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OF

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THE VIEW FROM OLD CASTLE AT MUMBAI NEAR GHERWA



# Leaves

FROM THE

Unpublished Journals, Letters, and Poems

OF

Charlotte Elliott,

AUTHOR OF "JUST AS I AM."



LONDON:

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IN consequence of the wishes expressed by many readers of the previous Volume entitled, "*Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott, with a Memoir by her Sister,*" it has been thought desirable to prepare a Second Volume, containing Extracts from her Letters, Journals, and Poems, hitherto unpublished.



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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

Private Diary of Charlotte Elliott.

[SINCE the publication of the volume which contained the brief Memoir of my beloved sister, some *private* papers have been discovered in the form of a Diary, written in early years, which had been kept so strictly secret that no one was aware of their existence. A few specimens of these manuscripts, selected from others of a more sacred and private character, will perhaps add to the interest of the Memoir ; and at the same time, by their experimental and spiritual tone, prove helpful to many Christians in their journey heavenward.]

## EXTRACTS

FROM THE

# Private Diary of Charlotte Elliott.



### RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(1827 or 1828.)

(1) By the grace of God I resolve to set out as it were anew in the Christian race : to strive to forget past failures or discouragements, so far as they would tend to relax my endeavours or to lessen my hope ; and yet *so to remember them* as to walk very humbly, watchfully, and circumspectly before God,—“*loving much,*” as one to whom indeed “much has been forgiven.”

(2) As one chief means to aid me in keeping this resolution, I would add to it, that of never omitting (if it be possible) to *pray three times daily*. To devote my *morning* prayer chiefly to my own peculiar wants, dangers, and difficulties. My *noon-day* prayer to the recollection of others—all who

## Extracts from Private Diary

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ought to be remembered by me ; and my *evening* prayer more specially to praise than the other two, that I may lie down with more of holy love, and joy, and peace than I have ever known, and experience “the joy of the Lord” to be indeed my strength.

(3) The blessings I would most especially pray for, and endeavour to obtain in a larger degree during the ensuing year, are these—*purity of heart* in all my private imaginations and thoughts ; not to frame schemes of terrestrial bliss, but rather to dwell continually on the joys and glories of salvation, and on those pleasures which are at God’s right hand for ever. The next holy graces which I would strive to obtain are those of *gentleness, calmness, quietness, and meekness of spirit* : not to be carried away by impulsive feelings. . . .

(4) Lastly, a Christian disposition, in which I feel myself very deficient, and for which therefore I would more continually pray, is that of *cheerful submission* to the will of God as to the measure of health and usefulness which He sees fit to grant me ; not to wish to feel stronger, or to do more, because my mind and my body are His ; and weakness and incapacity are the means by which He can best glorify Himself in me, and annihilate

of Charlotte Elliott.

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all the natural pride and ambition of my heart. Only, may I lie passive in His hands, and have no desire to be anything, or to do anything ; but may I become nothing, that my Saviour may be my all, and live and reign supreme within my soul !



### ON KEEPING A DIARY.

(POCKET-BOOK, 1838.)

MAY I begin this Diary in the name, and as under the eye of the Lord Jesus Christ ; and may His Holy Spirit render it a daily help to me in my Christian warfare, and infuse a life-giving virtue into every holy text as I read it. Amen.

This last year (1837) has been a remarkable year in my life of innumerable mercies ; and I cannot begin another without briefly sketching its outline, in order to keep awake my gratitude, and to increase my desire to devote myself more entirely and unreservedly to Him who has showed me so many and such great things, and has taken so many methods to prune the feeble branch, and to render it fruitful to His praise !

## Extracts from Private Diary

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The year commenced with anxiety and sorrow ; one of the dearest and loveliest of my friends (Mrs. S.) was laid for many weary months upon a bed of languishing ; and hope and fear alternately raised and depressed my spirits. Sickness and death, too, were busy around us ; and my own health failed as usual in the winter months. In March, that lovely friend came to Brighton to die ; and only that she might be near my brother Henry and his sweet wife, to whom she was deeply attached. Her sufferings and death were deeply, awfully affecting ; though amidst the conflict of mind, the agonies of body which she endured she still clung to Jesus, and was never left nor forsaken by Him,—till worn out at last, and wasted to a mere skeleton, “she fell asleep *in Him,*” to suffer and weep no more for ever. I hope I shall never lose the recollection of all I heard about her illness, and of the little I myself witnessed before I looked upon the clay-cold form, and pressed my lips on the altered brow of that once bright and lovely creature ! Oh ! it is indeed an awful change, and a fearful termination to look to, and to prepare for. It is one thing to hear of death, and another to behold its awful effects !

Increased illness and constant pain followed

this sad event: and then came (as was feared) the threatenings of a grievous and fatal disease, occasioning for some days such intense mental feelings, that the concentrated emotions of years seemed to swell my heart.<sup>1</sup> At first I was held up by the everlasting arms, so as to walk firmly, even on the tossing waves. But I yielded to self-confidence; and the support being then withdrawn, like Peter, I began to sink! *That* time and *those* feelings, and the gratitude, and sympathy, and love of my precious family, together with my own emotions, when I was relieved from all fear of such a termination of my life, I hope indeed never to forget, and never to recall without the liveliest sense of Divine mercy.

Then followed a short tour abroad, for which the way was so gently opened, and the facilities were so quickly prepared, as to astonish my own faithless mind, which had a God to lean upon, who is mighty in power and wonderful in working! A dear brother-in-law accompanied my beloved E. and myself to beautiful Switzerland, where we passed months of rich enjoyment, and were, I trust, benefited both in body and in soul.

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<sup>1</sup> Through a mistaken medical opinion, *Cancer* had been apprehended.

## Extracts from Private Diary

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We left home in June, and were brought back to it, in health and peace and safety, the last week in October; and during all these months experienced a constant succession of mercies: preservation in travelling, relief in sickness, delightful weather, safe arrival at Geneva, where we found ourselves at once surrounded with friends, who loaded us with kindness and benefits, sympathized in our sorrows, bore our burdens, devised plans for the benefit of my health, and daily helped us in our heavenward way, by their prayers, conversation, preaching, and example.

The month at the "*Hôtel des Etrangers*," was one never to be forgotten, so filled was it with interest, so crowded was it with blessings. The daily visits of such men as Dr. Malan, Dr. Gausson, M. Bost, and some others, were among our chief privileges; besides the public worship at the Oratoire, and at Dr. Malan's chapel at *Prè l'Evêque*. Then, our excursion to Chamounix with Dr. Malan, and five days there of exquisite happiness in the most splendid scenery I ever beheld, and with the rich enjoyment of constant intimate converse with one of the finest and most spiritual minds with which we have ever become acquainted, his daily prayers, expositions, conver-

sation, intimacy, . . . . the magical effect of the mountain air on my whole frame.<sup>1</sup> Then the sharing every joy with my beloved E. ; a fortnight of quiet happiness in our beautiful cottage at Mornex, on the Salève mountain ; and lastly our delightful three weeks' tour with Dr. Gaussen and his daughter in the Oberland of Berne, and then to the lovely lake on which Lucerne stands, close to the Rigi,—all these links in the bright chain of my past year's mercies, which I have here so barely and briefly enumerated, do indeed call for gratitude and praise—for a *life* of gratitude and praise, and for a continual remembrance to cheer, to quicken, to strengthen me during the year on which I am now entering (1838); and for still more frequent prayer that I may not in vain have been permitted to associate with those who are indeed “the salt of the earth, the saints who excel in virtue,” and in whom I observed so many holy feelings, and from whom I heard so many heavenly instructions. Assuredly, the privileges and enjoyments of my Swiss tour will rise up in the judgment day to condemn me, if they are not made, by the grace and power of the Spirit

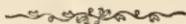
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<sup>1</sup> So that she used to say, she seemed to have suddenly dropped the clog of the body.—E. B.

## Extracts from Private Diary

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of God, mightily influential to my spiritual good. I have witnessed devotedness of heart, consecration of every talent, improvement of every hour, self-denying renunciation of all the pomps and vanities of this transitory world, and have communed with those who may indeed say with the apostle, "that in godly simplicity and sincerity they have their conversation in the world, . . . forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth to those that are before, they press toward the mark for the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus." Shall I merely bear this testimony to their example, and not strain every faculty to imitate that example? Or rather, shall I not pour out my soul in supplication to the Giver of all grace, who can alone enable me to follow them as they follow Christ?



### AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

AND now the year 1838 has come to an end, and this pocket-book has been throughout its course my profitable companion. I record with thankfulness my conviction of its utility and value.

## of Charlotte Elliott.

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It has been many times the means of humbling me, and of quickening me, and sometimes it has also tended to cheer and comfort me. I feel very thankful for having been enabled to write in it frequently and regularly, as the habit of self-inspection has been strengthened, and I trust self-acquaintance has been increased, and self-distrust and self-renunciation have begun to take place of that false estimate of my own character which the great deceiver led me once to form. I see a little in the blessed light of that lamp which the Spirit of God has kindled in the heart which He has begun to transform. I see enough to show me how wonderful has been the patience and the goodness and the free grace of that God to whom all hearts are open. I see how needful have been the variety of crosses and disappointments and sufferings through which I have had to pass, and that not one more than was absolutely necessary had been laid upon me. . . . And as soon as I had begun to feel my own unutterable littleness and nothingness, something was put into my hand to do for Him who had been long *waiting* to be gracious; waiting till it should be safe for me to be entrusted with the very least talent to lay out in His service. . . . And now during the last

## Extracts from Private Diary

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year, what mercies have I not received! What privileges have I not enjoyed! What advancement ought I not to have attained, with such a mother, such brothers, such sisters, such Sabbaths, such friends! Opportunity for so much leisure in which I may prepare some humble little work, suited to my ability,<sup>1</sup> and not despised by Him who said of the alabaster box of ointment, "She hath done what she could."



### WHEN ON A VISIT

TO THE REV. H. V. ELLIOTT, BRIGHTON.

*May 5th, 1839.*

IN this dear house I have found indeed the healing balm which my heart needed, and I cannot be sufficiently thankful for it. My state of body is one that causes me a considerable portion of suffering; and at times it is a heavy burden, incapacitating me from doing what my hand finds to do, and often depriving me of the power of enjoyment. But when the mind is at peace, and

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<sup>1</sup> Probably the *Hours of Sorrow*, and *Week's Hymns*.

when the heart is soothed and strengthened by tender sympathy and love, the burden of the flesh may be patiently if not cheerfully borne! Nay, it would be, and ought to be, if my faith were stronger, my will were more renewed, and my desire that Christ may be magnified in my body were habitual and fervent. To this point I must at present direct all my efforts, and cry mightily to the Lord for more of the effectual working of His own Spirit, to bring "every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ," and every feeling into conformity with the will of Christ.

I have lately experienced very sensibly the blessed indwelling of the Holy Spirit, "witnessing" (in a manner which I humbly trust cannot be mistaken by me) with my spirit, that I am a child of God, and filling me with hope, and joy, and peace in believing. And these refreshings from above *have* comforted me, when the way seemed long, and my strength perfect weakness. Perhaps I am to pass the remaining years of my life in this state of langour and indisposition, and never to know health of body till the time when "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality!" And what then? Have I not become even now

## Extracts from Private Diary

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sufficiently acquainted with the character of God, and have I not even now had sufficient experience of His goodness and His love, of the riches of His wisdom, His faithfulness, His tender compassion, to feel persuaded that the state He appoints for me, the chastenings He inflicts on me, the sufferings of body or mind which He calls me to endure, are the very best methods, nay, the only methods, by which to carry into effect His one great purpose in my redemption, that I may be “conformed to the image of His Son, my Master and only Saviour, Jesus Christ?” And have I not often and often implored Him, even with strong crying and tears, to grant me this *one* blessing above every other, to form in me this likeness to my Saviour, *by any means and at any cost?* Has He not seen that my heart went with my words in this prayer; and shall I not therefore confidently believe that He will not withhold from me this gift,

“For which I pine, for which I sigh,  
And e'en could be content to die.”

And if sickness and sorrow are the instruments which He is pleased to select for refining my dross, that I may come out as gold that is seven times purified, shall I not meekly lie passive in His hands, and have no will but His?

of Charlotte Elliott.

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I may fancy, in my perverse and self-willed folly, that I could *do* more, and *be* more, if my natural energy were not so constantly checked, and my natural vivacity and cheerfulness repressed by weakness and pain. But can I mistrust His perfect knowledge who formed both my body and my soul; or His unfathomable love, who gave His only begotten Son to die in my stead? . . . Let me be still, and know that He is God, that

“ His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower !”



1864.

“GODLINESS with contentment is great gain ;” and that contentment is the state of mind which I desire earnestly to seek after, during every day of this opening year, and not to rest till I shall be enabled to say, with the blessed Apostle Paul, “Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.” And oh, let me remember under what circumstances he was living, and what sufferings of

## Extracts from Private Diary

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every kind he was enduring when he wrote thus to his Philippian converts,—sufferings compared with which the little trials I have to endure are light as the dust in the balance. Let me, then, check and control and conquer, whenever they arise, those intense longings which I feel for lovely scenery, a more soft and genial climate, and those charms of scenery which I once enjoyed at Mor-nex, and all those beauties of nature, splendours of art, varieties of enjoyment of every kind, which I have read of as granted to others; and let me constantly remember who has appointed my earthly lot, my present position, my age, my state of health, and all my outward circumstances; and let me daily count up my mercies (my many and great and wholly undeserved mercies), and compare my lot with those below me, with those who have no such rich blessings as are granted to me now, in my feeble old age,—no precious, tender, congenial sister; no kind, protecting, sympathising brother-in-law; no comfortable and commodious dwelling,—all my wants daily and bountifully supplied without care or trouble of mine, and innumerable spiritual privileges and intellectual and social enjoyments. Above all, the blessed hope of a life to come, in which all these deep

of Charlotte Elliott.

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and restless longings after perfection of goodness and beauty and knowledge shall be abundantly fulfilled ; for I know that “when I awake after His likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.”



1870.

My own precious E., my companion and friend, my tender sympathiser in every sorrow and every joy! How thankful I feel that we are permitted to begin another year together! How thankful I feel that the two beloved ones with whom my own life seems bound up are still spared to me and to each other, are daily “fulfilling their course,” are still bringing forth “more fruit in old age!” How can I be thankful enough for this great especial mercy!

And now, my own beloved one, come what may during the year on which we have now entered, I do firmly believe that “goodness and mercy,” like two guardian angels, will follow us during every day and every hour ; in every varying circumstance through which we may have to pass ; in every time of trouble sustaining and comforting us,—“the

## Extracts from Private Diary

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angel of His presence" keeping ever by our side, and whispering, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God!" We may have to part for a short season with each other; but He has promised "never, never to leave us; never, never to forsake us;" and our own one desire is, to be daily loosening our hold upon this poor vain world, and upon all that is therein, and to be weaned from all earthly love, and to set all our affections and desires on the things which are unseen and eternal.

Ask, then, for me, in your daily prayers, my beloved one, that even to your precious self I may not cling too closely. What you are to me, God only knows; and as He Himself has formed and entwined the cords of love which bind our hearts so strongly and sweetly together, He can gently disentangle them, and make me willing to leave you, should such be His holy will!

I feel that so great an age as mine requires three things: great faith, great patience, and great peace. And you will ask them for me, my beloved one; and I will ask for thee, that our blessed Saviour may become so increasingly precious to thy soul, and His Word so quickening, and His Spirit so comforting and satisfying, that you may let go every-

of Charlotte Elliott.

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thing else, even the closest, sweetest earthly ties, at His blessed welcome call ; but in the meantime, while our sweet threefold cord is unbroken, may we all three “go on our way rejoicing,” comforting, helping, edifying each other, and daily fixing by faith an unaverted eye on Him who alone can “satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry soul with goodness.”

Ever thine in Him,

C. E.



*Private Diary, 1864.*

THIS may be the last year of my warfare, and oh ! that it may be the holiest I have ever passed, in a constant preparation for heaven and increased assimilation to its employments. May every day be a day of progress, and render my Saviour more dear to me, His character more known to me, His Word more precious ! May I each day “put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.” May His likeness, His lovely image, at least *begin* to be discernible in me ! May He pour His Spirit upon me, and make His influences more effectual and

## Extracts from Private Diary.

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purifying and transforming day by day,—increasing my hunger and thirst after righteousness, my watchfulness, meekness, thankfulness, and love! May He render the thought of death habitual and welcome, and the “hope of glory” firm, animating, and elevating!

May I have a distinct consciousness of the superiority of the heavenly state above the present,—strong desires after it, a meetness for it in Christ,—so that when the summons comes, I may enter it with joy and transport!

“Good art Thou, Lord, to the soul that *seeks* Thee,  
What art Thou, then, to the soul that *finds* Thee?”

“Our thoughts and speeches in most things run to waste—yea, are defiled; as water spilt on the ground is both lost, and cannot be gathered up again, and it is polluted, mingled with dust. But no word spoken to God from the serious sense of a holy heart is lost; and this communication is certainly the sweetest—to *speaking little with men, and much with God.*”

“Oh! happy that heart which is as Jacob’s house, purged, in which no more idols are to be found; but the holy God dwelling there alone, as in His holy temple, amid silence and peace!”

Letters of Charlotte Elliott

TO

MISS JANE SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

[THE name of the lady to whom these letters were addressed, will recall to our readers in the North, one who in Scotland might be truly called, like Phebe, "a servant of the Church,"—"a succourer of many." Brought to her Saviour at an early age, she devoted a long and useful life to His service; and by her happy, cheerful, and most unselfish piety adorned the doctrine she professed.

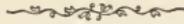
The talents and devotion, the loving heart and tender sympathies, which gained and kept for nearly fifty years the love of such a valued friend as Miss Elliott, endeared her also to many other eminent Christians—such as Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Candlish. She also enjoyed the friendship of the late Duchess of Gordon, and many other "devout and honourable women;" while in her own home and wide family circle her warm affections and ever ready help made her simply invaluable.

In 1868 this beloved friend entered into her heavenly rest; and these letters were sent to us by her family after her death.]

# Letters of Charlotte Elliott

TO

MISS JANE SCOTT MONCRIEFF.



## ON READING THE BIBLE.

IF I remember rightly, my beloved Jane, you wished me to tell you in what way I find it most profitable to read the Word of God,—and I promised to tell you, as far at least as my poor experience goes; though I doubt not you have more deeply studied that blessed volume, and more fully realized its satisfying sweetness, than I have ever yet been permitted to do. We both of us feed in these “green pastures” with ever new delight; we both of us “draw water with joy from these wells of salvation;” and oh, that it may be so seen by all around us that our souls do prosper and are in health—bright, and happy, and vigorous health—that others may be led to use the same means of obtaining it, may desire to eat of

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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the same spiritual food, and to drink of the same living waters.

I never had or pursued a regular plan in anything all my life, excepting that last year I read the whole Bible through, day by day, according to Dr. Malan's *Calendrier Biblique*; and I found it not in the least wearisome, but pleasant and profitable, for a season to read as much as those three chapters a-day, and consecutively, as marked in the *Calendrier*. But this year I vary my plan, and generally follow the guidance of my pocket-book text, and look out and read the chapter from which it is taken; and in general so much opens to me when I examine and think over the words, that the time I can allow myself is gone before I have fully extracted its nectareous sweetness and developed its hidden beauty.

My one preparative and help is prayer; and I endeavour always before opening the Bible to place my soul, as it were, under the focus of the heavenly rays, that they may kindle a sacred fire on that poor unworthy altar.

If I omit this introduction, there is all the difference in the celestial scenery into which that volume admits us that we observe in natural scenery (for instance, in your lovely prospects at

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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Dalkeith) on a day of bright sunshine, compared with the same scenes on a dim and sunless day. And in proportion to the time devoted to preparatory prayer, and the fervency granted in exercising it, is the clearness of the objects presented to the eye of faith, and the effect of their exceeding richness and beauty on the soul, so that sometimes—after having been permitted earnestly to wrestle with God for a blessing, to beseech Him to take away the veil from off the mystery, to remove the film from my eye, and the deadness and coldness from my heart—I have been favoured with such perceptions of the meaning in some passages I had before deemed obscure, with such a taste of indescribable sweetness in others, which I had before only half relished and admired, and with so intimate and realizing a sense of the presence of God in that book, as in His holy temple—that I have felt it no forced or overstrained expression to say, with Jeremiah, “Thy words were found” (a thing must be sought diligently that requires finding), “and I did eat them”—and why?—“they were the very joy and rejoicing of my heart;” or, with David, “O how sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb! The law of Thy

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mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver!" And thus, I doubt not, you often find it, my beloved Jane, and are led, in private as well as in public, to His banqueting house, and sit under His shadow with great delight.

I only wish I had no interruption to this blessed and never-tiring employment. Often, when I am too ill and weak even to sit up, I ask my Saviour to call me to His feet, and let me sit there as Mary did, and hide His words in my heart, and never leave that happy resting-place; and He hears my prayer, and meets me in His word, and gives me refreshment and rest,—rest such as He prepares for us in heaven—rest in listening to His words of eternal life,—in reposing our souls on it, believing it, understanding it, taking the mould and fashion it gives to every affection and faculty and thought and desire—rest, in being changed into the lovely image reflected from every part of that bright mirror; "changed from glory to glory," and catching, for a few short hours at least, the radiance which illumined the face of Moses when he communed with Him as a man with his friend. I firmly believe, my dearest Jane, that even to the humblest and most insignificant private Christian who hungers and thirsts after righteousness, who

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wrestles in prayer for such blessings with importunity that will take no denial—that loving and most bountiful Saviour, who is no respecter of persons, will thus manifest Himself—will reveal such things to us by His own Spirit as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man,—prepared for those who love Him, even before they drink the new wine with Him in His heavenly kingdom.

Some days I take only a verse or two to think upon, when it is very full of meaning and richness, and afterwards turn it into prayer, closing my sacred employment as I began it. The text enunciating the fruits of the Spirit was a feast to me in this way the other day ; and while I prayed over each one of them individually, “love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,” oh, what a life of blessedness opened before me, while I pictured to myself a Christian adorned with these royal jewels, this embroidery which clothes the King’s daughter, and makes her “all glorious within !” My eye was absolutely dazzled with its beauty and its brightness, and I felt that it was a blessed thing even to hope and pray to be one day thus adorned, and to know that all who do put on the Lord Jesus Christ

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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will be clothed upon with these lovely graces. Another day I perhaps seek out a set of proofs from various parts of the Bible that in Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and then there is no end of the power and majesty and ineffable glory which beam on me, from every incident of His wonderful life, from every word uttered by His lips.

The Spirit delights in this way especially, I think, "to take of the things that are Christ's, and to show them unto us;" and parts of the Bible which had once little interest are now inexpressibly dear to me, because I have seen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus shine through them. I often take one of the apostle's prayers, and go through each petition inspired by that Spirit, and full of deep and beautiful thoughts, and I cannot stop; so I am carried onward, upward, heavenward, as on an angel's wings.

But oh, my beloved Jane, what folly was it for me to think I could tell you in a letter much, or even a little, on a subject like this! I could, I really believe, fill many sheets without weariness in endeavouring to describe to you the many varied forms of beauty which meet me at every

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turn, as I walk on the banks of this pure river of life, and see on the opposite shore the lovely land where the blessed spirits are walking in white robes, having palms in their hands. The Bible is the telescope which brings that land so near, that in a moment I seem to be there; and when I lay it down, and look around me, I sigh, and say, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest, and would join that blessed company who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, who are permitted to serve Him day and night in His heavenly temple!"

I have put a few incoherent, unworthy thoughts before you on a theme which ought to be handled only by lips touched with a coal of fire from the sacred altar, and I have only marred its beauty by attempting what I have no power to describe. Often I exclaim with St. Bernard,

"Good art Thou, Lord, to the soul that *seeks* Thee,  
What art Thou, then, to the soul who *finds* Thee?"

And when I find Him, no language can even delineate the Altogether Lovely. I can only ask you to look at Him with me, and utter some such exclamation as the prophet's, "How great is His goodness! how great is His beauty!" and in

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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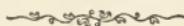
humble reverence fall low before His footstool. That blessed book makes me more and more acquainted with Him ; and I believe I shall love it more every day, till I shall see Him whom it has taught me to love, and taught me to long unspeakably to behold in His glory. I find the day wearisome in which I cannot study its pages, or feed silently on them in my heart by faith ; and hours are often spent, without consciousness of their flight, while I turn into different paths, and explore their innumerable beauties in this garden, where my Lord deigns to walk with me in the cool of the day.

I must hasten to a close, and I only hope my unconnected thoughts have not wearied you. I forgot to say that I always seek, as to the meaning to be taught in each passage, what is the mind and intention of the Spirit in that passage, and not to give it my own interpretation, or shape it to my state of feeling and circumstances, on which, nevertheless, it always is made more or less to bear, as if written for me ; so wonderfully is it adapted to the human soul. And then, as to its scope and extent, I always strive to remember that the Bible is a book written to suit the whole world, in every age of the world, and

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in every country, climate, and circumstance ; and that if some parts appear unsuitable to me, or intricate, they are, notwithstanding, a part of the great whole, not one line of which is to be doubted, cavilled at, or disesteemed. My reverence for it grows together with my love, and it makes all other volumes and subjects seem poor. You must forgive the necessary egotism into which I have been led, and for which to any but a dear Christian friend and sister I should offer many apologies ; but it is sweet to me to tell you, and sweet, I trust, it will be to you to hear, how good and gracious God is to one of the weakest, most unfruitful, and unworthy of His children ; and while we speak good of His name, He will bless even the words so poor and low as mine.



WESTFIELD LODGE ;  
*March 24th, 1841.*

. . . SHALL I in the customary phraseology wish you "Many happy returns," my loved friend? No ; I have been asking for you (and it was sweet to me to plead with tearful importunity for these rich blessings to be showered down on you from

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above) something you value far more than the prolongation of your earthly life,—even a brighter, nearer manifestation of the love of Jesus to your soul than has ever yet been granted to you,—a closer union and oneness with Him,—more of His lovely image imprinted on your heart,—more of that mind which was in Him, formed in you by His blessed Spirit.

I have been asking for you a rich supply of heavenly and earthly wisdom in all your new and important duties at Dalkeith ; and that you may be more abundantly blessed yourself, and made more abundantly a blessing to others, this year, than in any which has preceded it. And if these gifts are granted, whether you live, you will “live unto the Lord,” dearest Jane, or whether you die, you will “die unto the Lord ;” so that living or dying you will be for ever and ever His own. Nothing else seems worth a thought to me, either for myself or those I love. Once, I felt absence from them painful, and inability to write to them painful ; but now I have such an abiding sense of the shortness of time, and the nearness of eternity, —and so sweet and certain a hope of soon being united to them for ever,—and I feel so much more realizingly than ever I did the closeness, the

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strength, the indissolubleness of the tie which binds together in one body all whose blessed Head is the Lord Jesus Christ, that I have no fear of losing their love now, how great soever may be my own unworthiness. I feel as sure of yours, my beloved Jane, as if I had clasped your hand in mine yesterday, and taken sweet counsel with you, as I was once permitted to do, and gone with you to the house of God in sweet companionship !

How glad I am that I did meet you that *once* during our sometime weary pilgrimage ! I have had the refreshment of hearing you speak the praises of Him our souls love, and whom I pray we may each love more and more every hour of our future lives. Oh, Jane, love Him above all things ; give up your whole soul to be filled with His love ; think unceasingly how you can best lead others to love Him, and to live solely for His glory.

These are my birthday wishes for my beloved sister in Christ, with whom I hope to dwell eternally. I have felt it so sweet to praise Him for His love to you, Jane, this evening,—for His having loved you with an everlasting love, and, therefore, with lovingkindness having drawn you,—for all the riches of His forbearance and long-

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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suffering,—for every grace bestowed on you, every good work wrought in you, all that He has enabled you to be and to do; and while I blessed Him for His love towards you, my love to Him seemed kindled into a brighter glow. So you see I have enjoyed and commemorated the day of your birth though so far from you.



WESTFIELD LODGE ·

March 22nd, 1842.

YOUR sweet violets were very pleasant bearers of your birthday message of love, my dearest Jane, and the fragrance with which they perfumed the paper formed a very elegant and appropriate emblem of the far richer odour which Christian love, both when given and when received, diffuses within the heart. That little token of *yours* came to cheer a very sorrowful heart, “in heaviness through *manifold* temptations;” and I thank you much for remembering me on my birthday, because I believe *that* remembrance led to prayer on my behalf. There certainly has never been any period of my life, as far as my imperfect remembrance extends, in which I have stood so

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greatly in need as now of the prayers, the "effectual fervent" prayers of all my beloved Christian friends. Let me only tell you this now, my dearest Jane, and lay it as it were on your kind, feeling, sympathizing heart before God, instead of entering into any personal details which might sadden you. Suffice it to say that my present situation, as I watch my darling mother's sure and swiftly-descending steps into the dark valley (which she still fears to enter), seems not only that of one "passing through the waters," but of one standing on a wreck going fast to pieces, and over whom the rough cold waves continually break, while there is an invisible adversary watching to take advantage of the whirlwind and the storm, and to bring to remembrance past sins, and to provoke to fresh ones of irritability, discontent, and unbelief, even as if there were no help for me in my God.

Forgive me, in writing a letter intended to reach you on your birthday, for bringing over your mind the shadow which darkens mine; but I can never feign what I do not feel, or write falsely to a dear and tried friend, whether in verse or in prose. And though I would sincerely and tenderly express love, I fear I cannot impart refreshment

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or edification while pressed down by many sorrows, both from without and from within, as I am now. May *your* birthday anniversary dawn on you, my beloved Jane, under happier auspices, and tune *your* harp to themes of gratitude and praise! May no object of *your* fondest love droop on a bed of languishing, losing day by day the holy gladdening lustre with which it has heretofore illumined your dwelling, and becoming gradually covered with the dimness and darkness of death, their strength become labour and sorrow, and the grasshopper a burden; while you yourself are compelled to feel that vain is the help of man, and can do nothing but weep and pray.

I can, however, rejoice with those who do rejoice, my dear friend, even in the midst of my own sorrow. I can picture you to myself, with real delight, at the head of that sweet group on which I looked with such tender interest when their lovely sainted mother was still with them; and I can rejoice that they have such an aunt to supply, as far as so great a loss can be supplied, her place to them. I rejoice, too, in their health, and in your good account of your dear father and his fireside. I trust you will soon recover from the weakening effects of that tenacious and

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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débilitating complaint which we so oddly term *influenza*, but the French and Swiss call more appropriately "*la grippe*." Since you went to our friend Dr. Jephson, dearest Jane, I think the blessing of restored health has been continued to you; and its value, and almost necessity in the important place you have been called to fill, is great indeed.

If I remember rightly, you have a great love for beautiful scenery and the retirement of the country; and to you, therefore, the romantic and lovely views from the windows of that pretty Gothic house, and from the extensive park of Dalkeith, must prove a daily and hourly delight. How well I remember the rocky hill, the brawling torrent, the winding river, the rich foliage, variegated with autumn tints, on which the window of the pretty chamber assigned to me looked out, and how greatly must you all enjoy such a residence in the opening spring! Few earthly schemes could be more pleasurable to my beloved Eleanor and myself, than to visit you and your dear brother in your present beautiful abode, and it *may*, perhaps, be one of the enjoyments our heavenly Father may have in store for us, during some future summer, if our lives be prolonged.

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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But at present our only desire and effort is not to look beyond the day, not to take any thought for the morrow—over which a shade of thick darkness hangs,—and never was the assertion more strictly verified, which is used as the argument to inforce that injunction,—“Sufficient unto the day is the *evil* thereof.” I do not forget the goodness and mercy which *have* followed us all our days; and that for *about half a century* our family has been so distinguished and blessed above others as to be a wonder to many; but I do feel that when two-thirds of life have been passed under the wing and in the sweet society and in a growing *oneness* with a most delightful parent, whose mind has been a fountain of intellectual and spiritual refreshment, whose heart has been a well-spring of ever-flowing kindness, sympathy, and love, whose graces have become *each year* more lovely and more mature, that from such a one to be parted for ever in this world, and to have, as it were, to begin life anew, when *for us* the sun is already low in the sky, and our day of life draws towards the evening,—from such a mother the parting is like severing a limb from the body,—and come what may hereafter, that amputation can never cease to be felt.

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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I wish I could sit down by you, my beloved Jane, and listen to you while I got you to tell me all about your own beloved mother, her last illness, and how you were enabled to sustain her irreparable loss. Those who have passed through the trial, and have been sustained under it by the God of all comfort, must be able to suggest thoughts of consolation to others. Again I find myself drawn back imperceptibly into the subject which now occupies our thoughts unceasingly by night and by day—when awake, and in the sorrowful visions of slumber. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks; and if you could hear the anxious inquiry on our first waking, “How has she passed the night?” and follow us during the day,—my sisters taking up her breakfast (I do not rise till after breakfast), and watching whether she *can* eat even a little morsel,—the same at her dinner,—then see them assisting her to dress, supporting her when she moves,—my dearest Eleanor especially, who is her chief nurse and doctor and companion and cheerer, dressing and undressing; while we all take a share,—Eliza reading the psalms and lessons to her,—Mary managing all the concerns of the house, and devising every possible variety and delicacy of

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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food, aided by a capital cook,—I rubbing her limbs (which are swelled and uneasy), sometimes by the hour together,—and all of us listening to her beautiful and deeply affecting words, often witnessing her tears; and looking at her sweet pale altered face to-day, as those who may not perhaps look on it to-morrow,—if, I say, you could hear and see all this, you would not wonder that my pen clings to one only theme, in spite of my resolution to quit it. Our mother never got over the shock of our sweet Julia's death; and though she was permitted to receive and to comfort, during seven weeks, our poor heart-stricken brother, all her grief for *him* was too much for herself, and she has been gradually sinking more and more. Her physician says there is no actual disease, but a breaking-up of the whole frame; and she has had such alarming attacks of sickness, and shortness of breath, that more than once we have feared that her departure was close at hand. The pulse is so feeble, the power so gone, the symptoms of weakness so many, that at the age of eighty-three we may not hope for anything like recovery, though her fine constitution may still hold out for a longer time than we now anticipate.

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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I must send my love warm from the heart to the dear youthful minstrels, thanking them for sending me their poems. Did my brother send to your brother, as he intended to do, his sermon on the death of Mrs. Malan? If not, I will send you one by post. *A Dieu*, beloved and valued friend. May every rich blessing included in the everlasting covenant be showered on you, and on all those dear ones around you. This is the prayer of your truly attached friend and sister,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



WESTFIELD LODGE;  
*April 15th, 1842.*

MY KIND AND BELOVED JANE,

I have delayed offering you even the poor expression of my grateful thanks for your precious letter and lovely bouquet of "unfading violets," gathered for me with such prompt and tender love, and presented to me in so graceful and elegant a manner.

My dearest Jane has learnt the skill of ministering to a mind diseased, and of dropping balsam

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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on an aching heart ; and most sincerely and affectionately do I thank you, beloved friend, for your balmy sympathy and refreshing kindness, at a time when both were peculiarly needed. I cannot, however, now do more than thank you, having been so unwell during the prevalence of these keen easterly winds as to be comfortable only in my bed—headache, toothache, loss of voice, aching limbs and chest,—one after another attacking me, and sometimes all at the same time.

It will be a real delight to me to send you a copy of the *Invalid's Hymn Book*. I have just had a copy bound for dear Queen Adelaide, at the desire of Miss Kiernan, and shall be much pleased if I find she likes it. How sweet all those extracts are, and how full of comfort. How often when I look at my fairy book shall I think with love of my dear Jane. The sermon is ready to accompany the Hymn-book, and Henry has written your brother's name in it. We have our friend Mrs. Money staying with us just now, a great pleasure and comfort to us, and a little cordial to the faint and suffering spirit of my most beloved mother, whose days are now days of weariness and painfulness, though unaccompanied with any symptoms indicative of her precious life's

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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speedy close. Patience is having her perfect work, and we know that in God's dealings there can be no mistakes.

Oh that a time of refreshing from His presence may have been granted to my beloved Jane, and that she may now be delighting herself in the abundant manifestation of His love. If He is good even to the soul that *seeks* Him, what is He to the soul that *finds* Him? Would your brother look at the *Hours of Sorrow*, if I send him a copy of them?

With my dearest Eleanor's tender love, I am my Jane's most affectionately attached,

C. E.



WESTFIELD LODGE ;  
March 22nd, 1843.

MY BELOVED JANE,

Accept my grateful thanks for that beautiful collection of texts for the time of trouble, which you have transcribed, and every one of which ought indeed to make the heart of the believer sing for joy. I have twice read them all over, since I received them, and I could not read them

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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without wondering at the exquisite neatness, and skill, and perspicuity, with which you have, as it were, inlaid each tiny page with these precious stones, and admiring the "cunning workmanship" with which your hand has been endued, and gratefully appreciating the time and care and patience bestowed on my previous little birthday souvenir for 1843,—and remembering a similar proof of your sisterly love in 1842.

Our present circumstances render the last selection of texts peculiarly valuable and appropriate. I would ask of my beloved and valued friend to pray that each one of them may prove a heavenly cordial whenever my soul is discouraged within me by reason of the way; and that of every one of them I may be permitted personally to realize the truth, in this time of need,

" Sweet field of promise ! how it sheds abroad  
Its fragrance o'er the Christian's thorny road !"

And how kind have you been, my dearest Jane, in selecting such a nosegay of amaranthine flowers to cheer me on my sorrowful birthday, which was passed on a bed of sickness, in darkness and solitude, by order of my physician; and I could scarcely even look at the kind brotherly and sisterly gifts brought to me by my beloved family, and at

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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your little packet till the next day. My Eleanor gave me her own picture, nicely framed, and other valuable books; so that even amid my bodily weakness I felt surrounded by proofs of unmerited love; and my beloved brother and minister offered a touching prayer at my bedside, breathing the language of my heart's inmost feelings.

And now another annual boundary has been stepped over, and another track entered upon, which will lead me into a drearier part of my journey than I have yet trodden. I dare not look forward; but you, my beloved Jane, have passed over that dreary heart-breaking passage, and you have found your God all-sufficient; and you will pray for us that when our angelic mother is removed to her blessed home, we may not dishonour our holy profession by too much grief, nor "sorrow as those without hope."

I have often wished to pour out my heart to you, on paper, during the last melancholy year, and have shared with my Eleanor the deeply interesting letters she has from time to time received from you; but this long-continued trial has had so much more effect on my nerves than any preceding one, that it has sensibly affected *the powers of my mind*, and has often disabled me

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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from writing for weeks together, that employment occasioning now almost always a confusion and giddiness in my head, which if not yielded to at once, is followed by severe spasmodic pain, so that I have absolutely given up all regular correspondence, even with my nearest and dearest friends, feeling it right to reserve the little mental ability still left for the necessary work committed to my unfit and feeble hands, and which every year grows upon me rather than diminishes. Though I feel unequal to accomplish it, I feel reluctant to relinquish it altogether, as a blessing seems to attend even the humble efforts I make, and the little mites I annually cast into the treasury. I have now before me a few supplemental hymns for the third edition of the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, which I have just corrected, and of which the last has sold so quickly. The fifth edition of the *Week's Hymns* is now all sold. The sale of the Pocket-book also increases yearly; and Seeley tells me the *Hours of Sorrow* sell well, so that I feel as if I ought to strive to finish and continue these little works which are "given me to do." I name them thus in detail to my beloved Jane, only that she may see that, with such uncertain health, and such very limited powers, I can do no more

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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than keep up and collect and prepare materials for the Pocket-book, which costs me no little labour, and attend to the alterations and additions of the other little works,—the bookseller generally pressing for some new thing to be added, and I having generally something in my hands.

I feel that I owe it to my tender love to you to explain all this, though my head is already beginning to throb, and my thoughts can be now but very imperfectly expressed ; but if I had time on my hands, you would receive many letters from your friend Charlotte, as well as Eleanor, instead of only one poor shabby epistle on your birthday ; and therefore, once for all, I have told you that long stupid history of my occupations (which would be a mere nothing to yourself, or to any person with a sound mind in a sound body), that you may see how the poor little emmet, though it has only a straw to carry, has a burden more than sufficient for its capacities.

And now what shall I wish for you, my sister and friend, on the return of your birthday—a day so increasingly solemn, so increasingly joyful, as time advances, for the child of God? I think that my heart's desire and prayer for you, Jane, is the same that your own dear heart will breathe

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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into your Saviour's ear on the dawn of your birthday, that He may be more entirely yours, and that you may be more exclusively His during this year than has ever been before granted; and that you may reflect around you more of His lovely graces, and be more habitually constrained by His love,—able to do more for Him, and to draw others more to Him, than you have ever yet done, especially among that dear circle springing up around you, whose lovely and heavenly-minded mother you are called to succeed, in training them up for God, and in endeavouring to keep them unspotted from the world. I have rejoiced in your being at Dalkeith, beloved Jane, both on your own account and on theirs, because I think it is a situation that calls forth into exercise all the talents with which you have been entrusted, and all the graces by which you can best glorify God, and adorn your Christian profession. Much of the meekness of wisdom,—much of the faith and patience and self-denial of the saints must be required in filling such a post, and adapting yourself to such various characters; but your sufficiency is of God, and He *will* supply all your need.

It was I who sent you that book, dearest Jane, by the kind hands of your dear brother: no wonder,

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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among so many nuns in our little convent, he did not distinguish the one who gave him the commission. I thought of your birthday, and ran up to look round among my books for one for you ; and as that was quite new, and had been much admired by my sisters and other friends, and was first recommended to me by dear Mr. Hugh White, I caught it up gladly ; but in my flutter and hurry did not write in it as I wished to have done, and you must do it for me, some words of tender love. I have heard some passages from it read which struck me as very beautiful ; but I have not read it myself, though that copy was the third I had purchased. We have more than one amongst us still,—you shall tell me how you like it.

Excuse a poor miserable letter, beloved Jane. My poor head is unable to do better. Can you send me any nice little anecdotes for my Pocket-book ? My, or rather our, united kindest regards to your dear brother and all your family circle, for we are all united in sweet and lasting friendship.

Your loving friend and sister,

C. ELLIOTT.



## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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REGENCY SQUARE;

*March 22nd, 1844.*

MY BELOVED AND TENDERLY-REMEMBERED JANE,

Our hearts are so closely and indissolubly united, that there is no feeling of hesitation or strangeness to lay aside when any fixed and definite reason for holding converse with each other is presented to either of us in the course of our earthly pilgrimage; and thus it is, that, though I believe I have never written to you since this time twelvemonth, I hasten to meet you now on your dear birthday with as fresh a feeling of sisterly love, and as cordial a salutation from the innermost recesses of my heart, as if we had passed the year—one so eventful, and, in some respects, so sorrowful to us both—side by side, in the same mansion, and engaged in the same pursuits; and I tenderly return your birthday embrace, and wish for you, my beloved Jane, that this opening year may be indeed the happiest you have ever passed.

The happiness I wish for you is one not to be affected materially by any of the changes and perturbations of this troublesome world; and

to Miss J. Scott Moncreiff.

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though I do grieve to think how your bark has been tossing of late on the stormy waves, yet do I assuredly believe that, as in the case of His disciples, when He was on earth, Jesus will be seen by them walking on the sea, turning darkness to light, and making the storm a calm, and be heard by them uttering that blessed sentence, "*It is I, be not afraid!*"

When I have thanked you very gratefully for your last letter, my loved friend, and for the beautifully netted cushion-cover so kindly enclosed, and which, while I lay my head or fix my eye upon it, will continually lead me to think tenderly of you, as (while your clever fingers were framing it) you thought tenderly of me; then I will tell you a few of my thoughts about you, prospectively, as they will fill my mind, and flow out, as I trust, in fervent prayers for you on the 24th of March, now so near at hand; and when you are reading these lines, my dearest Jane, then you may say to yourself, "Now I know what wishes and prayers for me are filling the hearts of my friends to-day;" and as we two here who love you so unchangingly, shall be agreed with yourself touching what we shall (all three) ask, surely, Jane, the Lord will fulfil all our petitions; nay, will do for you, in

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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His own free and boundless liberality and love, "exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think."

I do love to remember one dear friend and another in this way on that particular day which commenced their endless life; and to fill my mind, as it were, with the more especial and detailed recollection of them, in all the circumstances of their lives, the features of their characters, the intercourse we have held together; and to sit down, with this portraiture before me, and contemplate their very countenance,—just as we love, in absence, to look at the picture of a precious friend.

My Eleanor and myself are so sweetly one in this, as in most of our dearest friendships, that surely we form together that threefold cord, my dearest Jane, which is not easily broken. And now that we two only are left, the remnant of a once large family, every remaining tie to the dear brethren and sisters in Christ who are yet spared to refresh and comfort us in this altered and desolate world, seems to be drawn closer as we often repeat that lovely verse,

" From various cares my heart retires,  
Though deep and boundless its desires,  
I've now to please but One;

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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Him before whom the elders bow,  
With Him be all my business now,  
And with the souls that are His own."

And so here, in one line, my dearest Jane, is summed up the sweet story of our mutual and imperishable love, and also the sweet source of our daily and hourly comfort: abiding union with our beloved Lord, and *in Him* with His own dear children. Can we ask or need any other requisite for happiness on this side heaven? Certainly our love does seem to grow deeper and stronger year by year, and to depend less and less on what is temporal and éxternal; and more and more on what is heavenly and internal,—the operation of the Holy Spirit feeding and purifying and enlarging that love shed abroad by Him in our souls.

You need not, therefore, ever apologize, dearest Jane, for telling me, when you write, all your thoughts and feelings on the subjects which at that time chiefly occupy your mind; and as I am fully aware that in the present religious state of Scotland, those who are circumstanced as you, and so many besides of God's dear children are, *can* think of little else than the sad, sad breach which has been made in the walls of your Zion,<sup>1</sup> separating between

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<sup>1</sup> The Free Church secession.

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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those who were once united, and casting you out of those temples in which you loved to worship, and where I had once the happiness of being a worshipper with you. I do most deeply feel for you, my beloved Jane, under this heavy trial, for such it must have been, and such, I fear, it will long continue to be to every loving and affectionate heart, bound by strong natural ties to many from whom religiously and spiritually you must now feel loosened, if not partially severed.

It was so sweet often to my mind to picture you to myself at Dalkeith, with all those blooming flowers springing up around you; and all of one heart and one mind, and all having one way. And now, dearest Jane, I fear that sweet union is interrupted, and that house in some measure divided. It does delight me to find that your eldest nephew, dedicated by his precious mother, as she told me, from his birth, to the service of the sanctuary, has left his mercantile profession, and is preparing for that far higher and nobler one of the sacred ministry. But here, again, your wishes and those of his dear father will be in opposition; and for him and for you my heart grieves. But, after all, I find repose in that sweet promise that "*all things* shall work together

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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for good to those that love God ;” and as to my beloved Jane, my thoughts concerning her are full of comfort and full of peace. I see that with her all is well. I will ask for her as she desires, that she may be drawn into closer and closer fellowship with Him whom her soul loves,—that she may be hidden in the secret of His presence from the strife of tongues,—from the disputes and dissensions which so disturb and distress the spiritual mind, and that all the wearinesses and painfulnesses of her journey through the wilderness may only lead her, in the sanctuary of her own chamber, and the hidden sanctuary of her own heart, to dwell with more ardent longings on the glorious coming of the Bridegroom,—on all He has promised,—on all He will surely perform ; on all the beauty of His wonderful character ; on the immensity of His incomprehensible love ; and so to abide in Him as to lose even the recollection of the bitternesses of earth in the ineffable sweetness of His unveiled perfections and manifested redeeming love. How soon, how very soon, beloved sister, will all things else have vanished from our sight ! How soon will the welcome call be heard, “ Come up hither !” and then you will enter that general assembly where no discordant voice will ever be heard,

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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where no differing opinions and views of truth will ever occasion pain; but where all will be one, even as Christ is one with the Father; and every believer in Him, purified from the dross which still alloys the-gold, while yet dwelling in a body of sin, shall be perfected in holiness, and perfected in love. I doubt not that thither your mind continually ascends, in this cloudy and dark day, when on every side we see symptoms of fearful tempests gathering in the horizon. All I desire for you, my beloved friend, and for ourselves, is that we may stablish our hearts, flee to our Stronghold, hide ourselves in the cleft in the Rock, and there calmly await the rushing of the tempest, and the breaking forth of the water-floods.

I know that all these things, which seem shaking our Church and State so fearfully, will more and more stir up our nests, in which we might else have made our downy pillow of repose, and slept in dangerous indolence; instead of keeping, as we now feel we must, ever on the wing,—“making haste to escape from the stormy wind and tempest,” and “looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”

May larger measures of grace, and a fuller and deeper peace be yours, than you have ever yet

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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known, during the coming year. Tell the dear Watts my heart is unchanged towards them, though I have not power to write ; and ever believe me, my dearest Jane, yours in the best of bonds,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



37, REGENCY SQUARE, BRIGHTON ;  
*March 22nd (Easter Eve), 1845.*

I HAVE just asked the favour of the pretty white little *hand* (which has now taken its place on my writing-table), to lend me your letter, to read over again, my beloved Jane ; and it has complied with my request, though it was in the act of grasping the treasure very tenaciously ! And now let me thank you most affectionately for your ingenious and pretty love-token, the first of the kind which I have seen, and which will be peculiarly convenient to me, in taking charge of those especial letters from time to time which must be attended to immediately ; while the greater part are necessarily laid aside till a little more capacity of mind for writing, and (if it might be so) a little more capability of body, may be

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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bestowed upon me. I do thank you, then, for your birthday gift, dearest Jane ; but I thank you still more gratefully for your birthday letter,—for all the love it breathes, for the outpouring of heart on many deeply interesting subjects which it contains, and for the sweet refreshment which these cordials have imparted to one of your fellow-pilgrims, whose faint and weary spirit needs such endearing communion with those it loves, and from whom it often mourns to be so far separated.

Both my own heart and my dearest Eleanor's responded in a remarkable degree to the tone of feeling which pervades your letter ; and the circumstances in which we are placed in our own dear country and church, though in some respects different to yours, have led us to the same thoughts and views as you express. Indeed, we seem sometimes bewildered, as well as depressed, by the strange new forms under which old dangers and fatal errors reappear, and which during our youth and earlier middle age scarcely gave signs of their existence, though I now recall hearing of them as having been felt and mightily opposed by our revered grandfather and his contemporaries. But we see so many of whose stability in the faith

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once delivered to the saints we never doubted, now veering about and shaken, while others are clearly falling away, that we know not where to look for such men as used to be bold as lions and firm as a rock. Our own beloved brothers, and our cousins also, thank God! hold fast and set forth the truth; but more than one of our nephews, and many among our friends, have gone over to the Tractarian party, and think us narrow-minded, bigoted, illiberal, and wanting in *Catholic* feeling. Oh, how all these divisions and disputes, and errors and backslidings, make me long, beloved Jane, for the day, the glorious day, when He shall appear who will make us all one, in a perfect and eternal unity, in a temple of which He will be the great Architect, and which He will fill with His own glory, and from which not one of those whom He has loved as His own will be absent. What intercourse will His ransomed ones *then* be permitted to hold, my beloved Jane, what sweet counsel will they then take together; and then, as you say, we shall perhaps understand why our three hearts have been drawn so very closely together, though we have had so little personal converse.

Your text is a very lovely one, and breathes

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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most simply, yet forcibly, the full assurance of faith. May I be enabled and entitled to appropriate its blessed language; and whether my remaining birthdays be many or few (*very* many they cannot be), may I feel the blessed truth and comfort of those words as my own whenever they recur: "Now is *my* salvation nearer than when I believed." Thank you for the comfort wrapped up in the rejoicing exclamation of the apostle, and for having as it were unfolded it for my fainting heart, which does, as you say, indeed feel more and more "the reality of our conflict with the powers of darkness;" but not as much as I long to do, and ought to do, the reality "of Jesus as our refuge and strength,"—and as you yourself, beloved Jane, are enabled to do. I seem often at a standstill, tired of earth but not fixed in heaven, weaned from human trust and expectation of much from the creature; but yet not satisfied, so as to thirst no more, with the fulness of the fountain of living waters.

My bodily state may have something to do with this want of realizing the things unseen. For many weeks I have been confined to the house, often to my room, and my spirits flag owing to this. But I blame myself for being sorrowful, and

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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I wish you would help me to rejoice in God my Saviour, as you so habitually do. I know that "the hope of the righteous is gladness;" but yet I am often cast down, though this hope is mine, as one accounted righteous for my Saviour's sake; but the state of my country weighs me down. This horrible grant to Maynooth; the violation of the Sabbath; the distress of the poor; the failing health of some dear to me; the utter apathy of almost all classes as to the stealthy inroads of Popery; the leaning towards error in once admired friends; and the mixing again with the world almost invariably accompanying these errors;—these things cast deep shadows not only over my path, but over my soul; and I often, very often, long "to flee away, and be at rest." It seems as if one can do nothing but grieve over these errors, and pray for our poor fellow men, for they will not listen to any who would show them their errors, even in Christian love.

We live so in the very midst of a large gay town, where everybody seems either bent on pleasure, or devoted to using means of bodily health, that it sickens one's very heart to witness their utter indifference to spiritual and eternal realities. I often say to my beloved E., "Oh,

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what it will be to *get away* from all this pomp, and noise, and show, and vanity, and to sit, side by side, in some tranquil spot, in beautiful Switzerland, gazing on the lovely works of God, and speaking together of His marvellous loving-kindness!" But even there, Jane, the spirit of anarchy and Antichrist is abroad; and though we have purchased our carriage, and engaged a courier, and made arrangements for letting our house, we *may*, perhaps, be prevented even now from acting on our physician's mandate, to go for a winter or two to a milder clime. The end of April is the time we have fixed, as far as we can foresee, for leaving England; and if we do go, I know your prayers, together with those of a few other precious friends, will accompany and follow us. But it is a painful thing to uproot ourselves again; and were it not the thing more likely than any other to do me good (and they now say it is needful for my dear E. as well), nothing would have made me willing to undertake such a journey, or to visit that long-doomed city where Antichrist has set up his throne. We go to town, if the Lord permit, on the 2nd of April, to pay one or two visits there, and especially to see a little more of the state of our beloved sister, who has a serious

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internal complaint, which renders us very anxious, though the physicians say she may live for many years. But she is so fragile, so broken by many sorrows, so loving, gentle, and tender-hearted, that we cannot but fear for her that change which to her would be gain indeed, but to us an irreparable loss.

I must hasten to a close, my beloved Jane. My head suffers so much from writing that I can now hardly see what I write; and yet I have said nothing of my wishes, my heartfelt tender wishes for your birthday. I will give you a sweet text, as you did me, and only pray for your daily experience of its truth throughout the year. I hope your sweet babe will repay all your maternal care, and grow up to be a rich blessing to the church of God. "For I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul." This is my text for you, beloved Jane. Tell me about Dalkeith, and all that dear circle. Oh, that they may not be drawn into the ensnaring scenes of the world, or into the dangerous doctrines of the half Christian teachers who abound in the present day. Ever in tender love your own friend,

C. E.

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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REGENCY SQUARE, BRIGHTON ;

*August 20th, 1846.*

MY DEAREST JANE,

If you could know how long this identical sheet of paper, with those three words of love, has been lying in my desk, how often I have looked at it, and taken it out, resolved that the day should not pass without its being filled, and united to a partner, and sent beyond Gretna Green, you would pity the powerlessness of a friend who tenderly loves you to execute her own resolves, and to do the things she most desires to do ; but I find that as middle age verges towards old age, and the powers both of body and mind decay, the day begins and ends with not one half having been accomplished which I could once, notwithstanding all my feebleness, get through, and which I still vainly plan and hope to achieve, while I feel bright and fresh in the morning. But then, as the day advances, one thing comes after another—meals, driving out, receiving visits, answering notes, writing absolutely necessary letters on business, or to near relatives ; and before the evening I am almost ready to faint with weariness and exhaustion,—at the same time that not a

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tithe of the work I planned in the morning has been done.

In March, at Torquay, though not on the 24th—for I was in bed on that day—this sheet was inscribed with your name; and now, May, and June, and July, and August (in part), have glided away, and my beloved friend in Edinburgh has not been written to,—and one only thought is my consolation, that I trust my motto still might *justly* be, were He to speak for *me*, who once spoke on the behalf of another, “*She hath done what she could.*” Sometimes I suffer from so much pain, such weakening and incapacitating attacks of indisposition, that I can then do nothing; and yet if I were not well convinced that yours is a love which has learnt to “bear all things,” to stand the trying test of apparent neglect, long silence, and, in the present case, of seeming downright ingratitude (for I have actually never thanked you for the sweet little volume you sent me on, or for, my birthday), I should almost shrink from now entering your presence, and feel more like a culprit than would be at all comfortable. But I do *not* feel this, my beloved Jane; and I know that your heart is just as open, and your love as tender, as if I had written many times, and expressed what I

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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can truly say I have *felt* of gratitude and affection. We have just finished *The Night of Weeping*, which I have read aloud to my beloved E., and which we have both, I think, equally enjoyed. Indeed, it has been a peculiarly sweet and suitable refreshment to our poor stricken hearts, and sometimes fainting spirits, after so many bereavements. I do thank you most affectionately now for making me acquainted with this precious little volume, dearest Jane. We have already given many away, and shall give more, to friends under heavy trials; and I think many prayers for a blessing on its writer must have ascended to heaven. He has indeed been taught "to speak a word in season to them that are weary," and to pour balsam on the bleeding heart. Do tell me all you know about him, dear Jane; and whether he himself has been, as I fear, a sufferer under deep affliction; and tell me whether you know him personally, and if he is happier now. . . I am called away to dress, it is half-past five—we dine at six. Late dinners have one disadvantage, they cut up our evenings; but for me I believe it is necessary to keep to Jephson's code.

*Aug. 22.*—Visitors have only just left us, dearest

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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Jane ; and I must and will finish my letter to-day, and ask you a question to which we are anxious you should give an answer in the affirmative. Could you come to us at Torquay, to pass two or three months this winter, with friends who believe that their life of quiet seclusion and separation from all that the world seeks after and enjoys would not be distasteful to you, though you would not be obliged to lead that life of inaction to which our state of health at present compels us both, opposite as it is to my dear Eleanor's former habits and inclinations? There are many poor persons near our residence, where if we had strength we should delight to visit; but you, if you came to us, beloved Jane, would in this way make up for our inability, and supply our lack of service to our poor neighbours. I trust we should be able to steal a little of your oil to make our own dim lamps burn brighter, and that we should all three be permitted both to comfort and to quicken each other. Our lives are fleeting so fast away, and we can have so little intercourse now by letter, that our hearts' desire is to welcome you under our own roof, if no positive home duties, or other obstacle, stand in the way. Then we should know and see all about each other, and renew a friendship which has never had a check since it was

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first formed. We much regretted being unable to do more than ask your dear nephew once to dine with us when he was staying with my brother Edward; but we were really both so out of health that our physician's order precluded more.

We go back to Mornay Lodge the middle or end of September, if the Lord permit, and we have engaged our house there for a year. The climate is very mild, and the air soft, and some say relaxing; but we are in a high situation, above the damp and fogs which hang over Torquay; and we prefer the climate in winter to this, which is so much more sharp and bracing. If you do come to us, beloved Jane, how much shall we have to tell you of the goodness of our God to those who have safely landed, and are for ever at rest. Oh, may we be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. We live much more habitually now with those who are gone before, than with those who are left behind; and we seem to ourselves like the last lingering autumn leaves left upon the family tree, ready to be shaken off by the first wintry storm. But we know not how many we may yet have to weather. This we do know, that every year, and every loss, and every trial, only serve to render more precious and more secure the

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blessed hope, the clinging trust, with which we cleave to our beloved Lord and Saviour,—and He is indeed our portion and our hope in the land of the living. This world is the land of the *dying*, my beloved Jane. May we all be soon walking there in white, as the chosen and called and faithful ones.

I send you a little tiny token of love, though so late, for a birthday souvenir ; and with kind regards to your dear circle from us both, and much love to yourself, I am always your tenderly affectionate friend and sister,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



MORNAY LODGE, TORQUAY ;  
*November 27th, 1847.*

I THINK it is my turn now to write a few lines to my beloved Jane, to tell her what unfeigned pleasure and gratitude I feel in the prospect of soon welcoming her to our quiet and favoured abode ; where we two lonely and broken-down pilgrims are daily endeavouring to prepare for our last remove, and to bring our wills into subjection

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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to that state of inability for almost any exertion which is appointed for our present lot. "They also serve *who only stand and wait;*" and this, I humbly trust, *is* the posture and feeling of both our hearts. Sometimes I think that our lives would be deemed self-indulgent and luxurious by those who know not the real state of our bodies, the shattered nervous system, the excitable and often suffering temperament we have to deal with, and by which we are compelled to live so much in the air, and to give up every attempt to visit the sick and ignorant, as we long to do.

While my beloved Eleanor had health and strength, she joyfully and diligently used them in the service of her Lord. For me, a life of sickness, more or less, has been appointed; and though my present state is merely one of debility, and what they term nervous irritability, I am very rarely free from uneasiness, and the least over-exertion brings on graver symptoms, so that we often say to each other, "Well, this state of body is almost our only trial; we must take it up as our light cross day by day, and not fret that we can do so little." A few letters to those we hope to benefit, or conversations, when they call, and reading for our own profit, the management of our happy little family

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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(which devolves on my Eleanor entirely, and all our money transactions), preparing our little Pocket-book, and doing good as far as we can to those around us,—these small items constitute our daily life; and to one like yourself, my Jane, so healthy and so active, and so self-denyingly useful as I remember you, it will seem, I fear, but a poor life for those who have such a Master to serve, and such a world to live in. But we daily and earnestly seek to be led by His Spirit, guided by His eye, and conformed in every feeling and action to His will; and the passive as well as active graces are precious in His sight with whom we have to do.

One of the privileges and enjoyments still continued to us, and of which we more and more feel the exquisite sweetness and refreshment, is the communion of saints,—intercourse with those brethren beloved in the Lord with whom we hope to spend a blissful eternity; and from time to time they come to us, and then our spirits are refreshed, and, as Cowper says, afterwards we

“Feel less the journey’s roughness and its length,  
Meet our opposers with united strength,”

and go on our way rejoicing.

Perhaps I have said too much about ourselves, my beloved Jane; but I wish to save you dis-

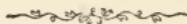
## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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appointment. In me, at least, you will find a very poor creature; but I trust you will quicken, comfort, and refresh us both, and give us reason to bless God for our intercourse. . . . Let us all pray much, my beloved Jane, that we may meet in the sunshine of our Saviour's countenance, and in the joy and peace of His salvation.

Ever for myself and my beloved E. yours

C. ELLIOTT.



MORNAY LODGE;

March 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1849.

THIS is the *eve* of your birthday, my beloved Jane; and as I know not what hindrance may await me on the morrow, and as I was compelled to send my little book off yesterday without a letter, I will for once disobey the parting injunction of my beloved little keeper (who, for a wonder, has gone out to tea, and left "my fair side all unguarded" this evening), and chat a little with you on paper, hoping it may do me good and not harm, as it is much in my heart to write to you, so as not to disappoint your kind wish to hear all

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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about us in your birthday letter ; and we have both, often and often, regretted our inability to write to you of late, owing partly to a great increase in the number of friends and acquaintances here, and still more to a diminution (very sensibly experienced by me at this season especially) both of bodily and mental power. But how sweet were the words you wrote in that fragment from Lasswade, on the 16th, my Jane ; and how entirely did both our hearts respond to the sentiments you express, as to the increased nearness and oneness realised by those who are united in the Lord Jesus Christ, as we hasten on so rapidly to our Father's house above, and draw on to "that blessed point, when we shall meet," as you say, "in reality, and all our previous meetings here will appear such mere passing shadows, we shall wonder that we cared so much about them !" I like to copy the words, and to dwell on them as I do so, and drink in their "pilgrim and stranger" spirit ; and then again, our hearts so exactly coincide in the feeling you express about us, that we are "exactly in the place and circumstances, and even spiritual state which He who loves us as none else can love us sees best for us both." How often do we say this to each other, Jane ; how

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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deeply is the truth of it written and rooted in our hearts ; and the text chosen by you for me chimes in with a full chorus of thoughts and feelings all mingling deeply within my soul, and prompting the language of ceaseless grateful praise.

Dear Adelaide Newton gave me, as a bright new year's day motto, "*the garment of praise*;" and each day since I have, I trust, put it on ; and she has sent me such a lovely *birthday* and *bridal* suit, that I must let you, as in this kind of ladies' wardrobe and trousseau you take as much interest as ourselves, look at my fair attire, and ask for me that I may indeed put on these beautiful garments, my beloved Jane, and be enabled to watch and to keep them unspotted till the Lord come. It is written, too, in your own delicately pointed style, in which you have copied for me in former years so many texts and passages, and you will, I know, send it carefully back. You have hinted, too, unconsciously, at the very subject I had taken home into my heart as a birthday theme for meditation and prayerful seeking, and had given it to Dr. Tetley and my Eleanor, and to dear Mr. Babington (who has just left us after a sweet visit of ten days), requesting them all three to make it their petition on my behalf for the

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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present year, that "*I might stand perfect and complete in all the will of God;*" might object to nothing He may appoint; desire nothing He may withhold; grasp nothing it may please Him to withdraw, either in my own person, or for my beloved Eleanor; and as I read your sweet sentence, my Jane, "What a sweet thought it is that *God's will* in Christ Jesus should stoop down to everything which concerns us," does it not seem beautifully to harmonise with my birthday prayer, and make one feel that our spirits are all instruments tuned by the same hand, to the same sweet melodies?

*March 24.*—My Jane was remembered in my first waking.

And now, for your own birthday, my dear sister and friend, I will express a wish including more than we can ever even understand till we put off these fetters of clay—but which may be more and more experienced as the power of Christ's life within our souls becomes more and more developed and paramount—that you may be "*filled with all the fulness of God,*"—filled so as that all who converse with you may say of you as your sweet friend Miss Ross said of Dr. Malan,—“I

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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never till now so understood that text, '*I in them ;*'—and can I ask or desire more? Blessed Jesus, fill her then, I humbly beseech Thee, with Thine own life, and light, and purity; with Thine own meekness, and lowliness, and gentleness; with Thine own delight in doing the will and seeking the glory of Thy Father and of her Father, and of Thy God and her God; with Thine own wisdom in her words, and untiring zeal and energy in her actions; and above all, with that which was the spring of all Thou didst and suffered, and to which we owe our salvation—fill her with such a measure as her soul can contain of Thine own inconceivable, unfathomable love, of which the depth, and height, and length, and breadth will be unexhausted through the ages of eternity.

I seemed on my own birthday to feel something more of the reality of this fulness, my beloved Jane, and to thirst more after its attainment. "*Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it,*" seemed whispered from above; and as I read over the exceeding great and precious promise which I chose for your birthday (when I was selecting this year's texts at Clifton in the spring), I feel, as the sweet hymn says, that

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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“ His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.”

“ *All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*”

As to your present circumstances, I love to think of you as spending your birthday in so sweet and tranquil a spot, with those two dear girls whom you love so much. I trust dear Joanna will be greatly benefited, and that you will soon receive favourable tidings of Robert Christie. Give my love to both of them, and tell them I think our soft Devonshire air would be still better than that of Rothsay; and I should love to see them both again, and to show them all our walks made I think in our garden since they visited Mornay.

Thank you very much for the pretty little Rowan tree,—song, words, and music, are very pretty and poetical, and so nicely written; I suppose it was with your own clever hand, my beloved Jane. I will watch for the first leaves to send you one. We look at the little stem, and speak of you together, and love to think you have been with us here.

We are more and more richly and abundantly blest in our sweet tranquil home; our four servants as happy as ourselves. Our sweet niece,

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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not quite sixteen, Mary Eling, Edward's second daughter, now resides entirely with us, and has done for nearly four months. She thinks Mornay the happiest, dearest spot on earth, and calls Eleanor her own mamma, and loves me only less than her. She is taking lessons in music, German, etc., and we read history with her of an evening. She is in walks and drives, when I am unable to go out, my Eleanor's constant and delightful companion. She is full of sweetness and affection, plays beautifully, and has a sweet voice; but there has been a little delicacy of chest, so my E. watches over her with quite a mother's care and tenderness. She came for a week only in December; and, to our amazement, so ardently attached herself to us and our home, that send her back we could not. She forms a sweet addition to our little party, and gives a new and interesting object to my Eleanor, whose health is again amended considerably, though she often suffers uneasiness during the night. She has had letters of business to write to-day, and is now gone to pay necessary visits; but she hopes to write on Monday or Tuesday, and in the meantime sends you her tender love and best wishes in the largest sense of the word.

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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Dr. Tetley is pretty well, and as dear and as heavenly-minded as ever. He would, I know, send you sweet words if he were to come in. He has often mentioned you, and asked after Collina's health. I sent you my little *Hours of Sorrow*, in the new edition, my loved Jane, as some little acknowledgment of the kind trouble you took in writing the poem out for me, which you will find inserted; but I was told I might not even put your name into it, though I see in the little book you kindly sent me for the 18th that you have written mine. I send you the last edition of the hymn you are fond of; with one accompanying it, composed for one who had fallen into the Puseyite errors. I found the title, *The Invitation*, etc., had been disliked, and so I have had the hymn printed without it, and added a verse to make it the same length. Now, I hope, the fastidious will be satisfied. Who made the selection of extracts in the pretty little book? I do not quite agree in one from Winslow about baptism. If I live till another March I shall remind my beloved Jane of Lady Powercourt's Letters, and find some better thing to send her than my own poor writings.

Ever, with much love, your own friend,

C. E.

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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MORNAY LODGE, TORQUAY:

March 27th, 1850.

MY BELOVED JANE,

Your dear birthday letter to me, your much valued birthday gift of a book which, I trust, will prove a blessing to my soul, and still more than all, the anniversary of your own birthday, all these have been passed over without notice or acknowledgment, or congratulation or response from the heart of your friend; and yet she has gratefully received the one, and tenderly and prayerfully remembered the other, though unable by reason of bodily indisposition to write as she longed to do. All this I believe your own kind heart has told you before, my beloved Jane; and I feel persuaded that we met in spirit at the feet of Him "whom not having seen we love," and in whom, I trust, we are for ever united.

Yes, my Jane, I did think of you on first waking on that brightest day of the week on which your anniversary this year fell, and which, in our ecclesiastical year, we commemorate as *Palm Sunday*, recalling the entrance of our blessed Master and only Saviour into Jerusalem, when they strewed

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His path with branches of palm trees, and for a brief season He was surrounded with songs of welcome and anthems of praise. I thought of Him and of you together, Jane ; and never would you wish to be disassociated from so sweet a connection in my heart ; and I thought that He would on that Sabbath be listening to strains of adoring gratitude and ever-increasing love, falling sweetly on His ear, not from the voices of a mixed and inconstant multitude, but from the hidden sanctuary He loves to inhabit, the contrite and devoted heart of His own dear child, filled with renewed emotions of wonder, love, and praise by the retrospect of another year's goodness and loving-kindness and tender mercy, averting evil, showering down blessings, answering prayer, increasing faith, and causing *all* things, even those we would fain have avoided, to work together for our good.

Our dear friend Dr. Tetley came to us for half-an-hour in the afternoon ; and I mentioned to him how much you were on my heart that day, and he said, "I was not aware it was her birthday ; but it is true that I have been thinking of her this morning without knowing it ;" and then in his prayer he asked for you, my love, those richest spiritual gifts which will most conform you to the lovely

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image of our blessed Lord, and best enable you to glorify Him increasingly, even to the end. Is not this the kind of birthday remembrance you most value, Jane? I only wish we could have been together in body, as we were in spirit, and stirred up each other's hearts to love and praise, and have lent our willing hands to assist your own in raising a fresh and joyful Ebenezer in memory of the day. But the time is hastening fast, my sister and friend; and through His unspeakable mercy and unchangeable, everlasting love, I trust we shall celebrate not an earthly but a heavenly birthday very soon, in His own delightful presence, and arrayed in His own likeness, above :

“ How sweet the prospect is !  
It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;  
We are journeying through the wilderness,  
But soon we'll gain our rest.”

May your path through it be so illumined and increasingly irradiated by His smile from above, and His own Spirit's light from within, that your “whole body may be full of light,” and your path indeed “shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.” The text I chose for you, and on which Dr. Tetley therefore commented beautifully and very spiritually, was that one from the psalm you gave me : “Satisfy us early *with Thy mercy* ; so shall

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we rejoice and be glad all our days." Whatever may happen, whatever may fail, or try, or disappoint, or impoverish us, *come what may*, if only we receive and experience more and more of this mercy, we shall be satisfied. In the days of dearth we shall have enough. And as we learn a little more to understand and appropriate it, striving to fathom its depths and to scale its heights, to explore its boundless dimensions, does it not indeed spread itself out as a boundless expanse before us,—a sea without a bottom and without a shore. "His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him." Bishop Daly said to me, "Can you find *a single moment* in your existence, here or hereafter, that is not included in these words?"

But I must check my full heart and flowing thoughts, and hasten to tell my dear Jane a little about ourselves and our present circumstances, in all which things she takes, I know, a kind of constant interest,—ever feeling towards us a sister's love. Let me mention, first, that a book we are just now reading, and to which my brother Henry has written a preface, the *Memoir of Henry Fox*, who went to Tinnevely as a missionary, is one I should like to send you as a birthday gift; but I will not purchase till I hear whether it will be new

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to you, and also whether, as the dear day has passed, and I was so suffering that on it I could not write, I shall wait and send it by Dr. Cleghorn, the pleasing and excellent young man we have to thank you for introducing to us, and who brought that sweet *Morning of Joy* from you, to my Eleanor, and gave us an hour or two of his society very agreeably, one afternoon, to meet our nephew, Frank Spragge, who called on him afterwards, and told me he had been much pleased with his conversation, as we had been ourselves previously, for his heart seems given wholly up to God. He gave us a nice account of you all, and of your pet Susan, and of his friend to whom she is engaged. May an abundant blessing rest on their union ; and in these dark and cloudy days, may their light shine brightly and beautifully before men. Oh, Jane, our very hearts are sick and in heaviness at the spirit manifested by so large a number of our misguided and, I fear; earthly-minded ministers, seeking to "have the pre-eminence," and to "lord it over God's heritage ;" and, instead of seeking peace and truth and love, setting up themselves to be arbiters in doctrine, despising governments, teaching for doctrine the commandments and traditions of men, rejecting, as it seems to me, the truth

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of God. Often and often do I repeat now Hooker's touching words at the close of *his* life, by Walton<sup>1</sup> (you, I dare say, know them well), and long to flee away, and reach the Jerusalem that is above.

Your truly attached friend and sister,

C. E.



MORNAY LODGE, TORQUAY ;

March 26th, 1852.

I AM sure my beloved Jane would thoroughly understand that the body alone (not the heart or the mind) was the cause of our little birthday gifts presenting themselves to her unaccompanied by a letter, on the 24th, its anniversary. The fact

<sup>1</sup> He replied, "That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven ; and oh ! that it might be so on earth !" After which words, he said, " I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations ; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near : and though I have by His grace loved Him in my youth, and feared Him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to Him, and to all men ; yet if Thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it ? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me ; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners."—*Life of Mr. Richard Hooker*, p. 188.

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was I spent the day preceding it in my bed, and was positively forbidden by Dr. Tetley even to take a pen in hand; and on the day itself (the 24th), when I had resolved nothing should hinder me, so much pain came on in my back and head (which this long continuance of keen east wind occasions), that I lay down to rest for an hour; and alas! after that one visitor came after another, till the post time had passed. And this again was the case yesterday, when my Eleanor insisted on my not attempting to write, as she thought me too unwell, but promised to do so herself without fail; both to satisfy her own feelings and mine, and fully to explain to you all our present circumstances, and the hindrances to which we had both been compelled so reluctantly to yield.

I the more regret this because I had been, as usual, so kindly thought of and written to by you, my Jane, on the 18th; and you had sent me that interesting book, so prettily got up, and narrating scenes and events so sad, and yet, in one sense, so bright and glorious—"the blood of the martyrs" forming, it is said, "the seed of the Church,"—the true, spiritual, invisible Church (where there is neither bond nor free),—of which we, I humbly trust, are all three members for time and for

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eternity,—of which our Lord is the living Head, and “in whom alone we live and move and have our (spiritual) being.”

Oh, Jane, I weary of the disputes and separations and paltry differences of those who are one in Him, and ought to love as brethren while on earth, and who are soon to dwell together as one family in heaven. I rejoice to feel that my heart and my Eleanor's need no other bond than this blessed one, of union with Him whom our souls love, to knit us closely together in the sweet fellowship of the Gospel. We never even remembered when you were with us here, in that short sweet visit, that you belonged to one Church (externally at least) and we to another. And when I was with you in Edinburgh, and drank of those pure streams of living water at the Church where you worshipped, and from the lips of your highly-gifted pastor, Dr. Candlish, I felt such a complete oneness with you all, and was so strengthened and refreshed and comforted and quickened, that my heart bore witness to the truth that we who have believed in Christ have indeed “one Lord, one faith, one baptism ;” and “what God has joined together let not man put asunder !”

And yet, my Jane, I feel that some very dear to

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us, and some to whom we have ever looked up, disapprove, or at least question its being right, to yield to that complete loosening from all merely external forms and ordinances of man's appointment; in short, from everything but what I find in the Bible itself, which seems taking place in my mind; and though I still dearly love and prize the Church of my fathers, and think it the best of all human institutions, in all things but those few objectionable sentences in our occasional services, which were the dross, probably, and left open the door positively to the resumption of Popish errors, *not being founded on or warranted by the Word of God*; yet I see in all earthly Churches and forms of worship, and statements and summaries of doctrine, so much of human imperfection, so much uncertainty and differing in opinion—some interpreting Scripture in one way, some in another—that my heart sickens, and my mind grows weary and sad, and pants for that region of light and perfection, of knowledge and love, where “Judah will no more vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim envy Judah,” and where alone no error will be found, nor any difference of opinion exist.

I have been led to dwell much more on thoughts like these during the last few weeks from our

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having been much in the society of Count Guicciardini, whose name I dare say you know, and who has given up all for the sake of Christ and His Gospel, and is now here, an exile and a stranger, out of health, but full of faith and joy and peace in believing.

But how have I been running on, my beloved Jane,—thus pouring out to you the uppermost train of thought in my mind, and giving no expression at all to that under current of tender feelings and remembrances of you, which has been quiescent, but deep, and waiting silently within for enough bodily power to give it vent on paper.

As we read that lovely touching poem on James Melville's child, how tenderly I thought and felt for you and that little one, whom you had so vividly described when you were with us, and in your letters afterwards, that I seemed as if I had myself seen her fairy form, and clasped her sweet little self in my arms. Pretty lamb! safe for ever now in the arms of the Good Shepherd. How tenderly I feel for her bereaved parents, as well as for you, my Jane; and how sincerely I offer to them both the assurance of my heartfelt sympathy, and my remembrance of their sorrow, and of yours, at the throne of grace.

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We have rejoiced with you as well as mourned, my beloved Jane, on your dear Marianne's recovery after so severe and dangerous an illness. Dear girl! how sweet was it to manifest, even in her wanderings in fever, whose child she is, and who was near her in that time of trouble, to strengthen and uphold and comfort her. My kind love to her and her dear sister, who was with her here, and whose health, I trust, is no longer a subject of anxiety. I love to hear every particular about them and their dear father, our early friend; and, as far as we know them, we joy in their joys, and sympathize in their sorrows.

And for yourself, my Jane, well I know that the Refiner is sitting beside you, watching the process in each fiery trial, each desolating stroke; and that He will not rest till He sees His own bright and glorious image so clearly reflected in and by you, that all who see you will see that you have been where Moses had been when his face shone with unearthly lustre. All we have to do is to leave you, and trust you, without a fear or doubt, in His hands. What you ask and wish for me, in your letter, I ask and wish for you; and as I sent your birthday text in the Pocket-book I turned it into prayer that it might be your life-long experience.

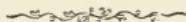
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My Eleanor will write to-morrow, and tell you all our family history, so I will say no more. I have been obliged to write lying down, and have been out but once for many weeks;—so I am very feeble, but my heart is full of love to you, my Jane.

Oh, what a feast you have given us in Hewitson,—what a Christian was he! Ever longing to resemble such, think of me, my Jane, as your own most loving friend and sister,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



MORNAY LODGE;

*February 28th, 1853.*

MY BELOVED JANE,

How sweet to the heart of your silent, absent friend is the thought and the firm conviction that you can never doubt my love and tenderest sympathy in all your varied circumstances; though I may not at the time they occur have the *power* to express them, excepting indeed in that best of all modes of expressing our feelings, of which we are never deprived—breathing them on the behalf of those we love into the compassionate

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ear of the only effectual Comforter. This I can truly say I have not failed to do, with regard to you, my beloved Jane, during all your late and painful bereavements; and I have continually asked of the blessed Spirit to sustain and heal your aching, loving heart. "In this world ye shall have tribulation." How many comments on these words could your experience furnish, my beloved Jane, during the last few years, and how has the heavenly Husbandman busied Himself in pruning with ceaseless care and skill the branch that had borne fruit, in order to make it bring forth more fruit; and oh! how ought we to welcome and to love His hand, and not to shrink from the pruning knife, though it may cut deep, and leave the branch apparently very bare, when we know that for our good and for His own glory the Father uses the knife.

To-morrow, my beloved Jane, our birthday month commences, and I have a very presumptuous request to make as to *your birthday gift* to me. It is no less than this, that that bountiful gift may be a visit from your own dear self to our quiet pretty home; and that for a few weeks, at least, it may be granted to us to be once more together,—to talk of much of which, had I power, I long to

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write, but now I cannot,—the double winter of our little island and of my own body seem to say to me that I ought to pass this winter in a state of hybernation, like the dormice and other small feeble creatures; and each winter I have less and less power. So, my Jane, if you are pretty well yourself, and think us worth making such a loving effort for, do come, before my poor faculties are quite decayed, and while as yet we are inmates of this pretty peaceful dwelling. You would be such a help to me in preparing my next Pocket-book, and such a source of enjoyment to us both in a thousand ways. I cannot enter on any other subject; even now I am bewildered, and unable to write clearly many things I long to say. But I do not change in my love to my Christian friends. I think that, belonging not to the outward man that perishes, but to the inward man which is, I trust, renewed day by day, it becomes even deeper and stronger as the body decays.

With kindest remembrance to your dear brother and nieces, I shall ever be, my beloved Jane, your most affectionate friend and sister,

C. E.

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MORNAY LODGE ;  
*March 22nd (Tuesday), 1853.*

My beloved Jane will be well aware how tenderly she will be thought of at Mornay Lodge on the 24th; and I had resolved rather to write on, than before this dear anniversary; feeling to-day so withered and powerless in these keen cold blasts, and the mind so completely, alas! so sadly subjugated to the body. But then, again, I thought how sweet it was to me to receive from my Jane, and a beloved little cluster of dear Christian friends, words of loving remembrance on my birthday, and to feel the balm and the cheering and the quickening influence warm from their loving hearts, kindling gratitude in my own. And so I roused up my feeble body, and have seated myself at my desk, just to write a few lines, which will at least prove to my Jane that love to her is a very strong stimulus which can overcome an almost incapacitating degree of languor and debility. But so it must be as the weary traveller draws nearer to the boundary of this wilderness, the outward man must perish, the flesh and the heart must fail. But how blessed is the hope that the inward man is being

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renewed day by day, growing stronger as the other grows weaker; and how sweet the assurance and happy experience that God is the strength of our hearts and our portion for ever!

Both our hearts responded to the chords touched in your letter, my Jane; and sometimes the joy of the Lord is indeed my strength, and the glimpses caught within the veil are bright and glorious beyond description. But at others, the verse which suits me best, almost, is this: "In the earthly house of this tabernacle we groan, being burdened;" and the inability to do what my hand finds to do, and what my mind longs to execute, makes me pray for patience, just to tarry the Lord's leisure, and lie passive in His hands.

I long now to pour out many thoughts and feelings, many prayerful wishes and heartfelt desires for one so truly and so tenderly beloved, and whose constant, unchanged, and precious friendship has been for so many long years one of our most valued treasures; but my trembling hand and confused head forbid my giving this indulgence to my feelings. I will only say that my prayers for you on the 24th will all be embodied in that one brief verse, that to my beloved sister and friend, during the new year about to commence,

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to her it may be "*Christ to live!*" Can I ask or desire a richer boon? I chose the text in the Pocket-book expressly for you. May your faith grow stronger and stronger; and as you have passed through many affecting scenes needed to increase and strengthen it, may they more and more deepen its growth, and make its roots strike more deeply into the Rock of Ages.

Ever in tender love your sister and friend,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



MORNAY LODGE, TORQUAY;

*March 24th, 1857.*

MY BELOVED JANE,

Would that I could have written a letter to reach you on this dear anniversary, instead of two days later, but Sunday's post intervening (which I try never to employ) led me to wait till yesterday, when I fully intended to devote the morning to you. . . .

I felt I could do nothing, so I quietly acquiesced in the requirements of this feeble body, and resolved to explain it all to my dearest Jane to-day,

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and to content myself with saying, "Well, she hath done what she could," though not what she would. On first waking, before seven o'clock, my Jane, I was thinking of you, and endeavouring to offer effectual fervent prayers for every blessing to be showered down upon you which you most desire and need at the present time. Perhaps, my love, with the rare measure of bodily health and mental vigour bestowed so bountifully on you, you might be in danger of too much enjoyment of life, and all its blessings, intellectual and social and spiritual, did not your heavenly Guardian lead you so frequently into the house of mourning and the chamber of death. How remarkably you seem chosen to be the support and comforter of others in such scenes; while for yourself the mournful discipline must be seen to be needful, for your Father alone knoweth what things you have need of to prepare you for His own kingdom of glory, and He will never suffer any one of His children to make the world their resting-place. Some in and by their own personal sufferings; others by sharing and witnessing the sorrows of those they love, are gradually weaned more and more from the love of this present life, and from expecting or seeking happiness in the creature, or in anything this

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world can give. So our beloved Lord empties us, year after year, from vessel to vessel ; takes away the beloved ones we have clung to most fondly ; and teaches us that He, and He alone, is the hope, the portion, the resting-place, the happiness of our immortal souls.

In all your successive sorrows and bereavements, my beloved Jane, my heart has tenderly felt for you ; and in this last affecting scene, so trying to a sister's sympathising heart, so trying to the faith and patience of your dear brother himself, and his dear wife and children, I have felt much for and with you, and yet have striven to quiet my mind by saying, "*He doeth all things well ;*" He knows by what paths to lead that dear one through the wilderness, and "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, to such as keep His covenant and His testimonies." And such you have found them to be, my beloved Jane, through a long series of years ; and you have ever found that He is faithful, and He has been with you in trouble, and has strengthened and upholden you, has blest you, and made you a blessing. And so shall it be even to the end,—and my birthday prayer and heartfelt desire for you are all comprehended in this one verse, "that Christ may dwell in your

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heart by faith, and that you may be rooted and grounded in love, and able to comprehend with all saints what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

I asked for you at the dawn of day, that you might be ever "looking unto Jesus;" that you might be more and more transformed into His glorious image and likeness, and be known as one of His faithful witnesses, labouring for Him, and not fainting, and guiding many a wanderer's feet into the way of peace. These were a few of my petitions for you, my beloved Jane; are they not the same that you offer for yourself?

We are feeling the cold winds and sleet, however, even in this sheltered nook; but no serious illness, thanks be to our gracious God, has visited either of us during the six months we have been here; and many openings of usefulness, both in preaching and visiting the sick, have made dear Mr. B. feel that he has not been here in vain, though parted for a time from his "few sheep in the wilderness" at Cossington.

We are thinking of going for a month to Brighton, about the 15th of April; partly for change of air, and partly to see if we can make

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up our minds to take a house there for our home, as the distance between this and his living is so serious an objection to our continuing to reside in this sweet home. I hope to be willing to live at Brighton in the winter months, if for dear John and Eleanor that is thought best ; but my love for this place, its unwearying beauty, its entire seclusion from the gay world, in this now populous town, and the mercies we have here enjoyed for twelve years past have so endeared it to me, that I shall feel a bitter pang in bidding it adieu, and leaving that dear excellent physician who has been one of our strongest ties to the place, and has never ceased to act the part of a brother to us.

Now, my Jane, let me thank you very gratefully for your dear birthday letter, and the pretty little brooch you so kindly sent me, and which I shall love to wear for your sake. I shall often remember our mutually-loved Dr. Malan's injunction, which made us both laugh so much, E. and I, when he assured us it was an English verb "to stag it," and we assured him it was not. But he said most Christians only "crabbed it;" but we were "to stag it," to lift up our heads, and go on rejoicing. So when I wear your pretty gift, I shall try "to stag it," as he said.

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And now my niece is telling me to bring my letter to an end, as she wants a coze; and so I will, only asking you to tell me whether you would like Archdeacon Law's *Exodus* and *Leviticus*, as my Eleanor's and my little gifts for your birthday. Tell me this, my love, and believe that you are ever tenderly borne on my heart in the way you most wish to be; and that I am, with unchanging love, your own tenderly affectionate,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



NORFOLK TERRACE, BRIGHTON;

March 28th, 1859.

I COULD not write on your birthday, my beloved Jane, much as I wished it. But one of the lessons I now have daily to learn is not to wish to do anything when the power to do it is withheld; and not to fret at my own inability; but to acquiesce cheerfully in the failure of mental as well as bodily strength, and only to say about all outward circumstances, "Let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him."

Your loving and constant heart, my dear Jane,

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will never mistrust mine ; and you may be well assured that, though I could not write, I endeavoured to remember you very especially in prayer on the 24th, and to ask for you larger and richer supplies of " grace, of mercy, and of peace," than you have ever before received. *That* was my beloved grandfather's birthday text for his children ; and I think those three things include all I can desire for my beloved Jane : *mercy*, to pardon ; *grace*, to strengthen ; *peace*, to tranquillize and comfort her.

Yours appears to me a very happy and at the same time a very useful life, beloved Jane. You seem to me to go about " doing good, comforting the sorrowful, nursing the sick, helping the distressed." What joy it must have given you to collect and receive such noble help for the poor sufferers from that sad failure of their Bank ; and how sweet a pleasure it must have been to you to distribute the generous donation !

Among many kind gifts which I received on my birthday, my dear brother Edward gave me a book entitled, *The Gospel in Burmah*, which my Eleanor and I have been so charmed with, that I resolved to send it at once to you ; and I only wish you may enjoy reading it, my dearest Jane, as

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much as your two friends have done and are doing, —for we have only got as far as the death of that blessed Dr. Judson. What two wonderful women were his first and second wives ; and how do those dear American female missionaries put our English women to shame, — none of whom have at all distinguished themselves (as far as I know) in the same manner !

I think you would have made a beautiful missionary, Janie. I wonder you never thought of being one ; but you could not have been spared by so many relations to whom you have ministered in your own land. How nice it would be if you could come to Cossington,—only you would not like to leave your own “Free Kirk,” I am afraid. But all outward distinctions and differences as to forms of worship seem now to me of so little consequence, and I seem to care so entirely but for one thing—serving the Lord Jesus, and being united to Him by a true and living faith, that where that exists, and is evidenced, there I feel at once united to a sister and brother, whatever may be their mode of worship or outward denomination during our brief sojourn in this disordered world. And never have I enjoyed sweeter spiritual privileges than when worshipping in be-

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loved Dr. Malan's chapel at Geneva, or in the pretty kirk at Dalgetty, where Alexander Watt was the minister.

Oh, Jane, my one desire is to stand perfect and complete in all the will of God concerning me, even to the end; and I am so surrounded with love on every side, and so set free from earthly thoughts and cares, that the very stones would cry out if I did not every day and every hour call upon my soul to bless Him, upon all that is within me to bless His holy name.



NORFOLK TERRACE ;

*March 24th (Saturday), 1860.*

I WAS thinking of you, and lifting up my heart in prayer for you, my beloved Jane, before the morning sun had risen on our hemisphere to light up the anniversary of this your birthday; and I had asked for you the blessings I most earnestly desire for myself, namely, a closer union with our blessed Lord and Saviour than we have ever as yet experienced, and more power to glorify Him with all we have and all we are,—and to “delight ourselves in the Lord, that He may give us the desires of our

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hearts." How very closely our feelings resemble each other, on the return of our mutual birthdays !

I, too, "have, of late, felt more the weary length of the way than the real rapidity with which time is carrying us through it." And I have often recalled the passage in Numbers which says of the poor Israelites, "And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way ;" and we, like them, seem to be led about, when we hoped we were drawing very near to the land of heavenly rest. But still, though I have often felt this of late, beloved Jane, seeing and hearing of so many, as you say, who set out long after us, and yet have entered in long before us, I attribute my sorrowful feelings partly to my state of bodily weakness, and long confinement to the house, and to my comparative uselessness in a world where so much has to be done, in which I can take no part. Now, yours is a very different case from mine ; for you are blest with health, you can enjoy the public ordinances of your Church, and you can and do "go about doing good." Then also, you have not as yet attained, as I have, the appointed term of human life, "threescore years and ten," beyond which more than one of my doctors has told me I should not live. I foolishly and gladly believed them ; and now I

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am, on the contrary, daily experiencing the truth of the words, "yet is their strength labour and sorrow." "Labour" it is, but not often "sorrow," dear Jane; for "the bright hope, full of immortality," does bear my spirit up above the weak and weary body, and I am often able to go on my way "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God." But the things I used to do with ease, and even with pleasure (such, for instance, as writing a letter to a dear relation or friend), cost me now an effort it is difficult to make, and bring on a feeling of faintness and exhaustion which obliges me to break off at once, and lie down quietly on my couch to rest.

I began this letter, as you will see, on Saturday, your birthday,—wrote a page,—longed to finish it,—was obliged to leave off,—resumed it yesterday, Monday,—had to see a lady and her daughter in deep affliction,—found all my strength gone, after drawing out my heart's sympathy for them,—and then came up to my room, to write, as I hoped, to my loved Jane, and found my head utterly incapable of thinking or expressing my thoughts.

*Tuesday, 27th.*—I am very fond of the text you have given me; and as it forms part of the lovely passage in the first of Peter, which my sister Eleanor and I, and her husband and Dr. Tetley,

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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and my sister Eliza, and one or two more, always repeat on our first waking on the Sabbath morning, I should like to think you would join our little number, and repeat it too, from the 1st down to the 9th verses; for it opens to us more and more every week, and seems to become more precious every time we dwell on its beautiful thoughts. And we "shall be kept by the power of our God, through faith unto salvation," and be enabled to "show how true the Lord our strength is, and that there is no unfaithfulness in Him." That is another very favourite text of mine, beloved Jane; but the one I have chosen for you is a still richer and more beautiful one, the 23rd verse of the 17th of St. John, our Lord's intercessory prayer, that matchless chapter: "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me."

I cannot ask, or even wish for you, dearest Jane, more than is wrapped up in the golden verse I have transcribed. To have Christ in you the hope of glory, and to be loved by the Father as He loves His beloved Son, in whom He is always well-pleased, can I desire more than this for you, or for myself? Dr. Tetley gave me, on my last

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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birthday, the 26th verse, in which the same wonderful love is mentioned as the result of our Lord's teaching: "And I have declared Thy name unto them, and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them." What verses they are! what a vein of golden ore in the mine of God's unfathomable love! And oh what unutterable condescension is there in His wishing and asking of His heavenly Father to love us, poor wretched sinners, with the very same ineffable and unbounded love with which He Himself, spotless and glorious, is loved by the Father! Was ever love like His love?

My naughty Eleanor has stolen a march upon me; and though she knew I was in the middle of my letter to you, up here, in my bed on account of my cough, she has gone down stairs, silyly, finished a letter to you, and trotted off (her little maid by her side) to put it in the post herself, and then up she comes to me to tell me what she has done! However, I am so glad to see her so well and active, and able even in these keen winds to drive and walk out; while I, for more than three months, have been a complete prisoner, and often confined to my room, and obliged to have a doctor in attendance, to ward off bronchitis and painful

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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rheumatism, which has almost crippled my fingers already. While I see her and her husband so well and so happy, and am able, as she tells me, to add a little to their happiness, I am quite content; though I do pine sometimes for a milder air, and for beautiful scenery, such as we feasted on in Devonshire.

As to the revivals, dearest Jane, I fully believe them to be the work of the blessed Spirit, preparing and gathering out a host of faithful witnesses, ready to meet the awful predicted period which is to precede the Lord's coming in His glory. My sister - cousin, Mrs. Batten (*née* Venn), has just been with us, who went over with Amelia and John Venn to Ireland in the summer, and saw with their own eyes and heard with their own ears what they, perhaps, otherwise would not have believed, and a deep and solemn and salutary impression is left on all their minds.

I must not write more, or I would ask you what you feel about Italy and the French Emperor, and what he has just done, and the poor Swiss and the unhappy Pope. Oh, I should like you to come, as you say, to sit down by me on the sofa, and talk over all these subjects, and many still nearer and dearer. Will your dear niece Mary Anne allow

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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me to put one of her poems on *The Visit of Angels*, into my next Pocket-book, should I live to bring it out, and a sweet little sonnet she wrote for me in my souvenir book, at Torquay, I think beginning, "There is perfection in the smallest flower?" These pieces would suit, and greatly enrich my pages. The work is so prospered that I cannot give it up, though my brothers and sisters think it is too much for me now.

I thank you for all your kindness and faithful, long-tried love, both to my Eleanor and to your ever attached,

C. E.



10, NORFOLK TERRACE;

March 27th, 1861.

MY BELOVED JANE,

I sometimes feel and fear that my faculties are so dwindling away (now that I have crossed the boundary line set to mark and to limit the term of human life), that I have no power to write anything worth the perusal of those I love; and I have also come to feel that those affecting words apply even to the effort of writing a letter, "Yet is

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

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their strength but labour and sorrow ;” so different is it now with me to what it once was, when letter-writing was a real pleasure, and I scarcely knew how to stop my pen. I did think of you, and I did humbly endeavour to pray for you, on Sunday last, my beloved Jane, my sister-friend in time, and for eternity, in the sweet bond of a heavenly and eternal relationship. But I could not write ; and some days have passed, and I seem still unable to express the thoughts and feelings which are nevertheless deeply seated in my heart towards you, and which were awakened into a warmer glow by your sweet letter, and all its interesting contents.

That text you gave me is a beautiful one, and I have taken the whole verse to write down in my Pocket-book as a memorial of you throughout the year : “ And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you ; and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you, for the Lord is a God of judgment ; blessed are all they that wait for Him.” There is a beautiful reciprocity in the mutual attitude of our God and our own souls, the one towards the other. He, waiting to be gracious to us, and to bless us ; and we, waiting to be blessed and pardoned and com-

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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forted by Him. "For their sakes I sanctify myself," seems to have the same meaning; and I shall often think of you, my beloved Jane, when I dwell on the sweet words, which I thank you for selecting. And I will give you in return one short sentence which to me is inexpressibly precious: "I have prayed for thee, that thy strength fail not." I think no cordial can more strengthen and refresh our souls than this, my Jane, as we become more aware of the devices of Satan, and the deceitfulness of our own hearts.

As to the books you have sent me from time to time, I can hardly tell you how much they have interested and, I trust, benefited me. Guthrie on *Ezekiel*, especially, has been to us all such a treat; such real eloquence and power of thought, and beauty of illustration; and those of Dr. Candlish's, too,—I have often longed to tell you how I have enjoyed reading them.

I could tell you of so many and great mercies poured bountifully upon us, had I but power,—so much peace within, and comfort and harmony around us, that, as we often say, were health granted we should really have no trial, and thus be without the mark of God's dear children. But no serious disease, no distressing trial, comes upon

to Miss J. Scott Moncrieff.

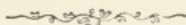
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us—weakness and uneasiness and failing power,—these gentle messengers visit us daily in love, and we strive not to be weary and faint; but to rejoice in hope, to be patient under trial, and to continue instant in prayer.

My beloved Jane, *a Dieu*; never forget to pray for us both, and to ask that we may “stand perfect and complete in all the will of God,” and be found ready when He calls us home.

Ever your affectionate friend,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



20, NORFOLK TERRACE, BRIGHTON;

March 26th, 1863.

WE had indeed been thinking of you, my beloved Jane, as having embarked for Alexandria, on your sweet mission of sisterly love, as no letter reached us,—I mean no letter reached us on the day we had expected to hear what was decided; and we did indeed fervently and tenderly commend you to the safe-keeping of Him who “hold eth the waters in the hollow of His hand,” and who we both felt assured would guard and guide and comfort you, and prosper your voyage, and strengthen you to be, as you have been throughout

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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your life, the friend in need, the sister "born for adversity," to cheer and succour all your relatives and friends. And I own I had anticipated with real pleasure the help you might have been able to give to dear Miss Whately in her ragged school, and the cordial it would have been to her to listen to your cheering conversation and encouraging counsels.

\* \* \* \*

Mine was a very happy anniversary, my dear Jane, in spite of growing weakness and increasing bodily infirmities, and you have well and accurately expressed what I trust is now habitually my favoured experience that "as the shadows of advancing years lengthen," my "blessed Saviour is still drawing me nearer and nearer to Himself, more consciously under the shadow of His wing." And as you sweetly say, my beloved Jane, "The shadow of *His* wing ought to shelter and shield us from *all other shadows*."



10, NORFOLK TERRACE, BRIGHTON;

March 24<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

I MUST try on this your birthday anniversary, my beloved Jane, to write at least a few lines of

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loving sympathy and prayerful remembrance ; but at times I find it now very difficult even to do this,—my head seems entirely to fail, and refuses to accompany my pen in the thoughts I long to express. But this is not the case in praying for you, my dear Jane ; and this morning I have asked for you that “ my God may indeed ” supply all your need according “ to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” How sweetly in accordance with this prayer is that beautiful expression, “ the unsearchable riches of Christ ! ” What a boundless fulness do the words imply ! Can I ask for my friend and sister *in Him*, any higher, greater birthday blessing, than that she may increase every day in this celestial affluence, and dig more and more deeply into the inexhaustible mine of “ gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich,” and know more and more of Him in whom it has pleased the Father all fulness should dwell, and who became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich.

I must now thank you, my Jane, for your sweet birthday letter, and the elegant volume which accompanied it, though I felt it not a little tantalizing to read, in this gardenless town, of all the charms of flowers, and birds, and country ;

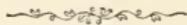
## Letters of Charlotte Elliott

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but your sketch of Miss Wilson is so interesting, that I am sure I shall read the book with pleasure, when my poor head will allow it. The vignettes are very pretty; and Mr. B. looked at them all with an admiring eye, as he is very fond of a garden, and takes pleasure even in the tiny bit of ground we call so for want of a better. . . .

Now, my Janie, my poor head begins to turn wooden, and I must leave off writing. . . . Grace, mercy, and peace, be ever with thee, and with thy loving friend and sister,

C. E.



NORFOLK TERRACE ;

March 22nd, 1865.

YESTERDAY afternoon I received your beautiful gift, my beloved Jane, when I went down to the drawing-room in the evening. I also cut the leaves of the dear *Duchess of Gordon*, and made Nunn cover her with a white mantle. I think we shall read the Memoir with deep interest, and love to think of her who has enriched us with it, and of Him also who has given us the far richer gift of her precious Christian friendship for so many years—watering the heavenly plant with dews from above, not suffering its leaf to wither, nor its

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fragrance to lessen ; but as we have constantly committed it to Him "from whom cometh every good gift," He will keep it safely to the end. And if it has been such a source of sweet enjoyment *here*, in this cold ungenial clime, what *will* it be when transplanted to the lovely gardens of paradise—

"Where everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers!"

Well I knew how you would feel with us and for us, and pray for us, in our deep sorrow, which has cast a shadow over my remaining days which will never pass away. It is a grief that will walk side by side with me down to my grave, for there is nothing like him left. But your thoughts in your letter are very sweet, and I thank you for them, my beloved Jane ; and I will try to realize their truth, and to think less of my own bitter loss, and more of *his* lasting and eternal gain. Poor dear Lady Home, what a life of suffering has hers been, and what a weight of glory will it have worked out for her ; but I long for her dear spirit to be lodged in Emanuel's breast.

My Jane, I am getting confused now, and I cannot write a birthday letter as I long to do ; but the least mental effort brings on a sort of stupor,

## Letters of Charlotte Elliott.

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and I am forbidden to write to even my poor dear isolated sister at Paignton ; so I must trust to your love to pardon this miserable note, and only ask you to tell me whether you have Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*. If not, I shall send it on the 24th, with much love and real pleasure. It is a beautiful collection of hymns.

How I wish I could tell you all the blessings I desire for you in the coming year. *Your* text is a sweet one ; but I think *mine* for you is as sweet : "My God shall supply *all your need*, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." My beloved Eleanor and I shall not forget you, dearest, long-loved Jane. We commend you to Him who will never, never leave you ; never, never forsake you ! Yours in faithful tender love.

C. E.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

Letters of Charlotte Elliott.



## EXTRACTS

FROM THE

# Letters of Charlotte Elliott.



*To her Youngest Sister.*

GROVE HOUSE, CLAPHAM ;

*June 3rd, 1817.*

As an elder sister, and affectionate friend, let me urge you to be on the watch for gaining intellectual and, above all, spiritual improvement, to give two or three hours of each morning to serious application ; and to turn your hours of intercourse with your friends, your walks of pleasure amid scenes of more than ordinary beauty, and whatever share you take in the employments and recreations of those around you, to your own benefit, as well as gratification. We are sent here for something else, my dear Ellen, than to gather the flowers, and smell them, and then throw them away ; we are to distil from them a precious and

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powerful essence, which shall shed a perfume not in our own bosoms only, but over the home of our happy infancy and sheltered childhood, where it will refresh and gladden our parents and sisters and brothers; and we should then diffuse it over the chamber of the sick, and drop its balmy influence into the heart of the sorrowful,—that the fragrance of our flowers may banish, for a time at least, the recollection of their thorns.

All that I mean by this little metaphor, my love, (which has seduced me into the language of poetry and sentiment, when plain prose and sound sense would have answered the purpose better,) is that *we ought to improve seasons of prosperity as diligently as we do seasons of adversity*; and if it is with you, as it is with myself, when my heart is under right influence, that when I am most happy myself I am most desirous to make those happy who are dear to me; and most fit to sympathise with the afflicted, and comfort the sick, and put into the hands of others the cup of consolation which has been made to overflow for me,—then you will gain in your present agreeable residence a rich increase of gratitude and love, and an increased anxiety to be a blessing to all around you.

I do not wish you, after your present visit, to

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have to say, in the affecting language of one whose fine talents have been so awfully perverted,

“ Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew  
More idly than the summer's wind,  
Which while they passed a fragrance threw,  
But left no trace of sweets behind.”

Believe also a fact, of which every year's experience convinces me more strongly, that few, very few are favoured with a lot so merciful, a home so comfortable, a family so qualified to make each other happy, and to be happy themselves, as ours.

You will, ere your return, have had fresh obligations added to those which already bind you to the God of your fathers, and fresh incentives cheerfully and earnestly to be, and to do, all that is pleasing in His sight. Oh! then when we next meet, may we meet, my Ellen, to take each other's hands, and to go on together striving, as we both owe Him so much, to show that we also love Him much, by serving Him better than we have done before! Keep on your armour,—do not relax your endeavours, do not shorten the time devoted to the only pursuit of *real* because of *eternal* importance. When we come to die, we shall only grieve that we have given so little of this life of probation to its proper employment; that we have prayed so little, and studied so little the map of

## Extracts from Letters

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our journey, and formed so little the habits and tastes which alone prevail in the world to which we shall so soon be removed.

I wonder not at the mistaken piety which has led so many, as soon as they began to feel the overpowering and awful importance of religion, to seclude themselves in convents, or hermit cells, and to shut out the external world from their senses. I *could* envy them, and gladly imitate them, if I did not hope that I may be saved by God Himself from the culpable indifference and neglect and dislike which the natural heart indulges towards its best and kindest Friend, and its most important business, till that heart is touched by the holy and transforming influence of the Spirit of God.

May more of it be bestowed on you and me, dear Ellen.



*To the same.*

GROVE HOUSE;

*November 12th, 1824.*

I REGRET very much, dearest Ellen, that we shall not be together to-morrow. Our spirits indeed *will* be united, and will be occupied with many of the same emotions, and many of the same reflec-

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tions,—and oh may they meet in earnest prayer and heartfelt gratitude at the footstool of the throne of grace, and there acknowledge our innumerable family and individual mercies, and implore a larger measure of those spiritual influences which seem the only blessing left us to implore. I do trust that I shall be enabled to pray for you, my love, and to offer humble praises for all that our gracious God has already done for you, in giving you that inestimable knowledge which is “life eternal,” and in showing you (as I trust He has also shown me) our own utter helplessness and wretchedness and guilt.

It is indeed a blessing to be stripped of all our own righteousness, and with a broken and contrite, but not despairing heart, to have been led to the foot of our dear Redeemer’s cross, and there to be earnestly seeking, day by day, the renewal of a corrupt nature, the subjugation of a perverted will, and a growth in all the lovely graces which adorn the character of the real Christian.

These are blessings I most cordially wish you, my Ellen, and which I believe we most earnestly desire for each other. And I feel these themes to be so far sweeter, and more interesting than any others, that I wish I had time to dwell longer upon

## Extracts from Letters

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them ; but I must quit them now, only assuring you that every returning birthday renders *you* more dear to me, and *me* more thankful for the blessing of our sweet relationship, bestowed by a kind providence to cheer us on our passage through this valley of trials.



*To the same.*

LOSEBY PARK, NEAR GUILDFORD ;

*June 12th, 1835.*

I MUST write my own beloved sister a short letter, if I cannot write a long one, just to accompany dear Miss Kiernan's, received this day from Brighton ; and the same came with one to me, and returning the beautiful written sheet of poems you sent her so promptly, dear one, seeing that she did not need them for this year, and that I am going to prepare a little volume—*Hours of Sorrow*, (D.V.)—of which Mr. Leveson Gower most kindly offers to defray the printing expenses ; and into which these and many others we have talked about formerly for such a purpose will be admitted. But I shall long for thee, my love, and need thee to consult with, and help me to transcribe them, and

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to decide me as to a point which as yet hangs in doubt ; whether or not to limit the volume to serious subjects, which would make it only suitable to hours of reflection, sorrow, and bereavement—the periods I would most desire to suit—or to mingle some of a lighter and gayer character.

I cannot tell you how great a pleasure you have given me, by letting that picture of our father visit me during your absence, nor how many touching thoughts and profitable recollections it has given rise to. How many things around us now combine to draw our hearts upwards ; to prevent our feeling settled and at home, even in the one earthly spot we call by that dear name ! All are passing swiftly on ; and soon “the place that now knows us will know us no more for ever !” But I have neither time nor space for moralizing any longer : the day has made me more than usually thoughtful, and I never fail to write to you just on the subject that fills my mind. I feel poorly to-day, and depressed ; and ill able to describe this place, which well merits a full description. I will go out a little into the beautiful park to get rid of my melancholy.

The place is very fine, grand, ancient, picturesque, and perfectly retired,—not a sound but rooks,

## Extracts from Letters

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sheep, doves, and birds; while beautiful walks, avenues, woods, flower-gardens invite on all sides.



*To the same.*

DALGETTY MANSE;

*September 10th, 1835.*

MY OWN BELOVED E.,

Thy sweet letter much refreshed us all. . . .  
It made my love overflow, and the only feeling left was a longing desire to have thee once more by my side, and to share with thee the many beauties and enjoyments with which I am surrounded, and which do not seem quite complete till we partake them *together!* What a charm that sweet word has in it, even on earth, and how much will that charm be heightened for us both, when we are permitted to experience its full eternal blessedness in heaven. I weary of these separations from those who are so dear to me, and with whom I would fain travel in company to the end of my journey of life. My heart is one which so reposes in the few it can intimately and deeply love; so clings to them, and twines itself about them, that for weeks and months after the actual wrench of

parting is over, there is a sense of internal bruising and laceration which goes aching silently on, and of which I feel the smart when it is little suspected by those around me !

. . . Again and again here, in every walk which charms me, in every prospect which feasts my eye, in every national peculiarity which amuses me,—in *all* things, in short, which *interest* me,—I find my heart perpetually saying, “Oh ! how I should like *her* to see it : how I should enjoy talking over this and that and the other with *her* ! How she would understand and enter into my feelings, and share some things which are now unshared.” There is a perfection of intimacy, and a oneness of feeling between sisters who have always lived together, and had all things in common, which, where they are entirely united and congenial, offer the purest and sweetest form of friendship which earth can afford ; and every year we pass together, my E., seems to me to ripen our union more and more into this delightful kind of intimacy, and renders the happiness of both not quite complete in each other’s absence.

But oh ! what business had I to begin with this dangerous, enticing, sentimental subject, which has already insensibly filled the first page of my letter,

## Extracts from Letters

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and would willingly spread itself over the next also ; but I will not suffer it to do so, seeing that life and paper are too short for the indulgence of "sentiment !" . . .

C. E.



### *Birthday Letter to a Beloved Niece.*

1831.

You will be surrounded with dear and tender relatives when this reaches you, my dearest F., and heartfelt congratulations and prayers will have fallen sweetly on your ear ; but amidst them all, you will perhaps have breathed a wish that your two absent and tenderly-affectionate aunts could have joined the happy breakfast-table at Westfield Lodge, and completed that beloved circle from which they are seldom absent in spirit, though one of them at least has been so long separated from it in body.

This little message is, therefore, dispatched, my F., to convey to you our most tender birthday salutations and wishes ; and the assurance that you will be much in our hearts and thoughts (and I trust also in our prayers) on the approaching anniversary of that interesting day, so eventful to

of Charlotte Elliott.

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every child of Adam, so unspeakably important, as the commencement of an eternal existence. I love to think of you now, my darling F., as a member of that blessed family, that glorious and favoured company to whom alone a birthday is a suitable theme for congratulation and joy,—who are ever looking at the present transitory life in connection with that higher and better life to come, which will be spent in our Father's house above, in "Jerusalem, our happy home," with that Saviour to whom I trust your young heart, and this sweet season of your youth, have been sincerely consecrated.

I wish I had been well enough to have written an earlier request than I now make to dear aunt M. through you, my F., to order a book for you, with which several of my young friends have been much pleased, "Letters to the Young," by Miss Jewsbury. You must go with dear aunt M. to the booksellers, and choose a binding you will like, I beg it may be a very pretty one; and when the book comes, receive it, my love, as another little proof of the tender love I have borne to you, from the hour when I first had the delight of carrying you about in my arms, lulling you to rest with my hushaby, or courting your infant waking smiles by

## Extracts from Letters

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every art of endearment. No other young member of my family has ever been so fondly cherished in my heart as yourself, that dear Willie Henry excepted, who was for so many years the object of my care as well as of my tenderness; and mine is a heart to whose attachments I may safely say, as years go on, these words apply:

“Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

I wish, also, (only it is wrong, perhaps, to wish for what I am sure is wisely withheld from me,) that I had been well enough to compose some verses for my F., who is very dear to my little muse. But it is out of the question. Even this letter costs me much effort. A five weeks' imprisonment to the house with cough, and all its concomitants, have much reduced my little strength and spirits, though I still feel happy and contented with my beloved companion and friend, who shares my every joy, and lightens my every little bodily burden. Most of my burdens are indeed *bodily*: for excepting that continued trial, which an all-wise God sees fit not yet to remove, of a feeble and sometimes suffering frame, surely never was a lot more free from everything deserving the name of trial, or better calculated to promote the great and

blessed end of preparing my soul for heaven, than that so graciously assigned me.

Though I have not heard yet of your having actually arrived at Mr. F. L.'s, I have thought continually of your being there, with much pleasure, enjoying the privilege of being with our precious parents, hearing their edifying and delightful conversation, and witnessing their bright example,—my darling father's meek and often cheerful resignation under that infirmity (deafness), of which none can know the heavy burden but those who have experienced it, listening to the "effectual, fervent prayers," which have indeed availed much already on our behalf, and will, I humbly trust, avail still more abundantly, for every one of his favoured descendants, children and grandchildren; till we all meet, "no wanderer lost," "one family in heaven!" And there to be with our dear, bright, happy mother, whose conversation and society we all feel to be the greatest treat we can enjoy; who does indeed bring forth "more fruit in her age," and is fair and flourishing, more like "a tree planted by the rivers of waters, whose leaf also shall not wither," and look, "whatsoever she doeth, it shall prosper."

I say nothing of the advantage of my beloved

## Extracts from Letters

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sister Mary's society, or my beloved brother's preaching, my Fanny, for I know you value them both. These beloved relatives,

"As they come nearer to finish their race,  
Like a fine setting sun, they grow richer in grace!"

Your affectionate aunt and tender friend,

C. E.



*To the same—after her Father's Death.*

1857.

MY BELOVED F—,

Ever since your early childhood I have always remembered your birthday, and have always prayed in an especial manner for you on that day. And now the day comes round under such peculiarly affecting circumstances, that it must not pass over without some expression of the sympathy and tender love which fill my heart towards you. Oh, that amidst all the sorrow of your sad bereavement you may be enabled to realise that "the eternal God" is indeed "your refuge," and that underneath are "the everlasting arms;" that though the loving parent to whom you were so dear is now

of Charlotte Elliott.

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removed to his heavenly rest, you have still a Father even more tender, watching over you every hour, and One who has promised "never to leave you, never to forsake you."

I can do little but think of you, my F., so needing, as you do at this time, all our heartfelt sympathy and prayers, and I believe they will not be offered in vain. I believe that an answer of peace will be granted, that you will be gently dealt with. As you say, there is so much mercy mingled with this affecting bereavement, so brief and blessed a transition from the earthly to the heavenly sabbath—from the sanctuary on earth to the celestial temple, the true sanctuary above—and I have so firm a conviction that there his contrite spirit has found its everlasting rest—all these things throw a bright bow of promise over the dark cloud, and enable us in the midst of sorrow to rejoice.

I can write no more,—my heart is full. I tenderly commend you to the God of your beloved father and mother, your grandfather and grandmother, and am ever your most affectionate aunt,

C. E.

## Extracts from Letters

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*To the same—Birthday Letter.*

I CANNOT forget that this day is a festival day with all the beloved family at York Terrace, and my heart cannot refrain from offering to them all its sincerest congratulations and tender wishes for many happy returns of this anniversary to yourself and to all that love you. In my first waking hour this morning, my dear F. was especially thought of and prayed for; and the abundant blessings of the everlasting covenant were implored for her in that name which secures acceptance even to the most unworthy; and on the ministry and the flock of your beloved husband, and all his work of faith and patience and hope, and labour of love, I did endeavour to ask the fulness of His benediction, "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy." And in submission to His blessed will, I also asked the restoration of my dear F.'s health, that she may thus be prepared both in body and in soul cheerfully to accomplish whatever God would have done, in that sphere of duty to which He has called her.

Those who are early called to endure His chastening are often destined by Him to bear the

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richest and most beautiful fruits in after life. And we know the sure result of suffering to His dear children. My heart seems to have a full tide of sympathizing love poured into it when I think of all you have gone through since we met.

C. E.



*To a most beloved Nephew, W. H. Elliott, an  
Indian Civilian.*

GUILDFORD; July 30th, 1841.

I AM so perpetually hindered from writing to my beloved Willie Henry by the wish and determination to send him a long full letter, that I am resolved for once this evening to be contented with writing him a very short one, rather than lose the overland mail to-morrow. I am just returning homeward, after an absence of twelve weeks in Derbyshire with my dear friends Archdeacon and Mrs. Shirley (perhaps you may remember her as Miss Waddington), who most kindly welcomed me as an invalid needing an entire change of air, and the quiet which only the country can give. I am so unwell all the winter, as to be almost always

## Extracts from Letters

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confined to the house ; and though to leave my mother and sisters and home required no small effort, I resolved to make it, rather than give them the pain of seeing me more and more an invalid.

The plan has been prospered, and my visit greatly blest in every way. I enjoyed much delightful intercourse, not only with the Shirleys themselves, but with many Christian friends. We travelled together over the hilly and picturesque scenery of the northern part of Derbyshire, and part of Nottinghamshire, seeing many of the mansions of the great, the three *Dukeries* as they call them, Haddon Hall, Hardwick, Newstead Abbey, and many more ; so that I got almost tired of splendid drawing-rooms, and galleries of paintings, etc.

The reflection that oftenest filled my mind was this : How much more refreshing and interesting are the works of God than even the finest works of man ! When we were mounting the breezy hills, or wandering in the flowery valleys, where the springs of water lent verdure to the moss, there I felt refreshed and strengthened ; while in the magnificent houses of the Dukes, I was often too weary to enjoy their splendour.

## of Charlotte Elliott.

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And now, dearest Willie, I am just come here for a few days, to a dear nephew who has the art of making me very happy, and who remembers you with warm affection, and will give you a most cordial welcome when you come to England. His house is most enjoyable, externally and internally; and all he wants is a nice and suitable companion to share all his duties and double all his pleasures. Such an one, however, he has not as yet found; and like your own dear self, he lives a solitary life. Your parents have taken a beautiful place near Bristol—Cleve Court—where my sister Mary is gone to visit them; and they seem to be in the midst of religious privileges, as well as lovely scenery. Our own sweet mother is wonderfully well, Eliza and Eleanor watching over her, and feeling it their delight so to do.

I can only add that we all love you, dearest Willie, and remember you constantly, and rejoice in your being kept from evil, and enabled to shine as a light in the world. Oh, may you abide in Him who is our all in all. This is the daily prayer of your truly affectionate aunt,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

## Extracts from Letters

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*To the same.*

WESTFIELD LODGE ;

August 27th, 1841.

MY BELOVED WILLIE HENRY,

Again the close of the month reminds me that even a poor short letter is better than none, to an absent member of our circle, whose heart still feels a tender interest in those with whom for many of his early years he resided, and who, on their parts, cherish his remembrance with deep and unchanging affection,—an affection which draws its nutriment not from any outward intercourse, but from roots strongly and deeply fixed into the soul, and fed by dew and sunshine from above. Dearest Willie! you are bearing the burden and heat of the day, and warring a good warfare in a distant and arduous field of battle; and many are the prayers we offer for you to Him who alone can teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight, and cover your head in the day of battle, and enable you to prove yourself His faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end.

The thought on which our hearts dwell with the most comfort and thankfulness and joy is this—that you have been a witness for Christ in that

dark and heathen land, and have been enabled to let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, have glorified your Father which is in heaven. And I do feel persuaded that He will still increase and magnify His mercy towards you, and that you will be delivered from this present evil world, and kept by His Almighty power, through faith, unto salvation.

Your path is a different one from ours,—your sphere, in many ways, a larger and more influential one, because you are in the midst of idolaters and heathens, on the one hand, or of merely nominal professors of Christianity, on the other; and many eyes are upon you, “watching for your halting,” and scrutinizing your conduct with the jealous dislike of that “carnal mind, which is enmity towards God.” Oh, how greatly needful is it for *you* to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the purity and gentleness of the dove,—the energy and courage of the Christian warrior with the policy and discrimination of “the children of this world,” who are, alas! wiser in their generation than the children of light; but as He appeared of old to the anxious and lonely warrior (who was to overcome the Midianites) beside the oak tree in Ophrah, and by looking upon Gideon infused

## Extracts from Letters

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strength into this His servant, so will the Captain of our salvation look upon *you*, beloved Willie, in your bungalow at Moorshedabad, and fill you with might by His Spirit in your inner man,—so that you shall be made “even more than conqueror through Him who hath loved you.”

I am quite longing for another letter from you, and longing to know how far we may be warranted in expecting you to visit England next year, should all be well with you. Oh, that your coming may not be longer delayed ; and oh, that it may please our loving and most gracious Father to permit you to find us still an unbroken family, when we have the joy of embracing our youthful favourite as a grown-up gentleman, verging perhaps in appearance towards middle age, full of honours and dignity, while we are all gradually and cheerfully descending into the vale of life. . . . Your dear mother's health seemed much improved by the agreeable change, and your dear father has not felt the complete retirement at all onerous, as we feared he would, after the full routine of duties and engagements into which his London life is divided. But of all this you will hear from headquarters, so I will only dwell on our own little domestic history, and tell you that on the whole

of Charlotte Elliott.

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our beloved mother is tolerably well, though more feeble during the last few days, owing partly to damp oppressive weather, partly to her deep anxiety as to our political position at this eventful opening session of the new parliament; partly to her sense of our national guilt and violation of the holy Sabbath by railroad travelling, and by the increase of Romanism in our Church and State,—so that our mother looks around with a fearful eye, and expects that we shall be visited with Divine judgment. I am persuaded that come what may, she is one of those “righteous” who will be taken away from the evil to come. Dearest Willie, these are times which will put our principles to the test ere long. May we be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Henry fills a post of great usefulness here; his congregation is large, his influence increasing, his undertakings greatly blest. The School for Clergymen’s Daughters prospers, and now contains a hundred girls, admirably provided with spiritual and temporal education. My sisters are much engaged with a school for the deaf and dumb and blind, which, chiefly through their help and my mother’s and Miss Wake’s, has been recently established,—a house bought and furnished, mistress

## Extracts from Letters

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and visitors, etc., all superintended by them,—and my mother taking a deep interest in the infant institution. Dear Henry, with Julia,<sup>1</sup> and his four sweet and promising children,—Harry Venn, Alfred, Eling, and Blanche,—are at a pretty cottage sixteen miles off, where for a few weeks they have been enjoying the peace and beauty of the sweet country.



*To the same.*

WESTFIELD LODGE ;

*January 29th, 1842.*

MY BELOVED WILLIE HENRY,

There has been a sad break in my correspondence, owing to a most unexpected and melancholy event with which your dear parents have doubtless made you acquainted, and from the shock of which some of us are as yet but imperfectly recovered. The loss was so sudden and overwhelming, and our beloved mother and brother were for a time so crushed by it, that even had I myself not deeply participated both in the loss and

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<sup>1</sup> The late Rev. H. V. Elliott and his wife : to the affecting death of the latter the following letter refers.

in the anguish of heart it occasioned, the alone witnessing what they felt and suffered would have been no light grief. My dear mother's health so entirely broke down in consequence of it, that, for the last three months, her state is accurately described by that affecting sentence, "yet is their strength but labour and sorrow." Life has for the first time become a burden to her,—her nights often wearisome, and her days passing mournfully by, without air or change of posture, excepting moving from an armchair to her couch, and that with pain and difficulty, owing to some internal complaint, for which at her age we are told by the first London physicians, as well as by those here, there can be no cure. All her habits of life, which you, doubtless, well remember, are now changed. She only rises about noon,—partly dresses, and then lies down for an hour—exhausted often with the slight exertion.

Dearest Willie Henry, I have been led far too much into detail for a letter which is to cross the ocean, but I scribbled on, unconsciously almost, filling my paper with the subject uppermost in my thoughts, the declining state of our beloved and lovely mother—lovelier in her decay even than most persons in their bloom, and now ex-

## Extracts from Letters

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hibiting so beautifully the faith, and patience, and touching humility of the saints, that we all feel it no common privilege to listen to her conversation, and minister to her wants, while we bless God for the grace so abundantly vouchsafed to her. My beloved and more than ever precious Eleanor is her constant loving attendant, her "little doctor"—her soothing cheering companion—dressing and undressing her, and charming her lonely hours, as she has so often done mine, in sickness and languor by those winning and endearing qualities in which she so greatly excels, and which render her I think the sweetest nurse that ever attended an invalid. Mary shares all the reading to her, and being with her during parts of the day, I often take a part; but the chief nurse is our Eleanor—(my state of health often confining me up stairs, and Mary having to manage the business of the house, the servants, accounts, etc., which a good deal occupy her time, together with a large correspondence assiduously kept up). Thus you have a sketch of our home scene just now. Eliza has taken up her present abode with our poor broken-hearted Henry, to watch over his five sweet motherless babes, and endeavour, together with himself and a governess, to supply the place

of their incomparable mother, who was so rare a creature, endowed with such uncommon and engaging qualities, with so superior a mind, so loving a heart,—so consistent and meek a character, that I do not wonder to see that he feels her loss even more *now* that three months have passed, than he did at first—and he never comes to us but I can trace the marks of grief in his weeping eyes. Never did I see him shed tears before but once, and that was at our father's death. But his whole behaviour under the heaviest affliction man can sustain has been such as to glorify God and greatly to adorn his Christian profession.

During the six sorrowful weeks he passed in this house I can truly say that no expression or action unbecoming a Christian minister was ever witnessed by us. He meekly bowed to the hand which had made him so desolate, with filial reverence, and un murmuring faith and love ;—and his whole time of solitary grief seemed to be divided between fervent prayer, often “with strong crying and tears” (from the excess of his bitter anguish), and the study of God's Holy Word, in which he daily and nightly spent many hours—searching with miser eagerness its hidden treasures of hope and consolation, and meditating therein day and night,

## Extracts from Letters

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without weariness or cessation, so that I used often to go down to his room (the lower drawing-room), after eleven at night, to entreat him not to try his weak and then inflamed eyes, by poring so long and so intently over the sacred pages. His daily prayers in the family and with our mother were heart-affecting and beautiful, and now when he visits her they form her sweetest cordial through the day. The Spirit of grace and supplication is indeed poured out more richly than ever on him, and I trust he will be enabled ere long once more "to rejoice in His holy comfort."

One day, about three weeks since, both my brothers and Eliza were dining here, when your last letter was put into my hands, (we have now by the railroad a second London post in the afternoon;) and after I had read over my treasure to myself, I read it, by our mother's and brothers' and sisters' desire, to them, and they were all much interested by it, and spoke of you with maternal and fraternal affection and sympathy, feeling for and entering into all the trials of your arduous and, as it seemed when you wrote, undivided labours, and longing to welcome one loved more as a young brother and son, than as a nephew and grandson, by our mother and ourselves, to

of Charlotte Elliott.

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this dear house, before it shall be left unto us desolate, by the departure of its brightest ornament to that glorious mansion for which she is prepared; but if her present complaint continues, I fear that in Nov. 1842,<sup>1</sup> she will have exchanged her earthly house for a heavenly one. My dear Eleanor does not think she will see the summer; and her physical power is so gone, though her mind is still so bright and unclouded, that we dare not look beyond the day. Oh, how much love as well as wisdom is contained in that injunction, "*Take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*" The last three months have thrown fuller light on this truth than many preceding years have done; and have taught us lessons hard indeed to learn, but by which I humbly trust our individual education for our "Father's house" will be effectually and greatly advanced. We do feel that we are pilgrims and strangers on this earth as we never did before, and we can form no plan and depend on nothing stable as to this transitory and changing world.

How often have I thought of the delight of seeing you amongst us, my beloved Willie Henry, and now that I find you had actually, in one year,

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<sup>1</sup> The time named for his return to England.

## Extracts from Letters

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“six attacks of fever”—that you have suffered also, alas! dear fellow, from “Tic douloureux,” and that in spite of this you labour so unremittingly,—now, I say, fear begins to take the place of hope in my naturally apprehensive mind, though you mention that when you wrote your health was good, for which I thank God; but you mention, also, the fearful ravages of cholera around you, and that haunts my mind. O may it be said by Him who keepeth his Israel, respecting you: “A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee!” May God preserve, and bring once more to our embrace, that nephew whom my heart has never ceased to love with no common tenderness, and may I have the joy of taking sweet counsel with him before I die. I do entreat you, Willie dearest, to be more careful of your health for your parents’ sake and for our sakes, and may a joint magistrate ere this have been appointed to lighten your labours.

It is a sad picture you draw of the native character; but the 1st of Romans describes all heathen nations but too accurately, I fear. What you say of Krishnaghur made us feel sad, for we cannot question your statement; but we had just

of Charlotte Elliott.

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been reading with delight Bishop Wilson's glowing account of that spot, and two or three others, and we had felt as if indeed the dawn of a bright and glorious day had risen in those favoured places.



*To the same.*

WESTFIELD LODGE ;

*April 29th, 1842.*

MY BELOVED WILLIE HENRY,

I will not lose this overland mail, as I was compelled to lose the last, by causes I had not power to control ; though I believe you hear constantly from your dear parents how all is going on in the home of your childhood, and among the associates of your early youth. A letter from one of its actual inmates must, however, be more full and satisfactory to a heart like yours, which does not change, and which so evidently retains its tender filial attachment to our beloved mother, and more than the love of a nephew to her children ; so that I always feel, in writing to you, as if you were a beloved youngest brother, and a member of our family still, though sojourning as "a stranger and pilgrim" in another country, the wide sea rolling between us.

## Extracts from Letters

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My beloved Willie Henry, you have been in my thoughts more than usual of late, since such heavy tidings were brought from Affghanistan, and such fearful suspense awakened, so that the eyes of all England seem fixed on India, and watching for the arrival of the next mail with intense anxiety. Oh, how thankful do I feel that you are not in the army!

I do hope that if you cannot come home this year you will go to the Hills, and visit that Darjeeling of which you spoke. In the Bishop's journals he gives such descriptions of the air and scenery on the Himalaya Hills, that it makes one perfectly long to be there; and if you, our beloved though far distant one, should there gain health and refreshment, and be exhilarated by the magnificence of our blessed Creator's works, what real delight will this be to us all, even though we are ourselves "walking in the midst of trouble," and passing our days in sorrow and anxiety.

For seven long months has our precious mother been the patient victim of some internal complaint, which slowly but surely undermines her strength, wastes her enfeebled frame, drinks up her spirits, and must ultimately dissolve the earthly tabernacle which has become more dear to us every year.

## of Charlotte Elliott.

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The wearing process still goes on, and her fine constitution, even at the age of eighty-three, contends with the unseen complaint, and sometimes makes us hope for something like recovery. But her own "thoughts are all packed up and gone before," and she seems to have done with the things of earth, and to take interest only in those which have to do with the kingdom of God. She is greatly altered; moves from the chair to the sofa once or twice in the day, with pain and great difficulty, and sometimes only gets across from her bed-room to the drawing-room by six o'clock. But her state of mind is so beautiful; her entire acquiescence in the Divine will so habitually manifested; her gratitude for every mercy still left to her; for her nice airy bed-room—her faithful nurse, who now sleeps by her in it—for her drawing-room, and the look-out into the pretty garden—for the daily visits and refreshing prayers of her two beloved sons—above all for the nursing and tender love of her four daughters (one or other of us never leave her),—for all these things,—for a good night,—an hour's sleep in the day,—any interval of mere comfort—for she always feels more or less uneasy,—for every refreshment or kindness, it is most touching and edifying to hear her heartfelt expres-

## Extracts from Letters

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sions of gratitude ; while her deep humility and unceasing contrition make her consider herself as the chief of sinners. Oh, how often do I long for you to contemplate with us this lovely portrait of a saint made meet for heaven ! Her memory is still rich in profitable and hallowed recollections, and her words are good to the use of edifying ; but her painful days and nights, — her strength become labour and sorrow, — the grasshopper become a burden, — I cannot tell you, my beloved Willie Henry, how our hearts are weighed down with heavy and habitual sadness ;

Though we love with smiles their hours of pain to cheer,  
Apart, unseen, fast falls the frequent tear, —

and a veil of sadness overcasts every object.

I can scarcely turn to any other theme : Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Money, Lord Bristol, Mrs. Cunningham, Caroline Batten, — all speak one language about her — all trace the complete and exquisite outline very nearly filled up. We shall none of us leave Brighton this summer should she be spared during its months, which they say *is* possible ; but we have all ceased to desire the prolongation of a life so different from what hers has ever before been. Your dear brother is coming to pay her a farewell visit next week I hear, and I fear he will

of Charlotte Elliott.

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be much shocked at the great alteration he will witness.

Dearest Willie Henry, pray much for us all that these days of darkness may be gladdened for that precious sufferer, and for ourselves, by the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness. We are, I confess, weary and faint in our minds now that the days are come for her in which she says, "I have no pleasure in them;" and never did I feel my own sickness and suffering so painful as I feel hers to be. I write to you with no reserve,—just as I feel; for I say of you, as dear good Mrs. Fry wrote of the dear king of Prussia to us: "I look upon him and love him as a brother beloved in the Lord." All that you tell me is deeply and exceedingly interesting about your own feelings, and about the poor natives. My Willie, beloved from thy early youth, the Lord does indeed bless thee and make thee a blessing. He does cover thee with His wings, and thou art safe under His feathers. He is thy shade on thy right hand. We are all soldiers in active warfare amidst many hardships and dangers; but our Captain has placed each one of us exactly where we can serve him best. Most tenderly do I love you, think of you, and pray for you; so does my beloved Eleanor, my

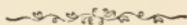
## Extracts from Letters

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second self, so do we all. May we have the joy of pressing you to our hearts, though before you come, perhaps, those poor hearts will be well nigh broken with sorrow. Poor dear desolate Henry<sup>1</sup> is vigorously working while it is called to-day; but his path is one of ceaseless toil, mental and bodily, in this immense town. Your path is among the heathen. Oh, may your light shine more and more brightly and steadily, and oh, may your sweet solace, your intimate delights, your ever-satisfying enjoyments be found in the communion and blessed fellowship of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. My aged mother's tender blessing to her beloved grandson.

Your fondly affectionate aunt and friend,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



*To the same.*

NORFOLK TERRACE, BRIGHTON;

*September 18th, 1860.*

STRANGE to say, my beloved Willie Henry, though I have so tenderly loved you from your

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<sup>1</sup> The Rev. H. V. Elliott, whose bereavement is referred to on page 152.

## of Charlotte Elliott.

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early childhood, I never knew that this day was *your* birthday, till you mentioned it in your first note, giving us the sweet hope, which has since been disappointed, of a visit from yourself and our beloved niece Mary, whom we long to see again face to face, of whom, as well as of yourself, we often think and speak with heartfelt and unchanging sympathy and affection.

Perhaps, as the circle of our beloved ones left to us on earth grows narrower, the love we feel towards them becomes stronger, by being more concentrated and compressed. Be that as it may, we do both so tenderly love you and your Mary, that your distance from us is a real privation ; and we long to know minutely how it fares with yourself, and each one of those dear and promising children God has given you, and whose youthful years you are rendering so happy by your presence and your love. For yourself, my beloved Willie, my prayers were offered with the early dawn, and I know that through the precious and all-prevailing name in which they were offered, they *will* be accepted. I know something, though but a little, of the many sorrows you have had to pass through ; but I know that the path your Saviour trod must be the path for His followers to tread, and that

## Extracts from Letters

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He told them that "in the world they should have tribulation." But as I read the beautiful psalms for *your* day of the month and my own (18th), and then looked at the text in my Pocket-book, and read, "He that believeth is not condemned," and again in *Morning Thoughts* for the day, "We with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord," I thought, "What can I desire for my beloved nephew which is not included in these psalms and these beautiful texts? He *dwells* under the defence of the Most High, he *abides* under the shadow of the Almighty; and every trial he meets with here is sent as a proof of his Father's love, and will work out for him a far more exceeding, even an eternal, weight of glory." And so my heart was comforted about you, and I mingled thanksgivings on your behalf with my prayers, and thought of the joyful period when that loving and generous heart; so sorely wounded and disappointed here, shall be filled with joy and gladness, and fully and for ever "satisfied."

I am called away, and must give up finishing my letter.

C. E.

of Charlotte Elliott.

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*To the Wife of W. H. Elliott, whose house we were  
occupying.*

SONNING GROVE ;

May 24th, 1861.

MY SWEET MARY,

The May is nearly come out, and is filling the air with fragrance, and the lilacs and laburnums and horse-chestnut blossoms beautify the lawn on every side ; while the azalias and rhododendrons in the beds begin to look so gay and lovely that I say to myself every hour nearly, "O that Willie and Mary were here to enjoy them with us, surely there can be nothing much more lovely !"

. . . I think you have not strength to come only for a day, and to us both it would be an exquisite pleasure to tell you *vivâ voce* on the spot, how thoroughly we are enjoying our sojourn here, and how the lovely season seems to bring out fresh beauties every day.

It was only yesterday that the interdict on my using my poor eye was removed, and it is very weak and tearful still ; but my first use of it is to write this poor note to you, to tell you that I hardly believed it possible that at my age, and

## Extracts from Letters

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with all the infirmities it brings, I could have derived such pure, unmixed delight from any earthly spot as I have felt here since the weather became fine. Would that you could have seen my Eleanor and me, at past eleven last night, standing at your open window, fascinated by the scene, the full moon pouring a flood of radiance over the lawn, the shadows sleeping beneath, and all so peacefully, deliciously quiet and lovely, that we felt it was almost a shame to go to bed and leave it.

Dear H. is coming to dine with us to-day, and very pleasant and agreeable he is, and, as ever, a great favourite with us both, though he has been too busy for us to have much intercourse. Yesterday we had a lovely drive beyond Shinfield Park. There seems no end of lovely scenery, my only fear is that I should get too fond of it were we to be here long; so it is very well that we shall not incur the danger. Never since I used to stay with my beloved Caroline, in her Grove at Harrow, have I enjoyed nature in her spring loveliness so much as I have done here, nor have I ever heard such nightingales, thrushes, robins, etc., they all seem in an ecstasy of happiness. Then we have peaceful sheep, and placid cows, and two nice

of Charlotte Elliott.

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little foals with their mothers to put life into the scene.

But I must not go on. How very kind has beloved Willie been to take so much trouble for us, in hot weather too, and with his bad cold. I think a mother could scarcely have loved him more than I did; and there the love is still, deep, deep in my heart, and it can never alter.

Most affectionately yours,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



*To W. H. Elliott.*

10, NORFOLK TERRACE;

*September 18th, 1867.*

I CANNOT be satisfied without expressing my tender sympathy with you both, my beloved Willie and Mary, in this fresh trial of your faith, your patience, and your love; and my thankfulness, at the same time, for the favourable report of gradual amendment and progress towards recovery in the poor broken limb. My sweet Mary, He who "keepeth *all* thy bones," would not have suffered

## Extracts from Letters

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this one to be broken, had it not been just the needful trial for the child He tenderly loves; and though this loving correction may be very trying and painful, still it will afterwards yield the rich and "peaceable fruits of righteousness" in thee, who hast been exercised thereby. And if thy own increased sanctification and thy Saviour's glory be the result of this trial, may we not count thee happy in enduring it?

We do so truly love you, and so constantly think of you, that we do really feel your joys to be our joys, and your sorrows our sorrows; and this fresh parting with another beloved son (which is now drawing near) makes our hearts ache for the beloved parents by whom he has been so fondly cherished for many anxious years. But how true it is for the believer in Jesus, that

"Every sorrow cuts a string,  
And helps the soul to rise."

And as earth becomes more and more a land of passage and a wilderness, his soul makes its abode more and more thankfully, and even joyfully, under the shadow of His wings, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,—“Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.”

of Charlotte Elliott.

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*To the same.*

10, NORFOLK TERRACE, BRIGHTON;

*April 15th, 1869.*

MY BELOVED, TENDERLY BELOVED WILLIE HENRY,

I can think of nothing but your suffering state, since Julius told us of it last night. I had hoped you were getting better; but alas! it is not so,—and you are indeed passing through deep waters. But do I not know who is with you, holding you above the waves, encircling you with His everlasting arms of faithful, unchangeable love?

I have thanked Him for the sweet peace and holy patience granted to you, of which you and my darling Mary told me, in her letter on my eightieth birthday; and your own precious letter filled my heart with thankfulness, confirming her report, and I repeated with joy to myself those two texts, “Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law,” and, “Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them *that love Him.*” And then I thought how my Willie began to love Him in his early youth,

## Extracts from Letters

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and how he had enlisted under His banner, and confessed Him before men in India. These thoughts reconcile me in some degree to his being tried in the furnace, as gold is tried, that he may come forth fully purified, and able to reflect more clearly his Saviour's likeness. But now I hear of continued and increased suffering, I own that I cannot but grieve, and the more so as I am powerless to render any relief.

We were reading just now the lesson for the day, in the Acts, chap. xii., which you learnt by heart, and in which I always seem to hear the tones of your youthful voice; and I thought, "Oh, that some angel could visit us now, and bring some healing, sure remedy;" but we *can* pray for wisdom to be given to the doctors, and strength and support and guidance to the beloved sufferers,—to our sweet Mary, that some suitable abode may be pointed out by Him who went before His people of old, to *seek out* a resting-place for them. We do grieve for you to have to seek one at a time of such trial; but I know that our God is able to do everything, and that He "will supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

I looked at your young writing in my New

of Charlotte Elliott.

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Testament to-day, on the precious Bible, and read the date, February, 1825. I believe that even then the blessed Spirit had begun His work in your soul, and will He not carry it on even to the end, and make these heavy afflictions to work together for your good? I look now at your beautiful birthday gift, almost through my tears, with the initial letters so kindly ordered by you to be engraved, when so ill yourself; and I remember how often your love and Mary's has been a cordial to my heart through many a long year, and never known a variation. And now all my desires for you both are concentrated in one, that God may be glorified, and Christ be magnified in your bodies and spirits, which are His. Oh, how different is the illness of men of the world! how cheerless and hopeless! whereas you, beloved ones, have "everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace." My head quite fails, and I fear I have written a poor incoherent note; but it is the only one, except one to Eliza at the beginning of March, since my illness. You are both so dear to my Fleanor and myself that you may be sure of our constant prayerful remembrance. Your ever loving aunt,

C. E.

## Extracts from Letters

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*To the same.*

10, NORFOLK TERRACE, BRIGHTON ;

*May 1st, 1869.*

MY BELOVED WILLIE HENRY,

I do thank you from my heart for your second deeply interesting letter. My thoughts hover round you so constantly, and your state of intense suffering is so ever present to my mind, that it was the greatest possible comfort to hear again from your own pen how your mind is really "kept in perfect peace, stayed upon God;" and how you are enabled to trust wholly in Him, and to "glorify Him in the fires."

I have been led by your sad state of suffering to think over the different illnesses of friends and relations, some still living and some gone to their rest, one and all realizing the truth of our blessed Saviour's words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." I thought of our mother's three years' illness, at the age of eighty; and of Henry's saying that those three years formed the most glorious period of her life. I thought of my dear sister, and what she said to me, "If intense pain *could* kill, I should have been dead long ago." I

thought of Mr. B. at Lichfield, taken ill at the same time with our dear brother Henry, with the same distressing complaint, and often suffering such agony as to be obliged to get up and go to his surgeon in the night. I thought of that most lovely and highly-gifted friend, Dr. Malan, the most beautiful Christian character I have ever known, being for six months before his death unable to move even from his bed; and yet he, like you, my precious Willie, never murmured. When his son said he could not bear to see him suffer so much, he gently reprov'd him, and said, "*C'est la volonté de Dieu;*" and his son Solomon said he was like an angel in patience during the three weeks he was with him. And so Christ was indeed magnified in his body; as He now is in yours. You are sharing the fellowship of *His* sufferings: "They pierced my hands and my feet."

We do pray earnestly for you, my darling nephew, alone and together. I was reading this sentence yesterday in Mrs. Fry's Life, "There is no joy and no peace to be compared to the peace and joy attendant upon doing or suffering the will of God." It is meat and drink indeed; and then I thought of my beloved Willie Henry.

## Extracts from Letters

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*To the same.*

10, NORFOLK TERRACE, BRIGHTON;

*May 23rd, 1870*

MY BELOVED WILLIE HENRY,

You are continually in my thoughts, by night and by day; and sometimes my prayers for you are mingled with tears of tender sympathy and love. I dare not question the dealings of such a God as our God with His own dear child; but I may grieve for your sufferings, and pray in submission to His holy will, that they may be lessened, even if a perfect cure be hopeless. Though I was not able to see Mrs. Stanley last week, she kindly allowed me to read your touching letter to her, and it filled my heart, and stirred up my prayers. My Eleanor and I now daily unite in beseeching the heavenly Comforter to make your consolations so to abound as to bear you up above all the grievous suffering you endure; but without which you could not be perfectly conformed to the Captain of your salvation, who was made perfect by suffering.

I am experiencing a little of the same "loving correction," and have not yet been able to do more

of Charlotte Elliott.

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than creep feebly from my bed to the couch for an hour or two in the evening, and I do not expect to grow stronger. But my one desire is the same as yours—that “Christ may be magnified” even in my poor body; and that if severe pain should come, I may be enabled to bear it, as you have done, and are doing every day; thus glorifying Him, and showing how truly Jehovah your strength is, to the praise and glory of His grace. We think, also, tenderly and constantly of your beloved wife, our sweet and much-loved niece; and we believe firmly that this heavy trial, not joyous but grievous, is working out for you both “a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” What that word *eternal* implies, we must die fully to understand.

I write with difficulty now, my beloved nephew; and I fear this is a very poor, stupid note. But I could not refrain from assuring you of our deep and tender mutual sympathy and constant united prayers.

Your own loving aunt,

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

## Extracts from Letters

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*To an Elder Sister.*

MECKLENBURGH SQUARE ;

*August 7th, 1829.*

My thoughts will be much with my Eliza on her painful return to a home where she will feel the loss of her sweet child even more acutely, I fear, than at a distance from it; but I trust the aching void will be filled, in answer to many prayers, by that peace which passeth all understanding, and that she will be cheered by the light of that countenance which can fill even the mourner's heart with gladness.

For myself, I desire no other source of enjoyment. "In *that* face, the essence dwells of every grace,"—and nothing short of its shining upon the soul can pierce and warm and enlighten those hidden recesses where care and sorrow and disappointment so often take up their painful abode; no other power, no other beam can chase them from the heart. And though my sorrows are not like your sorrows, my beloved Eliza, they are yet sufficiently painful to render me often, very often, "weary and heavy laden," and most thankful to go to Him who alone can give me rest.

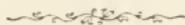
The sweetest earthly blessing *I* enjoy (if indeed

of Charlotte Elliott.

---

it may not be said to have less of earth in it than heaven), is what you possess even more abundantly, my Eliza, the tender love and sympathy of your nearest and dearest relations. May it be endued with even more than its accustomed power to soothe and to heal in the present instance.

C. E.



*To Mrs. Pearson, on her Husband's fatal Illness.*

MORNAY LODGE ;

*October 24th, 1856.*

MY BELOVED SISTER,

You are so constantly in my tenderest thoughts, and my most earnest prayers, by night and by day, that I have felt it a real privation not to be able to write to you ; and what I should have done without prayer for you I do not know. But I have long seen your growth in every Christian grace, and your ripening for that heavenly world to which you, as well as your tenderly beloved husband, are drawing near ; and I have almost expected that some great and heavy trial would perhaps, ere your warfare closed, be appointed to

## Extracts from Letters.

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sever the last remains of the dross from the gold so nearly purified, from the "vessel of honour," so nearly fashioned and made meet for the glorious temple above. Still I had not thought of this heart-crushing sorrow, this witnessing the prolonged and painful and hopeless sufferings of him who is dearer to you than life itself, and my very heart bleeds for you; and my dear Eleanor and I think of you, and speak of you and pray for you with a depth of sympathy only to be felt by those who have passed through similar scenes, and watched by the bed of suffering which they had no power to alleviate. But you, my sister, have one with you, have one beside you, who will enable you even now to show how true the Lord your strength is, and you will call upon Him in this day of trouble, and He will hear you, and will enable you, as He does enable your beloved husband, to glorify Him.

I can scarcely write legibly. My hand shakes because my heart is so full. I grieve so to find your health giving way, my beloved sister, under so heavy a pressure. Which of your sons is with you? Pray let either of them write to us to say how you are, and how our beloved brother is carried in the everlasting arms. How sweet and

of Charlotte Elliott.

---

comforting and edifying is all you tell us of him. Give him the assurance of our unceasing tender remembrance and prayers, mingled with thanksgivings on his behalf. He is to teach us now, and you also, by your bright examples, how to pass through those swelling waters ourselves, which lie between us and our longed-for home.

Your most tender sympathizing sister,

C. E.



*To the same—on her Widowhood.*

MORNAY LODGE:

*February 2nd, 1857.*

MY BELOVED SISTER,

I could not read your touching letter without tears, it told of such deep heart-sorrow and desolation, though mingled with filial acquiescence, and alleviated by the sweet and frequent visits of the heavenly Comforter, who alone can bind up the broken heart. Would that we were near you, my sister, in these first painful months of bereavement, and suffering and loneliness; but in spirit I am very often at your side; and seldom do I kneel to

## Extracts from Letters

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pray, that your dear name is not on my lips, and your grief borne on my heart. But the power of expressing the tender love and sympathy I feel lessens every year; and there are days when the effort of even writing a letter is quite too much for me. Otherwise I should have written often, could I have followed the dictates of my heart. And now, to-day, I feel so weak and so stupid; my fingers are so swelled and painful; my back and shoulders and neck are aching so (I suppose from rheumatism), that it is difficult for me to hold my pen, or express my thoughts. But I felt such a longing to write to you, and to send for your perusal the affecting and beautiful letter I enclose, that in spite of the blowing wind and pouring rain, and my troublesome body, I have come up to my room in order to be uninterrupted, and to write both to you, and if possible to Mr. Gorham, in reply to his letter, which you will kindly return to me as soon as read. Dr. Tetley said he had never paid a more interesting and affecting visit. He said the suffering was dreadful; and he seemed to shudder himself while he thought of it, and that it must increase every time he swallows. The pain is extreme, and he cannot speak but with difficulty, and writes on

of Charlotte Elliott.

---

a slate what he wishes to say. But Dr. T. said "there was not a shadow of a shade of murmuring," but the meekest submission as of a child to a father's hand. I wonder if you, in your own deep sorrow, could not speak "a word in season," to comfort such sufferings as his, which I only hope, cannot last very long.



*Written in the first page of her Sister's Christian Remembrancer Pocket-Book for 1871.*

*(Her last year on earth.)*

To my own precious sister what words can express all I feel towards her of deep, heartfelt gratitude and love, that seems to increase every day as I draw nearer to the Fount from which it springs! Yes, my darling sister, it does "abound more and more;" and awakens every day fresh thanksgivings to Him who, seeing what my sojourn on earth was to be, in a body so sensitive, and amid scenes of so much difficulty, gave me such a sister to carry me through, to be my "Iris" on every dark cloud,—my tender soother and cheerer and comforter in every sorrow,—my sweet fellow-

## Extracts from Letters.

---

pilgrim "Hopeful," to bear up my sinking head, when the rough waves of this troublesome world would have otherwise quite overwhelmed me. So it has been in the past, my beloved ; so it is in the present ; and shall I not believe that this most precious, choicest blessing of my life will be continued unto me, even unto the end, till the days of my mourning shall be ended ?

So may it be !

A SELECTION

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED

Poems of Charlotte Elliott.

[With one or two slight and unimportant exceptions the following Poems are now published for the first time, having been transcribed from the manuscripts in the possession of the family. They have, therefore, not received the final revision of the author.]

## On the First Page of a Manuscript Volume.



WHEN to a sinner's hand 'tis given to trace  
In this unwritten book the earliest line,  
What name, oh! blessed Saviour, should he place  
The *first* upon the virgin leaf but *Thine*?  
So may the savour of that sacred name,  
A pledge throughout its future pages be,  
That all unsullied by less hallowed theme,  
They ne'er shall bear a trace unworthy Thee.  
Fair are they now, like young life's promised days;  
But ere the leaves are filled and numbered o'er,  
Oft shall the glistening eye recall the trace  
Of hands that write, and hearts that beat no more.  
Oh! then, when many a heart and hand is cold,  
Whose fond memento stands recorded here,  
May the sweet thought that in Thy book enrolled  
Their names are written, chase the rising tear;  
But if the tear will fall, the soul will mourn  
As memory hangs o'er friendship's severed ties,  
Oh! bid it to this page in peace return,  
And read Thy name—the Friend that never dies!

## The Pilgrim's Wants.

---

I WANT that adorning Divine,  
Thou only, my God, canst bestow ;  
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,  
Which distinguish Thy household below.

*Col. iii. 12, 17.*

I want every moment to feel  
That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,  
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,  
And newness of life to impart.

*Rom. viii. 11, 16.*

I want, oh ! I want to attain  
Some likeness, my Saviour to Thee !  
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain,  
Thy comeliness put upon me !

*1 John iii. 2, 3.*

I want to be marked for Thine own,  
Thy seal on my forehead to wear ;  
To receive that "new name" on the mystic white  
stone,  
Which none but Thyself can declare.

*Rev. ii. 17.*

## The Pilgrim's Wants.

---

I want so in Thee to abide,  
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise !  
The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble and  
dried,  
May languish, but never decays.

*John xv. 2, 5.*

I want Thine own hand to unbind  
Each tie to terrestrial things—  
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,  
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.

*1 John ii. 15.*

I want, by my aspect serene,  
My actions and words to declare—  
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,  
That my heart's best affections are there.

*Matt. vi. 19, 21*

I want, as a traveller, to haste  
Straight onward, nor pause in my way—  
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance, to waste  
On the tent only pitched for a day.

*Heb. xiii. 5, 6.*

I want—and this sums up my prayer—  
To glorify Thee till I die ;  
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,  
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh.

*Phil. iii. 8, 9.*

## The Two Voices.

---

Two solemn voices, in a funeral strain  
Met, as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain  
Meet in the sky.

“Thou art gone hence,” one sang; “our light is flown,  
Our beautiful! that seemed too much our own  
Ever to die!

“Thou art gone hence! our joyous hills among,  
Never again to pour thy soul in song,  
When Spring flowers rise!  
Never the friend’s familiar step to meet  
With loving laughter and the welcome sweet  
Of thy glad eye!”

### SECOND VOICE.

“Thou art gone home! gone home!” then high  
and clear  
Warbled that other voice. “Thou hast no tear  
Again to shed!  
Never to fold the robe o’er secret pain,  
Never weighed down by memory’s clouds again  
To bow thy head.

## The Two Voices.

---

“Thou art gone home!—oh! early crowned and blest,  
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest

With aught below?

Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,  
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away:

Thrice blest to go!”

FIRST VOICE.

“Yet,” sighed again that breeze-like voice of grief,

“Thou art gone hence! alas, that aught so brief,

So loved should be!

Thou tak'st our summer hence, the flower, the tone,  
The music of our being, all in one,

Depart with thee.

“Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!

Canst thou be of the dead, the awful dead,

The dark unknown?

Yet to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,

Never again to light up hearth or hall,

Thy smile is gone!”

SECOND VOICE.

“Home, home!” once more th' exulting voice arose,

“Thou art gone home! From that Divine repose

Never to roam!

Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,

To read of change in eyes beloved again,

Thou art gone home!

## All Gone!

---

“By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,  
Joy for thee, happy friend! Thy bark  
The rough sea's foam has past;  
Now, the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled,  
Home! home! Thy prize is won, thy heart is filled,  
Thou art gone home!”



## All Gone!

---

ALL gone, all gone! for this life gone,  
My days of health and strength;  
Wearied and worthless, glad were I  
To welcome home at length:  
And yet I'm happier far in truth  
Than e'er I was in buoyant youth;  
For JESUS, Thou art more to me  
Then health and strength and youth could be.

All gone, all gone! for this life gone  
Dear hopes most fondly nurst,—  
They glittered long around my path,  
Till each bright bubble burst:

## All Gone!

---

I wept! but oh, the blest despair  
Has led me heaven's own joys to share;  
For JESUS, Thou art more to me  
Than hope's wild dreams fulfilled would be.

All gone, all gone! for this life gone  
The heart's elastic spring;  
Of vigour stript, I shrink aside,  
A crushed and useless thing:  
Yes! this is gone, for thus I prove  
Far more His patient, pitying love;  
And sweeter, safer this to me  
Than self-reliant strength could be.

And going fast, while most are gone,  
Loved friends of early days;  
The world grows poorer year by year,—  
I lose, but not replace;  
'Tis well, I'm cast the more on One—  
Stars scarce are missed while shines the sun—  
And JESUS, Thou art more to me  
Than loved and loving hearts could be.

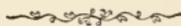
What grace! with thanks I kiss the hand  
That gently stript me bare;  
And laid me on Thy tender breast  
To lose my sorrows there:

To a Young Friend on her Birthday.

---

'Twas bitter when earth's cup was spilled,  
But now with Thee 'tis over-filled ;  
And Thou, LORD, hast been more to me,  
Than all earth's brimming cups could be.

What grace ! to show to one so vile  
Thy more than mother's care—  
And lead, through wreck of earth's poor joys,  
Thy joys with Thee to share ;  
What grace ! that Thou to such hast given,  
The foretaste now of feast in heaven ;  
A foretaste even now to me  
More than a thousand worlds could be.



To a Young Friend on her Birthday.

---

WHAT wish can friendship form,  
Young voyager, for thee,  
Sheltered from every storm  
That visits life's rough sea,  
And launched upon a smiling stream,  
Beneath kind heaven's propitious beam ?

## To a Young Friend on her Birthday.

---

Thy fairy bark glides on,  
Borne by a gentle gale ;  
And well the port is known  
To which the bark will sail ;  
For skilful pilots, day and night,  
Keep watch to guide its course aright.

Then since so much is thine,  
Sweet voyager, e'en now,  
Needs there a wish of mine  
For one so blest as thou ?  
Oh, what can friendship covet more,  
Or those who love thee best implore ?

Yet dangers there may be,  
Enough to wake thy fears,  
E'en on so smooth a sea,  
And where no snare appears :  
Sometimes the mariner will sleep,  
When all is calm upon the deep ;

Or if some smiling shore  
Allures him on his way,  
Where charms unknown before  
Invite him to delay,—  
How oft is he forgetful found  
Of that to which his course is bound !

To a Young Friend on her Birthday.

---

Then, though thy sky be fair,  
And all around thee smile,  
Sweet voyager ! beware,  
Lest e'en these charms beguile,—  
Lest e'en the pleasures of the way  
Should lead thee from thy course astray.

Still may thy sky be bright,  
And pleasure fill thy sails ;  
And still thy track of light  
Be fanned by favouring gales,—  
And still may fond delighted friends  
Know where thy peaceful voyage tends.

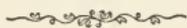
And as from day to day  
That unseen land draws nigh,  
May Faith's celestial ray  
Reveal it to thine eye,  
And with a sweet effectual force,  
Quicken and cheer thy heavenward course.

Sweet voyager ! e'en now,  
Its language thou hast learned,  
And on thy youthful brow  
That peace may be discerned  
Which marks each beauteous face above,  
Where all is purity and love.

For the First Leaf of a New Testament.

---

How many hearts will pray  
For blessings on thy head  
On this eventful day,  
All wishing thee "God speed!"  
No fonder, truer wish is thine,  
Sweet youthful voyager, than mine!



For the First Leaf of a New Testament.

---

SAVIOUR, I dwell with ever-new delight  
On all those wondrous lineaments Divine,  
Those matchless words, those God-like acts of  
Thine,  
Which in this book Thy Spirit deigns t' indite.  
Oh, purge yet more my intellectual sight,—  
Each sense, each thought, each faculty refine,  
That Thy full radiance on my soul may shine,  
While prostrate she implores Thy sacred light;  
Then, whether in the lowly manger laid,  
Or in the desert fasting, or withdrawn  
On the cold mount, from eve till dewy morn,  
Thee as Jehovah I shall still adore,  
"God over all, blessed for evermore."

## On the Funeral Day of a Dear Friend.

---

“And all wept, and bewailed her: but He said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.”—*Luke* viii. 52.

---

YES, lay her in that hallowed bed  
Where rested once Immanuel's head,—  
But whisper there the words He said,  
“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

Let faith its glorious task perform,  
Picturing that now unconscious form  
Waking with life and beauty warm—  
“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

Oh! never will she wake again  
Sick, weary, feeble, or in pain;  
No trace of suffering will remain,  
For she in Jesus sleepeth.

Full many a conflict she has known,  
In tears, full often, she has sown;  
The fight is fought, the victory won,  
She rests, and sweetly sleepeth.

## Lines for the Aged.

---

When the bright beams of glory fill  
That narrow chamber dark and still,  
She will sit up, and sweetly smile :

“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

The voice of her Beloved will say,  
“Arise, my fair one, come away !”  
Oh with what joy will she obey !

“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

Then raised in power, in beauty drest,  
Jesus will guide the lovely guest,  
And place her at the marriage feast :

“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”



## Lines for the Aged.

---

Is life's evening long and dreary?  
Gone the treasures once possessed?  
Is thy spirit faint and weary?  
Dost thou long to be at rest?  
On this sweet promise fix thy sight :  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

## Lines for the Aged.

---

“Light is sown” for thee, and gladness,  
    Even in this vale of tears ;  
Soon will pass the night of sadness,  
    Grief will fly when morn appears :  
But still, to faith’s illumined sight,  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

Look not on the ills around thee ;  
    Earth grows darker every hour ;  
Let not crime’s increase confound thee ;  
    Limited is Satan’s power.  
Look on to regions pure and bright :  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

Dwell not on the growing weakness  
    That precedes thy frame’s decay !  
Rise above depressing sickness ;  
    Catch the dawn’s approaching ray.  
Faith can discern the Day Star bright :  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

See thy Saviour bending o’er thee,  
    Even to old age the same ;  
Set life’s one chief end before thee,  
    Still to glorify His name ;  
While on Himself is fixed thy sight,  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

In due Season we shall Reap if we Faint not.

---

My soul, thou art weary within me, and faint ;  
I hear thee thus breathing thy mournful complaint,  
“O when will this harassing warfare be o'er?  
O when will mine enemy foil me no more?”

My soul be not weary—shrink not from the strife;  
Redouble thine efforts—it is for thy life—  
That soldier alone wears the conqueror's wreath,  
Who has proved himself faithful—yea, even to death.

The result is not doubtful, the victory is sure ;  
But only for those to the end who endure ;  
And legions invisible, near thee arrayed,  
Are watching intently to cheer and to aid.

Nay, more, fainting spirit, look upward and see  
Thy Captain omnipotent watching o'er thee ;  
Giving charge to His angels to keep thee from harm,  
Stretching forth for thy succour His sheltering arm.

Look, look unto Him ! To the faint He gives power,  
Appeal to His love in this suffering hour—  
He will look on thee now, as on Gideon of old,  
And infuse by that look strength and courage untold.

## E Die Daily.

---

Be not weary and faint, though the warfare with sin  
Must still be continued, without and within—  
Be sober, be vigilant, watch to the end—  
On the sure word of promise unfaltering depend.  
Yes! look unto Jesus, and yield not to fear,  
The time of the end is for thee very near;  
That Saviour who chose thee, and made thee His own,  
The feeblest He loves will with victory crown.



## H Die Daily.

---

O DEATH! I pray thee not to stand aloof!  
To me thou'rt not a stranger, but a friend;  
Then come not stealthily beneath my roof;  
A friendly hand to thee I will extend,  
And bid thee welcome—for thou then wilt come  
To introduce me to my heavenly home.  
O Death! methinks I see thy shadowy form,  
I seem to feel thy touch so icy cold!  
Why dread to quit these precincts, bright and warm,  
For thy dark dwelling-place beneath the mould,  
Since there no longer I shall strive and weep,  
For there Christ "giveth His beloved sleep!"

## Æ Die Daily.

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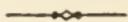
O Death! sometimes I long to see thy face,  
“The king of terrors” thou art not to me;  
I long to fall asleep in thine embrace,  
To leave this world of sin and vanity,  
And lay me down in peace a little while,  
Till wakened by my Saviour’s voice and smile.

O Death! I will converse with thee each day;  
Fain would I learn to view thee without fear,  
Lest when thou com’st to summon me away,  
I may be startled to behold thee near.  
Perform thine errand gently—stop my breath,  
And let me then exclaim, “O sweet is death!”

O Death! what once thou wert no more thou art,  
The Prince of Life slept in thy dark abode:  
He changed thy nature—took away thy dart;  
On thee an angel’s mission He bestowed,  
And made thee keeper of the gate of heaven  
For those to whom eternal life is given.

O Death! henceforth be my familiar friend,  
I will seek daily fellowship with thee;  
Then, when at length I reach my journey’s end,  
And see thee waiting at heaven’s gate for me,  
Throw wide the portals—that through grace Divine  
Then “an abundant entrance” may be mine.

## Why art thou cast down, O my Soul?



THINK, oh, think, my heaven-born spirit,  
As these weary days pass by,  
On those joys thou'lt soon inherit,  
Through thy dearest Saviour's merit,—  
On the future fix thine eye.

Thou, despondently art deeming  
Profitless these mournful days;  
But with blessings they are teeming,  
And beyond them light is streaming.  
Opening glory to thy gaze.

Weakness, languor, pain, - depression,  
All these ills will pass away;  
Steps of slow yet sure progression,  
To thy lasting rich possession,  
Each will speed, not check, thy way.

Yet these transient, light afflictions  
(Now, alas! they seem not light)  
Are but needful, kind restrictions,  
Germs full fraught with benedictions,  
When thou homeward wing'st thy flight.

So shall we ever be with the Lord.

---

He who now is watching o'er thee  
Was like thee "in all points tried,"—  
For th' amazing love He bore thee  
Trod the steep ascent before thee,—  
He thy feeble steps will guide.

Let not doubts or fears assailing,  
Darken more the clouded sky;  
O'er each obstacle prevailing,  
Through thy Saviour's love unfailing,  
Thou wilt reach thy home on high.



So shall we ever be with the Lord.

*1 Thess. iv. 17.*



THE thought of death inspires no fear,  
If, really pilgrims, strangers, here,  
Our Father's house, our home above,  
Be the sweet place which most we love;  
Since there alone that bliss is stored—  
To be for ever with the Lord.

So shall we ever be with the Lord.

---

The thought of death inspires no fear,  
If faith be strong, and Christ be near;  
His simple promise can suffice!  
We long to reach that paradise,  
Where we, according to His word,  
Shall be for ever with the Lord.

The thought of death inspires no fear,  
When this frail form, our hindrance here,  
Can willingly be laid aside,  
To be dissolved and purified;  
Then raised in glory, changed, restored,  
Meet to be ever with the Lord.

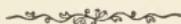
The thought of death inspires no fear  
In souls which so have loved Him here,  
As e'en to endure the bitterest pain,  
Sent from His hand, and not complain;  
Grasping th' exceeding great reward,  
To be for ever with the Lord.

The thought of death inspires no fear,  
When, to the parting spirit's ear,  
The Comforter, with still small voice,  
Whispers, "O fear not, but rejoice!  
Hasten yon swelling stream to ford,  
Then be for ever with the Lord!"

The Fear of Death is fallen upon me.

---

SAVIOUR! the Lord of life and death!  
Draw near me when I yield my breath;  
Place but Thine arm beneath my head,  
Then soft will be my dying bed:  
While angels sing in sweet accord,  
*“Come, to be ever with the Lord!”*



The Fear of Death is fallen upon me.

---

My path through the desert grows dreary,  
The shadows of evening draw nigh;  
My footsteps are feeble and weary,  
To reach the bright city I sigh!

What thoughts, like a bar intervening,  
Arrest this deep longing for home;  
What cloud the bright future is screening,  
Which wraps the horizon in gloom?

There's a perilous gulf to pass over,  
No bridge its deep waters can span,  
No plummets its depths can discover,  
It cannot be fathomed by man!

The Fear of Death is fallen upon me.

---

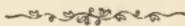
And now, as my sun is declining,  
I dimly discern the dark wave ;  
No light on its surface is shining—  
Oh ! who that dread passage can brave ?

Then ofttimes the fierce tempest rages,  
Foes unseen on the margin attend ;  
My tremulous fancy presages,  
I ne'er shall endure to the end !

Hark ! hark ! how the billows are rushing,  
How loudly they break on the shore ;  
Will Christ, the wild elements hushing,  
Secure me a safe passage o'er ?

When the feet of my Priest touch the river,  
The waters will part and subside ;  
Safe, safe is the weakest believer  
Who claims this Omnipotent Guide.

Then on let me cheerfully hasten,  
Till I stand on the dark river's brink :  
There, my firm hold on Him will I fasten—  
None clinging to Jesus can sink !



## Prayer to the Heavenly Intercessor.

---

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend!  
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When doubts and fears my bosom fill,  
And Satan tempts my wavering will  
(Too soon, alas! inclined to ill),  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears the resting-place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have sinned, and gone astray,  
Deaf to Thy voice, and lost my way,  
Nor can discern Thy guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh, plead for me.

## To a Friend.

---

When he would cause my hope to fail,  
And bid despair my soul assail,  
Oh, tell me I shall yet prevail,

Because Thou plead'st for me.

And when my dying hour draws nêar,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,

Pleading in heaven for me.

When the full light of endless day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say, "I have washed them all away ;

Fear not,—I plead for thee."

My trembling, parting soul sustain,  
Till, purified from every stain,  
That place before Thy throne she gain,  
Which Thou hast bought for me.

---

## To a Friend.

---

I FEEL it sweet, my new-found friend,  
A greeting from my heart to send,  
To one with whom I hope to spend  
A blest eternity.

## To a Friend.

---

I feel it sweet on earth to know  
One in whose heart those feelings glow,  
Which only Jesus can bestow,  
Of love to Him.

Whom earthly things no more engross,  
Who counts terrestrial gain but loss,  
And clings to the Redeemer's cross,  
As all her hope.

And as I tread "the path to bliss,"  
Whene'er I meet a friend like this,  
I from my heart at once dismiss  
All cold distrust.

'Twas this forbade reserve and fear,  
And made thee, when we met, appear  
A sister and companion dear,  
E'en from the first.

This prompts the poor, but willing lay,  
That greets thee on thy heavenly way;  
Oh, may a bright and cheering ray  
Thy path attend!

I hail, and share thy happy choice,  
And with congratulating voice  
Would say, "Press onward and rejoice:"  
For blest art thou.

## To a Friend.

---

More blest than man can e'er conceive,  
Than trembling faith can dare believe,  
Till the enraptured soul receive  
Her great reward.

Unmeet is such a harp as mine  
For themes so glorious, so divine,  
But oh, what hopes, what joys are thine,  
Dear Christian friend!

How peaceful should thy mind become,  
Fixed on thy bright celestial home:  
Banished be all distress and gloom,  
From souls like thine!

Oh, let it to the world appear  
How blest are Christians, even here;  
For them, there can be nought to fear  
In life or death.

Their griefs are blest, their sins forgiven,  
And in each present joy is given  
A foretaste of those joys in heaven  
Which cannot fade.

Then faint not, fear not, happy friend,  
Be strong, be steadfast to the end,  
He whom thou trustest will defend  
The soul He loves.

To a Young Friend on her Favourite Text.

---

He will complete the work begun,  
Will be thy Guide, thy Shield, thy Sun,  
Till the immortal prize is won,  
The conqueror's crown.

Then may we dwell apart no more,  
But with one voice, one heart, adore  
That spotless Saviour, whom before  
Unseen we loved.



To a Young Friend on her Favourite Text.

—  
"GOD IS LOVE."  
—

WHEN flowery Spring pours forth her treasures,  
Beneath—around—above—  
Sweet Mary, let these vernal pleasures  
Remind thee "God is love!"

And as the changing seasons vary,  
Where'er thy footsteps rove,  
Let each successive charm, my Mary,  
Repeat that "God is love!"

To a Young Friend on her Favourite Text.

---

Whether thine heart beat high with gladness,  
And blest thy moments prove,  
Or when it droops through pain and sadness  
Still, Mary, "God is love!"

If any anxious thought distress thee,  
Will He that thought reprove?  
Will He refuse to guide and bless thee?  
No, Mary, "God is love!"

When at His footstool lowly bending,  
Thy prayers ascend above,  
Is there no gracious ear attending?  
Yes, Mary, "God is love!"

What did her<sup>1</sup> peaceful deathbed teach thee,  
Who triumphs now above?  
Mary! did no soft accent reach thee,  
That whispered, "God is love!"

Now with her harp she stands before Him  
Circling His throne above,  
And with the myriads who adore Him,  
Proclaims that "God is love!"

Here, we but faintly can discern it,  
There, will the veil remove;  
There, all shall fully, sweetly learn it,  
And sing that "God is love!"

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Cunningham, who died a short time before.

## Thoughts of Heaven.

---

And when thy guardian angels carry  
Thee to that world above,  
Thou, at thy Saviour's feet, my Mary,  
Wilt know that "God is love!"



## Thoughts of Heaven.

---

OH, thou glorious world unseen,  
Bathed in purest light serene,  
Where no mist obscures the ray,  
Where no night cuts short the day,  
Could I not in this dark vale  
From afar thy confines hail,  
All too sad this earth would be  
Life too desolate for me.

World of beauty! where each sight  
Wakens ever new delight:  
World of peace! where every sound  
Breathes a holy influence round;  
World of purity! wherein  
Ne'er has entered taint of sin,  
Wearily drag on the hours  
Till I reach thy blissful bowers.

## Thoughts of Heaven.

---

World of love! where every eye  
Beams with purest sympathy!  
Where no harsh unhallowed word,  
Slander, discord can be heard;  
None be wounded, none alone,  
Love to each by all is shown,  
And, as one blest family,  
All in sweet accord agree.

World of health! where pale decay  
Wastes no youthful bloom away  
Where no tear was ever shed  
O'er a loved one's dying bed;  
Where infirmity and age  
Cause the heart no sad presage,  
And the thought of death's dark goal  
Casts no shadow o'er the soul.

World of perfect endless joy!  
Of unwearied high employ!  
All the loved and lost restored,  
Ceaseless songs melodious poured:  
Every earthly grief and care  
Banished from remembrance there;  
And fresh knowledge hourly given  
From the boundless shores of heaven.

## To Comfort Me.

---

World of life! not life like this!  
Perpetuity of bliss!  
They can never die again,—  
There “there shall be no more pain;”  
Life in streams abundant shed  
From the glorious Fountain-head;  
Life summed up in one sweet word,  
“*Ever, ever, with the Lord!*”



## To Comfort Me.

---

JESUS! Thou in heaven art pleading,  
Even my unworthy cause!  
Thou for me art interceding;  
Thy compassion ne'er withdraws.  
Canst thou, oh! my soul, repine,  
When so blest a lot is thine?  
When my path is dark and dreary,  
And my strength indeed is small;  
When my soul is faint and weary,  
Saviour! let me then recall  
Thee, my Advocate above,  
And Thy never-changing love!

## The Lily.



I LOOKED at the lily by night,  
Its leaves were all wet with the dew ;  
It was lovely, and fresh, and transparently white ;  
Around a soft fragrance it threw.

It chanced that at noon the next day,  
I passed the fair lily once more ;  
The sun was unclouded, and fierce was his ray,  
Too fierce for the delicate flower.

Ere the night-dew could fall, it was dead ;  
Its leaves were all withered and stained :  
The stem could no longer support the sunk head :  
Nor beauty nor fragrance remained.

Poor lily ! all dead as thou art,  
An emblem to man thou mayest prove  
Of a lovelier flower that blooms in the heart,  
Sent down from the gardens above.

The plant of Religion best thrives  
In the night of misfortune and grief ;  
The dew from above then each blossom revives,  
And freshens the hue of each leaf.

## On the Anniversary of a Friend's Death.

---

But the sun of a prosperous day  
Absorbing this life-giving dew,  
The lovely exotic soon dwindles away,  
Nor can man its existence renew.

My friend! if this flower be thine,  
If dews through thy night have been given,  
At its length or its darkness oh cease to repine,  
And wait for the dawning of heaven.

For then this sweet flower shall bloom  
In its native celestial air,—  
Its primitive beauty and strength shall resume,  
Immortally fragrant and fair.



## On the Anniversary of a Friend's Death.

(A FRAGMENT.)

THY body still is sleeping  
The altar-stone beneath,  
My tears are still lamenting  
Thy unexpected death ;  
But could I see the glory  
That crowned thee from that day,  
The sight would cure my sorrow,  
And wipe my tears away.

## Christmas Day.

---

SWEET sounds through heaven's blue concave rang,  
To hail creation's birth ;  
The morning stars together sang,  
Greeting the new-born earth.

But brighter forms the strain awoke,  
And sweeter was the theme,  
When on the wondering shepherds broke  
The song of Bethlehem.

Glorious was that primeval light  
Which poured its golden flood  
O'er the young world, when fresh and bright  
In its first bloom it stood.

But that mysterious light that streamed  
O'er Bethlehem's midnight sky,  
On man with fairer promise beamed,  
Told lovelier visions nigh.

It ushered in the happiest hour  
This fallen world could know,  
"The Dayspring from on high," whose power  
Can chase the shades of woe.

## Christmas Day.

---

Glad tidings of Emmanuel's birth,  
The heavenly heralds bring ;  
"Glory to God, sweet peace on earth,  
Goodwill to men," they sing.

And that new star which came and went,  
The Eastern sages' guide,  
Was on the same bright errand sent,  
To the same song replied.

How then should we salute the morn,  
Thus hailed by hosts of heaven !  
For "unto us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is given !"

Come, hasten to His strange abode,  
The wondrous Babe to see,  
Behold in Him "the Mighty God,"  
The Eternal Deity.

There, at His lowly manger, bow,  
Nor from His feet remove,  
Till e'en the coldest bosom glow  
With gratitude and love.

When the believing Magi sought  
The star-illumined roof,  
"Gold, frankincense, and myrrh" they brought,  
And thus of faith gave proof.

## New Year's Day.

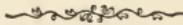
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And when the shepherds saw the light,  
And heard that heavenly lay,  
At once they hastened with delight,  
Glad homage there to pay.

Dear infant Saviour! can I bring  
No tribute to bestow?

No poor but freewill offering  
My love and faith to show?

Alas! this poor, polluted heart  
Is all I have to give;  
How kind, how merciful Thou art,  
Such tribute to receive!



## New Year's Day.

1845.

THIS year will prove a happy one  
If gladdened by Thy smile,  
Jesus, my Saviour! that alone  
My heart with bliss can fill:  
That smile can cheer the saddest hour,  
And gild the darkest sky,  
And with its soul-refreshing power  
Joy, e'en midst grief, supply.

## New Year's Day.

---

The year will prove a happy one  
If quickened by Thy grace,  
With swifter, firmer steps I run  
The arduous heavenly race;  
If stumbling, lingering now no more,  
"Forgetting things behind,"  
I press towards those that are before  
With undiverted mind.

This year will prove a happy one,  
Bring with it what it may,  
If, Lord, Thy strength be made my own,  
In every trying day.  
For Thou canst make all grace abound,  
Thou canst my faith increase,  
And with Thy mercy fence me round,  
And keep my mind in peace.

This year will prove a happy one,  
If every moment lent,  
Each day, each hour, with Thee begun,  
For Thee alone be spent;  
If as the weeks revolve, my aim,  
My one desire may be,  
On earth to glorify Thy name,  
To live, my God, for Thee!

## For Good Friday.

---

O LAMB OF GOD! on Thee I look,  
I see Thee by dark Kedron's brook,  
There prostrate laid, amazed with fears,  
Thou pourest out strong cries and tears;  
Fainting, th' o'erwhelming load beneath,—  
Yea, sorrowful e'en unto death,—  
That agony was borne for me,  
Which forced great drops of blood from Thee!

O Lamb of God!—on that dread night,  
But for Thy Godhead's glorious might,  
Thou must have sunk—for there was none  
To have pity on Thee—no, not one!  
Amidst th' intolerable anguish,  
Didst Thou for human comfort languish!  
While Thou didst agonize and weep—  
Lo! Thy disciples were asleep!

O Lamb of God! shall I complain,  
Of grief, or loneliness, or pain,  
When Thou, the Just, the Holy One,  
Didst tread the winepress thus alone?

## Easter Sunday.

---

There at Jehovah's wrath dismayed,  
Bereft of every earthly aid,  
Lest Thou shouldst, ere the cross, expire,  
An angel's help didst Thou require.

O Lamb of God, by that sad scene,  
That sweat of blood, that anguish keen ;  
By all those griefs for me endured,  
That pardon free might be secured ;  
By all Thy spotless soul sustained,  
By all Thy cross and passion gained ;  
By that unfathomable love.  
All thought, all measurement above,  
Make me from sin's dominion free,  
Henceforth to live alone for Thee.



## Easter Sunday.

---

ALL hail, thou bright and glorious day,  
When He "the Life, the Truth, the Way,"  
Taught His dejected flock to say,  
"The Lord is risen !"

## Easter Sunday.

---

Hail, holy day, most blest, most dear,  
When death's dark region, sad and drear,  
Those strange, mysterious sounds did hear,  
"The Lord is risen!"

The holy Captive's bonds are riven,  
To Him the keys of death are given;  
Be glad, O earth, and shout, O heaven!  
"The Lord is risen!"

And earth does seem to feel anew  
That smile from which her beauty grew;  
She tells, with many a brightening hue,  
"The Lord is risen!"

Her opening buds fresh perfume fling;  
Her hills and valleys laugh and sing,  
While floats on every zephyr's wing,  
"The Lord is risen!"

And shall my heart unmoved be found,  
While such an anthem swells around,  
While earth and heaven alike resound,  
"The Lord is risen?"

Shall this triumphant theme inspire  
Each angel's voice, each seraph's lyre,  
And I not sing, with such a choir,  
"The Lord is risen?"

## Easter Sunday.

---

Oh, could I catch the sacred flame  
With which they chant my Saviour's name,  
How would it teach me to exclaim,  
"The Lord is risen!"

Yet not for them His life He gave ;  
He did not die their souls to save :  
It is for man that from the grave  
"The Lord is risen!"

For man He left His glorious throne,  
For man to death's dark realm went down,  
And now to heaven for man alone,  
"The Lord is risen!"

Then who like man should bless this day,  
And hail the Conqueror on His way,  
And utter the melodious lay,  
"The Lord is risen!"

Let me approach His saints among  
(Though least of all that favoured throng),  
Fall at His feet, and join their song,  
"The Lord is risen!"

And on that last, that brightest day,  
Whose sun shall rouse my slumbering clay,  
I'll sing—then gladly soar away—  
"The Lord is risen!"

## An Exile's Hymn.

---

THE pilgrim spirit journeys on,  
"To Canaan's sacred bounds,"  
Her conflicts, sorrows, joys unknown,  
Veiled from the world around.

She views earth's loveliest scenes and bowers  
Still with an exile's eye ;  
E'en though her path be strewed with flowers,  
She breathes the exile's sigh.

The deep strong yearnings of the mind  
In silence are suppressed ;  
On earth she knows they cannot find  
Development or rest.

The dialect the soul employs  
Is here a stranger tongue,  
Yet all her griefs, and hopes, and joys  
To that alone are strung.

But sometimes, lonely though she be,  
Some kindred friend she meets,  
Who opes, as with a master-key,  
Thought's unexplored retreats.

## A Hymn for Saturday Night.

---

Then pausing in some tranquil spot,  
Joys, sorrows, they reveal;  
With which a stranger meddleth not,  
Which only exiles feel!

Oh! how their hearts within them burn,  
While of their home they speak,  
And bright, yet tearful glances turn,  
Towards the fair land they seek.

They part—but only for awhile—  
Their term of exile o'er,  
They soon beneath their Saviour's smile  
Shall meet, to part no more!



## A Hymn for Saturday Night.

---

AND is the thought a mournful one,  
That now another week is gone  
Of this life's fleeting span?  
When the dark sojourn here is o'er,  
Is there no fairer lot in store  
For never-dying man?

## A Hymn for Saturday Night.

---

Is there no country of the blest,  
Where toil will be exchanged for rest,  
    Where mourners never weep?  
Where this poor weary, sinking frame  
No care will need, no respite claim,  
    Nor ever ask for sleep?

Oh, as I tread my heavenly path,  
'Tis sweet to realise by faith  
    The thought of such a home!  
And when the spirits droop and fail,  
To cast a glimpse beyond the veil,  
    And thus dispel the gloom.

My days and weeks and months succeed  
With noiseless, yet unceasing speed,  
    But this is joy to me:  
That they are bearing me with them,  
O'er silent Time's fast-rolling stream,  
    On to eternity.

These days and weeks, like favouring gales,  
Smile on my bark, and fill my sails,  
    And waft me towards my home;  
Nor is there one but lends a ray  
To guide my course, and bless my way,  
    Pointing to joys to come.

## A Fragment.

---

This week has closed ; its toils are o'er ;  
Let earthly thoughts intrude no more ;  
The Sabbath morn is near :  
Then to my soul, oh, be it given  
To rise from earth and visit heaven,  
And join the worship there !



## A Fragment.

---

I was indeed desponding, and my eye  
Seemed closed to all the blessings of my lot ;  
Heaven and its promised glories were forgot ;  
I sat alone, to weep and mourn and sigh ;  
But Thy sweet voice addressed me, "Why, oh, why  
Consume thy days in tears and lonely thought ?  
Thy grief for others can avail them nought :  
Turn from terrestrial woes to fairer scenes on high."  
Thus didst Thou "smite me friendly, and reprove ;"  
Thy gentle hand applied the "precious balm,"  
The aching sense of sorrow to remove,  
And it has acted like some mystic charm :  
So now my harp forsakes the willow tree,  
To breathe my grateful love, sweet Friend, to Thee.

## The Setting Moon.

---

I SAW the radiant Queen of Night  
Walking in brightness through the sky;  
Unsullied was her silver light,  
And swift her beauteous path on high.

I marked her progress till she gained  
In silence her meridian throne;  
No passing cloud her splendour stained,  
And twinkling stars at distance shone.

Too soon she left that glorious height,  
And downwards bent her gradual way;  
I watched her lessening, changing light,  
As earth-born mists obscured its ray.

Awhile she glimmered in the west,  
Shorn of her lustre, faint and dim!  
Then, dark and mournful, sank to rest,  
Nor left behind one cheering beam.

Beneath the starry midnight sky  
I lingered still, absorbed in thought;  
The orb, though vanished from my eye,  
A lesson to my heart had taught.

## The Setting Moon.

---

How many a course resembles thine ;  
Fair is the outset, swift the pace ;  
Progressive radiance seems to shine  
On the young pilgrim's early race.

Like thee, from earth I see him rise,  
I mark his bright, increasing ray ;  
Towards an unseen celestial prize  
With joyful speed he wings his way.

Still, as his spirit upward soars,  
Each grace is strengthened and refined,  
Those holier regions he explores,  
And leaves a sinful world behind.

While thus illumined from above,  
He shines with lustre not his own,  
This flattering world attracts his love,  
Alters his course, and draws him down.

Oh, then, how changed does he appear ;  
How quenched the radiance once so bright !  
Soon as he left that upper sphere,  
How quickly fled its beauteous light !

Still I behold him bright no more,  
His latest moments wrapt in gloom  
And now, the appointed circuit o'er,  
He sinks in darkness to the tomb.

## On Seeing the Isle of Wight after Sunset.



It was evening, and bright was the glow of the west ;  
The sun in calm splendour had sunk to his rest ;  
And twilight drew near, with her shadowy vest,  
    Earth, ocean, and sky to enfold ;  
When, gazing afar on the bright heaving surge,  
I beheld a fair island in beauty emerge,  
Which seemed, as it touched the horizon's gay verge,  
    Reposing on fleeces of gold.

Then it led me to think on the Christian's decline  
(When the natural sun seems but faintly to shine),  
How there breaks o'er his evening a lustre divine,  
    Which reveals a celestial abode ;  
Though the shadows around may be gathering fast,  
And a flood lies between, whose rough wave must be  
    past,  
The light lingers around that fair spot to the last,  
    Till the spirit returns to its God.

## For a Dying Bed.

---

CHRIST is my hope, Christ is my life,  
Christ is my strength, my victory—  
In this dark hour—this final strife,  
Through Christ a conqueror I shall be!  
Himself He will beside me stand,  
And save me with His own right hand.

Christ is my treasure, Christ my joy,  
I glory in His name alone,  
And death each barrier will destroy  
Which keeps me from that glorious throne,  
Where I shall see Him face to face,  
While all His mercies I retrace.

Christ is the Bridegroom of my soul,  
In Him are centered my desires—  
Now I have reached the wished-for goal,—  
And my enraptured soul aspires  
To dwell with Him (earth's troubles o'er)  
For ever, and for evermore!

It is I: be not afraid.



WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,  
My soul is not dismayed ;  
I hear a voice I know full well—  
“’Tis I : be not afraid.”

When black the threatening skies appear,  
And storms my path invade,  
Those accents tranquillize each fear :  
“’Tis I : be not afraid.”

There is a gulf that must be crossed ;  
Saviour, be near to aid !  
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,  
“’Tis I : be not afraid.”

There is a dark and fearful vale—  
Death hides within its shade—  
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
“’Tis I : be not afraid.”

## The Sabbath.

---

WHEN a traveller, far from his home of repose  
(Pressing towards it through dangers, obstructions,  
and woes),

In a foreign land meets and converses with those

Who bring news from that country so dear,  
How willingly then does he pause for awhile,  
His spirits to gladden, his toil to beguile ;  
Hope sheds o'er his features her heart-cheering  
smile,

And chases the sorrowful tear.

Thus, while yet in this wilderness-world we remain,  
Ever striving the "rest of the saints" to attain,  
How welcome, midst weariness, conflict, and pain,  
Is the pause the sweet Sabbath bestows !

Glad tidings from Zion encourage and cheer  
The fainting believer, and banish his fear ;  
He perceives that his Friend, his Redeemer, is  
near,

And will guide him to lasting repose.

## The Pilgrim's Hymn.

---

I AM a passing stranger here,  
A traveller hastening on,  
Through scenes which quickly disappear,—  
E'en while I gaze, they're gone.

This gay and busy world would strive  
My footsteps to detain,  
But every pleasure she can give  
Is transient, hurtful, vain.

Her pomp and show, her toil and care,  
And all she sets to view,  
Serve but to dazzle and ensnare  
Those who such baits pursue.

She once beguiled my erring feet,  
Her flowery paths to tread;  
But disappointment and regret  
My weary search repaid.

Oh, there's a different world above,  
On which I fix my eye,—  
A world of happiness and love,  
Of truth and purity.

## The Pilgrim's Hymn.

---

Admitted there I fain would be,  
Thither my steps I turn ;  
E'en now far off its light I see,  
Its glories I discern.

E'en now I almost seem to hear  
The voice of many a saint,  
Once loved on earth, rejoicing there  
In bliss no words can paint.

And thus with one accord they cry,  
"Oh, linger not below !  
Turn from that world thine heart and eye,  
If thou our bliss wouldst know.

"With us thou soon shalt strike thy lyre,  
And chant Emmanuel's grace,  
With countless hosts His love admire,  
And see Him face to face."

Then once again, vain world, to thee  
I bid a long farewell ;  
Thou hast no ties, no charms for me,  
To tempt me here to dwell.

Saviour, the Lord of worlds above,  
King of the land I seek,  
Support me by Thy strengthening love,  
Though fearful, faint, and weak.

Arise; this is not your Rest.

---

Prepare me for that blissful home,  
Where all Thy children meet;  
Then not the terrors of the tomb  
Shall keep me from Thy feet.



Arise; this is not your Rest.

---

ALAS! how oft I've lingered on my way,  
To raise, in some loved spot, a blissful bower,  
And trained each plant, and cherished every flower,  
As I were not "the pilgrim of a day."  
Forced by an unseen guardian-hand away,  
How have I spent in tears the bitter hour,  
Because no longer I retained the power  
Within my fancied paradise to stay!  
But now my hope, my purpose, my desire,  
Is ne'er again on earth to build my nest;  
Heavenward in every thought and act to aspire,  
My hourly motto, "This is not your rest!"  
And though sweet flowers along my path may  
bloom,  
Still to pass by them, pressing towards my home.

## A Thought on the Seashore.

---

I OBSERVED a fair bark on the ocean's green breast,  
When the winds were all tranquil, the billows at rest,  
The sky and the sea in gay colours were dressed,  
All was sunshine, above and below ;  
But the vessel, becalmed, was far off from her port ;  
In vain she to oars and to sail had resort ;  
The ocean, unmoved, seemed to smile, as in sport :  
Her progress was toilsome and slow.

I looked on another when fierce blew the gale ;  
She was tossed on the billows, and rent was her sail ;  
But the more the wild hurricane seemed to prevail,  
The swifter towards land was she driven.  
Then I mused on the ocean which I have to cross ;  
How its bright sunny calms tend to hinder my  
course ;  
And methought I could hail e'en the tempest's rude  
force,  
Might it waft me more quickly towards heaven.

## The Vale of Suffering.

---

A DEEP, sequestered valley may be found,  
Where no soft turf invites the pilgrim's feet;  
Barren and mournful is the soil around,  
Nor cheered by song of bird nor flow'ret sweet;  
Nor doth the eye the gladsome sunshine greet,  
But silent shadows, dark and desolate,  
Athwart the rugged path each other meet,  
Which fill the mind with thoughts disconsolate,  
As if around them there impending ill did wait.

There's not a path which hapless mortals tread,  
Whate'er their gifts, their state, their parentage,  
That does not to this lonely valley lead,  
Either in youth, in manhood, or in age;  
There meet alike the ignorant and the sage,  
The envied rich, the unobtrusive poor;  
The greater part their own sad thoughts engage,  
Nor does Persuasion's friendly voice allure,  
To ask each other's aid, or own what they endure.

Yet some there are, who, from the rest apart,  
With mutual love each other's burden bear,

## The Vale of Suffering.

---

A little band of pilgrims, one in heart,  
Who seem some hidden happiness to share,  
Which neither toil nor suffering can impair ;  
The thorny path with courage they pursue,  
And still a smile of sweet contentment wear,  
For at the end of that dark vale they view  
A prize which well may serve their ardour to renew.  
Sweet are their themes of converse by the way ;  
Each step they tread is consecrated ground ;  
That vale is peopled with a bright array  
Of saints and martyrs now with glory crowned,  
Whose blessed steps on every side are found ;  
Who watch their progress through the mournful vale,  
And bid some strain from their sweet harps resound,  
When grief or fear against them would prevail,  
And cause their heavenly hope and confidence to fail.  
But their best solace and their sweetest theme  
Is the dear name of Him whom most they love ;  
Greater Himself than finite man can deem,  
Whom boundless pity brought from realms above !  
Lest for His flock that vale too sad should prove,  
He travelled through it while on earth He stayed,  
Spent the last moments, ere His sad remove,  
Within the darkness of its deepest shade,  
Then forced a passage through, and heaven's bright  
gate displayed.

## Epitaph.

---

And thus its mournful aspect is reversed,  
For those who love His footsteps to pursue ;  
'Twas there by night He prayed, by day conversed ;  
There did His holy tears the ground bedew ;  
On every side some object strikes their view  
Which calls to mind His grief, His tenderness ;  
Compared with His, their woes are light and few :  
And thus each murmuring feeling they repress,  
And while they travel on His holy Name they bless.



## Epitaph.

---

OH, weep not for her! she has taken her flight,  
From the valley of tears to the land of delight ;  
Oh, weep not for her! she is ransomed and blest ;  
Her warfare is over, her spirit at rest.

We wander in darkness, we struggle with sin,  
Often fearing the race is too arduous to win ;  
She has entered the region where sin is unknown,  
And the crown and the prize are for ever her own.  
Oh, weep then no more that her spirit is fled ;  
Her life but began when we mourned her as dead ;  
Soon, soon may our dying existence be o'er!  
Soon, soon may we meet, to be parted no more!

## Sunset.

---

“ And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds : but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them.”—*Job xxxvii. 21.*

---

It is sunset, and bright is the glow of the west,  
As the vanishing orb sinks in beauty to rest ;  
The clouds in a thousand gay colours are drest,  
While the ocean reflects them below ;  
But, see, in a moment the tints disappear,  
No longer the clouds their gay livery wear ;  
The orb that bestowed them has ceased to be near ;  
Other hemispheres welcome him now.

In myself, like those clouds, I am dull and opaque,  
Yet, at times (ah, too seldom) fair colours I take,  
From a Sun whose eternal refulgence can make  
All glorious, wherever 'tis given ;  
He clothes me with beauty, He cheers me with light ;  
While His face shines upon me all nature looks bright ;  
But, oh, when His beauties are veiled from my sight,  
All is darkness, on earth and in heaven.

## To a Widowed Friend.

---

“ Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous : nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteōusness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.”—*Heb.* xii. 11, 12.

---

I VIEW thy passage through this vale of tears,  
The sorrows which have marked thy youthful morn,  
And then I grieve thy heart has been so torn  
With agitating passions, hopes, and fears.  
Oh, may sweet peace attend thy future years,  
Or still may all thy varied griefs be borne  
By Him whose pity sooths the heart forlorn,  
Whose heavenly smile the saddest bosom cheers.  
'Tis well for thee the cup of earthly bliss  
So soon was rendered bitter to thy taste ;  
It was not meant that on a world like this  
Thy heaven-born soul her energies should waste :  
Each sorrow whispers, “ Seek thy peace above,  
And give to God thy undivided love.”

## The Fading Flower.

---

FULL many a bud and flow'ret fair  
Wakes at the breath of morn;  
And plants, whose fragrance fill the air,  
Our summer wreaths adorn.

But plants and flowers of sweet perfume  
Fade with the falling year;  
The lovely scenes in which they bloom  
Themselves will disappear.

One Plant alone, of choicest worth,  
Destruction's power defies;  
A purer climate gave it birth,  
Where no sweet blossom dies.

The Sun, whose beams mature its hues,  
Shines not on earthly bowers;  
'Tis visited by sweeter dews  
Than fall on earthly flowers.

Heavenward each beauteous branch aspires,  
Its flower can never fade;  
The final elemental fires  
Shall not one leaf invade.

## On my Birthday.

---

'Twas planted by a Hand Divine,  
To bloom in worlds above,  
And through eternity shall shine,  
A trophy of His love!



## On my Birthday.

---

THERE was a wanderer once, who strove in vain  
At earthly fountains to assuage her thirst;  
For though they sparkled and seemed sweet at first,  
Soon, unabated, it returned again:  
But He who marks and pities human pain,  
And loves to pardon and reclaim the worst,  
Met her, in mercy infinite; as erst  
Another wanderer on Samaria's plain.  
He led her to the living stream that flows  
From heavenly springs, the pilgrim to restore;  
And there she quenched her thirst, and learnt that  
those  
Who drink that water thirst again no more,  
But hasten on, through strength divinely given,  
E'en till they reach the fountain-head in heaven.

## A Sabbath Meditation.

---

JESUS, my Advocate Divine !

Thy wondrous love shall be my theme ;  
Chiefly on this glad day of Thine,  
When all things sweeter seem.

Sweet is the sunshine's vernal glow,  
And still more sweet the Sabbath calm,  
But not unless Thy love bestow  
Celestial balm.

Oh, when the baneful power of sin  
Veils that which can alone make glad,  
My heart is desolate within,  
Benighted, sad.

The azure sky, the sparkling sea,  
Spring's opening charms, around, above,  
All are a mournful blank to me  
Without Thy love.

And then the burden weighs me down  
Which with Thy smile is gladly borne ;  
The brightest day is dark as night,  
All seems to mourn.

## A Sabbath Meditation.

---

But when upon my soul is shed  
That radiant smile's restoring power,  
The little spot on which I tread  
Seems Eden's bower.

A hidden source of sacred joy  
Springs up at once within my heart,  
Which nothing earthly can alloy,  
Nothing impart.

Earth brightens with a lovelier grace,  
The flowers with fairer charms unfold,  
For then in everything I trace  
Thy love untold.

I lift to Thee my tearful eye,  
And silently that love adore,  
Which grants of bliss, before I die,  
So rich a store.

Grants me, midst languor, weakness, pain,  
Such strength to suffer, hope to cheer,  
That now I faint not, nor complain,  
For Thou art near.

Nay, sometimes leisure, comfort, ease,  
Dear, precious friends to soothe and guide,  
So much to succour me, and please,  
On every side.

On the Shore, at Moonlight.

---

Yet to my faith Thy Spirit tells,  
Of bliss which all these joys outweighs,  
E'en as the noon's full blaze excels  
The dawn's first rays.

And tells me Thy unbounded love,  
My Saviour, ere Thy grace I sought,  
For me, in those bright realms above,  
A mansion bought.

And Thou wilt keep my ransomed soul,  
Through faith, by Thine almighty power,  
Each sin subdue, each foe control.  
E'en till my latest hour.

Then bid my unbelief remove ;  
For when to Thee I yield my breath,  
Thy love, Thy wondrous love, will prove,  
Stronger than death.



On the Shore, at Moonlight.

---

THOU restless, and boundless, and fathomless sea,  
Whose turbulent waves struggle hard to be free,  
As if they would spurn the Almighty decree  
That limits their dangerous course.

## On the Shore, at Moonlight.

---

How vain are thy tossings ! Secure from on high,  
Still sports with thy billows the Queen of the sky,  
And still are they bound, as in ages gone by,  
    With a secret, invincible force.

And is there no mandate of force to control  
The swellings of passion, the storms of the soul,  
No voice to arrest them, while madly they roll,  
    Bearing ruin and wrath in their train?  
Though reason remonstrate, though conscience con-  
    demn,  
Must they both be borne down the impetuous stream,  
While the light from above appears vainly to beam,  
    Unable their force to restrain?

Oh no ! He who curbs the tempestuous deep,  
Who rules the rough whirlwind, and governs its sweep,  
He can hush the wild storms of the bosom to sleep,  
    At His bidding, there will be a calm :  
He can send down His Spirit, sweet peace to restore.  
And to "move on the face of the waters" once more ;  
"The war in the elements" then will be o'er,  
    And the halycon's soft melody charm.



## A Hymn.



OH, never can I serve Thee here,  
My Saviour, as I ought—  
Without an unbelieving fear,  
Without a wandering thought.

When at Thy mercy-seat I kneel,  
And strive indeed to pray,  
Then most the power of sin I feel,  
And Satan's cruel sway.

But in that world on which I fix,  
By faith, my tearful eyes,  
No sin its hateful taint will mix,  
To spoil my sacrifice.

Nor ever from the blissful hour  
I gain that safe retreat,  
Shall any cruel foe have power  
To drive me from Thy feet.

## A Hymn.

---

I shall not offer, then, to Thee  
A cold, divided heart :  
All, all Thine own my soul will be,  
Renewed in every part.

When shall I bid a long adieu  
To scenes of sin and woe ;  
And "face to face" that Saviour view  
I serve so ill below ?

When with His saints shall I appear,  
And worship as I ought,—  
Without an unbelieving fear,  
Without a wandering thought ?

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