds your own hand planted, therefore I do not boast, in speaking of it.

Is this not near the time of your dear M.'s departure, a year ago? I think it must be. Ah, these sad recollections! You are having them multiplied in your experience. There will be none up above. No coldness, no estrangement, no death. Oh, happy, happy country.

I have noted down a few thoughts of Flavel's and McCheyne's, which have interested me of late. Do you know, I look upon the loan of McCheyne's memoir as a token of good to my sin-sick soul. It is a ray from the great central Sun, which is to illumine and sanctify. So I hope, for the leaves all breathe of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, and may I not catch and keep some of the heavenly fragrance?

“Prayer is the golden key which unlocks the treasures.” *Flavel.*

“A word spoken by you when your conscience

is clear, and your heart full of God's Spirit, is worth ten thousand words spoken in unbelief and sin." — "Remember Moses wist not that his face shone. Looking at our own shining face, is the bane of spiritual life, and of the ministry." — "Is it not true with some of you, that your hearts are like the foot-path, trodden all the week by wicked thoughts, with 'free passage this way' written over against it?" *Mc Cheyne.*

To Miss F. : —

JULY 17, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: If my eyes had not become somewhat stronger, I could not safely write you even now, for it is about two weeks since I have dared to use them. My health is quite good now. I am surprised to find myself as well as I am. What my Master designs for me in the future I know not, but some humble place in the vineyard, I hope, where I shall

"Little achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait."

Do you know there is a great deal of sound, practical theology in Longfellow's Psalm of Life? I frequently find a line recurring to me, as expressing the experience of my heart.

“Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is the destined end or way,
But to live that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.”

It is a hymn, or psalm rather, that will bear much repetition.

Your pleasant note gave me some profitable topics for meditation. To be fully satisfied will be, indeed, a heavenly experience. Yet I suppose heavenly contentment is a plant growing in earthly soil. We may, therefore, cultivate it, in anticipation of a glorious development when it shall be changed to this same heavenly satisfaction. Paul enjoyed the fragrance of the earthly blossom all along his pilgrimage. In prison, in the stocks, in perils by land and by water, in good report and in evil report, it lived on; in whatsoever state, he had learned in all things to be content. Yet, my dear Mrs. G. used to say, “It is well once in a while to change our trials.” I suppose character would be unevenly developed if the same discipline came year by year, without variation. And I think we often err in thinking victory over ourselves, in these trials, unattainable. Archbishop Leighton, in early life, was quite irritable. When grace wrought in him the new creature, the remains of the “old man”

still stirred up corruption. He set himself diligently to the work of mortifying this sin; and it is related, that he spent whole nights on his knees in prayer for strength to overcome. Mark the result. "For twenty years," writes an intimate friend (Dr. Burnet), "I have never seen him ruffled in temper, though I have seen him under more than ordinary provocation." The example is encouraging and discouraging both. In comparison with my own present attainments, it looks like an impossible progress in Christian life.

To Mrs. M. F. D. : —

ANDOVER, November 17, 1860.

"I have been to a land, a border-land, —
 May oblivion never roll
 O'er the many lessons which then and there
 Were graven on my soul."

And you, also, my dear Mrs. D., have had a view of the border-land. Yours, from the open door of the sepulcher, and mine from the bed of pain and weakness. Yet both of us saw that dim, "yet wondrous shore," beyond the swelling tide, and were comforted. So your father is gone? *I, too*, have lost a father, and one who was to me dearer than any other earthly friend, therefore can I sympathize with you as some

can not. It is a great loss to lose a mother, all acknowledge; but we can testify it is a great loss, also, to lose a father. How memory takes us back to our first walks and rides with him, to the hymns we have repeated at his side, to his early instruction, then hardly heeded, now so highly prized. How glad he was to believe the best of us, glad to think our "errors leaned to virtue's side," glad to watch the least growth in our minds, and proud of any marked advance. How sure we were that his great heart had taken us so entirely into it that our joys were his joys, our sorrows his sorrows, and our hopes his also. He was like the oak, around which the ivy clings, — our weakness leaning on him became strength. We remember, too, the social circle, where we saw the fruits of a mind that had been nurtured with patient care. How often were his words "like apples of gold in pictures of silver!" We recall the stories of his college life, — incidents connecting him with many whom the world have been since proud to honor; we recall his wit, his vivacity; dream over his generous heartedness, and then wake to the cold reality — that it is all for ever gone."

Yet not for ever, — in the silent tomb
Where thou art gone, thy kindness shall find room;
A few short years, — a few short years of pain,
And one by one we'll come to thee again.

In hope of a glorious resurrection, we will be patient, giving thanks always through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

My letter, as you see, is dated at Andover. Yes, I am back again to the neighborhood where I was born. Within a stone's throw of the chapel where my childish feet were first taught to go up to the house of the Lord. I am, as you will infer, somewhat feeble. Yet not more so than such a severe attack of hemorrhage would be expected to make me. That last attack occasioned a more profuse bleeding than all my other five attacks put together. It really seemed as though I might be bleeding to death, and before the doctor could get there I asked my friend M. if she thought I was. She said she thought not. It was in the night, — and a truly solemn hour. May I tell you how I felt? Peaceful, and as far as I know, willing to go or to stay. I could find no more fitting comparison than to liken it to a journey I once took. A friend secured for me my state room, procured my tickets, and told me all I had to do was to step on board the boat, go to my room, and sleep quietly until morning. Then, he told me, I should be within sight of port. It was as he had said. It is true there were some "strange sounds;" the waves dashed against the ship, and the dark-

ness was “a very great darkness.” But there was a Pilot on board. In the morning I arose early, and went out on deck. The city was in full view, lighted up with the rays of the morning sun. Cheerfulness beamed on every face. We were safe in port. And now, in my sickness, I felt that I knew whom I had believed, and that he was able to keep that which I had committed unto Him, against that day. I was not afraid to cross the dark river — for I felt sure the bright city was on the other side. I was very favorably situated during my sickness, with my excellent friends the O.’s, where attentions, such as love suggests, were freely shown.

To Mrs. E. : —

ANDOVER, December 22, 1860.

MY DEAR MRS. E. : This is Forefather’s Day, and I don’t know that I shall be able to celebrate it better than by writing to you. So you are really at work among my poor people? *Your* feet, instead of mine, are treading those crowded streets, narrow stairways, and desolate rooms. Your hands, instead of mine, administer to wants, pressing and numerous, and your voice, instead of mine, speaks words of hope and counsel. Am I willing it should be so? Oh, I hope I am, but the tear will start, the heart will

yearn, as I call up the familiar faces of those interesting people. "Have any believed the report?" Have any laid down life's burden, and taken up the crown? Have any, of whom "I hoped better things," fallen away from their steadfastness? And, how is it with the tender lambs, over whose sorrowful lot my heart has ached? Has the Saviour taken any of them to his bosom, suffering them, through grace, to obtain the victory without the fight? You can not answer; for how could I tell you just who come back to my memory. I must wait until the momentous revelation of the last great day to know all I would know, and, alas, much, I fear that I would not. I am glad you are engaged in that neighborhood. I know the poor families will love you, and in many respects, you can sympathize with them, as I never could. How many a widow's heart will open itself to you, as it never might to me! How many a bereaved mother finds in you one who can shed tears of pity, mingled with those of like grief, as you remember a sweet marble face, once pressed against your own, that now,

"You know, is hid,
Beneath the coffin-lid;
Your hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer you knelt,

and whispered of your child. "It is not there." So go on hopefully, my dear friend. Do you have a sewing school? And a female prayer meeting too? I love to think of the latter, that I used to attend, every Friday. I can see the faces of those who were present, and you don't know how I want to talk with them once more. Tell me, do you ever see that poor Mrs. W.? Very miserable she is bodily and spiritually, but yet there is something about her that makes me feel an interest in her. Will you tell her I inquired for her, and have not forgotten her little dark room and her children. Tell her from me, that "Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Then there is that wretched Mrs. F. I think the poor creature *did* try to break the chains that bound her, and felt after the cross. But the fearful habit of drinking dragged her back again. If you ever see her, tell her I love her and will pray for her, that she may yet be a sober Christian, and that I may meet her in glory. These poor, uninteresting ones, I think I want to see the most. They bring the tears the quickest of any. I do so long to give them a helping hand. That fearfully destitute family of B., is another. I have thought of their dreary home many, many times. Abandoned as the woman appears to be

to strong drink, she has got a hold upon my heart. I want her to be saved. Don't think it too poor a soil to cast seed into, if you find her.

To Mrs. D. : —

ANDOVER, CHRISTMAS WEEK, 1860.

MY DEAR MRS. D. : Again and yet again ? No intermittent spring, is your friendship.

Have you ever noticed when the time comes for the melting of winter snows, how some temporary stream, swollen and noisy, will flow along the roadside. Children stop and watch with delight its rapid motion, and even graver people pause and give it a passing look. A few hours, and the tiny river has disappeared.

You have seen, too, in the dry midsummer, when walking in some unfrequented lane, a narrow stream, gurgling across your pathway, with a sweet, musical sound, that sets you to day-dreaming. Fringed with flowers and bright green mosses, it flows on, reflecting the heavens' own sunshine, from its pure waters. Again and again it wins you to the spot. It is always clear, always flowing. They tell you it is fed by a spring, and you imagine, deep down within the foundations of "the everlasting hills," the mysterious spot of its birth. Such a stream as the first, is many an earthly friendship ; such a

one as the last, has yours been to me. Your last letter came to me on the evening of a day in which there had been several disappointments. Some of them trivial, and one that was really enough to claim the name. I was sitting in the parlor, watching the gathering twilight, not very sad, it is true, but

“ With a feeling of sadness and longing,
A feeling akin unto pain,
That resembles sorrow, only
As the mist resembles the rain,”

when that pleasant remembrance from “ M. F. D.” and others, dissipated the mist, and made a clear shining. This will be thanks enough.

Who do you think called here, some few weeks ago? Who but Rev. Mr. T., my former pastor. Did I enjoy the call, you ask? Will you believe it, I did not see him. He came after I had retired for the night, and left so early the next morning that he could not call again. I had a good hearty cry over it, the heartiest one I have had this winter. The family laughed at a grief so much greater than the cause, and said they were quite surprised at me. But you will not be. In a corner of my chamber, beneath a canopy of evergreens and red winter-berries, his picture hangs. It is a kind of shrine,

dedicated to the holiest friendship I have ever known, for *he* was the man who showed me the way to the cross!

To a friend, under circumstances of peculiar affliction: —

ANDOVER, January, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: A letter like your last certainly demanded an earlier answer, and had it not been that for a few days past I felt quite too sad to write, you would have heard from me before. . . . And so the hidden chamber of your heart, that held that sad experience, you at last open to me, and thereby show another proof that you are in covenant relations with your heavenly Father; for whom he loves, he chastens; and it is always to be found that his own peculiar people, at some period in their history, undergo peculiar discipline. How much at fault we often are in our imaginings of what our friends are doing. We think of them as pursuing their customary avocations, when they are passing through deep waters. So it was with me in thinking of you, during that sorrowful week, when you were called to such heavy trials. Indeed, it seems to me that your last year has been one mingled scene of changing incident, in which the sorrowful predominates. What is it all fitting you for? Who can say?

I think you have done quite right in undertaking the care of those expenses, though I hardly see how you will bear the burden without great inconvenience, at times, to say the least. Still, God placed you in those relations, and no earthly circumstance, no earthly nor satanic power, can break the bond. A bond that should have been "Beauty and Strength," now, alas, how tarnished! Doing for the unthankful and ungrateful gives us a new insight into our Lord's self-renouncing spirit, and beholding it as in a glass, we are changed into the same image. You are being admitted into a higher sphere of Christian benevolence than, perhaps, you ever trod; therefore walk reverently, and with meekness learn the lessons given; saying, in the language of sacred song,

"Nearer my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

Do not hesitate to speak freely to me on this subject, if it is ever any relief for you to do so. I trust you will not find me wanting in sympathy, for that is about all I have to offer now.

"Pilgrim of earth, on thy journey to heaven,
Heir of eternal life! child of the day!"

Cared for, watched over, beloved, and forgiven,
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

“ Cared for, watched over, though often thou seemest
Justly forsaken, nor counted a child ;
Loved and forgiven, though rightly thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

“ Weary and thirsty, no water-brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way ;
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee —
He will provide thee with strength for the day.

“ Break through the brambles and briars that obstruct thee ;
Dread not the gloom and the blackness of night ;
Lean on the hand that will safely conduct thee,
Trust to his eye, to whom darkness is light.

“ Trust him, be steadfast, whatever befall thee,
Only one thing, do thou ask of the Lord ;
Grace to go forward, wherever he guides thee,
Simply believing the truth of his Word.

“ Still on thy spirit deep anguish is pressing,
Not for the yoke that his wisdom bestows ;
A heavier burden thy soul is distressing, —
A heart that is slow in his love to repose.

“ Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behavior,
Ah ! thou may'st sorrow, but do not despair ;
Even this grief thou may'st bring to the Saviour ;
Cast upon him even this burden and care.

“ Bring all thy hardness — his power can subdue it ;
How full is the promise, the blessing is free !
‘ What ever ye ask in *my* name, I will do it ;
Abide in my love, and be joyful in me.’ ”

To Mrs. B. : —

ANDOVER, January 22, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. B. : . . . My health has been very unsettled now for more than a year and a half, as I have had, in that time, six different attacks of hemorrhage. But I am now so far recovered that I expect to enjoy very tolerable health once more. My eyes are very sensitive, and were so inflamed during the summer, that I feared I was going to lose my sight entirely. We can judge from this how wise was His providence, who detained me from my prospective India home. I rise quite late, lie down a while during the brightest part of the day, and then retire for the night as early as six. In this way, I am enabled to accomplish considerable writing, for my pen I must now rely on for support. With such eyes and lungs, to have been once told I should have to meet my own expenses, would have seemed incredible. But God can “temper the wind to the shorn lamb;” and, save in depressed hours, which *I*, of all others, should never indulge in, I have faith that I “verily shall be fed.” I am boarding this winter at Mr. C.’s, on Andover Hill, just in the rear of the Theological Seminary. I am pleasantly situated, and enough retired to get along without any of the drawbacks which my seeing

so much company in Boston occasioned. Besides, Andover is my native place, and I exclaimed, when I first came here, "if I can write any where, it must be here." I drink in, under every variety of sky, the influence of the diversified scenery, and feel the springs of a young life warm within me. Dear old Andover! Like the weary, homesick child, I have come back to her bosom, once more.

My connection with the City Missionary Society has been dissolved for some time. You do not know what pleasant years those were that I spent in its service. I wish you could enjoy with me the continued love and gratitude of many of those poor people whom it was my privilege to aid. When I was taken from them so suddenly, it seemed to draw forth all their affection; and my heart throbs, when I think of the probability of one day seeing some of them, at least, once more. Do you not think the blessing of the poor one to be coveted? It is very true the world would call me poor myself; but there are times when I feel quite rich, for heart's riches are more valuable than any other currency,—no money can buy them. And they are beyond the fluctuating tide of earthly affairs, being, in a subordinate sense, laid up, "where neither moth nor rust can corrupt."

I have very often reviewed those weeks at Hartford, during which I met with you, Miss W., and others, that I shall never cease to remember. I suppose the other young ladies have written to you. How I should like to overhaul your letter budget. What an interesting one it must be. Miss Hannah More's letters are to me among the most entertaining works I ever met. I believe they have educated me into fondness for both reading and writing letters.

I wish I could give you some cheering account of the progress of the "inner life." But I do not feel that my sickness has prepared me for heaven, as I anticipated it would. I find that the old road of prayer and Bible reading has never been superseded. Sickness may wean us from the world, but, alas, not from our sins! As yet I know of no neutral ground where Satan allows us to lie down and sleep safely. We are in the enemy's country from the cradle to the grave, and the sooner we fully believe it the better. It is natural to think that the sick and suffering disciple is the nearest his Lord. Nor is it untrue; but he is not, because nearer his Lord, free from a sinful heart and satanic temptation. It was after a season of trial, and when weak and least able to meet it, as we should think, that our Lord's memorable temp-

tation occurred. So we are to watch and pray here, and believe, as we are told in Scripture, that the rest remaineth.

I have only room to thank you for all your kindness to me, for which I must write myself,

Your obliged,

SUSAN M. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

It is evident that during these days her varying health caused many solemn thoughts, and she was gathering spiritual resources for the uncertain future. Each day some precious Scripture was treasured up for time of need, and the thoughtful reader will have noticed that from day to day her soul was fed, and her spirit refreshed by divine truth. The Word of God gave shape to her religious feelings, and kept the affections of her heart in vigorous exercise. Her habit of living on the Scriptures made her what she was.

February 12, 1861, she writes: "For he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Dr. N. A. says, "Oh, the awful significance of the expression, 'made him to be sin.'" I have fed upon this precious Scripture, and often thought, It shall be my pillow when I lie down to die. There is such an ocean of fullness in that righteousness for our sin-stained souls.

My view of the passage differs from Dr. A.'s. He sees the suffering Saviour in it. I, the justified sinner; and while both are true, mine is animating, because it comforts, yea, delights me.

February 14. “Nevertheless, I am continually with thee.” “Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.” Strange language for a worm of the dust. Receive *me* to glory! Ah, how blindly we walk, while such gems are beneath our Bible covers. There is much help in the thought of Christ as a Counselor. My way is hid from *me*, yet he knoweth the way I shall take, and if I am his true disciple, will supply my lack of wisdom by his own.

I walked this morning. Oh, such a walk, on a road I have never passed over, since I rode there with my father, years ago. I noted the far-off prospect in the western valley—the hazy hill tops—the snow-covered landscape. The air was bracing. I longed to do great and noble things, and my heart swelled at the possible future. “Dear Andover hills,” was my heart’s unspoken language, “let me live and die among you!” The goodness of God, in spreading such a picture before my eyes, touched my heart; and when I returned home, and read

the 104th Psalm, I thought it must have been after some such sight of Judean hills and vales that David was inspired to write it.

February 15. Walked this morning; returned home quite weary, and lay down. Felt a little depressed on discovering my weakness of body, but found comfort in my text: "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." *Afterward* this shall be for the faithful, therefore will I hope on. Luther says, three things make a minister: "temptations, afflictions, and prayer." I have thought of it a good deal of late. It frightens me to think of temptation. I am so fearful of falling. It keeps me down, to think they are part of our discipline, to the end. I will try to think of Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory. Oh, wonderful!

Monday. Felt depressed all day. Read a passage in Psalms, where it is said, in reference to the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, "and there was not one feeble person among all their tribes," — an earthly type of that heavenly community, where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick.

In conversation to-day, think I flattered. Oh, for such a tongue as may be called a well-spring of life!

Whatever success may attend my efforts in writing, I do not believe I shall ever enjoy the peace of mind that I did in those missionary days in Boston. The coming in contact of one mind with another, in the relation of receiving and conferring benefits, enlarges our capacity for loving and enjoying. Those who are engaged most directly in saving souls live above the ordinary walk and the storms of earth, which, like clouds about the mountain side, reach only in part their serene composure.

Saturday. Went into the bookbindery to get my Bogatsky's Golden Treasury, which I had left to be re-bound. The bookbinder took a great deal of pains with my little book, and called it, in golden letters, "the Golden Treasure." I let him have his own way, and rather liked the new name. His good humor and kindness made me happy! So true is it, that a kindly touch in the morning makes the heart vibrate sweet music all day.

Sabbath. Dr. Fisher's sermon at the Jubilee meeting was read to me, and I shed tears during the reading, it was so thrilling. I felt that nothing in the world is so noble as being a missionary.

After retiring, had some thoughts of the Friend above all others, which drew me to his feet, and there I sweetly fell asleep.

Friday. I walked this morning, and on the sunny side of a wall, sat down to rest beneath an overhanging pine tree. I noticed the sound of the wind in the grove near by; and closing my eyes, could readily have believed I was listening to the sound of the sea on the shore at Cohasset. I thought of Whittier's beautiful lines, —

“ And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea;
The moaning of the sea of change,
Between myself and thee.”

To Mrs. C. : —

ANDOVER, March 14, 1861.

DEAR MRS. C. : How have you been all this long winter weather? Has not the “vacant place” seemed even more “vacant” than when Nature, with her thousand charms, tempted you abroad? Bryant says, —

“ If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
Go to the woods and hills.”

I know you love this beautiful world, as those who have less sensibility can not, and although you could never forget your loss, yet diverting scenes may deaden that aching sense of it. Your letter, full of consolation, reached me at Mr. O.'s. Your quotation, “As for God, his

way is perfect," was on my mind in days of weariness. I think if any body should be called the child of Providence, that person is myself. There has been sufficient variety in my life to make it cheerful, and not enough to render it too exciting. Letters from friends, the weekly papers and magazines, and an occasional call, have contributed to make my stay agreeable. Now, in regard to my writing. I have sufficient encouragement to make me hope to continue it, as a means of support, though I can not say I have as yet got fairly under way.

You will be anxious to learn about my spiritual state. Alas, sickness in and of itself, without the divine blessing and our own efforts, can not sanctify. I confess I had thought otherwise. Now I see that it is not merely affliction, but sanctified affliction, that makes us "gold tried in the fire." The Refiner's eye is needed to watch the process, and the Refiner's hand to take out the work when it is complete, and these make it a blessed thing to pass through a furnace "seven times heated." I hope my varied discipline will not be lost upon me. How solemn the thought, that what fire does not melt it hardens. My own religious reading is chiefly from McCheyne, who helps me more than any one. So spiritual, and affec-

tionate, and poetical too. What a rare seraph he must be in the heavenly choir! The acquaintances I am now forming are among the choicest people here. I think that is an advantage not to be lightly esteemed. I feel as if I must give something in return; as though I ought to be mentally and spiritually highly cultivated. Ah, shall I ever be? I can try. There is something delightful in the thought of year by year going on to develop the powers of mind God has given me, for though I shall never be what I wish, I can hope to improve upon what I once was. In using my pen, this opportunity will be given, as it could be in no other way; and though bodily infirmity may seem a hinderance, it may be that it is the only way in which the great Teacher can keep me from being a castaway. I never was so poor in this world's goods as now, and yet never so rich in cultivated and spiritual friendships. I have come to the end of my paper, but not of my heart. I have only room to write myself very truly yours,

SUSAN M. UNDERWOOD.

Miss U. became much interested in an invalid who resided near, called often to see her, and sympathized not only in her sickness, but in the

depression and solicitude which must ever attend a sure and gradual descent to the grave. When she could no longer see her, she wrote the following letter : —

To Miss M. : —

ANDOVER, March 5, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND : This is a beautiful, sunshiny morning, and I think of you, and wish you were able to go out and enjoy it, as I hope to do. But your heavenly Father has seen fit to order otherwise. As it is those whom he loves that he chastens, you surely need not be cast down. Could you hear the voice of that blessed Friend saying, “ Here is one I love ; she longs to have health, and long life wherewith she may honor me ; she longs to point poor sinners to my cross. This desire I accept. I love her for it, yea, I have graven her name upon the palms of my hands. She shall be in everlasting remembrance. Therefore, that she may know hers is a true faith, I have chosen her to glorify me in the fire. Seven times heated shall the furnace be, yet will she triumph. She will put her hand in mine, and like a little child look trustingly up, saying, ‘ I will fear no evil. Thy will be done.’ ” Yes, could you hear that tender voice speaking thus, would you not be

comforted? I send you "Here and There," which you will find easy to hold, and easy to read, if you read any thing. Keep it as long as it can be of any comfort to you. I am, with sympathy, very affectionately, yours,

S. M. U.

To Mrs. R. :—

March 22, 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. R.: How long it is since I looked upon your pleasant face; but I can recall it easily, and am glad that, —

Though distance may sever,
It ne'er can control
The affections that ever
Reign over the soul.

Are you enjoying your Litchfield home? I wonder if you have as snowy an outlook as we have here. It seems as if the Arctic zone had stepped out of its own territories and infringed on the limits of its Temperate companion. In a glass, on my table, are some delicate pink blossoms, that look up gladsomely, as though the summer air of this parlor was congenial, and beyond that cared nothing. Were they like us forecasting mortals, they would say, "Ah, this weather is death to us. It is of no use to keep our petals open; we may as well droop and done with it."

Don't you often, when surrounded with health and comfort, find your mind dwelling on a possible and different future, and anxiously trying to lay in a store of strength to meet it, and then, have not such efforts been as unavailing as those of Israel, to lay up an extra store of manna? I suppose the secret of happy Christian living, is to seek daily bread, and then enjoy it, taking no thought for the morrow, that shall spoil the relish of to-day. But I forget that your good husband is a preacher, and that sermons are no rarity, except poor ones, like mine, and they are not wanted.

To Miss F. : —

April, 1861.

Do you remember Longfellow, in his Psalm of Life, says, —

“Learn to labor, and to wait?”

It just occurred to me, I am learning to “wait.” And may I comfort myself, think you, by the assurance, —

“They also serve, who only stand and wait?”

If patient waiting is patient serving, I will be content.

I have been depressed on account of the war

news. In these days, how does it become those who know how to pray, to be often on their knees. It is because we have forgotten the God of our salvation that this evil has come upon us.

I have this afternoon seen a gold coin that belonged to Philip of Macedon. It had been buried among the ruins of Tyre for more than two thousand years! Oh, for a poet's pen and genius to muse and write over it! When two thousand years shall have passed away, how will our lives appear? What will be their story, or will it have faded away? Doubtless from earth it will; but in the heavenly records we hope it will safely abide the changes of the centuries, and if our faith be not vain, the final conflagration of all things? "What manner of persons ought we to be?"

Sometimes I do long for the old health and the old work. And yet I was troubled often, thinking in what a false position I stood. So lacking in spiritual mindedness, and yet a missionary! Surely I, who have wearied with the footmen, need not crave to run with the horsemen. Do you find your strength equal to your day? The Christian life is such a warfare, it seems easy to sit down and fold one's hands in despair of ever obtaining the victory; and when, added to this keeping one's

own heart from desponding, there is the great work of helping others to heaven, it seems impossible. And yet, the way for us to advance is to try and help others. It is almost a condition of our own safety, that we do something toward securing that of our brother. So, although your work on the one hand looks like an impossibility, on the other it looks very helpful. We need constantly to keep the eye of faith from getting blinded by the glare of a deceitful world, so that it can look out toward the heavenly hills and enjoy the prospect. Then our eye affects our heart, and we quicken our pace heavenward; otherwise, we become, like Bunyan's man with the rake, absorbed in earth, entirely unmindful of the crown above us.

April 29, 1861. She writes in her journal: How long it is since I have written in this book, yet day unto day hath uttered speech! Mercies have fallen in a ceaseless shower, and the heart has felt and lived much. But there is to be no writing up of the long story. It would be impossible to recall it, and too laborious to write it if recalled. To-day, then, is the theme. And what of to-day? Awoke after a refreshing night's sleep, which encouraged

me to hope that I shall once more feel as well as I did a fortnight since. It is true, there is a strange difficulty about the breathing, and at times hardly force enough to speak a word. Still, unpleasant as it is, I know there have been times when it was worse. Therefore, I will not despair of relief. Entire recovery I have now no hope of. I find myself estimating the length of the sickness of some of my friends, and with one I remember the term was six years. I shrink! I ought not to fear. The end came to them, in due time. It will to me. But this one thing I desire: I want to honor Him, whom I hope I serve, more in sickness than I have in health, by my cheerfulness, and entire freedom from murmurs, as pin by pin the tabernacle is being taken down. I would show that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is a reality, that makes weak mortals triumph, even in the fires. I know this is possible. I know it would honor the Author of my salvation. I know it would win assent to the efficacy of divine consolations. Why, then, may I not confidently believe my desire will be granted? I would have my sick room a pleasant place, from which none would go empty away. Lord, grant this to thy weak servant. To thee shall be all the glory.

May 1. And so it is May day again. Last year I was confined to my chamber, and to-day I am resting on my oars. Ah, shall I ever row again? I am thinking it doubtful. My poor lungs are certainly in a very precarious condition. "But He knoweth our frame." What has a justified sinner to mourn over, when his great Advocate is pleading his case?

Have done nothing to-day. Lord give *me* patience, and have thou patience with me.

May 2. A day long to be remembered! Sent for Dr. Kimball, and he has examined my lungs. He informs me that tubercles are already formed. It has, then, come to this! I returned to my room, and for a while a tide of feeling swept over me. The descent to the grave seemed so certain and so near! Yet the thought of "Him who keepeth Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps," brought peace. That was one of the texts for to-day. I had long suspected disease in the right lung, but had never succeeded in getting it thoroughly examined. Now it has been done, I think I am prepared for the result. Yet it is a solemn thing to walk slowly but surely to the grave, with it almost in sight.

I feel a strong desire to write to Mr. Thompson to-day, and tell him the Master, whom he

taught me to serve, does not fail his servant in her extremity. These are test hours to the believer. "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

May 4. Have been to walk to-day. The wind east, and the sky cloudy. Feel, on the whole, better. Cough but little. Text to-day, on the intercession of Christ. "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." McCheyne says on this, "If we could hear Christ praying for us, in the next room, of what should we be afraid?" It is not in the next room, but, blessed thought, even nearer, just within the veil. The family are all very thoughtful for me since they have learned the extent of my disease. Oh, for a gentle, cheerful spirit, that may reward them daily, by making them the happier.

Sabbath. Was permitted the great privilege of going up once more with those that keep holy day. Professor B. preached from the text, "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the hidden manna." The hidden manna, Christ. The sermon was eminently spiritual. I felt that it was good to be there.

Only two more short records are made in her journal. In the last she mentions a call from some friends, and writes, "They brought me

——” She was probably interrupted — the sentence will never be finished.

The progress of her sickness, and the state of her mind, can be learned only from her letters.

To Miss J. B. F. : —

ANDOVER, May 21, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: About three weeks ago, when the physician examined my lungs, I asked him if the disease was a recent thing. He thought not. He gives me no hope of recovery, but thinks, as my constitution is unusually vigorous, I may keep about as I am for some time. . . . Had you thought that in those days when you heard nothing from me, your friend was looking at the dark grave as very near? I can never be well. There was something positive in it. There was an hour or two of heart sinking, and then, I trust, the heart turned to the Mighty One, and met, in his strength, the solemn truth. Since then I have been as cheerful as I was before, indeed, even more so.

At times, my pecuniary affairs harass me, but thus far I have kept my head, or rather my head has been kept, above water, in regard to debt. . . . If it were not for the Bible and prayer, I should certainly sink. My dear friend, you do not yet know the mystery of that wonderful

faith, of which holy men of old wrote, as they were moved ; unless you have been brought, as I think I have been, at times, to trust only in Christ.

My discipline has been peculiar. I seem to be called to *test* the value of the lessons I have tried to teach others. I have told them what promises such and such trials had, and now I am brought to those trials — comforted by those promises.

S. M. U.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HER LAST DAYS.

No one comes at once into an established Christian character. Young people often wish they were active Christians, but are impatient of the process by which they are to become so. Our Saviour says, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." So with Susan. In Newton, her thoughts were first turned to the subject of religion, — then appeared the tender "blade." In Roxbury, she gave her mind more intently to religious instruction. Here she came out from the world, and began her appointed work — then was seen "the ear;" and in her subsequent missionary work in Boston was seen "the full corn in the ear."

In her we see how important it is for older Christians to help forward the young, the timid, the faltering; perhaps we should say especially, those who are not particularly prepossessing in appearance, if there is a desire for improvement and usefulness. Who of Miss Under-

wood's friends, in her early life, anticipated for her so beautiful a development of mind and Christian character?

We have now only to record the close of the earthly course of a disciple made meet for an inheritance among the saints in light.

In June she came to Boston, intending to go to Hingham, but her failing health prevented, as will be seen by the following note:—

BOSTON, June 19, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am going, Providence permitting, to Andover to-day; not to Hingham, as I wrote you. Hingham is too cold. I fail every day, and I must run away from these cold winds. I am unable to talk much, and Andover is the only place where I can be really quiet; so I go there. I have not been to Hingham for a year and a half. I have many friends there, whom I would like to see, but it would be too great a tax upon my strength. The air is even cold to-day. I am not in a fit condition to make any effort. Quiet, good air, and regularity in every thing I must have. The pins of the tabernacle are loosening, but have we not a house above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? Your friend,

S. M. U.

To Miss H. W. : —

June 22, 1861.

. . . And how about the soul's health? you are ready to ask. I have learned much in these years of the loving kindness of our God, and much of a heart that is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. But I do not find sickness favorable to growth in grace. I used to think that when the head winds of worldly temptation died away, and the soul was less burdened with cares, her full sails would speed homeward. Yet I find the enemy and my evil heart know how to stir up mutinies on board. What should we do were it not revealed that He who brought us into the kingdom will keep us through faith unto salvation? Most precious is this old doctrine of the perseverance of the saints; yet I hesitate at that expression, "saints." I like better that definition of Christian given by one of the Edwardses, who describes the difference between the worldling and the Christian, by saying that one was an impenitent and the other a penitent sinner. It is pleasant to think that Christ loves us for what we shall be, when these defiled fleshly garments are exchanged for the white robe. And I love to pray for the unrenewed among my loved ones, thinking of what they may be when

regenerated, even vessels of honor fit for the Master's use.

The missionary allusion in the following letter will interest all who love to offer the prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

To Mrs. H. : —

ANDOVER, July 1, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: As I lay on the sofa the other day, feeble and depressed on account of my own temporal condition and that of some dear friends, I caught sight, through the open window, of a robin in the apple tree, looking into the parlor. The passage about God's care, even of the sparrow, and the question of the Saviour, "Are ye not much better than they?" recurred to my mind with pleasing force. A few minutes after came a letter from Miss F., containing a bank note from Mr. M., and another from — she did not say who — but I knew it must be you. What a pleasant commentary on little robin's sermon!

I thank you much, both for the gift, and the delicacy with which it was offered.

With regard to Mrs. S.'s death, which you thought so mysterious at such a place, let me send you this word of McCheyne: "God knows

best where the alabaster vase shall be broken."

I thank you for the reading of those letters (from India). I do not think I could have summoned force to write you now, had it not been for this opportunity to return them, for I have been very, very feeble ever since my return. I find it does not take threescore-and-ten to make the grasshopper a burden.

The letters had a peculiar interest to me, for my heart owns a tie to the boarding school at Madura as lasting as life.

It seems affecting that, as earthly interests loosen their hold, my mind should be quickened in regard to this my once anticipated missionary home.

Thank Dr. H. for calling. He is not the one I should have wished to do so when I was sleeping. But he who numbers the hairs of our heads ordered it all.

To Mrs. B.:—

ANDOVER, July 5, 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. B.: . . . I have never felt so near

"the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down,"

as during the last fortnight, and never, I am

sorry to say, had a week of so little cheerfulness and patience.

Ah, we think we can go through the fires, and they will not burn us, for have we not faith? We think we have grace enough to carry us into deeper waters than others go in. But the Lord rebukes our self-sufficiency. He lets us test our own strength, and when, like Peter, we are sinking, holds out his hand, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Thus have I been walking under a cloud, panting and restless, simply existing. Can it be this is to be a type of my walk down to the grave? Pray for me with all your heart, that I may not now in sickness dishonor the Saviour I professed to love in health. I feel as though I could plead with Moses, "for thine own name's sake."

Friends here are very thoughtful of my happiness. Such delightful rides, in one of the easiest of carriages; strawberries, elegant flowers, oranges, apples, books, and all in such a beautiful spirit, as though I was conferring instead of receiving favors! I can't begin to tell how my "Mercy Book" catalogue runs up.

She kept a book, with the title of "Mercy

Book," in which she recorded, from day to day, the many favors she received, the many pleasures she enjoyed. Her heart was so susceptible to emotions of gratitude that sometimes even a cheering smile from a friend was spoken of as a token of mercy from a Father's hand.

To Mrs. J. N. D. : —

ANDOVER, July 19, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your poor Susan has been, is, very, very feeble; — did you know it? Your affectionate and welcome letter reached me on one of my sickest days. Ah, such a month as this last has been! I have felt as though I was somebody else. I could enjoy no earthly thing. Books, friends, Nature, with her thousand charms, had lost their charm for me, and I have simply lived, trying to find an easy position, or a cool one. To leave my chair, and go to the table for something, has been as much of an effort as it once was to walk a mile. I have no appetite; my throat is often parched, and my hands so hot, they feel as if fire was raging through them. It is seldom I am able to see friends, and I can bear only a little reading aloud. And now, in the midst of these deep waters, do you wish to know if my feet find the Rock? Yes, though weak and

trembling, I trust they are on it. My "Daily Food" is a great comfort. I can look up and find rest in Him, who having loved his own, loved them unto the end. I lay my weary soul at his feet. There is no high state of spiritual enjoyment, but that confidence which we are told,—humble grace though it seems,—has great recompense of reward.

Sunday last was a rare day of relief. Somebody had been praying for me I know. I want my friends to pray that I may be cheerful. I am naturally desponding. Oh, to gain the victory, and be cheerful in these days when the storm is high and the thunder loud! Friends here are very kind.

To her Brother:—

ANDOVER, Mass., July 29, 1861.

Your sick sister has not forgotten you if she has not written. Oh, you don't know what a longing I have to go home and have mother nurse me up. I lie awake, trying to devise some way in which I might get home in safety, but I am so weak that it is a great effort to go from room to room, and there is nothing to build on except the milk I drink morning and night. I feel so for mother; it must be such a disappointment to her; but she can not want me

more than I have wanted to go. Is your cough *quite* cured? I am anxious to know. Do be careful of your health. Avoid hurries,—the crowding of many things into too small a space of time. It is the strain, not the amount of labor, that kills,—the overtasking the body and hurrying it.

My dear brother, what do you think would become of me now if I had nothing to look forward to beyond the grave? As I lie awake suffering, and knowing this fearful disease is gaining on me, what could I do if I had not a prospect beyond?

As it is, I am not afraid to die. Christ is a living reality, and heaven as real as any earthly city. I feel now as if I shall be very glad to go. Not that I don't love you all, but I can do nothing for your happiness now. I know you do not wish me to stay simply to suffer. I hope I shall be patient. Such diseases as mine are sometimes, yes, often very long in their winding up; and it may be that long months of suffering await me before I am released. But remember, whatever I suffer, I do not cease to pray for you, that you may know the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, he is a blessed master to serve! Those who abide under the shadow of his wing have a sweet resting-place.

It is quite an effort for me to write a letter, and you see how my penmanship alters.

Extracts from notes during her last sickness:—

August 3.

MY DEAR MRS. D.: I write this excessively warm day, because I fear I may not have strength when I want to. I feel a crisis has come with me. This is a time of the roaring of the billows. Truly, my soul waiteth on God. I may linger along some time, but it hardly seems probable. Write to me? Yes, my precious friend, till my feet are touching Jordan.

At another time:—

Pray for me, that if it be the Lord's will that I go home, special strength be given me. Rev. Dr. H. has just been here, and talked and prayed with me in the language of a son of consolation. I am quite lifted up.

“I'll go or stay,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
He call me home.”

The following note is probably the last she ever wrote; and although her writing was

usually in a fair, good hand, this showed painfully her weakness, as it was scarcely legible:—

ANDOVER, August 8, 1861.

MY DEAR J.: Lying entirely prostrate upon my bed, I make the attempt to write you a line. I am having a quiet hour from pain or coughing. I wish you could come in and see me. I have a very pleasant room. You know I keep my bed mostly, but I think I may linger along several months. I do not think my end is very near. My mother can not come to me, nor I go to her; but it is the Lord's will, and the Lord's will be done. Friends are very kind. Oranges, ice-creams, peaches, wines, and I know not how many things, are brought me.

My mind is at peace. This may be my last letter. The promises are yea and amen thus far.

SUSAN.

Write to me.

She was confined to her room, and mostly to her bed, for ten days. Passing over these, let us briefly glance at the closing scene.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.” Such a promise to those who believe it, is truly a light shining

from heaven. Was it not to Miss Underwood? And was not the prayer, offered months before, while a city missionary, signally answered in the dark valley? A long suffering decline was before her; wearisome days and nights in anticipation, and, to her practical mind, attendant expenses, could not be kept out of sight. But, with the same spirit that led her first to give herself to God, and resolve to glorify him by an active Christian life, she now sought most earnestly to exhibit cheerful submission, and to glorify him in suffering. The fear of death was taken away. Heaven, with its waiting mansions, had so long been regarded as the "final home," that the intervening days were the only source of solicitude.

She had requested, if death seemed near, to be informed; and, probably to her surprise, on the evening of the 13th, her nurse told her that she thought her time was short. She asked to be bolstered up in bed, and to have pencil and paper brought to her. With great calmness she began to write directions respecting her funeral, and to appropriate gifts to friends. When her hand could no longer write, she gave the pencil and paper to the nurse, and finished by dictation all her earthly plans and wishes, requesting that a messenger be sent speedily for

her mother. She then closed her eyes, and for a time was lost in sleep. Suddenly awaking, she said, with animation, "This poor sinner has had the evidence that she has not lived and labored in vain;" then, lifting her hands, said, "I see them! I see them!" and the spirit was gone.

Her testimony to the all-sufficiency of her Saviour was not put off to the last, and she needed not then to repeat her previous witness to his power and grace.

She fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of August 14, 1861.

"A stone of memorial" was a frequent and favorite expression with her. Shall not surviving friends set up such a stone, and make mention of the loving kindness of the Lord? Those days of suffering were shortened; patience and cheerful submission granted; and those dreaded expenses were all previously provided for;—so that when she made her last financial reckoning, she found that her heavenly Father had more than supplied all her need. Let those who walk in darkness, behold this "stone of memorial," and believe that God will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in him.

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Anderson, Eliza H.

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AUTHOR

Following after Jesus: a

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