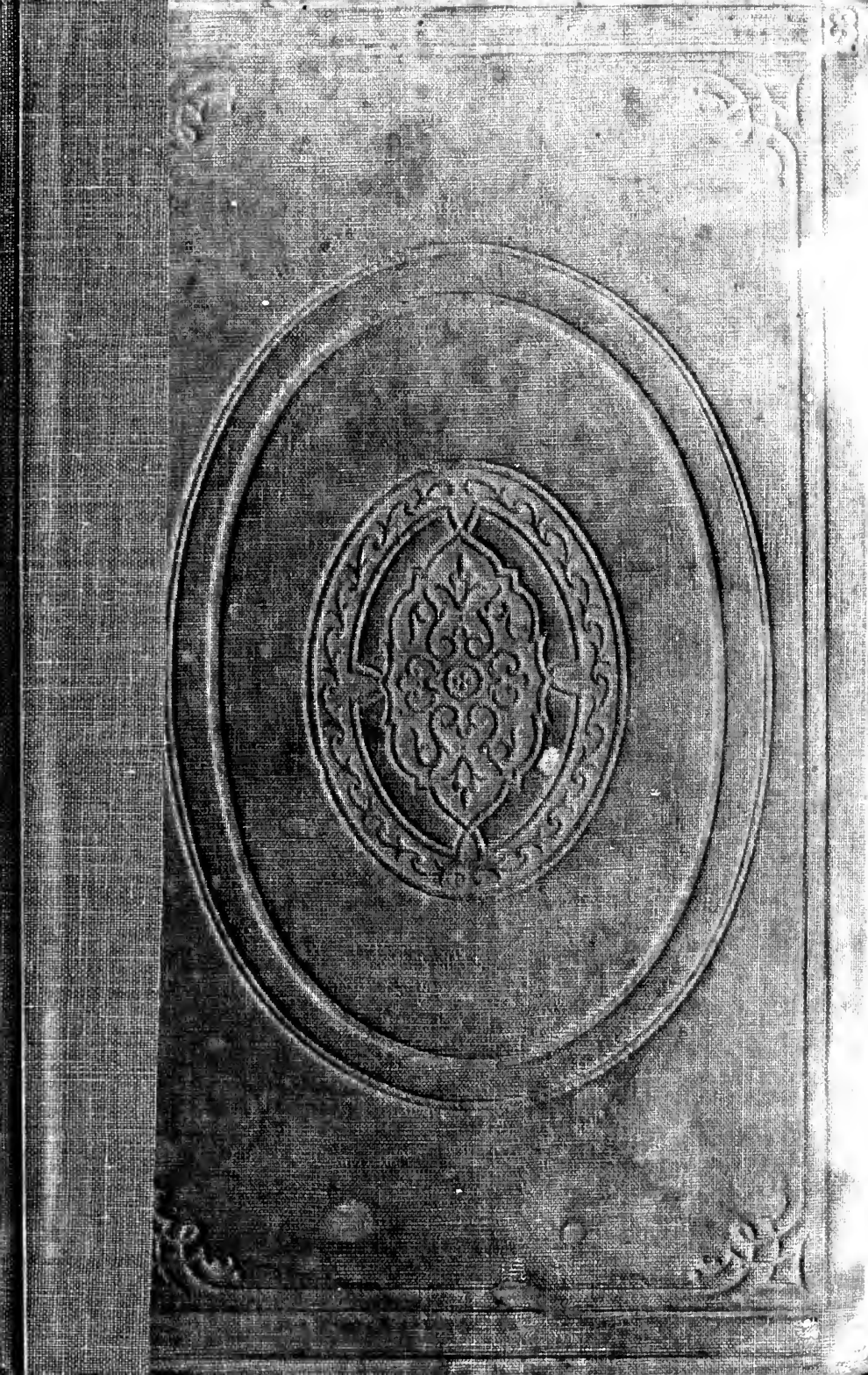

A LIFE

HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

BEING

A Memoir

OF

SUSAN ALLIBONE.

CHIEFLY COMPILED FROM

HER DIARY AND LETTERS.

BY

ALFRED LEE,

BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN DELAWARE.

"To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1856.

PREFACE.

To those who enjoyed the privilege of acquaintance with the subject of this Memoir, it would be superfluous to adduce reasons for its publication. Among them, it is believed, there is no difference of opinion as to the advantage and duty of giving to the community as full a delineation of her life and labors, as the materials which are accessible can supply. While her life was that of a retired invalid, the grace of God which was in her could not be hid, but was productive of such abundant and blessed fruits, that she became, in her own city and vicinity, extensively known — so far known, indeed, and loved, and honored, as to awaken a very general and earnest desire for a memorial like the present. The author has complied with the request to prepare the sketch for the public eye, with unfeigned reluctance, sensible of his inability, amid other numerous and pressing engagements, to do it justice. But the task itself appeared attractive in prospect, and has proved delightful in execution. He can only express the hope that the reader may find as much pleasure and edification in the perusal, as he has found in the preparation. It has

seemed to him that it could not but be seasonable and profitable, in a day like this, when superficial religion is widely prevalent, to present to the disciples of Christ such an exhibition of profound and living piety — of warm, spiritual affections — of delight in God — of fixed principle — of outflowing, expansive love — of a "conversation in heaven." It will, he trusts, encourage the heart and strengthen the faith of many a weak and timid believer, to witness such effects of divine grace, and such a manifestation of the love and power of Christ to them that trust in Him. And to those who, like Susan Allibone, are cut off from the enjoyments of health, and confined to the couch of languishing, this illustration of the influences of the Spirit compensating for every privation, and causing the tortured invalid to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, is commended, in the hope that it may lead them to the same unfailing source of peace and happiness. Her example shows what the Gospel is worth to the sufferer who embraces it in simplicity and sincerity — the Gospel — and nothing beside. The truth as it is in Jesus proved, in her case, its divine energy — its heaven-derived power to comfort, elevate and sanctify the soul. And well would it be, if some of those who are searching for truth in the mazes of human speculation, or who are clinging to those delusions of self-righteousness and formalism, respecting which she has recorded her emphatic condemnation, might be led to recognise, in her experience and character, the value of those scriptural and evangelical principles which were dearer to her than life. This biography, it is hoped, will

also show how much may be done for the glory of the Redeemer, and the salvation of immortal souls, even under circumstances seemingly depressing and adverse, by the Christian who enters into the reality and preciousness of the doctrines which he professes.

Only wishing that this work had been entrusted to a more competent hand, it is now submitted to those who feel an interest in the manifestations of practical Christianity as an humble attempt to portray the character and influence —

1. *Of a true woman* — one who, while gifted with great mental energy, ever exhibited the delicacy, tenderness and refinement of her sex.

2. *Of a true friend* — who constantly gave the best proofs of affection by faithful admonitions and fervent intercessions.

3. *Of a true Episcopalian* — who fully appreciated and happily exemplified the fervent, elevated and charitable spirit of the Church of her choice.

4. *Of a true believer* — to whom "faith was the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

5. *Of a true disciple of Jesus Christ* — who sat meekly at His feet, imbibed His Spirit, lived His religion, and glorified His name.

WILMINGTON, Del.,
Dec. 7th, 1855.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER V. — A. D. 1834.

CHAPTER VI. — A. D. 1834.

CHAPTER VII. — A. D. 1835.

CHAPTER VIII. — A. D. 1836.

CHAPTER IX. — A. D. 1837.

CHAPTER X. — A. D. 1838.

CHAPTER XI. — A. D. 1839.

CHAPTER XII. — A. D. 1840—1842.

CHAPTER XIII. — A. D. 1842.

CHAPTER XIV. — A. D. 1843.

CHAPTER XXV. — A. D. 1854.

CHAPTER XXVI. — A. D. 1854.

MEMOIR

OF

SUSAN ALLIBONE.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction — Birth — Maternal Influence — School-days — Love of Study—Partiality for Poetry—Works of Fiction—Later Judgment.

THE works of the Lord furnish an inexhaustible source of delight and instruction. The treasured secrets of the material universe, the mysteries of over-ruling Providence, the manifold arrangements that render earth so beautiful and convenient a dwelling-place for man, amply reward the researches of the patient inquirer. But redemption presents a fairer and more glorious page to our study than creation — grace has richer stores and purer gems than nature. No wisdom is more wondrous than that which builds up the temple of the Lord with living stones, and erects therewith a meet, acceptable shrine for his eternal indwelling. No loving-kindness is more admirable than that which translates undying souls from the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear Son. No earthly charms, however attractive and exquisite, can compare with the beauty of holiness. In the language of one whose character the following pages will attempt to delineate, "It is delightful to watch the expanding foliage and budding flower; still more interesting is the

development of intellect and of social and moral character; but it is a more hallowed and satisfactory employment to trace the operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of a believer." The signal triumphs of divine grace are too precious to be lightly esteemed or soon forgotten. They confirm the faith and animate the hopes of the wayfarer towards Jerusalem that is above. There is a sacred duty devolved upon survivors, to preserve and perpetuate shining examples of Christian excellence. The light enkindled by fire from heaven, which hath beamed with holy brightness, ought not to be quenched or hidden by the shadows of the tomb. Long after the orb of day hath descended behind the Western hills, his mellowed rays illumine and guide us. And years after the faithful disciple of Jesus hath gone the way of all the earth, holy instructions and affectionate counsels, works of faith and labors of love, active zeal and patient submission, survive to edify and bless.

The present memoir is an humble attempt to perpetuate the name, and to widen the hallowed influence, of one whose memory is embalmed in many sweet and holy recollections. None who knew SUSAN ALLIBONE, while she was a dweller upon earth, could doubt that her name was written in heaven. There will be a cloud of witnesses to rise up in the great day of recompense and call her blessed: sinners, whom she was the instrument of converting; Christians, whom she strengthened and animated; mourners, whom she comforted; wanderers, whom she led back to the Shepherd of the flock; the aged, whose feeble knees she confirmed; the youthful, whom she sweetly attracted; and the little children, to whom she spake so winningly of a Saviour's love. And although her voice is no longer heard in the fervent prayer or the melting appeal, and her pale, sweet countenance is hidden beneath the sod, yet her bright example long will live, and her words spoken in season carefully be treasured up. She "being dead, yet speaketh." And now that her ear cannot

be pained with the sound of human commendation, a full exhibition of a character so eminently sanctified, is but another trophy laid at the feet of that Saviour, who was indeed all her salvation and all her desire.

The traveller, approaching Philadelphia by the Southern Railroad, after crossing the Schuylkill, sees on the opposite bank of the river an interesting landscape. Smooth, verdant fields slope gently down to the margin of the stream. A magnificent grove of forest trees crowns the crest of the hill, and embowers an ancient mansion to which the estate once pertained. But the dwelling and the grounds are no longer joyous with the mirth of the living. The monumental marble glistens in its white purity amid the trees, and the silent dead repose beneath the grassy turf, within sight of the busy city, but beyond the sound of its stirring multitudes, unvexed by its agitations. Under one of these noble trees is the simple monument on which is graven a name associated inseparably, in the minds of her familiar friends, with the glory of Christ. It was a spot which she loved to visit while still permitted a brief escape from the chamber of sickness, and where she passed many hours of delightful meditation, looking forward with joy to the period when her flesh should there rest in hope, and her spirit be welcomed to its heavenly home. When "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible," how radiant and glorious a celestial body will emerge from that sepulchre, and "be caught up to meet the Lord!"

Susan Allibone was born in the city of Philadelphia, July 29th, 1813. Her father, William, the son of Thomas and Esther Allibone, was also born in Philadelphia, March 4th, 1781, and departed this life, Nov. 18th, 1821. Her mother, Sarah, daughter of John and Sarah Smith, was born near Wrightstown, Bucks County, May 31st, 1784. Of this venerated parent, Susan always spoke in terms of enthusiastic admiration and affection. The diary and letters embraced in

this sketch show that no common bond united the mother and the children. And these unstudied, confidential outgushings of filial love and reverence furnish a beautiful tribute to her parent's memory, and embody a graphic portraiture of her character. The subject of this memoir felt her own debt to maternal tenderness, fidelity, and wisdom to be a large one, and gladly and gratefully did she confess it. And what was the heart-wrench occasioned by the parting of the grave, when the mother was removed from the household which she cherished and adorned, will be best appreciated from her own touching language.

The firm and decided character of the mother, her calm energy and excellent judgment, were admirably calculated to control and direct a temperament like that of Susan, naturally ardent and impetuous. Under her judicious, fostering care, Susan's infancy grew up to sprightly, ingenuous youth, and youth expanded into sensitive, warm-hearted womanhood. A large family of brothers and sisters contributed to each other's happiness, and the ties of affectionate interest among all the members of the family were strong and abiding. Fixed, sterling principle was prominent in the mother's character, and was, with God's blessing, successfully imparted to her children. Truth, integrity, benevolence, and kindness were inculcated by example as well as precept, and the mother was spared long enough to reap a very precious reward of her cares and solicitudes.

Susan gave early indications of an active, vigorous intellect, and a warm, lively imagination. At school, her progress was satisfactory and rapid, and of her teacher she always spoke with great regard and affection. Her fondness for study and thirst for knowledge rendered it afterwards a sore trial, when the failure of her health required the abandonment of severe mental application.

Her love of literature was absorbing, and she often luxuriated, in some secluded retreat, in the quiet enjoyment of a

favorite author. To her taste for the beautiful, and vivid imagination, poetry was exceedingly attractive, — neither is it to be wondered at that works of fiction had their charm for her early years. But after she knew Christ, or rather was known of him, she gave a striking evidence of the reality and firmness of her new principles, in the entire renunciation of this fascinating literature. The suspicion that a practice was injurious to the spiritual character, and hostile to growth in grace, was always enough to determine her course. She resolutely acted upon her convictions of duty, at whatever immediate sacrifice, and never hesitated to forego any gratification upon which she could not ask the blessing of God.

The subjoined letter to a friend alludes to her early fondness for such seductive works, and gives her matured judgment respecting this indulgence :—

"The pamphlet thee playfully sent me, dear ——, I have thus long detained, not that it might receive an attentive perusal, but from a desire to accompany it with an expression of affectionate interest, of which dear sister's pen must be the medium. A formal criticism upon works of fiction I do not wish to give thee. I must not forget how much I once delighted in these polluted streams. It is in sorrow, not in anger, that I would persuade my friends to forsake them. The river of life, dear ——, yields purer and more refreshing waters, and of these alone may we drink and be satisfied. Oh! taste and see that the Lord is gracious. Let experience test the blessedness of religion, and then will thee confirm my testimony, that one hour of its enjoyment is of greater value than all the pleasures of earth. The happiness of the Christian is not all prospective. God gives his children the earnest of his promised inheritance, and they regard with compassionate tenderness those around them who amuse themselves with trifles here, and are quite unfurnished for the world to come. 'We must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.' And how shall I then feel, if I be not faithful in the discharge of my responsibility towards one who is united to me by the ties of kindred? Pray, my dear ——, for a realization of eternal things. The dream of earthly pleasure cannot last for ever. It will be fearful, indeed, to awake in a dying hour or in a world of wo! Jesus of Nazareth passeth by; beseech Him to enter thy heart: He will

wash away its sins, and fill it with holy joy. It will know no longer the restlessness of *ennui*, but will rest in peace upon the Rock of Ages. There will be joy in the presence of the angels of God, and then will fervent thanksgiving ascend from the heart of thy friend."

The following interesting reference to her feelings at this period of her life, is taken from an unfinished letter addressed to the pupils of a Female Seminary:—

"My school-days have passed away, but not so my sympathy with the warm feelings and bright hopes of a young heart. I would not harshly reprove its wayward imaginings, nor rudely awake it from its day-dreams. I would not speak only of the stern realities of life, and the disappointments which so often crush the buoyant spirit. Oh, no! my young friends. I would tell you first of 'Him who was lifted up from the earth that He might draw all men unto Him.' How ardently *I* once desired some source of happiness, which I found not in myself, nor the objects which surrounded me; and how did I strive to satisfy this longing of the soul by recourse to the fictions of other minds, and the romantic aspirations of my own! I saw at once that the pleasures of the world did not even promise enjoyment; for the unmeaning conversation, and idle pursuits of the circles of gaiety, were to me scarcely more interesting than the toys of childhood. I endeavoured to acquire knowledge, and though my intellectual possessions were very limited, it was my delight to add to them a little more. I knew there was no resting-place upon the hill of science, but its rugged ascent presented attractions which urged me to journey on. But there was still a painful void: I had a spiritual nature, and it was not at home in any sublunary pursuit. The Holy Spirit, who marked my ineffectual research, then graciously vouchsafed me light enough to show me that I had lost my way, and I resolved to seek my Heavenly Father's blessing."

Writing long afterward to a young person obliged by ill health to desist from study, she says:—"I remember well how many tears I shed when I was subjected to this trial, for it was my earnest desire to acquire vast stores of information, but I felt even then that there was one subject of investigation more important than all the resources of human literature."

CHAPTER II.

1833.

First Religious Impressions — Discouragement — Conversion — Dr. Bedell's Ministry — Baptism — First Approach to the Lord's Table — Confirmation — Love for the Episcopal Church and Liturgy — Catholic Spirit — St. Andrew's, Philadelphia — Evangelical Views.

THE era of the believer's second birth — of the commencement of the new, the immortal life, hid with Christ in God — with what interest will it be invested throughout eternity! With what delighted wonder will the glorified saint review each step of the way in which the Lord led his servant, emerging from nature's darkness into marvellous light, and discover the amazing wisdom and love which directed his goings. In the experience of some of God's children, the transition is marked and sudden from death in trespasses and sins to newness of life. The conviction of sin is sharp and agonizing, and the believing view of the Lamb of God is immediately attended with such emotions of relief and joy, that the circumstances of the change are manifest, and the hour discernible. But among those familiarized, from early youth, with the truths of redemption, this is not the ordinary method of the Spirit's operation. Silently and imperceptibly, the truth, that had been known to the intellect, stirs the conscience, engages the affections, and penetrates the heart. Like the natural husbandry, there is first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. The influx of the divine light is not like the tropical sun-rise, flooding the landscape, a little while before buried in night's obscurity, with an almost instantaneous and overpowering radiance; but like the unveiling of the same bright orb in more temperate, but not less favored regions, the dawn advances with a progress

almost imperceptible, until the perfect day gladdens the rejoicing world.

Thus it was with the eminent Christian whose deep religious experience, whose ripeness in knowledge and grace will be presented in the following pages, chiefly through the medium of her own unconscious pen. Her conversion was not one marked by sudden transitions and violent emotions. Like Lydia's, her heart was gently opened by the Spirit of truth, and the conclusion that she was herself a new creature in Christ Jesus was the result of calm reflection, and the review of a change that had been many months in progress. Comparing her present with her former self, she recognized, with tremulous hope, and joy mingled with solicitude, cheering indications that she had been the subject of divine grace, and was confirmed in her purpose of devoting herself to the Lord. Upon this point she remarks, in her own Diary (under date of February 17th, 1833):

"I am often grieved that I have not experienced deeper convictions of sin, and stronger feelings of repentance; but I desire to experience any feelings that may be profitable. I will not be discouraged on that account, especially as my religious feelings have been so very gradual. The conviction of being an object of the displeasure of God has weighed heavily upon my mind during the past year or two; and as I have recently become sensible of a more peaceful state of mind than I have ever before enjoyed, I will trust that a saving change has commenced in my heart, and that it will not be long ere more light be given me."

The religious sentiments of Miss Allibone were put to the test of protracted and distressing illness, and were intimately connected, in the minds of her friends, with the confinement and pain by which they were so beautifully illustrated; but they were not, at their commencement, the fruit of broken health, and enforced seclusion. On the contrary, she turned from the world when it lay all bright and tempting before

her, and chose the Lord for her portion before she knew the tedium and distress of the invalid's chamber. In one of her letters, commending her Saviour's love, occurs the remark, "She might suppose that suffering had driven *me* to this refuge; but I felt that it alone is a resting-place, before I felt the influence of disease."

Her attention seems to have been first arrested by a sermon which she heard, at the age of sixteen, on the text, "The wages of sin is death." So much was she impressed by it, that she was induced to seek the society of Christians, in the hope of obtaining that encouragement and guidance, of which she now felt the need. In this hope she was disappointed. Her thirst for religious knowledge was not satisfied, and her salutary impressions grew by degrees fainter. The remembrance of this stage in her spiritual history, and of the loss and discouragement which she sustained, by the want of Christian counsel and invitation to communicate her own feelings, exerted a decided influence upon her religious life. She dreaded lest she herself should thus quench the aspirations of any awakened soul, and especially of any youthful seeker after salvation; and hence she was ready, not only to welcome the introduction, but to anticipate the all-important subject. Her heart was overflowing with love for the souls of all around her, and out of the abundance of the heart her mouth spake constantly, affectionately, and persuasively. She formed the habit of introducing religion into all her conversations and letters, and combined fidelity and plainness with such winning gentleness and cordial sympathy, that none could be offended. The Lord God gave her the tongue of the learned, that she might speak a word in season to those that were weary.

Her desires for peace with God were again rekindled, and she found special blessing and comfort from the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church. The labors of that devoted servant of God formed an era in the

religious history of the city in which his lot was cast. He "preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," and "by manifestation of the truth, commended himself to every conscience, in the sight of God." And among the many precious souls who will be his "joy and crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus," is the subject of this memoir. The faithful pastor and the docile member of his flock now hymn together the praises of Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood.

On the 31st of January, 1833, being then in the twentieth year of her age, she received baptism at the hands of Dr. Bedell. The first entry in her Diary, bearing date February 2d, 1833, thus alludes to this solemn and interesting event:

"With a grateful heart do I make this record of my feelings. It constitutes but one among the many attempts I have made to keep a Diary. Hitherto, my feelings have been so complicated, and often so inexplicable, that their retrospect has afforded me little gratification. I trust their nature is now changed, and that the same grace which has thus far influenced my heart will bring it into a state of complete subjection, so that I may henceforth daily rejoice in the mercy of my Heavenly Father, and become more and more opposed to aught that is repugnant to His will.

"I have made a solemn vow to devote my heart and life to His service, and was induced to do so by a conviction that strength would be given me for its fulfilment. I trust that the feelings of solemnity induced by a sense of the important step I have taken, may be ever vividly traced on my memory."

In her Diary, January 31st, 1834, she remarks:

"This day, a year ago, my dear —— and I were baptized. I entered into such solemn obligations, trusting in the strength of my Saviour, and truly can I say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.'"

It was, indeed, a sincere, unreserved surrender that she

made of herself to the Lord, in his appointed ordinance; and the covenant into which she then publicly entered was, in all things, "well ordered and sure." None who knew her can doubt that she "witnessed a good confession," and how well she fulfilled her solemn promise and vow, to "fight manfully under Christ's banner, and continue his faithful soldier and servant, unto her life's end," all could testify. She led, indeed, "the rest of her life according to that beginning." The duty of a public profession of their faith, by all who are intent on the kingdom of heaven, and who indulge a hope of salvation, was to her mind perfectly evident.

Her correspondence will show how faithfully she urged this obligation upon those whom she counselled. The step which she herself took from conscience towards God, and from the desire to render full obedience to her Saviour's commands, and which she was fully convinced had brought her rich spiritual blessings, she earnestly commended to all who were seeking the way of life. And representations of the binding and sacred character of this duty, and of the benefits that would flow from its right performance, came with much power and effect from one so spiritually-minded. That there is no necessary connection between divinely-appointed forms and formality, and that the way of obedience is the way of peace and holiness, was made evident by her own example. Miss Allibone's early associations, it may be here remarked, were, to a considerable extent, with the Society of Friends. She numbered many endeared intimates and family connections among that people, and in her letters and conversation was accustomed frequently to use their characteristic language.

The next entry in her Diary, which, from this time, was kept up, for some years, with little interruption, records her feelings of anxiety in reference to her first approach to the Lord's table:

"*February 4th.*—I was not aware until Saturday afternoon that I was expected to take the Sacrament the next day. I

felt greatly agitated, as I feared my mind was not prepared for so solemn an ordinance. I made several unsuccessful efforts to see Dr. Bedell, with a determination to tell him the nature of my feelings, and to be guided then by his advice. As I could not see him, I felt very uneasy on the subject, and my rest was much disturbed. I did not dare to refuse the privilege, and feared to accept it. I almost concluded, however, to accept it before going to church. I had then an opportunity of seeing Dr. Bedell, and my resolution was confirmed. I have never before experienced feelings of so solemn a nature. I now rejoice that I acted as I did. I was assured of the sincerity of my heart, and trusted to God for the rest. May I ever be enabled to trust in His mercy. I have so little faith. I trust it will be increased. I feel the most heartfelt desire to know more of spiritual things. I am perfectly willing to give up the world, and even all my friends, and my life, if it be God's will, and yet I feel so ignorant, and so very sinful: my mind has been so much confused during the past week. I pray Thee, oh, my Heavenly Father, to give me more faith in Thee; to take away every enjoyment and every desire opposed to Thy will; to enable me to love Thee supremely; to perform every duty in the most conscientious manner, and to delight in Thy word, in Thy people, and in prayer to Thee. Teach me to love my Bible better than all other books.

"I feel very thankful that I am so surrounded by friends, and, above all, that my beloved parent is so disposed to encourage my endeavours to perform my duty."

"*Monday, Feb. 12th.*—I have endured severe suffering. I have experienced so much kindness during my short indisposition, and have passed so many happy moments, that I can recur to it with pleasure. I have been reading Baxter's Saints' Rest, and have derived both pleasure and profit from its perusal. What would once have induced me to read such

a book! It would have seemed too dry and prosing for endurance.

"There is nothing equal to religion. One moment of its enjoyment is worth more than all the pleasures of the world. If, with the limited experience I have had of its influence, such is my conviction, how happy, how joyful must be those who are wholly devoted to its service! I trust that I shall improve every day. To become a devoted Christian is the earnest desire of my heart, and I do believe that God will make me one. My heart is not now in the right state, and I sometimes fear it never will be, but I would yet trust in Him who is the light of my countenance, and my God. How grateful I feel for His exceeding mercy!"

"*February* 17*th*.—I was prevented by the inclemency of the weather from attending church on Friday evening, and regretted it much, for I especially enjoy our lectures, there is so much spirituality in them. Yesterday I felt unusually happy: I am too much disposed to check such feelings from a fear that they are not the result of self-knowledge. I suspect that I may thereby account for the depression I sometimes feel. I heard a sermon, this morning, on the danger of self-dependence. I do trust that I shall be gifted with more humility: so much danger is incurred by the slightest approach to self-righteousness, and I trust that I shall never be guided in matters of conscience by the opinion of the world. This afternoon I heard a blessed sermon from Dr. B. His text was, "I press toward the mark," and was addressed to professors of religion chiefly. He urged the importance of a correct estimate of our spiritual condition. I have most earnestly endeavored to attain it: I am sure of this much, that I have been induced to make a profession of religion by a conviction of duty, and a sincere desire to enlist myself among the followers of Christ, with a willingness to incur all risk, and to make every needful sacrifice; that I would gladly renounce every pursuit in which I ever have,

or continue to delight, if convinced that my eternal interest would be thereby advanced. I am convinced of my incapacity to do right, and am able to trust in Christ for my redemption, though I often feel that my faith is very weak."

"*February 26th.*—I am not often able to write even a few lines, as I almost invariably increase the pain in my shoulder by doing so. I have experienced much mercy within the past week or two, and many feelings for which I desire to be very grateful. I enjoyed Sunday very much. I always observe that when I feel in the morning a very warm desire to perform my duty, and pray earnestly that I may be enabled to do so, I pass an unusually happy day."

Her Diary gives very early indication of that close and faithful self-examination, which was ever a marked feature of her character as a Christian. Her fervent petition was often uttered in the Psalmist's words, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." To her conscientious performance of this self-denying duty was doubtless greatly owing her rapid growth in grace, and eminent holiness. Where friends saw every thing to admire, she found much to condemn. While they were commending her devotion and consistency, she was humbling herself before a holy God for her sins and short-comings. Thus her conscience was kept tender, and she walked humbly with her God.

Thus she writes—

"*March 5th.*—On one occasion had cause to regret the levity of my conduct. I attended the communion table on Sunday, and was profited thereby. My conduct on Saturday was very inconsistent. I indulged in feelings of anger, and attempted to justify myself to myself by the plea that I was wronged. There can certainly be no excuse for me. I thought I perhaps ought not to take the Sacrament, but I felt so very penitent, and so desirous to be preserved from

similar sins, that I persevered in my intention, and am glad that I did.

"I dearly love the house of God, and am very grateful for the comfort and edification I receive from my attendance there. I shall be very thankful if my health should be so restored as to enable me to attend more regularly. I desire most earnestly to be resigned to the dispensations of God, whatever they may be, and I am aware that by patient submission to these dispensations, it may be a means of benefit. We had a very solemn lecture this evening. I felt so earnest a desire that my sisters and some of my friends who were present, should be profited. I think I feel more interest in the salvation of others.

"I have had a great deal of trouble with my temper of late. I have several times yielded to very unamiable feelings, and have suffered severely on account of it. I have determined, in the strength of the Lord, that I will overcome my faults, and become gentle and forbearing. I will make this a subject of daily prayer, and I know that grace will be given me to succeed.

"I had a conversation with Dr. Bedell last Thursday. I told him that I could not experience as great a degree of assurance as I thought I ought to feel. He asked me if I thought I should be condemned if God were to remove me from the world. I told him certainly not. He then asked me, where then I expected to go. I felt very grateful for his advice, and found it profitable. I ought to have more faith. 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'"

"*March 4th.*—The ordinance of Confirmation was administered on Sunday. It was to me a most solemn day. I forgot that all eyes were upon me, and remembered only the All-seeing eye. I so deeply felt my own unworthiness, that I was tempted to fear to number myself among the followers of Christ; but, surely, He who has given me grace to make a profession of religion, will give me grace to sustain it. My

dear mother and sisters were present, and I offered a fervent prayer that they might never witness any inconsistency in my conduct that could prejudice them against the cause in which I have engaged, and that I might be rendered an instrument of grace to them. We had a sermon in the afternoon calculated to be of great advantage. The remarks upon the regulation of the temper were excellent. I have thought and prayed a great deal on this subject, and I feel very grateful to my Heavenly Father that He has enabled me, in many instances, to resist the temptations I have had to yield to improper feelings of anger and unkindness. There is much still to be conquered, and I pray for grace to strive and strive until, through Christ, I am conqueror. I enjoy prayer more than ever before, and humbly trust that I am growing in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ. How much more rapid might be my advancement, were I disposed to pray without ceasing, and ever strive against evil! We had a lecture this morning on the subject of conformity. It was excellent, and I trust I shall long remember it. I am reading Bickersteth on Prayer. I have found it a great benefit, and would recommend it to every one. It gives such encouraging views of prayer.

"*April 8th.*—The past week has been to me very interesting. Last Thursday we had the last of the delightful prayer-meetings that have continued through Lent. I felt quite affected. I have enjoyed them so much, and trust that I have profited by them, though I have cause to deplore many wanderings of heart, while apparently engaged in the most solemn duties. On Good Friday, the first that ever seemed to me any more than a holiday, not a *holy day*, I attended church twice. In the morning, the subject of the sermon was the necessity of profound humility, and entire dependence on the merits of Christ, and proved that all intellectual pride must be subdued. I thought all my pride was gone, and was grieved to find that a degree of it was still abiding

in my heart. Of all others, I have least cause of pride, and I wonder that I am not humbled to the dust. I returned home in much distress, and earnestly prayed that God would implant within my heart a spirit of deep humility. This dreadful temptation soon left me, and I do trust that it is my soul's desire to be entirely subservient to the will of my Maker, and to know more of the depravity of my nature.

"The Saturday evening prayer-meeting was very solemn. I felt so peaceful. Yesterday the communion was administered. Dr. B. requested those who had never before communed, to come forward alone, and gave them a deeply impressive exhortation. I trust I shall always remember its solemnity, and I prayed that we might one day glorify together in heaven, Him whose death we were commemorating on earth. How solemn is this ordinance! God grant that I may never receive it unworthily. I love to pray, and desire to be ever in the spirit of prayer. I have been unusually contented this week, and think I have enjoyed prayer more than ever before."

Of the sincerity, earnestness, and dependence upon God, with which the course of Susan Allibone, as a professed disciple of Christ, began, we have in the foregoing lines the clearest evidence. The varied steps of her Christian experience, the lights and shadows that fell upon her pathway, were truthfully inscribed upon the pages of the Diary which she kept for her own edification, but from which we now venture to cull large extracts for the benefit of others. As a sensitive and shrinking female, she might have deprecated this exposure of her unstudied pencillings, the confidential outpourings of the soul to itself and its God. But as one whose supreme desire was to glorify her Redeemer, and win souls to Jesus, she would doubtless merge, without hesitation, all personal considerations in the great object of magnifying Christ. And no other hand can like her own do justice to the reality and depth of her spiritual exercises, and to the

gradual development and growing beauty of her Christian graces.

From the date of her connexion with the visible Church of Christ, as above recorded, she continued a warmly-attached communicant of the Episcopal Church; and the tie formed, in the fervor of her first love, with St. Andrew's, Philadelphia, continued unbroken until death. She happily exhibited that most desirable combination of zealous, affectionate preference for her own communion, with genuine, large-hearted sympathy towards all who "loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Wherever she recognized the image of Christ, she looked upon it with pleasure and gratitude. Truly Catholic were her feelings towards all Christian bodies who held the great Head. Yet while full of charitable allowance for honest differences of opinion, she could never connive at the confounding of truth and error, nor surrender her own convictions of the teachings of the word of God. She was at once the faithful, loving child of her own Church, and the liberal, candid, fellow-disciple of all whom she felt to be brethren in like precious faith. Narrow, intolerant bigotry, and lax indifference, were alike foreign to her character. Her preference for her own household of faith never made her blind to the excellencies of real Christians of other names. Yet that preference was decided, and grew stronger with increasing knowledge of the word of God, and of the admirable adaptation of the services and provisions of the Church to her varying exigencies.

In a letter, dated 1834, she writes to a sister:—"Sunday I should not have desired to spend at home, but I was not without a blessing, though I could not go to the sanctuary. I read our communion-service with an increasing conviction of its solemnity and propriety. Are you not thankful that our steps have been guided into the fold, in which we have found such green pastures? I hope we shall be enabled to realize more fully that of us, unto whom much is given, much

will be required. We ought to offer continually the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and to pay our vows unto the Most High."

The Liturgy of the Church was very precious to Miss Allibone. It furnished a meet channel for the holy breathings of her soul, and aided her spirit in its soarings heavenward. While permitted to engage in the devotions of the sanctuary, its prayers and praises were to her soul a feast of fat things, a table richly furnished in the wilderness. And when increasing illness shut her out from the services of the Lord's house, her prayer-book was her constant companion, and the delightful solace of her chamber of sickness. In her own volume she inscribed the words of Dr. Adam Clark: "Next to the Bible, the Prayer-Book is the book of my understanding and my choice." The experience of Miss Allibone, of the blessed adaptation of the Liturgy, is in perfect accordance with that of the devout and spiritually-minded Simeon. Of the service in his College chapel, he remarks, in sketching the commencement of his religious life: — "The service in our chapel has almost at all times been very irreverently performed; but such was the state of my soul for many months from that time, that the prayers were as marrow and fatness to me. Of course, there was a great difference in my frames at different times; but for the most part they were very devout, and often, throughout the greater part of the service, I prayed unto the Lord with strong crying and tears. This is a proof to me that the deadness and formality complained of in the worship of the Church, arise far more from the low state of our graces, than from any defect in our Liturgy. If only we had our hearts deeply penitent and contrite, I know from my experience at this hour, that no prayers in the world could be better suited to our wants, or more delightful to our souls."

To St. Andrew's Church, Miss Allibone's heart ever clung with undiminished love. Its ministrations were associated

with her early impressions of the things that are unseen and eternal. There she had found the peace which the world cannot give, and uttered her vows of self-consecration to her Lord. The word there preached with so much unction by the revered Bedell had come with life and power to her soul; and, after she began to know the Lord, the ministry of the same faithful ambassador, and of his like-minded successor, the Rev. John A. Clark, contributed to her steady advance in the knowledge and love of Christ. He, to whom her soul was lifted up in earnest devotion, sent her help from the sanctuary, and strengthened her out of Zion. And the temple in which she had so often tasted of the loving-kindness of the Lord was very dear to her soul. She regarded it as her spiritual home, esteemed its different pastors very highly in love, and maintained with them a confidential intercourse after she was debarred from attending their public services.

This attachment was as truly based upon enlightened conviction, as upon early affectionate association. The expositions of the Gospel, which she there heard, commended themselves to her conscience as sound and scriptural. The evangelical views of religion which she adopted, under the instructions of her earliest pastors, she never saw reason to change.

The more deeply she studied the Divine Word, and the greater need she felt of the sustaining power of its truths in the time of suffering, the stronger and more decided became her convictions upon this point. No memoir would do justice to her sentiments, or be entitled to confidence as a fair exhibition of her character, that left out of view her clearly-defined opinions. There was nothing negative or indifferent in the temper of Miss Allibone's mind. Her disposition was not one to leave important subjects unsettled, or questions of real moment unexamined. She sought to form her views from the word of God, and when convinced of their truth she held

them with firm, unrelaxing grasp. Charity and kindness for those who differed from her, never led her to undervalue or concede aught that she was persuaded was part of God's revelation. Most earnestly did her soul embrace the great foundation-truth, that "we are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by Faith, and not for our own works and deservings." "That we are justified by Faith only" was, to her spiritual taste, "a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort," "yea, sweeter than honey and the honey-comb." She loved to look at the Lord Jesus Christ, and to speak of Him, and praise Him, as "the Lord our righteousness;" and renouncing all works, graces and merits of her own, she found herself "complete in Him."

From her first experimental acquaintance with the truth as it is in Jesus, and from the hour of her baptismal profession, up to the closing triumph of her death-bed, she was of one mind, fixed and unwavering in her adherence to those doctrinal views with which are inseparably connected, in the American Episcopal Church, the names of Griswold and Bedell: while, at the same time, the loving spirit, the "most excellent gift of charity," so pervades and hallows all her effusions, that no one can doubt that her heart was large enough to comprehend brethren and friends who saw not with her eye to eye, and that for them also her fervent prayers and benedictions never ceased to flow.

CHAPTER III.

1833.

Ill health — Fortitude and Submission — Letters to Suffering Friends — Efforts to do Good — Enjoyment of the Beauties of Nature — Temora — Dr. Bedell's Illness — Birth-day Reflections.

THE greater part of Miss Allibone's life was passed in the chamber of sickness, and upon the bed of pain. Physical suffering, and that of no common severity, was her lot. A torturing malady caused her sleepless nights and wearisome days, cut her off from the enjoyments of active life, and made her a prisoner and an invalid. To those upon whom life's bright morn is opening, such a visitation is peculiarly trying; and to one endued with a disposition so lively and energetic, the privations of sickness would have seemed, we might fancy, almost insupportable. A few weeks or months of such debility and agony as were her frequent portion, would have exhausted the patience of many a sufferer. In her case it was not for months, but for year after year, that the heavy hand of disease lay upon her. In her twentieth year she began to suffer from a spinal affection, and the year that followed was one of extreme physical anguish.

In January, 1834, after a consultation of physicians, she was advised to confine herself to her chamber, and was induced to submit to very painful remedies. Her Diary and letters will show the submissiveness of her spirit to a dispensation so trying. But others than herself could best appreciate her surprising fortitude and unmurmuring cheerfulness. To say that she was wholly resigned to her Father's will would convey but a faint idea of the reality. There was a lively satisfaction with the dealings of her Almighty Friend, a calm confidence in his love, a chastened joy, an unbroken

serenity that, to be appreciated, must have been witnessed. She was one who "rejoiced in tribulation." She not only bowed to the rod, but kissed it. She exemplified, beautifully and strikingly, one of her favorite texts, "Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness." The sunshine of her soul was constantly beaming from her bright and peaceful countenance, and lighting up her apartment with its hallowed radiance. With her sick-room there were no associations of gloom and sadness. No murmur of fretfulness or repining was ever heard there, no expression of impatience or discontent escaped her lips. Even to the youthful and the gay, it was an attractive spot, redolent of affectionate words, bright looks and delightful intercourse. Her apartment, as was said of the Rev. E. Bickersteth's during his illness, was "a chamber of light, and love, and peace, and praise." Those who are familiar with prolonged illness—who know the tendency of continued and excessive suffering to depress the spirit, and sadden the countenance—who know how the invalid becomes morbidly engrossed with his own ailments, and comparatively indifferent to all beside, cannot but admire the effects of divine grace in her uniform patience, cheerfulness, sympathy with others, and forgetfulness of self. One of the first allusions to her ill-health, in her Diary, is dated

"*May* 10*th*, 1833.—I have been unable to write. I am well convinced that it is good for me to be afflicted, and I do not even desire to suffer less, if I am thereby enabled to grow in grace. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' Last Sunday was communion-day, and I could not go to church. I was very, very much disappointed, but felt very thankful that I had not to go out of my chamber to obtain a blessing."

"*June* 11*th*.—Have not felt well all day, and now feel almost bowed down under my often infirmities; head feels strangely; pain along my spine, breast and side, and feel quite sick. I want to see my mother—I am sick at heart—

I want somebody to pet me. How much better would it be for me to look to my Heavenly Father for strength to endure patiently the suffering with which He sees good to afflict me. I trust that, at the last day, I may be found among those of whom it is said, 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'

"Through the grace of my Heavenly Father, I have been enabled to bless Him for my sufferings, because I know they conduce to my spiritual welfare. I have often, and I think I may say generally, enjoyed more peace of mind when confined by sickness, than when in comparative health, for I have not been quite well for a long time. It seems to me that I feel, every day, an increasing affection for the people of God, and I am sometimes disposed to be encouraged by this. 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.' It is a peculiar sentiment, such as others have never had the power to excite. I feel myself so inferior to those who are truly pious, and yet so desirous to be like them. Oh! I am but a beginner in the Christian race — a very child; yet if I only believe, I know that no good thing shall be wanting. How much cause have I to lament my unbelief! Truly it may be said of me, 'O thou of little faith.' My hourly prayer is, 'Lord, increase my faith.'"

"*August 22d.*—I have not been able to scribble even a few lines, for a long time, and am scarcely able to write now. During the greater part of the last two weeks I have been confined to my bed, and am still a prisoner, with no prospect of immediate release, as for several weeks, I expect, the doctor will continue his applications. This prospect would seem dreary, especially as I am thereby deprived of my long anticipated visit to Bucks County; but I am very thankful that I have been enabled to say in my heart, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' I have felt cheerful and happy;

and with humility would add that I trust I have been enabled to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have sought, and can truly say I have found 'grace to help in time of need.' I love to pray, better than before, and can often feel that my prayers are heard. I feel as though the truths contained in Scripture were more deeply impressed upon my mind; and the atonement of my Saviour is clear to my view as the knowledge of my existence, though I never in my life have doubted it for a single moment. I do also trust that I have been enabled to accept Him as *my* Saviour, and believe that my love for Him, and my faith in Him, will be increased. It is the earnest and almost continual prayer of my heart that it may be so.

"How much I need! How strange it is that I can ever forget that the eye of God is on us all the day, or should ever, for a moment, suffer myself to love the world, and the things of the world, so well as I sometimes do. How inconsistent, how unworthy I am! yet now that I confess it, I do not feel it as I ought.

> 'When I turn mine eyes within,
> Oh how dark, and vain, and wild,
> Prone to unbelief and sin,
> Can I deem myself thy child?'

"Yes, my Heavenly Father, I feel that I am—that thou art drawing me nearer and nearer to thyself, and that I shall yet rejoice in Him who is the help of my countenance, and my God. Oh, take away those lurking clouds of unbelief—take away this mournful proneness to sin!

> "'The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
> And worship only Thee,'

is the sincere prayer of my heart, and surely it will be answered."

To a friend she writes:

"It would grieve me much to learn that thy ailments have increased, were I not well persuaded, from continued experience, that every trial composes part of the process employed by our Heavenly Father for the purification of our hearts; and while we are mercifully enabled to realize this truth, we shall learn to 'glory in tribulation,' knowing that its end will be 'the love of God shed abroad in the heart,' its reward 'an eternal weight of glory.' I am most grateful that to us has been granted a desire to exercise unqualified submission to the will of God; and I feel assured that while he will spare us no trial needful for our good, we shall always be enabled to realize that his strength will be made perfect in our weakness."

To another she writes:

"I was surprised to hear of thy sickness, I was about to say sorry, but I am not, for I trust thee will find that it has been blessed to thee. One hour of severe pain is enough to convince us of the insufficiency of the world and its vanities to cheer and sustain us; and our Heavenly Father is so merciful as to send us frequent lessons of the kind, to wean us from all other dependence, and to teach us to rely upon Him alone. Thee seemed so sad when thee was in town. If thee judges me worthy of thy confidence, write to me, and tell me the reason; I can at least pray for thee. I am sorry thee cannot overcome thy reluctance to converse on the subject which so much occupies thy thoughts. I know, from experience, that this is a great obstacle to our growth in grace. Oh, what a blessed thing it is that we have a Counsellor on high, who understands the language of a sigh 'the falling of a tear, the upward glancing of an eye,' where no eye rests upon us but His own; that when 'we know not what to pray for as we ought, the Holy Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.'"

Counsels of submissiveness, from the pen of Susan Allibone, were clothed with power. Her friends saw in her the living example of what she urged; and while they marvelled at the grace given her patiently to endure the afflictive will of God, they could not but lay to heart her affectionate persuasives to resignation and acquiescence under their own trials.

In illustration of the impression produced upon those who visited her couch of languishing, the following extract is made from a letter of condolence, received, after her decease, from a highly esteemed friend:

"I have often been struck by the unselfishness of your sister. Most persons, afflicted as she was, would have had but one topic for her friends, would have spoken of nothing but their own trials; whereas, unless I asked her if she suffered much pain, she would not say a word on the subject, and always, if I introduced it, ran into some happy allusion to the support she experienced, the goodness of God to her, or somewhat of the kind. But she was keenly alive to the troubles and afflictions of others; and however trivial they might be, compared with her own, she seemed vastly more affected by them."

The reader will therefore bear in mind that the allusions to suffering and illness, which occur in the following pages, are from one of uncommon fortitude and patience, habitually uncomplaining under excessive weakness and painfulness. It was in spite of the languor and debility of disease that she labored so earnestly for the spiritual good of others. In the earlier years of her Christian life, while yet permitted to participate in the worship of the sanctuary, she often sought out her friends to induce them to go with her to the place which she had found to be "none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." And while scarce able to drag her own enfeebled body to the Lord's house, she could not forbear laborious exertions to bring to the same hallowed spot those whose souls were precious to her.

At a later period, it was during intervals of relief from attacks of intense severity, and complete exhaustion, that she addressed her numerous correspondents in a manner so suited to their respective wants. Rising above all considerations of self, she entered, with her whole heart, into their trials and perplexities, joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, and wrote or dictated the welcome effusions of her sympathy and love.

Her letters, which will constitute a large part of the present work, need no commendatory preface. Their sentiment and feeling, their appropriateness and expressiveness, their happy introduction of the truths and texts of Scripture, their graceful, unstudied ease, and striking originality of thought, will speak their own best eulogium. But as intellectual compositions they are more remarkable, from the circumstances under which they were written. They are not only the productions of an enlarged, cultivated, vigorous mind — the outpourings of a loving, affectionate heart, exhibiting throughout perfect refinement and delicacy of taste; but they are the triumph of the active mind over the languishing body, of the willing spirit over the weak and sinking flesh, of expansive friendship and kindliness over the importunate claims of the diseased and shattered earthly tabernacle. The unwearied activity, sprightliness, and clearness of her mind under such burdens and clogs — its undiminished sympathy and outgoing affection — its fertility of invention, justness of reasoning, felicity of illustration, and energy of action, are a striking evidence of the inherent superiority of mind, and its independence of matter, as well as of the sustaining grace of Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness.

An intense enjoyment of the beauties of nature was one of the marked traits of Miss Allibone's character. With a vivid and ever fresh delight, she gazed upon the works of her Almighty Friend and Father. Her quick observing eye — her refined taste — her ready perception of the grand, the beautiful and the beneficent, fitted her to drink in high satisfaction from all the productions of creative wisdom and goodness. But, above all, her warm and elevated piety enhanced these gratifications. "My Father made them all," was an ever-present thought. She beheld the verdant landscape not only as sparkling in the sunbeam, and fanned by the refreshing breeze, but as bathed in the sunlight of divine benevolence, and breathed upon by the spirit of the living

God. The field and the forest, with their joyous tenantry, canopied by the o'erarching firmament, whether rich with the deep azure of day, or radiant with the mysterious splendors of night, were, to her sanctified imagination, a glorious temple consecrated by His presence who formed and sustains the whole. With glowing rapture her heart was lifted up to the great Architect, Preserver and Sovereign. In the leafy grove, or beside the gliding river, she loved to walk in solitude, for she walked with God, and held sweet converse with her unseen, ever-present Friend. And when increasing illness deprived her of those excursions into the country, from which she had derived such exceeding enjoyment, instead of repining at the disappointment and loss, she found no less cause for admiration and gratitude in the tastefully arranged flowers that adorned her chamber, or the glimpse of sky and verdure that she could obtain through her window. The following letter will illustrate her vivid enjoyments of this kind:

"I congratulate you, my dear cousin, upon the pleasurable feelings which have been awakened by the return of spring. I, too, love this season of birds and flowers, and bright sunshine; and if my life be prolonged to await their coming, I earnestly desire that, with a prepared heart, I may welcome these beautiful gifts of our Heavenly Father's love. But I am not glad to see the winter pass away: very precious are its quiet days and long evenings; and its snow-storms and leafless trees are to me peculiarly attractive. The western sky, too, has afforded me much enjoyment; the bright moonlight illumines my chamber, and sometimes I can see a few stars, and upon them I have always loved to look. Do you wonder at my taste? Remember that I love your favorite season, too, and many a grateful feeling has been awakened by the pure air and modest flowers of spring. The lily of the valley is among her richest treasures; its fragrance reminds me of the holy influence the Christian should diffuse, and its pendent bells of that most blessed grace—humility. Near flowing streams, and in shady places, blooms this most beautiful of flowers. Oh, that we, too, may be ever refreshed by the fountain of the water of life, and hide ourselves be-

neath the shadow of the Cross. It was once one of my greatest delights to pass hours in the shady woods of summer, where I found one of the most sacred oratories I have ever visited. The musical sound of the gurgling stream; the deep green foliage, and the solitude, which would have been profound, had not the wood-robin, or some other wild bird, poured forth its warblings, have often caused the chord of thanksgiving to vibrate, and enabled me, I trust, to make 'melody in my heart to the Lord.' I will not say how much I love the autumn, too; for I have descanted enough upon the changing seasons. * * *

"The rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ Jesus are objects of sufficient interest, and more than compensate for all the privations of sickness; and I have never for one moment regretted that I cannot revisit those scenes of former interest." * * *

In her earlier days, one of her frequent and favorite excursions was to a country-seat of her brother-in-law, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. There her taste for rural beauties was fully gratified; and the banks of the Neshamony were the scene of her frequent meditations. Much of her Diary, and many of her letters are dated at Temora, the name of this delightful and much-loved retreat. The first allusion to it in the Diary is dated

"*May* 31*st*, 1833.—Left home yesterday morning. It is so refreshing to the spirit to return once more to the beauties of nature after a dreary imprisonment in the walls of a city. And yet I should not say *dreary*, for there I can enjoy the society I most desire; and privileges, for the loss of which I cannot be fully compensated. I retired early, but not before I had most earnestly implored the blessing of my Heavenly Father upon my sojourn in the country, and prayed that the contemplation of the beauties of nature might elevate my feelings, and impress my heart. I must endeavor to overcome my habit of unprofitable imaginations and vain speculation, and I trust that I shall become more humble and believing.

"This morning is beautiful. The sun shining brightly,

and the birds singing in the trees. I arose about six, and wish to form a habit of early rising."

"*June 1st.*—The sun has set, and this is my favorite portion of the day. This is the hour when memory takes a survey of the past, and it is the most seasonable for reflection, and I do trust that I shall be enabled to render it profitable. I have wasted time enough in castle-building. I have always enjoyed a Sabbath in the country. In the solitude of nature, I have had impressions as serious as the eloquence of the pulpit ever had power to excite. You can then hold "communion sweet, communion large and high" with nature's God. I feel very much encouraged that I have been enabled, in a great degree, to overcome my habit of castle-building, and the indulgence of romantic visions of happiness, which has at times been so powerful as to destroy the interest I ought to feel for those rational pursuits, and to render me almost incapable of the exercise of my judgment. I have found the practical achievement of this victory more difficult than almost anything I ever undertook; I do not despair, however, of entire success."

"*June 13th.*—Mrs. W. tells me Dr. Bedell is so ill. Though I was well acquainted with his illness, I cannot get over it. Would that I had profited more by his instructions. I am under greater obligations to him than to any human being, and I confidently pray that he may receive a rich increase of that grace in which he has already so much cause to rejoice. May I at last meet him in heaven. I believe I shall, through the mercy of my Heavenly Father.

"*Sunday, Twilight.*—How sweetly the birds sing this afternoon. It would almost seem that they know it is the Sabbath, and were uniting their lively voices in one glad song of praise. I intended going to Mr. ———'s church, but there was no service, so I accompanied the girls to Wrightstown. I am sorry to say that I was not much profited. I felt almost too weak and exhausted to sit in

Friends' meeting at all, and I did not sufficiently endeavor to control my thoughts. I do feel very sorry for it. We have had company to-day, and my head aches so after dinner that I feel as if I could not sit up, so I have wasted a great part of this Sabbath, and it may be the last I shall ever pass on earth. Oh, for a Sabbath of eternal rest! I used to think I could not be happy in heaven, but I now feel so impatient to get there. Surely I shall, through the grace of our Saviour."

"*27th.*—This afternoon I have been sitting under the pine-tree, reading Bishop Heber's Letters. How interesting they are! They evince at once sensibility and religion. In reading of the difficulty of procuring clergymen in India, and the limited opportunities Christians there possess of attending religious worship, I was, I think, more forcibly struck with a sense of gratitude for the blessings I possess in this respect. They ought to be a source of constant thanksgiving; and how great should be my improvement under such circumstances. Alas, how inadequate is it!

"This is the delightful hour of sunset. I do trust that I am growing in grace; but I am so afraid of self-deception, and am so wavering, that I fear to make such a record."

"*Sunday, July 7th.*—'The light of Sabbath eve is fading fast away.' I have not spent it profitably, as I ought, and yet I have enjoyed a portion of it very much. I was not well enough to go out, and we have had no company, at least I have seen none. I do enjoy seclusion from the world, and if I could, at the same time, shut out vain thoughts, how glad I should be! If I could but for one hour banish every worldly imagination and incumbrance, it would be the most precious portion of my life. How can I ever think well of myself when I am obliged to make the confession, that I have never spent an hour as I should?

'From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.'

"It often makes me unhappy that I can do no more to aid the cause of religion; but I know the desire is equally acceptable to our Heavenly Father, and I trust that, if I should ever possess the power, there may be an equal readiness; and, in the mean time, let me remember that I must not despise the day of small things, and though I cannot do much, I must always exert myself to do the best that my circumstances allow. At least, I can pray that the cause may succeed; and that I will do, most fervently.

"I feel this morning far from well, and in so much suffering that no position seems to relieve me, and almost unable to exert myself; but I enjoy what is better than health,—peace of mind, that I trust proceeds from a right source. My prayer is that I may be encompassed with pain and infirmity all my life, if I may be thereby led to consider my latter end, to grow in grace, and the knowledge of my natural depravity, and of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I am engaged in reading William Penn's "No Cross, no Crown." What an excellent thing it is! It contains some short biographies of good men, that I find very interesting.

"13*th*.—Nearly all of this week I have passed upon my couch, and have endured some of the most exquisite sufferings I have ever known; but, upon an average, the week has been a happy one. I have had much pleasure in reading, and trust that I have also derived some benefit;—certain it is that I have been far from unhappy. It is not true that the mind and body always sympathise, for I have often felt most happy when most afflicted.

"17*th*.—The sun will soon set. This is a lovely afternoon. I am sitting out on the lawn, and, while I survey the beautiful scene around me, feel as peaceful and serene as the prospect. I think I have never enjoyed such calmness and freedom from excitement as in the last few weeks. I think sometimes that I shall not live much longer, and I feel so happy, because the nearer my approach to eternity, the more

I become weaned from the world and its vanities. And yet my affection for those I love is more intense than ever. How little they imagine its extent! The sun is now setting. The glorious sun never loses its interest. 'So gently flows the parting breath, when good men cease to be.' I do not ask that I may go down like that sun, but that my last hour may be peaceful and calm as the setting of some little star. I have no wish to leave a brilliant light behind me, but I would have the pleasant ray of affection to gild my last moments, and to remain when I am in the dust.

"What shall I do when I return to the bustle of the city! I am very thankful for the comfort I have enjoyed while thus separated from my friends. I have more fully realized the power of religion than ever before. I have passed many hours of delightful communion and meditation, and humbly trust that my strength to resist evil is increased. I am so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of laying aside every weight, and religion seems so lovely to me that I do not feel inclined to indulge earthly desires, or to listen one moment to the voice of temptation. But, alas! I know my heart too well to believe that this will always continue. I am a mortal, and a very unstable one, too. Temptations, within and without, will assail me as long as I continue in this world of sin, and my most earnest prayer is that I may be endued with strength to resist them. My besetting sin is self-confidence, the greatest of all dangers. My most fervent prayer is, 'Oh, save me from myself!'

"Had we no eternity in view, how much more desirable it is to enjoy the peace and happiness of submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, than all the pleasures that this world can afford! Even the best and most refined of earthly enjoyments are insecure. 'Oh, ever thus from childhood have I seen my hopes decay,' but in Jesus we have peace.

"23*d.*—Last evening was very quietly spent. E. F. H. and I were together. We all profess the name of Jesus, and

I pray that we may glorify it unto the end of our lives. I feel so humble, so unworthy, when I am in the society of Christians. Oh, that I may grow in grace! I am but learning, and I trust I may never cease to learn. May God preserve me from affected humility!

"*Monday evening.*—After an absence of two months, I have at last returned to my beloved home, with a heart full of gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that his mercy has returned me to my friends, and that I have found them in health and happiness.

"*July 29th.*—This is the evening of my birthday. Another year has passed of my short life. Its retrospection affords me a sad view of misspent time, indifference, doubts and fears, even when most interested. But a ray of light is shed upon this dark scene, a ray of hope and peace. I trust that during the past year a most important change has taken place in my heart and life. Oh, may it become greater and greater. May the grace of my Heavenly Father keep me from falling, and if it so please Him that I should ever see another birthday, may its retrospect afford me more pleasure. May I have obtained a rich increase of grace.

"*30th.*—I fear an unprofitable day, some few moments, perhaps, redeemed, but too many of misspent time. When shall I be delivered from the influence of my own evil nature!

"*Aug. 1st.*—Nothing good to record of myself. How I mourn the coldness of my heart! A strange mood has come over me. I feel almost incapable of exertion of any kind,—so languid and so weak.

> "'O for a gleam of heavenly day,
> To take this stubborn heart away!'

"In the evening I went to prayer-meeting. I enjoyed it unusually. It is so delightful to be favored once more with the means of grace, after having been for a season partially deprived of them. Towards the close of the meeting, dear

Mr. Bedell came in, and I was rejoiced once more to hear him. He was very affectionate. On Sunday morning I attended church. It was a day I have been long anticipating, — let me not soon forget it. I trust that my prayer for strength to endure the sufferings I expect to undergo with fortitude, and that I may derive spiritual benefit from them, may be answered. In the evening I went again to church. The afternoon, too, was very pleasantly spent with cousin R., who, I believe, is a true Christian.

"*Aug. 11th.*—This is the first day I have been able to sit up since last Tuesday. I have suffered much pain.

"*Sunday, 25th.*—This has been a beautiful day, and I have tried very much to enjoy it, but cannot say I have entirely succeeded. In the first place I was so much disappointed that I could not go to church, and though I knew it was perfectly right that I should stay at home, I did not feel quite resigned when I heard of the delightful sermon Mr. Bedell had preached, and that he intended to finish it in the afternoon. E. told me the greater part of it, and it must have been the very kind of sermon that I should have liked.

"*Thursday, Sept. 5th.* — Last Sunday I was permitted, to my great joy, to go to church. We had a sermon from Mr. ——, and though it was not generally liked, I enjoyed it. I have been too long deprived of the means of grace to be very hard to please. It was communion, and I trust my prayer was answered, that it might really prove to me a *communion* Sabbath, though, as usual, I had many unprofitable thoughts to regret. When I first went into church, I felt very weak, and as I had promised to go out if I was unwell, I very much feared that I must; but I prayed that my Heavenly Father would, if it were His will, give me strength to remain, that I might enjoy the privilege of communing. I felt much better afterwards, and trust I was enabled to remember much. How much dearer do our blessings become after we have been deprived of them!

"*Sept.* 21*st.*—I feel to-day such a settled purpose to give up all for religion, that I think this purpose is made in the strength of the Lord, and that I shall find that all-sufficient.

"'We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,' assured
'That with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.'

"I would that every feeling were subdued that ever has, or may, interfere between me and my God. Oh, that I could banish all these sinful doubts, but I will not listen to them. I will cast my care on Him who careth for me.

"I have been accused of bigotry and narrow-mindedness, because I have refused to read some Unitarian books. Is it so? O, my Heavenly Father, I beseech Thee, for Jesus' sake, to take from my heart all uncharitableness, and at the same time to preserve me from temptation—to deliver me from evil. Teach me thy will. I know that I shall not become an unbeliever, because my trust is in Thee. O preserve me from resorting one moment to myself. Help me to give up every energy to Thee.

"*Oct.* 8*th.*—Last Sunday was communion-day. Oh, how different does that sacrament now appear to me! It at first seemed a solemn duty, but its performance did not afford as much pleasure as it now does. I did not deem it so much a privilege as I now do.

"I do think I am more deeply interested in religion than ever. How much I desire the entire sanctification of my heart! How ardently do I hunger and thirst after righteousness! *I shall* be filled, I know, through the mercy of my Saviour. I wish I had more faith and earnestness. I have always so much to repent at the close of the day,—misspent time, always, and too often unchristian feelings and conduct.

CHAPTER IV.

1833.

Solicitudes for others — Wide and Lasting Results — The Christian in her Family — Letters to a Sister — Close of the Year.

When the Apostle Andrew had been pointed by John the Baptist to the Lamb of God, and recognized, in Jesus of Nazareth, the long-expected "Consolation of Israel," his first impulse was to hasten to "his own brother Simon" with the joyful intelligence, "We have found the Messias: and he brought him to Jesus." When Simon Peter was himself forewarned of his approaching fall by his compassionate Lord, with the assurance that He had prayed for him that his faith might not fail, this intimation of eventual recovery is accompanied by the injunction, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." When the Psalmist confessed his guilt, and implored pardon with such unfeigned contrition, the trust of his grateful soul in the mercy of God leaps forth in strong desires to make his fellow-sinners partakers of the same grace, "Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

Of the lesson inculcated in such passages, the lesson of real solicitude for the spiritual and eternal good of others, the desire to bring them that have no hope, and are without God in the world, to taste and see how gracious the Lord is, Susan Allibone was an apt learner. No sooner was her own heart cheered with the hope of pardon and heaven, than she longed to impart that hope to all around her. None could

hold intercourse with her, by word or letter, without being impressed with her fervent zeal and her love for souls. "The mind that was in Christ Jesus" was breathed into her bosom, and constantly shone forth in speech and action. Her missionary zeal was a steadily burning light, diffusing rays of holy influence, and enlivening many by its cheering glow. To win souls to Christ was pre-eminently her delight, and her heart warmed towards all, however humble their station, or separate from her own their walk in life, whom she might hope to attract into the fold of the good Shepherd. And God crowned her efforts with abundant success. Her intercessions were not spent in air. Her endeavors to benefit and bless those for whom she longed in the bowels of Christ Jesus, were not as water spilled upon the ground. In the comparative seclusion of her darkened room she not only cherished a missionary spirit, but did a missionary work. Many whose eyes will rest upon this page, have been indebted to her, under God, for the hope that is in them, and for counsel, encouragement, warning and consolation, for which they feel they can never be too grateful. Among those profited by her faithful and impressive teachings, some are now laboring in the ministry of reconciliation; and not only the ranks of the ministry at home, but the band of devoted foreign missionaries has been recruited by her unquenchable zeal. Of those whom she was the instrument of leading to Jesus, some have preceded her to the better country to which she had directed their hopes. The author ventures the assertion that his reader will be struck with admiration at the rare union of fidelity and plainness of speech, with tenderness, consideration and good judgment which mark her efforts. She was ever ready to embrace the propitious moment for reminding the impenitent of the claims of God, and of the great interests of the soul. She spoke the truth without concealment or reserve. And yet was she never obtrusive, or forgetful of others' feelings, or injudi-

cious, or assuming. There was so much good sense and appropriateness, as well as humility and benevolence, in all her attempts, that none could take them ill. However disinclined any might be to the counsel, they could not but respect and love the gentle monitor. And whenever success was granted to any of her appeals, the whole glory was given to God. Vanity and self-esteem were never fed by the information that her efforts had been attended with a blessing. With utter self-renunciation every trophy was humbly cast, where she is now permitted to cast her crown of righteousness, even at the feet of Him who sitteth upon the throne.

While her expansive charity glowed for all sorts and conditions of men, and all souls were precious to her because Jesus had died for them, it will be readily anticipated that for those bound to her by ties of kindred, and endeared by intimate intercourse, this feeling was peculiarly vivid. In the sacred circle of home not only did her holy example shine with attractive lustre, but for its dear inmates her prayers were unremitting, and to them her conversations and letters were richly blessed. To her family she was a treasure beyond price. In cherishing her with overflowing fondness they were not like those who "entertain angels *unawares*," for none felt the unearthly purity and sweetness of her character like those who saw her most frequently and unconstrainedly. They will pardon such an exhibition of her feelings and affections towards themselves, as might else seem an invasion of domestic sanctity, for the sake of that Saviour's glory, whose living epistle she ever was in her own home. The Christian daughter, sister, kinswoman, may be introduced in these pages, acting the part for which the Lord designed her, and showing how perfectly and beautifully divine grace can adorn and sanctify the charities of the fireside. The same feeling which led Andrew to seek first his own brother Simon, directed her earliest efforts towards the salvation of those who were nearest and dearest to her heart.

She writes in her Diary:

"*April* 19*th*, 1833.—I have now such cause for thankfulness, that I ought never again to repine. One of my very dearest friends is very seriously impressed, and I doubt not will be, ere long, induced to accept the offers of salvation. I was very happy yesterday."

The following letters are among the first of her efforts to make her pen the medium of spiritual counsel:

To her Sister S.

"I think I shall not do wrong, my dear sister, in writing to you this morning, since it is my prayer that I may indeed be prevented from 'speaking my own words,' and that the Holy Spirit may influence my heart in alluding to that subject which I trust is most interesting to us both. I sometimes feel tempted to ask myself whether there is not some degree of presumption mingled with my attempts to benefit others in this way, and to shrink from the weighty responsibility I thus incur. The knowledge of the awful danger and sinfulness of speaking or writing on this subject in my own strength, induces me to pray very earnestly and very frequently that I may never be induced to do it; and I would not dare to commence a letter, or a conversation, on religious subjects, without a special petition that the Lord would be with me. And since I am conscious that it is only His Spirit that is able to implant in the heart the earnest desire I sometimes feel for the salvation of others, I am encouraged to believe that my efforts for their good, feeble as they are, come from Him, and will be blessed by Him, and to Him I would give all the glory. Oh! I wish that I could feel so deeply my own entire depravity, and be so impressed with a view of the infinite majesty and purity of the Lord of Hosts, that a thought of pride or of self-complacency might never again come nigh me. I see the necessity and the beauty of humility, and I feel that it is a virtue that I do not possess. I pray for it, and I believe that it will be granted to me.

"All this time I have been speaking of myself; but my object in writing to you this morning is to speak to you of the concerns of your own soul—a liberty that I feel myself constrained to take, not only by a sense of duty and the impulses of affection, but by the confidence you have placed in me, and for which I feel thankful to

my Heavenly Father, and to you in having made me acquainted with your feelings and desires on this subject. I know not how far these desires have increased, or the exact nature of your feelings at this moment, for we have no verbal intercourse on this theme. I have several times inquired of myself the cause of our mutual silence: mine has been caused, I think, by a knowledge of your reluctance to speak of it, a fear of darkening counsel by words without knowledge, and, I am afraid, a want of faith and the absorbing interest I ought to feel. I trust that all the weaknesses of my nature may be overcome by the mighty power of the grace of God, and that I may be enabled with boldness to speak of these things whenever I shall be made to feel it my duty. I do pray for you, and think about you a great deal, my dear sister; but I am often struck with my *comparative* indifference to your spiritual welfare, and then I feel very glad that God loves you so much better than I do; that He is ever watching over you for good; and that, if you will trust in Him, He will never leave nor forsake you. Follow on to know the Lord, and you *will* find Him. Do please be very attentive to the whisperings of the still small voice, and abandon every thing which may cause it to speak reproachfully to your heart. My Heavenly Father knows that I do not speak this in a spirit of dictation, for I know that I have, in many things, grieved the Holy Spirit, and I know that I often do now; but He will forgive us the sin which doth so easily beset us. Let it be our constant prayer, 'Let not any iniquity have dominion over me;' 'Quicken me after Thy loving kindness, so shall I keep the testimony of Thy mouth.' Oh! may we be enabled to realize the things of eternity, and to remember that after our short period of probation shall be ended here, we must be eternally happy or miserable. It is a very solemn thought, and I wish that it were ever with me."

To the same.

July 15th, 1833.

"I feel often as though it would be very sinful for me to repine if I were to suffer much more than I do, for I invariably experience the most unmerited kindness and attention. It is, and ever will be impossible for me to discharge the many debts of gratitude I owe. I can, however, and do most earnestly pray that my Heavenly Father will discharge them all. I may much longer continue to require the kindness that is ever so liberally extended, or I may need it but for a little while. It is a matter of little moment, if I be but

endued with faith and patience to the end. When I compare, dear sister, the extent of life with the unlimited duration of eternity, I wonder that I can ever suffer my feelings to be engrossed, for one moment, by the trifles that I often suffer to occupy them. 'For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' I would that every moment of my time were spent in preparation for another and better world.

"My conscience has often reproached me for the inconsistent conduct you have witnessed. Do not let it influence your feelings, my dear sister, but rather let it warn you against the indulgence of self-dependence, for while we earnestly implore strength from above, and depend upon that *alone*, we shall most assuredly be 'kept from falling.' I know, from my own experience, that it is very discouraging to witness the imperfections of those who profess an earnest desire to be free from them; but it is not right to be influenced in this manner by the example of others, for it is not by them, but with them, we shall be judged. I do pray that I may be enabled to be more consistent, for, indeed, weak and unworthy as I am, I feel a sincere desire to crucify the flesh and the affections thereof.

"Dear sister, do strive to early impress upon the mind of my dear, dear W., the necessity of setting his affections upon things above. He may, perhaps, have to endure much suffering, and he will then be blessed with an unfailing source of consolation."

To the same.

Nov. 6th, 1833.

"Solitude is certainly very favorable to religious influences; the mind is freed, at least, from outward sources of excitement, and is at liberty to look inward. We can then, in some degree, ascertain the height and depth of our religious feelings.

"We need not be discouraged, my dear sister, while we are sensible of our deficiency, and deeply deplore it. He who causes us to 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' will surely grant the desires His grace has implanted in our hearts. If we can only so far divest ourselves of self-righteousness, as to rely implicitly on the mercy of our Saviour, and believe that He will surely grant us all we need, it will be with us 'according to our faith.' We shall go on 'from strength to strength.' But we look so much at our own hearts, we feel how worthless and sinful they are, and think too often that we must wait until they are better before any thing can be done. If, instead of this, we would go to our Redeemer, and ask Him to

'cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of His holy Spirit,' to 'create in us new hearts, and to renew a right spirit within us,' He would give us strength and help. Is it not strange that we are not more deeply interested in this all important subject?

"When I feel dissatisfied with my progress in spiritual things, I am too apt to look forward to the future, hoping that I shall *grow* in grace. But I do not reflect as I ought, that in this world there may be no future for me, that in one hour I may be summoned, just as I am, into the presence of Him who 'is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.' I think we ought never to rest satisfied with our spiritual condition, until we feel that we can, at any moment, calmly resign ourselves into the hands of our Maker. I think we ought always to '*know* that we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' We ought, indeed, to 'reckon ourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I know it is only because we are so unwilling to believe, that we are so cold and dead in our affections, and that we are not always filled with 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.'"

A subsequent entry, one of many like expressions, marks the depth and intensity of her sanctified love:

"I desire to have continual sorrow and heaviness in my heart for those of my family who are out of Christ, and to take no rest until they are converted. God grant that I may not be a stumbling-block in their way. Without Jesus, I can do nothing."

"*Thursday, October*, 1833.—My Saviour has promised that whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out; and at times, when I can feel the force of this promise, I am inspired with new hope and zeal; and though I know myself to be exceedingly sinful and inconsistent, I also feel that I have a Friend in heaven who will, with every temptation, make a way also to escape, and who is ever ready to pardon my transgressions. How strange that I do not love Him more!"

"*Sunday.*—Have suffered very much this day, but have been very happy. If I know myself, I feel willing to suffer much more than I do, to endure the most excruciating pain

if I be only endued with strength to support it with patience; and that this will be granted I do not fear, for though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

To her Sister.

"I rejoice, my beloved sister, that I can address to you the language of encouragement, that I can say, 'Be of good comfort, rise, He calleth thee;' and I know that you will arise and come to Jesus. You will not, you shall not, be 'the outcast of our consecrated family.' I have seldom been under the influence of so powerful feelings as were awakened by the perusal of your letter. Again and again I lifted up my heart in thankfulness to my Heavenly Father, and was not afraid to say to Him, 'I know Thou wilt bless my sister, and make her thine forever. 'Wait on the Lord, be of good courage,' and every cloud will ere long be dissipated by the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness. Trust in Him, and you will have strength vouchsafed for the performance of every duty.

"I do not doubt that you engage with increasing interest in the duties of religion, that you take more and more delight in reading the Scriptures, in prayer, and in waiting upon the Lord in His holy temple: this will ever, I trust, be your experience. But you must not be discouraged if you are sometimes troubled with a cold heart, and wandering thoughts. Satan is very unwilling that we should enjoy communion with our Heavenly Father, and incessantly strives to interrupt it; but, my dear sister, if you would be a happy Christian, if you would enjoy 'that peace that passeth understanding,' you must never rest satisfied until 'every thought is brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.' This is the rule I always keep before me. I have determined that I will never cease this spiritual warfare while this object is unattained — until my every thought, word and deed is consecrated to the service of God. Oh! how far distant am I from this 'mark,' towards which I trust we shall ever 'press with vigor on!' In Heaven, alone, we shall be permitted to rest. There will be no temptation there; there we shall see our Heavenly Father's face, and 'never, never sin.' Here we must watch, and pray, and labor; there we shall praise forever and forever. We know not, my dear sister, the circumstances which await us in this life; we may be subjected to many trials, but let us pray that 'in all time of our tribulation, in all time of our prosperity, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,' our Saviour may be

the strength of our hearts, the rock of our refuge. You must remember me in your daily petitions. Morning, noon and night I ask our Father who is in Heaven to bless and keep my darling sister."

To a Cousin.

December, 1833.

"Oh, my dear cousin, how deep a debt of thankfulness shall we owe, if our 'present afflictions' which may now seem to be 'grievous,' shall afterward yield 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness;' if the conviction that 'this world can never give the bliss for which we sigh,' induce us to seek for it where alone it can be found, where to seek it is to gain. I trust that we have been so blessed, and that it will be the will of our Father in Heaven to perfect the work of grace in our hearts, and that in affliction we may be enabled to say:

> ''Tis my happiness below,
> Not to live without the cross,
> But the Saviour's power to know,
> Sanctifying every loss;'

and that if it should be His will to restore our health, and to give us prosperity, He will continue to 'lift up the light of his countenance upon us,' to preserve us in 'all time of our prosperity, in all time of tribulation.' He will do so, if we only believe. And here, too, we need His grace, for without it we cannot even trust Him. What state of mind can be more happy than an entire reliance upon the merits of our Redeemer, an entire forgetfulness of self, know that 'our life is hid with Christ in God!' It is the most ardent wish of my soul to attain this happy state. I had rather it should be mine than all the treasures of earth, and I believe that it *will,* for it is my desire to 'press towards the mark,' to 'lay aside every weight,' and to 'run with patience the race set before me.' All that is necessary to enable me to do this is to 'look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.' What could we do if any other plan of salvation were marked out, if any merit of our own were to save us, if there were 'no balm in Gilead?' Dear cousin, let us trust this Saviour, and though we feel that we are so weak and so sinful, and withal so self-righteous, let us remember that He has implanted every holy desire and affection in our hearts, and that in doing this, He gives us an earnest of what He will do for us. Let us pray to Him continually, and believe that He will give us 'day by day our daily bread,' and that this will be the bread of life. Oh! I wish that I could realize the love of this Saviour more; but I can truly say that I do 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' and I know

that I shall be filled. Not that I am any thing, or can do any thing, but because Christ died for all, and God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should have everlasting life. Do not let us despond, then; but if we feel that we have not attained what we wish, say with David, 'Why art thou cast down, oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the help of my countenance and my God.' I think one of our besetting sins is ingratitude. We think it right to mourn that we are not what we ought to be, and so it is; but we forget what has been done for us. It ought to be the ever-dwelling sentiment in our hearts, 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits.' While we remember to pray, we ought not to forget to praise.

"I wonder if thee has ever read Legh Richmond's life. I think I derived from it more pleasure, and I trust more profit, than from any biography I ever read."

To Miss E. N.

Philadelphia, May 10th, 1833.

"Thee is not mistaken in supposing that I do not entirely approve of a trifling style of writing, and my conscience often reproaches me not only on this score, but for a multitude of idle words and unprofitable imaginations that are ever ready to intrude upon my mind. Thee asks me to write for thy benefit. Would that I were more competent to advise! My own example and deficiency always occur to me, when I would advise others; but still, in spite of my infirmities, my mind is so deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of religion, and of the necessity of immediate attention to its interests, that I would not neglect an opportunity of urging it upon those I love. What strange infatuation it is, that our energies should be dormant, and that we can sleep in the midst of danger! Could we be calm in the battle-field? And should we not be more alive to danger when we are exposed not only to foreign attacks, but when civil wars are waging around us? Could we obtain a perfect view of 'that fearful sight, a naked human heart,' with what alarm and dismay would we make the dread survey! I feel more entirely convinced, every day of my life, that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;' and it is when the grace of our Heavenly Father has implanted in our hearts a sense of our infirmity that nature or reason can never give, that we learn in some degree to appreciate the beauty of holiness. Thee says, dear E., that thee is

sensible of the most entire indifference in regard to thy most important interests. I believe that thee has had very serious impressions, and why is it that they do not produce a permanent effect? It is the strange perversity of human nature.

"I was reasoning once with Miss L., on the depravity of the heart, and she thought to confute me at once by asking me if I thought I would be condemned if I were to die; that I had done no harm, and that God would not certainly be so unjust as to consign me to eternal punishment. I told her that if I were to die that night, I *knew* that I could not go to Heaven. She said that if she believed herself in such a situation, she could not possibly rest or sleep. Her remark produced a very powerful impression, commonplace as it was. Dear E., do not waste thy time in speculation and murmuring that thee is no better; thee cannot amend thy own heart. I will extract a passage from an interesting book I borrowed a few weeks since, and that I mean to lend to thee:

"'I cannot doubt that the inquirer may be, in a certain sense, truly sincere, while he hangs back in expectation of a kind of mental discipline, a routine which he does not understand, but which he has been taught to anticipate; and hence his common reply to the repeated solicitations of the Gospel is, "I am not prepared." But he has conceived wrong notions of the scheme of redemption. He has adopted some ideas which obscure its light, or embarrass its simplicity with perplexities which ought to have no connexion with it. How strange a position of affairs is this which is supposed to be his! The inquirer is waiting for the Redeemer, and the Redeemer waiting for him! How inconsistent with the design of the Bible! How derogatory to the character of the Saviour.'

"Again: 'That the awakened sinner is not to remain idle is very certain. He is to renounce every habit or practice which he knows to be guilty. He is to weigh his actions by the standard of God's holy law. He is to look carefully into his disposition and temper, and to turn from the snares to which they expose him. He is to abandon all that is at enmity with the will of his Maker. But the whole of this is contemporaneous with his approach to Christ; it is part of the very act of "arising to go to his Father." . . . . Alas! how slowly we receive the blessed truth that salvation is *free!* Oh, why should not the truth be received as it is? The physician of Gilead is not only able, but ready to administer a cure to all who sincerely apply to him. And can it be necessary that they should be better, when they approach him, if he can heal them as they are.'"

"*Jan.* 1, 1834. — Another year is gone and past. The lapse of time has never before so forcibly arrested my attention. The moment that is lost, is lost forever; and how many have passed unimproved, my Heavenly Father only knows. It is to his mercy alone that I can look for forgiveness. Why is it that my heart is so ungrateful for the mercies of the year that is past? How innumerable they are! This year has been the most important of my life. I trust that I can include among these blessings, the chiefest of all, a renewed heart. Surely its impulses and desires are changed. Its affections are transferred from earth to heaven, and it enjoys a degree of peace to which it has always before been a stranger, 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' And yet there is much in this heart of mine that cannot even endure the test of self-examination, and still less, a comparison with the standards the Scripture gives us; yet I *know* that this good work which God, in his infinite mercy, has begun and continued in me, will not be suffered to remain unfinished. I know that it is my Father's good pleasure to give me the kingdom; and I have commenced this year with an humble prayer, that I may have grace to go on from strength to strength; that every false refuge may be taken from me, whatever it may cost. 'What I know not, teach Thou me,' is the sincere prayer of my heart, and I feel an entire conviction that if there is now anything wrong in my heart—anything that keeps me from the enjoyment of perfect peace—as I doubt not there is, God, in His infinite mercy, will teach me this. And I believe this, not because I am not unworthy, ungrateful, ever erring, but because God has *promised*, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely,' 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.'"

CHAPTER V.

1834.

Increased Illness — Apprehended Nearness of Death — Impressions of a Work to be done — Eleven weeks' Confinement.

In the commencement of the year 1834, the trying malady which was to be Miss Allibone's life-companion, increased in its severity, and confined her for many weeks to her apartment. This affliction was doubtless intended, by Him who led her as a Shepherd, to promote her sanctification, to perfect all that was lacking in her faith, and to prepare her for that eminent holiness and usefulness, by which she should glorify God. How meekly, lovingly, earnestly, she responded to the gracious design, will appear from her Diary, meant for no eye but God's, and from her letters, intended only for the eye of friendship. It is a privilege to draw aside the veil that concealed the secrets of this hallowed chamber, and to show how the love and presence of the Lord can sustain his children when ready to faint; how, in the multitude of their pains and sorrows, his comforts can refresh their souls. Let the repining and discontented, if any such review these pages, learn from her example of suffering patience, the loving-kindness of the Lord, and blame their own unbelief and rebellion. To many, Susan Allibone, prostrated in the bloom of youth by incurable disease; enduring, in her seclusion from the world, the extremest agony, was doubtless an object of much commiseration. But no shadows brooded over her tranquil spirit, and her peace flowed as a river.

"*Diary, Jan. 24th*, 1834. — The first day of my confinement to my room, and passed in a very pleasant manner, too. I besought the blessing of my Heavenly Father upon

my tarriance here. I have asked Him to sanctify every trial I may be called to endure; to give me patience under my sufferings, and a happy issue out of all my afflictions. I do not doubt that my prayers will be more than answered, through the mercy of my Redeemer, and though I be deprived of many privileges, my soul will still be refreshed with heavenly showers. I read a little in my French Testament; have had several visitors, and no solitude; but have had ample opportunity for the performance of my duties. I am sorry they have been attended to with such inadequate interest."

"*25th.*—This day I feel so happy. I wonder that I am so ungrateful for the blessings I have received. My very soul ought to warm within me, but I am often very insensible to the goodness of my Heavenly Father. Oh! wilt Thou not create in me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me? Make my heart to overflow with love divine, all other love excelling. Give me grace to bless Thee for comfort and for suffering, for sorrow and for joy. Oh! inspire my heart with resignation to Thy will. Let not one murmuring thought escape my heart or lips. Let me rather, oh, my Father, bless Thee that Thou hast deprived me of health, for it is, in truth, one of the greatest blessings Thou hast ever bestowed upon me."

"*Sunday, 26th.*—How pleasantly has this morning passed, part of it in retirement! I trust that my spiritual interests may not be injured by my necessary deprivation of public ordinances. I pray that they may not."

"*Jan. 31st*, 1834.—This has been a year of almost uninterrupted bodily suffering, yet, truly, I can say it has been the happiest of my life. I have been mercifully enabled to endure my afflictions as coming from the hand of a kind Heavenly Father, and to regard them as blessings. Oh, I hope I have more dependence on the mercy of God than ever before. I have found Him a very present help in time of trouble. I am not afraid to trust Him for all to come.

"I know that my heart is very prone to sin, but God is greater than my heart; and since He has begun a good work there, I will not fear any danger, for I feel that he will perfect it. I desire to renew my covenant with Him, and implore Him to give me a deeper sense of my obligations towards Him; to teach me that which I know not; to lead me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

"*Sunday, Feb. 2d.*—I trust this day will be abundantly blessed to my soul. I desire very much to go to church, but since I cannot unite my praises with the people of God, I will implore him to bless me in the sanctuary of my chamber. I feel such sweet peace as the world cannot give. This is our Communion Sabbath. I desire to partake of the ordinance, spiritually, at least. My dear sister is to commune to-day for the first time. She has my most fervent prayers."

"*Feb. 6th.*—I have not been so unwell for two or three days past. So that my inner man is renewed day by day, I care not how soon, or how much the outward man perish. I feel grateful when I receive proofs of the kindness of my friends. The patience they commend is the gift of my Father in Heaven. He enables me to endure suffering, and even makes me thankful for it. I cannot bear it without his aid. I always ask for strength and patience, and he gives me all that I need. I have little doubt that I shall suffer as long as I live, and probably much more than I have ever done, and linger for years in suffering; but I hope I shall always say, 'Thy will be done.' Why am I not a more devoted Christian? I must be more earnest and frequent in prayer, and reading the Scriptures.

"*10th.*—I think an hour or two of Sunday morning was more happily spent than almost any part of my life. I love to think of my visit to J. C. It has been abundantly blessed to me, and I trust will be as long as I live. I was recalling to my mind his expressions of faith and peace, and to do so

always encourages me, for I know that God is equally ready to bless me."

"This train of thought led me to reflect upon death and another world, and the promises of Scripture were accompanied with much strength and consolation to my heart. This evening I do feel very happy. I have been blessed in prayer. Oh! why do I not pray always? I wonder that I am not more in earnest. I do so much pity those who endure the sufferings of ill health whilst destitute of the consolations of religion. I feel this so sensibly when I see a person sinking under the ravages of disease, unsupported by confidence in God, and the anticipation of a glorious eternity. Oh, should not this incite me to renewed watchfulness and prayer? Should I not endeavor, by the grace of God, to become a blessing to those I compassionate? And if I can do nothing else, should I not earnestly and frequently pray that God will lift up the light of His countenance upon them? Oh, I do not feel these things as I would. I am not humble enough. I wish I could feel that I grow in grace every hour. I wish I could pray always. I want a deeper work of grace in my heart."

"*Sunday, P. M.* — I felt a great desire to spend this day profitably; to consecrate every word and every thought to my Maker; but, as usual, I have said and thought many things of a worldly nature. I have so much company, and I feel as if I ought to say nothing that has reference to the concerns of this world, but somehow it seems almost unavoidable. I wish I could be alone on Sunday, or see none but those whose feelings are in unison with mine. I wish every one who comes would give me a word of instruction. This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining so brightly. The church-bells sound so delightfully, and I can truly say, 'My soul hath a desire and longing for the courts of the Lord.' But God is as ready to strengthen me upon the bed of languishing, as to bless me in the sanctuary, if I can only trust in Jesus. Lord, I do trust in Thee. I know Thou wilt

carry on the work of grace Thou hast begun in my heart. I do resign myself to Thee for time, and for eternity.

> 'Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
> Is more than conqueror.'

Surely it is my supreme desire to know and to serve God, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. God has given me this desire. Surely I shall yet rejoice in Him, who is the light of my countenance and my God, and I do rejoice in Him. He strengthens me to bear suffering. He enables me to resist a thousand temptations, and to endeavor to do His will. He gives me a heaven-born love for the Holy Scriptures.

"*Sunday.* — This is a very rainy day, but if the Sun of Righteousness arise, no weather will be gloomy to me. I do hunger and thirst after righteousness, and I feel my desire constantly increase. Perhaps it is thus that my prayers are answered. I can say with Jacob, 'I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me;' and I desire to ever remember that they who wait upon the Lord shall find their strength increase.

"*Friday.* — A visit from my Preceptor, one of my very dearest friends. He looked very pale and thin, and as though his tarriance here would not be long. I trust that when his earthly pilgrimage is ended, he will be for ever and for ever happy, and that I shall meet him in the heavenly Jerusalem. How ardently do I love him! I pray that God will abundantly strengthen him to endure every trial that awaits him.

"*Saturday.* — I was overjoyed by a visit from my dear Pastor. I trust I found his visit very profitable. He, too, looks as though he were to be ere long called to his heavenly home. Oh, if it be my heavenly Father's will, I would pray that a very long time may not elapse ere I be by Death's cold hand led home to God. How desirable!

"*Friday.* — I fear that my attention has been too much

withdrawn from the Bible lately. I have had so many books sent to me. I have now commenced a most delightful book, 'Bridges on the 119th Psalm,' that I desire may be of much profit. I find it important to offer up a petition before I commence a book, that it may not be allowed to exercise an injurious tendency, but may be blessed to my soul.

"*Saturday.*—I trust I redeemed some precious moments yesterday. I was much favored in having my thoughts more collected than usual. Oh! how I wish that every thought and word may be devoted to the Lord! I do earnestly desire to be very watchful and earnest in prayer, and especially do I feel that I can do nothing of myself. Oh! that I were entirely absorbed in Christ, not having mine own righteousness. Oh! I do want to love my dear Saviour. It makes my heart sad to remember that Christ is so merciful and so compassionate, that He strengthens and supports me, and that I love Him so little. Oh! why is my heart so cold? 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' I feel very weak in body to-day—so entirely prostrated. Oh! Jesus I will look to Thee, and fervently pray that Thou wilt bless my afflictions to my soul. I am not afraid of suffering, for Thou wilt enable me to endure it. Oh, I pray Thee, so order it that my light afflictions may work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, *while* I look not at the things that are seen.

"*Sunday.*—This has been a bright and beautiful day, and a very happy one too. I can truly call the Sabbath a delight, and I desire that it be holy to the Lord, honorable. I often think that as I so ardently desire to keep holy the Sabbath-day, and anticipate so much pleasure in its return, I shall surely be permitted through the mercy of God to enjoy a Sabbath of eternal rest. I hope I am enabled to be more and more conscientious in my endeavors and prayers. I would not speak my own words, or think my own thoughts, on this

holy day. Oh! I do long to be pure and holy, and to be entirely divested of self-righteousness.

"*Monday.*—I earnestly desire to improve this week more than I have ever done. There is so much need of a daily growth in grace, and I have reason to hope I have made some progress, very inferior to what it ought to have been. But I desire to go from strength to strength, and especially do I desire to be cured of my propensity to look to myself, instead of to Christ. Oh! I wish I had no self, that all were lost in the love of Jesus! Oh! for that faith that overcomes the world, a simple child-like confidence in my dear Redeemer! This shall be the burden of my prayers, and surely He who has done so much for me will supply every need. I feel He will. I am as sure of it as I am of my own existence, and that, not because I have any claim to mercy, but because Jesus died. 'Oh! for a heart to praise my God.' Oh! for a knowledge of the height and depth, of the length and breadth, of the love of my dear Saviour, for He is dear to me.

"'Oh! love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.'

"*Tuesday.*—How little cause have I to think well of myself, and how much need there is that I keep a strict guard over my heart and lips! There was an allusion made to a subject that is always an unpleasant one to me, and which, when made a subject of conversation, always excites my natural impetuosity of feeling. Oh! how much I have to contend with! I was not irritated against any *person*, but it was wrong to allow myself to become so excited on any subject. It is my desire and intention to pray and strive against this and every remaining corruption of my heart. I desire to know and repent of all that is not in accordance with the

spirit of true religion. How much cause have I to rejoice that I have a merciful Redeemer to apply to! I see how perfectly the Gospel plan is adapted to our wants.

"*Friday.*—During Tuesday and Wednesday I had much cause to feel reproached for my want of spirituality. I did not feel as much as usual the sweet influences of the Spirit—influences which are dearer to me than all other enjoyments. I fear it was in a great degree on account of my levity. I felt far from indifferent, but it seemed impossible to keep my mind fixed on good things. On Wednesday evening I felt so unhappy that I determined that I would feel so no more, for I knew that if I would humbly spread my spiritual wants before my Father in heaven, He would be willing to grant me exceedingly above all that I would be able to ask or think. I did so, and my prayer was answered; and since then I have felt much more happy. Yesterday morning I had a delightful season of retirement, and last evening I enjoyed very much. I hope this day to be enabled to keep a strict watch upon my heart, and to depend upon the right source for illumination and peace.

"*Sunday.*—On Friday afternoon I had a delightful visit from Mr. James. I felt much encouraged in reflecting on the goodness of God towards me in putting it into the hearts of His children to visit me, and in thinking how much greater is His love than earthly affection. I was much blessed in prayer on Friday evening, and since then have felt much more prayerful. I am surprised to find my heart so cold this morning, but I know the remedy. To-day dear —— is to be confirmed. May the Lord strengthen her, and give her true faith. We have cause to feel that God is the Father of the fatherless, when we remember how much He has blessed us. May he conduct us in safety through life, and bring us unto His everlasting kingdom, for His name's sake."

The rapid progress which this young disciple was making in the knowledge of divine things, in appreciation of Scripture truths, in the assurance of faith, in the fervor of her love, and in the faithfulness of her self-scrutiny, cannot but strike the Christian reader. The Lord was evidently fashioning for himself "a vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use." The letter subjoined, the first of a series addressed to a very dear nephew, shows her affectionate aptness in speaking to children:

To W——, then four years of age.

"Sunday Morning, March 9, 1834.

"My own dear W——,

"Ma tells me that thee is quite sick this morning, and I thought I would write a letter to tell thee how much I pity and love my dear little pet. It has been our Heavenly Father's will to make both thee and me suffer a great deal of pain and sickness; but He does it for our good, and we ought to be very patient. Whenever thee feels very sick thee ought to pray to our dear Saviour to enable thee to bear suffering, and He will always hear and answer thy prayer, for He loves little children very dearly. Thee remembers what He said when the disciples were not willing to let the mothers take their children to Him. 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And then He 'took them in His arms, and blessed them.' Will it not be a blessed thing to leave this world of sorrow, and dwell for ever with this dear Saviour in that happy world, where the Bible tells us that 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' Now, dear W——, we cannot do anything of *ourselves* that will make us deserve to go to this place; for our hearts are wicked, and *we* cannot make them good; but we must pray to Jesus Christ to make us pure in heart, for the Bible says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;' and whenever we feel as if we wanted to be good and love God, we may be sure that it is He who has put these good thoughts into our hearts. Thee must pray for Aunty Sue every day, dear W., and I will pray for thee that God will preserve us from sin, and make us love Him with our whole hearts. I know very well that He will answer our prayers, for He is more willing to give us blessings than we are to ask Him. If

nothing should prevent, I would like thee to come around to-morrow and see me, and if thee cannot, thee must send me an answer to this letter. I wish very much to see thee, and I think about thee a great deal, for there is no child in the world that I love half so well. Kiss E. for me, and now, my darling boy, I must bid thee farewell.

"Thy affectionate AUNTY SUE."

"*March* 17*th.*—I do love twilight. It is to me the pleasantest hour of the day, and I desire ever to spend it in meditation and prayer. I desire to cultivate a more grateful spirit. Why is it that my heart is not more attuned to gratitude?

"22*d.*—Yesterday and to-day I have been favored with a calm and happy frame of mind. To-day I have suffered a great deal, but I desire to thank my heavenly Father both for His rod and His staff. I am rejoiced to find that I am in some degree grateful for the blessings received. I do long for a thankful heart, and it is one of my brightest hopes of heaven, that I shall there praise God with all my soul, strength and power.

"Truly, I am a child of God. Would He grant me such sweet access in prayer as I sometimes enjoy? Would he accompany the Holy Scriptures with such spirit and power, such peculiar appropriateness, as He does, and His Spirit only can, if I were not His child? Now, then, let me trust Him, and cast aside my sinful fears. Let me pray for grace to grow daily in conformity to His image, and to love and praise His holy name.

"*Sunday.*—

"'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above,
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With fervent hope and strong desire.'

This is a bright day, and all around me is quiet and peaceful. My suffering of body seems to increase, and had I none other than the help of man, I could not patiently endure it,

but I ever find the Balm of Gilead an ample cure for every wound, 'a cordial for my fears.'

"In this life I have naught but suffering to anticipate. Whether life be prolonged, or my course here be nearly run, I know not, and desire to feel no anxiety. This I know, and ever wish to feel, that Jesus is with me — that He will strengthen and comfort me under every affliction, and grant me a happy issue out of all; and this because God is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. Sometimes, when bowed down with pain, I think that perhaps eternity is very near — that it may be but a little while ere this mortal shall put on immortality. So let it be! So that Jesus is with me, I care not how soon. I have no desire to live, but to learn to die; and I know that until I am prepared for eternity, I shall not be taken from time.

"I am much comforted to hear of the desirable state of mind of an acquaintance who is wasted by disease, and apparently very near the end of his earthly sojourn. I believe that even *my* prayers for him have been answered. Oh, that the work of grace may be deepened in my heart.

"*Monday, March 24th.* — I am in severe pain to-day. I do pray fervently for strength to bear it, and it is given me. Oh! may my faith and patience be every day increased. Perhaps death may not be very far from me. Oh, my Heavenly Father, prepare me for Thy presence; cover me with the righteousness of my dear Saviour; take from my heart every thing opposed to Thy will. Oh, make me as clay in Thy hands. Oh, Lord, Thou knowest my sincerity, and Thou wilt supply my every need. 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'

"Yesterday was a happy day, because I was favored to be more fervent in prayer than usual, and more watchful against idle words and thoughts. I must endeavor to pray and strive against these, and every other enemy of my soul. I desire to seek a deeper work of grace.

"*March 27th.*—On Monday, two Friends, who have felt it their duty to visit the members of their meeting, came to see Mother, and, as an especial favor, consented to admit the rest of the family. Their remarks were very sweet and encouraging, and I trust they will be blessed to my soul. One of them addressed me particularly, and said that though I was a stranger to her, she had been led to believe that our Heavenly Father had gracious purposes in thus laying His afflicting hand upon me,—that it was His intention, not only to draw me to Himself, but to make me an instrument of good to my family. Heaven grant it may be so. If I could be blessed to those I love, if I could be the instrument of leading *one* soul to repentance, how very willing I trust I should be to endure even ten-fold more severe suffering.

"*Tuesday.*—I resolved that I would devote myself especially to prayer and reading the Bible. In the course of the morning, an article was sent to me to read, which was intended to amuse me. I took it up and began to read it, but my conscience reproved me, and I had to put it down. Was this consecrating my thoughts to the Lord? I pray for grace to encourage a tender conscience.

"*Saturday evening.*—I have been much blessed within these two days past, and I long for a heart full of praise. Yesterday was Good Friday, and I prayed that if it were right I might have solitude, but I had a crowd in my room nearly all day. I was enabled to withdraw my thoughts, in a great measure, from all that was passing, and I have no doubt that my prayer was answered in the way that was best for me.

"*Easter-day, March 30th.*—I hoped to have been able to go to the sanctuary this morning, but it was ordered otherwise I knew that God would bless me at home, and He has. Why should I doubt His mercy and His love? Oh, that every doubt and fear may be removed, and that I may have *joy* in believing. I trust that I *have* grown in grace.

This morning I feel assured that my desires have been acceptable. I pray for grace to spend this afternoon as I ought. Oh, for the full assurance of faith! This is what I long for, this is what I pray for, and this is what I know will yet be given to me. 'I shall yet praise Him who is the light of my countenance, and my God.' I do dearly love the Bible.

"*April 2d.*—Yesterday I enjoyed very much. If I were a truly devoted Christian I should be favored with many hours of 'communion sweet, communion large and high.' And as it is, how much cause have I to rejoice in the abundant manifestations of love I have received from my Heavenly Father. I think I am not deceived in my trust that I have grown in grace during the last two months.

"I have some sweet thoughts of heaven. Oh, what a glorious change is it for this mortal to put on immortality! Oh, when shall the happy experience be mine! Oh, dear Jesus! my soul longs for thee, and Thou art my supreme desire. Come and reveal Thyself to my waiting heart. I want to feel that I am dead unto sin, but alive unto Thee. Oh, I long to be conformed entirely to thine image! I thirst for Thy full salvation, with ardor that no language can express. I rejoice, O Almighty Father, that Thou dost know the thoughts and intents of my heart, and I desire to realize Thy presence. Why am I so trifling? How inconsistent I am! My cry must ever be, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Surely I shall become more humble, more watchful and more believing.

"*April 4th.*—Yesterday I went down stairs, after ten weeks' confinement. I was very glad to be permitted to leave my room, but do not expect ever to enjoy society as much as solitude, and I most fervently pray for directing and sustaining grace. I trust I shall not neglect my stated seasons of devotion on any account,—that I may be preserved from levity, vanity, and every sin. Oh, let me never rely upon

my own heart, but constantly and earnestly pray for the influences of the Spirit.

"I have been for a long time in the habit of keeping a record of my thoughts and feelings, and as I think this plan is productive of advantage to my spiritual interests, I desire to retain it, if possible, during the remainder of my life. And yet I have felt enough of the deceitfulness of my heart, and its proneness to error, to be well convinced that unless I maintain a constant dependence on the influence and restraining grace of my Heavenly Father, this, as well as every other means of grace, will be perverted. I would, therefore, commence this book, and every undertaking, with a fervent prayer for grace to help in time of need,—for a spirit of watchfulness and prayer,—for self-distrust, and child-like confidence in the merits of my Redeemer.

"'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting,' is, I trust, my heart's sincere and fervent petition. 'Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law, yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.'

"I ardently long for conformity to the will of my Heavenly Father, and am resolved that nothing else shall satisfy me; and though the mournful experience of my past short-comings would for ever deter me from the attempt, if it were made in reliance on my own competency, yet let me ever remember, 'Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, is more than conqueror.' I have experienced so many proofs of divine love, that I am encouraged to be confident that the power that has commenced a good work in me, will increase and perfect it; that He who has brought me out of nature's darkness, into a measure, at least, of the glorious liberty of the children of God, will dissipate every remaining cloud, by the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. I long for a heart full of praise to God for His exceeding mercy and loving-kind-

ness. Truly I may say with David, 'Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;' and, oh! for David's harp, that I might strike one glad anthem of love and praise.

"But, alas! my heart, I feel, is very cold and ungrateful, and very far from the habitation of perfect love and holiness. I often fear that I am making a kind of affected humility when I write thus: that I am content to say, 'How vile I am!' when if I felt half the plague of my own heart, I would never allow myself a moment of ease until I obtained a witness that my heart was right in the sight of God. And yet I feel that it is my heart's supreme desire to know and do the will of God. I feel that He is drawing me to Himself by the ties of his endearing love, and is preparing me for an everlasting abode, 'an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' O may the work of grace make rapid progress in my heart, and may it not be long ere I may fully realize what it is to be crucified to the world, its affections and lusts, and to know that my life is hid with Christ in God.

"I will pray for grace to go from strength to strength, until I appear in Zion before God. I have cause to be thankful that I have been enabled to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, within the period of my confinement to my room. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' I love to pray better than ever before, and sometimes have sweet access to my Heavenly Father. At such times I enjoy more happiness than the possession of all the treasures of earth could afford. My relish for the Bible is much increased. I find it of great advantage to read it with much prayer,—to petition every day that no other book may be allowed to withdraw my affections from it,—to open it with a prayer that I may feel to the utmost the insufficiency of my own comprehension, and be inspired with humble yet aspiring faith. 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law,' is my very fervent

prayer. It affords me great consolation to trust that I shall be enabled to love this blessed book better and better, that my spiritual taste will be quickened, while earth's fleeting vanities will in the same proportion appear insipid and unsatisfying. And, oh! may I ever remember that it is quite impossible that I can ever think a good thought, or perform a righteous action, unassisted by the Holy Spirit.

"*April 5th.*—I have for a long time felt the importance of devoting my thoughts to God the moment I awake, but have much to contend with in this respect—many difficulties within and without. My old habit of castle-building has been a source of disadvantage; and though I feel very thankful for a partial victory over this enemy of my soul, I find it necessary to keep constant watch. I do pray for grace to be regular in the discharge of my private duties; in reading the Scriptures; in prayer, and self-examination. The time I spend in their performance is truly the happiest of my life, and I rejoice to find that my love for them increases.

The reflection, that I am so unprofitable a servant, causes much pain. Oh, why does not my heart overflow with love to sinners, and why do I not cast aside this sinful diffidence, and urge upon them immediate attention to their souls' best interests? 'Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.' I have a strong impression that there is much for me to do; that in this thing I must take up the Cross. I have been very remiss, and my conscience reproaches me. The sense of my great unworthiness and ignorance deters me from this duty, but I know this is a temptation; as I know my duty so well, why not do it? My responsibilities are very great; oh, that my sense of them may increase. I cannot account for my feelings on this subject. I feel as if I ought to urge the subject of religion on all my worldly friends; and if I do not, there is such a weight upon my heart: O, Lord, show me Thy will, and I will trust Thee for strength to perform it.

"I have great cause to thank my Heavenly Father for his exceeding goodness to my friends. Several of them are under very deep impression, and some of them have applied to me for counsel and encouragement. Ignorant and helpless as I am, God will make me a messenger of grace to their souls, if I trust in Him.

"I must tell them 'What a dear Saviour I have found,' and direct them to Him for 'grace to help in time of need.' I do implore Thee, O Lord, to deepen this work of grace in their hearts; 'Increase this knowledge, and confirm this faith.'"

"*Sunday, April 6th.*—Another blessed Sabbath! Oh, Lord, give me grace to spend it according to Thy will. This day I always anticipate with pleasure. Although I cannot go to the sanctuary, I find it good to commune with my own heart in my chamber, and be still. Oh, what cause for thankfulness have I in the goodness of my Heavenly Father in thus refreshing my thirsty soul with the dews of his grace! Every day, and every waking hour does He visit me with the influences of His Holy Spirit, and even my dreams are sometimes profitable to my soul. I sometimes wake with comforting passages of Scripture impressed upon my mind. Was any one ever more unworthy? I desire a deep and abiding sense of my own sinfulness, and of the infinite mercy of God. I want to look beyond myself to Jesus. I have not simple faith: oh, how I long for it! Lord, that I know not, teach Thou me, I pray Thee.

"I trust I shall grow in grace this day. I desire to be altogether spiritual; but, oh, what difficulty I find in guarding my thoughts. I would that I could always remember that they are *heard in heaven*. If I wish to be a happy Christian, I must consecrate every thought, word, and action; every faculty, moral and intellectual, to the Lord. Have I done this in reality?

"I desire to be deeply taught of the Spirit. I know that

I cannot, of myself, think a good thought: I am glad of that. What a blessed reflection, that God has undertaken this work, and leaves nothing for me to do but to submit to His guidance. The greatest deficiency of my soul is want of love to Jesus, and of simple faith in his merits. I make religion too abstract: surely it is a very simple thing: why do I not feel it so? O, Almighty Father, who now seest the inmost recesses of my heart, look down upon me, I pray Thee, and pierce my soul with the sword of Thy Spirit. Open Thou mine eyes that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law. Grant me such a view of my situation in Thy sight, as is consistent with Thy will. O, let me not be deceived, I pray Thee, for Thou knowest, and I have, in some degree, felt the deceitfulness of my heart, and the multitude of my spiritual enemies, and I long to be delivered from them all. Oh, be merciful to me a sinner, and purify my soul from sin. 'Let not any iniquity have dominion over me, for I have chosen the way of Thy commandments.' Righteousness of my own I can never have, but I pray Thee, O Lord, to let me, by faith, appropriate the righteousness of Christ, through whose merits alone I have any hope of eternal life.

"Oh, it is a solemn thing, thus to invite the inspection of a heart-searching God; but it is far better that I should do it now, that I may be cleansed from all unrighteousness, and led into the way of truth, than that I should be awakened from a state of sinful security to the horrors of eternal misery. Oh, why should any poor sinner refuse the invitations of love and mercy? 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money.' How entirely does this suit me! I thirst: I have no money: and, blessed be the name of the Lord, I *have* tasted of the fountain of living waters.

"'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, even the living God: when shall I come to appear before God!'

"Truly, if a taste for spiritual enjoyments is an evidence of a renewed nature, I may safely conclude that I have passed from death unto life, for every thing else seems comparatively dull and tasteless."

"*April 8th.*—I have been the subject of very deep impressions for a few days past. I trust they will be blessed to my soul. I was very ill on Sunday, and thought that I was about to exchange the scenes of earth for the realities of eternity. The apparent nearness of death did not alarm me, for I felt that my trust was in the Rock of Ages; but I did not experience the support that will, I believe, be vouchsafed me when the hour of dissolution shall arrive. How it would rejoice my heart to leave all my friends with the assured hope of a blissful reunion on the shores of Canaan's happy land! O, my Heavenly Father, make me, I pray Thee, to lead a holy and consistent life, that my instrumentality may be blessed to their eternal weal. I want humility. I fear the effect of the praises which are so undeservedly bestowed upon me. Oh, may I ever feel that 'every good and perfect gift cometh from above,' and if my Heavenly Father has been pleased to lift up the light of His countenance upon me, let me never attribute the bright ray to the reflection of my own virtues. I ardently long for the time when 'the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings,' and make all light and glorious within. I ardently desire, I will ever pray and strive, and never rest until the work of sanctification is completed in my heart. Is it presumption to say this? Have I not often experienced the deceitfulness of my heart, and its continual proneness to err; and shall I believe that so high and holy a resolve will ever be executed? Yes, I make it in the strength of the Lord of Hosts, and I am persuaded that 'He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

"*10th.*—I was thankful to awake this morning in a devotional frame, and to be able to make my morning prayers

with fervor and sincerity. I feel the importance of devoting the first moments of the day to God. I had much cause for self-reproach last evening. I indulged in trifling conversation at a time when, if my heart had been properly affected, I might have introduced some profitable remarks. So many opportunities neglected of speaking a word in season, and out of season. My conscience has become very tender on this subject, and yet what amendment has been produced?

"I think I see a glimmering of light on this subject. Something tells me there is work for me to do: that I must warn those around me with faithfulness of their danger, and urge them to flee to Jesus for safety; and then alarmed and distrustful self starts up, and asks, 'What! is so unworthy an instrument as I to be employed? one so ignorant, so helpless? Oh, let me ever remember that God is able to make a witness of His pardoning love, even of me, poor, weak and sinful as I am; and if His Holy Spirit puts words into my mouth, to warn and comfort my fellow-creatures, let me not rebel against his blessed influences. O, may the fear of man be taken from my heart! May every faculty and feeling be brought into obedience to my Heavenly Father's will! I pray for grace to discern it clearly. I feel that I have been unfaithful to my friends. I offer the prayer, 'Deliver me from blood-guiltiness,' with a feeling that I incur the danger.

"I did not expect to have these feelings. I thought that so humble a Christian as I, a very babe in spiritual attainments, though, alas, not one in simplicity and love, would be suffered to pass along in silence. But I see now that it is the duty and privilege of every child of God to become a herald of the cross; and God will bless the feeblest efforts made in dependence on His power. O, that *self* were annihilated, and that I had no desire but to know and do the will of God, without reference to human opinion or ap-

plause. Oh, to think of praising and loving God *forever and forever!*

"I must not forget that I defended some of my own opinions to-day, with some degree of obstinacy. I do not think it was perceptible to others, but let me remember that God seeth not as man sees. I implore Thee, O, my Father, to make me meek and humble as a little child.

"I think I do feel thankful to God for His goodness to others. Every sinner, saved by grace, is a guarantee of His love for *me*. I feel comforted and encouraged to follow their good examples, that I may with them inherit the promises. Sometimes I seem to have deeper views of religion. I see that the path that leads the Christian home to God is a strait and narrow one. Do I desire to widen it? No! I only pray for grace to confine myself to it. Lord, deepen the work of grace in my heart. Indeed I am sincere."

"11*th.*—I rode out this morning, after having been confined eleven weeks to the house. I was really delighted to breathe the fresh air again. I was much fatigued, and have had a good deal of pain. I wish I were more grateful for the strength which is given me to endure suffering. I do not prize it as I ought. I pray that it may not be taken from me.

"I have been enabled to-day to keep collected and tranquil, but was disappointed in having so little solitude. I have learned to pray in the midst of a crowd, but I very often long for privacy. At such times, I think what a blessed thing it will be to praise God to all eternity; to be an inhabitant of that abode where all is harmony, and peace, and love. I believe that my 'title is clear to mansions in the skies.' 'Lord, increase my faith.'"

"*April* 12*th.*—I have been over to see Mrs. L., and was glad to be permitted to see so great an exhibition of simple dependence on the merits of a Redeemer. Oh, it does encourage and comfort me to see such 'a cloud of witnesses' to

the loving-kindness of the Lord. May this visit be abundantly blessed to my soul. I was forcibly reminded of the text, 'How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.' Oh, what an all-sufficient support is religion! Of sickness, sorrow, suffering of any kind, the Christian may say, 'None of these things move me.' Dear Saviour, let me never dishonor Thee by sinful doubts and fears. I am one of thy sheep — very sickly, and much disposed to wander — but the Good Shepherd, who 'giveth his life for the sheep,' will not, surely, suffer them to wander from him.

"I pray Thee to preserve me from all trust in my own works; from the odious sin of self-righteousness; neither let me be discouraged on account of my sins. Jesus Christ is my Saviour, not myself. I long for entire spirituality, for a spirit of self-renunciation. This is the last day of the week. I anticipate to-morrow with delight."

"*April* 13*th*, *Sunday*. — The text for to-day is, 'Because Thou hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.' For this cause may I ever praise and love the Lord. He has been my help, and I long for a heart full of praise. This is a blessed day, and I desire long to bear it in remembrance.

"It is a sweet spring morning; the birds are singing, and the trees beginning to put forth their verdure.

> 'When winter's gloomy reign is o'er,
> All nature is renewed by spring's reviving breath;
> Thus shall Thy Spirit, Lord, restore
> Life to my dreary soul, strength to my wavering faith.'

"I could not go to church this morning, but God has sent me help from the sanctuary. I have much enjoyed the quiet of my chamber. Solitude is often to be esteemed one of the richest blessings, and when it is gone we learn to prize it.

"I love to think, on Sunday, of the multitudes of God's children who are scattered upon the earth. I love to think

of Missionaries who are now pursuing their labor of love amid the Western wilds, and in far countries. I love to think of temples raised in the wilderness, and hearts consecrated to the service of the living God in the midst of the heathen; and I can sympathize with those who are stretched on a bed of languishing. How sweet it is for them, and for me, to feel that *the word is nigh us, even in our hearts.* Oh, I feel that 'this peaceful calm within my breast' is, indeed, 'the sure pledge of heavenly rest.' May I be more fervent in prayer during the remainder of this day."

"14*th.*—I believe that my Heavenly Father is drawing me nearer to Himself by the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit. I long to be more closely united to Christ. Yesterday was a happy day: I had much solitude: and solitude is to me an invaluable thing. I spent the early part of the morning in prayer and self-examination, the remainder in reading the Bible, and then retired to bed in acute bodily suffering, but with a trust that God will bless it to my soul, and, I hope, to the spiritual welfare of others. I had a hot fever; felt very far from well, and reflected that the remainder of my sojourn here will probably be passed in aggravated bodily suffering. To the flesh this is rather a dark picture, but the light of faith illumines it. My Heavenly Father *has* supported me; he has even made me feel that mine are 'light afflictions,' and I believe that, through His infinite mercy, they will work for me a 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I am willing to suffer the will of the Lord, and even thankful. I have felt to-day, as I should suppose a person in the last stage of consumption would feel, such exceeding weakness, and pain in my breast; but I have been supported. Oh, then, let me not doubt.

"I had a very pleasant ride this afternoon. I felt interested for the souls of the multitudes I saw in the streets. The country looked very sweet: how much more beautiful

will be the better country! Oh, that I may be safely landed there ere long, if it be my Heavenly Father's will."

"15*th.*—Another day of bodily suffering and peace of mind has passed. Oh, that I could praise my Heavenly Father as I ought for his exceeding mercies. Spiritual blessings seem to me more than ever desirable.

"If I can judge from feelings, I shall not live very long. I suffer more and more.

> 'Tis my happiness below,
> Not to live without the cross;
> But the Saviour's power to know,
> Sanctifying every loss.'"

"16*th.*—Let me retire with a grateful heart for the continued mercies of this day, both temporal and spiritual. I enjoyed my twilight hour of devotion more than usual, and during the evening had sweet relief from prayer. I have not, as I once had, a continual weight at my heart. I know now where to go with my perplexities and sufferings. How ardently I desire a nearer approach to my Saviour! It is, I feel, only in a near union with Him that safety consists. I finished to-day, Henry Martyn's Life: I prayed earnestly that I might derive instruction from it, and trust that I have."

"18*th.*—This is our lecture night, and I determined to spend it in my room, and hold communion in secret, but I have been weighed down by pain, and have really been scarcely able to think connectedly, but I can thank my Heavenly Father for my afflictions, for I know that He will sanctify them. I think my faith is strengthened. I can never be satisfied till I know more of Jesus; until my love for Him is entire; my trust unshaken. 'Love divine, how sweet thou art!'"

CHAPTER VI.

1834.

Convictions of Duty—Letter of Encouragement—Assurance—Enjoyment of Christian Biography—Love for Society of Christians—Delight in the Law of God—Interest in the Church—Letter to an Enquirer—Dr. Bedell's Death—Funeral Sermon—Religious Souvenir.

COULD eleven weeks of imprisonment and suffering have been more profitably spent! How was the Saviour's promise fulfilled to this his meek, languishing, waiting disciple: "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." These pantings after holiness and God, these sweet refreshing glimpses of the Saviour and his kingdom, this discovery of the treasures of knowledge, wisdom and love, hid in the divine word, are undeniable proofs of the presence and the instruction of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. And when we trace such a record of the inner life of a young and admired female, whose twenty-first year is not yet completed, have we not cause to exclaim, "Who teacheth like Him?"

We cannot forbear to notice, in this heart-chronicle, the allusion to the deep impression of the writer that there was a work for her to do, and that this commission specially was to urge upon her fellow-creatures "immediate attention to their souls' best interests." "Something tells me that there is work for me to do; that I must warn those around me with faithfulness of their danger, and urge them to flee to Jesus for safety." How well and faithfully this work was done, there are many witnesses. And how effectually this work can be done by woman, without stepping beyond her own sphere, even by the enfeebled and secluded invalid, will be

evident to every attentive reader of this biography. When we compare, with her subsequent course, this transcript of her early and deep convictions as to the duty of direct personal effort for the salvation of others, we may recognize with devout gratitude the agency of the Spirit, preparing her for future and extended usefulness. Designs of mercy for many souls besides her own were connected with this allotment of suffering. God was preparing a fit messenger to invite the impoverished and the thirsting to the living waters. The Saviour was fitting a polished shaft to his bow of strength. And while purifying the soul of his handmaiden, as gold is purified seven times in the fire, he impressed upon her inmost heart the nature of the work which he had for her to do. It was no vague, enthusiastic impression; no mystical, unaccountable fancy. But it was the clear, calm conviction of an understanding and conscience enlightened by the word and Spirit of God: the overflowing sympathy of a heart constrained by the love of Christ, and responding to the Master's charge, "Freely ye have received, freely give." She was not disobedient to what she interpreted to be a 'heavenly voice;' and to recommend the Lord Jesus and his salvation to the unconverted, became a fixed principle of her life. And for the different stages to which the pilgrim towards the heavenly Zion had attained, for the varied difficulties, temptations and trials of the way, she had ever ready the appropriate and seasonable counsel, drawing constantly on her own experience, and on the treasures of the word of God.

Letter to a Friend.

"April 13, 1834.

* * * "This has been to me a most delightful day. I have spent nearly all of it in the solitude of my chamber, and I felt that my feelings could harmonize with the tranquillity and peace that surrounded me. The air was very balmy, the birds singing in the trees, the grass green, and I could almost have fancied myself in the country. I felt something of the Sabbath of the soul. Among other causes of gratitude that warmed my heart, the contemplation of my

Heavenly Father's goodness towards *thee*, dear E., has not been forgotten. The reception of thy letter was much desired, and its perusal gave me great satisfaction. This may seem cruel, but can I otherwise than rejoice when I witness evidences of 'godly sorrow,' that will, I trust, work 'repentance not to be repented of?' Rejoice, dear E., in the loving-kindness of our Heavenly Father; thank Him that He has made thee feel the plague of thy own heart; remember that He wounds to heal. 'The bruised reed will He not break, the smoking flax will He not quench.' He has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and 'Whosoever cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Do not fear to trust Him who was crucified for *thee*, and who is 'faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' The twilight hour has come, and I will now pray for thee, that thee may have grace to help in time of need.

"*Tuesday eve.*—I shall not feel quite comfortable until I have dispatched this letter, for although I feel my inability to 'minister to a mind diseased,' yet with my Heavenly Father's aid I would direct thy attention to the Balm of Gilead, 'a sovereign balm for every wound, a cordial for our fears.' Thee says, dear E., that thee feels 'a deep sense of thy sinfulness in the sight of a pure and holy God, and thy need of the redeeming blood of Jesus.' With these feelings, thee is as worthy a suppliant as has ever since the creation sought and found redemption. Thee 'prays for faith.' Thank heaven, this is a prayer which, if offered with sincerity and humility, never has been and never will be rejected to all eternity.

"And now let me offer a few words of advice, which, if thee will be persuaded to take, will save thee from much danger and needless suffering. Do not stop, dear E., to analyse thy feelings. Do not wait to consider how deep a sense of sinfulness thee has attained, how far thee is indifferent to things of a worldly nature, and whether a spiritual taste has been excited in thy heart, but go to Jesus just as thou art. Remember that He sees and pities thy infirmities, and is more willing to extend relief than thou to ask it. If thee cannot believe, let thy prayer be, 'Help thou mine unbelief,' and I have the authority of my Maker to promise thee that thy prayer will be answered. Oh, be very fervent in prayer, and if thy prayers are cold, do not be discouraged—do not sin against God by doubting His mercy.

"I would recommend to thy attention the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. We have, indeed, 'exceeding great and precious promises.'

"I think I understand thy character, and I sympathize with the trials with which thee has to contend, as experience has taught me their painful and injurious influence; but no difficulties are too great for the transforming power of Divine grace.

"I have wasted so many hours in fruitless speculation on subjects in which I have no immediate concern, and have found this habit so detrimental to my soul's best interests, that I would warn thee against it. Why cannot we feel that we are nothing, that we know nothing, and can do nothing, that we are as clay in the hands of the potter. Oh, there is nothing so desirable as an humble, child-like spirit. 'Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven,' are the words of our Saviour; and what are *we*, that we should presume to weigh the counsels of the Most High in the balance of our feeble, tiny reason? Truly, the Lord is merciful and gracious, 'slow to anger and plenteous in merey.' Thee will find it very profitable to read the Scriptures with the prayer, 'Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law;' and I can tell thee from experience, that the more frequently and the more prayerfully thee does this, the more simple will appear the plan of salvation, and wisdom's ways more pleasant and peaceful.

"I feel my weakness and unworthiness when I would advise another, but I can fearlessly direct thy attention to the source whence I have experienced relief, to the fountain of living waters, from which I trust thee and I will continue to drink, until we are made inhabitants of the city of God which is watered by the river of life."

"*Sunday, 20th.*— I was mercifully permitted to go to church this morning, after an absence of twelve weeks, and I trust I have learned, in some degree, to prize this privilege, though not exempt from the attacks of my old enemy—wandering thoughts. I know it is because I am not sufficiently watchful. Oh, I am afraid,—indeed, I know, that I look too much to my own heart. I have not a simple faith in my dear Saviour. The sermon was very solemn; the text was, 'Do we then make void the law through faith?' I thought, as I looked on the pale countenance of our dear Pastor, that it would not be very long before we were both in the presence of our Maker. I trust it will be with the church

of the first-born — the assembly of the just made perfect. I have cause to be thankful for the blessing of a faithful Pastor, and I trust if I am again permitted to listen to his teachings, I shall not suffer them to be unto me 'a savor of death unto death.' I feel assured that through the merits of my Redeemer, I shall go from strength to strength, until I shall appear in Zion."

The following letter, addressed to a very dear and valued Christian friend, is the first of several which will be introduced in this memoir:

To Mrs. J.

April 22d, 1834.

. . . 'For the affectionate interest you have manifested in my welfare I feel most grateful, and can assure you that it is warmly reciprocated. The friendship and companionship of any of the great 'cloud of witnesses,' whose faith and patience we are encouraged to follow, that we may with them inherit the promises, I deem one of the richest blessings that my Heavenly Father has bestowed upon me, and for the enjoyment of such society would gladly exchange any pursuit that has not a tendency to raise my thoughts heavenward. How often do I regret that I have so little profited by such intercourse! . . .

"I rode to church last Sunday, after an absence of twelve weeks, and felt truly thankful to be permitted once more to enjoy a privilege, the value of which, I trust, I have in some degree learned to appreciate. Our dear pastor appears to be still declining in health, and I do not think it probable that his earthly pilgrimage will be long continued. Mr. —— has been very ill for a few weeks past, but has been better during the last few days. I was over to see him about ten days ago, and was much gratified by my visit. He is in a most desirable state, and though enduring much acute physical suffering, has learned to esteem it a 'light affliction;' and truly it should be so considered, when we feel that it is the needful chastisement of a Father's love, and will, by His blessing, be made conducive to our eternal welfare.

'Then not for us — oh, not for us
To say what should be given;
By Him who knows how much we need
To turn our hearts to heaven.'"

"*Diary, April 24th.*—I have felt unusually sad to-day, partly, perhaps, on account of physical suffering, but chiefly because I felt that my heart needed a deeper work of grace. I have no cause of sadness on this account, surely. He who has given me the desire will grant its fulfilment. I do ardently long for the light of my Heavenly Father's countenance. O, for the faith that overcometh the world! Well, I will wait patiently upon the Lord, and I am as well convinced as I am of my existence, that He will fulfil my desire."

"*28th.*—I have suffered more than I can express during the last two or three days. I do not think there can be the least probability of my restoration to health. I have thought so for a long time past, and sometimes hope, if it be right, that this mortal shall soon put on immortality. But I would have no will of my own on the subject.

"The text for this evening is, 'Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.' I desire ever to place my confidence in the supporting arm of my Heavenly Father, and I pray that He will send me all the affliction and suffering that He sees I need; that He will sanctify every pain I feel. I very often ask myself whether I am fit, if suddenly taken, to appear in the presence of a holy, heart-searching God. I can only exercise a simple faith in Jesus. I have nothing to fear. I know that I will not be taken before my Heavenly Father sees that I am worthy, through Christ, of an everlasting abode in heaven, and I do, *with entire sincerity*, pray to Him to do with me according to His will.

"It seems strange that I, who know so little, should ever feel an emotion of spiritual pride, and yet I fear I have sometimes felt it: what can be more odious in the sight of God? I am far from indifferent to the applause of men. May I

never be one of those who 'love the praise of men more than the praise of God.'

"Dear Saviour, manifest Thyself in all Thy loveliness to my waiting heart, and make me thine forever. Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit, both now and ever, amen."

"*May 4th, Sunday.*—How can I thank my Heavenly Father for His infinite mercy towards so unworthy a creature? I forget not his benefits; I delight to remember them, but I want a *new song* put into my mouth. I want to bless, to glorify, to adore His holy name. 'O Lord, open *Thou* my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.' How have I enjoyed this day? And this happiness has been derived from the Source of life and light, not from the impure streams of the world's pleasure. I have tasted the water of life. *I shall drink* and be *satisfied.* I was thankful this morning when I awoke and saw the sun shining through the window; and though I was far from well, determined not to be prevented from going to the sanctuary. I went with a sincere prayer that the means of grace might be blessed to my soul, and my prayer was answered. I knew it would be. I did most cordially unite in the beautiful and sublime service of our church. I love it more and more, and wonder that any can think it tedious, at least any whose hearts have been touched by divine truth. I was much affected: the hymn was so beautiful, and the sermon one of the best I have ever been privileged to hear."

"*May 8th.*—I long for a greater manifestation of Divine love. I have a constant reaching forward to something which I have not attained. I am too indifferent. I do not *strive* as I ought, to enter in at the strait gate. I desire to have an exact understanding of my spiritual condition. I feel that it is not what it ought to be: that I want more faith, hope, and charity. It seems to me that my religious feelings are deepening, rather than growing brighter: the subject is seldom absent from my mind: I could almost say *never*, when

awake. I am sensible of feelings of solemnity that I have seldom known before—perhaps eternity is near. Well, be it so. I am persuaded that Jesus will be with me in my passage through the dark valley. If I am not mistaken, it is the supreme desire of my heart to know and do the will of my Heavenly Father. I thank Him for the strength He gives me to suffer it. I long to know the length, and breadth, and height, and depth of the love of Christ.

'Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On *Thee* I cast my care.'

"O, that my soul were drawn out in more fervent desires for the salvation of my friends, and for the redemption of every human being. I am often astonished at the coldness of my heart on this subject. Though I cannot perform a missionary's labor, I will pray for a missionary's spirit—a missionary's love for souls."

"*May* 21*st.*—My sufferings have so much increased, that it is very seldom that I feel able to make any record of this kind, or to hold epistolary intercourse with my friends, but in this it is my earnest desire to bow with entire submission to my Heavenly Father's will. Since I last wrote, I have been favored with many privileges, and have abundant cause for gratitude, but how comparatively heartless have been my thanks! Did my salvation depend on my own works, I should have no hope, no security. It is to the merits of my dear Redeemer that I trust for pardon and grace.

"Last Sabbath was a day I had long anticipated, and my desire to avail myself of the blessed ordinance of which I have been deprived during the last four months was gratified. I endeavored to spend the preceding week as much in preparation for it as I could, and prayed earnestly that it might be accompanied with a blessing. I felt that I did truly repent of my past sins, was in love and charity with all men, and with the grace of God did most seriously intend to lead a new life, and felt a confidence that I did not unworthily

partake of so sacred and solemn an ordinance, though in me there is no good thing.

"I have been reading, lately, 'Wolfe's Life,' and the 'Memoirs of Brainerd.' I think Christian biography very instructive, and I particularly enjoy the lives of Missionaries, because I find that my prayers are thereby rendered more fervent for the coming of the Redeemer's kingdom, and for the encouragement of the instruments He has chosen to promote it. Oh, that the zeal of Martyn and Brainerd might be infused into every Christian bosom; and O that I, who seem so useless, might be filled with the spirit of supplication that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers! I am astonished at my indifference to these things, — it really alarms me. Almost all I can do is to pray, and my prayers are so cold and feeble that I am ashamed of them. O, Lord, give me entire dependence on the teachings of Thy Holy Spirit.

"23*d.* — The country is always delightful to me, and it is *more* delightful to enjoy the society of true Christians, and the privilege of family worship. It diffuses a prayerful feeling over the heart, and renders it doubly susceptible of devout affections. I sometimes feel so ardent a love for those whom I believe are the followers of the Lamb, that I long for some mode of expressing it. I would prefer their society, amid the absence of external attractions, even in poverty and pain, to the fellowship of the ungodly, though surrounded with wealth and splendor.

"*Sunday evening.* — I have attended church twice to-day, and though often interrupted by wandering thoughts, have, in some degree, improved the privilege with which I have been blessed. I earnestly pray for grace to keep holy the Sabbath. I feel more and more the necessity, the benefit, and the delight of obeying this commandment, and I would have its importance every day more deeply impressed upon my mind.

"What a blessing it is that the law is so strict. 'Thy word is very pure, therefore Thy servant loveth it.' I have had great delight in reading the Bible to-day. I wonder that my heart is not more alive to its beauties. I much enjoyed evening devotion—I could scarcely bear to go to bed. How much more happiness is to be derived from such moments, than from the vain pursuits of this world! If I live till to-morrow, I desire to be more instant in prayer, more patient in tribulation, more abundant in good words and works than I have been, and above all blessings, I desire and pray for a simple faith in the merits of my Redeemer, a grateful heart to praise Him for His love, and a spirit of deep humility. These, and every other blessing, I ask in the name of Jesus, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, I desire grace to ascribe, with my whole heart, glory and honor for ever and ever. Amen.

"29*th.*—The sufferings of this morning have exerted an influence against which I always contend. They have drawn many a tear from my eyes, but indeed they were not tears of repining, or unwillingness to suffer, for I can say sincerely, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight;' and my earnest prayer is, that God will give me just that measure of suffering which He sees is best for me, and that, according to His promise, He will endue me with strength to bear it. And if the perishing of the outward man be rendered instrumental in renewing the inward man, shall I murmur, or even desire that the rose of health should bloom upon my cheek? No, I would not even wish for the mitigation of a single pang. It is the supreme desire of my soul to adore and glorify God's holy name, and it is my brightest hope of heaven, that there I shall praise Him as I ought, and love Him as I would. The footsteps of decay come stealing on. To-night I feel in great pain. I do not like to tell others of it, for I wish to be entirely resigned and cheerful under suffering, and it is not good to complain.

"*June 9th.* — *Temora.* — I am sitting in my sweet little room, listening to the warbling of the birds, enjoying the pure air, and breathing a fervent prayer that the solitude of the country may be blessed to my spiritual interests. Came up on Saturday, with my dear mother, and intend to make a sojourn of two or three weeks. I greatly prefer the country, but much regret the sanctuary. 'Truly my soul hath a desire and longing for the courts of the Lord.' Yesterday was the holy Sabbath, and I did earnestly pray that I might be enabled to spend it profitably, but it was not like the Sabbaths I spend at home.

"I have always been astonished, since I have had some sense of the necessity of a change of heart, that I am not more interested in the salvation of others, and I believe it is because I have not faithfully improved the concern that has been given me. Now I have made it a subject of especial prayer that I may be rendered useful here, and have brought up some tracts that I hope may be blessed. I have several objects much at heart.

"There is one person in whose spiritual interests I feel deep anxiety, and towards whom I have never discharged my duty. Now I know that if I pray fervently for the salvation of this person; if, in the strength of the Lord, I endeavor to maintain a strictly consistent walk; if, on all suitable occasions, I urge the importance of a change of heart, and the dangers of delay; and if I constantly pray for the aid of the Spirit, and confidently trust in the promises of God, I shall not be disappointed. Oh, that I may be enabled to do all this! Oh, that all fear and all love of the world may be taken out of my heart! It is, perhaps, equally sinful to be discouraged by the wickedness of my heart, and to think well of it.

"It drew tears of gratitude and delight from my eyes to witness so many proofs of the growing prosperity of our beloved Church. It will be impossible to express the affection

I feel for it. I do earnestly desire to be preserved from illiberality to other denominations. With all that are orthodox I feel great unity, and can attend their churches with pleasure and profit. But my love for my own dear church is of a peculiar kind. It is, more than any other, the home of my heart. Her government appears to me to be more consistent with Scripture, and I do not think this opinion is the result of prejudice, for I was not brought up in her bosom. Her services are sublime and impressive, and I do hope have been blessed to my soul. Her ministers, with whom I have been acquainted, have, most of them, appeared to be devoted Christians, faithful soldiers of the cross; although there is reason to fear that into her communion some unfaithful shepherds have intruded.

"There is a peculiar solemnity in the worship of the Episcopal Church that is very profitable to me. 'The Lord' seems indeed 'in his holy temple,' and my heart echoes the words, 'Let all the earth keep silence before Him.' And there is great satisfaction in uniting with God's people in heartfelt expressions of sinfulness, and prayers for pardon. Our solemn Litany strengthens my soul, and though our sacred music does not always kindle in my heart the rapture of devotion, it deepens my desire to offer a worthy sacrifice of thanksgiving — to 'sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb.' Oh, may I sing it for ever and ever before the throne of the Most High! I have felt St. Andrew's to be truly the temple of the Lord, and I eagerly anticipate the period of my return home, that, if it is my Heavenly Father's will, I may once more enter its sacred courts. 'Walk about Zion, go round about her, and tell the towers thereof; mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses, that ye may tell them that come after. For this God is our God, for ever and ever; He shall be our guide unto death.'

"12*th.* — I have been lying down the greater part of the day, and have suffered even more than usual. I have now

an agonizing pain in my breast, but have great cause to be thankful for the patience that is given me to support suffering. My earnest prayer is, 'Lord, increase my faith.'

"Oh, what is there in this world calculated to impart satisfaction to one who has been made to thirst for living waters — to hunger for the bread of life? Truly, all is vanity; and intercourse with worldly people is to me more productive of vexation of spirit than any thing else, except my own shortcomings.

"*Sunday.* — *Sunset.* — This has been a lovely day. This is to me a blessed and happy season,—

> 'Return, thou wished and welcome guest,
> Thou day of holiness and rest,
> Thou best and dearest of the seven,
> Emblem and harbinger of heaven.'

If my life be spared another week, I trust I shall grow in grace — that I shall be more careful to say nothing of others that I would not have them say of me — more watchful against idle words and wandering thoughts — more careful to cultivate a spirit of humility. I have been engaged the greater part of the morning in hearing the servants read, and in reading and talking to them. I never before have felt so much liberty in speaking, and I hope that what I have said may be blessed, as it did not come from myself, but from God. The promise, 'My word shall not return unto me void,' very often encourages me, when I see little reason to hope for good effects. Oh, if I were a devoted Christian, to how many souls I might be blessed! All I want is simple faith in Jesus. How much I enjoy this solitude — at night, especially! There is no one to tempt me to talk, and thereby to keep away good thoughts.

"*19th.* — I have concluded that the troublesome diffidence that so much mars my pleasure, when in a great deal of company, is nothing in the world but pride in the garb of humility. I would desire ever to go into company with a prepared

heart, and while surrounded by others, endeavor at all times to remember that the all-seeing eye is upon me. I desire to be divested of a love of admiration and applause, but to be polite to all, and then I shall be enabled to escape the dangers which attend intercourse with the world. Oh, that my thoughts, words and deeds were all purified by heavenly grace. When shall the happy time arrive!

To Mrs. J.

BUCKS COUNTY, June 13th, 1834.

"You see I am not at quite so great a distance, my dear Mrs. J., as when I last wrote; and I can assure you that, to my heart, you are nearer and dearer than ever. The assurance of your continued remembrance was most gladly received. * * * You observe that, 'truly the Christian's life is pleasant, and all its paths are peace.' To this assertion my heart re-echoes a cordial amen; for, although my footsteps have but lately turned into this narrow road that 'leads the Christian home to God,' and though, from a sinful want of confidence in my Heavenly Guide, I am prone to look rather to myself than Him, still I can truly say, that I had much rather encounter any and every difficulty, than turn aside into the broad path, for 'the air is purer, the scenery more beautiful, the society far superior, the flowers strewed by the way-side never fading, and the termination of the pilgrimage is the better country.' I very often think that if I, a *very babe* in Christ, have experienced the pleasantness and the peacefulness of this path so fully as to find every other dry and barren, how, beyond all comprehension, must be the happiness of the established, of the devoted Christian!

"You very kindly, my dear Mrs. J., express an interest in my health, and ask my physician's opinion concerning it. I do not think he has, for a long time, entertained any expectation of my recovery; and when he discovered that the experiment of quietude had proved unproductive of benefit, he assured me that every exertion of skill had been made in vain, and my case must now be left to nature—he had better have said in the hands of God. He says that it is not impossible that I may live a long time yet. It is my desire to have no will at all on this subject, but to be ever enabled to say,—

'Come, then, affliction, if my Father bids, and be my frowning friend,
A friend that frowns is better than a smiling enemy.'

"My strength is increased, but I have more pain than when confined to my bed. I was truly thankful to 'enter the gates of the Lord with thanksgiving, and His courts with praise,' but, oh, how very cold is my thanksgiving; how faint my praise in comparison with the mercy which has been extended towards me! Oh, pray for me, that I may be enabled to praise the Lord as I ought, and to love him as I would, for it is in love that I am, of all things, most deficient. There is very little in my heart, and though the conviction of the truth often very much discourages me, still I hope and believe that the Sun of Righteousness will, in His own good time, rise with healing in His wings, and illuminate the innermost recesses of my soul. Oh, I long for a simple faith. I long to trust and love my Redeemer as I ought. It gives me much pleasure to know that I have your prayers for my spiritual welfare. Oh, let them be very earnest, for I need them."

To Miss E. N.

June 29, 1834.

"I wish, dear E., thee were here to share with me the solitude of my chamber to-day. It is not often that I desire society on the Sabbath, but I trust that you would 'remember to keep it holy.' There is scarcely any duty which more imperatively urges itself upon my conscience than that of keeping sacred this day—'the best, the dearest of the seven; emblem and harbinger of heaven.' The injunction contained in the 58th chap. and 13th verse of Isaiah, has made a strong impression on my mind. I always find that the influence of the Sabbath extends itself throughout the week. To-day the weather detains me from the sanctuary; but I rejoice that the Lord is ever ready to send 'help from the sanctuary, and to strengthen me out of Zion,' and I trust He will aid me with the influences of His Spirit to speak to thee, my dear friend, of those things that concern our peace.

"The Lord has been very merciful to thee, in having thus awakened thee from the lethargy which has hitherto benumbed thy spiritual faculties; and does thee think that, after having made thee sensible of thy danger, He will leave thee unprovided with the means of escape? No! my friend: fly to the Refuge, to the Rock of our salvation, and thee need not fear, for '*God* is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.' I do most deeply sympathize with thy doubts and fears. I have known them all, to a very great extent, but now; though I feel, much more sensibly than then,

my utter helplessness and depravity, my trust is in Jesus, and I know that *in Him* is my 'wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.'

"I am not at all astonished at thy reluctance to speak freely on this all-important subject. I have suffered much from it, and have often thought that this timidity was nothing more or less than a temptation of our great adversary, to prevent me from receiving counsel and encouragement that might have blessed my soul. I do not think that personal experience should be the constant topic of conversation; it is at the throne of grace we can best unburthen our feelings; but I think it is according to our Heavenly Father's will that 'they who fear the Lord should speak often to one another,' and it is not only a privilege, but a duty, to ask and receive Christian counsel. I know that it has been blessed to me. Pray for me, dear E., that, while in the strength of the Lord I would encourage *thee* to 'follow on to know the Lord,' my own heart may be filled with faith and humility. I am myself very, very young in spiritual attainments, and we will pursue our path together.

"Do not wait, dear E., until thee finds thee loves to pray, to supplicate for pardon and for peace, but try to have regular seasons for devotion; and at other times, too, present thyself just as thee is before the Lord. He knows the thoughts and intents of thy heart, and He will most assuredly lift up the light of His countenance upon thee. This promise has often comforted me—'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' I am glad thee has Clarke's Scripture Promises. Is it not a sweet book?

"I do so much enjoy the beauties of nature. Our Heavenly Father has provided us with so many sources of enjoyment, that if our hearts were in the state they ought to be, they would be always filled with thanksgiving.

'The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.'

"Let us ever fervently pray for the blessing of a grateful heart." * * *

To her Sister S.

July 1st, 1834.

"I should be delighted to have you with me, my beloved sister, to enjoy this lovely morning. The foliage looks as fresh and beautiful as though it had just started into life; the air is rendered still more balmy by the fragrance of the new-mown grass; the birds seem striving to excel each other in the production of harmonious sounds; and the scene is enlivened by the bright beams of the king of day, who seems as though he were, indeed, 'rejoicing in the East.' I long to unite in this universal concert, and to make 'melody in my heart to the Lord;' but like the dark cloud that I see advancing to cast its gloomy reflection o'er this lovely scene, are the unsanctified imaginations and feelings that too often disturb the serenity of my soul, and keep it out of tune; but as there is a better country on which the Sun of Righteousness is ever shining, it is a blessed hope that, through the merits of my Redeemer, I shall there forever dwell.

'There sin shall never more annoy,
Tears shall be chased by smiles of joy,
Prayer end in praise, hope in delight,
And faith be changed to perfect sight.'

"I have thought much of you, my dear sister, since we have been separated, and my thoughts have been of a very kindly nature. It gives me great pleasure to know, too, that, 'with all my faults, you love me still.' Shall not our affection, my friend and sister, be strengthened by faith's enduring ties? Equally needy, equally undeserving, shall we not for each other petition the Throne of Grace, and surely our Father in Heaven, who is ever ready to bestow good gifts upon His children, will grant us more and better than we ask. He is truly a God of mercy and of love, and it is a mournful thing that our hearts are not more sensible of this truth. But then 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' Oh, let the inmost recesses of our souls be thrown open to this heavenly radiance; let not unbelief keep closed a single avenue. I do not say these things as a matter of course, dear sister; it is not to assume the character of superior sanctity. I do really feel them far more powerfully than I can express; and when the enemy of my soul would tempt me to question the genuineness of these feelings, I can look up to the Searcher of hearts, and say with perfect confidence, 'Oh Lord, *Thou knowest* that

I am sincere.' It is my earnest prayer, 'Search me, oh God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting;' and though I am conscious of inconsistency of conduct, and still greater inconsistency of feeling, I dare not doubt that He who has begun and carried on the work of grace in my heart, will perfect that which concerneth me. For me is the promise, 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'

"And is it not for you also, dear sister, and will you not accept its fulfilment? 'God is not willing that *any* should perish, but that all should have everlasting life.' Oh, then, in the name of my Redeemer, I do implore you to yield your heart to the influences of the Holy Spirit. I would not that you should be like me, weak in faith, cold in love, ungrateful and rebellious; but it would rejoice my heart to see you far outstrip me in the heavenly race, and I would ask strength from above to animate my tardy footsteps, that I might overtake you, and that we might together *press* towards the mark. You have no cause for discouragement. Again and again you have been *almost persuaded*, and you can never be better prepared than at this moment.

"Oh! then, dearest sister, accept the invitation of Him who has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"*July* 16*th*.—I am very far from well this morning, and my mind remarkably empty of good thoughts. When shall every thought be brought into captivity? I shall never be satisfied, till that time arrives. It is very unprofitable and disagreeable to engage in worldly conversation, and especially on the affairs of other people. I have so great a distaste to this kind of conversation, that I know I sometimes appear rude, for I endeavor to keep my mind as much abstracted from the subject as possible. I would love to be surrounded by an atmosphere of piety, the society of devoted Christians, and yet I am not fit for it, I fear, for I have so many vain thoughts. I have received a great many sweet letters. How thankful I feel for them!

"Thursday was not profitably spent — weak in body —

weaker in faith. Thursday morning the same — evening in mental idleness.

"This is quite a serious time. Sickness and death all around us. May the solemn warning be sanctified to many souls. May multitudes be converted to the Lord. There seem to be so few here who are alive to their immortal interests. I know not but I may be the next; if so, I would with humility express my confidence, that 'if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I can freely trust myself, and all that concerns me, to the care of my Father in heaven.

"28*th.* — To-morrow, if I live, will be my birth-day. I desire to devote it especially to the Lord. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me, and the wing of his protection has been more manifestly extended over me during the last twelve months. Severe and continued bodily suffering has been my portion. I think that during this time I have not known one waking hour of exemption from pain, — perhaps not many moments. I have endured many privations, and have been kept from the sanctuary much more frequently than has been agreeable to my inclinations, — but what goodness and mercy have followed me all this year! The Lord has strengthened me on my bed of languishing."

To the same.

"Aug. 1, 1834.

"Many tears were caused to flow by the perusal of your letter, my beloved Sister, produced by mingled emotions of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, and love and sympathy for you. Yours is a 'godly sorrow that worketh repentance not to be repented of,' and it is my firm belief that the 'God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly,' and that He will fill you with 'joy and peace in believing.' You have been made to 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' and you '*shall be filled.*' Oh, how full is my heart of love for you! How earnestly have I prayed this day that God will perfect the work He has begun, and continued in your heart, and

that He will give you that faith that 'overcometh the world!' How entirely can I sympathize with the feelings and the *want* of feeling you express! To one unawakened by Divine influence they would be altogether unintelligible, but I have known them all, mourned them all. I know whence they come, and whither they will lead you. I fully comprehend the difficulties that beset you in your path, and which are in a greater or less degree experienced by every one whose attention has been forcibly arrested by this important subject. It is a mysterious thing that we are commanded to 'work out our own salvation with fear and trembling,' and yet 'it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure.' The Spirit alone can reveal these things to us; and it is a blessed truth, that 'whosoever will, can take of the water of life freely.' Thousands and tens of thousands have been 'more than conquerors through Him that loved them,' and why, my dear Sister, should not *you* be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God? Is your heart more cold, your sins more aggravated, than those of any other created being, that God should regard you with less favor, and be unwilling to give you the same blessings? Oh! 'be not faithless, but believing,' and you shall be filled with 'the peace of God which passeth understanding.' Your face is turned Zionward, and you have only to 'go from strength to strength.'

* * * "I was much surprised and affected by the expression of your opinion of the consistency of my conduct, and though it seems strange to me that you should have formed such an estimate of my character, it is indeed a very great encouragement; and if the strength my Heavenly Father has given me to fight against the corruption of my nature, and to endure physical suffering, be an added inducement to *you* to rely upon His love and mercy, I have tenfold cause to praise and bless His holy name. Were I the most exemplary saint and martyr who has ever glorified God on earth, the praise and power would belong to Him alone, for, 'not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us,' and I know that you are too sensible of this truth to wish to praise or to flatter me. I do most deeply feel that I have not, as I ought, discharged my high responsibilities, and that it is only because 'God is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy,' that He continues to me the blessings of His grace. It is my daily and my fervent prayer that I may be preserved from self-righteousness or self-dependence in the smallest degree, for I am very prone to it; and it is necessary for me ever to bear in remem-

brance the solemn injunction, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' It requires, indeed, the arm of Omnipotence to preserve us from the innumerable evils that compass us about, and I rejoice that that arm is 'mighty to save, and strong to deliver.' I would ever remember that 'who in the strength of Jesus trusts is more than conqueror.' 'My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart.' I believe, dear Sister, that 'He will guide us both with His counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory.' Oh, let us not dishonor Him by refusing to trust His love. 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all; how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?'

* * * "Such letters as yours I consider strictly confidential. I have read it several times with deep interest, and see there the blossoming of 'a tree planted by the rivers of water, that will bring forth its fruit in due season, its leaf also shall not wither,' but shall continue to flourish to all eternity. Only, my dear Sister, 'follow on to know the Lord.' Look from your heart to Jesus, and He will make 'darkness light before you, and crooked things straight; these things will He do unto you, and not forsake you.'"

"*Sept. 9th.*—More than two weeks have elapsed since I wrote in this diary. I do not wish to be again so negligent, as I think it profitable to keep it. With delight I anticipated the services of the Sabbath, and as our own church was closed, I attended Christ church in the morning. I very much enjoyed the service, which was read by Mr. James, in his usual solemn and devotional manner. The sermon was from our venerable Bishop. Little did I think I was so soon to sustain so great an affliction. I hastened into E.'s room, on my return, and was there informed of the death of my beloved Pastor. It agitates me to think of the shock I experienced. I did not indulge one murmuring thought, I could not even dare to wish that his life had been one hour prolonged. But when I recalled his affectionate admonitions, and solemn warnings, it was a painful reflection that they were silenced forever. I am, however, comforted by the conviction that *he being dead, will yet speak*, and that his prayers for his beloved flock will be yet answered abundantly, that his death

will be sanctified to us, and that the bond of Christian love will become stronger and stronger. I was privileged to attend his funeral, to behold his lifeless remains. I renewed, again and again, my resolution to consecrate all that I am and have to the Lord, and to go on in the strength of the Lord, making mention of *His* righteousness, even of *His only*. Oh, may I feel the necessity of living near to God, and may I renounce any and every thing, however attractive, however beloved, that may have a possible tendency to bring my soul into the bondage of Satan, and may I most especially be preserved from self-dependence and from spiritual pride. Last Saturday I was enabled to attend our prayer-meeting, and did not go away without a blessing. I never felt so forcibly the attraction of Christian love, — my heart was full of it. On Sunday we had a most impressive discourse from Bishop Moore, on the text, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.' It was a day which will long be remembered by our sorrowful but rejoicing flock. I doubt not that precious seed, sown in the heart of many a stranger, will spring up and bear abundant fruit. Surely the death of our Pastor will be sanctified to us all. The Great Shepherd will take us under His especial keeping, and will supply us with a teacher after His own heart.

"*Sept.* 21*st.* — I awoke this morning in a prayerful and watchful state, and I trust that my morning devotions were blessed. I very much regret that I talked about things that were not entirely spiritual, as I went to church. I often do this, and yet I feel that it is very wrong. I was very much affected in church. When I saw the immense crowd who had assembled to hear the funeral sermon for our departed Pastor, I prayed earnestly that the renewing and refreshing influences of the Spirit might be abundantly showered upon us, and my heart was drawn out in love for the souls of my dear family and friends, there assembled, who have not yet

experienced 'the peace which from repentance flows,' and I felt as if I could take my dear sister, who sat beside me, in my arms, and offer her to Jesus. Oh, how awful was the thought that all that vast assembly must stand together at the judgment-seat of Christ!

"Dr. Tyng addressed us from Hebrews xiii. 7, 8:—'Remember them that have the rule over you, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' He read us a letter from Dr. Henshaw, giving an account of the last hours of our Rector, which was full of interest. The child-like faith, glowing love, and perfect peace of his departing moments were the blessing of the Lord upon his well-spent life. Oh, surely this dispensation will be deeply and permanently sanctified.

"On Friday, which was kept as a day of fasting and prayer in our church, we had service three times, and though I was depressed by coldness and wandering thoughts, I found it good to be there. I was most profited, I think, in the morning; felt all day a sincere desire to wait on the Lord, but wandering thoughts are the root of bitterness which ever troubles me.

"*5th.—Sunday evening.*—This has been a solemn day. I have enjoyed the privilege of communing, after having been for several months deprived of it. I greatly desired to spend the preceding week in preparation for it, and worthily to partake of so solemn an ordinance. I was favored this morning with a prayerful spirit. Oh, how sensibly do I feel the loss of our beloved Pastor, from whose hands I have always before received the sacred emblems of my Saviour's broken body! I rejoiced that the Great Shepherd was with us to bless us. I felt no fear in approaching the table, for I have every reason to believe that He who has hitherto helped me, will be with me to the end. Oh, that I may be preserved from self-dependence!

"I do pray that I may be shown as much of the plague of my own heart as may suffice to make me humble, and to effect this, a very intimate knowledge of it is requisite, for I am very prone to secret feelings of self-confidence. Oh, how must self-approval and self-love appear in the sight of a holy God! May I every day increase in humility, and feeling that in myself I can do nothing, find in Jesus my *all in all.* Very often do I offer the petition, 'Teach me good judgment and knowledge.' I am particularly desirous to be preserved from a speculative or a cavilling spirit. So that I be enabled to understand and to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour, it concerns me little to pry into things too high for me. Rather let me be endued with the teachableness and gentleness of a little child, and sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn the truth as it is in Him. I feel that I must pray more,—I am too cold and infrequent in this duty. I know that the Gospel offers far higher privileges and attainments than I enjoy, and why do I not possess them? Because I do not prize them as I ought. Because I do not *press* towards the mark. I want more faith, more love, more of every Christian grace, more of a spirit of self-renunciation. It is necessary to be very attentive to the influences of the Spirit, and to cherish every heavenly impulse, *instantly to give up* any thing that in the smallest degree excites the reproof of conscience, and not like Parley the Porter, to trifle with temptation."

To a Cousin.

Oct. 8, 1834.

* * * * "The promise—'a bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench,' has often consoled me, when a sense of my unworthiness has induced me to doubt of the loving-kindness of my Heavenly Father. If we could only realize that all these evil actings of unbelief are the suggestions of the enemy of our souls, and not the evidence of humility, as we would believe, it would, indeed, be well for us. How often has the passage—'He did not many works there because of their unbelief,' occurred to my mind as a solemn warning! Let us every day, and every hour,

pray for simple faith in Jesus, since 'there is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.' We can never obtain righteousness, wisdom, sanctification and redemption of our own, but Christ is made all of these to us, if we will accept His offers of 'grace to help in time of need.'

"It was faith in Jesus that enabled our dear departed Pastor to lead a holy life, and to die a glorious death. I should like thee to read the account of his last moments, which has been published. After his arrival in Baltimore, Dr. Henshaw called on him, and on asking him if he enjoyed peace of mind, he replied, "Yes! my only hope is in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. I am very comfortable: all is peace.' At another time, Dr. H. repeated the first lines of 'Jesus, Saviour of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly,' and he immediately said, with much feeling, 'I will, I do.' A short time before his death, lifting his finger with great solemnity, as he often did in the pulpit, when about to utter any thing emphatically important, he said, with a feeble and quivering, but yet distinct and articulate enunciation — 'Hear me! I acknowledge myself to have been a most unprofitable servant, unprofitable, but not hypocritical. I find myself to have been full of sin, ignorance, weakness, unfaithfulness and guilt, but *Jesus is my hope:* washed in His blood, justified by His righteousness, sanctified by His grace, I have peace with God. Jesus is very precious to my soul; my all in all; and I expect to be saved by free grace, through his atoning blood. This is my testimony,' with emphasis, 'this is my testimony.'

"And is not this, dear cousin, a glorious testimony? It is worth to me more than words can describe. I feel that Jesus is also my hope, and I desire that He shall be my all in all, my soul-satisfying portion."

To a Sister.

Oct. 2, 1834.

* * * * "I think I feel every day more emphatically the entire necessity and expediency of an unreserved surrender of our hearts to Him who has commanded that we should consecrate ourselves to Him 'a holy and acceptable sacrifice,' which is indeed, 'a reasonable service,' and one that is alone acceptable in the sight of a jealous God, who will never give His glory to another. And when we consider that it is only when every thought is brought 'into captivity to the obedience of Christ,' that 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding' can be received in its fullest extent, and

that every other source of enjoyment is but as a 'broken cistern,' how incomprehensible is the backwardness we feel to avail ourselves of the privileges of the gospel! There is no greater subject of astonishment to me than my own heart: that I should not with more diligence 'press towards the mark;' that I should not look with a more steady eye unto 'Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith,' is another sad proof of my innate depravity. Truly can I adopt the language of Baxter, when he says, 'The little tastes of this sweetness which my thirsty soul hath had do tell me that there is no other real joy. I feel that Thou hast made my mind to know Thee, my heart to love Thee, my tongue to praise Thee, and all that I have and am to serve Thee.

"'Upon the holy altar erected by Thy Son, and by His hands, and His mediation, I humbly devote and offer to Thee this heart. Oh! that I could say with greater feeling, this flaming, loving, longing heart. But the sacred fire which must kindle on my sacrifice must come from Thee. It will not else ascend unto Thee. Let it consume this dross, so that the nobler part may know its home. All that I can say to commend it to Thine acceptance is, that I hope it is washed in precious blood, and that there is something in it that is Thine own. It still looketh toward Thee, and groaneth to Thee, and followeth after Thee, and will be content with gold, and mirth, and honor, and such inferior fooleries, no more. It lieth at Thy door, and will be entertained or perish. Though, alas, it loves Thee not as it would, I boldly say it *longs* to love Thee. It seeks, it craves no greater blessing than *perfect, endless, mutual love.*'

"Oh! my beloved Sister, let us endeavor, in the strength of Jesus, to 'perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord;' let us 'lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us;' let the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, that we have so solemnly promised to renounce, be no longer permitted to ensnare us; let us not be perjured in the sight of God and men, as we must be if we fail to keep our covenant with the Lord. He will surely keep us from falling, and lead us in the way everlasting, the pathway of holiness, if we will only trust in Him. Oh, how I long to love that dear Saviour who gave Himself for us! He will enable us to love Him. He is, and ever will be, our righteousness, sanctification, wisdom and redemption, and he will never leave nor forsake us.

"I trust that the dispensation that has removed from us the earthly shepherd, who dealt so very gently with us, will be one of mercy to our souls. He who 'came to seek and to save that which

was lost,' will not suffer us to stray from the fold, if we will humbly place ourselves under His keeping. The admonitions of our beloved Pastor will be deeply engraven on our hearts, and I trust we shall be stars in his crown of rejoicing. Only, let us, dear sister, pray fervently and constantly that our hearts, our understandings, our whole being, may be more deeply impressed with a conviction of the 'beauty of holiness,' and 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin.' Let us realize how little we know of that which remains to be learned, and how willing and able is the Holy Spirit 'to guide us into all truth.' Our nature is so depraved, our hearts so deceitful, the temptations of the world, and the seductions of our great adversary so powerful, that it is only by living '*very near* to God we can hope to escape them.' "

"12*th*.—I do love the bright Sabbath. Everything looks more lovely than on other days. I enjoyed very much my morning devotions, but I am painfully sensible that my thoughts do not ascend upward, as they ought. I live most deplorably below my privileges, and yet am so easily satisfied with present attainments. O Lord, Thy grace is sufficient for me, and Thou art willing to grant it. Let me not doubt nor reject Thy loving-kindness. 'Cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Spirit, and 'lead me in the way everlasting,' for Jesus' sake. We had a most delightful sermon this morning, on the text, 'There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' I prayed with sincerity that the sermon might be spiritual, and might be blessed to the hearers — and I trust it was, for the religion of Jesus was represented as very lovely and desirable. I love to hear preached, 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' May I never be subjected to listen to a sermon in which the merits of our Redeemer are not set forth. Last evening I went to St. Paul's. Four children were baptized. It was to me a most solemn and affecting service. May those dear children be enabled to consecrate themselves to the Lord.

"This evening we have been favored with a very solemn warning from Bishop M'Ilvaine, from the text, 'Take heed,

therefore, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief.' He described the evidences of declension in religion, and the cause, in a manner so emphatic, and represented the danger we are in so clearly, that it was enough to draw, from all who heard him, the petition, 'Good Lord, deliver us.' I felt the danger, and I trust I may be doubly watchful, lest I enter into temptation — lest I be lifted up with spiritual pride, or disposed to sleep in the midst of danger. Lord, any thing, rather than a diminution of interest in Thee! Any desertion, rather than that of thy Holy Spirit!

"I have had a present of the Religious Souvenir for next year. With what painful emotions its reception impressed me! To think that the hand which penned many of the articles it contains is now mouldering in the dust; and to know that many prayers had been offered that the volume might prove a blessing. My heart was very full, but afterwards found relief in tears. This, as well as every written memorial of the love and piety of our Pastor, is indeed a most precious legacy; and I trust that he being dead, will yet speak to my heart, and the hearts of multitudes besides.

"*Nov. 4th.*— Oh, I must have more religion. I cannot be happy without it. Oh, even if there were no heaven, I would long for a knowledge of God in this world. 'Lord, be pleased to lift the light of Thy countenance upon me.'

"*10th.*—I have been praying that the Lord will make me a blessing to my beloved family. I feel that I have not discharged my duty faithfully towards ——. I hope that if it be His will to restore me to them, that I may be more consistent in my example, and more faithful in advising them, than I have ever been. To take such a stand as this requires a very holy life, and lively faith. Give them to me, Almighty Father, for Jesus' sake, I pray thee. What is there to hinder me from pressing towards the mark?

"I hope that more of the spirit of prayer will be vouch-

safed me for my family, and especially for those who profess the name of Christ. Oh, may all pride and sin of every kind be taken from my heart, so that I may be made a blessing to them, and that others, 'seeing my good works, may glorify my Father which is in Heaven.'

"*Evening.*—My heart is very, very full to-night. I undertook to read aloud an article in the Religious Souvenir, written by our dear Pastor, and thought that having read it before, I could get through it very well; but so forcibly was his image presented to my mind, and so powerful an overflow of love did I feel for his memory, that my heart felt as if it would burst, and I was glad to find an opportunity to give vent to my feelings. Oh, my dear, dear friend and father in Christ Jesus, may I consider thy conversation, and follow thy faith, that with thee I may unite at last in a new song of praise to the blessed Redeemer, whom thou hast been the means of inducing me to trust and love. May I never forget thy precepts, and thy holy example, and may I be a star in thy crown of rejoicing.

"13*th.*—Yesterday suffered more weakness and pain than usual. Felt a great tenderness of spirit at my twilight devotions, and a desire to depend upon God for strength to endure the suffering He has been pleased to send me, and was much consoled by the belief that it will be sanctified to my own spiritual good, and that of others. Am more than reconciled to disease by this trust. Had a long talk with —— as we were riding out, on the probability of my dying soon. She does not think it at all likely that I shall live long. I shall be most thankful to be taken, after I have done and suffered the will of God on earth, and I do hope that my desire to glorify Him will become stronger and stronger, the little time I have to remain here.

"This evening was wandering in prayer, and so unguarded in conversation, that, according to custom, I indulged in foolish talking and jesting. How very inconsistent I am! I

do hope my Heavenly Father will give me more of the healthful spirit of his grace."

To the same.

Nov. 13th, 1834.

"The perusal of thy letter confirms the hope that thee feels a deep and increasing interest in the one thing needful, and it is my fervent desire that thy growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus, will continue daily and hourly to increase. The desire and resolution thee expresses to 'follow on to know the Lord,' is one which, if carefully cherished, will most certainly be, ere long, realized, for our Heavenly Father is certainly as able to carry on and perfect the work of grace in the heart as to commence it; and if we could only divest ourselves of the 'evil heart of unbelief,' which is so powerful a hindrance to our spiritual advancement, we should be ever enabled to add our testimony that religion's 'ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' Simple faith in Jesus will preserve us from the dangers of prosperity, and enable us to glory in tribulation also. I, too, do most deeply feel the want of 'that reverent, humble, and fervent perception of the glorious character of our Almighty Father,' of which thee complains; and the only prescription I can recommend to us both is, to 'pray without ceasing,' that the Lord will 'lift up the light of His countenance' upon us. I was once complaining to our dear departed Pastor of my want of love and gratitude towards my Almighty Parent, and he advised me to dwell much on His goodness, and upon the blessings I have constantly received from Him, rather than content myself with lamenting my ingratitude and coldness. Self-examination is of course absolutely essential to our improvement; but we must remember, that after having looked at our hearts, and ascertained that 'there is no health in us,' we must look to Jesus as our physician, ever remembering that there is 'balm in Gilead.' . . . .

"I hope, dear E., that it is thy constant prayer that God will not only make thee sensible of the immense value of thy own soul, but that He will implant in thy heart an earnest desire for the salvation of others. If thee does not feel this in as great a degree as thee ought, do not be discouraged, for 'the remedy's before thee—Pray.' By becoming, thyself, an entirely devoted Christian, thee may become the means of the salvation of many of thy family and friends. If others see in thee 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' they will be convinced of the reality of thy religion, and their own need of its transforming influence. It is a very false humility that in-

duces us to shrink from responsibility of this kind, and to say, 'it is not worth while for *me* to make the effort, I can never do any good.' It is a device of Satan, for we *must* be doing good or harm. I heard a clergyman remark, a short time since, in a lecture on the subject of consistency, that there is not a day nor hour of our lives in which we are not doing something *for* or *against* Christ. . .

"I suppose most persons are subject, in some degree, to one besetting sin, and prayer for the illumination of the Spirit, watchfulness, and self-examination will always enable us to discover this, and every other 'weight' which it is our duty to 'lay aside.' David's petition, 'Let not any iniquity have dominion over me,' should be ours at all times. I am well convinced that it is only by adhering to the strait and narrow path, that our happiness even in this world can be secured, and that it is much easier to yield to convictions of duty than to resist them. To be a Christian does, indeed, imply a mighty change. Self, the idol of every unregenerate heart, must be mortified and subdued.

"I do think, dear E., that thee will find it greatly conduce to thy benefit to give up all light reading, and to endeavor to confine thy attention, as exclusively as possible, to religion. Of course domestic and social duties should be ever regarded, and if performed with a right spirit, will only tend to bring into action Christian graces. I do not doubt that thee knows, as well as I can tell thee, how very desirable it is to have regular and frequent seasons of retirement. I do not doubt that thee often finds the cares of housekeeping to interfere with thy comfort, and perhaps thee may think with thy profit; but 'all things shall work together for good to those that love God,' and the little daily vexations and trials of life may prove great blessings, in calling into exercise the virtues of patience and forbearance. I am writing quite a sermon, I find. I trust that it is not with a spirit of dictation. I know that my own example is far from what it ought to be, and it is my desire and resolve, in the strength of Jesus, to go 'from strength to strength, until I shall appear before God in Zion.'"

"*Sunday.*—Have been all day kept from church—quite a trial—but have wished that it may be good for me. K. and I read the services together, and prayed. Have endeavored to perform a duty to-day, which has rested on my mind for some time, to write to —— about religion. Very poorly done, indeed.

"*25th.*—I trust that I am not mistaken in my hope that I am in some degree growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I feel that I have but little humility. I detected myself, this morning, in wishing that something might be told that would have been to my advantage. This evinces a contrary spirit to that of the Gospel, and I trust that the Lord will give me a meek and lowly spirit; that He will enable me to become entirely indifferent to the applause of men. I hope I shall be enabled to set a holy and consistent example, and at the same time to prefer others to myself, and feel my deficiencies and unworthiness.

"*Dec. 2d.*—I very much enjoyed devotion at my twilight season of retirement on Sunday, and spent the evening in an unusually profitable and pleasant manner. I prayed that I might be preserved from trifling conversation with one particular person, and felt that it was in answer to my prayer that this person seemed in a very spiritual frame of mind.

"*3d.*—Was in a prayerful spirit when I retired last night, and awoke in the same frame. Was favored with a more uninterrupted season of retirement than usual, and felt great love for it. Throughout the day have thought more than usual of eternal things. About twilight had some time for prayer, and felt in a devotional spirit. It was a little interrupted by my having to get to church in time. It is a great trial to me to go late to church. I felt an unusual drawing towards the sanctuary this evening, and was not disappointed in my hope of enjoyment. We had a plain and practical sermon, the very kind I best like, though once I should have much preferred a flowery and eloquent discourse. I wish I could feel thankful enough for the privileges of the sanctuary, and could feel a more intense interest in the salvation of those who have never known this blessing, and in the conversion of those who, having it in their power to avail themselves of the blessings of the Gospel, can see nothing attractive in them.

"Dearly well do I love our own dear Church—better, and better, and better. I trust, if it be the will of God, that I may live and die in her communion. 'I prize her heavenly ways.'

"*Sunday evening.*—I have had a multitude of spiritual blessings this day, 'the means of grace, and the hope of glory,' and I have cause for repentance in my unthankfulness. I have thought many times, this past week, of the communion, and have prayed much for a blessing upon it. I felt a great desire to realize the presence of my Saviour in the communion. I felt peace of mind, a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and did not fear to renew my dedication of myself to the Lord. I desire to lead a new life,—I steadfastly purpose it. The service ended with 'Rock of Ages,' our Pastor's favorite hymn. I went up into sister's room, after church, and could restrain my feelings no longer. I dream of this dear servant of the Lord, I think of him, and I long to be in heaven with him. Oh, when shall I get there? I thought, some time since, that my death was near at hand, but now I begin to think that I may live a long time, though I have not the least expectation that my health will be restored. I do not wish to live a moment after I shall have done and suffered all the will of God, for this is all I have to live for. I love my friends most tenderly, but I feel that I could gladly leave them, to be free from sin. I pray that I may have no will at all on this subject, — that I may have faith to believe that Jesus will support me as tenderly during a number of years of suffering and temptation as during a single day or hour. I know that I am always in danger — my heart is far more sinful than I can realize, but God is greater than my heart, and 'will keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'

"I long to be freed from sin. It intertwines itself with every feeling of my heart. I often think how delightful it would be to be wholly 'crucified unto the world,' to be filled

with ardent and unvarying affection for the children of God, and a constant desire for the salvation of sinners,—to be so humble as to glory in nothing but the cross of Christ, and to have a constant eye to the glory of God. I want more missionary zeal,—I want, I want every thing that is good.

> 'I want a heart to praise my God,
> A heart from sin set free;'

If I be not most grievously self-deceived, I *have* given my heart to God, and am determined to follow after holiness,—to be satisfied with nothing else. I would depend on nothing but the Righteousness of Christ. I have prayed a great deal that I may see as much of my heart as I can bear,—that my self-love and confidence may be all taken away. I am very much afraid that I have been, and am still in danger of being injured by the favorable opinion of others. How very injudicious it is to express such sentiments! The knowledge that my influence has been in some instances useful, is encouraging to me, and I hope I remember whose goodness made it so; but I do not wish to be told that I am better than others, and that I am altogether consistent. God gives me grace to be patient in suffering, and to endeavor to know and do His will, but they ought not to praise me for it. I know that I do not improve as I ought, the grace that is given me—that I am by no means what I might be, if I would 'only believe' with single faith on the Lord Jesus Christ. There is not a day of my life in which I do not things which I ought not, and leave undone things which I ought to do. I am often impatient of contradiction,—I am indolent and selfish,—I very often forget to pray for those in whose conversion I ought to feel the deepest interest. I do scarcely any thing in the cause of Christ. And when I am made sensible of these and other sins, I begin to think myself humble. I know that I am far worse than I even suspect.

"Yet none of these things need discourage me, for 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and yet I have

not that simple faith that I ought to have in His merits. I am often not the least affected when I read and think of all that He has done and suffered for me. Lord, be merciful to me, a miserable sinner, who knows not her own sinfulness. Oh, be pleased to create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.

"*Sunday.*—The sermon was very good, from the text, 'To you, therefore, who believe, He is precious.' Such a text always arrests my attention with peculiar force, for I only desire to know Christ crucified. In church, this afternoon, my thoughts were very unsettled. I do hate these vain thoughts. I have lately been interested in reading 'The Pastor's Testimony,' a delightful book. It warms my heart, and confirms my resolution to devote myself unreservedly to the Lord. How forcibly do the sentiments contained in this work remind me of those so often expressed by our beloved Pastor! I have prayed that the flock of this Pastor who gives so faithful a Testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, may prize and profit by his ministrations while he is yet continued with them. I wish I had realized the blessing I possessed in our dear Pastor; but it is not too late to profit by his precepts and example.

"M. has been reading aloud the sketch of Anzonetta Peters, contained in the Pastor's Testimony. It drew from my eyes many tears, and from my heart many prayers. I have rarely read so lovely a delineation of Christian character, and yet it is one that all may attain. And why should not I? *In the strength of Jesus, I will;* and I will not here confine my attention to any human model,—I will look to Jesus. And lest aught of self-confidence should mingle with my resolve, I will especially pray that in preference to all Christian graces, humility may be granted me. I will pray that I may see more of my sinfulness, and more of the all-sufficient grace of God, and the love of Jesus. And will the Lord refuse to grant me His blessing? No. Whatever means He may, in His infinite wisdom, employ for my

purification, He will in His own good time enable me to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord."

To Mrs. J.

"Phila., Dec. 15, 1834.

"It is with much pleasure that I station myself at my little desk, with the purpose of writing to you, my dear Mrs. J——, for I feel that I can hold unreserved communion with you on that subject which most interests me. I have often thanked my Heavenly Father for the interest that you and some of His other dear children have manifested in my spiritual welfare.

"I had a very pleasant visit in the country, and much enjoyed the society of my dear cousins, to whom I have always been tenderly attached, and who are deeply interested in the 'one thing needful.' I feel more than ever convinced of the reality of the change which dear —— has experienced. She seems to be indeed a new creature, and is more consistent in her conduct than any one with whom I have ever been intimately acquainted who has experienced so recent a change. I think it is delightful to see the love of God so peculiarly manifested towards those whom He has deprived of earthly parents. He does not, indeed, leave them orphans.

"The attention of several of my young friends appears to have been awakened to this subject; and will you pray that I may be faithful in the discharge of my duty towards them — that I may be enabled to set them an example of consistency — that a sinful diffidence may not prevent me, as it has too often done, from conversing with them on their souls' best interests. I often feel astonished that I feel so little concern for the salvation of others, and that my prayers for them are so cold and infrequent. Very much do I need a deeper work of grace, and I regard this consciousness as an earnest that it will be vouchsafed me. If I know my own heart, I do indeed 'count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord,' and I do not doubt that every needful spiritual gift will be imparted to me. I feel that I have a very inadequate knowledge of the entire depravity of my heart, and that my faith in Christ is very weak. In every Christian grace I am exceedingly deficient, and I wish to realize more fully, with my beloved pastor, Dr. Bedell, that 'Jesus is my hope; — that washed in His blood, justified by His righteousness, sanctified by His grace, I have peace with God.' I feel that I am a child of God, but I long for the confidence of an *affectionate* child. Will you pray very often for me, my dear Mrs. J., that I may know more of that love which passeth

knowledge — that my whole heart may be filled with it — that the glory of God may be the end of my existence? I have the greatest dread of self-confidence. I know my proneness to it, and would rather desire an humble, child-like spirit, than any other attainment. How much I do miss the affectionate counsels of my departed Pastor! I trust, however, that his death has been sanctified to me, though one of the deepest afflictions I have ever experienced, in having caused me more fully to realize that there is one who 'ever liveth to make intercession' for me. I trust that I may be enabled to follow the path of him whose memory is unspeakably dear to me, and that if it be my Heavenly Father's will, it may not be long ere I unite with him in serving God 'without weariness.' Oh! I do so long to be freed from sin! 'The burthen of it is intolerable.' I do sincerely desire that it may be my sole endeavor to do and suffer the will of God, and that I may be perfectly contented to live or die, as may be most pleasing in His sight. I have been very egotistical, but to you I need not apologize. I know that it is your delight to give counsel and encouragement to those who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and that your prayers are offered to 'our Father in Heaven' that they may indeed be filled."

To Miss E. N.

Dec. 18, 1834.

* * * "When the mind is once awakened to serious feeling, sympathy and encouragement are received with eagerness, however humble be the instrument by which they are conveyed. The proneness to take offence, and to criticise, which is evident while the wisdom of the Cross is deemed foolishness, gives place to the inquiry, 'What must I do to be saved?' when once the importance of religion is fully recognized. This truth experience has taught me, and observation has confirmed, and it is to its influence that I ascribe the interest thee manifests, dear E., in all that I have to say to thee on this subject. And I trust that the confidence that is reposed in me, in matters of this kind, has a tendency to make me more fully sensible of my entire unworthiness, and to increase the fervency of my petition, 'Oh, Lord, open *Thou* my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.' It is useful to me in causing me to realize in a greater degree my responsibility as a professor of religion, not only as my own welfare is concerned, but as my example may affect others. I must either be a faithful soldier of the cross, or a greater traitor than was the wretched Judas. May I be enabled to be 'a savor of life unto life.'

"I am not afraid, my dear friend, to address thee in the language of encouragement. The promises of Scripture are familiar to thy memory, and I hope are making their way deeper and deeper into thy heart. They are, indeed, 'exceeding great and precious,' and the more we meditate on and pray over them, the more effectual shall we find them in making us 'wise unto salvation.' Instead, then, of musing over thy wants with feelings of despondency, open thy Bible, and with the prayer that God will enable thee to believe and understand it, search out the promises that best suit thy case.

"I think, dear E., that it would be much better for us to confine our attention in a great degree to the Bible, or at least not to allow ourselves to become more interested in any other book; and as thee has not a great deal of leisure to devote to reading, I think it very desirable that thee should give the sacred volume thy preference. I know that I have often felt as if I would like to read something else, when I have thought it my duty to read the Bible, and I am convinced that this is a wrong state of mind, and should be discouraged."

The close of this year of bodily suffering, debility and exhaustion, of spiritual peace, progress and illumination, is thus noted in the Diary of the self-abased and patient invalid.

"*Dec.* 31*st.*—How inadequate has been my improvement during the past year! How often have I grieved the Holy Spirit, and how slow has been the growth of grace in my soul! And this is not because God was unwilling to make me a devoted Christian, a holy sacrifice, but because I ask, and believe not. If my life should be spared until the beginning of the New Year, may I commence it with a deep sense of my sinfulness, and a simple trust in the merits of Jesus."

CHAPTER VII.

1835.

Expediency of Diaries — Characteristics of the present Diary — Visits to the sick — Vernal beauties — Letter to her Mother — Grief at profanation of the Sabbath — Bishop Moore — Romanism — New Pastor — His Institution — Rev. Mr. Clark's Sermons.

UPON the advantage of keeping a minute record of the spiritual state, and of the daily life, there has been much difference of opinion. That a religious diary is not to all persons, and under all circumstances, beneficial, can hardly be questioned. To know one's self is proverbially difficult; to pen a just and truthful description of ourselves not less so. Many a journalist discovers, inadvertantly, traits of character, of which the writer was unsuspicious, and conveys to the reader a very different impression from that which was entertained by himself. A mind, too, that is morbidly sensitive to its own operations, too much given to self-study and introversion, would aggravate its own unhappy tendencies by the practice. An exaggerated estimate of frames and feelings, a neglect of the great objective truths of the gospel, dreamy enthusiasm or gloomy depression, and duties left undone, would be the natural result. The diaries of such persons, full of wearisome repetitions, are unprofitable to their authors, and devoid of interest or value to others.

On the other hand, the truthful record, by an earnest and intelligent Christian, of the different stages of the spiritual life, of the conflicts, troubles and enjoyments of the soul struggling to walk with God, the enumeration of Providential mercies and deliverances, of divine checks, supports and consolations, cannot but prove an exceeding help to self-examination and growth in grace. No human hand can so draw

the portraiture of soul-life, as the individual delineated. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?" And when a vivid, impartial and discriminating picture is presented of the inner history of a child of God, it cannot but engage the attention, and appeal to the sympathy of Christian readers. Such heart-narratives are rare. Those who might best trace them are often too busily engaged in the active and stirring scenes of life to leave memorials of this kind behind them, or such memorials as may be suitably presented to the public eye.

In reviewing Miss Allibone's Diary, the author has been surprised, as well at its copiousness, as at its clearness, variety and justness of observation. It has appeared to him eminently free from the faults to which this species of composition is liable, and to combine, in an unusual degree, its chief excellencies.

That a person, in her feeble state of health, should continue, for so many years, a work, demanding so much bodily and mental effort, is truly surprising. It is a remarkable monument of her diligence, perseverance and faithful dealing with herself. Sincerity pervades every line, and deep devotional feeling pours itself forth without restraint. The close inspection of her own thoughts, and words, and ways, is wonderful, and shows her constant anxiety so to walk as to please God;—while her earnest, simple faith, going out of herself to rest in Christ, and her unfeigned love, longing to bless and comfort others, preserved her from any tendency to morbid self-engrossment. The aim with which she prosecuted this work is thus referred to in the commencement of one of her little memorandum-books.

"I trust that my Heavenly Father will bestow a blessing upon my heart in writing in this book, and that He will preserve me from expressing any feeling or sentiment that has not come from the very bottom of my heart. I keep a Diary for the sole purpose of spiritual benefit, that I may make a

record of my thoughts and actions, and that I may be thus enabled to review the past."

Another allusion to the subject occurs among the first entries of the year 1835.

"I am almost discouraged from writing in this book. I have little to record but wandering thoughts and idle words, but I trust there is a great blessing in reserve for me. Oh, how much do I need a grateful sense of the means which have already been vouchsafed to me!"

"*February* 1*st*, *Sunday*.—This day two years since I was first admitted to the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, and this morning I anticipate the enjoyment of this privilege. It will be profitable to compare my present feelings with those with which I first approached the table of the Lord. I was then 'trembling and afraid;' weak in faith, but very sincere; conscious of my unworthiness, yet trusting that the all-sufficiency of my Redeemer would be yet more fully revealed to me, and that I should yet rejoice in Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God. I hoped to make rapid advances in the divine life — to press unwavering towards the mark of our high calling. I would not then have believed that, after this interval, my progress would have been so small, so inadequate to my privileges. I am still weak and wavering, inconsistent and unbelieving, yet the Lord has had mercy on me. When I cried, He answered me, and sent strength into my soul, and if I shall be permitted to go up to the sanctuary to-day, I shall not fear to approach the table of the Lord, and I trust that I shall be enabled to 'draw near with faith, and to take this Holy Sacrament to my comfort.'

"This day two years ago, our dear pastor preached from the text, 'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended.' Very forcibly is that sermon impressed upon my mind.

"The communion was very solemn. I was not as much

affected as usual, but I felt that I was confirming my covenant with God: offering myself unto Him in a holy and acceptable sacrifice. Oh, how sinful I am, and how great is that righteousness which can and does avail for me!"

"*6th.*—Last Tuesday I paid a visit to a woman who has been for several years a subject of excruciating suffering. For six months, her sister says, she has not been raised in bed, or turned. I was much agitated by the prospect of going to see this person, whom the doctor thinks very near eternity, as I was not acquainted with the state of her mind. I felt the responsibility of my situation. I endeavored to cast my burden upon the Lord, and asked dear E. to pray that I might be enabled to discharge my duty, whatever it might be. She appeared, however, to place her dependence upon her Saviour, and to be, as far as I could judge, prepared for eternity.

"I called next day to see her, and found her in great agony, so that she shrieked with pain. This was a good lesson for me, and I saw, by her bedside, the inefficiency of this world's consolations. I prayed that the Holy Spirit would withdraw my affections from all earthly things, and place them upon Jesus, that, by His influence, I may be prepared to do and to suffer the will of the Lord. O, may the Lord be with me, 'in all time of prosperity, in all time of tribulation, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.' Then, safely sheltered beneath the wing of his protection, I shall have naught to fear."

"*9th.*—I went to read to an old black woman whom sister took me to see last week. I asked if she had ever read, or rather heard read, 'Old Sarah, the Indian woman.' She said, 'Oh, yes, that she once had the tract, and had kept it on the bed beside her during a long illness, but she had lost it.' She then referred to some parts of it with great interest. I read it to her, and a chapter of the Bible. She seemed to enjoy it as 'a feast of fat things.' She says that for forty

years she has endeavored to serve the Lord in her poor way, and though she has had many ups and downs, and though the billows have run high, yet they have never overwhelmed her. She can read a very little in the spelling-book, and I have promised, if it be the Lord's will, to instruct her. She says her Master will help her to learn when I am not with her. She suffers very much, lives alone, and is very poor, and yet seems very happy. This is easily accounted for,—the Lord is her portion. I trust that if I be permitted to have future intercourse with her, it will be greatly blessed to my spiritual good, and I shall regard this privilege as one token of the love of my Heavenly Father. Much do I need something to speed my progress Zionward,—not added means of grace, for I have them in abundance, but a heart to prize and profit by them. I want humility, and a spirit of self-denial, but above all, I want love to my Saviour, and simple dependence upon His merits. Oh, may all my needs be mercifully provided for by His abundant mercy, and may God impart to me His saving and sanctifying grace, in proportion, not to my desires, but to my necessities, and His infinite love."

To a Friend.

Feb. 14, 1835.

"I was much affected by the perusal of thy letter, dear R. Thee asks me if I think that the desire to know the truth would have ever been implanted in thy heart, if it had been the intention of a merciful and wise God to keep thee in ignorance of the knowledge of His ways? Have I ever used to thee the language of discouragement? If so, may I be mercifully forgiven for having offended one of my Heavenly Father's little ones. I trust that I had much rather pass the remnant of my life in a dark and noisome dungeon, than throw a single obstacle in the path of one whose steps are turned Zionward. I do not look upon thee as an unbeliever, my dear friend. I believe that God is leading thee in the way everlasting, and that thy path will 'shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.' But it has seemed to me, that had thee a clearer view of the character and offices of our Redeemer—that it is only through our Lord Jesus

Christ that God giveth us the victory — thy peace of mind would be more fully established. Am I wrong in my impression, that though thee feels the sinfulness of thy heart, and thy inability to do any thing acceptable in the sight of God, thee does not sufficiently realize that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth?' It is almost with trembling that I write thus to thee, my dear R. I would, were it only for thy sake, that I knew more of the height, and depth, the length, and breadth of the love of Christ; but I do see such beauty in the plan of salvation, such love in the sacrifice made by 'Him, who was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, and with whose stripes we are healed,' that I want us both to fully realize that He is our all in all. I have heard persons say with great sincerity, but in my opinion under very erroneous impressions, that it seemed to them that giving glory to the Son was derogating from the honor due to the Father. Surely, if this were so, our Saviour would have reproved His disciples for worshipping Him after His resurrection; and, in fact, the Scriptures would appear to me a mass of contradictions. * *

To a Young Friend.

Philadelphia, Feb. 28th, 1835.

"I have often thought, dear H., that I would in this way express to you my very earnest desire that you should 'remember your Creator in the days of your youth,' and thereby secure for yourself 'that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.'

"Since I have first known you, I have felt a very great interest in this subject, and have many times prayed that my Heavenly Father would be pleased, in His infinite mercy, to make you a subject of redeeming grace; and most especially that He would do it *now*, that your whole life may be consecrated to His service. I do not believe that you will be offended at the freedom of my remarks, for I hope you are, in some degree, sensible of their importance, and you will do me the justice to believe that I am actuated by motives of affection, and not by a spirit of dictation. And now, what shall I say to induce you to seriously consider this subject? For if you will only do this, dear H., much will be accomplished. I do not doubt that you have very many serious reflections, that you will acknowledge the truth of the arguments that are commonly adduced in favor of religion; and I think it quite probable that you intend, at some future period, to allow them to exercise a practical influence. But what a happy thing it would be if you could realize that '*now* is the

accepted time, now is the day of salvation;' and if this conviction would induce you to *early* seek the favor of God, that you may rejoice and be glad all the days of your life. Let me persuade you to seek the influences of the Spirit to incline your heart to the ways of God's commandments, to devote a portion of every day to the prayerful perusal of the Word of Life, and to listen attentively to the exhortations that are addressed to you from the pulpit; and, above all, to cherish every serious impression. I know you are not happy; an immortal mind can never rest satisfied with this world's vanities.

'Now in thy youth beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim,
And His love be not forgot.
And thy God in the darkest days shall be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.'

"It is to me an affecting thought, that among all the gay companions by whom you are surrounded, there are perhaps very few who have ever seriously considered the purpose of their existence, or who, having considered it, have not deferred to 'a more convenient season' the surrender of their hearts' best affections to Him who alone is entitled to them. Oh! that you, my dear H., could realize the immense value of your own soul; that you could feel a deeper interest in their eternal welfare; that having yourself passed 'from death unto life,' it were the earnest desire and prayer of your heart that they might be saved. But until you are interested in your own salvation, you cannot greatly desire that they should experience that change of heart, without which we cannot enter the kingdom of God. But if you will now go to the Saviour, that you may have life, you will be made tremblingly alive to your responsibility."

March 22d, 1835.

"It is my inexpressible desire and fervent prayer, my beloved friend, that my Heavenly Father will bless my endeavor to direct thy attention to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, and that thee may be enabled to fully realize that He was delivered for thy offences, and raised again for thy justification; and that, therefore, being justified by faith, thee has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Then will thee be enabled to see that my assertion, that 'it is impossible for any one to be saved, except through faith in the Redeemer's blood,' does not limit the power, or compromise the mercy and goodness of Omnipotence. I

am supported by the declaration of the Book of Life, that 'there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved,' and fully assured that it is in the face of Jesus Christ that the glory of God is revealed, I fear not to dishonor Him by believing that He and the Father are one. To sustain my views of this subject, I might bring forth proofs from the beginning to the end of the Scriptures; but I will only ask thee, my dear cousin, to *search* them for thyself, with a prayer that thee may be enabled to know 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and to be not discouraged by any difficulties that arise in thy path. Our Heavenly Father does always give His Holy Spirit to those who ask Him, and He has in no small degree accorded it to thee, in inspiring so continued and sincere a desire to love Him with thy whole heart. Let it, then, be thy unceasing petition, 'Oh, Lord! open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' I think it would be best for thee to direct thy attention *entirely* to the Bible. Many inquirers after the truth have found it the best plan. Thee will find one with references of great use. Oh! let us not endeavor to pry into the secret things of the Most High. Great is indeed the mystery of godliness, and great it must remain to us, while we are in the flesh. Let us pray constantly for simple faith; and when we shall have been enabled to believe the commandment, our Heavenly Father will teach us good judgment and knowledge, as far as is consistent with His will.

"I believe, with thee, that it is only with 'the heart man believeth unto righteousness;' that the mere assent of the understanding profiteth nothing; that Christ must be 'formed within us the hope of glory,' ere we can have any title to a Heavenly inheritance. I feel that my love for my Redeemer, in comparison with what He has done for me, is very, very cold. Oh! may He kindle it into a bright flame of devotion, and make me the instrument of turning many unto righteousness.

"Do not, my dear cousin, allow the evil Spirit to tempt thee with doubt; resist him, and he will flee from thee. Thy Heavenly Father calls thee to Himself, to take refuge in the Everlasting Arms from thy soul's adversaries. Oh, 'pray without ceasing.' In due season, thou shalt reap, and find 'joy and peace in believing;' and while writing this letter, I feel inspired with new confidence in my Saviour's merits; and I too will seek to love and to serve Him better. He will answer our prayers, and then let us suffer as we may, we will rejoice in God our Saviour.

"Let us pray for faith, for humility, for charity, for every Christian grace. Let us pray that we may be enabled to realize the value of the souls of others, and to labor faithfully for their good. Then, in blessing shall we be blest."

"*April* 11*th*.—Yesterday and day before I was not well able to write even a few lines, and to-day I am not much better. I think my disease is rapidly progressing. Although I have been much better, in many respects, through the winter, and my friends have talked to me of recovery, I have never had cause, for one moment, to anticipate it, neither have I, for one moment, desired it. All my wish is to do and suffer the will of God, and when I shall have done this, to be admitted into the gates of the New Jerusalem, through the merits of my Redeemer. I sometimes think I shall have to endure much suffering ere I am prepared for heaven; but it does not require long for the blood of Christ to wash away all sin, and this I desire to make my sole dependence.

"*April* 18*th*.—I have been quite low in my mind on account of wandering thoughts, and the sinfulness of my heart. I do earnestly desire that this solemn week shall be peculiarly blessed to me; that there may be a revival of religion in my soul, for much do I need it. I anticipate the coming Sabbath with interest and pleasure. If I be permitted to draw near the table of the Lord, may I do it with humility and faith. May I be humbled in the dust, and yet my whole soul be filled with joy and peace in believing in my dear Redeemer, whom I long to know and love with my whole heart.

"Oh that I were more thankful for the blessing of so dear and kind a mother! She is the best of earthly gifts. Why do I not pray more for my dear mother, and why do I not strive more to discharge towards her the duties incumbent upon a Christian daughter. Lord, let Thy grace be sufficient for me, and Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness, for Jesus' sake. Oh, I do wish that a deep work of

grace were wrought in my heart. I know so little, yet am not humble. Lord, be merciful to me, a very great sinner, and grant me unfeigned repentance and true faith.

"*Sunday evening.*—I felt prayerful this morning, and was watchful. I went to church in a very serious and prayerful spirit, and was much affected almost all the time. I felt particularly glad that I was about to partake of the Communion, for I much needed spiritual refreshment. It was granted me. I do not know if I ever before have found that ordinance so profitable. The services of the week have been blessed to me. I have never before felt so sensibly the great propriety of the arrangements of my own dear church.

"*Temora, May* 18*th.*—'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all.' The sun has just given us his farewell glance, the air is full of balmy sweets, the birds are singing in the trees, the insects swelling the chorus with their fainter melody. The grass is green, the wild flowers springing up beneath our feet, the trees bursting forth into beauty, and all creation uniting in one glad song of praise to the Author of good. I too would lift my heart in thankfulness, and while I bless my Heavenly Father for the gifts of His goodness, I would praise Him most of all 'for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.' I would adore Him for His goodness to the moral world; for the work of regeneration, by which the soil of man's heart, producing in its native state but weeds and briars, with here and there a wild flower, fair to the eye, but destitute of fragrance, is made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And I would earnestly and constantly pray that the work of holiness may be perfected in my heart, that I may abundantly bring forth fruit to the glory of the Lord, and that I may be the instrument of scattering seed in many hearts, which, in due time, may become 'trees of righteousness.'

"21*st.*—Have just been reading and praying over the

questions my dear Pastor gave me before I joined the church, and my answers to them — and my heart is melted within me. Oh, how merciful has the Lord been to me! He has led me by a way that I knew not. He has made me to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I do earnestly desire to be grateful for His loving kindness. Nothing but His infinite power and love could have preserved me from the thousand snares of the enemy of my soul. And is my heart glowing with love to my blessed Redeemer, and to the Holy Spirit? Oh, it is cold and ungrateful! Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner; and as Thou hast long borne with me, leave me not, neither forsake me. As Thou hast been pleased to draw me to Thyself, notwithstanding my obstinate rebellion, and to make me hunger and thirst after the righteousness that once I did not desire, now that it is my supreme wish to love and serve Thee, be pleased to water my soul with the healthful showers of Thy grace, to fill my heart with love, with every Christian grace. Do with me as thou wilt, send me affliction of any kind that I need, only perfect the work of grace in my heart, make me a blessing to the souls of others, and let Thy glory be the end of my existence, for the sake of my crucified Saviour, who ever liveth to make intercession for me. Oh, give me simple faith in His merits, let me see Thy glory shining in His face.

> 'In my hand no price I bring,
> Simply to thy cross I cling,
> Dear Jesus.'

"Sunday was a happy day, in many respects, though I have great difficulty to avoid foolish talking. I did in some degree indulge in it, and in idle thoughts, but I trust that in this thing I am more conscientious. How often do I long for that blessed place where there will be no temptation to sin! Enjoyed my twilight devotions, felt great love for the souls of the servants at Aunt ——'s, and wished to read to them, but was afraid of being thought righteous over much. I

prayed that if it were right, I might have an opportunity. To my great joy, Diana asked me to come out, and Aunt had them in the dining-room, and sat with me while I read and talked to them."

To her Nephew.

"TEMORA, May 28, 1835.

"I have often thought, dear W., how much I should love to have thee with me. What pleasant times we would have in the woods, listening to the music of the birds, gathering flowers, and looking at the beauties of nature. But this is not the greatest happiness we should enjoy together; I would read the Bible to thee, and tell thee of a Saviour's love, and I would every day pray for thee, and with thee; for one of my warmest desires is, that my darling boy shall 'remember his Creator in the days of his youth.' And it gives me much pain when I discover in thee any sinful or unamiable feelings, for I know that the eye of God is on thee all the time, and that He is displeased whenever thee does wrong. I know that thee often prays, and I hope thee will not forget to do so at night, in the morning, and through the day. It will make thee a happier and a better boy. Thee remembers the history of Samuel, and that when he was a little boy, the Lord called him, and he answered, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' Now, although thee cannot *hear* the voice of God, He is constantly speaking to thee, dear Willie, by His Holy Spirit, and I hope thee will always listen, and say in Thy heart, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' * * * *

"Does thee not think the country much more delightful than the city? I do. But it is of little consequence, dear W., whether we live in the city or country during the short time we live in this world, so that we give our hearts to our Heavenly Father and do His will. Thee must pray, my dear boy, for thy Aunt Sue, and she will pray for thee, and I trust it will not be a great while before we shall meet in that blessed place where, we are told in the Bible, that God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of his children; 'and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' We have both suffered a great deal of pain, my darling W., and we shall be very glad to escape from it for ever; but thee knows we cannot hope to do so unless we are washed in the Saviour's blood; unless our hearts are purified by the influences of the Holy Spirit; unless we love our Heavenly Father with our whole hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves. I should

be very glad to receive an answer to this letter. And now, my beloved W., I must bid thee farewell."

To her Mother.

"Saturday Morning.

"I would first offer to heaven, my dear mother, the fervent aspirations of a grateful heart for the inestimable blessing of a parent so dear, so kind, so worthy to be loved; and then to thee I would tender an expression of thankfulness for the unceasing watchfulness which has been extended since my earliest infancy; for the bright smile which has ever shed its radiance upon my heart, and dissipated the mists of fancied care. I would humbly offer to my Father in heaven a fervent supplication that he will henceforth enable me to perform, agreeably to His will, every duty incumbent upon an affectionate child, and a devoted Christian.

"'His goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives,' and the only service He requires in return is the grateful homage of our hearts; the consecration of our lives to His service. Truly, 'a reasonable service.' And now, on this, thy natal day, while our hearts are glowing with gratitude, and with love, let us mingle our prayers to our Maker that He will unite our hearts to fear His name; that, in all time of our prosperity, in all time of tribulation, He will be with us, bless, and keep us."

Message to ——,

"Sister Sue says she has great sympathy for you, and hopes you will be enabled to rest with entire confidence upon the finished work of a Redeemer. He is just such a Saviour as suits the necessities of the sinner and the sufferer. She says the last two verses of the 4th of Hebrews have been a great comfort to her, and the eleventh verse of the first chapter of Colossians."

"*Saturday, June 20th.*—Have been looking over Kirk White's Life. How much I love it! I wish ——— would read it. He says, 'The excellence of our Liturgy, and our Church, is more and more impressed upon my mind. How admirably do her confessions, her intercessions, her praises suit the case of the Christian!' To the expression of this opinion my heart truly responds."

"22d, *Early in the morning.*—I had not time to write

yesterday. I like to be particular in making record of every Sabbath, as I think the manner in which this blessed day is spent is a good test of growth or declension in grace. I trust I have been enabled to *remember* the Sabbath day with more profit than formerly; to pray more during the week, for a blessing upon it, which is of great importance, and to be more watchful. I have certainly enjoyed the last few Sundays very much, and feel encouraged to press toward the mark in this thing."

"*July 4th.* — This is the anniversary of my country's independence. How thankful I wish to feel that I am an American! I do dearly love my country, and yet I pray very little for her spiritual prosperity. May a deeper interest in it be implanted in my heart.

"This morning I was very happy. The weather was charming; the birds sang gaily; the new-mown hay was so fragrant, and all around so enlivening. My spirits were so good that I could almost literally have jumped for joy. I could unite with David's songs of praise: felt a desire to love God with all my heart. The exuberance of my spirits quite overcame my poor, weak frame. The latter part of the morning felt very languid."

"*6th.* —Woke in the morning in a prayerful frame. Went into Newtown to church. Enjoyed it much. The sermon was solemn, and I felt as if I could almost unite my entreaties with those of the preacher, that the sinners around me would come to Jesus. Spent great part of the afternoon in prayer; drew nearer to God than almost ever before, and renewedly consecrated myself to his service."

"*16th.* — Riding this afternoon, I felt much reproached that I have labored so little for the good of those with whom I have had intercourse, since I have been at Temora. I hope I shall not forget to pray more for them when I go away. This has been a delightful day. We talk of leaving to-morrow, and I would like to wander to the banks of the

Neshamony, but do not feel able. I was far from well this afternoon. How shall I endure the bustle of the city? I have prayed, and must continue to do so, for 'grace to help in time of need;' for grace to set a holy and consistent example, and to live nearer to my Heavenly Father than I have ever done.

"*July 29th.*—This is my birthday. A retrospect of the past year affords me much cause for self-condemnation, and I do desire sincerely to repent of my sins, and to lead a new life. Most abundantly have the love and forbearance of my Heavenly Father been manifested towards me during this past year. I feel greater confidence than ever in His protection, and a more entire assurance that all things work together for good to them that love God, and yet *my love* is very cold. Oh, that I had more faith in Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly into my unbelieving heart.

"I spent two or three days last week with my dear Mrs. J——, and enjoyed them much. They have family worship there,—an inestimable blessing! Had many sweet seasons of prayer while there.

"I am becoming weaker and weaker since my return home, and suffer more than before. Yesterday, was not all day in a Christian frame of mind—felt peevish; to-day have felt differently. Oh, how much sin must God see in my heart!

"*Aug. 1st.*—This morning had some conversation that was truly refreshing. I do love Christian conversation. I wish Christians would talk more about religion. They were telling me of a young gentleman who was converted through Mr. ——'s instrumentality. He had been preaching a very solemn sermon, and, in conclusion, said that if all present would spend one hour, after their return home, in serious reflection upon the truths that had been urged upon them, he did not doubt that they would be fully convinced of their importance. This youth resolved to do so, instead of taking a walk, as was his custom. The result was a knowledge of

the truth as it is in Jesus. I would not exchange the feelings excited in my heart by this recital for any thing this world can give. This young man intends studying for the ministry. May the Lord bless and keep him, and make him the instrument of the conversion of many.

"*Sunday afternoon.* — Have just returned from church at Camden. Met many persons riding and walking, merely for pleasure. We see much more of the profanation of the Sabbath in the country than in the city. It makes my heart heavy. Oh, my beloved country, I cannot anticipate prosperity for thee, while the commands of Jehovah are thus disregarded! For Jesus' sake, may the judgments that are hanging over our heads be averted. May a double portion of Thy Spirit be given to every Christian ruler and magistrate, and may those who are themselves in the bonds of iniquity be converted, and made the instruments of enforcing the laws of God. O that, seeing as I do, every Sabbath, that the people forget God, my own heart were rendered more obedient to His holy laws. Oh, my Heavenly Father, I do beseech Thee to forgive my want of spirituality, and make me to worship Thee in spirit and in truth. I do hate sin, and I long to be delivered from it. Blessed be 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' Blessed be the Holy Spirit who can and will perfectly sanctify my sinful heart. Blessed be our Heavenly Father, in whom are the Son and the Spirit.

"Had a long season of devotion after tea. Felt a little what it is to have 'the Spirit helping our infirmities,— making intercessions for me with groanings which cannot be uttered.'

"19*th.* — Had a conversation with ——, in which I very plainly expressed my interest in his welfare. He and another gentleman attacked the doctrine of the Trinity. I felt such an inexpressible conviction of its truth. O let me never doubt it.

"23*d.* — Felt sorrowful in spirit this afternoon, — oh, why am I so inconsistent? I am weary of myself. I felt as though a severe lecture from some Christian friend would do me good. I bless my Heavenly Father for the teachings and reproofs of His Holy Spirit.

"Yesterday, Bishop Moore preached for us from the text, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' How beautiful an example of Christianity is this venerable man! He does, indeed, endeavor to '*persuade* men.' His allusion to our departed Pastor much affected me, and his approbation of our new one was very gratifying. I am prepared to receive him with thankfulness.

"25*th.* — Have just returned from a meeting in which I was much interested. Heard some remarks on the subject of Romanism which I hope will exert an extensive influence. The increase of Roman Catholic doctrines is most alarming. Thoughts of foreboding come over my mind as a dark cloud. I do not know that I ever had one feeling of bitterness on that subject, but I will, as far as in me lies, I trust, exert my influence in support of the pure doctrines of Christianity, and I pray for grace to fulfil my duty, my high responsibility as a professor of God's holy name, to fight manfully against all that opposes His government. I know I have never discharged my duty towards God and towards my fellow-creatures. Oh, that I could realize the value of an *immortal* soul! O Lord, by any process Thou shalt please to select, I beseech Thee to show me my duty, and enable me faithfully to discharge it. Oh, make me feel how much *Jesus* loves the souls of men. I am ashamed of myself. I do not deserve the name of Christian. Oh, I am afraid my brother's blood crieth against me. 'Lord, deliver me from blood-guiltiness, and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness. Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'

"Last Sunday, Mr. Clark preached for us. I hope I went to church in some degree prepared for its solemn ser-

vices. I was exceedingly desirous to partake of the Communion. I think I never longed for this ordinance so much. It is a blessed institution. When I first went to church, I was so agitated that I could scarcely restrain my feelings, so severe was the pain.

"I prayed much for our Pastor, and sympathized with him in his situation of peculiar trial. His sermon was solemn and appropriate, from the text, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' I trust that his urgent request that his people will fervently pray for him, will not be disregarded. I could not bear to speak, as I returned home, and when I reached my room, poured forth my feelings before the Lord. In the evening, Mr. C. preached from the text, 'I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' I rejoiced in the sentiments he expressed, and my heart was very light as I walked home from church, with the anticipation of the good which will accrue to our Zion from a blessing upon his labors.

"*Sept.* 14*th.*—Yesterday was a day of inestimable privileges. Mr. C. preached from the text, 'Take heed how ye hear,"—one of the most eloquent and impressive sermons I have heard this long time. I wish I could be as thankful for him as I ought. He spoke of the necessity of a prepared heart for the solemn services of the sanctuary, and of the account we must render for its blessed privileges. I do not know any preacher whose sermons leave upon my mind impressions of so solemn a nature. I feel a desire to be entirely quiet after them, and to commune with my own heart. Oh, how much of the good effect of sermons is lost by idle conversation in returning from church! I do think it a great sin. Yesterday I felt a great desire to press towards the mark; in the afternoon I suffered so much that my thoughts were rather distracted, but I listened with great interest to the discourse: 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God.' Oh, is not this a consolation?

"*24th.*—Yesterday our Pastor was instituted. It was a most solemn and interesting occasion. I have never felt so deeply impressed by a sense of the sublimity and appropriateness of the services of my own beloved Church. I love it better and better. I prayed with new interest for a blessing upon our sanctuary. Oh, how desirable it is that those who minister at the altar, should, in a spiritual sense, live of the things belonging to the altar! How great is their responsibility! It grieves me that they do not all realize it. I was glad to have an opportunity of partaking of the Holy Communion. I was very prayerful, and never was so much affected after its reception. I could not help weeping as I returned home. I felt more love for souls. I shall look back upon yesterday with thankfulness. Oh, that a new song of praise were put into my mouth! I have ample cause for gratitude, and yet ingratitude is my greatest sin.

"*Oct. 3d.*—I have been more than ever impressed, lately, by the thought that *one sin* would be sufficient to exclude us from Heaven, were it not for the righteousness of Christ,—*one unholy word or thought!* Oh, then, how dear ought His mediation to be to us! I make so many trifling remarks, and am so ready to be amused by any nonsense. How strange it is!

> 'Oh, for a closer walk with God,
> A calm and heavenly frame.'

O God, make me humble—make me to feel my vileness and nothingness, and my Saviour's all-sufficiency.

"*9th.*—Continue to pass much of my time delightfully. We have had very little company, and I am able to spend much time alone, and in the society of my dear cousins. I particularly enjoy talking on the things of eternity with cousin P. A. My heart warms with a desire to know more of God, while we are conversing, and I find the practice of praying with K. profitable. Oh, what a privilege Christian intercourse is! Incline unto me, O my Heavenly Father,

those who fear Thee, and have known Thy testimonies, and put it into their hearts to deal faithfully with me.

"*Oct. 25th.*—I was much interrupted in my season of prayer. I must not, I will not, forget or neglect my hours of retirement. Any thing else must suffer in preference, for my soul will not prosper without them. I cannot else be patient, prayerful, or useful, or any thing else that I ought to be.

"*Sunday evening.*—I have enjoyed this day inestimable privileges. This morning, was prayerful and watchful. Loaned 'Wilberforce's View,' with many prayers for a blessing on its perusal. Was very early at church, and prayed earnestly. During the service, was much affected. Oh, that I were always alive to the solemnity of our Liturgy! The sermon was short, but very solemn, and I felt it deeply. As the congregation retired, I craved a blessing for them, and for us who remained behind to partake of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our Redeemer. I felt that I had been very inconsistent and ungrateful, and only deserved the anger of God, but was not afraid to trust in Jesus, who is my only hope. Oh! what they lose, who disregard the injunction, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' I feel great love for ——. We knelt together at the chancel,—oh, may we stand together at the right hand of the Judge! This evening, was at church again,—prayed much for the multitude by whom I was surrounded. The text was, 'What meanest thou, O Sleeper? arise, and call upon thy God.' The sermon was all that could be desired. I have not before had such feelings towards our Pastor as now. Since last evening, I really feel an overflowing of love towards him. I hope I shall pray for him with renewed interest. O Lord, let not the foot of pride come nigh to hurt him; and forbid that he should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Now I must retire. I do hope to live nearer to God, in

future. I have, within the past week, been unusually unfaithful. Oh, may God *now*, before I have committed greater sins, and grieved his Holy Spirit more, draw me to himself. I hope He will make me humble. I do want to love and serve him. I am glad that His eye is upon me, sinful as I am, for He will search and try me, remove every evil way from me, and lead me in the way everlasting. He has loved me with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness has He drawn me. I have gone astray like a lost sheep. Seek thy servant, for I do not forget thy commandments.

"*Nov. 13th.—Sunday evening.*—Felt the sermon very deeply, and desired to praise God. The text was, 'I will give you rest,' and was most consoling to my spirit. I could believe that rest is mine, that I have already experienced it in a great degree, and that there is for me 'Rest enduring, rest in heaven.' When our Pastor spoke of the happiness the believer derives from the knowledge that God is his friend, that He controls all the events of his life, and will make all things work together for his good, I could cordially assent to the truth of all he said. I know that I am under the continual guardianship of my Father in heaven—that, notwithstanding all my ingratitude and disobedience, the wing of His protection ever overshadows me. When I returned home, I again sought the mercy of my Redeemer.

"I do not wish to forget that visit to the House of Refuge. My heart yearned over those wretched beings, and was filled with prayer for them. The girls sang together the Orphan's Hymn. I was quite overcome by my feelings, and I observed that several of them wept. I could scarcely refrain from telling them of the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

"*Nov. 27th.*—Last Saturday evening we had a most solemn prayer-meeting. I do not know when I have felt so deeply. Sunday was a stormy day, the first, for a long time, that I have spent at home. I knew I should be exposed to the

temptation of speaking my own words, and thinking my own thoughts; and fervently implored strength to resist it. I found it very difficult to spend the day profitably; but did try, though I was not as watchful as I ought to have been. In the afternoon —— came, and we had some serious conversation. I read to her a little while in my dear Bridges.

"I have missed my usual Sabbath privileges all the week long. On Wednesday evening the lecture was even more solemn than usual. I saw a great many young girls there, and one whom I have never met in the lecture-room before. I have for a long time made her a subject of prayer, and hope I shall still remember her.

"I misspend my time, and yet I hardly know how to arrange it as I ought, for I am exposed to such constant interruption. Oh for wisdom from above, for good judgment and knowledge, and a heart full of love, and of hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Any affliction, any thing rather than the loss of God's approbation — any thing rather than self-deception. I am poor and needy, and I do come to Jesus. He does not reject me, ungrateful and sinful as I am."

To a Sister.

Nov. 30th, 1835.

. . . "Please read the 33d chapter of Ezekiel in reference to the faithful discharge of duty towards others. Though all Christians are not set as 'watchmen unto the house of Israel,' still, it is our duty to bear witness for our Saviour, and it is wrong to wait until we have made very great attainments in religion before we endeavor to persuade others to walk in the narrow path. Let us tell them that we are sensible of our sins, ignorances and infirmities, but our trust is in Jesus, and we desire them to apply to the same blessed source of light and life. Oh, it is a fearful thing to know that those who are all around us, many of whom are endeared by the most tender ties, are on their way to everlasting punishment, and to make no effort to persuade them to accept the offers of salvation! What happiness would it be to be made the means of saving one immortal soul! We ought to take heed concerning this thing, and make it a subject of constant prayer."

"*Dec. 2d.*—We have had, this evening, a heart-searching lecture from the text, 'Come and let us walk in the light of the Lord.' I took several of my friends with me, and they detained me so late, that the service was nearly over when we reached the church. This was a great trial to me. Mr. C. desired that we would renewedly consecrate ourselves to the service of our Heavenly Father, on the approaching commemoration of the death and sufferings of our Saviour, and I did it while he was speaking. I resolved that in the strength of the Lord I would *go forward.* I prayed much for those who were with me.

"I feel in a prayerful frame. If I live another day, I hope I shall live nearer to God. I do not always realize His presence. I do not always live for eternity. I am so drawn away by the things that surround me. Oh, that my mind were so fixed upon God, that no conversation, no interruption whatever could interfere with my communion with Him. I lack wisdom, and this night I will ask it of God. And He will give liberally. I will ask in faith.

"*Sunday, Dec. 13th.*—I heard a sermon this morning which caused such excitement of feeling that I am quite weak. It was from our beloved Pastor, whom God does indeed bless in an eminent degree, and whom I bless with all my heart, in the name of the Lord. 'He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' During the sermon my heart was lifted up in an agony of prayer for perishing sinners. I trembled lest this warning should fall unheeded on their ears. I asked God to grant that none of my family might be destroyed without remedy. O may I be more faithful in future. I bless God for the feelings he has given me this day.

"*Sunday evening.*—Am about to retire, in the possession of the peace of God which passeth understanding. I have passed a very happy evening, most of it alone in my room. O that my heart were full of love to God! Have I not more cause than any one else to love Him?

'Till I can praise Thee as I should,
Accept my heart's desire.'

"*Dec. 26th.* — I have passed a very happy Christmas, and am thankful that I have been taught by the Holy Spirit that this day is not to be devoted to levity, but consecrated to the Lord. I awoke, yesterday, with thankful feelings. I enjoyed the service, sermon and communion very much, and was favored with peaceful and prayerful feelings. I desired, when I knelt at the chancel, to thank my Heavenly Father that He had thus far guided me in the way everlasting.

"I had a long talk with one who is truly in nature's darkness, and who considers the light of reason bright enough to illumine his pathway to eternity. I felt my weakness, and did not attempt to argue in my own strength, but constantly lifted up my heart to God. I gave him a little Testament, and he has promised to read it sometimes, but says he has not time to do so every day.

"*28th.* — *Sunday evening.* — I think the institution of the Sabbath is one of the greatest blessings God has ever bestowed upon man, and I am thankful that He enables me, in some manner, to appreciate it. Last evening was spent in preparation for this day.

"The Liturgy seemed unusually impressive this morning; it has really been a blessing to my soul. I well remember when I first began to enjoy it. The sermon was solemn, and I felt a little of the value of souls. I am glad to find that I am not so selfish in respect to sermons as when I first became deeply interested in religion. I felt disappointed, then, if the sermon did not refer to my own case; but now my attention is directed to others, more than it once was.

"This afternoon my mind did not seem stayed upon God all the time — it was not fixed enough. I felt so happy and contented, that I am afraid I was too well satisfied with my feelings, and was not watchful. I had a comfortable season of prayer when I returned home, and enjoyed the Bible;

then read and talked to the servants. May my Heavenly Father bless the further duties of this evening, and watch over me through the darkness of the night, for my Saviour's sake!"

CHAPTER VIII.

1836.

Serenity in Prospect of Death — New-Year Thoughts — Prayer for Guidance in Efforts for the Good of Others — Domestic Enjoyment — Letter to a Unitarian — Letter to a Sister on Baptism — Visit to Princeton — Letter to a Sister commencing a Christian Life — Visit to Cape May — Letters of Dr. Clark — Temora — Letter on Christian Activity.

"Oh, how soul-satisfying are the consolations of the Christian!" Such was the dictate of Miss Allibone's full heart, inscribed in her Diary for 1836. And where shall we find a more apt and beautiful illustration of this truth than in herself! "As the sufferings of Christ abounded in her, so her consolation also abounded by Christ." Her Diary for this year expresses repeatedly the conviction that the last enemy would soon triumph in the dissolution of her frail and tottering earthly tabernacle. So strong and constant was this impression, that she might indeed be said to "die daily." She lived consciously upon the borders of eternity, and the ever-present thought solemnized and elevated, but in no degree saddened her soul. Sustaining faith was the precious gift of the Lord to his obedient child. Hence she was "chastened, but not killed — sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The record of 1836 discovers the same sweet submission to her Father's will, the same unwavering conviction that the Lord was the portion of her soul, the same exulting delight in the God of her salvation. During this period she was still

permitted, although in much weakness, to visit the sanctuary, and dearly prized and faithfully improved was the privilege. From the enjoyment and edification which she derived from the public means of grace, we can more fitly estimate the resignation that consented, without a murmur, to being afterwards entirely shut out from them. How much she herself loved the ways of Zion, how anxious she was to bring others to participate in these, her choicest pleasures, almost every page of this year's record bears witness.

"*January* 1*st*, 1836. — 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' This has been a very happy New-Year. I endeavored, yesterday, to reflect seriously upon the past, and to implore grace to help in time to come.

"8*th*.—Wrote a letter of warning to a dear friend, with many tears. Oh, may I be more faithful in future, and may all the sinful reserve that prevents me from discharging my duty be forever removed. If I could only realize the value of souls, I should act very differently.

"*Sunday morning*. — I hope my hard heart has received a new impulse. I have been, sometimes, very cold lately — have done those things which I ought not to have done, and left undone those things which I ought to have done. I have been humbled, too — have been told that I want *tact*, and that I am too zealous in my efforts to do good. Oh, how hard it is to be afraid to speak to those whom you desire to warn to flee from the wrath to come, whom you would persuade to accept the offers of salvation! O, my Heavenly Father, wilt Thou teach me my duty in this respect? Take away the fear of man from my heart, and all sinful reserve. Make me wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove. Let me not injure Thy cause by indiscretion, nor prevent others from coming to Thee by any unnecessary strictness, but grant, in Thine infinite mercy, that *levity* may never expel seriousness from my heart or my countenance. Since I

came home, I have been praying and shedding many tears. I want unfeigned repentance and true faith. 'Oh for a closer walk with God!' In the strength of Jesus, I will press towards the mark.

"I am more and more sensible that the influence of religion is absolutely requisite to ensure domestic happiness. We need its restraining power and influence in our every-day intercourse, and we cannot be happy, even in this world, without it. May this conviction lead me to implore more earnestly the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit."

To Miss E. N.

"Jan. 31, 1836.

"'Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee,
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace which from it flows.'

"Dear E., we are *commanded* to rejoice in the Lord always, and why do we not? Is it because we are so sinful that we *ought* not to be happy? No; it is because we are so sinful that we *will* not. We are so unbelieving that we refuse to accept as ours the peace and joy which are provided for us in Christ Jesus. Let us both, my dear friend, strive to have brighter views of our blessed Saviour. Let us think much of all that He has done for our sinful world, and for our own souls, and then we shall love Him better.

"I was thinking this morning of the vast capability of usefulness thee possesses in thy intercourse with the immortal beings by whom thee is surrounded. Thee can, and I doubt not does, seek to impress upon the minds of the children who are frequently with you, the importance of eternal things. I think this is a most important and delightful way of doing good. In striving to influence those whose habits are fixed, we have much to contend with, but impressions upon an infant mind are easily formed, and usually very lasting. I do hope, dear E., that thee will be the instrument of winning many souls to Christ. * * * Soon the night will come. Let us labor while the day lasts, and let us always endeavor when we enter the presence of others, to breathe a prayer for the Divine blessing upon our intercourse with them. Oh, how useful we might be! I want to be stirred up; I want holy zeal for the welfare of

souls, and I want the 'wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove,' so that I may be a blessing wherever I go."

"*Sunday evening.* — Spent a few moments in dear mother's room. I do not believe there are many families so happy as ours. We have many temporal, and many spiritual blessings. O, that we may be induced, by the mercies of God, to consecrate ourselves to Him! I am astonished at the affection my friends evince towards me. Their hearts seem full of love to me. I would give God all the glory. I know that it is because he has wrought a work of grace in my heart that their affection is increased; and I desire to be very humble, and to remember that I can, of mine own self, do nothing; and to watch and pray against temptation; to set a holy and consistent example, and to use all my influence to the glory of my Heavenly Father. May the time soon come when we will all be united by the bonds of faith. Until that time may I pray, *believing*, and then, when we shall have done our Father's will on earth, may we all be gathered into 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' O, my Heavenly Father, wilt Thou give me faith to believe that Thou wilt grant this, for Jesus' sake, amen!"

"*Feb. 9th.* — I was privileged to partake of the holy Communion with dear ——. I found it very profitable to draw near the table of the Lord. I always anticipate this season, and have never failed to derive spiritual refreshment from it. How strange, how inexcusable, that any should undervalue this blessed ordinance! My heart was lifted up in prayer as I returned home."

"*Feb. 14th.* — I felt humbled while hearing a friend speak very unkindly of an absent person. I saw that such feelings are sinful in the sight of God, and while I desire to be thankful that I am not very prone to take offence at apparent slights, I would remember that my strength lies in Jesus, — watchfulness and prayer. 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' An angry thought is sin. 'From envy, hatred,

and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver me." I need that my faith be increased in this respect, for I very often offend in this thing, and I hope I shall, from this time, strive to possess 'the mind that was in Christ Jesus.' O, may I ever be enabled to realize that I cannot make myself meek and lowly; that it is necessary that I be so, and that God is able and willing to make me all that He would have me to be."

"*Sunday, Feb. 21st.* — I think I generally feel more happy on Sunday evening than at any other time; more prayerful and more peaceful. This evening I have spent much time in prayer, and my chief desire has been for more faith."

"*25th.* — Felt a great desire for holiness to-day, while writing to a Christian friend. This evening have spent some time very profitably up-stairs, but was obliged to spend an hour in the parlor, with company, and a tedious hour it was. I feel more dull in the society of those who are trifling away their precious time, than anywhere else; and I am thankful that I am mercifully permitted to spend so much time in retirement. I have suffered much this day, and must pray for strength to endure greater pain, for I shall have it to endure. O, that I could realize the nearness of eternity! I shall welcome suffering, if God will bless it to this end. My Heavenly Father, wilt Thou not enable me to glorify Thy name? wilt thou not make me pure in heart?"

"*March 3d.* — I have many mercies to record. Yesterday was very pleasant, and I very much enjoyed walking, and breathing pure air early in the morning. I was in much suffering, and, as usual, had to ask God for grace to help in time of need, after which I felt much better. Called at Aunt H.'s, and fell down the steps in such a manner, that it is wonderful I did not receive serious injury, but was not much hurt. In what danger are our lives, and how needful is it that we be always prepared to die! I called to see Mrs. B., with whom I had a very profitable conversation. She told me

the circumstances of the death of two young ladies, who were the subjects of the disease I have; and I felt an increased desire to be ready for the coming of the Son of Man."

The great truths of the Christian religion were held by Miss Allibone with the warm grasp of affectionate faith. No doctrine of her creed was with her an abstract speculation or a mere intellectual conviction. "With the heart she believed unto righteousness," while at the same time her reasoning powers were acute and well developed. When any doctrine, which she was assured was from God, was called in question, she defended it with the deepest interest. She was evidently arguing, not for victory, but for truth — truth of which she had known and felt the power, and which she was most anxious to commend to the conviction of those with whom she reasoned. With all her gentleness and consideration for the feelings of others, she could never be indifferent to false doctrine, or allow them to suppose her to be so. The union of directness and fidelity with kindness, in her expostulations with those whom she considered to be in error, is illustrated by the following letter to a friend, who did not believe in the divinity and atonement of the Lord Jesus:—

"Feb. 26th, 1836.

* * * "During the long interval that has elapsed since we have had intercourse, I have very often prayed that God would enlighten thy mind with the light of the everlasting gospel — that He would show thee plainly that Jesus is 'the way, the truth, and the life;' and I hope very soon to learn that thee has been shown 'the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' Oh, how happy would such intelligence make me! for thee cannot doubt the increase of my interest in thy spiritual welfare. The only reason why I have deferred writing has been that I could not see clearly that it was right for me to do so. I have very often read thy last letter, and reflected upon its contents, — and in attempting to aid thee in acquiring a knowledge of the truth, I feel my own weakness most sensibly. I know that I am standing upon holy ground, and in my own strength

I would not dare to write to thee on this subject. Thee says, that 'notwithstanding the very different degrees of religious knowledge to which we have attained, thee does not think our views so widely differ.' I hope that I feel my ignorance, my sinfulness, and my want of humble and lively faith too sensibly, to believe for one moment that I have made eminent attainments in religion; but permit me, my beloved friend, once more to say that our views do indeed widely differ. The doctrine which is to thee one involving so much doubt and perplexity, that thee says thee cannot adopt it, and which thee considers so repugnant to the reason with which God has so mercifully endowed His creatures, is to me ten thousand times more precious than all besides. Upon it is founded my only hope of heaven, and I daily and continually ask God to impress it more and more deeply upon my heart. Rather than renounce it, I believe I would endure any privation, any suffering. To me, Jesus Christ is precious. I hesitate not to ascribe glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and I expect to do so throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. Does not the Bible tell us that 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us'? and do we not know that Christ, 'His own self bare our sins, in His own body, on the tree, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes we are healed'? Do not reject this truth, my beloved friend, because it does not now appear plain to thee. God will enable thee, if thee will ask Him, to believe; though in this world thee will never be able to understand *how it is*, and this thee is not required to understand. Refer to the last verse of the third chapter of 1st Timothy.

"There is an article in the Episcopal Recorder of last week, extracted from an English paper, containing an account of the public recantation of a Unitarian minister. It states that he informed his congregation that he had formed an acquaintance with a clergyman, who, on debating with him on doctrinal points, 'had used such powerful arguments as to entirely beat him off his ground.' He, therefore, prayed to God to forgive him, for having hitherto led his congregation impiously to deny the divinity of Christ. It is said that this information produced great excitement, that many were moved to tears, and the pastor himself was greatly affected. The trustees of the church have decided that he shall no longer be allowed the use of the pulpit. If this account be true, as I hope it is, I do most sincerely sympathize with and pity that man; for he must feel that he has been the means of injuring many immortal beings, and I

hope he will henceforth endeavor to extend the knowledge of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' "

"Monday evening, I was obliged to stay away from the Monthly Concert. I was not well, and we had company whom I could not possibly leave. I do not think company should detain us from the sanctuary in ordinary cases. I had rather appear rude to man than neglect my duty to God, and deprive myself of an opportunity of spiritual improvement: but in this case I could not go, and endeavored to bear patiently the disappointment. While surrounded by those who 'care for none of these things,' whose every thought and feeling are uncongenial with my own, I longed for heaven, where is no opposition to the kingdom of my Redeemer. I had cause to be glad that I did not go to church, as I hope I was enabled to be in some degree useful to a friend.

"*March 26th.*—I have neglected, during the past week or two, to procure a book in which to record my thoughts. As I think I have derived benefit from this practice, I intend to continue it as long as I am able. One of my chief objects in so doing is, that I may especially remark the manner in which I spend the Sabbath, for this is my spiritual thermometer.

"Last Sunday afternoon, Mr. —— was buried, and I went an hour earlier to church, that I might enjoy the Burial Service, and be reminded of my latter end. I imagined myself in the place of the deceased, and thought it very probable that my own dear family would, ere long, attend my remains to the grave; and my only desire was that I might live and die in the Lord, and that my life and death might be sanctified to those who survive me.

"Last Sunday morning, felt a great desire to grow in grace. My heart was moved during the service, though it was read in such a rapid manner that I felt disappointed. The sermon was truly excellent. Text, 'And when He was

come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it.' I could not refrain from weeping almost all the time.

"On Good Friday, Mr. C. preached from the text, 'It is finished!'—a solemn and affecting sermon. Oh, that I knew more of the love of Christ! I resolved that I would think more of Him, and pray for more love and faith. As I walked home, my heart was lifted up in prayer.

"On Saturday evening, we had a prayer-meeting which I desire ever to remember with pleasure. Our beloved Pastor gave us much excellent advice, which I shall endeavor to treasure up. He observed that if not a word were to be spoken, the reflection was affecting, that so many of God's dear children were assembled together, a blood-washed company, on their way to Him. I was very sorry when the meeting was concluded. I did not wish to leave such a hallowed spot and such a consecrated company.

"*Sunday.*—This morning I felt deeply interested in the service, though I was interrupted by some very foolish thoughts. I did strive against them, and could truly say, 'I hate vain thoughts, but Thy law do I love.' I enjoyed the Psalm, from the 84th, one of my favorites; and when the hymn was given out, 'O for a closer walk with God,' I rejoiced, because I hoped the sermon would be in accordance with it, and I was not disappointed. The text was from Philippians i. 27: 'Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ.' I felt that my heart was prepared for the sermon, and I hope it has sunk deep into it, and will bring forth in me fruit unto good living.

"Yesterday we had a delightful visit from our beloved Pastor. He gave E. much good advice,—told her she must no longer defer to consecrate her heart to God, *as a matter of duty*, and then He will take care of her *happiness*. He prayed with us, and remembered me particularly in his petition. He prayed that God would restore my health, and in this request I did not unite with him, for I desire to have no

will about it. I never have prayed that my health might be restored, nor my life prolonged. I do not know whether my feelings are just what they ought to be on this subject, but I pray that if they are not, God will make them so.

"Oh, how much more happy and useful should I be, if my speech were so ordered, as always to minister grace unto the hearers! but, alas, I talk of many things that are of no advantage, and very often of *myself*. I think *egotism* a dangerous fault, and I desire to watch and pray against it. Oh, I wish I did not think so well of myself. When I say I want humility, I do not feel it deeply. I am afraid I do not know what it is."

To her Sister S.

May 3, 1836.

"I was inexpressibly gratified, dear sister, to receive, yesterday, from a young lady in whose spiritual concerns I have long been deeply interested, the information that she had decided to be baptized next Sunday. If this news from one who is almost a stranger had power to elicit tears of joy, how much greater happiness would it give me to welcome my own precious sister into the visible church of Christ! You will be surprised at these remarks, for I have never yet said any thing to you on this subject, though it is my daily prayer that your duty may be made plain to you.

"It is not only my opinion, but my *conviction* that it is your duty to make a profession of religion, whatever your feelings may be. And I trust you will constantly pray that you may be led in the way in which you should go. I trust you would not suspect me of a desire to induce any one to profess the religion of the Saviour, who has not fully resolved to take up the Cross and follow Him. So far from this, I would not for the world in any way assist to increase the host of inconsistent professors, who are a far greater injury to the cause of religion than its declared adversaries. I hope the cause of Christ is more precious to me than even *you*, my dear sister, even would *your* interest be advanced by a premature admittance into the Church.

"But I cannot believe that you have deferred until now to choose the Lord for your God. I know that you daily wait upon Him in prayer and in reading His Holy Word, and this not only because you know you ought to do so, but because you 'hunger and thirst

after righteousness.' Your interest in this all-important subject is continually increasing; you earnestly desire the spiritual good of those who are closely connected with you; and your very powerful interest has been excited in a poor man who is a stranger to you, because he defies your Heavenly Father, and you fear He will be lost forever. I know that unregenerate hearts are often deeply interested in the salvation of others; I know that many who are not entirely persuaded to become Christians have availed themselves of the means of grace; but I never did know any one with feelings such as yours, who had not turned his steps Zionward. You remember the history contained in the 13th chapter of Luke, of 'a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself; and when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity, and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God.'

"In coming to Christ we are required to submit to His righteousness, and to do His will. He has expressly commanded that His disciples shall confess Him before men. He has as expressly enjoined the duties of baptism and the Lord's Supper. I know that many deny this, but I have gained my knowledge and derived my views on these subjects from the Word of God, and from no human authority. And I am sure that if you will study the Bible, and the Bible only, with reference to these points of duty, in a spirit of earnest, humble prayer, you will hesitate no longer."

May 6, 1836.

"I feel deeply humbled, sometimes, when I reflect upon the unwearied kindness of my friends, and desire to realize that it is not because I deserve it, but because my Heavenly Father has inspired their hearts with sympathy and love towards me. And in addition to His many proofs of loving kindness, He has granted one of the most earnest desires of my heart, in having called my dear sister —— to a knowledge of Himself, for I believe that her heart has been changed by the influence of His grace. She feels that it is her duty to obey her Saviour's command to confess Him before men, and expects to be baptized next Sunday morning. I know that she will be exposed to many temptations, but I believe that God will guide her with His counsel, and will enable her to take more and more delight in His service. It is a great consolation to know that though our hearts are so sinful, and our spiritual adversaries so many, who in the strength of Jesus trusts is more than conqueror."

"*May 9th.*—Yesterday was a most happy day. I stood with my dear sister at her baptism, and my heart was uplifted to God for His continued blessing upon both. The vows of God are upon her, and in the strength of Jesus she will be enabled to fulfil them. I earnestly desire and pray that she may be enabled to *press* towards the mark, and to *run* the race that is set before her. Mr. C. preached from the 3d and 4th verses of the 1st chapter of I. Peter. I was almost overcome by my feelings, after church, and when I returned I had a very sweet season of prayer. To-morrow I expect, if it be my Heavenly Father's will, to go to Princeton. May the light of His countenance be lifted up on me. May He preserve me from all evil, and grant me His peculiar blessing, for my Saviour's sake!

"*May 14th, Saturday evening.*—The very sound of Saturday evening is sweet to me, and I always feel a great desire to spend it in preparation for the Sabbath. If my life be spared till to-morrow, I do hope I shall be enabled to keep it more holy than I ever yet have done. I have been several days in the country, and have, as usual, very much enjoyed the beauties of nature; but it appears to me, they have not had as electric an effect as they have sometimes had. Still, I have not been quite unmindful that '*the hand that made them is divine.*' Yesterday I was much interested in a little book called 'The Life of Mary Lothrop,' a little child, and just such a little child in faith and humility as I desire to be; and I desire, too, to imitate her resignation to the will of God, and to feel the same love for immortal souls.

"We intended to ride together, but company came, and K. was detained. She thought the exercise would benefit me, so I set off without her. I had some very good thoughts, and really wished to love God better. As we were returning, the horse took fright and ran off. I was not alarmed, though I thought it very likely I should be killed, but said in my heart, 'I am not afraid, for Thou art with me.' As we

reached the gate, succeeded in checking the horse, and we arrived in safety. K. was quite agitated. I asked God to sanctify this escape, and to make me more devoted to His service. Since then, I have felt very peaceful.

15th, Saturday.—This has been a very pleasant day. In prayer with dear K. felt unusual fervor. We prayed especially for the Episcopal Church in Princeton, and intend doing so daily. Enjoyed the service at church less than I do at home, but still, very much. I hope the time is not very far distant when hearty responses shall arise from every part of this sanctuary.

"*18th.*—Am too excitable, when any thing is said in disparagement of my beloved Church. I ought to love it even better than I do, but my feelings should be so controlled by the influence of the Holy Spirit, that no charge against it, however unjust or unreasonable, should excite me. If I know myself, I am not at all inclined to speak or think ill of other churches, but do sincerely love Christians of every denomination; but my principles and feelings are all enlisted for my own, and there may be more of bigotry in my heart than I am conscious of. I see and lament the want of charity in other Christians, and if the beam is in my own eye, I pray that it may be taken out. At any rate I feel that I was too warm in defence of my church, and I hope my love for it will not tempt me to sin any more, but to pray earnestly for its prosperity,—to pray that God will grant to our Bishops, Priests and Deacons the continual dew of his blessing, that He will increase the missionary zeal and the evangelical spirit which are more and more manifested.

"*Whitsunday.*—Enjoyed, this morning, the privilege of the Communion. Would have been very glad to have partaken with my own dear family, and especially with my dear sister E., who, I hope, has commemorated our Saviour's dying love for the first time, but was thankful to go to the table of the Lord here. I felt very prayerful and solemn, and as

though I would be strengthened in my heavenward journey, but still my feelings were not as warm as they generally are at this season. I fear I did not pray enough for a blessing upon the sacred ordinance, and I hope, if I be ever permitted to enjoy it again, that my heart will be melted into *unfeigned repentance*, and inspired with *true* faith. I do pray for those with whom I united in obeying our Saviour's command. Oh, I do wish that I loved Him,—that I could realize His love to sinners. Surely, I ought to do so. Every privilege has been granted me, and though I do not *feel* it with my whole heart. I am an unprofitable servant. Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner, and make me feel my sinfulness. Oh, let me not think well of myself.

"I am often reminded that my frame is capable of enduring much suffering, and if I did not know that God will ever be with me, to 'sanctify to me my deepest distress,' the anticipation of the exquisite pain I shall probably suffer, if my death be a lingering one, would cause me to shrink; but blessed be God, I am not afraid. He will send me no unnecessary chastisement, and He will even enable me to bless Him for *sanctified affliction*. Though my outward man perish, yet my inward man is, and shall be renewed day by day. O that I were prepared for eternity! O blessed Jesus, increase my faith, and cover me with the robe of Thy righteousness.

"*24th.*—To-day I have enjoyed very much. Have felt more spiritually inclined, in prayer, reading and conversation, than usual. I have not suffered so much as usual, and have wished to devote my intervals of ease to God. Oh, *the peace of God* is worth much more than all the world can give. It passeth understanding, and I hope God will grant me more and more of it.

"*June 6th.*—My prayers for a peculiar blessing upon the past Sabbath were more than answered. I desire to record the goodness of God. My morning devotions were more truly *devotional* than they often are. Did not expect to go to

church, but it rained so little, that we thought it would not hurt us to ride so short a distance, so we wrapped up and went. I enjoyed the Litany very much. My prayers, part of the time, seemed to ascend to the Mercy-seat. K. and I had, at twilight, a long and consecrated season of prayer. I felt an unusual desire to praise God, yesterday. O that this desire may increase, for I fear I do not offer Him very often the incense of a grateful heart, though I endeavor to thank Him for His continual benefits. I have to say,

'Till I can praise thee as I should,
Accept my heart's desire.'

"*9th.*—What abundant cause have I for gratitude for blessings temporal and spiritual! I am surrounded by every source of enjoyment; constantly receive the kindest letters from home, and have, in my cousin's society, both intellectual and spiritual refreshment.

"Talking of the odiousness of pride last evening, and of the tenacity with which it clings to the heart, I felt a great desire to be entirely free from it. I indulged a feeling of this kind a day or two since, of which I am very much ashamed. O, that I were more like my Saviour! I will endeavor, in His strength, to be conformed to His image, and I trust that God will enable me, in all things, to crucify the flesh and the affections thereof. I wish nothing to remain in my heart which is not wholly spiritual. I love the law of God because it is *very pure*, though I feel that I come far short of it. I could not be happy if it were not infinitely holy."

To her Sister.

"June 10, 1836.

"I cannot tell you how happy I feel this morning, my dear sister; the scenery around is so beautiful, the air so balmy, and the birds singing so sweetly, that I feel inclined to unite with them in singing a song of praise to the bounteous Author of creation. And I have enjoyed, too, a very delightful season of prayer, proving that 'the Lord is good to the soul that waiteth for Him;' that He does

not forsake those who seek Him. May this be your happy experience, my beloved sister! May you be very diligent in running the race set before you! May you rejoice in the Lord evermore! You cannot imagine the delight it gives me to be able to write to you in this way, to encourage you to persevere in the course in which you have set out. The last letter I wrote you was penned with very different feelings — with a heavy heart — for I knew that you were grieving the Holy Spirit, and felt that I must send you a solemn warning, which I had reason to believe would be unacceptable; but how good has God been to us! Oh, how can I praise Him for having brought my precious sister to the knowledge of the truth; and though I am aware that she is yet a babe in Christ Jesus, that she has just commenced with feeble steps a Zionward journey, I believe that He who has commenced a good work in her heart, will carry it on to perfection; and my desire in sending her this letter is to encourage her to trust in Him with simple faith, and to remind her that, though an Almighty power must work in her both to will and to do, still it is her duty to work out her own salvation with fear and trembling.

"I feel very desirous, dear E., that you should live a life of faith in the Son of God, that you should realize the responsibility you have assumed in taking the vows of God upon you, and that in endeavoring to pay them you should not be guided by the example of other Christians. If you are tempted to look to them, and to imitate their conduct, excepting in instances where you see plainly that it is according to the will of God, you will suffer great spiritual loss; but if you will ever 'look unto Jesus,' and strive to be conformed to His image, you will rapidly grow in grace. You will find peculiar advantage in the study of the example of our Saviour, in meditating upon His humility, His long-suffering, His love for the immortal soul, and upon every attribute of His character. It is time for Christians to awake. The cause of Christ is continually brought into disgrace by the inconsistency of its professors; and if those who have recently enlisted under his banner do not more *manfully* maintain the contest against 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' how greatly will be increased the triumph of the enemy! My dear, *dear* sister, how fervently do I pray that you may be a faithful soldier of Christ 'unto your life's end.' Oh, accept the grace which is so freely offered; be 'strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might;' 'watch and pray,' lest you enter into temptation; make an unhesitating sacrifice of aught that would impede your spiritual pro-

gress. I know you are ignorant, weak and sinful, but Jesus is all in all. I believe that we shall, together, adore the riches of redeeming grace throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. *Here* we are encompassed with sin and temptation; *there* we shall 'see His face, and never, never sin, and from the rivers of His grace drink endless pleasures in.' You say that you behold in my conduct and character the beauty of holiness. When I read your expressions of this kind, I desired to be humbled to the very dust. You cannot feel the sinfulness of *my* heart. Oh! how often have I hastened from your presence to a throne of grace, to ask forgiveness for my wandering thoughts and unprofitable conversation; and every day I have to mourn that I have 'left undone those things which I ought to have done, and have done those things which I ought not to have done.' I must be entirely covered with the robe of Christ's righteousness, for I have none of my own. However, my dear sister, I do not misunderstand your meaning, and I accept your approbation with gratitude, and with humility acknowledge that, though 'I am not what I ought to be; I am not what I wish to be; I am not what I hope to be; I thank God, I am not what I was.' His grace has wrought in me a wonderful change, and I would give Him all the glory if my example and influence have been the means of increasing your desire, my precious sister, to 'follow after holiness,' or if they shall be in any way the means of doing good.

"And now, dear sister, feeling my own weakness, and imploring the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I wish to encourage you to 'follow on to know the Lord.' I know that I have not an extensive acquaintance with religious experience, but I do not hesitate to express my conviction that it will not be long ere you will be enabled to read your 'title clear to mansions in the skies.' I do not believe that, from the creation of the world until the present hour, any inquirer after the truth, as sincere and as deeply interested as you are, has failed to find 'joy and peace in believing.' You are sowing in tears, you shall reap in joy. Yes, my own dear sister, I invite you, in the name of my blessed Saviour, to come to Him, and find rest for your soul. And now, I will give you the advice which I wish you henceforth to follow:—While you cannot be too watchful over your own heart, nor pray too fervently that God will search and try it, endeavor, my dear sister, to think of the goodness of God, of the character and merits of the Saviour. As the Israelites were commanded to look from their mortal wounds to the remedy that was graciously provided for them, so must we raise our hopes and affec-

tions to 'the Author and Finisher of our faith.' Has not God truly proved himself the Father of the fatherless, in granting us His best gifts.

"And now, it is time to bid you farewell. I have written this letter under the influence of very happy feelings, and as I retire, I shall commend myself with renewed confidence to the guardianship of our Father who is in Heaven. Yes! He is our Father and our Friend! He has loved us with 'an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness has he drawn us.'"

"13*th.*—Yesterday morning I enjoyed a long season of prayer, which was much the happiest part of the day. I endeavored to be watchful, for I was exposed to much temptation, and, I have no doubt, was thought exceedingly dull; but on Sunday I dare not talk about worldly things.

"*July 5th.*—Last Sunday I enjoyed the happiness of kneeling at the chancel of our own church, to celebrate, with my brother and sisters, our Saviour's dying love. As I approached the chancel, I could have almost said aloud, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' I think I never more truly united with the prayers which were offered at this solemn season. Our Pastor preached from the text, 'An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled is laid up in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God;' dwelling particularly upon the certainty of the salvation of those who are truly the children of God. I listened with delight, and rejoiced in the sure promise of God. His sheep shall *never* perish. This is a glorious doctrine. Oh, that I loved God more; my heart is so cold, but still He will have mercy on me, He will give me more of His Holy Spirit.

"*July 9th.—Saturday night.*—Late as it is, I must write a few words here. I was at our prayer-meeting this evening, and had very peculiar feelings there. Our Pastor alluded to the great probability that we should not all meet again in this world, and told us how needful it is that we be prepared to die. I thought it most probable that I should be among

those who shall be absent from the earthly courts of the Lord. I could scarcely leave the lecture-room, and as I left the church-yard, I prayed fervently that the Lord might guard and govern me. I was so exhausted that I almost fainted as I walked home.

"I sat a little while afterwards with my dear, kind sister, and then read to the servants. I felt much affected in talking to them, and trust that God will sanctify the truth. I must now prepare to retire. How many more days and nights will be appointed me, I know not, and desire not to know. 'My times are in Thy hand, O Lord.' My feeble pulse and elongated features tell me that disease is making rapid inroads upon my frame. My friends all observe the change in my appearance. This gives me pleasure. I have no wish to live. I enjoy many blessings. God has given me kind and beloved friends, but I do not feel as though it would be painful to give them up. I do want to love my Saviour more, to trust him more firmly. I know that I am a great sinner, that I am very unprofitable, but God will not desert me. The Spirit will not leave my heart. Jesus will cover me, poor and naked and miserable as I am, with the robe of His righteousness, and I shall unite in the song of the redeemed. In heaven I shall love God. In heaven I shall know and feel what Christ has done for me,—then I shall be *humble*. Oh, that I were so now! 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of Truth.'

"*July* 10*th*.—*Sabbath evening*.—This morning I attended church, perhaps for the last time. I felt that it might be, and the thought was not painful. Our beloved Pastor preached from the text, 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' The discourse was very practical. I felt very faint in church, and made no effort to go in the afternoon,—part of it I spent alone, some of the time profit-

ably, though my thoughts were not all fixed upon God. I was obliged, afterwards, to be in company a little while,—I tried to avoid general conversation. I can scarcely imagine a situation I should more dislike than an exposure to unprofitable company on the Sabbath. I never feel so unhappy as when I am so circumstanced, I feel as though I was on enchanted ground.

"22*d.*—*Cape May.*—I have been here more than a week, and my poor Diary has been all this time lying in my trunk. I prayed very earnestly before I came here, that God would not let me come unless He saw that it would be for my spiritual interest, and for the good of others. He has very mercifully protected me from many dangers, though I am painfully conscious that, in many instances, I have indulged a worldly spirit."

To her Mother.

"CAPE MAY, July, 1836.

"My first letter home is always addressed to thee, dearest mother, for I love thee best, and am assured that no one else will be more glad to hear from me. I am delighted with Cape May, and think it probable I shall be benefited, though it is not probable I shall be *much* better. I *may* be mistaken in my impression, but I shall not be at any time surprised by a summons to the eternal world. In a very little time I *may*, and ere a long period can elapse I *must*, bid farewell to earthly scenes, and I trust that I shall do so joyfully, for sinful and unworthy as I am, the Rock of my refuge is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Friend of sinners, my Advocate with the Father, whom I desire to be my all in all, now and for ever. I often wonder that I do not love my Saviour more, and trust Him with more child-like confidence, but I pray that I may be taught the height, and depth, and length and breadth of the love of Christ, that so I may be filled with all the fulness of God. It grieves me to know that the greater part of my life has been so unprofitably spent. That I have been myself so rebellious against God, and have neglected so many opportunities of endeavoring to persuade others to love and to serve Him. At the close of each day I feel that I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which I ought to have done, and that I am indeed a *miserable*

sinner. Surely it is needful that we be entirely covered with the robe of Christ's righteousness, before we appear at the judgment-seat. I do trust, my dear mother, that we may each thus appear there, not unreconciled to God, nor ashamed at His coming, but that all of us, who are so closely united in affection here, may meet at the right hand of the Judge. We do not like to be separated on earth, and I cannot bear the thought that any one of us should be absent from the company of the redeemed in heaven. I have often thought that if God should see fit to make my death a blessing to my family, if He would condescend to confirm the faith, and render more devoted to His service such of them as have already professed His name, and to awaken to spiritual life my beloved ——, what a blessed thing it would be! I enjoy many sources of happiness, and one of the greatest is the love and kindness of my friends. This is the richest of my earthly blessings; but I have a dearer and a kinder Friend in heaven, who is guiding me along a path beset with temptations and trials, and who will, I firmly believe, finally receive me to glory.

"Accept, my beloved mother, my heartfelt thanks for thy unwearied kindness." * * *

"*Saturday night.*—According to custom, they are dancing in the drawing-room. What a preparation for the Sabbath! Oh, that they would consider the realities of an eternal world! And yet it is not so wonderful that the unconverted should be so engrossed with the vanities of the world, as that I, the redeemed of the Lord, the subject of so many mercies, am not more heavenly-minded. There is a great deal of sin in my heart, and yet I do not follow after holiness with all diligence. Oh, my Heavenly Father, show me how beautiful it is, and make me love it.

"*27th.*—We have a ball down stairs to-night. I thought, as I shut the door of my little room before it commenced, how greatly I would prefer an hour of communion with God, to any pleasure that a participation in the gay scene below could afford, and I felt really thankful that God has caused me to seek my happiness in Him.

"*29th.*—To-day is my birthday. Goodness from God, and sin and unworthiness from me, have marked the course

of the past year. Still I can trust in the strength of Jesus, and feel no doubt that through Him I shall come off more than conqueror over every spiritual foe.

"*Aug. 3d.*—I have been at home since Saturday, and was very glad to return. On Saturday evening, went *home* to church again. How much I enjoyed the service! I felt weak, and it had the most soothing effect. The Litany, and the prayers before and after the commandments, I like especially. Oh, that I could always unite in the services of the sanctuary with my whole heart, without one wandering thought!

"*Sunday, 7th.*—I have been able this day to praise Him 'who is the health of my countenance, and my God.' I have rejoiced in Jesus, who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. I went to church this morning with anticipations of spiritual benefit and pleasure. I thought with pleasure of the service, and prayed that I might be enabled cordially to enter into it. I did enjoy it, and was glad to have so many of my dear family with me in the sanctuary. I prayed 'that we who worship here, may all at length in heaven appear.' I did yearn over their souls in the bowels of Christ Jesus. The sermon was delightful. I am thankful that I was permitted to hear it. Oh, how soul-satisfying are the consolations of the Christian! May I henceforth be entirely consecrated to my Heavenly Father's service.

"To-morrow I expect to leave home again. I desire to realize my entire helplessness, and to trust in Jesus for strength and wisdom. Then I shall be blessed, and be made a blessing to others; but were I to trust myself, I should surely fall. Oh, that I may be truly humble!"

Although the present work is confined to the exhibition of Miss Allibone's character, and scarcely embraces in its scope other materials than those which she has herself left behind, the insertion of some of the letters of her esteemed friend

and beloved Pastor, the Rev. John A. Clark, will, it is believed, add to its interest. Their relation was one of mutual confidence and affection, truly sanctified and cemented by the influence of the Spirit of grace. Overflowing with kindness for all the people of God, esteeming His ministers very highly in love for their work's sake, to those who held a pastoral relation to herself, Miss Allibone's feelings were peculiarly strong and affectionate. So trusting in and cleaving to the Chief Shepherd, she greatly valued those who held to her the consecrated and responsible office of spiritual overseers; and to the minister of Jesus Christ, feeling deeply his need of sympathy and intercessory prayer, how great a treasure was such a parishioner?

To Miss Allibone.

FAIRFIELD, July 27, 1836.

"*My Dear Friend*—I have thought of you frequently since I left Philadelphia. From having been a great sufferer myself from ill health, I feel that I can sympathize with those who are laboring under protracted disease. With the light of Divine truth beaming around us, we need not greatly deplore these ills of life, for we know that God intends them to be disciplinary. Every affliction that befalls us is kindly designed by Him to wean us from the world, and attract us towards heaven. And yet we are apt sometimes to doubt and to indulge gloomy fears, as though we were forgotten.

"I am spending my time in the midst of a very beautiful country scene. All is quietness and peace. The operations of agriculture are going on noiselessly around me. My eye takes in a sweep of country of about fifteen miles in extent. The circling horizon rests upon an amphitheatre of hills, up to whose very summits the hand of cultivation has spread its rural beauties. I went out this afternoon into the lonely field, and I sat down under the shade of a tree. This beautiful landscape was all before me. Above was the deep blue sky. I looked up to the majestic sun, and thought of the ten thousand worlds hung in the regions of space. And, then, when I elevated my thoughts to the Great Creator, who sits enthroned in light, far above all these ten thousand worlds, I said to myself, 'Can He care for *me*, a poor worm of the dust?' At that moment my eye rested upon a poor little clover-head, in full bloom. A bee had lit upon it, and was extracting from one of its little flowers the sweet

substance which constitutes that insect's delicious food. Soon it flew away, but it had spoken a lesson of instruction to me. On that single head of clover I counted twenty cup-shaped petals, and all these contained a prepared banquet for one of God's creatures. He had caused that plant of clover to spring up. He had watered it with the rains and dews of heaven. He had made the sun to shine upon it, and the winds to blow over it, and He had kept the ox that strayed over the field from licking it up. He had painted its leaves with delicate colors, and shut up a treasure of sweets in each one of its petals. And why had He done this? To feed a little insect, all of whose journeyings He had watched over, and for whose happiness He was solicitous. And does God take such care of a bee, and will He not take care of a blood-bought soul, who is to be an heir of glory? The Almighty had watched over that single head of clover, and raised it with as much care as if He had no other business, as if there was not another plant like it in the world! And yet, within my reach at that moment there were more than a thousand of its fellows; and in the fields, millions, all waving in the gentle breeze, and emitting their fragrance. Over each one of these the Lord had watched. I cast my eye over the surrounding country, and thought what a mere speck this field was in the landscape before me, and yet the presence and power of God were in every part of the landscape, of the world, of the universe; and still He took care of this little flower, and that little bee! Should I, then, fear that He would forget me? I prostrated myself before the Lord, and prayed. It was the temple of Nature in which I worshipped. I felt that the presence of God *was there*. I remembered my people, I remembered my dear friend ——, and, as I arose, and looked again upon this beautiful scene, I determined I would come home and write you.

"I fear I have filled up my sheet with a reverie that will scarcely interest you. But, my dear friend, you can gather this from it. You have no reason to doubt that God careth for you. Then cast your care on Him. Lie meekly at His feet, and say, 'Thy will be done.'

"I came here sooner than I intended, on account of the sickness of little Mary. She has been very ill, but, we hope, is now decidedly better. Little Johnny was very providentially rescued from death, the evening before my arrival, having been thrown from a carriage amid the stones. We feel that our children's lives hang upon a slender thread.

"I wish you would remember me, very affectionately, to all your

family; I love them all very much, and love to remember them all at a Throne of grace. Now, if you do not feel able to write, tell —— and —— that I have a claim upon them each, and that one of them must write in your place, and tell us how you all are.

"Your affectionate friend and Pastor,

"JOHN A. CLARK.

"P. S.—I am engaged now principally, as far as I am engaged at all in intellectual effort, in completing the Memoir of A."

To the Rev. John A. Clark.

August, 1836.

"I think I have never seated myself at my little desk with greater pleasure, for I am in haste, my beloved Pastor, to express to you the feelings of gratitude and joy that were excited by the reception of your kind letter. God proves that He does indeed care for me, by inclining unto me those who fear Him, and have known His testimonies; and one of my most exquisite sources of happiness has been the kindness and counsel of my Christian friends. I feel that I am united to them by ties stronger than those of nature, and rejoice in every opportunity of holding communion with them. I have often desired to write to you within the past few months, that I might be enabled to express more fully my gratitude for the affectionate interest you have evinced towards my unworthy self and my beloved family. You have faithfully discharged your duty to us *all*, and my dear E. will have cause to bless God throughout eternity for your unwearied efforts and prayers. I know that you will continue to watch over her, should your lives be prolonged, and this is to me a source of great comfort.

"I thank you for conveying to me the lesson you were so beautifully taught. I will receive it, and believe that, though less worthy of His notice than that little head of clover, because I do not, like it, adequately fulfil the purpose of my existence, my soul will be watered by the dews of Heavenly grace, until I shall be transplanted into that blessed region where the 'sun shall not light on me, nor any heat.'

"Our Saviour has said that His sheep shall never perish, and as I know that I am a subject of redeeming grace, and am conscious that my Heavenly Father is guiding me with His counsel, I do not doubt that He will 'afterward receive me to glory.' It has been a long time since a doubt on this subject has disturbed my mind, and yet I feel that my heart is very sinful, and very ungrateful. I know

that I am emphatically called upon to be separate from the world, and to labor for the conversion of those around me. The hand of disease presses heavily upon me, and reminds me that I must, ere long, receive a summons to the eternal world. This impression is a very pleasant one. But I do wish, while my life is continued, to seek, above all things, the glory of God. Pray, my dear Pastor, that I may do this, and be enabled to rely, with more simple faith, upon my Saviour's merits; that I may look from myself to Him, and adoringly behold the wonders of His love. I feel that Jesus is my all in all, and desire to love Him more; in heaven my heart will not be cold. I suppose you have heard of the death of R. H. Her last moments were deeply interesting. Another is added to 'the cloud of witnesses' by which we are encompassed. May all with whom she worshipped in God's earthly temple be re-united to her in her heavenly kingdom."

"*Temora, Aug.* 11.—Arrived here on Monday. Prayed with E., and desire to do so every day. I felt an earnest desire that our intercourse should be profitable, and in a great degree it has proved so. In the afternoon we went down to the Neshamony, and I read to E. from 'Clarke's Scripture Promises and Sacred Gems.' I felt very peaceful, and glad to enjoy once more the beauties of nature.

"On Friday Mr. R. came up for E. We were much shocked to hear that our mother, our precious mother, had broken her collar-bone, and was detained at Lebanon. I felt as though I should faint when I heard this news, though Mr. R. assured us that the injury is thought very slight. I came up stairs, and immediately commended our beloved parent to our Heavenly Father's care, with strong confidence; and since, though very desirous to hear from her, I have been enabled to trust her to Him. Oh, may He sanctify this affliction."

To a Relative.

"TEMORA, Aug. 12, 1836.

* * * "I have remained in the country much longer than I anticipated when I left home, and have enjoyed my sojourn here very much, and have, I think, somewhat improved, though it is my opinion that my disease is slowly, but surely, gaining ground; for,

though my appetite is much better, and my face less pallid, I am still encompassed around and about by 'often infirmities.'

"These afflictions are indeed rendered light by the consciousness that they are proofs of the love of my Heavenly Father, and the bitterness of anticipated suffering is all taken away by the promise of 'grace to help in time of need,' and the assurance that, as my days, shall my strength be. That I may ever be enabled with patience and humility to suffer the will of God is my constant prayer, and it gives me pleasure to believe that I have your prayers for my growth in grace, and 'in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;' whom, if I be not sadly mistaken in my own heart, it is my supreme desire to love and to glorify. I very often feel a diffidence in speaking of these things, for I am conscious that my attainments in religious experience are of a very humble character,—that I am, indeed, a very 'babe in Christ;' but I do not doubt that the 'Lord will perfect that which concerneth me,' and that, if I depend upon His sustaining grace, He will make me useful to others.

"You, my dear aunt, are a very encouraging instance of the mercy of our Heavenly Father. You have been for a long time sustained in the 'way everlasting,' and I do not doubt that when you have ended your earthly pilgrimage you will obtain a happy entrance into the blessed abode, 'where faith is sweetly lost in sight, and hope in full supreme delight, and everlasting love.'

"Please remember me very affectionately to dear M. I very often think of her with affection and sympathy, and trust that she is enabled to bow with submission to her Heavenly Father's will, and to rejoice in the hope of a glorious reunion with those who have been so blessed as to have been admitted before her into the city of the living God, 'the general assembly and church of the First-born, whose names are written in heaven.' It is a blessed thing to know that in the case of our dear departed friends has been brought to pass the saying, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' Remember me also to Mrs. ——. I feel a very sincere interest in her welfare, and it is my frequent prayer that the *strength* of *Jesus* may be hers. * * *

"Yesterday, went to church. Enjoyed the service very much. The sermon was on the atonement. It was excellent. I long for the time when this community shall *perfectly* know

our Lord Jesus Christ to be the Way, the Truth and the Life."

"*Wednesday.* — Was enabled to preserve, in some degree, a *Sabbath-day* spirit. In the afternoon went to see P., and walked home. I found in this old woman a melancholy proof that old age, sickness and poverty do not, in themselves, overcome the love of the world. I read, talked and prayed with her. I thought I would do my duty, and leave the rest to God. I think it likely that she had never seen any one kneel before.

"Yesterday I was much depressed by hearing some instances of the depravity of human nature, and felt thankful that there is a Saviour of sinners. Oh, how wretched would be our lot, had we always to remain in darkness and the shadow of death! Blessed Jesus! Thou hast brought life and immortality to light, and I pray Thee to hasten the day when the light of truth shall illuminate the whole world. I do sometimes long for that happy period when, 'at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow.'

"I have had some happy thoughts of heaven lately. To be free from sin and temptation for ever and ever; to know God; to see Him as he is; to praise Him aright, and to comprehend the love of Christ. Oh, when shall all this be my happy experience? I must be content to suffer and to labor until the time of my deliverance shall come. Father, Thy will be done; give me grace to rely solely upon my Redeemer's merits, and to glorify Thee by action and endurance. Make me the means of converting many souls. Let me be strong in Thy strength, and *then* I shall be with Thee forever."

Rev. Dr. Clark to Miss Allibone.

FAIRFIELD, August 23d, 1836.

"My dear Friend, — I have deferred answering your kind letter so long, that I have deprived myself of the pleasure of receiving a reply to this, as we purpose to leave here for Philadelphia in about

a week. It is possible, however, you may be still in the country, and that your friends will forward this to you, and in that case, I shall expect to hear from you after I get to Philadelphia.

"I have, within a few days, finished the memoir of dear Anzonetto; and ever since I laid it aside, I feel somewhat like one that is bereaved. For a long time have I been cultivating an intimate acquaintance with this young saint, and watching her upward course, as she ascended higher and higher in her path of Christian attainment, till at length I saw her stand on an eminence far above myself, and almost out of sight; and, then, while I still gazed upon her, her spirit, as though etherealized by her near approach to the celestial world, quit its clay tenement, and stretching its wings, soared aloft to the presence of God. As she followed Christ, so may we follow her till we reach the same blessed abode. As you promise yourself some enjoyment in the perusal of this memoir, I thought it might be interesting to you to know that it will shortly be sent to the press.

"I rejoice to know that your afflictions are leading you to look more to eternal things, and to feel willing to part with the world and be with Christ; and I particularly rejoice that you are enabled to 'read your title clear to mansions in the skies.' This is a great privilege, and when at times you feel depressed to think your heart is so cold, and that you love God so little, remember what God has done for you, and begin to thank him for his mercies, and to recount his blessings, and while you are engaged in this act of praise you will feel your heart burn within you. I would write you a long letter, but the mail is just ready to close, and so I must wish the blessing of God upon you and bid you *farewell.*"

"28*th*, *Sabbath.* — I desire to return humble and hearty thanks for the blessings which have been vouchsafed me this day. It has been the most happy Sabbath I have passed here. Went to church with great joy, and was very much delighted to see M. E. consecrate herself to the service of God in the blessed rite of baptism. I prayed for her with sincerity, and desired that the impressive scene might be the means of the conversion of many. I felt in haste to see one and another of this congregation come up to give themselves to the Lord in the bond of an everlasting covenant.

"The sermon was of Jesus, and I know it will be blessed. I could not help shedding tears as I returned home, and prayed for this flock.

"But it is dark: this blessed, beautiful Sabbath-day is almost past."

"*Sept. 3d.* — I could not go to church, so I resolved to spend the day as much as possible in communion with my Heavenly Father. I did not forget that it was our communion Sabbath, and asked for an especial blessing, though deprived of this ordinance. I read and prayed over the service with many tears and yearnings after more grace. In the evening I heard the boys read in the Testament, and talked and prayed with them. Every night, after I retire, Violet comes into my room and reads me a chapter. I give her the best advice I can, and pray with her. I have many other opportunities of trying to win souls to Christ, and though it is a trial to be away from home under present circumstances, I am perfectly willing to stay here as long as it shall be the Lord's will. In all my ways I will acknowledge Him, and He shall direct my paths. I find I have some influence here. God has given it to me, and I desire to use it for His glory. It is not *myself* I would recommend, but the cross of Christ. I know, however, that my heart is very deceitful, and I often pray that if God sees I would not give Him the glory, were he to make me useful, He will not suffer the conversion of souls to be hindered by my sinfulness, but will give me *purity of motive*, and forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ, by whom I beseech Him to crucify me unto the world, and the world unto me."

"*Sept. 8th.* — The sun is just setting, and a more beautiful scene cannot be readily imagined. I have just returned from my favorite resort, the banks of the Neshamony, where cousin J. has placed a seat for me. Every thing around was bright and beautiful. '*God is love*,' is plainly indicated by all His works. Oh, that my heart were filled with love to

Him! Several times, lately, I have felt oppressed with a sense of ingratitude, while surveying the works of creation. I have longed for a new song of praise. I want to love God supremely, to *forget myself*, and to give thanks to Him for His great glory. He surely will enable me to do so. More than two days of my solitude have passed. I feel this a season of uncommon privilege.

"*9th.*—I am well convinced that 'it is not solitude to be alone.' I have been again to Neshamony, and I never saw the prospect so lovely. I met a boy in the road, who said he would not mind going to Sunday School, if there were one near. Oh, that there were! I will pray more for one. I cannot teach myself. I think Sunday School teachers ought to think themselves highly privileged."

To her Sister S.

"Sept. 18, 1836.

"I write to you, my dear Sister, to express my earnest desire that you shall be a very active Christian. I want you to consecrate yourself, all that you have and are, to the service of the Lord, and to use all your influence for His glory. If your life should be spared, I expect you to be the means of the conversion of many souls. You may be surprised at this language, and tell me that you are not sure that you are yourself a Christian, and that until you shall have made more exalted attainments in piety, you will be unfit to instruct others. My dear Sister, you have no time to lose! Very soon both you, and the immortal beings by whom you are surrounded, will have ended the term of earthly existence; and I do entreat you, for yourself and for them, to 'work while it is called to-day.' Do not hesitate to cordially accept the terms of salvation; 'be not faithless but believing,' and then, when you have done this—but this step I trust has been already taken—say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to *do?*' Pray for love for souls; pray for a strong conviction of the danger of those who are out of Christ, and do not hesitate to faithfully warn them of a 'judgment to come.' I know that you have made many efforts for the good of others, and I cannot express the pleasure which this conviction gives me. If your energies were fully awakened on this subject, I feel assured that you would be uncommonly useful. You have *many talents*, and I wish

them to be employed in the advancement of our Redeemer's kingdom. I wish you to render all your time, all your means, as far as in you lies, conducive to this great end.

"And as a Mother, my beloved sister, how great is your responsibility! I hope your sense of it is daily increasing, and that you offer many prayers for heavenly wisdom. I have great hopes for W. I have been long under the impression that he may be intended for great usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. This is my only ambition for him, and I know that you covet for him the 'best gifts.' Let our united prayers ascend to the mercy-seat, that God will grant him all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, and let us expect the immediate fulfilment of our wishes. He already evinces uncommon interest in the things of eternity, and I want him every day to 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' Then, even though he should be in early life called to his heavenly home, he will add another to the *cloud of witnesses.* I hope you will ever 'seek first' for him 'the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' and that, whenever you are about to take any step in relation to him, you will consider what bearing it may have upon his immortal destiny. I cannot express my love for this dear boy; it is of a very peculiar nature, and I feel interested in you for his sake, almost as much as for your own. And let me earnestly entreat you, my dear sister, to teach him to 'keep holy the Sabbath-day.' Make this a subject of constant prayer, for much depends upon it. I never knew a happy or a devoted Christian who did not 'call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord.' Pray for a blessing on this day, during the week, and you will certainly receive it; every return of this season will become more hallowed.

"I know that you will not think me presumptuous because I write thus; you have ever kindly received my assurances of Christian interest, and I hope I should not be less willing to receive advice from you." * * *

"20*th.*—How could I endure this suffering, did I not possess the consolations of religion? How wretched would be my lot! I thank Thee, my Heavenly Father, for Thy sustaining and quickening grace. Thou art, indeed, *a very present help.*

"Last evening I taught the boys with great pleasure, and prayed with them with more interest than usual. Oh, that

I felt more love for their souls! I will pray for more, and God will give it to me.

"After having talked to Hannah, a little girl of eight or nine years of age, who told me she had never heard of the Saviour, I went over to Joseph's, feeling unwilling to leave this place without warning them once more of their danger, and beseeching them to seek salvation. I did so, and was thankful to see that they appeared solemn, especially J.'s mother, who is a very wicked old woman. I did pray fervently with them, and for them.

To her Nephew.

"Friday eve.

"Yes, dear W., Aunt Sue has come home, and very glad she would be could she have her precious boy with her. Christmas will soon be here, and then I hope to enjoy that pleasure. My visit to the country was very delightful. We had walks and rides; and the most happy hours were passed in my own room, in prayer and the study of the blessed Bible. Is thee not glad, dear W., that our Heavenly Father has revealed His will in His holy Word? Let us read it with earnest prayer, and then we shall be guided into all truth; and, above all, let us seek to know more of our dear Redeemer. It is my constant prayer, my dear boy, that thy life may be devoted to His service. I want thee first to give thy own heart to the Saviour, and then to strive to persuade others to love Him. Does thee love to pray? — to enter into thy closet, and pray to 'thy Father which seeth in secret'? Remember that He has said, 'They who seek me early shall find me.'

"A very sweet little boy of ten years, who attended our Sunday School, was very suddenly called into another world a short time since. He asked Mrs. Bedell, some time ago, if she would not teach him to be good, and she told him to come to her every Sunday afternoon, and she would instruct him. Some time ago he asked his mother to change some money into pennies. She asked him what he wished to do with them; he told her that he wished to put them into the missionary-box, and said, 'Will not that be giving to the Lord?' I hope he is now in that bright and happy world which is prepared for the redeemed. How I do long to go there! Shall *we* not *together* sing our Saviour's love, my precious W.? Oh, do come

now, and say — 'Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do!' "

"*Nov. 13th.* — On Friday afternoon, I was again at our beloved Bible-class. Felt unusually happy. Our lesson was short, but very practical, as it always is. It referred to the mediation of our Redeemer. I trust that doctrine is becoming more precious to me. I have been reading, this afternoon, some of the predictions which relate to the Saviour's coming, and to His character. He *is* 'the mighty God, the everlasting Father,'— and I desire to honor Him as I would honor the first person in the glorious Trinity. Oh, I love the doctrine of the Trinity, and hope my faith in it will more and more increase. 'Lord, wilt Thou grant me in all things a knowledge of the truth! I thank Thee that I am not left to lean upon my own understanding, but that Thy blessed Spirit is my teacher. Make me more humble, I beseech Thee, so that, as a little child, I may sit at the feet of Jesus.

"*Nov. 22d.*— In the evening, was so overcome by pain and nervous feeling that I shed many tears. This is something very unusual, and I desire to feel, more than ever, my need of help from above. I had felt better, and did not pray so earnestly for grace to endure suffering,— and it is, no doubt, on this account that I was not able to bear it better. I did not feel like murmuring, though. For ten thousand worlds, I would not have one murmuring thought. I hope my Heavenly Father will do with me and for me as is best in His sight. On Sunday evening I had a long talk with L., and prayed with her. On Monday we had another talk. She is deeply impressed, but has been so long hesitating on this subject, that I am uneasy about her. It is a dangerous thing to defer a decision. So many of my friends have disappointed my hopes recently, that I cannot feel secure until an awakened person is in the Ark of safety.

"*Dec. 6th.* — I should be delighted, could I record the

events of the last ten days. I think the last week has been, decidedly, the happiest I have ever passed. Dear L.'s serious impressions continued to increase, and I persuaded her to ask counsel of my dear Pastor last Wednesday week. While he was urging on her the necessity of an immediate surrender of her heart to God, she exclaimed emphatically, 'I will decide!' How joyous a sensation did these words excite!

"I called, on my way home, on Mrs. C., to try to persuade her to be on the Lord's side, but was not much encouraged. I told her I would continue to persecute her on the subject as long as my life should continue, or until she became offended, or induced to accept the terms of salvation — so help me God.

"L., after this decision, felt much happier, and went again to see Mr. C., who gave her the questions. She returned home very much agitated. I prayed with her, and she answered the questions, and resolved to be baptized on Wednesday evening. On Wednesday morning we paid a visit to Mr. C., which I enjoyed very much. The day, altogether, was unusually happy.

"On Thursday I very unexpectedly went again to Dr. K.'s, and staid until Saturday evening. I had some very sweet seasons of intercourse with the Dr., who is rapidly hastening to his heavenly home. I read the Bible to him very often, and listened with interest to his comments. I felt constrained to pray with him, and was very glad that I obeyed the impulse, though I could scarcely summon courage to do so. While there, I enjoyed delightful communion with my Heavenly Father, and I trust I shall retain the solemn and peaceful impressions that were the result of my intercourse with the Doctor. How desirable does his situation appear to me! He is very near heaven.

"To-day I have been more depressed than I have been for a long time; have suffered very much, and have borne it with

less cheerfulness; have felt, too, in some degree, disposed to be irritable. Went to God with all my sins, in the name of Jesus, and He gave me strength to bear pain better, and I felt more comfortable.

CHAPTER IX.

1837.

Office of Sponsor — Letter to a Sister after Baptism — Feelings at Witnessing Confirmation — Visit to a Dying Believer — Bucks County — Letter alluding to her Sufferings — Feelings at the Prevalence of Depravity — Spiritual Ignorance and Destitution — Buchanan's Memoir — Dr. Clark's Ill-Health and Leave-Taking — Close of 1837.

"*Jan. 6th*, 1837. — This morning I have experienced a peculiar melting of heart in the perusal of the 4th chapter of Ephesians. The Word of God is *very pure, therefore I love it.* I do earnestly desire that the holy doctrines contained in the Word of God may be deeply impressed upon my heart, and exemplified in my conduct. I want to see more and more of the beauty of holiness. I want to be like my Saviour. O, blessed Jesus, Thou art my Guide, my all in all.

"Yesterday I spent at Dr. K.'s. My interest in him is very great. I was very happy that I was enabled to comfort him with the comfort wherewith I am comforted of God. His aspirations after more intimate communion with the Saviour were very earnest, but from the temptations of the enemy, and the influence of fever, his mind was somewhat clouded. I read and repeated many hymns and promises which were refreshing to him. I desire that this intercourse with one who has so nearly closed his earthly pilgrimage may be deeply sanctified to my soul. And now, while I possess some mental vigor and bodily strength, I desire, pray and resolve, in the strength of Jesus,

'That all my powers, with all their might,
In God's sole glory shall unite.'

"12*th.*—Yesterday I was offended because I was opposed in an intention I expressed to persuade a professor of religion to stay away from the theatre. I was in great suffering and was irritable. Oh, how much grace I need! I wish to be truly humbled, to depend entirely upon strength from above, since I have none of my own. O Lord, wilt Thou make me more and more humble, and wilt Thou enable me to prize, much more than I ever have done, the merits and mediation of my dear Redeemer. This week I have not enjoyed as much as usual. I think it is because my devotions have been so much interrupted. I must rise earlier. If I were able, I think I would spend several hours in communion with God before breakfast.

"13*th.*—Another of my friends has joined the spirits of just men made perfect. He is now with the Lord, and will be with Him forever. Oh, what a blessed transition! There is nothing gloomy in the death of a Christian.

"25*th.*—I have felt some holy desires, this evening, and some sweet, peaceful feelings. I have been reading a letter of Miss Jewsbury addressed to a friend who mourns the importance which secondary things possess in this state of existence, and the prevalence of folly and sin, with feelings of morbid sensibility, rather than a desire to amend the evils she deplored. I too have had many sorrowful thoughts on this subject, and I would avail myself of Miss J.'s instructions, and constantly offer at a Throne of Grace the inquiry, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' and the prayer, that He will make all things work together for good to me, and to each of His children. Why do I not love God more, and serve Him better? Why have I not a more vivid sense of His presence? O may I henceforth seek Him more diligently, and He will give me abundance of grace.

"I have been quite sick during the last five or six days—

not well enough to sit up, and scarcely to read. I have not lived very near my Heavenly Father. I want those interruptions, to which I am so constantly exposed, to do me more good,—to make me more watchful and prayerful. When I am unable to leave the room to attend to my devotions, I find great difficulty, but I will offer any kind of prayer rather than none at all. Prayer is, indeed, my 'vital breath.' How thankful I should be that it is so! 'Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!'

"*28th, Saturday evening.*—What pure and exquisite happiness do I enjoy in the society of my beloved family! My dear mother's bright face and kind words gladden my heart.

"*Feb. 6th.*—I was permitted, yesterday, to partake of the Communion, and very much I enjoyed this ordinance. My mind was at peace and I was very prayerful. I could praise the Lord all day,—I felt more happy than usual, and in the evening, particularly, my heart so overflowed with gratitude that I was constrained to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving with my dear mother and sisters.

"On Friday afternoon I was strong enough to go to Bible class, and found it very profitable. There I heard of another instance of God's goodness in having permitted one of His servants to depart this life in His faith and fear. I love to hear of these things. I could not go to prayer-meeting on Saturday evening, but received a blessing at home. An event occurred, on that evening, which I shall ever remember with gratitude. I am more and more convinced of the sanctifying influence of the doctrines contained in the Bible, and I wish that those who oppose religion on account of the inconsistency of its professors, would examine the Bible and see for themselves what religion is, and then themselves become the living epistles of its truth. How much better this would be! How desirous I feel to exemplify the beauty of holiness, so that I may never injure the cause of Christ. I want to be very humble. 'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe, and I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually.'

"*10th.*—The hallowed season of Lent commenced last Wednesday. At twilight I was interrupted in my season of prayer. I hurried up stairs after tea, and was again interrupted. I could not go into a cold room, as it gave me cold before, and all I could do was to be still, and try to commune with God in the presence of others. This had a good effect, for it made me long for heaven, where I shall enjoy uninterrupted and eternal communion with God, through the infinite merits of my Redeemer.

"*Feb. 26th, Sunday.*—My cold heart has been more warmed with spiritual affections this evening, than for a long time past. I greatly desired to go to church, as Confirmation was to be administered; but I knew the exertion would injure me, and my conscience would not let me go. I was so happy as to spend nearly all the evening alone,—yet not alone, for God has been with me. Oh! He is better unto me than all the world beside, and I do desire to live nearer to Him. I have been writing a note to —— with many tears, urging her to come out on the Lord's side.

"*March 2d.*—I have taken upon me a new and very heavy responsibility in becoming sponsor for little K. F. I thought that some one in better health would be more desirable, but Mrs. F. expressed so great a desire that I should assume this office that I did not think it right to refuse. May I be endued with grace to pray constantly and earnestly for this dear child. May I yearn over her in the bowels of Jesus Christ. In life may I set her a holy example, and in death, leave for her benefit a testimony of the faithfulness of a covenant God.

"It was interesting to see Mrs. F. standing at the chancel with her six children, consecrating them to the service of Him who gave them to her. May He accept the offering, for the sake of the Friend of little children.

"I have made more effort than usual, this day, for the good of others. I have enjoyed the privilege of conversing with

several who fear the Lord, and have received a letter informing me that a prayer-hearing Jehovah has guided one of His children into a path of duty which has been, until recently, very obscure. 'Wait upon the Lord,' — there is nothing like it. I hope I shall be enabled to 'let my life show forth Thy praise,' my Heavenly Father! Forever blessed be Thy holy name.

"*March 5th, Sunday.*—This morning I drew near the table of the Lord, to receive the emblems of His dying love. I felt very prayerful during the service,—very comfortable indeed, though I regretted that I had not brighter views of Christ. The season was a very interesting one. Many new communicants were added to our number; and very affectionately do I pray for them. Our dear Pastor preached a very encouraging sermon. The text was 'Looking unto Jesus.' My heart was softened. I felt that Jesus had been my Friend, my best Friend; that He is even now bestowing upon me blessings which He has purchased with His own precious blood; and I desire to renew my faith, and love and allegiance to His service.

'Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee.'

"I have suffered much more pain than usual, to-day. I am thankful for the grace which is given me to endure it, not only with submission, but gratitude. As my sufferings abound so may the grace of God much more abound. May I ever realize that in myself I possess no power of endurance, and may I constantly pray to be 'strengthened unto all long-suffering with joyfulness.'"

The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul. How true is this when the holy wishes of the children of God, for the spiritual good of those who are linked to them by affection's strongest bonds, are gratified! It pleased the Lord to answer the prayers and bless the efforts of the subject of this

Memoir, in the conversion of the sister to whom several of the letters heretofore inserted were addressed; one whose bright and beautiful course ended in the perfect day, while Susan was languishing in her chamber. With what vivid emotions of gratitude and delight the latter hailed her sister's entrance into the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd, the following notice in her Diary testifies. In God's salvation how greatly did she rejoice, when He had thus given her her heart's desire, and had not withholden the request of her lips!

"10*th.*—The event of last evening will never be forgotten. My dear brother and sister made a public profession of their faith in Christ, promising in His name to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil; and I feel assured that they will be more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved them and washed them from their sins in His own blood. They will go from strength to strength. At my sister's request, I again assumed the solemn responsibility of a witness. May I be kept by the power of God in the strait and narrow way, so that I may encourage those who have recently set out, to *press toward the mark.* I wish to be humbled, to be conscious of my unfaithfulness, my helplessness, so that I may never think well of myself, nor trust to my own heart. I do not know how much I need the sanctifying grace of God. Oh Lord, 'be merciful to me a sinner!' Forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ.'

To her Sister.

March, 1837.

"My Precious Sister.—Ever beloved, but now doubly dear, may the Lord bless you and keep you; may the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, even as He has done! I want a new song of adoring gratitude, that I may offer Him an acceptable sacrifice of thanksgiving for His goodness toward you. I am glad that you realize and expect so much grace. The promise is, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' 'Only believe,' and all blessings shall be yours. I will, and do pray for you, and even *my* prayers are heard, for our dear Redeemer's sake; but I feel that I ought to

be humbled very deeply on account of my great unfaithfulness towards so kind and merciful a Father.

"I felt, dear sister, while I was standing near you at the time you received the holy, blessed ordinance of baptism, that I was not worthy to be your sponsor, and that I must commence anew my Christian course. Now, dear sister, you must pray for me. You must reprove *me* whenever you see aught that is contrary to the will of God, for now that your eyes are opened, you will see that I am a very imperfect Christian. I trust we shall be 'quickeners of each others' faith,' that we shall together 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' In His strength I will endeavor to discharge my duty towards you. I will pray for you with increased fervor and increased faith. We will both 'look unto Jesus' as our example, our atonement, our Mediator, our all in all; and looking unto Him, we shall become more and more conformed to His image. We will follow after holiness. God will guide us with His counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory. He will never leave nor forsake us. He 'will purely purge away our dross, and take away our sin.'"

"*March 25th.*—Yesterday was Good Friday, and a *good Friday* it was to me. After the privileges I have enjoyed I should 'awake, stretch every nerve, and press with vigor on.' In the morning our beloved Pastor preached from Zech. iv. 11. He spoke much of the sufferings of our Redeemer, and I was more affected by the contemplation of them than almost ever before. The services altogether were peculiarly affecting, and I received a more than ordinary blessing.

"Attended the communicants' meeting in the afternoon. It would have been a great trial to have been prevented from going. It was a most solemn season. I would not have exchanged my feelings there for any excitement of earthly pleasure. My whole soul was melted. Since then I have felt more happy and prayerful. Nearly three days of this week I have passed in solitude, and have endeavored to humble myself before God.

"*April 3d.*—Yesterday afternoon the event occurred to which I have been looking forward with so much interest.

My dear W. and his little sister were solemnly and sincerely consecrated to God in the rite of baptism. It was an affecting and delightful scene. I have not often been more overcome by my feelings. I felt entire faith that our Heavenly Father would accept the offering, and great thankfulness that He had inclined their parents to make it. I pray for grace to labor more earnestly for these dear children, and to pray more fervently.

"*Sunday, April 9th.*—A very interesting day in our church. About forty-five are receiving, this evening, the solemn rite of Confirmation. The Lord has raised up his power and come among us, and with great might succored us. We should magnify His holy name for the great mercy He has evinced towards our congregation. I do feel thankful and happy on account of this manifestation of His goodness, but not as grateful as I desire. I very inadequately realize the value of the soul. May the Lord enlighten the eyes of my understanding more and more. Lately I have prayed with increased interest for the welfare of our church. I have in some degree entered upon the work in prayer, but I have not made sufficient efforts.

"This morning Mr. C. preached from the text, 'If I had not spoken, ye had not had sin,' &c. Oh, that it may be blessed to the conversion of many souls! It was very affecting to see so many persons come forward to confess Christ, and obey His will in the ordinance of baptism. Among the number were nine gentlemen. I do pray that they may be faithful soldiers of the Cross unto their lives' end. Very few men are willing to become disciples of the Saviour. It is a service too self-denying, and the cares of this world press upon them so heavily that they forget to seek *first* the Kingdom of God,—so it is peculiarly delightful to see so many now coming out on the Lord's side. I hope, as our dear Pastor says, this is but an earnest of what is to come.

"We had an encouraging and interesting sermon from the

2d chap. of Ruth. It reminded me forcibly of one on the same subject from my Pastor who is now in heaven. Oh, how good God has been to me! How has he granted me the spiritual food I ever so much need! Of me much will be required. Alas! what shall I render to the Lord? Coming home from church I felt the sweet influences of the Spirit."

"*April* 16*th*, *Sunday.*—Another Sabbath, with its privileges and responsibilities, has passed away. Its 'record is on high.' The blood of Jesus Christ must wash away all the sins I have committed. How thankful I am that there is a Fountain ever open. I have not been exposed to much external temptation to-day, but have been much troubled with wandering thoughts, therefore I have not kept the Sabbath-day holy."

"23*d*, *Sunday evening.*—Scarcely a day passes in which we do not rejoice together in our domestic happiness. Our hearts are very closely united, and I trust this union will be consummated in heaven."

"*May* 23*d.*—Yesterday I felt much more love for souls than usual, and desired to make many efforts for their good; and I have been furnished with many opportunities. May I ever remember that God only giveth the increase. I went to-day to see a young girl whom I visited twice before I went to the country, and who, I thought, would ere this have entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God, but she still lingers in much suffering. Her mind is kept in perfect peace, being stayed upon her God. It is affecting to see a creature so young and beautiful as she, stretched upon a bed of languishing; but how much more desirable is her situation than that of the votaries of pleasure! Far rather would I see those I love extended upon her bed, in poverty and in pain, than in the possession of earth's richest treasures, yet unmindful of the world to come. Lord, grant that each member of my family may be an inheritor of Thy kingdom. Send us whatever else Thou seest good, but, oh! give

us, for Thy Son, our Saviour's sake, the pardoning and sanctifying gifts of Thy grace.

"To-day I have had some sorrowful thoughts. I feel inconsistency within me, and I see it around me; I see that not only the professed disciples of Christ forget to pay the vows they have taken upon them, but that even those who minister in holy things are sometimes unmindful of their high responsibilities. Oh! for that happy world where 'sin shall never more annoy.' Lord Jesus, prepare me for it, I pray Thee. Help me to watch and pray lest I enter into temptation, realizing my weakness, and depending upon Thy almighty power.

"*June 2d.* — On Monday visited a friend whom the Spirit has been leading into the way of truth, I humbly trust, for a long time past. We concluded that a visit from Mr. C. would be very desirable, and I went to see if he would call. With his usual kindness he said, 'Certainly,' and the next morning we went there. I could plainly recognize the hand of Providence in this interview, for it seemed, at one time, as though it could scarcely be brought about. I would not exchange my dear Pastor for any other, and feel continually increased confidence in his consistency and ability. May the Lord grant him a double portion of His grace, and enable him to cling closely to the cross of Christ."

"*Hamiltonville, 23d.* — It is very pleasant to be in the country once again. I have been looking with desiring eyes upon the little tenements in this neighborhood, and praying that I may be made useful to some of their occupants. I obtained admittance to one yesterday afternoon. Oh! for the mind of Christ, that I may follow His example! I must say a little about the past week or two. I was at church, twice, the last Sabbath our Pastor was with us. I felt better and concluded that I could make the exertion. Our text in the afternoon was, 'Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee,' &c. It was very solemn.

"After church Mr. C. gave us another address in the lecture-room, and I think we can all bear testimony that he has faithfully discharged his duty towards us, and has been most affectionately desirous of our eternal welfare.

"On Wednesday he left us. We received a parting visit from him, and were commended by him in prayer to the care of our Almighty Friend. I went up to the vestry-room before he left, to give him some letters, and thus had another opportunity of receiving his blessing. I felt assured that the Lord will *guide* him *continually*. As some one was in the vestry-room, I went into the church, and as I sat near the chancel, waiting until he should be at leisure, I thought much of the dear old Bishop, whom I had so frequently seen sitting there; of Mr. James, who but a short time since delivered to us an address from that spot, and more than all, of my dear, departed Pastor, who was, and is one of my best friends. May I also unite with them in ascribing honor and thanksgiving to God in His *upper temple*."

To the Rev. J. A. Clark

June, 1837.

"'Lord! strengthen and comfort my dear Pastor,' has been the earnest and constant prayer that my heart has offered during the past week, and that He does and will sustain you, is a most cheering assurance. From many a family-altar will this petition ascend to heaven, and the little prayer-circle will meet together in love and in sorrow, to ask for you, and the charge you leave behind you, the choicest spiritual blessings; and *you* will ever remember *us*, though separated for a season: 'Still we are one, still near in heart.'

'That threefold cord of Christian love,
  Which from the heights of heaven descends,
When parted here, is joined above,
  And holds to Christ and Christian friends.
And when we part, the throne of grace
  Shall be our centre and retreat;
Though distant far, at that bright place,
  We still may hold communion sweet.'

"Oh! how soul-sustaining are the hopes of the Gospel! To every sentence of your sermon this morning, I could respond, through many

tears, a hearty amen. Pray for me, I once more request, dear sir. I am weak in faith, very prone to turn aside from the narrow way. I have been very desirous to receive from you some especial words of counsel, but I have not yielded to selfish feelings, for you have already had too much to do and to say. Ask for me that I may be altogether consecrated to the service of God, entirely filled with the love of Christ. God forbid that I should cease for a single moment to *press onward.* I pray not that I may be taken out of the world, but that I may be kept from the evil. And now, farewell, my beloved Pastor and friend. May the Lord bless and keep thee; may He lift up the light of His countenance upon thee *evermore.*"

"Went one day last week to see poor Sarah, whom I found suffering most acutely, but still resting upon Jesus. As I sat by her bedside and witnessed the ravages of disease, and the suffering she endured, and as I saw her struggling for breath, I felt that it is a solemn thing to die, and was thankful that 'God has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' I felt, too, that in such an hour, when heart and flesh are failing, a very sure evidence of acceptance through Christ can alone be sufficient to sustain the soul,—that none but Jesus can then afford efficient aid. When I pass through the valley, may I realize that His grace is all-sufficient. It was so with her. She told me she wished I was going with her. On Sunday, I called after church, but she was sleeping. I could not go again until Wednesday, and then I found her mother clad in mourning, and learned that her child had entered into rest—perfect rest. The last words she uttered were, 'Precious Jesus, do take me!' I bless my Heavenly Father for all His saints who have departed this life in His faith and fear, and pray for grace so to follow their good examples that, with them, I may be a partaker of His heavenly kingdom. Surely He will never leave me nor forsake me, though my heart is so cold and sinful, that when I think of the purity of heaven I feel that I am very unworthy to go there. But I must be altogether clothed in the robe of Christ's righteousness.

"On Monday I yielded to a sinful emotion of pride and anger. One such sin would forever exclude me from heaven, were it not for the blood of Christ. O, that I may be very humble, — feeling that I am less than the least of all saints. I do not yet feel this as I should.

"This morning I very much enjoyed family prayer. Yesterday morning paid Sister S. a delightful visit. Her sofa was covered with books she had purchased for E.'s Sunday School, and her whole heart seems full of love and zeal. She told us many delightful instances of the mercy of God, and of the blessing He grants to the faithful labors of His servants. She told me of a lady who was requested by a young friend, who was lingering in consumption, to remain with him during his sickness. His request was so urgent that she was induced to remain. While she was with him, he became so very ill that his friends feared that he could not survive, but, owing to a blessing on some restorative she administered, he revived; and when he afterwards alluded to his extreme exhaustion, she told him he had indeed been very ill, and that as she stood by his bedside, she had resolved that, if his life were prolonged, she would deal faithfully with him in reference to his eternal interests.

"The result of this determination was his acceptance of the offers of salvation, and a peaceful death. His brother and friend, too, were induced to turn from the world to the service of the living God, through her instrumentality, at this time, and she told sister S. that she had enjoyed the happiness of kneeling at the communion the Sunday before, with the brother on one side and his friend on the other.

"*July 7th.* — Christians ought more earnestly to bear upon their hearts, at the throne of grace, the messengers of salvation. My heart was deeply affected during the services of the communion. This is a high and holy privilege. It is a proof of the love and wisdom of our blessed Redeemer, that He has commanded us to *do this in remembrance of Him.*

Not for the richest of earthly blessings would I forfeit the benefit and enjoyment I have derived from that ordinance. There is no time when I feel so deeply that I am uniting in worship with the heavenly host, as when lauding and magnifying God's holy name in the words of the service; and when, after receiving the consecrated elements, we all unite in the Gloria in Excelsis, I dread to return to the dangerous atmosphere of the world, and would linger in the temple of the Lord.

"On Sunday evening, was almost out of patience with some very foolish and sinful remarks which were made upon the subject of religion; and in feeling so, forgot the example of our Saviour, 'who endured patiently the contradiction of sinners against himself.' Was glad, on Monday, when I came out to Hamiltonville, to find an opportunity of administering some little comfort, by visiting a poor girl who has been for a long time in much suffering. She seems deeply interested in the subject of religion.

"Have been rising very early of late, and find the benefit of doing so — spiritually, at least; though I fear sometimes that I shall injure myself by it, and do, on that account, remain longer in bed. Upon the whole, it is better to be up, for my spiritual strength is so renewed that I am better able to bear physical suffering, which I have daily and hourly, whether I rise early or not.

"*Temora, July* 17*th.* — Once more I am enjoying the quiet, the delightful shade, and the pure air of Temora,— the scene of some very happy hours. Sister M. and I had a pleasant journey, and I was favored with a prayerful spirit. Earnestly prayed that my heart might be prepared for usefulness, and that the Lord would guide me continually. I find new subjects of interest here,— two little children, and a boy of 16, who seems to receive instruction willingly and understandingly. Oh, that he may be induced to seek earnestly the salvation of his soul! My interest in these immortal beings

is sufficient to make me devote much time and many thoughts and prayers to their spiritual good, but I do not feel that ardent love and faith which I know it is in the power of the Gospel to bestow. Lord, increase my faith, increase my zeal, and prepare their hearts to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and give me grace to give unto Thee all the glory.

"On Friday afternoon, sister and I walked down to the Neshamony, and standing on the spot where I used to read, think, and pray, I returned thanks in my heart to my Father for his continued loving-kindness, and implored grace to help in future time."

To her Aunt.

"TEMORA, July, 1837.

"Dear Aunty:—I would like thee to know with how much affection I think of thee, and how gratefully I remember thy past kindness. Thy watchful care has alleviated my sufferings very often. It might be supposed that the recollection of these sufferings* would be unpleasant, and that a repetition of them would be dreadful indeed, but so far from this, I review the three or four past years of my life, though not a single day has been unmarked by suffering, with more pleasure than those which preceded them, for I have enjoyed more of the peace which passeth understanding, and been enabled to realize that in 'very faithfulness' my Heavenly Father has afflicted me. We would not have supposed, three years since, dear Aunty, that my life would have been thus far prolonged, but I do not doubt that I am continued here that I may become more truly conformed to our Saviour's image, and that I may so let my light shine, that men, seeing my good works, may glorify my Father in Heaven, and be induced to consecrate themselves to His service. But, oh! how little progress I make in a heavenly course, and how little do I imitate the example of Him who was 'holy, harmless, and undefiled,' always going about to do good! I wish to be, like Him, meek and lowly in heart. I need humility more than any thing else. But we have a throne of grace to which we can 'come boldly,' and obtain a supply for every spiritual want, and just in proportion as we wait upon the Lord in humble and fervent prayer, will He enrich us with spiritual blessings for our Redeemer's sake.

* * * "I trust, dear Aunt, that we shall be permitted to

---

* Alluding to the severe remedies resorted to.

enter that blissful abode; and that, whilst we sojourn here, we shall realize that we are but strangers and pilgrims. * * *

"Thy sincerely attached SUSAN."

"Have been convinced, more and more, of the sinfulness of the natural heart. The papers are full of accounts of wicked and daring deeds. I hear the name of the Most High blasphemed, his laws dishonored, and the Gospel despised. I see proofs of corruption all around, and feel it within me. Lord, to whom shall I go? Oh, blessed Jesus! Thou art pure — Thou art holy. Let me be conformed to Thine image, and prepared for thy kingdom, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

"Last night I received a letter from Mr. Clark, who seems to mourn deeply the wickedness of the land. I can truly say, 'My ear is sick, my heart is pained, with every day's report of wrong and outrage, with which the earth is filled.' If I were free from sin myself, I would, of course, look upon these things with abhorrence and with pity, but I could not feel it as I do now. It almost makes me tremble. Oh, that grace may be given me to watch and pray, lest I enter into temptation. And may I be enabled to rejoice, more than ever, in the method provided by a God of justice and of love, for the salvation of a race of beings so degraded and unworthy as we are. Truly, in Christ Jesus, 'Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.'

"*July 27th.* — Can any one have more cause for gratitude than I? I am sitting in my little room, surrounded by every comfort, — beautiful flowers on my window, the Holy Bible and many other heavenly books around me, and, above all, my heart is visited by the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit. How beautiful is the surrounding prospect! The setting sun casts a bright, yet mellow reflection upon the grass and trees, and the little birds are singing sweetly. I have been reading Buchanan's Life, a most profitable and delightful memoir.

If he, with so many temptations to the pursuit of earthly fame, was so dead to the world, so consecrated to his Master's service, what should *I* be? Alive only unto God. Oh! may the example of each one of his servants, of whose faith I hear, stimulate me to renewed diligence and zeal.

Extract from a Letter of Rev. J. A. Clark to Miss Allibone.

"St. Louis, July 4, 1837.

"I desire to thank you, my dear sister, for your note accompanying that dear book of promises, and for the book also. I shall ever keep it as a sweet remembrancer of one whose name, I doubt not, is written on the palms of my Redeemer's hands, and for whom I feel the tenderest and strongest affection. I trust that the grace of God will also abide with you, and that you will continue to enjoy such holy and heavenly nearness to Him, that during this present summer you will be acquiring more and more of the mind that was in Christ Jesus, and be ripening for future glory. I shall be happy to return and meet you again. Oh, how happy we shall be when we meet together in our Father's house, for ever freed from sin; to know weariness, and languor, and exhaustion no more; to be like the angels of God, full of youth and immortal vigor, full of divine love; yea, filled with all the fullness of God!"

To the Rev. Jno. A. Clark.

"July 28, 1837.

"My dear Pastor.—With how much pleasure would sister M. and myself conduct you to some of our favorite resorts in the shady woods, or upon the banks of the Neshamony, could we have you with us this beautiful morning! I am sure you would be constrained to unite with us in a sacrifice of thanksgiving to Him who has so fully proved, in the beauties of creation, His power and goodness; for it has been *our* happy experience that 'the silent shade, the calm retreat, with prayer and praise agree.' But, as this cannot be, I must content myself with a little 'paper talk,' and will first say to you, that the intelligence contained in your welcome letter of your safety and enjoyment is very gratifying. * * *

"The reference you make to the state of religion in the West, accords with the increasing conviction I have recently felt, of the exceeding depravity of our nature, and which has caused me to fear that few will be saved. I know, and rejoice that an all-sufficient sacrifice has been offered for 'the sins of the whole world,' but men

will not acknowledge their need of its efficacy, and therefore despise the riches of God's goodness, His forbearance and long-suffering. Truly, the infinite merits of Christ Jesus, and the all-subduing operations of the Holy Spirit, are entirely necessary to redeem from sin and to prepare for heaven beings so sinful, so prone to wander from the way of peace. Even the *little flock* who desire to travel in the narrow path, feel that they are on every side beset with spiritual dangers, that they have 'no power of themselves to help themselves,' and that their earnest and continual prayer must be — 'Hold *Thou* me up, and I shall be safe.' You speak of the happiness that shall be ours, when, after our earthly pilgrimage is ended, we shall meet together in our heavenly home. There 'the wicked cease from troubling;' there trial and temptation have passed away forever, and the unutterable longings we now feel, after a more intimate communion with the Father of our spirits, will be 'satisfied' when we shall 'awake with His likeness.' It is often the language of my heart, when I contemplate the happiness of those who have already entered into rest:—

'Oh when shall the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I'm fettered and pent up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.'

"But the Lord's will be done. If He will give me grace to do and suffer His will, until in Zion I shall appear before Him, and if He will make me the happy instrument of inducing some of the immortal beings around me to consecrate themselves to His service, I will not ask Him to hasten the period of my deliverance; and all this I know He is willing to do, for Christ's sake.

"How hallowed are the associations connected with our beloved sanctuary; how gladly would I return to its delightful services! That you, my beloved pastor, may be permitted to collect around you your scattered flock, and to resume among them your wonted labors with increased physical strength, and a fresh supply of grace, is our common hope, and, I trust, our united prayer. * * *

"I brought the 'Young Disciple' with me, and much I need her holy example to reprove my deficiencies, and to stimulate me to greater diligence in pressing towards the mark. The assurance of

regard contained in your letter is highly valued, and warmly reciprocated by your sincere friend."

To Mrs. J.

"TEMORA, August 1st, 1837.

"Among my dearest Christian friends are you remembered, my dear Mrs. J., and the privation of your society is to me a source of frequent regret. I have often returned thanks to my Heavenly Father for the kindness and encouragement I have received from you, and would gladly avail myself of the counsel you are ever ready to extend, were this privilege always in my power. I feel an increasing desire to become conformed to the image of our Redeemer, and to know more and more of His love, and find that communion with His disciples greatly assists my efforts to 'follow after holines.' This enjoyment, however, is not without alloy. The society of those who would be quickeners of my faith is not at all times accessible, and when attained is often productive of the conviction that in myself and them there remaineth much of corruption, and that a union with the spirits of the *just made perfect*, and a knowledge of Jesus as He is, will alone constitute my perfect happinesss.

"'Jerusalem! my happy home,
My soul still longs for thee,
Oh! when shall all my labors end,
In joy, and heaven, and thee?
Apostles, prophets, martyrs there,
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.'

"Is not this a joyous anticipation? We are strangers and pilgrims upon earth, but heaven will be our 'happy home.' And it must seem to you, dear Mrs. J., more like a home than ever before, for your beloved children have gone there, and are awaiting your arrival. How glad you will be, when you meet them there, that you have been enabled by *faith* to realize that it was better that they should depart and be with Christ, and you be left behind to feel their loss, for feel it most painfully you still must! Had not God been the *strength* of your *heart* in that hour of trial, you could not have borne it. May He be your *present* help in every time of need.

* * * "Oh! for an increase of Sunday School instruction, and for a blessing from on High!

"Yours, very sincerely, SUSAN"

"*August 3d.*—The sermon was very much to the purpose, but I do not know when my heart has been so cold during the service. It is such a pity to lose such exquisite enjoyment as a cordial participation in the service affords, independently of the great sin of taking the name of God in vain. What would become of us, without the influences of the Holy Spirit?

"In the sight of God I am convicted of unfaithfulness and lukewarmness, for though I may think myself in some degree active, and may from others receive credit for zeal, *He* knows that I do not realize the value of these precious souls,—that I have not half enough love and faith. When I stand at the judgment-seat of Christ, I shall feel not one emotion of self-complacency for the efforts I have made, but shall wonder that I did not warn poor perishing souls of their danger, day and night, with tears. Lord, help me to do this before that time shall come, for His sake, who has rescued me from sin and death.

To her Sister S.

"TEMORA, Aug. 3d, 1837.

"Your letter, my dear sister, was quite refreshing. I should like one such every day, and I trust that if my life be still prolonged, I shall rejoice in many triumphs of that grace which bringeth salvation. How desirous I feel to see the work of the Lord prosper in this neighborhood! It will be a wonderful change when it shall be no longer the duty of every man to say to his brother and to his neighbor, 'Know ye the Lord? for all shall know him from the least to the greatest.' Until this time shall come, how imperative is the call upon every disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ to be 'instant, in season and out of season,' to 'come up *boldly* to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' I am very thankful, my dear sister, that you have commenced a course of active effort in your Master's service; and it is my daily prayer that your zeal may be yet more and more increased; that the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove, and the boldness of the lion may be combined in each endeavor you make to win souls to His service. After we have done all that we can, and, indeed, this is language which I have never yet been able to adopt, we shall feel that we are but 'unprofitable servants.

I cannot say in reference to my intercourse with one human being, that I have done all that I could to bring him to a knowledge of Christ. Oh, have we not cause for deep humiliation!" * * *

"18*th.*—I spent almost all the morning alone in my room. I stayed from church to give —— my seat in the carriage, and as it was communion Sunday at home, I tried to unite in the service, and to feed on Christ in my heart, though I could not partake of the emblems of His dying love. I read much of the Morning Service, and found it soothing and impressive. It seems strange to me that every Christian should not appreciate the Prayer-Book. Again and again I feel thankful that my steps were directed into the Episcopal Church. My esteem and affection for her 'heavenly ways' are constantly increasing, and I trust I shall be permitted, unworthy as I am, to die in her communion.

"My health is strikingly improved since I have been here. I am quite strong in comparison, and my cheeks are filling up. I cannot say that this gives me any particular pleasure, though it may be very ungrateful in me to say so. I am willing to live, if it be the Lord's will,—but I am 'willing, *rather*, to be absent from the body.' I feel, however, when my health is better, a greater degree of buoyancy of spirits: and my desire is, that I may not waste this increased energy in thoughtless levity, but expend it *all* in the service of Him who has given it to me for His glory. When I am *merry*, let me sing psalms.

"Oh! when shall the kingdom of Christ come with power in this place? It will be a wondrous change. I think much prayer, much money, much labor, should be given to this neglected part of the Lord's vineyard. If this were done,—if the stones were taken away, the weeds plucked up, the seed of life planted, the Lord would so water the soil with the dew of His blessing that it would become 'a fruitful field.' So let it be, for Jesus' sake; and may the Lord give me will

and power to do all that I should to promote this object, and to incite others to come up to His help.

"*August 18th.*—Finished, this morning, the Life of Buchanan. Have not often read a memoir so interesting and profitable. Have just commenced Abeel's Residence in China. I want more of a missionary spirit, and read these books in the hope that, through a blessing from above, they will be the means of filling my heart with more ardent desires for the extension of the Kingdom of our Redeemer—(I love that name,)—and give new energy to my prayers and efforts. Oh, that my zeal to do good in this neighborhood were in any degree to be compared with the love that was felt by Dr. B. for perishing souls in India!

"Oh, that my two talents were employed with the same diligence in His service, that the Lord may say to me, 'Thou hast been faithful in a very little!'"

To Miss E. N.

"Sept. 19, 1837.

* * * "I wish we could pray together for a blessing on thy Sunday School. I do not forget to implore that thee may be endued with such love for immortal souls, as shall constrain thee to persevering and believing effort. Remember that thy labor will not be in vain, should thee be able only to sow a single seed of divine truth. Remember our Saviour's declaration, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.' I think, dear E., that thy usefulness will be impeded by thy excessive timidity, if thee does not earnestly pray for an holy boldness in the cause of our Redeemer. I know, from sad experience, that 'the fear of man bringeth a snare,' and that our Adversary will strive to persuade us that sinful timidity is the result of *discretion*. Oh, how constantly should we beseech the Lord to 'open our lips!' * * *

"And now, about the subject upon which we were talking at Temora. I do not at all doubt the result of thy search after the truth in reference to this matter. I think prayer and the attentive study of the Bible will be followed by a conviction that it is thy duty to be baptized, and to receive the Lord's Supper. I was not surprised to hear thee say that thee had been thinking upon the subject, and wished to examine it more fully. I will not, as I at

first intended, cite any particular texts, but recommend thee to the review of the whole book of Acts — which will convince thee that it was the honest belief of the disciples of the Lord Jesus, that it was the command of their Master that they should baptize with water those who had been previously baptized with the Holy Ghost. 'Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?' Thee will find that Saul, after having received so wonderful a communication from above, received this ordinance; that Philip was sent to the Eunuch by the Holy Ghost, and did not hesitate to bestow upon him the outward sign, so soon as he was convinced that he had received the inward and spiritual grace. But thee is acquainted with all these instances, and argument is not my desire just now." * * *

"27*th.* — How many in this neighborhood deny and disregard our blessed Redeemer! They would think me very uncharitable were I to express my opinion of their spiritual condition, but while my Saviour tells me that He is 'the way, and the truth, and the life,' and 'that no man can come unto the Father, but by Him,' I must think all in error who reject this way of salvation. And though I have ever believed with my understanding this precious doctrine, and during several years past have believed it with my heart, since I have been in this neighborhood I have learned more of the dangerous effects of its rejection. I see that little children are left, by their parents and employers, uninstructed in the things of the kingdom of God. Several whom I have talked with have scarcely heard the name of the Friend of sinners. I see that little anxiety is felt about the spiritual state of those who are exemplary in outward conduct. The young and amiable may die unconverted, and it will be said, 'They were innocent young persons;' and if you say that, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven,'— that except you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you cannot be saved,— by very many you will be deemed censorious and incorrect. Just so strict is the Gospel, — and while I would pray for *charity*, I desire to adhere most firmly to its doctrines, and

to speak a word for my Saviour whenever an opportunity shall be presented. May the Lord give me true humility and pure faith, so that I may feel that I am nothing, while Jesus is my all in all.

"The greatest favor I could desire from my friends, after my death, would be to try to lead my little nephews and nieces to the feet of the Saviour.

"*Oct. 1st.—Sunday evening.*—For the mercies of the past day I desire to feel truly thankful, and to evince my gratitude by a renewed consecration of myself to the service of Him whom I have found to be 'merciful and gracious.' This morning, was permitted to kneel at the chancel with my dear sisters, to unite with them in commemorating the love of our Redeemer. I was desirous to humble myself before the Lord, for I felt that I had erred and strayed from His ways, and to cast myself anew upon the merits of Christ Jesus.

"How appropriate did I find the communion-service! How inestimable a privilege! Oh, how can I be so cold and sinful, in the midst of so much goodness! It is to the unmerited mercy of God that I am indebted for every privilege and every good thought. 'In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' My heart has been much lighter since the morning.

"*Oct. 13th.*—Our dear Pastor preached such a sermon as a Christian only could preach, from the text, 'Our Father.' He spoke of the happiness of those who can use this appellation in its most endearing sense,—those who have been *born again;* of the delight of holding communion with Him; of a constant dependence upon His protection and His blessing. My heart was melted and encouraged. May the Lord be ever my soul-satisfying portion. The pursuits and prospects of this world are not for me. A suffering life and an early grave, are, I doubt not, in reserve for me, and I am not only content but thankful for this allotment. Only, my Heavenly Father, let my mind be ever stayed on Thee, and kept in

perfect peace. Preserve me from the snares which beset me on the right hand and on the left, and grant that I may 'so pass through things temporal, that I fail not to attain the things eternal.'

"*Sunday evening.*—This has been a delightful Sunday. I do not know when I have enjoyed the service so much as this morning. I felt it a blessed privilege to worship in the temple of the Lord. As I went there, my heart was light and my steps rapid, and when I looked at the tablet which commemorates our departed Pastor's dependence on the Lord, and recollected his precepts, his example, and the everlasting joy into which he has entered—when I looked upon his successor, who tells us the same blessed truths, and exemplifies them in his conduct, and upon the sacred table with which so many holy associations are connected, my own heart was attuned to devotion, and I felt that I was in a consecrated place.

"We had a deeply solemn meeting on Saturday evening. Mr. C. told us that he would probably be obliged to give up his evening services. I remembered the suffering I have endured in the loss of my dear Pastor who is now in heaven, and when I saw the pale countenance of him who is now such a blessing to us all, I was very sad. I felt, too, that my improvement of the privileges I have enjoyed is very inadequate, and that I ought to be humbled to the very dust. I had a dream that night, that awakened and caused me to spring out of bed, and pray that it might be realized.

"Sunday was a day long to be remembered. Mr. C. preached a sermon full of solemnity and truth. 'By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.' In the afternoon his text was, 'Which art in Heaven,' and when he spoke of the happy world in which the children of God shall find refuge and peace, I longed to be there. It was painful to observe the suffering it cost our dear Pastor to tell us these

consoling truths, and I felt for him a sympathy which *fellow feeling* alone could excite. I shall not soon forget Sunday afternoon.

"I learned, after church, that it had been decided that our Pastor is to take a sea voyage. I knew he would have to discontinue his labors almost entirely, but did not anticipate such a trial as this.

"*Nov. 18th.*—'Search me, O God, and know my heart—try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' It is with this prayer that I commence a new volume of my Diary. I am sitting alone,—it is almost twelve,—and soon the Sabbath day will come. May it be a day of spiritual blessings,—may 'the cloud we so much dread,' fall upon us in showers of grace,—may our dear Pastor's farewell discourse sink deep into many hearts, and may all his people look above for consolation and guidance.

"*23d.*—Our Pastor has now left us, and we must 'look unto the hills, from whence cometh our help.' His sermon on Sunday was, I am well convinced, to the glory of God. Text—'It is I, be not afraid.' It was a solemn and sorrowful occasion, but the light of faith dispelled every cloud.

"*Dec. 15th.*—The text for to-day is very sweet. 'The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, he shall preserve thy soul.' How I pity those who doubt the providential care of the Almighty! It is sweet, indeed, to realize that the Maker of all things is also a kind Father, an all-wise and merciful protector. Into His hands I fear not to commit all that I hold dear,—my friends,—my temporal and eternal interests. To know that He is directing the events of life, is a consciousnes that keeps the mind in peace; to know that He will preserve the soul from every danger, fills it with joy. For how could a Christian war a successful warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil, were he not assured that the

Captain of his salvation is mighty to save, and strong to deliver?

"*Sunday evening, Dec. 31st.*—This is the last day of the year, and as a severe cold has prevented me from going to church, I have had to make my own reflections, and very solemn they have been. Goodness and mercy from the Lord, sin and ingratitude from me, have marked the past year. How wondrous is the grace which has kept me from falling! Surely, I need not doubt for the time to come. I have been very prayerful to-day, but have not been as fervent in spirit as I could wish. I have a cold heart, and it is wonderful that God has dealt so gently with me. He has been to me a kind and tender Father, and my confidence in Him is continually increased.

"Oh, that He may unite my heart to fear His name,—that my every thought and affection may be consecrated to His service!"

CHAPTER X.

1838.

Counsels to Enquirers — Clear views of Truth — Letter of Encouragement — Interest in accessions to the Church — Season of Lent — Jewish Rabbi — Letters to a young Christian — To Rev. J. A. Clark — Interest in her Orphan Cousins — Solicitude for the Church — The General Convention — Tranquillity in Danger.

"*Jan.* 15*th*, 1838.—To-day I have passed very pleasantly. Have been reading the chapter in McIlvaine's Evidences in which he speaks of the glorious triumphs of Christianity upon a death-bed. I prayed that God would grant *me* dying grace for a dying hour. The Rock of Ages is now, and ever will be my shelter, though in myself I am utterly unworthy. O, that throughout eternity I may praise God for the gift of His Son."

"*Sunday evening.* — This afternoon we had a sermon which, though it contained the truth, was not delivered, I thought, with sufficient reverence of manner. I felt much pained by it, and mentioned it too freely after church. I have felt quite unhappy about it. I hope it will be a lesson to me, and that God will give me more patience and meekness, so that I may become conformed to our Redeemer's image.

"I have had some very sorrowful feelings to-day. I see so much sin in myself and others, that I am weary of it. O, for that blessed world where 'we shall *never, never sin.*'"

In Miss Allibone's numerous counsels to enquirers, and especially youthful enquirers after salvation, we cannot but notice how simple, as well as urgent, are her exhibitions of the Gospel. All her letters and appeals were invitations to "behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the

world." Uncompromising fidelity was united with a most persuasive setting-forth of the freeness of the promises, and of the openness of the way of life. Very solicitous was she to remove from the path of religion the stumbling-blocks and hindrances which often appear so insurmountable to the awakened soul, while at the same time they are mainly its own creations. She strove to lead away the anxious spirit from excessive engrossment with its own frames and feelings to Him who alone giveth peace. While no addresses could be more faithful and searching than those which she sent to impenitent, or undecided and doubting friends, none could be more encouraging. This feature, it is hoped, will render their publication a blessing to some of those who have, in a degree, discovered the plague of their own hearts, without having yet found the remedy. The following letter to a young friend is a happy illustration of this strongly marked characteristic:—

To a Friend.

Feb. 1st, 1838.

"Our conversation of last evening has left a very pleasant impression upon my mind, and I feel a desire to express my hope that the work of grace, which I trust the Holy Spirit has commenced in thy heart, may so rapidly progress, that thee shall very soon become a possessor of the confidence and consolation of the decided Christian. And even now, dear E., the Lord is 'waiting to be gracious.' He does not require a tedious succession of doubts and fears. 'Trust simply to my word,' he says, 'and leave the rest to me.' 'Come unto Me,' is our Saviour's invitation, 'and I will give you rest.' Come, then, my dear young friend. How gladly would I bid thee welcome to the joys of Christian fellowship, how fervently will I implore for thee all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus!

"I know that from the world, thy own heart, and our great adversary, Satan, thee will experience opposition, but God is *Almighty*, and 'will, with every temptation, make a way to escape.' 'Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, is more than conqueror.' Let thy heart be continually lifted up in prayer; remember that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that it is the office of the Holy Spirit to 'guide into all truth.' With a heart filled with the love

of Jesus, how happy and how useful wilt thou be! How it would delight thee to lead thy darling little sister to the Saviour's feet! Though loving God above all things, thy heart will glow with love unutterable towards all thy fellow-beings, a love which far exceeds the utmost ardor of human affection; and how constantly would thee bear upon thy heart at a throne of grace each member of thy beloved family! Wert thou with me now, dear E., we would together ask for thee all these blessings of thy Heavenly Father. It would give me great pleasure to receive a reply to these hurried lines, but it is only as a favor that I would solicit thy confidence. I will remind thee of one other promise of Scripture before I say farewell, for its application will remove every shadow from the path of duty: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'

"Trusting, my dear E., that Divine strength shall be ever perfect in our weakness, so that we shall be conducted in peace and safety through the wilderness of this world unto the regions of eternal rest, in which to love God, and to praise Him, will constitute our felicity, I will bid thee, in Christian love, a most affectionate farewell."

"*Feb. 25th.*—During the past few weeks we have been continually cheered by the accession of one and another of our friends to the church of Christ. On Thursday evening, two ladies were baptized who were formerly much devoted to the world. One of them has deeply interested my feelings and prayers this long time, though we have not had any intercourse. I think Thursday evening was one of the most pleasant I ever passed. I also had some delightful conversations last week."

"*March 19th, Sunday.*—This has been a day of privilege and delight. I have enjoyed the services in an unusual degree. Oh! how sweet is communion with God, whether enjoyed in the solitude of the chamber, in social prayer, or in the solemn services of the sanctuary! Why do we not enjoy it more constantly, more largely? Because of unbelief. This evening has been delightful and solemn. Part of it I have spent in reading to my dear mother, for whom I have felt unusual love this evening, and unusually prayerful; much of it in fervent supplication. I have suffered much

more pain recently, but not too much, for it is all a blessing, and, I trust, ever will be, through the goodness of my Heavenly Father."

"28*th.* — This has been a most happy evening, and this happiness has consisted in communion with God, and in Christian intercourse."

"*April 7th, Saturday evening.* — How happy and how thankful I have felt this evening! I cannot describe the feelings I have had, and will not attempt it. Yesterday and to-day I have had to spend in my room, and have enjoyed them much. One thing that has struck me with peculiar force, is the happiness we enjoy as a family, in Christian intercourse. What a blessing is it that we are of one heart and of one mind!"

"*April 8th.* — 'O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.' Dear —— was confirmed this evening, and with preparation of the heart, and the blessing of the Lord, I am well assured. I could not go to church, but felt submissive, as I know the disappointment was intended for my good. How unworthy am I of the privileges I enjoy! May I be enabled to improve them henceforth to the glory of God. Thirty-eight persons have come forward this evening. O, that they may be all partakers of eternal rest!"

"17*th.* — The solemn season of Lent has passed away. The last week, especially, was one of great privilege. I would not forget the feelings of Wednesday, when I witnessed a confirmation at Christ Church, and felt an earnest desire to be myself confirmed in the love and service of God. On Good Friday Mr. B. preached from the text, 'Behold the Man!' Mr. C., a Rabbi, was with us, and earnestly did I pray that he might believe in Jesus, the promised Messiah. It was affecting, indeed, to listen to the lessons, and to know that one was present who despised the blessed Gospel.

"How glorious a triumph of truth would be his conversion! May God grant it, for Christ's sake!

"Our prayer-meeting on Saturday evening was very solemn; and on Sunday morning how joyous was the reflection that we were to commemorate the dying love of our Redeemer!

"The Communion service was very solemn. My great desire was to know how to praise God for his loving-kindness, and that it might duly affect the remainder of my life. As we all went up to the chancel, six of us together, I was almost overpowered with joy.

"I feel, to-night, 'the peace which passeth understanding.'"

To E. W.

"April 22, 1838.

"My very dear E.:—Indeed thee has not been forgotten, and would have ere this received a message of remembrance, had I not awaited the reception of a letter from thee. I have very often implored for thee the best of blessings since we parted, and have remembered thee with sincere affection. May our love abound more and more as we learn more fully 'the love which passeth knowledge.' Oh, that we may so imbibe 'the mind which was in Christ Jesus,' that our hearts shall glow with tenderness towards all mankind, until we shall become so meek and lowly that we shall be able at all times to exercise that 'charity which hopeth all things, beareth all things, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked.' What a blessed Gospel is that, dear E——, which brings 'peace on earth, good will towards men!' I have been greatly interested in a chapter in one of Philip's works, entitled, 'On pleasing God by doing good.' The responsibilities of the Christian are represented in language so appropriate, so solemn, that self-examination must be the result of its perusal, and self-reproach *I* also found to be a consequence. The judgment scene is imagined, and the professors of the religion of Jesus directed to look at the left hand of the Judge: 'See we none there whom we might have counselled—none whom we might have drawn under the Gospel? We were ashamed or afraid while they were on earth, but could we be so now? Oh! neither shame nor sloth could keep us silent, nor fear hold us back, if we were called or allowed to rush across the space which divides the righteous from

the wicked, and to pluck brands from the burning! Which of us would not try, with all the strength of his new immortality, how many he could bring off? We would gladly lay hold of any one, if we might deliver him from 'going down to the pit;' but, oh! how gladly of a servant whom we had neglected in our own house,—of a neighbor for whose soul we had not cared!'

"Dear E——, let us lay these things to heart, and strive to win souls to Christ. I cannot tell thee how often has my heart been weighed down by the consciousness of unfaithfulness. 'Tis to Christ alone I can repair when I have so sinned against Him. *He* 'went about doing good.' We can, it is true, of ourselves do no good thing. His spirit alone can awaken, and His blood redeem; but if we labor in His strength, He will bless even *our* feeble instrumentality.

"Thee is not mistaken in the impression that last Sunday was a day of inexpressible happiness, as we bowed down together to pay our vows to the Lord in the presence of His people, to commemorate that wondrous love which has provided for us 'the means of grace and the hope of glory.' Not for a whole life of the most exalted *earthly* enjoyment would I have exchanged the feelings of that communion season. I felt that Christ is precious, and rejoiced in the plan of redemption. Oh, how beautiful, how suitable it is! In it we see, indeed, the wisdom and the power of God. I do long to understand, to appreciate it more fully, to be so filled with the love of Christ as to lose all self-love, to live altogether to the service of Him who has shed His precious blood for me — for us all. My chief desire on that occasion, dear E., was that God would make me more grateful, that He would teach me how to praise and love Him. Oh, how earnestly I desire to be free from sin, and to be filled with the fulness of God! How sweet is the hope of Heavenly rest; but the Lord's will be done; so that He will give me grace to do and suffer it, I ask no more.

"Thee speaks, dear E., of the sinfulness of thy heart, and the fear of loving too well the things of the present world. Were it not for the restraining, guiding grace of God, the merits of the Lord our righteousness, we could have no hope of escape from dangers around and within us. But that grace is all-sufficient — those merits all-prevailing. Let me not doubt, but earnestly believe that through them we shall be victorious. But let us take heed. We must 'watch and pray.' How wretched is the condition of the being whose heart is divided between God and the world! 'They that run after other

gods shall have great trouble.' And one so young, so prosperous, so ardent as thyself, is greatly exposed to temptation, but the Lord will keep thee under the shadow of His wing. May thee ever there abide; may thee ever be enabled to 'count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.'" * *

To the same.

"Christian intercourse constitutes one of my highest enjoyments, and to hold it with thee, dear E., will ever be a gratification, and, I trust, a means of improvement, for every expression of spiritual feeling has a tendency to increase it, and St. Paul tells us we must be 'quickeners of each other's faith.'

"I do not doubt that thy consciousness of infirmity is so great, that thee would think it almost impossible to bestow benefit upon others; but it is not so. Already has the goodness of God towards *thee* excited in my heart, and in the hearts of other Christian friends, emotions of gratitude, and an increase of faith. Thee remembers the prayer of the Psalmist, 'Let them that fear thee be glad when they see me, because I have trusted in Thy word.' And I hope, too, dear E., that thee has also caused joy among the angels of God. How sweet is that promise, 'I will bless Thee, and Thou shalt be a blessing!' As thee experiences more and more of the goodness of God, thy desire that all shall know and love Him will increase, and thy efforts for their good will become more earnest; but I would encourage thee to *come up at once* to the help of the Lord against the mighty, as thee has opportunity, to 'do good unto all men.' That thee may do this, mingle every prayer for the furtherance of the work of grace in thy own heart, with petitions for the good of others, and with fervent entreaties that thee may be enabled to win souls to Christ. Thus will self-love be overcome, and a rich blessing come down upon thee. 'Peace on earth and good-will towards men,' is indeed the spirit of religion. Is thee not thankful that our fallen nature can be thus elevated, that creatures such as we can become conformed to the image of Jesus? We will ever look unto Him, until we shall be prepared to dwell with Him in our Father's house. * * * *

* * * "What a solemn declaration is that,—'If the righteous scarcely are saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear!' When we reflect upon the sinfulness, the deceitfulness of our hearts, and the many temptations by which we are continually surrounded, we should quite despair of salvation, were it not for the justification

and sanctification which are offered us in a crucified Saviour. Let us look unto Him, and believe that for His sake we *shall* be saved.

"But it is only in a child-like obedience to His will that we can expect His blessing; we must take up the cross and follow Him. Let us remember that our every action has reference to eternity, and strive *so* to do, and speak and think. I am sorry, dear E., that I cannot, or rather have not, offered thee a more consistent example of devotedness to this blessed cause; and I had much rather that thee should reprove me, and even greatly condemn me for aught that is not in accordance with the Gospel precepts, than suffer me to injure thy spiritual interests, or to suppose that religion requires less than the 'captivity of every thought to the obedience of Christ.' I can truly say to my Heavenly Father, 'Thy word is very pure, therefore Thy servant loveth it,' and would not bring down the standard, but rather would 'follow after holiness.'

"There is one Christian duty, my dear E., that, together with the frequent and regular habit of reading the Scriptures, prayer and self-examination, claims our serious attention. I mean the observance of the Sabbath. Shall we not strive to 'keep it holy?' What a blessed influence it will exert upon the remaining days of the week, if thus consecrated, and what a privilege it is to turn away from worldly converse on this day to hold communion with the Father of our spirits! * * * *

* * * * "How strong and how enduring, dear E., is the attraction of Christian sympathy. In an unusual degree has mine for thee been solicited. Could we visit together the pleasant retreats of which I have spoken to thee, and view nature in her summer aspect, listen to the music of birds, breathe balmy air, and realize the presence of the God of love, surely our hearts would be enlarged to praise Him, and in so secluded and consecrated a temple we would *together* implore the spiritual blessings we need. We *may* enjoy this pleasure, but I am reminded by the pressure of disease that it is to the 'better country' that my aspirations after happiness are to be directed, and this is to me a delightful anticipation. 'To depart and be with Christ is far better;' for the sad influence of sin within and around us greatly interferes with that holy communion for which our souls so long: never shall we be entirely satisfied until 'this mortal shall have put on immortality.' But even in this sinful world, and amid the bustling scenes of a city, can the child of God enjoy many sweet foretastes of the felicity which is to be his forever in his Father's house. Let us then draw largely upon these resources;

let us strive to make great attainments in spiritual blessings; let us 'hunger and thirst after righteousness.' The promise offered us is, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.'

"Dear E., several years have passed away since I have accepted the offers of salvation, and experienced the consolations of the Gospel. My testimony is, that 'not one good thing has failed me of all that the Lord hath spoken.' Often, in the time of need, have I presented the plea of the Psalmist, 'Thou hast been my help, leave me not, neither forsake me, oh Lord God of my salvation,' and always has my prayer been answered. It is most strange that, since such has been my experience of the loving-kindness of the Lord, a song of gratitude has not been ever the effusion of my heart, and that my life has not been in strict conformity with His will;—that I have not made a suitable return for so much mercy. I have been too ungrateful, too negligent, too much conformed to this world; therefore as a poor sinner I must plead the merits of my Saviour's blood, and ask for grace to help in time to come; realizing, and wishing to realize still more deeply, that 'in me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing;' all the glory of our salvation must be given to God."

"*May 20th, Sunday night.*—Blessings on blessings multiplied have been granted me to-day. Nearness to God in prayer, especially in the services of the sanctuary,—a blessing upon the truths of His holy Word,—and the love of Christ in striving to win others to His service. I took M.'s place in the Sunday School, and felt great interest in talking to the girls. Paid a visit to two persons who are serious, and had a very solemn time with them. I shall not soon forget this day.

"*June 3d.*—My thoughts wandered too much during the afternoon service. If there were no other happiness in heaven than freedom from wandering thoughts, it would be enough to make us long to go there. There we shall serve God without weariness. No physical debility will there be felt, and no desire that is not holiness unto the Lord. Surely it will be *far better.*

"*June 10th.*—This is the blessed Sabbath. The Lord has always blessed me, and I hope He will be with me all the

day long. May He teach me to remember to keep it holy, in thought, word and deed.

"*Evening.* — This has been a day, I trust, of spiritual improvement."

To the Rev. John A. Clark.

"PHILA., April 24, 1838.

"How thankful I should be, were it in my power to convey to you this morning, my dear Pastor, a verbal expression of my affectionate sympathy, and to receive in return the Christian counsel I have ever found you so ready to extend! The pastoral calls we have received from you — my visits to the vestry-room — are remembered with interest and with gratitude; and I feel that it is not a privilege only, but a duty, to ask for you continually those spiritual blessings you have taught me to more highly appreciate. The Lord has been your help, and He will never leave nor forsake you. It is the prayer of faith which ascends to the mercy-seat, when you are commended to the guardianship of the Most High; and it is with the eye of faith that we must behold the many trials and privations to which you are exposed, or we should be greatly discouraged. One consolation to be derived from the recent dispensation of Providence, is the hope that it is ordered for the everlasting benefit of some, I trust many, immortal beings, who, but for you, would have been untaught the way of salvation. Perhaps God has thrown you into the midst of superstition and idolatry, that your 'spirit may be stirred within you,' and such earnest supplications drawn from your full heart, as shall enter into His ears, and cause Him to diffuse around you the marvellous light of the Gospel. I know you would suffer any thing for the good of souls, and I am persuaded that through the grace which will be given you, you will be made a blessing wherever you go. This is one of the most believing prayers I offer for you. * * *

"How much we wished for you on Easter Sunday! Many new communicants were added to our number, and we were constrained to offer to God our fervent thanksgiving for His goodness toward them. And as a family, I trust our united prayers and praises ascended to a throne of grace. Oh, how thankful I felt to God for the gift of His Son; how was my heart drawn out in love to that Redeemer who counted not His life dear that *we* might live; and how I rejoiced in the love of the Spirit of grace, whose office it is

to testify of Christ, and transform into His glorious image! Truly, this was a hallowed season,—one ever to be remembered.

"And now, with one more expression of affectionate regard, and an added request that you will ever remember me at a throne of grace, I must say farewell. The hope of listening once more to your counsels, of uniting with you in the solemn services of our sanctuary, and of telling you, that 'when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved,' I shall rejoice to 'depart and be with Christ,' is very pleasant; but, although I know not how this will be, I do anticipate, my much-loved Pastor, a happy reunion with you in that blessed abode 'where all the ransomed Church of God' shall meet 'to sin no more.'"

"*June 17th.*—I must not forget the happiness of this morning. Have had great comfort in the Bible, and in prayer. Thought I would go down to the summer-house before church, and read my Scripture Promises and Gems of Sacred Poetry. I did so with great delight, and felt very happy and thankful. The birds were singing sweetly,—the trees formed a delightful shade,—and as I returned to the house, I gathered a few beautiful rose-buds, which seemed to me a sweet memento of a Heavenly Father's love.

"*July 6th.*—This is a beautiful moonlight evening. I have been sitting at the window, and thinking of heavenly things. I have been much grieved by the interruptions that have so unusually interfered with my twilight devotions. I have been obliged to go out to tea, and to go early; and though I have tried to pray before I went, and while surrounded by others, I have longed for hours of communion with God. Oh, my Heavenly Father, when wilt Thou take me to live in Thy immediate presence? When shall my every thought be Thine? Thy will be done. Only teach me to please Thee in all things,—to discharge cheerfully and faithfully the social duties of life, while my heart shall be fixed on Thee.

"I thought much, last evening, of those words, 'For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the

Lord Jesus Christ.' It is not because I am so very spiritual that I have so great a desire to escape from worldly society: one reason is, that I am not more so. My heart does not glow as it should with love for their souls. I know that I am far more sinful than I realize; that I have too much pride, and that God must see in me much that is contrary to His will. How many precious moments do I waste — how many sinful words do I speak — how many opportunities I lose of doing good to souls! How inadequate is my love, how weak my faith, and yet Jesus is my Saviour, and there is to me 'no condemnation.' Oh! shall I one day dwell with Him in heaven?

"*Aug. 2d.* — Shall not soon forget the feelings of Friday afternoon, — they were very unhappy. I have done wrong. I went down to the river, and sat on the bank, but the beautiful scenery gave me no pleasure, because I feared that I had offended my Heavenly Father. I soon knew, however, that I was pardoned for Christ's sake, and wished to be humbled. What would I do, if deprived of the light of my Father's countenance! Oh! then I should feel the weight of the physical suffering He now enables me to bear with patience; then should I fall into sins, which His grace now prevents me from committing. May I cling to the cross, and strive to do the will of God in all things.

"*8th.* — Could not write more on Sunday, but had much more to say. It was a blessed day. The communion, the sermon, the service, all were sweet, for the blessing of God rested upon them. The text was, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.' I felt thankful for the truth as it is in Jesus, for it was plainly set forth."

To E. W.

"June 16, 1838.

* * * * "I opened just now my little book of Scripture Promises, that I might find some words of consolation peculiarly appropriate to thy state of mind; but I find so many there, that a

selection I would not make, but urge thee to receive them all in their fulness and freeness. Thee is pained by an increasing sense of the sinfulness of thy heart. Return thanks to that blessed Spirit who is teaching this sad but needful lesson, and turning from the mournful picture, behold, with faith and adoring gratitude, 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.' Look unto this blessed Saviour. He has said, 'He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' How displeasing to God must be a want of confidence in his promises!

'What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?'

"How severely, yet affectionately, does the Saviour reprove those who were unwilling to confide in Him, 'Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith?' Thee asks my opinion of thy spiritual state. My humble confidence that thee has passed from death unto life is not dependent upon thy occasional frames of mind, but upon my belief that the God of all grace has taken thy soul into His keeping; that He has commenced a work of grace in thy heart which He will graciously carry on, converting the dispensations of His providence to the furtherance of this object. 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God.' Let thy supreme desire be to know, to do and to suffer His will, and all shall be well. * *

"I feel very thankful to be once more surrounded by birds, trees and flowers; and earnestly pray that the contemplation of the gifts of our kind Father's love may more closely draw my heart to Himself."

Among those ministers of the Prot. E. Church who have confessed a large debt of gratitude to Miss Allibone's affectionate and earnest counsels, and who, but for her interest in their spiritual welfare, might never have been engaged in the work of Pastors and Evangelists, are two of her cousins. Left orphans in a western State, they were the early objects of her deep solicitude. The sincerity of her friendship, and the blessing which attended her messages of Christian love, will appear from a number of her letters to these brothers, inserted in this memoir. Of these, the following letter is addressed to the elder, the Rev. J. Howard Smith.

To J. Howard Smith.

"August 25th, 1838.

"Your impression that I am not unwilling to continue our correspondence is perfectly correct, and if any remarks I may be enabled to make shall prove productive of pleasure or benefit, I shall not regret the hour I now and then devote to you.

"In addition to the sympathy always excited by the situation of an orphan, my interest in you as one who may be useful in the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom is warmly elicited, and though I deeply regret to hear that you have not, until now, submitted your affections to Him who alone is able to bless and protect you, I will indulge the hope that *from this time* you will say, 'My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth.' You know that the Scriptures recognize but two classes, — those who are living without hope and without God in the world, and those who are new creatures in Christ Jesus, and we learn from them that unless we belong to the latter class, however exemplary our external deportment, we cannot hope to enter the kingdom of heaven. May I not hope, my dear cousin, that you will at once become one of those who 'have passed from death unto life!' I know how impossible it is that you should change your own heart, but our Saviour says, 'Come unto Me.' Come to Him just as you are. Persevere in prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit. Ask God to show you your sinfulness, and your need of a Saviour. I do want you to become a decided and devoted Christian. How great a blessing would you then prove to your dear brother! And if he, too, will give his heart to the Saviour, how much happiness will you enjoy together! I am very happy to learn that you have taken a class in Sunday School. Do you not find it very interesting? Does R. attend? Mother desires him to accept a little Testament, which she sends, and I am sure it would give her pleasure to learn that he is in the daily habit of reading this blessed book.

"Believe me your very sincere friend and cousin."

"*Aug. 26th.* — Have been twice to church to-day, but have not felt very animated. Have felt less activity of mind lately, owing, in a great degree, to the extreme heat, and the pressure of disease. I do not wish, even in my Diary, to speak much of suffering. I have always found that God makes perfect His strength in my weakness. I am conscious

that I do not strive as I should do after a constant energy in prayer. Such petitions as I offer would be disregarded by any but a merciful God.

"Paid a visit last week, in which I experienced a remarkable answer to prayer. I felt that it ought to increase my faith.

"My heart has been weighed down of late by the sins of the Church, — the dishonor that is brought upon religion by the worldly-mindedness and the unenlightened opinions of professors. Why is this? Oh! how must it appear in the sight of a holy God? I sometimes feel as though He *must* purify the Church for His own name's sake. I want Him to prune the vine of His own planting, and cause it to bring forth more fruit, that He may be glorified. My Heavenly Father! do not let me bring reproach upon Thy cause: any affliction rather than this.

"On Wednesday morning went to the opening of the General Convention. The sermon was deeply interesting. What an appeal to the sympathies of all who love Christ and His Church! The charge from Bishop M. was delightful, — stirring new energies. I was thankful for the truth thus declared, and earnestly desired to lay to heart the instructions he offered."

"*Sept.* 11*th.* — We should surely return most hearty thanks to God for His goodness to our beloved Zion, and for the privileges which his favored members enjoy. We have listened this evening to the pastoral letter of the House of Bishops. It was according to the Gospel of Christ, — more than this I cannot say of it. O, that the spirit of love and unity, of holiness and truth there expressed, may be infused into the hearts of all who kneel at her altars, so that we may be living epistles, known and read of all men! The Lord has answered prayer in reference to our Convention, and it has been conducted with great harmony. May we all thank Him for it."

To her Sister S.

"TEMORA, Oct. 2, 1838.

* * * "I do not wonder that the anticipation of increased responsibility should excite an earnest desire for 'grace to help in time of need,' and how comforting it is to know that that grace is ever freely given! That blessed promise—'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths,' is to me one of the most useful and consoling passages of Scripture. Experience has taught us that we are ignorant and sinful. We are aware that untried and formidable difficulties may be in our path, and conscious that each action may exercise an important influence upon our own characters, and the welfare of our fellow-beings. We would not do aught to injure the cause of our Redeemer, and yet we know that unless the Lord hold us up, we are not for one moment safe. How earnest then become our petitions for light and strength! Oh, none but a Christian can comprehend the trembling earnestness with which the blessing of Heaven is implored on occasions when the worldling desires no better strength than his own. And how is the fervor of supplication increased when the believer looks from his own sinful heart to the world around him! He sees that not the professed child of this world alone violates the commands of His Maker; from them he expects such conduct; but that many who name the name of Christ have not departed from iniquity. He sees many, who, he believes, have sincerely assumed the vows of God, bring reproach upon His cause by levity, by self-confidence, in ten thousand ways, while they alone are unconscious of the injury that is done. Then his heart is sorrowful, and with many tears he implores the Lord to grant that He will not let any that wait on Him be ashamed for His sake. Oh, that the Lord may sanctify us, as a family, to His service, so that all our influence may be given to advance His kingdom! I greatly desire to so love Him, to be so filled with a sense of His goodness, His greatness and holiness, as to lose all self-love; to forget myself in Him; to speak, and feel and act solely for His glory. There is much that I have not attained; would that I were more sensible of this truth!

"I rejoice with you in the happy result of your effort to do good; it is most encouraging, and I trust, my dear sister, that you may become the instrument of winning many souls to Christ. Your natural energy and perseverance qualify you for extensive usefulness when the Lord accompanies them. My prayer very often is offered that you may be prepared to do our Father's will in all things. I would

have you to 'put on the whole armor of God' when you come up to His help against the mighty.

"I am younger than you, my dear sister, and very inferior in intellect, and in many things that adorn your character, and yet I have been placed in a peculiar relation towards you. I have longed for your salvation; I have seen you brought into the fold of Christ; I have stood at your side as you entered into covenant with my Father and my God, and I felt my heart full of gratitude toward Him, and love for you; and, oh, how humbled, how unworthy did I feel on that solemn occasion! In having assumed, so often as I have done, the office which then devolved on me, I am still more solemnly pledged to the service of the Lord. Always pray that He may 'perfect that which concerneth me,' for He knows that I would not injure His cause; and yet, if left to myself a moment, I cannot stand. 'Thou *hast* been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, thou God of my salvation.'

"There are several families in this neighborhood, in whom I feel great interest, and do pray that the path of duty concerning them may be plain. If I run without being sent in these cases, I shall do much harm, for religious influence has not been often attempted, and I feel an increasing sense of the danger of giving offence where I would do good. An injudicious effort may excite enmity and opposition which may close every avenue to the affections. How impressive is St. Paul's expression, 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men,' and I have been struck recently with the forbearance of our dear Redeemer, in His intercourse with His disciples. How mildly He reproves, and how readily He forgave their folly and unbelief."

To E. W.

"Oct. 2, 1838.

* * * "Very often, when I have attempted to counsel or to warn, a deep sense of unworthiness has come over my mind, and I have almost wondered that I could assume so solemn a responsibility, and then I have prayed that the Lord would preserve me from injuring His cause, and that if it were His will that I should make efforts for the good of others, He would grant me the teachings of His Holy Spirit, and so make perfect His strength in my weakness. * * *

"The sense of sinfulness, of which thee speaks, is the work of the Spirit, and ought to excite thy gratitude. May it be deepened more and more, that thee may be induced with deep humility to prostrate

thyself at the foot of the Cross, and there feel that there is for thee no condemnation.

'Come, freely come, by guilt oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load.'

But these doubts thee speaks of, dear E., should excite thee to faithful self-examination. It is not our Father's will that His children should walk in darkness. If they will 'stay' themselves upon Him, He will cause them to rejoice; but we cannot be happy unless we obey the will of God so far as we know it, unless we are willing to forsake all and follow Him. Oh, that the path of duty may be made plain to thee, and that grace may be given thee to walk therein."

To her Mother.

"Oct. 6, 1838.

"Dearest Mother: — Thee is always desirous to receive tidings from thy absent children, and they are always in haste to assure thee that though surrounded by other objects of interest, still they love their mother best. It is a great blessing to possess a friend so kind, so ready to forgive — one whose love has been so fully proved, and found so faithful. We cannot duly appreciate the treasure we own in thee, our precious Parent, but we do all love thee more and more, and desire to do all that in us lies to increase thy happiness. And since we cannot as we would discharge the debt of gratitude we owe, we lift our united prayer to the Giver of all good, that all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus may be given thee; that communion with the Father, through the Son and Holy Spirit, may be thy portion while thee sojourns here below, and that we may all assemble in a heavenly home, to praise for ever the 'Father of the fatherless and the widow's God.'"

To her Sister S.

"Oct. 16, 1838.

* * * "I do love and praise Him for my beloved family. He has not left me to suffer without sympathy, but has so surrounded me with kind voices and warm hearts, that gratitude and joy have caused the tear to flow that physical suffering could not bring. May the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you all; may He give you peace always; may His smile irradiate each scene of prosperity; may the consolations of His grace be with you in 'all time of adversity;' may He be with you in the hour of death, and grant that in the day of judgment we may stand together in the ranks of

the redeemed, ready to obey the summons, 'enter into the joy of your Lord.'" * * *

"*Nov. 5th.* — This has been a day of blessing. Oh, for a heart to praise my God! Surely no one has more cause for gratitude. Earthly blessings cluster around me,—and then I have a hope in Christ, the comforts of the Holy Spirit, the Word of God for 'a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path,' much time for communion with my Heavenly Father, delightful Christian intercourse with my own family, besides their love and kind offices, and innumerable blessings. Surely I should love the Author of every good and perfect gift!

"*10th.* — Have spent this week delightfully. Much of it has been occupied in writing letters. I know not any employment in which we should more deeply realize our insufficiency, and need of the Spirit's influence; and I desire earnestly to implore them always that I may not write my own words.

"We had reason to believe that some one was trying to get into the house, but we put our trust in the Lord, and slept delightfully. Just before I went to bed, I opened on the passage in my precious book of Promises — 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?'"

To E. W.

"Nov. 15, 1838.

* * * "'Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do?' Let this be the language of our hearts, dear E. Let it ascend to heaven with our first waking thought, and the path of duty will be made plain. How delightful is the confidence, that if, in all our ways, we 'acknowledge' an Almighty Being, He will 'direct our steps'! And the fulfilment of this promise may be claimed upon occasions that, in the eyes of the children of this world, appear too trivial for the notice or direction of the Most High. But *His children* have received so many proofs of His love that they learn to confide in His guardianship, to trust Him as a kind Father who pitieth them, and

who is omnipotent as well as merciful. Blessed are they who have such a friend; they have a 'goodly heritage.' Christians do not realize the blessedness of their portion. Oh, that we were more absorbed by the contemplation of eternal things; then would we learn to 'tread the world beneath our feet,' and to rejoice that we are 'fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.' We would not be so easily drawn aside by temptations, now so powerful, but which we should then learn to despise. And then, how spiritual would be our thoughts and words, how consistent and useful our example! We should see more of the sinfulness of sin and of the beauty of holiness, and rejoice more than ever in the perfect atonement and holy character of the blessed Jesus. How thankful should we be that we have begun to learn this lesson! Oh, may it be our study through time and eternity. To think that in heaven we shall fully comprehend the love of Christ! I once thought that among the highest joys of heaven would be illimitable knowledge, but the exercise of faith is so delightful, and so entire is my confidence in the justice and wisdom of God, that I only desire my love and gratitude to be increased, and to dwell in His presence for ever; this will be enough of happiness.

"We heard a very impressive sermon, last Sunday, from the text, 'Thy kingdom come;' and when the professor of the religion of Jesus was asked what he had done, and what more he could do, to advance the Redeemer's cause, I felt that I had been very unfaithful.

"I think our responsibility toward children is very great; they so closely imitate the example of those who are older, and they are so willing to treasure in their memories the important truths which we too often neglect to teach them."

"18*th*, *Sunday evening*,—And the last that I expect to spend at Temora. On a review of the past I find much cause for gratitude and regret. I have enjoyed many blessings, both temporal and spiritual, and many opportunities of usefulness. Some of them the Lord has enabled me to improve, and to Him be all the glory. But very many, I fear, I have neglected, and I have need to pray earnestly for forgiveness. I have not been meek and lowly, as I should have been; I am naturally impatient of contradiction, and impetuous in argument. Much has been done for me in this

respect, but I need much more grace, and for this I would pray, — for I do desire to be gentle and humble, to be conformed to the image of my dear Redeemer. Another of my besetting sins is unwatchfulness in conversation — want of constant recollection of the presence of the Almighty. I am often astonished at myself. May the blood of Jesus atone for my daily transgressions, and the Holy Spirit sanctify my heart."

The author has purposely refrained from comments upon the striking passages that occur so often in the Diary and Letters, preferring to leave them to make their own impression. It would be superfluous and obtrusive to attempt to add lustre to gems, whose radiance is so pure and brilliant. But he cannot withhold a simple note of admiration from the subjoined extract, displaying so beautifully the exquisite taste and heavenly tendencies of the writer's mind:—

"30*th.* — There are sometimes feelings in my heart that words cannot express, and I attempt not to record them here. A stalk of the lily of the valley has excited a longing after purity, and the world of never-fading flowers, that has made my heart ache; and I have gazed upon the blue skies, the bright stars, and the beautiful moon, and felt that my home is not here, — no, it is not here! I trust that through the merits of my Redeemer's blood, I shall unite with the redeemed in heaven, in unceasing praises. *There* shall be 'every longing satisfied, with full salvation blest,'—and there only! Oh, I feel this!

"I am very happy. My mother is so kind and lovely. Her smile gladdens my heart. My friends are kind. I love the green fields, and waving woods, and the singing of birds, but when I think of heaven —

> 'I want, oh! I want to be there,
> To put on the white robes of the Lamb.'

For my heart is still prone to evil, and I cannot be perfectly happy until I am perfectly holy.

"*23d, Sunday evening.*—I have heard, this evening, some news that has made my heart sick: the sudden death of a young lady who was some time since under serious impressions, but who had apparently lost them, and became more thoughtless than ever. I have never heard of any change in her sentiments,—I am afraid I shall not. Oh, what a call is this to faithfulness! This young lady expressed great interest in me, some time since, and I made a few efforts for her good.

"*26th.*—We have had a very happy Christmas. I do not believe a more happy family group could have been found. Kind wishes and gifts were exchanged, and then, with thankful hearts we went to the sanctuary."

CHAPTER XI.

1839.

Commencement of the New Year — Christian Intercourse — Efforts blessed — Mr. L.'s last Moments — Visit to Princeton — Anticipations of Heaven — Last Letter to her Mother — Happiness in her Family — Her Mother's Illness and Death — Narrative in Miss Allibone's Diary — Letters to her Sister and Cousin — Correspondence with Rev. J. A. Clark — Conflagration — Visit from J. J. Gurney.

"THE hour of twelve has struck, and a new year with all its responsibilities has come. Lord, my trust is in thee. Hitherto hast thou helped me."

With this consoling thought Miss Allibone began 1839. Little knew she what the year, the sadly eventful year had in store for her. The blow, that of all others she would have deprecated, was to fall heavily upon her sensitive heart and enfeebled frame. A full cup of intense bitterness was to be presented to her lips. But how effectual a preparation for unknown, unthought of trials, her child-like unfeigned faith! Whatever the shape of coming ill, the Arm on which she leaned was mighty to sustain, and however rough and painful the path to be trodden, her feet were shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.

"We had a very solemn lecture to-night. We were advised to review the past year,—and what a record of unfaithfulness does it bring against me! But Jesus is my hope. My cold heart was yesterday morning drawn out in love to souls. The sermon told us of the willingness of God to receive the repentant sinner. The text was, 'While he was yet a great way off,' &c. The Sunday before, a young man went to Mr.

C., and with tears told him that he wished to return to God. O that in countless numbers they may come!"

To J. H. S.

"January 9th, 1839.

"My Dear Cousin: — In one respect, the contents of your letter were not gratifying. You tell me you have not yet submitted your affections to the Saviour, though you have been from childhood instructed in the principles of Christianity, and are conscious that the disciple of Christ alone is truly happy. How is this, my dear cousin? Do you forget that delay may be fatal—that if this important matter be postponed, the decision may be pronounced, 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still.' I think I have never realized the danger of postponement so fully, as since the recent and sudden death of a young friend of mine, who at this time last year was the subject of very serious impressions. She eagerly perused religious books, visited her pastor, and took a class in the Sunday School, but her heart still clung to the world, and she was only 'almost persuaded to be a Christian.' Recently, she has seemed less serious, and carefully avoided religious conversation. She was taken ill on Tuesday evening, and died the following Sunday. No danger was apprehended till Sunday morning, and her pastor was then sent for to inform her as carefully as possible of her situation. He came to do so, but she was dying, and went into eternity so suddenly that her friends were almost stunned by the unexpected blow. If she had told them that she was going to a heavenly home they would have been comforted, but she said nothing of the future. We know not what may have passed between her soul and her Maker in the hour of death, but this we know, 'The time is short.' Come, then, my dear cousin, to the Throne of Grace, and earnestly pray for the pardon of sin and the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. Wait not until you feel more deeply, but *come just as you are.* Let your prayer be, 'God be merciful to me a sinner' — 'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.'

"'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.' Remember that Christ died for you, and plead the merits of His blood. I hope you spend much time in prayer, and in the study of the Scriptures. You will take increasing delight in these employments, and will be richly repaid for any sacrifice they may cost you. I speak from experience. No society is welcome which would deprive me of such seasons of

communion with my Father in Heaven; and in the prayerful study of His blessed Word my mind is filled with light and peace. Give my love to Robert, and tell him I pray every day that God will bless my orphan cousins. I hope they will first give themselves to His service, and then strive to do something for His cause. Oh that you may become faithful soldiers of the cross!

"Did you ever read Henry Martyn's Life? If you have not, I would recommend it. It is one of my favorite books."

"31*st.*—This has been a most delightful evening. It was my privilege to attend our lecture, and I would not have exchanged the feelings I had then for all the worldly pleasures which have ever been enjoyed.

"For one of my friends I greatly desire more spiritual blessings. Heavenly Father, I bring him to Thee in the name of Jesus.

"*Feb. 5th.*—I am just strong enough to write a few lines this evening. Since Saturday evening I have been quite sick. Spent Sunday less profitably than I wished,—had a chill, fever and headache, and my thoughts wandered. Sickness is not the time to settle our accounts for eternity. I trust that work for *me* is done. I have entered into covenant with the Lord, and hope that when the hour of death shall come, whether it be preceded by any peculiar warning, or it be a sudden summons into the eternal world, I shall be enabled to 'look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith.' I know that were I, in that solemn hour, to review my past life,—the record of my many sins and omissions of duty,—I should be utterly overwhelmed, could I not look away from this sad picture to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' Dear Saviour, wilt Thou be with me in the hour of death!

"*March 10th.*—Christian intercourse is certainly one of the most exalted sources of happiness, and this it has been my privilege to enjoy during a few days past, more than for a long time. It has been my happiness to listen to the coun-

sel of an aged and experienced Christian,*—one who unites the greatest urbanity with devoted spirituality. His prayers are simple and fervent,—his conversation breathes the spirit of devotion, and the love of Christ. How my heart warmed as I listened to his remarks! And it was cheered, for I am often disappointed when I look for Christian counsel and encouragement from the ministers of Christ. It is so delightful to see the image of Christ reflected in the example of His servants; and how should the hope of dwelling together with the Saviour gladden our hearts! In Him is no shadow of turning. He is holy, harmless and undefiled. May the joy of the Lord be my strength!

"19*th.*—Last Sunday was a day of unusual interest. After a most impressive and interesting sermon from the Bishop, from the text, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' and a very solemn charge to the candidates for confirmation, forty-one persons drew near the chancel and vowed a vow unto the Lord. O that they may have grace given them to keep it forever!

"My heart was full of love, and praise, and prayer. I remembered the blessed hour when I publicly entered into covenant with God in the renewal of my baptismal vows. And when the same hymn was sung, 'Witness ye men and angels now,' I felt that the Lord had hitherto helped me, and I would again consecrate myself to His service.

"*April* 9*th.*—Yesterday was a day of much interest. Mrs. T. called to see me in the morning, and appears to be in the most interesting state of mind. She says she believes the Lord directed my footsteps towards her dwelling; and so He did, and to Him be all the glory. And may this instance of His willingness to bless the humble efforts of His children, reprove my want of zeal."

---

* The late Dr. Miller, of Princeton.

Letter to a Friend about to be Baptized.

"March, 1839.

* * * "But my purpose in writing this evening is to assure thee that I very cheerfully accept the office thee assigns me, and shall earnestly pray for grace to realize and discharge its responsibilities. It is one which I have several times assumed, and in so doing I feel that I solemnly confirm the vows which I made unto the Lord when I first presented myself at His altar; and that, dear E., was a blessed hour. With a weak faith and sinful heart I entered into covenant with the Lord, but He was 'all my salvation and all my desire.' I remembered that 'who in the strength of Jesus trusts is more than conqueror,' and now, in the anticipation of future temptation and trial, with confidence can I urge the plea, 'Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, thou God of my salvation.' And if He had not been my help, where would have been my safety? Oh that I did more deeply feel my utter inability to speak, or do, or think any thing acceptable to God in my own strength."

"*29th.*—I have deferred writing in this book from conscientious feeling, for my time has ben greatly engrossed. I have much desired to make some record of Mr. L.'s last moments, but I trust the solemn scene is so deeply impressed upon my heart that I shall never forget it. With the exception of little Charlie's death, I have never before witnessed the departure of the soul. I cannot describe the feelings with which sister S. and I watched beside his dying bed. We felt grateful to the Lord for His goodness in having given to our friend the hopes of the Gospel. His last message to his wife was, 'Tell her I die in hope,—in the hope of Jesus and of heaven.' His parting words to us were, 'You, under God, have been the means of my conversion.' I hope this lesson will be a blessing to us all. I came to Princeton, on Saturday week, with Mr. H.

"*Sunday, May 8th,* was a day of blessings from the Lord. We were permitted to receive the emblems of our Saviour's dying love, and truly was this ordinance a means of grace to my soul. In it I was permitted to hold communion with my Heavenly Father. How mistaken are those who regard it

as a mere form! O that they would prayerfully consider this!

"How refreshing is the society of Christians! Have been spending the day with ——, and we have talked much of heavenly things. Oh! how delightful it will be to go to heaven! The Saviour is to me 'the chief among ten thousand.' I love to think of Him as the Bishop and Shepherd of my soul. O that I may depend alone upon Him!

"*22d.*—Yesterday afternoon went to see M. Found her greatly changed. Seems comforted,—says she can trust the Saviour, but has not the bright evidence I should like to see. However, this cannot be expected. If she should be just saved it will be a proof of the wonderful mercy of God, for she did not seek Him in health. She died on Sunday morning. There is hope in her death.

"Have received such sweet letters from home. I do not deserve such kindness, and I hope its effect will be to make me more humble. Sister —— says she feels sorrowful about my health. It is certainly declining, and yet it has been so fluctuating that we cannot tell how much longer I may live. It is most probable, however, that the day of my probation will soon be ended. If the Lord will sustain me to the end,—if He will enable me to trust and glorify Him until my last moments, and when I am standing upon the borders of the eternal world, if He will *then* receive me into His kingdom for Christ's sake, how thankful, how happy I shall be! and how thankful and happy should be those kind friends who have watched over me so long! I wish to tell them, in my last moments, how much their love has increased my happiness. O that *my death* may increase their love and spiritual joy!

To her Sister S.

"PRINCETON, May, 1839.

* * * "The society of persons who combine spiritual, social and intellectual attractions is a great privilege. How exalted will

be our enjoyment when we shall come to Mount Zion, the Christian's holy and happy home, and in the society of 'the just made perfect' surround the Throne of God and the Lamb. *Here*, with much 'joy do we draw water from the wells of salvation;' *there*, shall we behold the 'pure river of the water of life.' It is but a foretaste of heavenly bliss that is vouchsafed us in this lower world, but is it not enough to fill our souls with an earnest longing for 'the inheritance of the saints in light?' When in the services of the sanctuary our hearts are warmed with holy fervor, how pleasant the thought of these courts above, 'where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end!' And when, in commemorating the dying love of our Redeemer, we feel that we are indeed entering the holy of holies by 'a new and living way,' we rejoice that the time *will* come when we shall not have to return to the chilling atmosphere of earthly influences, but forever dwell upon the wonders of redeeming love. And this is a holy calm which comes over the spirit, a blessed resting of the soul upon the promises and protection of the Almighty, which seems to be the 'sure pledge of heavenly rest.' 'Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help.' Such are the blessings bestowed upon the believer; and yet, my dear sister, I would not have you to think that such is *my* invariable experience. It is not so. Although I can tell you more of the Lord's goodness, much could I say of my own sinfulness, of ingratitude, of neglect, of selfishness and insensibility. Often, in the midst of the holiest services, do my thoughts wander far from God, and much in my feelings and conduct is opposed to the precepts of the gospel. Among the most blessed thoughts of heaven is the expectation of an eternal deliverance from sin." . . . .

"It is a privilege to be with Dr. M. I should be glad to have him talk and pray with me, but it is to the heavenly world I must look for full communion with the people of God. And shall I hope for admittance to the society of the redeemed? Shall I, so cold, so selfish, so ungrateful, dwell forever in the presence of the Most High? Oh! yes, for my dear Saviour's sake. Where else would be my dwelling-place? I know that I deserve to be excluded from heaven, but I have long since come unto God through Jesus, and He is able to save me to the uttermost, and I believe He will.

'Jesus, on Thy word relying,
Firm my faith and hope shall be;
On Thy faithfulness depending,
I will cast my soul on Thee.'

Not all the treasures of earth could satisfy my soul,—nothing but the light of Thy countenance, oh! Father, can irradiate my mind, for without Thy blessing all is dark and comfortless. Thou knowest that I love Thee, and yet I grieve Thy Holy Spirit again and again. Oh, give me more grace! Teach me to cherish every holy influence,—teach me to wait upon Thee all the day,—lead me in the way in which I should go,—make me humble.

'Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.'"

Little did Miss Allibone imagine, as she penned the following letter, that it would be the last which she should address to her dear and venerated parent:

To her Mother.

"'My heart untrammelled fondly turns to thee,' my dearest mother, for I left thee with increased affection, with a heart quite full of love, and I am *sure* I am not forgotten. I am obliged to write a short letter, but am in haste to send you all a message of remembrance. I never *can* be thankful enough for such a family as my Heavenly Father has given me. To thee first, my precious mother, and then to one and all, I send my heartfelt thanks for your unmerited and exceeding kindness. I have not time for especial messages. I have you all in my heart, and I trust we shall all be together in heaven. This shall be my prayer in my hours of retirement, when I remember the happiness we now enjoy, the common hope we have, the many blessings we need—and the blessed Redeemer, who stands at the right hand of the Father, to make intercession for us all."

The warm emotions of thankfulness to her Father in heaven for the domestic blessings she enjoyed, and the delight which she found in her own home-circle, are thus expressed in another letter written about the same time:

"I do not suppose there ever has been a more happy family. Surely, never has a child and a sister received more unvaried kindness. How much more happy shall we be, if permitted to assemble round the throne of God! I hope it will be our privilege to meet there all who are dear to us." * * *

Upon this happy and united family group, an inroad was now to be made by the great spoiler, Death. Or, rather, 'the God of the spirits of all flesh,' in His wisdom and love, saw fit to darken their dwelling, and render it a house of mourning. Had it been announced that one of the household was now to be removed from earthly scenes, the thought would have arisen in every mind that the pallid and suffering invalid of the family, for years the object of their sympathy and cares, would exchange her 'light afflictions' for 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' And to no one would the idea have suggested itself more readily than to herself, waiting, as she daily was, in faith, for her summons. But here, as in so many instances, human calculations were set at naught. The Lord saw good to strengthen the feeble ties that held the daughter to earth, while the mother, in the midst of health and activity, was suddenly removed. It was an unexpected, stunning dispensation, and by none felt more keenly than by her whose often-infirmities had made parental tenderness exceedingly precious. This event took place July 15th, 1839. Miss Allibone returned from Princeton in time to be with her mother during the few days of her illness, to her parent's great comfort, and her own inexpressible satisfaction. She was enabled, a few weeks after the first shock, to place in her Diary the following particular and most affecting sketch of her mother's last illness. The mingled feelings of the frail, affectionate child, clinging to the earthly parent, whom for years she had not expected to survive, and of the submissive disciple, meekly bowing to her Father's will, and looking upward in the confidence of faith,

are, in this utterance of a bruised heart, very touchingly and beautifully depicted:

"*Temora, Aug.* 17. — A long time has passed since I have written in my Diary, and I know not how to make a record of the events which have occurred. How shall I write that my mother, who was more to me than all my earthly friends and earthly blessings — that mother, for whom, late at night and early in the morning, I thanked my Heavenly Father, has gone away, and left me an *orphan*. Oh! can this be so? Yes, it is even so! Daily do I feel more and more that it is so. In my dreams I am with my mother,—I hear her speak, and look upon her, but in the morning I awake, and do not, as once I did, feel her kind arm around me.

"Oh, that first night after she left us, when I retired to my solitary room, (for I wished to be alone,) how desolate was my heart! And when I awoke, the sad reflection, 'I am an orphan!' overwhelmed my soul; but just then I opened my little Book of Promises, and found there the precious assurance, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.' In it I heard the Saviour's voice, and I was comforted, and did trust in Him, and He has fulfilled His promise; He *has* been with me. But I must revert to the past.

"The Saturday evening before I left Princeton, I went to D., and in the evening had a solemn season of prayer with ——. In it I felt constrained to pray much for my dear mother, and to ask that grace might be given her for a dying hour, and that she might then be surrounded by her children. I had then reason to believe her in perfect health, and I was startled by the prayer I was constrained to offer, and the strange feelings which came over me. I was also much drawn, during the last few months, to pray that God would give me grace to endure affliction, if He should see fit to send it, and that He would enable me to glorify Him by submission to His will. Sometimes I felt, while praying in this

way, that it was most probable that I would be the first of the family to die, and that I should be spared affliction. This has for a long time been a great comfort to me.

"Sunday, the last day I spent in P., was one of unusual refreshing. The Communion was peculiarly solemn and delightful, and though nothing but the desire to be submissive to the Lord's will had made me willing to stay so long away from home, I felt greatly comforted by the services of that day. I shall often think of that last night of prosperity,—another I can never know, for my mother is gone. On Monday I returned home, to that home in which a joyous welcome had always awaited me, and my first question was, 'Where is mother?' for I never cared to see any one till I had embraced her. Oh, my mother, my dear mother!

"I found she had been taken ill the night before, but was then much better. She welcomed me with tears of joy, but I did not dare to give way to my feelings, as she had much fever. I left her to *try* to eat some dinner, but my heart was full. When I returned, her eyes filled again and again, and I was obliged to leave the room. That night, she wished, as usual, to have family prayer in her room, and this was the last time that we all united in this service in which we have so much delighted, until the night we gathered around her dying bed, and again mingled our supplications. Her mind was in a calm and happy state. She expressed to Sister S., confidentially, that this would be her last sickness, and said that though she was happy in living with her children, it would be more happy to die and go to heaven. She prayed, 'Dear Saviour, admit me to heaven when I die.'

"From the first we were alarmed, though we scarcely realized that our mother, so blooming and so beautiful, could die. The spirit of prayer was poured into my soul. I was much with her during her sickness, and it was a comfort to put my hand upon her forehead, to try to soothe her to sleep—to minister to her comfort in any way, though I could not

perform the more fatiguing duties of nursing. She often asked to have passages of Scripture repeated, and sometimes to be prayed with, though her fever sometimes prevented us from gratifying this desire, and always prevented us from conversing very freely with her.

"When we were convinced that she was in danger, oh! how great was the agony of our hearts! And with what breathless anxiety did we cluster together, as near her room as we were allowed to be, to await the result of the Doctor's frequent examination of her symptoms; and then I would go away to pray, often more in groans of anguish than in words. And that night, when they thought that forty-eight, or perhaps twenty-four, hours would decide her case, there was a struggle, like the rending asunder of soul and body, and I went up stairs to give myself and my mother into the hands of God, and to pray for grace to glorify His name. During this time, our mother, the subject of our fears, and hopes, and prayers, was calm. Very often it was evident that she was engaged in prayer. She several times mentioned the passage, 'By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God,' as one which afforded her peculiar comfort. She spoke of the passage, 'Pray without ceasing,—in every thing give thanks,' as very beautiful.

"One day, when she was suffering greatly, I said to her, 'Our Saviour is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.'

"'How wonderful!' she replied.

"'What is wonderful, mother?'

"'That He should take up the cross, and suffer and die.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'that we might have life through Him. This is all our hope, is it not?'

"'Yes, it is all mine,' was her reply.

"At last, the time of trial came. We assembled at her bedside, and listened to such words of eloquence, such praises and such prayers, as we had never heard before. Much of this Sister S. has written, but many precious words have gone

from our remembrance. My heart was uplifted in prayer, and even in thanksgiving, for I was rejoiced to hear her thus speak. She said that never had widowed mother been blessed with children such as hers, spoke of our love for her and for each other, and said, 'Each preferring the other,' and then, as if reminded of the passage of Scripture, 'In honor preferring one another.' May this be our *motto*, evermore.

"After this, our hopes were rekindled, as the Doctor thought she might yet recover; but at about four or five, we again saw much to alarm us. At eight o'clock her spirit had fled! Oh, was there ever such a group around a bed of death! But, blessed be God, He did not desert us then! His presence was in our midst, and although the intensity of feeling was such that I almost thought my spirit would escape and go with hers, I felt that the Saviour was looking upon us in infinite compassion,—that he would receive our mother's soul, and then bind up our broken hearts. The promises of Scripture came into my mind. Almighty grace sustained my soul.

"Although much of the time unconscious, there seemed to be, in that dying saint, a leaning upon the Saviour's breast. When Sister S. repeated, 'When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;' she continued, 'Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.' One of her last expresssions was, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

"The next day I greatly dreaded the scene through which I was to pass. I knew that I could scarcely bear to witness the funeral of a stranger, and how should I feel to commit *my mother* to the dust? I could not bear to injure the cause of Christ by any appearance of rebellion. I did not wish to disturb the solemnity of the scene by fainting, or any other exhibition of feeling, and so I prayed and prayed that God would make perfect His strength in my weakness. And He did, and upheld me with his powerful arm; and even when I

stood by my mother's grave, the promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' was applied with power to my soul. Never shall I forget the desolation of that night. It was always my privilege to sleep with dear mother, and I was so thankful to have her dear, kind arm around me, that I often could not sleep for joy. No matter how great my physical suffering might be, I felt that, through the Almighty's aid and my mother's love, I could cheerfully endure it. And when I went to my room and remembered that her precious form was cold in death, my heart was truly sorrowful.

"When I awoke next morning, I was more overwhelmed than I had been at all. I opened my Book of Promises, which I had kept with me all night, and read our Saviour's words, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you,' and oh, how soothing, how soul-restoring I found this precious promise!

"Great is the mercy which the Lord has vouchsafed me. Did I not turn my thoughts to prayers, they would be past endurance. Oh! how much cause have we for thankfulness! To see one so dear die in the triumph of faith! To see her upheld when we could do nothing for her,—for we could not go with her into the valley of the shadow of death,—to know that she is happy, sinless, redeemed! This is comfort, indeed.

"And then for ourselves. We have needed this affliction, and one day we shall, I trust, thank our Heavenly Father for having thus afflicted us. And shall we not trust Him now? Oh, yes, through His all-sufficient grace. I have often read, with interest and with prayer, the promise, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me,' but never, until lately, have I fully understood its import.

"Great has been the kindness of our Christian friends, and comforting their prayers. May they still be offered, and the Lord be with *them* in the day of trouble. We went to

church the Sunday after, great trial as it was, for we thought the Sanctuary a proper place for the smitten children of God!"

How much of truly Christian sentiment in this last sentence, and how different this sanctified sorrow from that selfish grief that broods in sullen seclusion over its wounds, spurning the consolations of God. Blessed are they that mourn like this humble, submissive disciple, for they shall be comforted. Her disinterested and unselfish character shines forth in this dark and dismal day. She was not so absorbed with her own heart-rending bereavement as to have no sympathy for those who felt the same piercing grief. She sought to sustain and comfort them with the consolation wherewith she herself was comforted of God. And even in the freshness of her affliction, her longings for the spiritual good of others were in no degree abated, nor her efforts to win souls to Jesus intermitted.

To the Rev. J. A. Clark.

"Aug. 6, 1839.

"Very welcome, my dear Pastor, was the prompt expression of that sympathy which we knew you would deeply feel; and it has been my wish for some days past to tell you how much we value your Christian consolation and counsel; but I have been prevented, and sister M. has, during this interval, written to you. She has informed you of many circumstances attending the event which has occurred, and I need not repeat the narration.

"You were not mistaken in your trust that the Balm of Gilead would be poured into our wounded hearts. Our Saviour has not 'left us comfortless.' He *has* come to us, and will yet be with us, as we pursue our sorrowful pilgrimage. How thankful should we feel that we have not to seek an 'unknown God' in this our time of trial, that we have proved the Holy Spirit to be an efficient Comforter; and, oh, the love of Christ! I love my Saviour better because His blood has washed my mother's sins away, and purchased for *her* a title to eternal blessedness. I love Him because He took away the fear of death, and was with her in that trying hour when we, her sorrowing children, could no longer minister to her comfort. She

is now with Him in Heaven, and her happiness, to which it was our unceasing object to contribute, is now complete; and we give her up, not only because it is the Lord's will that we should do so, but because that will is good and wise. And yet, we cannot, and would not forget the loss we have sustained. Oh, what shall we do without that bright smile and kiss of welcome we prized so much? Where shall we go for that forbearance, gentleness and love; that ear so ready to listen to our joys and sorrows, and that counsel upon which we have loved to depend? We must go to the Saviour for consolation, for no earthly friend can supply our loss. We always *knew* that a mother's love was precious, and we shall realize more and more that we have lost a priceless treasure.

"I thank you for your faithful suggestion, that we should endeavor to derive benefit from this dispensation. How dreadful it would be to suffer unsanctified affliction; and I trust you will pray that 'more fruit' to the glory of God may be the result of this trial. Pray that 'all sinful affections may die in us,' so that we may rapidly grow in grace.

"You express a desire to know whether my sister, Mrs. N., and myself were at home during our mother's illness. Through the merciful providence of our Heavenly Father we were. Mr. N.'s business arrangements delayed their departure for some time after they had expected to set off, and I arrived at home a week before this event occurred. I found the beloved parent I had so impatiently desired to see, confined to her room. The night before, she had been for the first time seriously indisposed. I could not enjoy frequent conversations with her, as her fever was high; but she would often fix her eyes upon me so earnestly and so affectionately, that I would have to turn away. I know now that her heart was sad, when she thought of leaving me, her poor, helpless child; but the same trust which enabled her to feel that 'to depart and to be with Christ is far better,' will sustain me while I remain behind her.

"And now, I must say farewell. You will not forget to pray that now, when 'my flesh and my heart fail,' I may fully realize that 'God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

To her Sister.

"TEMORA, Aug. 8th, 1839.

"Your letter, my precious sister, was very welcome, and I hasten to answer it that you may not be uneasy about me, for I would not add *one sorrow more.* To-day I feel much better, and think that country air will prove beneficial, and at all events am convinced that

my sojourn here will be for the best, painful as is the separation from my sisters, always dear, but *now* still more beloved. Oh! how does my heart yearn over each one of you! If you were *strangers*, I should pity you and weep for you, for surely your loss is great, and desolate are your hearts; but as *fellow-sufferers*, I feel that our relationship is a sacred one. We have rejoiced together over the common mercies of our Heavenly Father. We have united our thanksgivings when those we truly love have been gathered into the fold of Christ. We have felt in the service of the sanctuary, and when kneeling together at the chancel to receive the emblems of our dear Redeemer's dying love, that earthly affection was sanctified by Christian love. We have gathered around our *mother* a most happy family, and have felt that in her we possessed a priceless treasure, for we did love, and we were thankful for our only, our precious parent; and, at last, we were assembled around her dying bed. Then, we committed to the silent dust that form which was snatched from our embrace in all its beauty and its bloom. Oh! what would we not have given for one more kiss of love, one word of tenderness; and we turned from our mother's tomb with feelings such as the *orphan* only knows. And where is our resting-place? Not our desolate home, for that has lost its charm; not the sympathies of our kindest friends, for could we not say to all they would tell us, 'We have lost our mother'?

"Are we then to sit down in hopeless grief? Is ours the sorrow of those who have no knowledge of a Saviour's love—no experience of the wisdom and the kindness of the Almighty? Is He to us an 'unknown God?' and shall we ask Him why He has thus dealt with us? May He preserve us from this greatest of afflictions and greatest of sins—rebellion against His Holy Will. I would not be so unwise as to murmur, because He is a God of power. I would not be so ungrateful, for He is a God of love. We are deprived of earthly parents, but are we not all His children by faith in Christ Jesus? Do we not trust that ours is a spiritual adoption? Oh! for the trusting spirit of little children! The promise is 'As one whom his *mother* comforteth, so will I comfort you;' and we will, my dear, dear sisters, not go to weep in solitary places, a broken family, but gather around the mercy-seat to receive 'grace to help in time of need.' Let us, with united hearts, pursue a heavenly journey, and then at last we shall reach our Father's house, and He will 'wipe away all tears from our eyes,' and make us to feel that 'the former things are passed away.' And oh! blessed be God! our mother is

there; and will she not gladly welcome us to her happy home! With her, we have surrounded the family altar. How much better to surround the throne of the Majesty on high!

"May we look upward and onward! May our unceasing prayer be 'Lord, increase our faith!' It is better to suffer than to sin; and it would be a sad thing should we grieve the Holy Spirit, and bring reproach upon that name by which we have been so long called, by refusing to submit to a dispensation which is intended to *increase* our love for heavenly things. Our Heavenly Father sees much sin in our hearts, too much of self, and of the world, and He would have us to be earth-weaned, heavenly-minded. Let it be our constant prayer that this may be a *sanctified affliction;* and may its result be deep humility, ardent love and untiring devotion to the duties which devolve upon us! * * *

"This is a season of sorrowful yet hallowed recollections. It is one in which I feel my need of special prayer. 'The Rock that is higher than I' is an unfailing refuge, and I there abide." * * *

To J. H. S.

"TEMORA, Bucks Co., Pa., Aug. 9th, 1839.

"It has been my custom, dear cousin, when remembering you and your brother in my prayers, to ask our Heavenly Father to bless 'my orphan cousins;' for I knew that those children who, in His Providence, had been deprived of earthly parents, were the objects of His peculiar care, and that they must, on this account, especially require the guidance of His Holy Spirit. But when my sympathies have been so enlisted in your behalf, how little did I suppose that your situation would be one day mine,—that *my mother*, so blooming and so lovely, for whom my affection was every day growing stronger, would be suddenly called into another world. It would have been less painful to have given up every other earthly friend. But though she has left her children, who loved so well to minister to her comfort, she has gone to the Saviour in whose presence is fullness of joy. She delighted in communion with Him in the hour of health, and He did not desert her on the bed of death. The promises of God, which then were dear to her heart, sustained her and were still more precious in this time of need. Such prayers and such praises I have never heard.

"The night before she was taken from us, she wished us all to assemble around her bed, and commenced a prayer which was beautiful beyond description,—commended her children to the care of the

Almighty, and expressed her love for us in the most affecting terms. She spoke of the willingness of our Heavenly Father to answer prayer, and said, 'His promise is, Ask, and ye *shall* receive.' She spoke of the Saviour as the only way of salvation, and said many would try to climb up some other way, but should not be able. She quoted the passage, 'Now is the accepted time' (O that *you* would lay this to your heart, my dear cousin); and said many things which were most solemn and impressive.

"And what, do you suppose, were our feelings when we saw our mother, our dear mother, growing more faint and more pale, and knew that the hand of death was on her? I felt as though *my* soul too would take its flight and go with her; and yet there was such a sense of the presence and the love of God — such a spirit of thankfulness that He had so sustained my mother—that He had redeemed her soul,—that the bitterness of the cup was taken away. The Comforter was near, and whispered, Peace!

"And now we are orphans. Kind friends offer their sympathy, and we receive it with gratitude, but it is at a Throne of Grace alone that we find efficient consolation; and with the ear of faith we listen to the promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' O that you, my dear cousin, were adopted into the family of the Most High! Will you not become His child, through faith in Jesus? It cost me a painful effort to write this letter, but I feel more than ever constrained to labor for your salvation. Oh let me beseech you to delay no longer to secure the salvation of your soul. *Now*, 'all things are ready.' But we know that it is possible to grieve away the Spirit—to cause the Almighty to utter the dreadful sentence, 'He is joined to his idols, let him alone.' Should I never again be permitted to address you upon this subject, remember, my dear cousin, that I have faithfully warned you of your danger, and told you of the way of escape. But I will trust that you will not refuse peace and safety, but will *at once* say,

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.'

Then you will be accepted and saved.

"How deep an interest my dear mother always felt in your welfare and your brother's! May it be her happiness to meet in heaven the children of her dear brother. Tell Robert he must write very soon, and that although he has no sisters to watch over and love him, he has cousins who feel great interest in his welfare, and who fer-

vently pray that he may be preserved from the temptations by which he is surrounded, and become a devoted and useful Christian. Has he ever read Martyn's Life? I hope he will be like him. O that you may both become faithful soldiers of the Cross!

"I am now in the country with my sister. My friends insisted on my leaving the city, as my health is increasingly delicate. Write *very soon*, and give me *good news*. How you would cheer my heart by saying, 'I have chosen the Lord as the portion of my soul.'"

Rev. J. A. Clark to Miss Allibone.

"FAIRFIELD, Aug. 12th, 1839.

"My very dear Friend: — Your very acceptable letter came duly to hand, for which I thank you. It has been very gratifying to me to learn that your dear departed parent left behind her such clear evidence that death was only the angel of Christ, wafting her disenthralled spirit into the presence of God and the Lamb. * * *

"I have drunk often of the bitter cup of bereavement. Five dear children, one after another, the Lord has plucked away from me. Two dear sisters, whose presence and society spread a sunshine around my early days, and led me fully to appreciate female character, faded, one after the other, beneath the blight of death, from my view. A dear brother, who watched over my preparation for the ministry, and observed my first essays to preach the Gospel with an interest, anxiety and solicitude that was utterly absorbing; and whose kind, loving, paternal voice often cheered me in the hour of depression and discouragement, I have followed to the grave, and parted from to meet no more till the resurrection morn. And, like you, I have stood by the dying bed of a *dear, dear mother!* That scene I can never forget. The remembrance of it now brings up a throng of emotions that I can scarcely control. I know all that you feel! And yet I know that the very stroke which severs this strong tie is full of mercy.

"When I first heard of the death of your mother, my thoughts instantly reverted to her bereaved children; and then I said, 'How will they receive this?' The thought instantly occurred to me, 'They will receive it as David did a very sore trial, "I was dumb and opened not my mouth, because Thou, Lord, didst it."' I was then led to think how very different Christians appeared from the unregenerate, under affliction. He who is living 'without God in the world' is inconsolable under bereavements, and his mouth is filled with murmurings and complaints. The Christian sits down at the feet of

Jesus and is dumb, and openeth not his mouth. 'He opens not his mouth'—he utters no complaint, not only because he feels that he *deserves* chastisement — not only because he knows that *none of the children of God are without chastisement* (Heb. 12 : 8) — not only because he understands that it is designed to confer upon him the highest benefits (Heb. 12 : 10); but especially because it *comes from God.* 'I was dumb and opened not my mouth, BECAUSE THOU, GOD, DIDST IT.' Has God done great things for my soul? Has He given His Son to die for me? Has He blotted out all my sins? adopted me into His family? written my name in the Book of Life? and pledged His everlasting Word to guide me every step of the way to Heaven, and to guide me *in the very best possible way?* And to make me entirely easy on this point, has He written upon the passport which he has given me through life, 'All things shall work together for your good'? And now shall I complain at any of His dealings? If the tabernacle I have built is torn down,—if my plans of earthly happiness are suddenly overthrown,—if they, whose presence cheered life and spread sunshine over my path, are torn from me,—if friends, fortune, health, and all that renders life attractive, are blighted and swept away, I might fill my mouth with complaints, and give vent to the bitterness of my heart in words that burn, had this been done by human or angelic power — by accident or the enemies of my peace. But when I remember who is on the Throne, and whence affliction comes, *I am dumb and open not my mouth, because* I see *Thou, Lord, didst it.* I am sure the more you meditate on this, the more your heart will rise up in adoring gratitude, and rejoice in the government of God. How wonderful it is that God should regard our mean concerns, and continually care for us! How sweet it is to believe this, and 'cast all our care on Him!'

"I hope, in about a fortnight, to start for Philadelphia, and shall be glad to see you all. I think, however, it is a wise arrangement that you should remain in the country till the warm weather is over. Should you continue in —— sometime after my return, it will give me great pleasure to receive a letter from you. Mrs. C. desires to unite with me in the warmest expressions of sympathy and regard. She loves you tenderly, and has deeply felt this your affliction.

"Your affectionate Pastor and friend."

"Had a visit to-day from my little friends, the two K.'s. They wept much when I talked and prayed with them, and I feel a hope that they will become the children of God. I

wish to know the path of duty about returning home. I prefer going, but would rather be *guided*,—and I shall be, I am sure, for I believe the promise, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'

"*Oct. 2d.*—Some blessed thoughts of Heaven have refreshed my soul. I have been thinking of God, 'the Maker of all things, the Judge of all men,' as my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, as 'the Father of the fatherless, in His holy habitation,"—of Jesus, 'the Man of sorrows,' 'who went about doing good,'—of Jesus as a crucified Redeemer,—of His resurrection, His ascension, and of the love He bears His people, even now, upon His throne of glory. I have been thinking upon Him as my mother's Friend, as my Saviour, the Rock of my refuge.

"*5th.*—Last night was one of fearful interest. Late in the evening a fire commenced, which continued until morning and made sad ravages. We had reason to suppose that our dear brothers had lost, perhaps, almost all their earthly goods, but we knew that they had treasure laid up in Heaven, and were not afraid, though we felt constrained to pray most earnestly that they might not be injured; and every ring at the door startled us, for we feared they would be brought home senseless, perhaps killed—but even this we could cast upon God. Oh, what a comfort it is to have a Heavenly Father to go to!

"Before I left Temora, my hand was severely bitten by the dog. I very foolishly put my hand into his box to stroke his head, and he caught my hand with so much violence, that had I not pulled it out instantly, it would, most probably, have been bitten through, and my hand would perhaps have been lost. How thankful I should be for this escape! I can see in one instance a good result from this bite,— a talk with Dr. ——, and an opportunity of giving him 'Wilberforce's Practical View.'

"How sorrowful was our return to our once happy home,

and how different from the greetings we had always received! Not even at first did I so fully realize the loss we have sustained. I felt that to faint would be a relief, and I did almost, if not quite, lose my recollection. I perhaps might have prayed more that I might not be so overwhelmed, but there was not one feeling of murmuring.

"Had, during a few days, much intercourse with Mr. H. He said to me, one day, when speaking of the probability of his death, 'I candidly repent of every sin I have ever committed. My only trust is in the blood of Christ. I lie at the foot of the Cross.' He has since departed in the triumph of faith.

"To-morrow will be our Communion Sunday. I trust that my heart will be prepared for this blessed ordinance, whether or not I be permitted to partake of it.

"*Oct. 20th.*—Have been unable to go to church to-day, but have received more spiritual strength than usual. Have had dear little H. with me much of the day, and have tried to lead her to Jesus. Great is my responsibility towards these dear children. The office of a sponsor is no light charge, and for it I must give account. How many are my sins of omission!

> 'The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
> Shall wash my load of sin away.'

Oh, how sorrowful I feel! Would not my heart have broken, had I received no sustaining grace!

"*Oct. 29th.*—I cannot often write in my Diary, as it gives me much pain to do so. Increasing reason have I to be reminded of my mortality, and I fear I have sometimes offended my Heavenly Father by a more earnest desire to depart, than is consistent with perfect submission to His will. Still, He knows that in my heart I desire that His will may be done in all things, and it is my prayer that the way by which He is leading me may not seem long. Many, many blessings

are given me, and I do hope that a new song will be put into my mouth, even praise to our God. I am afraid I am too sorrowful. I feel so lonely without my dear mother, and yet I always find comfort in prayer.

"I have said nothing about the last Communion season. I felt a resting of the soul upon God, but when I remembered that I could not, as I had been accustomed, pray for my dear mother, as I knelt at the chancel, my heart was faint within me. I remembered that I must soon praise God for His mercy to her, for while we were commemorating the dying love of Jesus upon earth, it was her privilege to sit at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Oh, my mother, my mother! my heart yearns for thee, yet I rejoice that thou art in Heaven; and this, only the love of Christ could enable me to say.

"We had a very sweet visit from dear Friend Gurney, on Sunday week. He seemed to sympathize deeply with us. He told me he believed that He who had begun a good work in my heart would carry it on; and I believe He will, for Christ's sake. I do love and trust my Saviour, and He will never forsake me.

"Next Sunday will be another Communion season. I do not know whether I shall be able to go to church, but I hope my heart will be prepared for this blessed ordinance, which I have found the most useful means of grace which has been vouchsafed me.

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'"

CHAPTER XII.

1840—1842.

Effect of the shock upon Miss Allibone's Health — Spiritual Peace her sole Support — Prostration — Intermission of Writing — Dr. Clark's Letters — The Easter of the Universe — Comment on Jude xxiv. — Intimacy with Miss L. V. Byrd — Letters to Miss B. — Counsels to the Desponding — Communions in private — Removal to Hamiltonville — Cottage Home — Efforts to do good — Excursions to the Woodlands — Classes for Instruction — First Letter to Rev. R. Smith.

It could not be otherwise than that the overwhelming shock, which had come so suddenly upon Miss Allibone, should seriously affect her health. It is wonderful, indeed, that she survived it. So frail and delicate, her nervous system so acutely sensitive, it would have seemed inevitable that she would sink under the stroke which severed the bonds of earthly communion with her fondly-loved parent. The daughter expected soon to lay her aching head beside her mother's, and friends scarcely looked for her to remain long behind. Under God, it may be supposed that her holy resignation to her Father's will exerted a soothing influence, which alleviated the physical effects of the shock which she had sustained. The balm in Gilead may have proved medicine to the body, as well as to the stricken soul. It was obvious, indeed, for many years of her languishing life, that her religious peace and animating hopes were the true support of the debilitated frame, and that, bodily as well as spiritually, "the joy of the Lord was her strength." But while wonderfully supported through this fiery trial, her frail earthly tenement quivered and trembled, as if ready to be dissolved.

When the new excitement of her grief subsided, her strength was utterly prostrated, and the struggle was doubt-

ful and protracted between life and death. For more than a year she lay passive in the hands of her Almighty Guardian, calmly awaiting, in the confidence of faith, His sovereign will. She was obliged to desist, during this period, from those exertions to benefit others which constituted, at other times, so much of her occupation and enjoyment. The feeble hand could no longer guide the pen, that was wont to do so much for the comfort and instruction of the absent, her correspondence was almost suspended, and her Diary for nearly two years is a blank. From this prostration she surprisingly recovered, so as to be able to resume her epistolary converse with her friends, and to impart oral teachings in her own room, to the profit and blessing of the young and ignorant. But she never regained the ability to walk or to travel. The visit to Temora, soon after her mother's death, was her last journey, and much as she had enjoyed these visits, she resigned them without a word of regret or complaint.

"*Jan. 2d.*—Again I open my Diary, after an interval of more than nine weeks. Unexpected, indeed, has been the continuance of my life until this time, for I have been on the very confines of ———.

"*April 24th.*—Still I am in this lower world,—still experiencing the sustaining, the consoling grace of my Heavenly Father, and receiving proofs of affection from my beloved friends. Every day do my precious sisters and brothers become more dear. Unvarying is their kindness, and I could be only willing to leave them for my heavenly home, for the Saviour's presence, and for a reunion with my blessed mother. I ought not to write, for I have little strength; I should not, otherwise, neglect my Diary: but I would record the love of God, the Saviour's all-sufficiency, the Spirit's aid, and my own unworthiness. Still is the language of my heart,—

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arm I fall;
Jesus, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.'

Be with me, dear Saviour, in my time of need, and then permit me, in Heaven, to praise Thy redeeming love!"

Extract from a letter of Rev. J. A. Clark to Miss Allibone.

"April 23d, 1840.

"Though somewhat fatigued by our journey, we had one of the loveliest views of regenerated nature rising from the tomb of winter that I ever enjoyed. The foliage on the trees was just beginning to put forth, and a robe of dark verdure to be spread over every field. The sky was cloudless, the sun most brilliant, the air balmy and invigorating, a flood of splendor seemed poured over universal nature; while the birds, on every hedge and spray, were tuning their shrill pipes, and saying to the devout ear, '*Praise ye the Lord.*' It was an animating scene, and one calculated to refresh the mind and wake up gladness in the heart. I could not but think how delightful would be that great Easter of the universe, when 'all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of Jesus and come forth;' when the 'new heavens' and the 'new earth' shall be raised up from the tomb and the ashes of this dissolved world; and we shall walk amid celestial beauty, immortal freshness, and the sweet echoing voices of angels, and be for ever present with the Lord; — behold Jesus in all His loveliness — admire Him in His glory, and be changed into the same image.

"These are meditations that occupy much of your time; and you feel a longing desire to enter in, and behold the unclouded vision of Immanuel. Though your removal would wither one of the green spots on earth, upon which I love to linger, still I would not, were it in my power, delay for a single moment the approaching wheels of Messiah's chariot, which is to conduct you to the city of the Great King, and to the presence of the Lamb.

"I know that it is alone *by grace* that you are what you are; you have nothing whereof to boast — you have nothing wherein to glory; but you have a great deal for which to praise the Lord: the removal, through the blood of Christ, of all your sins; your acceptance in the Beloved; a blessed hope which entereth within the veil; a peace which passeth all understanding; the spirit of adoption whereby you can cry, 'Abba, Father;' the Spirit bearing witness with your spirit that you are a child of God; entire resignation to the will of God; a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; an assured hope of blessedness at God's right hand; these are the precious gifts of God, for which you cannot praise him enough."

Letter from Rev. J. A. Clark.

"FAIRFIELD, Aug. 14, 1840.

"My very dear Friend: — The way in which I have kept up my correspondence with you this summer just illustrates one great fact in our history, to wit, how much better we resolve and promise than we do. It was a source of deep sorrow to me, that in consequence of my summer absence from Philadelphia, I should not have it in my power to pay you those frequent pastoral visits which I did during the last winter, and which were precious opportunities of spiritual comfort and improvement to me, as well as occasions of imparting, perhaps, some increased enjoyment to you. I, however, promised myself, and promised you, and fully intended at the time to redeem the pledge given, to write you very often, and to endeavor to make up, by frequent epistolary communication, for the want of personal pastoral attendance; and yet here I am, within three weeks of the time of my return, and this is my *second* letter.

"I could hope to explain my conduct to you, by telling you that since I left home I have been leading almost wholly an itinerant mode of life — that I have been engaged in a round of constant visiting, reviving old friendships, revisiting scenes of former interest, &c. I could hope thus to clear myself, when arraigned at the bar of one so gentle and merciful as I know you to be, but then my heart brings in a verdict against me in reference to my whole life, that I have always been *promising* and *resolving* to do much better than I have ever done, so that my conduct to you is just a specimen of my whole life. Had I done all that I have resolved to do for the Lord, made as many pastoral visits, written as many books and preached as many sermons as I have planned, the review of the past would have been far more grateful to me than it now is. I now feel continually that I have 'left undone the things which I ought to have done.' All my hope for my past ministry is, and I suppose it will be so at the close of my life, that the Lord will have mercy upon me, for Jesus' sake, and pardon my want of more zeal, and fidelity and engagedness in his cause; and as I hope for pardon there, so I trust my acquittal will be obtained with you for my present delinquency. I will not *promise*, but *try*, without promising, to do better for the future.

"The few lines you sent me, traced with a pencil on the last page of the sheet filled out by your sisters, I read with peculiar pleasure, because I feared you would be too feeble even to attempt this. I have not forgotten or lost sight of your request, that I should pray

that you might have an '*increase of faith.*' In passing through this changeful world, there is nothing that we so much need as true child-like faith; no petition that we need so frequently to offer as, '*Lord, increase our faith.*' If we had the faith of the ancient servants of God, we should be in little danger of getting out of the narrow path, because under all trials we should 'endure, as seeing Him who is invisible,' and, under all our troubles, we should have such a vivid conception of that 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory' for which our trials were preparing us, that we should continue 'to go on our way rejoicing.'

"I pray, my dear friend, that you may continue to 'look unto Jesus,' who is 'the Author and Finisher of your faith.' Is there not something most reviving and heavenly in the thought that Christ knoweth the sheep of his flock, and that he has promised that nothing shall pluck them out of his hand, and that none of them shall ever perish? Oh, what a great and glorious Redeemer you have! Do you not often contemplate his character with increasing delight? What a glorious description of Him is that which the Scriptures give, as 'One that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.' What a blessing to know that, in our passage to Heaven, we are in the hands of one who is '*able to keep us from falling,*' for how many things there are in this wilderness-world, through which we are passing, to cause us to stumble and fall! What a blessing to know we are in the hands of one who is 'able to present us faultless before the presence of His glory!' What a miracle of wisdom and mercy to 'bring a clean thing out of an unclean,' to present a guilty sinner *faultless* at the stern bar of infinite justice! And then what a privilege to be made able to stand at that bar, not only calm and peaceful, but filled '*with exceeding joy!*' All this Christ will do for you and me. Should we not then love Christ? Should we ever doubt or distrust his goodness? Is not this the best way to kindle up our faith into a brighter blaze, to meditate much, and prayerfully, upon the character of our great and adorable Redeemer?

"Your affectionate Pastor."

About this period, an intimate friendship was formed between the subject of this memoir and Miss Lucie V. Byrd, a young lady whose personal beauty, graceful manners, refinement and intelligence, are described by those who knew her

in the most glowing language. Congeniality of taste and sentiment, and mutual appreciation of each other, and especially religious sympathy and spiritual communion, drew the two friends very closely together. Miss Byrd was only in her sixteenth year when this intimacy commenced, and was indebted to the fervent piety and affectionate persuasives of her friend for that influence, which was most important to one just entering upon a world of temptation and danger. To Miss Allibone's faithful counsels she traced, under the blessing of the Highest, those Christian principles and hopes which proved such a strength and treasure to her during a life, all too short for those who looked upon her with love, and which invested her early death-bed with celestial brightness. "Do you remember, dear Susan," she wrote, "how much your first instructions were blessed to me? Before we met, I had almost determined to give up all hope of becoming a Christian. Since that time I have tasted the sweetness of believing in Jesus, and had my heart opened to see and believe many things that I had never seen and believed before."

Of the letters included in this sketch, a considerable number are addressed to this interesting young person, to whom Miss Allibone's heart clung with the truest and deepest affection. Won by the latter's gentle but faithful representations, Lucie consecrated her youth to the Lord who bought her. While, (in Miss Allibone's language,) "her beauty, gracefulness, and winning manners attracted the homage of many hearts, she turned from the incense of adulation to the Cross of Jesus, and loved better to worship there than to be the centre of the admiring throng." The spiritual enjoyments of Miss Byrd were, for a time, greatly hindered and darkened by depressing fears and doubts, and the counsels of her experienced friend, so strong in faith and love, during this period of gloom and sadness, were truly invaluable.

To Miss L. V. B.

"Phila., March 2, 1841.

"I must yield, dear Lucie, to the impulse which urges me to write to you, though you kindly desire me to avoid the exertion; and if, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, I shall be enabled in any degree to strengthen your desire to serve our Heavenly Father, and to confirm your confidence in His faithfulness and love, I shall be more than compensated for the physical inconvenience the effort may produce; for I can truly say that I do 'yearn over you in the bowels of Christ Jesus.'

"You have been, since you left us, the daily subject of my thoughts and prayers, and your letter was received with a very warm welcome, which I will promise in advance to as many epistles as you may feel disposed to send us; for you need never fear that the expression of your feelings will be wearisome, or that we shall cease to give you our sympathies and prayers. I should be full of fear for you, dear Lucie, for I know you are surrounded by temptations, were I not fully assured that you may at all times provide yourself with those spiritual weapons, which will enable you to 'fight manfully against the world, the flesh and the devil,' and I trust, dear Lucie, you have resolved to 'put on the whole armor of God,' and will ever be encouraged by the assurance that 'who in the strength of Jesus trusts, is more than conqueror.' You judge correctly in the expression of your opinion that unbelief is among the greatest sins. We could not wound an earthly friend more keenly than by doubting his affection or willingness to aid us; and if his *word* were called in question, he would feel that he was grossly injured. How numerous and consoling are the promises which are given us in the word of God! And we can best honor our Heavenly Father by pleading these promises in the name of Jesus, and trusting Him for their fulfilment with filial confidence. We are told, of a city once visited by our Saviour, 'He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief;' and this passage of Scripture is to me a solemn warning against despondency. But, again, the Bible tells us, 'Blessed is the man that feareth alway,' and, truly, we should fear our own wayward and deceitful hearts, the temptations of Satan and the withering influence of the world; and then, with these fears, we should run to the cross of Christ, for there only can safety and peace be found. May 'the fear of the Lord,' dear Lucie, be the ruling fear of your heart, and *in it* you will find *strong confidence* and a *place* of refuge. Prov. 14, 26.

"I wish you could have been with us last Sunday week. Mr. Clark administered the Communion, and a refreshing season it was — more precious than the best pleasures ever enjoyed by the votaries of the world. Oh, how sadly mistaken are those who think religion a gloomy thing! They should read the 174th hymn of our blessed Prayer-book, as expressive of the feelings of those who have discovered the secret of true happiness. I once heard Dr. Bedell assure a lady who was afraid to choose the Lord for her portion, because she thought it possible her taste for worldly amusements would revive, that, if her heart were once filled with the love of Christ, she would be in little danger. * * *

"*March 4th.* — You are now, I suppose, in a scene of excitement and interest; and, I trust, you have not forgotten to ask our Heavenly Father to endue our new President with that wisdom which only cometh from above. How much better to express our patriotism at a throne of grace, where we can best serve our country's interests, than in enthusiasm, or useless invective against those with whom we disagree!

"Religion is an unfailing resource in every time of need, and it surely irradiates the *brightest scenes* of earth. Oh, that we may know more and more of its power! * * *

"Dear Lucie, you will not forget daily self-examination. This is not a pleasant, but a very profitable employment."

To the same.

"I cannot resist the temptation to send you a very few lines by so good an opportunity, dear Lucie. I received your letter with much pleasure, and was delighted to learn that you were at that time experiencing an increase of peace. If you will steadily contemplate the cross of Christ, your mind will be '*filled* with joy and peace in believing;' and fervently I pray that 'with joy you may draw water from the wells of salvation.' I was quite surprised to learn that your desire to be confirmed was so soon to be gratified. Write very soon and tell me all about it. I expect to commune very soon, and wish you could be with me.

"Our beloved Pastor has been laboring most faithfully during the season of Lent, and is quite sick, although able to preach. I intended sending you a message from him, but he has not been here during the last two weeks. Thirty-nine persons were confirmed at our church, two weeks since, and I hope many hearts in our congre-

gation have been visited with the strivings of the Spirit, though I feel disappointed that a larger number have not consecrated themselves to the Lord. * * *

"I suppose you all deeply felt the loss of our beloved President. It is, indeed, a national calamity; but it is consoling to observe the religious feeling which has been elicited, and the proclamation of the President in reference to a day of fasting and prayer should excite our fervent thanksgiving. I shall hope well for my beloved country when she humbles herself before God." * * *

To the same.

"PHILA., April 29, 1841.

"'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' This, dear Lucie, is the counsel I am prompted to offer you; this the consolation I would administer, and can you not receive it? Have you not yet learned to turn away from your sins and sorrows to that compassionate Redeemer, who is looking upon you with unutterable love, and saying, 'Come unto *Me*, and I will give you rest.' Lucie, my dear child, you need not doubt. That blessed Spirit who has convinced you of the holiness of the law, and of your inability to fulfil its demands, will also teach you that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.'

"I received your letter this evening, and do you think I could resist the temptation to tell you at once how sincere is my sympathy, and how fervent my hope that God will yet lift on you the light of His countenance? You will be surprised if I tell you that I am not at all discouraged about you, and that though I regret that your faith is so very weak, I do not doubt that it is genuine. If I had previously feared, as I never have done, that your mind had been unvisited by the Holy Spirit, this sad letter would have removed the impression, for it contains the expression of feelings which come not from the world, nor from Satan, nor from your own heart, for *they* would persuade you to self-complacency, and delude you with false peace. The Holy Spirit is showing you that you are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked, that you may appreciate the 'gold tried in the fire,' the 'white raiment' and the 'eye-salve,' which our kind Redeemer so kindly counsels us to buy of Him.—Rev. 3: 18. But, dear Lucie, though I am thankful that you realize your sinfulness, I am sorry that you forget too much the promises of the Gospel and the love of Christ. Continue

to pray, however, and your faith will be increased. You will find an appropriate promise in Is. 40: 29. * * *

"Perhaps your Heavenly Father has deprived you of the spiritual aid you desire, that your dependence may be upon Him only, and yet it is your duty to use every means of grace, and I am sure His Spirit prompts the interest and counsel we would give. I feel that *I* need teaching; that I am quite as sinful as you feel yourself to be; but Jesus is *my* hope, and I can lead you to Him.

"Last Monday it was my privilege to receive again the holy Communion, and, as Mr. Clark said in his prayer afterwards, we realized that Jesus was with us in the breaking of bread. I should be grieved, indeed, were you to absent yourself from this ordinance because you cannot enjoy the consolation you desire. It is only in the path of duty the blessing of God can be expected. I am truly thankful that you persevere in prayer, for any neglect of this kind would be dangerous indeed.

'Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.'

"And while you persevere in seeking the comforts, neglect not, dear Lucie, to ask for the *graces* of the Spirit. Even while your heart is heavy you can exercise forbearance and self-denial, and many other Christian virtues, while your Father in Heaven will look with delight upon your efforts to please. Obey Him with filial reverence; trust Him with filial confidence, and the 'Spirit of adoption' will be ere long sent into your heart, and you will be enabled to cry unto Him 'Abba, Father.' Is. 50: 10, will give you most appropriate counsel. And then, dear Lucie, do not be induced to desist from the study of the Bible because you do not find the delight in it you so much and so properly desire. Its precepts you can practise, even though you cannot appropriate its promises. But then, St. Paul says, 'Covet earnestly the best gifts,' so you do well to seek for peace as well as knowledge. Again would I direct you to our compassionate Redeemer. You are a great sinner, but He is a *greater* Saviour; and remember that unbelief is one of the greatest sins.

"You say that I have never felt nor acted as you have done. Alas, Lucie, you do not know how sinful I have been. This very day I have been shedding tears of penitence. It has often been the language of my heart, —

'And lo! I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but grace shall I receive.'

"Do you know that sweet hymn of Kirke White's, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' and that one in 'Sacred Gems,' 'Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus.' Remember Christ has died for you just as much as though no one else had ever lived.

'He is willing, He is able; *doubt no more.*'

"You must write to me very soon, for I shall feel very anxious to hear from you. One thing I should not forget to recommend, that you spend much time in praising God for what He has done for you. What kindness has he evinced in having spared your life until you were made willing to give your heart to Him! And then, dear Lucie, you will not forget daily self-examination. We should make no companion of sin of any kind."

"*March 20th, Sunday evening.*—'Our hearts shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in His holy name.' What shall I say of the events which have occurred during the past three years? Shall I speak of bereavement, of sorrow and pain; of my sins and omissions of duty? I love best to record the loving-kindness of my Father, my *very present help in trouble.* Oh, what love has he shown me, what gentleness, what care! Peace which passeth understanding has been my portion. Temporal comforts innumerable—my friends, my brothers and sisters, my Pastor—oh, what have they been to me! Looks and words of kindness, and unfailing offices of love, have been showered upon me by my own precious family. Christians have given me their sympathy and prayers, and often have I returned hearty thanks for the communion of saints,—and then I have seen sinners brought to Jesus.

"One of the greatest blessings I have enjoyed, since my confinement to my room, has been the holy Communion. Language learned from the heavenly world could alone express the comfort I have derived from this ordinance. This

afternoon I was privileged to receive it, after a longer interval than usual; and I felt that with implicit confidence I could rely upon the Cross of Christ. I felt that I was very sinful, but looked to Jesus, nothing doubting."

After increasing weakness rendered Miss Allibone an almost constant prisoner in her room, and she was thus debarred from participation in those devotions and ordinances of the sanctuary which she had found so edifying and full of comfort, she gladly availed herself of such means of grace as were still within her reach. And especially did she prize and enjoy the privilege which her Church so tenderly and considerately extends to her sick members, of partaking in their retirement the precious memorials of redeeming love. Very frequent in her Diary and Letters, during the remaining years of her life, are allusions like the foregoing to the spiritual refreshment thus ministered to her. Her simple, clear, earnest faith in her crucified Redeemer, by which every day and almost every hour she was enabled indeed to "eat his flesh and drink his blood," instead of disparaging the Lord's Supper, only made it so much the more sweet and reviving to her soul. These Communions were to the officiating minister, and the few chosen friends who united in them, seasons of the deepest solemnity. The felt presence and love of the Lord Jesus affected all who partook, with this waiting saint, of the broken bread and of the cup of blessing. Where two or three were thus gathered, He was in their midst, whom having not seen they loved. The following is another record of the same kind:

"*April 30th.* — Have this day again received the Communion, and with grateful heart I bless my Saviour that He did vouchsafe to institute this ordinance — so simple — so suited to our wants — so illustrative of His wisdom and His love. It is to me always a comfort and a blessing; though I painfully feel that in this, as well as in all things else, I am often

tried with wandering thoughts, and with a want of the deep spirituality that I desire. Dear Dr. C. seemed weak and sick, and I earnestly desired that spiritual strength might be given him. I should be glad to keep a daily record of events and frames of mind, but I cannot do this. I have to devote my little strength to other purposes. Oh, that it were more entirely consecrated to the Lord! I am weak and sinful, but my blessed Saviour has done for me all that I need—all that I desire.

"Oh, how very kind is my Heavenly Father! How wonderful that He should give me so much spiritual comfort, and enable me to do any thing for the cause of Jesus! Oh, when shall I be pure in heart? When shall I be with Jesus? Heaven, oh! Heaven, I long to be there; but the Lord's will be done. I would try to find in every station something to do or learn, and with this spirit await my summons home,—home to the world where redeemed sinners surround the Lamb of God, and praise his dying love."

To Miss L. V. B.

"Your letter arrived this evening, dear Lucie, and was received with a very sincere welcome. I am thankful that you have been enabled to exercise a greater degree of faith, and trust it will be daily increased. You cannot expect too much from God, and too little from your own heart, unassisted by His grace. I feel very grateful that our Heavenly Father has been pleased to make me in any degree useful to you, my beloved Lucie, for I feel that it is a proof of His love, and I hope you will not cease to remember me in your daily prayers; and you must pray for me, 'not as having attained, or already perfect,' but as one who desires to '*press* towards the mark.'

"This note I send by my dear Pastor, who intends visiting you if he possibly can. How glad you will be to see him, if he should be able to get to your house, and I should like your family to know him. They would find him not only a consistent Christian, but a perfect gentleman. I think, dear Lucie, you should communicate your feelings to your Pastor. I have no doubt he would be gratified

by your confidence, and I hope you do not forget to pray for him every day. We do not remember to pray for the ministers of Christ as we should. St. Paul speaks much of this duty.

"I send you a package of tracts: some of them are very excellent. The 'Almost Christian' is very solemn. Do not be discouraged by the stupidity of those whom you endeavor to instruct. As Miss Fry says, we are only required to fill the water-pots with water—it is the Saviour's office to turn the water into wine." * * *

To the same.

"PHILA., May 2, 1841.

"Your letter, this morning received, excited, dear Lucie, feelings of commiseration and regret. I attempt to answer it with a deep sense of insufficiency, trusting that the Holy Spirit will teach me what to say to you. I have in my hand my little book of Scripture Promises, and from almost every page I could select some assurance of the love of God, which refers to your spiritual necessities — promises freely offered to all who desire their acceptance, conveyed to us from the mouth of the Eternal, through the medium of His holy Word, sealed by the blood of Christ, and tested by the experience of glorified saints, and millions who are on their journey to the celestial city. And yet you reject them all; saying, 'They are not for me; I am too great a sinner.' Alas! this unbelief is your greatest sin,—this unwillingness to take God at His word, this want of confidence which would be considered so unkind, so insulting, by an earthly friend. This state of mind is the result, dear Lucie, of the tendency against which I have so often cautioned you. You have looked to yourself for good, and trusted to frames of mind for comfort; and as the Holy Spirit has shown you that in you, 'that is, in your flesh, there dwelleth no good thing,' you have yielded to emotions of despondency, until Satan, who is always gaining advantage while we look to self, would tempt you to despair, and now it is quite time that you escape from his bondage, since yet there is hope. Suppose the Israelites had steadfastly regarded the number and aggravation of their wounds, unheeding the appointed means of relief; would they have been healed? and would you not have regarded their conduct with surprise? 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.'

"But I suppose you would say, 'I do not believe as I ought.' Well, then, there is another promise which will just suit you. 'Come

unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' You feel that you are weary and heavy laden, and I beseech you, dear Lucie, to carry this promise to the mercy-seat, remembering that the same Saviour, who uttered these kind words of invitation, is looking upon you from His holy throne, and still saying to you, even as though no other being existed and you were the sole object of His compassion, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' Lay hold upon this promise, let it not go.

'"Come to me," the Saviour cries,
"Lord, I come," my heart replies,
Speak the word and it is done,
Draw me, Lord, and I shall run.'

"And is He not drawing you, dear Lucie? Oh how ungrateful to doubt the willingness of God to save you, when you have already received such proofs of His mercy! Has He not awakened you from the sleep of death, and given you the influences of His Holy Spirit? What report are you giving of His character to those around you, who have not yet learned for themselves that 'God is love?' For their sakes, rest not until you can give your testimony to the blessedness of religion. You speak of the temptation you have felt to give up prayer and the attempt to serve God. If you were to *yield* to this suggestion of the enemy, I should have to cease the language of encouragement and use that of solemn warning; but I do not believe you will.

"Let this be the language of your heart, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;' and take care, *earnest* and *prayerful* care, that you do not look to any other source for consolation. Satan would tempt you to do this, for he knows that if you persevere in seeking God you *will* find Him. And he would also take advantage of your despondency to tempt you to be less watchful against sin. It is much more easy to resist temptation when the heart is filled with holy joys, than when it is sorrowful. Persevere in the study of the Bible, in prayer and in efforts to do good, whether you find pleasure in those employments or not. They are no less *duties*, even if they are no longer delightful. Oh, Lucie, my poor Lucie, my heart aches for you; and gladly would I give you comfort. Never hesitate to tell me your feelings, nor to expect my sympathy and prayers; but peace *I* cannot give. Again I would say to you,—look to Jesus; say to the Lord, 'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.'

"Tuesday afternoon. When I last wrote to you, I knew that Dr.

Clark intended a visit to the South, and that he had promised to make an effort to visit you, but I was fearful he would not be able and did not wish you to be disappointed. He left last Tuesday, and sincerely I hope your Heavenly Father will send him to you if He shall see it best that he should go. * * *

"I hope you will persevere in efforts for others,—time is short. * * * Just one more suggestion about your state of mind before I close. Forget not to thank God for all He *has* done. Remember your mercies, and see if He does not give you more. Perhaps you have not thanked Him as you should for all He has done for you."

In June, 1841, Miss Allibone's residence was transferred to Hamiltonville, West Philadelphia, and she became, for the remainder of her life, an inmate of the retired and peaceful home, which is so associated with her image in the recollections of many friends and visitors. Although now embraced within the limits of the fast-spreading city, her cottage-home, embosomed in thick foliage, wore an aspect altogether rural, an air of shaded seclusion, that might cause one to fancy himself far distant from the busy haunts of men. This quiet and beautiful retreat was enclosed within her brother's grounds, and there, watched over with untiring assiduity, cheered with daily manifestations of sisterly and fraternal affection, gratified, as her strength permitted, with the visits of her relatives, and numerous friends, thirteen years of Miss Allibone's life passed under circumstances as desirable as could well be combined with extreme debility and unintermitted suffering. Among the merciful alleviations of her lot she frequently and warmly acknowledged the uncommon tenderness and fidelity of Sarah, her devoted nurse, who for nine years was her constant attendant, and whose services were continued until mortal watchers gave place to ministering spirits. Gratefully did she appreciate arrangements so conducive to her comfort, and fervent were her thanksgivings to Him, whose hand she delighted to trace in every gratification, that the lines had fallen unto her in such pleasant places.

And while her life was unexpectedly prolonged from year

to year, she lived not to herself. Very faithfully was she engaged in that work to which she felt herself called so distinctly when first stretched upon the bed of languishing, the work of glorifying God and winning souls to Christ. And abundantly was she prospered in her efforts. The pale, helpless invalid proved a blessing indeed to the place of her sojourn, and many had cause to thank God that He had brought her there, like a ministering angel, to diffuse around her light and love and holiness. Her heart was full of sympathy and concern for all whom she could benefit; and the poor, the sick, the afflicted, the perplexed felt that in her they had a friend and counsellor. For the first three years of her residence, she was able to take the air in a small light carriage, drawn by boys. In this little vehicle she made what might be called short missionary excursions, having ever a kind, winning word for the children and others whom curiosity attracted, and being provided with tracts for distribution as opportunity offered. Instead of being annoyed, as many would have been, by the attention which she excited, she availed herself of it as furnishing occasions for doing good. These excursions are thus described in an appropriate obituary sketch:

"A sweet smile, a graceful offering of the selected tract, a few words only of kindness, and the little vehicle passed on. Not often were the eyes of the recipient tearless, and many a rough hand has been hastily brushed across the cheek, as with unwonted emotion its owner hurried on, with the conviction that there must be a nobler state of existence and a better world than this. The personal appearance of Miss Allibone, the indescribable grace of an exquisite refinement in every word and gesture, the white dress she invariably wore, made her seem almost like a being of another world; and when, in addition, it was observed that 'her conversation was in heaven,' the resemblance was complete."

One of her favorite visits, so long as this exercise was per-

mitted, was to the neighboring "Woodlands Cemetery,' the hallowed spot where her mortal part now reposes in hope of a glorious resurrection. There she could still indulge her taste for natural beauty, and beneath the fine old forest trees she could commune with the God in whom she trusted, and unite her praises with the choral harmonies of the grove.

While availing herself of even her moments of relaxation to do good as she had opportunity, she gave much of her time, in her own apartment, to systematic efforts of usefulness. After becoming established in her new abode, the surprising energy of her character, constrained by the love of Christ, was manifested by steady, continued exertions, such as would have dismayed many persons in the vigor of unbroken health. A class of boys met her on Tuesday evening, and the influence which she gained over characters, quite beyond the control of every one else, was very astonishing. She taught them arithmetic, writing, &c., and concluded with Biblical and devotional exercises. The offer of gratuitous instruction secured their attention, and they listened respectfully to her warnings and exhortations because they felt she was so much their friend. On Thursday evening she instructed a similar class of girls. On Saturday afternoon, a large number of children gathered around her. For these lessons she made careful preparation, and by anecdote and narrative sought to give interest to the truths which she would impress upon their minds. For the young she cherished a most affectionate concern, and very successful was she in drawing to herself the youthful heart. She exercised over them a peculiar influence, a sort of sacred fascination, so that they visited her chamber with delight, and even the youngest listened to her with fixed attention and earnest gaze. Few indeed, young or old, could be insensible to her sweetly playful manner and to the bright smile which beamed upon her countenance. By one of her welcome little visitants she was designated as "the happy lady."

To Miss L. V. B.

"HAMILTONVILLE, June 23, 1841.

"We are now comfortably settled in our new abode, and I avail myself of the quiet of a rainy day to give you a renewed assurance of affectionate interest. The perusal of your last letter gratified me much, dear Lucie, for it encouraged the hope that the clouds of doubt and despondency which have interrupted your peace, have been in some degree chased away by the Sun of righteousness; and if it is not yet clear sunshine, or if at any time your spiritual sky be again overcast, forget not, dear Lucie, that the Sun as really shines behind these clouds, as though you could behold his rays. How much I love that sweet passage, 'For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' Let it be our continual supplication that His mandate in reference to us may be, 'Let there be light;' and all our past transgressions, all our corruptions and weakness, will not deprive us of the bright beams of our Father's countenance. And has He not long since sent us, through the medium of His Spirit, a measure of this light, dear Lucie; enough to encourage the trust that we shall yet behold His unveiled glory? It has made visible our sinfulness; it has shown us that Jesus is our only hope; it will not depart, but will lead us to eternal day. 'Be not afraid, only believe.' 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Is not that a beautiful chapter which commences with these words? and how instructive the illustrations which are given us! And then, after we are taught what faith is, and how nobly it has been exemplified, how animating is the exhortation contained in the following chapter, how all-sufficient the source of strength and consolation to which we are directed. Dear Lucie, may the Word of God ever be our study and delight! Let us never be tempted to neglect it for the most interesting of human productions; for thus only can we hope to obtain 'good judgment and knowledge.' May we be enabled to exemplify its holy principles, to learn its doctrines and to plead its promises; for, remember, the promises are equally inspired with the other parts of this sacred volume, and it is equally sinful to doubt them. * * *

"I was sadly disappointed when I learned that Mr. Clark had not been able to visit you. He was obliged to return home at a certain time, and regretted that He could not see you. He desired me to

tell you this, and to say that he takes pleasure in the thought that you are under the care of the Great Shepherd of Israel, and that you can go to Him in every time of need. He is very desirous that your whole dependence should be upon the Saviour, but says if his counsel will give you comfort, you shall have it with pleasure, but he wishes you to write first to him. He will probably leave the city next week for an absence of two months, and when you write, you must direct your letter to Fairfield, Herkimer Co., New York. I would do this very soon, dear Lucie, for I have found his letters very profitable. * * *

"I should feel unspeakably thankful if a little girl of twelve years old, for whom I was sponsor, were interested in these things. She was seven years old when she was baptized, and my heart was bowed down with a sense of responsibility when I stood with her at the chancel. Her father is irreligious, indulgent and very wealthy; so the poor child has many disadvantages. I wish you would pray for her daily. I have had her here for two or three days and have felt great love for her soul." * * *

From the Rev. John A. Clark.

"July 11, 1841.

"My dear Friend:—It is very rarely the case that I take up my pen to write to any one on Sunday; but I felt it would be profitable to commune a few moments with you this evening. How I should like to sit down by your side and talk to you of the things which relate to our 'common salvation!' I have just been reading a most interesting sermon,—one of old Ebenezer Erskine's, on the text, '*In thy righteousness shall they be exalted.*' This discourse contains the very marrow of the Gospel, showing how the believer is exalted in the imputed righteousness of Christ. This is a delightful theme for meditation. How wonderful it is that the glorious Son of God should exchange places with his people—should take on Him our sin and unrighteousness, that we might be clothed with the white robe of His righteousness; that 'he should be made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.'

"Mr. Erskine eloquently describes this righteousness as *a perfect and spotless* righteousness: a *meritorious* righteousness: an *incomparable* righteousness: a *soul-beautifying and adorning* righteousness (Is. 61 : 10): an *everlasting* righteousness: a *soul-dignifying and exalting* righteousness. There is nothing that we need this side of Heaven, or in Heaven, that is not procured and made over

to us through this blessed gift of a Saviour's righteousness. If I am covered with this, I feel its refreshing influences. It is, indeed, 'as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

"If you will permit the sudden transition, I cannot here refrain from saying how sorry I am I did not send you *Romaine* before I left home. I had fully intended to do this. You know I at last went away rather hurriedly. I hope you will find the present a profitable summer to you all. I was going to express the hope, also, that your health might be greatly improved; but I do not know whether you desire to be placed in such an attitude of looking back to life. How prone we are to locate all our plans for future happiness in this life! But it is, undoubtedly, our higher wisdom to look a little further forward, and expect to realize a very happy meeting in Heaven. Though we shall there be *filled* with the love of Jesus, still we shall not cease to love our friends. If ever I am so happy as to reach Heaven, I shall expect to meet you there, and have my happiness increased by the long and delightful interviews that we shall enjoy in that land, where the inhabitants no more say, 'I am sick,' and where we 'shall be as the angels of God.'

First letter to her Cousin, the Rev. Robert Smith, who died, a Missionary in Africa, in 1855.

"July 18, 1841.

"I shall not have to introduce myself as a new acquaintance, dear Robert, as my letters to your brother were always intended for you also; but I feel inclined to commence a correspondence with you, since, I suppose, you are too diffident to write the first letter to a relative you have never seen.

"From my childhood I have been accustomed to think of you and your dear brother with peculiar interest; and since my beloved mother's removal to a better world, this interest has assumed a deeper character, for I remember the sympathy she felt for her orphan nephews and love you better for her sake. And I have also learned from sad experience that it is, indeed, a trial to be deprived of a mother's love, a mother's counsel and society; and earnest is my desire that we may ever be enabled to trust and obey the orphan's Friend — 'the Father of the fatherless.' I feel, my dear cousin, that He is, indeed, *my Father*, and I can come to Him with filial confidence to make known my wants, to obtain the guidance I need and the pardon of all my sins. These blessings He freely grants me for Jesus' sake, and they are freely offered to all

all who repent and believe. Are they already yours, my dear cousin? Have you been adopted into the family of God? If so, send me the delightful news, for my heart would be filled with joy, and I should know that you possessed a blessed refuge from the trials and temptations of this sinful and sorrowful world. 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy word.' Psalm 119 : 9. Is the blessed Bible the rule of your conduct? Do you study it with daily prayer that you may understand its doctrines, obey its precepts, and be enabled by faith to appropriate its promises? Are you living for God, or for yourself? for a world of glory, or of eternal woe? These are solemn questions, and yet not too plain; for to one of the two great classes which divide mankind you must belong. If you do not feel that yours is the safety of a child of God, will you not pray that you may be 'born again?'

"I hope you will read this letter with prayer, for it is prompted by the most affectionate interest in your welfare, and written by one who will probably meet you, for the first time, at the judgment-seat of Christ.

"And not for your own sake only do I desire your spiritual safety, but for the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom. If you knew what a blessed thing it is to know a Saviour's love, you would long to win others to His service, and would consider it a privilege to sound the gospel trump even to the uttermost end of the earth, if such were the will of the Lord concerning you. Oh, that He may take you into His hand, and make you just what He would have you to be! The remaining page of my letter I will devote to ——, as I wish to account for my silence. Will you not write to me very soon? You must not think of me as a gloomy cousin who is fond of lecturing, but as a very affectionate friend who feels for you the interest of a sister, and who earnestly desires that your name may be written in 'the Lamb's book of life.'"

To the Rev. J. A. Clark.

"July 21, 1841.

* * * "We were all glad to hear from you, and to learn that your health is improving. If it should be re-established, I shall feel that very earnest prayer has been answered, and a very great blessing conferred upon our beloved St. Andrew's and your friends. * * * How hallowed are the associations connected with that spot, and though the privileges of the Sanctuary are cheerfully relin-

quished at the bidding of the Lord, I remember, with increasing delight, 'her sweet communion, solemn vows and hymns of love and praise;' and more than ever am I thankful that my Heavenly Father so kindly directed my steps to the Episcopal Church; for my judgment approves and my heart loves her institutions. I find in our Liturgy new beauties, and rejoice that it so constantly exhibits the simple truths of religion, and above all, the blessed doctrine that Jesus is our 'all in all.' Will you not pray that I may have new views of the Saviour? I would search out the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Him, and advance more rapidly in divine things. Though I desire to feel truly thankful for the spiritual light which has been given me, I would that my whole soul were irradiated by the Sun of Righteousness. My friend Lucie remarks in one of her letters, 'Nothing but Jesus, as fully owned and enjoyed as He can be, can satisfy my soul.' He has been to me a kind and merciful Saviour, and I feel that His merits alone are a sufficient atonement for my many, many sins, and that His Spirit only can sanctify a heart so prone to evil. Therefore I would give to Him my best affections, and earnestly seek to attain entire conformity to His image. * * *

"My very pale face tells me that I should be ready at any time for a summons into the eternal world, though I do not know that I shall not much longer need the discipline with which my Heavenly Father is kindly training me for Heaven."

From the Rev. Dr. Clark to Miss Susan Allibone.

"FAIRFIELD, Aug. 2, 1841.

"My dear Friend: — Your very acceptable favor of the 21st ult. came duly to hand. It was very kind in you, in your feeble state of health, to have written me so long a letter; and I very highly appreciate the effort it must have cost you. The thought struck me in reading it, as it has often done in visiting you, that this long season of sickness through which you have been passing, has, through the sanctifying influences of the Divine Spirit, been the means of bringing to you far higher and more numerous foretastes of heavenly joy than you possibly could have had in the possession of health. No other path could have brought you into so many positions in which the promises of God, and His faithfulness, could have been so fully tested — could have so effectually taken you off from all human dependencies, and led you to such simple reliance on the Word and promises of your Redeemer. I suppose that you already

realize this so far now, that you can say, even with special reference to all your days of pain and nights of restlessness, '*mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life.*' My prayer for you is that the work of grace may be carried on still more and more, till you wear the perfect image of your Great High Priest, who ever liveth to intercede for you.

"I sometimes fear that the Lord means to lay me aside altogether as a broken and useless vessel. Although my general health is, in many respects, unusually good, my hoarseness still continues in a very unaccountable manner. Poor Bishop Griswold has preached this seven years with continual hoarseness; but I fear the people would hardly endure my croaking voice. I must wait and see what the will of the Lord is. I hope I may glorify Him in the fires, and be willing that His will should be fulfilled in me, whether it be in labors more abundant for the advancement of His kingdom, or in silence, and sickness and death. I have cast all on His arm and know He cannot err.

"I have received a letter from Miss ——, which I almost immediately answered. I had scarcely space upon a single sheet in saying to her what I desired. I fear my letter was scarcely intelligible. I am satisfied that her difficulty is that of a legal spirit. She does not look enough to Christ and His finished work; but is inclined to search for some ground of acceptance in her renewed nature. The work which the Spirit performs in us is only the commencement of sanctification, and can never form the ground upon which we can rest any hopes that God will, on this account, be especially pleased with us. We are complete in Christ. God is pleased with us only in Him. We never can be accepted in any other way than '*in the Beloved.*' Our friend wants to find that she is more holy and less sinful than she was, and then she would be happy. Alas, the deeper we look into our depraved hearts, the more plainly shall we see the plague-spots of sin; and we must go to Christ, and feel that our only hope is *in Him.* I asked her to write me again. She seems to have a most lovely spirit, and to be one of Christ's own lambs. I have no doubt He will lead her very soon into the green pastures of enjoyment. The farther she advances, the more she will learn of the preciousness of Christ, and of the necessity of depending wholly upon Him."

To Miss B.

"HAMILTON, Sept. 17, 1841.

"Lucie, dear, I have been wishing to write to you very much, but have unwillingly thus long deferred a reply to your last letter; and now, though sister is reading aloud, I will not postpone my letter another day. One reason that I do not very often write now is that I ride almost every day around the village in a wagon, which is drawn by a boy, and is made with springs. I make calls at the doors or gates of our friends' houses, and often stop at the cottage doors, and talk with some nice old woman or little child. How much I should love to have you for an escort! One of the girls generally goes with me, and sometimes a young lady of the village with whom we have become very intimate — the daughter of the Pastor of the Presbyterian church. She lost her only sister a few months since, and deeply feels her loss, though she is sweetly sustained by the hopes of the Gospel. Her name was Susan; and this circumstance excites the interest of the family in me. We receive from them almost daily proofs of kind feeling — visits, flowers, fruit, books, &c. Oh, that my end may be like the departure of their loved one! Her father, who is one of my great comforts, tells me that when she was dying she looked upon her mother and sister, who were standing around her bed, and then fixed her eye upon his with a most seraphic expression, while a sweet smile played around her lips, and a gentle sigh released her spirit from the fetters of mortality. She was in her nineteenth year, was interesting, and all around her was bright; but she felt that it was better to go to Jesus than remain in this sinful world. If her treasure had been *here*, how unwelcome would have been the summons she received with joy; and yet, when she gave her heart to the Saviour, she did not know that it would come in the very morning of her days.

"We heard a few days since of the death of a beautiful and lovely cousin of ours, who was but fifteen. Oh, that parents would educate their children for eternity! Oh, that we all, dear Lucie, would strive to 'so live that we may not fear to die.' I pray for you, dear Lucie, every day, and heavy would be my heart were I to ever learn that you cared less for eternal things. I grieve that so many clouds should overcast the sky of your spiritual enjoyment, but know that if your eye be constantly uplifted, you will surely at last behold the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. Were you to direct your gaze elsewhere, dear Lucie, what would you find but vexation and remorse? Oh! look not upon the perishing things of earth, for you have expe-

rienced their inability to bless. You are young and enthusiastic, and temptation is on every side. How needful, then, that you should keep close to the Saviour's side! And yet you need not fear, if you will only look to Jesus. The same blessed Spirit who has led you thus far, will never grow weary nor refuse to aid. Read that sweet hymn, 'Be still my heart,' when you feel tempted to despondency. In the book sister has been reading there is a remark that pleased me much—that 'young converts imagine that there is a great work for them to do, instead of realizing that a great work has been done *for* them.' In one sense, we have, indeed, a great work to do, but the ground of our hope is the finished righteousness of Christ.

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arm I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.'

"11*th.*—This afternoon I resume my letter, which I have scribbled so much that I should feel quite ashamed, if writing were not so great an exertion that I feel thankful if I can complete an epistle in any style. You say that I do not tell you about my health, and the reason has been that I have had so much to say of other things. Since we met, my feelings have varied much at different times, but now I think my health decidedly improved. I have less pain and sleep better, but do not walk any more, nor at all anticipate recovery. Nor do I desire it any more than when I was apparently on the confines of eternity. Pray that I may glorify our Father, whatever may be the dispensations of His Providence. We talk of remaining in the country, and hope we shall be enabled to be useful. There is no time for indolence and selfishness, while surrounded by immortal beings who are on their way to *everlasting* ruin.

"I hope, dear Lucie, you will be just such a Christian as Miss ——, who has been the means of the erection of a church, and of much good in many ways. When you feel tempted to indulge unsanctified feelings and pursuits, ask yourself whether you are willing to exchange for them the holy privilege of winning souls to Christ? This is a happiness only to be enjoyed by the self-denying, devoted disciple. I trust I need not remind you of the necessity for daily self-examination, and regular seasons of prayer. One blessing I wish to seek with greater diligence is, an increased degree of spiritual light upon the pages of the Word of God. In proportion to our earnestness will be our success. Oh, my beloved Lucie, I long for

your growth in grace, and earnestly pray for you every day. Again I must say to you, 'Look to Jesus, trust His merits, and remember that He makes intercession for you at the right hand of God.'"

To the same.

"HAMILTON, Oct. 19, 1841.

* * * "I have earnestly prayed that the bereavements you have sustained may be deeply sanctified to you and yours, dear Lucie. It is most important that in the time of adversity we should inquire *wherefore* the Lord has afflicted us, and strive to learn every lesson His wisdom and His love would teach us. How much I love that promise, 'I will turn my hand upon thee, and will purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin.' It were better to endure the refiner's fire than be cast away forever; and the child of sorrow, if he be the child of God, is well content that the Lord has chosen him in the furnace of affliction. And He who only wounds in love kindly mingles with the bitter draught such heavenly consolation, that the bitterness of the cup is scarcely realized. And yet how much of agony may be endured while the heart is sweetly stayed on God — so that though sufferings abound, consolations yet more abound.

"I have never told you, dear Lucie, how deeply my heart was wounded by my mother's loss, nor how mercifully 'the balm of Gilead' bound it up, and healed its sorrows. I do not often speak upon this subject, and when I write to you, my thoughts are chiefly engrossed with your spiritual interests. But this I will say, if religion secured to us no eternal benefits, but were only of value in the hour of sorrow, it would be well to seek it with all our hearts. No words can express its value *then*. Oh, how sweetly does the God of all comfort whisper words of peace! How gently does He deal with the wounded spirit! Lucie, I adore, I magnify His holy name, for all that He *now* does for me, for He never forgets to pity and to bless. And yet I have never yielded the return I ought for so much mercy. My heart has never been as grateful as it ought to be for the free grace which drew me 'out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock.' I have not been thankful enough for the preventing grace which God has given me. No one is more unworthy of His goodness, and it is not upon any thing that I do, or ever can do, that I depend for comfort and hope.

"I do not, dear Lucie, know how to understand some expressions in your last letter, and wish I could talk with you about them. I

trust these feelings are the result of a desponding mood, rather than of a correct knowledge of the state of your affections. I sincerely hope that you have *not* really lost your first love, but if I supposed this the case, I should feel that duty would require me to address to you words of solemn warning. I should ask you if you had found any thing of greater value than the blessing of God, if His service had become wearisome, and if you were willing, almost as soon as you had enlisted under the banner of the Cross, to increase the triumphs of its enemies by deserting its standard, and becoming one of them? No, my poor child, I do not believe that you have forsaken the 'fountain of living waters,' but you have forgotten that you may *freely drink*, and are thirsting on the very borders of the stream. You are not willing to take God at His word, and trust the promises of a loving Saviour, and this is your folly and your sin,—not that you do not desire spiritual blessings. Oh, that the Lord may enable you, and your afflicted cousin, to see that His 'promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus,' to give Him the confidence you would not fear to repose in an earthly friend. Then, dear Lucie, would your doubts be changed to songs of praise, and every Christian grace would grow abundantly; for if you had more joy in the Lord, you would not be so easily drawn away by things of sense. Pray for strength to renounce all that grieves the Spirit of our God, that there may be room in your heart for the abundant outpourings of grace. Look to Jesus, and He *will* bless you now and forever.

"You must not suppose that my health is wonderfully improved, though I am so much better. I do not walk any more than before. I only wish to live for eternity, and am not anxious to go into the world." * * *

CHAPTER XIII.

1842.

Letters to Miss B.—To a Young Person—To Rev. J. Howard Smith—Bishop Moore's Visit—Return to the Sanctuary—Romaine—Confirmation—Visits to the Vestry-Room—Plan for a Church in Bucks County—Letters on the subject—Urgent Letter to her Cousin R. S.

To Miss B.

"January 2d, 1842.

"How glad I should be, dear Lucie, could I have a long talk with you this afternoon, but as this cannot be, I have had my writing materials brought me, and with an earnest prayer that I may be taught what to say to you, commence the letter which for weeks past I have been wishing to send you. Since I last wrote to you, I have made a visit of six weeks to the city, and was much refreshed with the intercourse which I was permitted to enjoy with my Christian friends, and by the reception of the Communion, which our Pastor twice administered to me while there. I returned four weeks since to Hamiltonville, for I preferred the retirement of our country home, and trust that I shall be enabled, by increased dependence on the Saviour, and increased diligence in the means of grace which are still granted me, to escape the spiritual danger to which I am exposed by the privation of many I once enjoyed.

"Oh, that we may have grace given us, dear Lucie, to consecrate ourselves more unreservedly to the service of our Father in Heaven, now that the commencement of a New Year reminds us that a new page of the Book of Life has been turned over, and that it should be our aim that fairer characters than those previously transcribed should fill the record. Alas! alas! past experience teaches us that our good resolves are of little worth, unless formed with steadfast reliance upon 'Him from whom all good counsels, holy desires, and just works do proceed.' Our past discouragements should lead us to seek His aid with more ardent importunity, rather than induce us to yield to the temptation of our wily foe, who would tempt us to sin, and then to despair of pardon and ultimate success. Oh! Lucie,

dear, why do you any longer listen to his suggestions? Have you not heeded them too long? Have they not deprived you of the spiritual light which had long since brightened your path, had you regarded the injunction of the Almighty—'This is my beloved Son, hear Him'? You have listened to the 'still, small voice' which has convinced you of sin, and thankful I am that you have not preferred the loud cry of earthly pleasure. You have felt that you are 'heavy laden,' but have been unwilling to trust your Saviour's promise that He 'will *give you rest;*' and thus while you have been dreading *presumption*, you have fearfully incurred its charge by refusing to take God at His word. When, my poor child, will you cease to look to your own heart for that you have so long sought in vain—for that you will never find there? When will you tell me—'I have trusted in the Lord, and am helped'? Just when you read this part of my letter, will you not repair to the mercy-seat and there once again give your heart to God? Tell Him that you have tried to make it an acceptable offering but you cannot, and now you bring it to Him and put it into His hand to mould according to his gracious will. Tell Him you come in the name of Jesus and that you know He will not cast you out, and you will not let Him go except He bless you. Tell Him you want not only pardon but peace, an *assurance* of acceptance with Him, and that you pray for the very best blessings He is willing to give you.

'My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He 's spilt,
What else can He withhold?'

"You think if I could see your heart I would no longer feel encouraged to pray for you, but I should not fear such a result, for my hope for your salvation depends upon what has been done *for* you, not upon *your* attainments in holiness. And yet, if I could take this survey, I doubt not that, in the midst of much corruption, I should find a sincere desire to serve God, to renounce all that grieves His Spirit. For notwithstanding the sad accounts you give me, I have never doubted that a work of grace is commenced in your heart, and that you might, if you would, rejoice in the promises, and receive the witness of the Spirit bearing witness with your spirit that you are the child of God. Resolve in the strength of the Lord to pursue a new course, to return grateful thanks for the grace you have received, that you are still spared to seek the mercy of God and can read His holy Word; and let the air you breathe, the food

you eat, encourage you to believe that the same merciful Being who sustains your natural existence, will not keep from you the bread of life, the waters of salvation.

"I am sorry that it is becoming too dark to write to you, though I love to welcome the sweet season of twilight—'to spend the hours of setting day in humble, grateful prayer.'" * * *

To Dr. Clark's Son, when a child.

"March, 1842.

"I will tell you, dear J., the reason I write you this note. I dreamed a few nights since that you came to see me, and that I felt great love for your soul. I cannot remember all our conversation, but I thought I persuaded you very much to give your heart to the Saviour, and told you how dreadful it would be should our Heavenly Father take away from you the strivings of His Holy Spirit. Now if I could see you, I would like to talk with you upon these subjects, for it is not only in my dreams I think of you, my dear boy. I love you very much, and always feel desirous that those I love should give their hearts to our Heavenly Father; for it is religion alone that can make us safe or happy.

"And you cannot wonder that I should earnestly wish that the only son of my beloved Pastor should be a comfort and blessing to his parents. Our Heavenly Father has seen it best to take almost all their children to dwell with Him, but has very kindly spared them *one little boy*, who is now old enough to be a companion for them and a very great consolation. I know they love the baby very much, but she is too young to understand these things and to pray for a new heart. You, dear J., are quite old enough to be a Christian, and you cannot make your parents happy until you become one; for they would suffer more if you were to grow up an enemy of God, or if you were taken away unprepared, than they have done from the loss of all their other children.

"And then, you know too, that your Father in Heaven is looking upon you with loving-kindness, and has given His only Son to die for your sins, and that He is willing to receive you at once. He says, in the Bible, 'My son, give Me thine heart;' and I hope you will say to Him, 'My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth!' I do not write to you because I think I can tell you about these things as well as your father and mother, but I wished to tell my dream, and was afraid I should not see you again as you are going away so soon.

"I shall miss your dear father very much, for he often comes to see me and talk about our Saviour's love, and I love him as one of my best friends. If your life should be spared, I hope you will follow his example and take delight in comforting the afflicted, and in telling sinners how they may be saved. If we should not meet each other on earth, dear J., I trust we shall dwell together in a world of glory. How glad I should be to welcome you, if I were to go there first!"

To the Rev. J. H. S.

"HAMILTONVILLE, March 25, 1842.

"I trust, dear Howard, that the quiet of this rainy afternoon will enable me to assure you that you are still affectionately remembered by us, and that we were glad to learn that you had safely arrived at L. That you are not as pleasantly situated as you hoped, I sincerely regret, but trust you will lose the *stranger feeling*, which must at first cause every new residence to seem gloomy in some degree, and it is my earnest hope that the Lord will so lift up the light of His countenance upon you, that every object will be illumined by the sunshine of His presence.

"I have daily asked for you this blessing, and still expect that it will be yours, though I lament that you have not ceased to be surprised that no good is to be found in your own heart, and that you do not look *from* yourself to Jesus, who says to you so kindly, 'Be not afraid, only believe; come to me, and I will give you rest.' I believe a period of your religious history is approaching, in which you will review your present feelings as the result of an imperfect apprehension of the plan of salvation, and will wonder that since so ample a provision has been made for your spiritual wants, you should ever have been perplexed with doubt.

"I pursued so long this thorny path, my dear cousin, that I am very anxious to show you a more excellent way. It is *for* contrition, and love and faith that you must come to Jesus, not *with* them. Let your constant prayer be, 'Lord, increase my faith.'

"One encouraging thought has come into my mind since I commenced this letter, dear H. You know that my desire, when I formerly wrote to you, was to convince you of the supreme importance of religion and to urge you to seek its blessings. I know that your understanding has never needed conviction upon this subject, and that your heart has often deeply felt, but surely the Spirit has taught you many lessons since our former correspondence, and will,

I doubt not, 'take of the things of Christ, and show them unto you.'

"Two remarks you have made prove that your heart is, at least in some degree, under right influences. You have no desire to return to worldly pursuits, since you have learned their insufficiency, and you continue, at stated seasons, to ask your Heavenly Father's blessing. It is our great Adversary who keeps the soul in spiritual darkness, and I doubt not that it is his constant aim to tempt the soul to turn, in weariness and despair, to some created good; and then, if he can tempt to negligence of the means of grace, Alas! alas! for the victim of his wiles. Oh, my cousin, let your cry be, 'I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me!' Ask, seek and knock, remembering that 'the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

"I was pleased with a remark in the Diary of a very eminent Christian, which I am now reading with much interest. 'Like David, I would encourage myself in the Lord my God: I would praise a Triune God for the goodness and mercy which have followed me hitherto, notwithstanding all my wanderings, sins and provocations, assured that while I forsake Him not *in a way of duty*, He will not leave nor forsake me *in a way of mercy*. No! the Lamb of God hath made reconciliation for iniquity, and in Him the promises of God are secure.'

"Now, in reference to a profession of religion, I think if you have really given your heart to God, you ought to confess him before men, depending not upon your feelings but resolved to go forward in the path of duty. If you do not feel sure that the offering has been made, why not say at once, 'Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do.'

* * * "Thirty-five were confirmed at our church last Sunday week. We are having a series of services at the little Episcopal church in this village during Passion week, and much I pray that they may be blessed. On Sunday afternoon I received the Communion, and felt that I could rely entirely on Jesus. 'Other refuge have I none.'

"I am quite grieved that you have suffered so much anxiety about R. I hope, like Andrew, you will bring this dear brother to Jesus. I am glad you are pleased with Dr. and Mrs. J., and hope you will derive much comfort from their society and your class in Sunday School. I shall not forget, dear Howard, to pray that the love of Christ may so constrain you that you shall make constant effort for

the welfare of your fellow-beings, and that peace may dwell in your own soul. When you are in heaviness, think upon God. I think upon you with much affection, and feel for you a sister's sympathy and interest."

"*April*, 1842.—Much has been forgiven me, may I love much. So many things I should have been glad to record. Dear Bishop Moore's visit among the rest. He prayed that when my pillow refused me the repose I sought, I might rest upon the bosom of Jesus. More than two years have passed since then. Now the petitioner is in heaven, where I can realize that he feels at home indeed.

"Christians have been very kind to me since I have been sick and a great comfort. During the early part of the winter I saw very few, with the exception of my own family. Last Sunday, I went in my wagon to the colored school at the Episcopal church, and taught a few boys. This was the first time I had entered the sanctuary during the last two years and four or five months. I should have loved to be there alone. Most cheerfully I relinquish the privileges of the sanctuary, since it is my Father's will, and since He blesses me so much in the position in which He has placed me. I surely ought to feel that I have abundant cause for thankfulness, and that I should always trust the promises, the faithfulness of God."

To Miss B.

"May 2d, 1842.

"I have been awaiting the leadings of Providence in reference to you, my darling Lucie, and now that the way is opened for the renewal of our intercourse, I unhesitatingly accede to your proposition. I have prayed for you and thought of you with even increased affection, and have never for one moment suspected you of alienated feeling. Earnest is my desire that you may keep close to the Cross of Jesus, and now that you are placed in a new position, and are surrounded by circumstances which will greatly influence your spiritual character, I trust you will implicitly follow the guidance of the 'Shepherd and Bishop of souls,' and that the Word of God will

ever be a 'lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.' Then, dear Lucie, will you be happy, holy, a blessing to all.

"I wish you could have been with us on Saturday, when our dear Pastor administered to us the blessed Communion. It was a refreshing season. Have you read 'The Table of the Lord,' by Miss Fry? If not, I would like you to get it. * * *

"I send you a letter which was written before I was aware of past circumstances, and which I thought I would not then destroy. I wrote it with much prayer, and suppose I said just what I should say again, that Jesus is an all-sufficient Friend. If my letters have ever been useful to you, it is because they speak of Him. And so it is with myself, dear Lucie; I am a poor sinner, and I can speak feelingly of the love of Christ because He is *my Saviour*. I have no goodness of my own, nor power to *do good*.

"I would not write so carelessly if I were not very weak. My health is more delicate this spring, and I am very pale. I always feel that I am in the Lord's hand. Pray that I may love and serve Him better." * * *

"*May* 11*th*.—Romaine is a delightful writer, and his 'Triumph of Faith' is truly 'a glorious book.' I think his and Leighton's works have been a great blessing to me.

"*Whitsunday*, 1842.—How wonderfully has our Father answered the prayers we have offered for this little church. I do thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast not said to the seed of Jacob, 'Seek ye me in vain.' Oh, that we may give Thee no rest until Thou shalt make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do for this place? Show us, and give us strength to perform Thy will.

"To-day there is a confirmation here. But a few disciples will probably consecrate themselves to God, but I expect an abundant harvest. See if it is not so, and then to God be all the glory. Dear A. is to be confirmed, and is now, most probably, kneeling at the altar of the Lord. Dear Saviour, bless this lamb of Thy fold.

"Oh! do we not need to pray that this may be to us a Whitsunday indeed? Do we not need the spirit of praise and prayer? O Father, 'teach us good judgment and know-

ledge,' for thy work is before us, and we can do nothing without Thee. Oh, make us humble, very humble and yet bold in Thy service! May we never injure Thy cause by injudicious efforts, and yet never be deterred from duty. Take away the love and the fear of man. Ever say to us, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' For Christ's sake, wilt Thou answer these petitions?

"*June 10th.*—How undeserving I am of such blessed privileges, of such Christian fellowship as I am permitted to enjoy. If the merits of Jesus were not my claim to every blessing, I should not dare to appropriate one promise, one consolation.

"*July 3d, Sunday.*—I have been reading part of the Communion Service and singing the 94th Hymn, and it always warms my heart. This morning, at my own dear church, and at the little sanctuary here, the blessed Communion has been administered; and I feel on such occasions, that though I am deprived of the emblems of Christ's sacrifice, I can rest upon 'the oblation of Himself,' once offered,' with joyful confidence.

"*Aug. 27th, Saturday night.*—Last Sunday I was permitted by my Father in Heaven to revisit the sanctuary, and much I enjoyed its services, after an absence of about two years and ten months. The service was inexpressibly sweet, and I especially enjoyed the lessons from the blessed Bible. The sermon was very good. To-morrow, if it be the Lord's will, I expect to go again. I can hear perfectly from the vestry-room, and am quite retired there.

"*Sunday morning, Aug. 28th.*—Was again permitted to go to the vestry-room, to enjoy the services of the church, and above all, the holy Communion. I felt that it ought, indeed, to be a sacrifice of thanksgiving, for numberless have been the mercies granted me since I last enjoyed this privilege in the church. Ought I not to trust and love the God of my salvation? He has strengthened me upon the bed of

languishing, refreshed my spirit during the weary hours of the night,—He has filled many hearts with thoughts of kindness, and sent His people to speak to me of His unchangeable love. He has often caused me so to love the souls of the impenitent, that my lips have been opened to tell them of their danger and the refuge set before them; and among the best of His blessings have been the reproofs of His Spirit, and grace to repent of the many sins I have committed. I feel that there has never been a thought in my heart, or an action in my life, which does not need the cleansing blood of Jesus.

"*Sept. 4th.*—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not the blessings He has given thee this day. To say how much I enjoyed the service would be impossible. In it I had communion with the Most High, and my soul thirsted for more knowledge of Him.

"Can I not testify that the Lord is merciful and wise? He knows, and I deeply feel, that I merit only His displeasure, and yet unnumbered benefits, sanctified and sustained afflictions, have been my portion. I do not, and in His strength I will not, dread future suffering. I will not dwell upon the reflection that the earthly house of this tabernacle, shattered as it is, may suffer many a rough wind ere it be taken down. It may be thus, but my Father will not forsake me, nor 'cause His child a needless tear.'"

One of the cherished plans of Miss Allibone was the erection of a church in that part of Bucks County in which she had spent much of her time. She was deeply moved by the spiritual destitution and indifference to the things which accompany salvation, which she there observed. Like Him who had compassion on the multitudes that were scattered as sheep having no shepherd, she deeply commiserated neglected, wandering souls. Many and earnest were her petitions to the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers

into his harvest, and in these supplications this uncared-for field had frequent mention. With her prayers were united her alms, and the purpose was formed, by divine help, of rearing a sanctuary in this region, and sending there a herald of Christ's Gospel. With characteristic perseverance she clung to this purpose, and never abandoned the hope of its final success, although not permitted herself to see it. It would be inexcusable want of faith to suppose that an enterprise, so dear to her heart, and so often commended to the chief Shepherd of the flock in her fervent prayers, will not be eventually accomplished. No fitter monument can be erected to her memory, none that would have been more desired by herself, than a house of God, rearing its modest front amid scenery on which her eye had so often gazed with grateful rapture, and holding forth the word of life to a population whom she so greatly longed to evangelize.

The following letters allude to this plan, the first containing one of the earliest notices of it. Should profits be realized from the present work, they will be applied to this favorite object of Susan Allibone's heart:

To her Sister.

"1839.

"Sister S. asks me if she is 'discouraging' in reference to 'Trinity Church,' Pineville, Bucks County. Tell her 'no;' for sure I am, that if our Heavenly Father sees that its erection will be conducive to His glory, and the welfare of the neglected souls for whom it is designed, *He* will overcome every obstacle, and our prayers will at last be answered. I am sure that Jesus, seeing these sheep without a shepherd, is moved with compassion toward them, and will in some manner secure to them guidance in the way of Peace.

"If this object be not effected before *my* death, I hope I shall be able in my last moments to commend it to *your* care. Perhaps W. or F. may one day labor in this field, though it is quite as likely they will proclaim the Gospel among the heathen, for I trust they will never learn this modern system of *Gospel economy* which does not recognise the principle, 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to

poverty.' Let us send the sound of salvation to 'the uttermost ends of the earth,' and it will echo back to our own land, and then 'all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest.'"

To Miss T.

"July 30, 1841.

"I have often wished to answer your truly refreshing letter, my dear Miss T., but feel very sure that you have not suspected me of neglect, since you are aware that it is only at intervals that I am able to commune with my absent friends.

You ask me for my prayers, and whilst in compliance with your request I implore for you our Heavenly Father's blessing, I forget not to thank Him that He has inclined your heart to labor in His vineyard, and I would bid you 'God speed,' my dear Christian friend, in every effort to induce those around you to participate in the blessings you have received. May the God of grace enable you to so adorn the religion you profess, that all around you shall acknowledge its sanctifying influences — so boldly and yet so meekly to urge its claims, that they cannot resist your entreaties. I trust many thanksgivings will ascend from your joyful heart for the conversion of those who are now strangers to true peace. Oh, that God would give us a spirit of wrestling supplication, of holy importunity, so that we may 'give Him no rest till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.' My heart is sad because *I* realize so little of this heaven-born ardor. Oh! pray that I may be granted it more and more. Why do we not 'yearn in the bowels of Christ Jesus' over those who are on the brink of perdition? Why are not our most earnest prayers more earnest, our most faithful efforts more faithful? I have often prayed that God would make me *really feel* that those who know Him not are going down to eternal ruin, and help me *so* to act. You speak of your responsibilities, and I do not wonder that your insufficiency is ever before you; for, as you remark, the eternal destiny of many will be influenced by your actions. But is it not well that you should ever feel that the work before you requires the aid of the Most High, for were your own strength, your own influence in any degree your dependence, most certain would be your failure, and your Heavenly Father would have you to come to Him for help, that you may give to Him alone the glory of success.

"'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.'

If in the strength of the Lord you labor on, you will be, I doubt not, the means of the conversion of many souls, and will cause those who fear Him to be glad when they see you. May you ever, with deep humility, burning zeal and an abundant measure of spiritual joy, 'press towards the mark.'

"And now I must congratulate you upon the encouragement your efforts to build your church have received. I do not wonder that your faith is strengthened, and your letter cheers my heart too in reference to a plan of the same kind which has occupied many of my thoughts. I have a married sister who resides about twenty-three or four miles from P., in a neighborhood that greatly requires more active effort. I have been accustomed to pass some weeks of every summer with my sister, and I have been often grieved by the ignorance of the children of this neighborhood, and the indifference of their parents to sacred things. I have been endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a little church this long time past, but as there is no one in the neighborhood to encourage the effort, my attempt is considered rather enthusiastic. I believe my desire will be some day accomplished, although a deposit of rather more than $80 in bank, and the promise of $70 when the building shall be commenced, is all the encouragement presented to the eye of sense. You will pray, I feel assured, that more zeal may be given me in this good work, and whatever success may please the Lord. Oh, that the silver and gold which are devoted to fashion and folly were poured into His treasury! * * *

"I wish you would sometimes pray for a little girl twelve or thirteen years old, for whom I was sponsor about five years since. I think baptized children should be looked upon as beings wholly consecrated to the Lord, and that those who have stood with them at the chancel should remember that they must also meet them at the judgment-seat." * * *

To Miss B.

"HAMILTONVILLE, Sept. 15, 1842.

"My darling Lucie: — I was delighted to receive your welcome letter, and almost felt, after its perusal, as though I had enjoyed a long talk with you. I had wished for you very, very often, and if you be at any time permitted to visit me, should be truly delighted to welcome you. I still fervently pray for you, and in your letter I observe an answer to me of my petitions; for I had asked our Heavenly Father to grant you the privilege of Christian intercourse and coun-

sel, and I am thankful to learn that you enjoy it. I am glad, too, that the chamber of sanctified sickness is your resort, for I doubt not that your visits give consolation, and are beneficial to yourself.

"If you wish to be happy, dear Lucie, always be engaged in good works; not that I would have you depend upon them for acceptance with God, or glory in any thing but the Cross of Christ, but they have a most healthful influence upon the mind. In striving to alleviate the sorrows of others, we forget our own. * * *

"I am often thankful that our Heavenly Father brought us here. I wish I could tell you how much we have to interest us. The girls teach Sunday School *three times* a day, and the schools are very flourishing. I never saw children more willing to receive instruction, or more affectionate. I wish you, dear Lucie, to pray for my Saturday afternoon school. It is interesting to me beyond expression, and I am so weak that I think it is probable I shall soon be obliged to give it up. On Friday afternoon we have a Society for the little church, of which I have, perhaps, spoken to you. I speak as though it already existed, for with 'the eye of faith' I can see it. It is to be in the neighborhood of Wrightstown, Bucks County, not far from my sister's residence. I have deplored the spiritual wants of the people, and determined long since to try to raise money to build a Church there. They are very ignorant of our Church, and have no places of worship but one Orthodox Friend, and one Hicksite meeting-house, no Sunday School, and the children know so little of our blessed Saviour, that my heart is sad when I think of them. I have succeeded in raising a hundred dollars, and seventy-five have been left in a will for this purpose. Before Christmas our Society will probably have a sale. I want you to pray about these things. I know you love me, and will be willing to carry to the Throne of Grace the darling objects of my heart. * * *

"I am very pale and weak; this is all I know of my health. 'To depart and be with Christ is far better;' but to quote your quotation, I would say, 'Lord! when *Thou* wilt.' I am rejoicing in Jesus, poor sinner that I am.

"Will you believe that I have spent four Sunday mornings in the vestry-room of the village Church, where I could hear the services of our own dear Church? 'I prize her holy ways.' I was drawn over in my wagon, and lifted into the vestry-room.

"Our dear Pastor was here the other day. We ought to pray much for him.

"My own darling Lucie, may God give you grace to *believe*, to

pray, to *praise*, to *watch*, to *labor*, to *rejoice*. Go to Jesus with every care, and ask Him to bless your faithful friend. S.

"Feb. 23, 1842.

"To tell you of all the causes which have so long deprived me of the pleasure of intercourse with you, would occupy more space than I am willing to devote to an *apology*, and when I assure you that my delay has been most involuntary, and that it has been my almost daily desire to write to you, the charge of intentional neglect will not be urged against me. I really love to write to my friends, and feel thankful that I am sometimes strong enough to thus indulge myself, and am always rejoiced to receive from *them* a message of Christian remembrance. Do not forget this when you are summing up your epistolary debts, and allow *me* to be one of your most urgent creditors.

"Your last letter I read with great delight, and was indeed encouraged to trust that the little church in whose erection *I* feel so much interest will ere long raise *its* spire, also—a monument of the willingness of God to answer prayer and bless the efforts of His children. We have at our house a very interesting little Sewing Society for its benefit. E.'s Sunday School girls are among its members, and as several of them have recently become quite serious, I would commend them to your earnest prayers. They are exposed to the temptations of fashionable life, and none of them, I believe, with but one exception, have pious parents.

"Oh! I do wish you would pray with holy earnestness that we may do for this village all that our Father will bless. There is work enough for many laborers, and we have but few. A regular system of tract distribution, commenced last summer, is doing much good. The Sunday Schools are well attended. One for colored people, which was established about six weeks since, is progressing wonderfully, and the pupils are remarkably attentive and respectful. * *

"I do desire the privilege of laboring more for the cause of Christ than I have done, for I have been very unfaithful. I do not think our friends are good judges of our efforts for the extension of truth. They see what we *do*, and call us very faithful, but they do not know how many opportunities of usefulness have been neglected, how much more we might have done, had we at all times 'a spirit still prepared, watching unto prayer.' Even had we neglected but *one soul*, it would be enough to destroy all self-complacency forever. Oh, that we may be delivered from blood-guiltiness!" * * *

"*Sept. 17th, Sunday.*—A peaceful, quiet day has refreshed my spirit, and though I have been too sick to revisit the vestry-room, I have been quite as happy at home. There have been few spiritual gifts conferred upon me during my sickness which I have valued more than the entire willingness I have felt to relinquish the privileges of the sanctuary, at the bidding of the Lord, and oh! how kind He has been to me in the solitude of my chamber!

To the Rev. R. Smith.

"Oct. 3, 1842.

"E. has recently received a letter from your brother, in which he gives us the delightful news that he has become a member of the Church. His mind was much occupied with religious subjects when he was with us, and the depression of spirits to which you allude was the result of a deep conviction of sinfulness, while his faith was not strong enough to take hold of the promises of the Gospel. I think it has increased, and that he now looks from *himself* more than formerly to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' Religion is not calculated to fill the mind with gloom, for 'her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' But when the soul is awakened from its slumber, and begins to realize its awful danger, it is not wonderful that, until the burden of sin is cast at the foot of the Cross, it should be a weight too heavy to be borne. Let us pray for much of this godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of, for we have deeply sinned against a God of infinite love.

"I love to think of the character of God. He is a Being so holy, so wise and so merciful, that He is indeed worthy of all our praise. As He reveals Himself in the person of Jesus Christ we can best understand His attributes, for in His Cross 'mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.'

"Dear Robert, when will you come to this blessed Saviour? Are you not 'weary and heavy laden?' Oh, then, come to Him for rest. His blood will wash away your sins, His grace will overcome the corruption of your nature, His strength enable you to resist the storms of life, and His consolations sustain your spirit in every hour of distress.

"You may say that you do not feel as you ought, and therefore cannot come to Jesus. Well, come to Him just as you are. He

came to give 'repentance,' as well as 'remission of sins.' My dear cousin, I must not only *persuade* you to become a disciple of Christ, but I must faithfully *warn* you of your danger while you stay away from Him; for we must one day stand together at the judgment-seat, and if I were to see you among those upon whose heads will descend the wrath of the Lamb, should I not wish that I had done all I could to win you to my blessed Saviour? Are you willing to lie down and to rise up with *the wrath of God abiding on you?* Are you willing to be His enemy, and to expend upon the trifles of earth the energies which should be consecrated to His service? And yet, if unconverted, this is so. Oh! do pray earnestly and perseveringly for the Holy Spirit's aid. Never doubt, never despair, but pray for the promises of the Bible. Do you read the Bible daily, and with prayer, and do you study it a great deal? *I* keep it always near me upon my stand, and love it more and more.

"I have often indulged the hope that you and Howard will be blessings to your fellow-creatures. Your brother *has* found himself a home in the sanctuary, friends among the disciples of Jesus, and is laboring to win to the Saviour some little children of the Sunday School. I expect for him much happiness. My dear cousin, are you willing to be left alone? Will you not say to your only brother, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' But remember God's Spirit will not 'always strive,' '*now* is the accepted time.'

"Have you read Henry Martyn's Life? I should like to see you also a herald of the Cross. Have you a Prayer-Book? Some of the prayers might be useful, and it contains sweet sacred poetry. Where do you go to Church? I trust you endeavor to keep holy the Sabbath, and that you do not frequent places where dancing, cards, &c., are used. We should be very glad to have your name for the Temperance Book. You must not think I dictate, for I write to you as to a brother, and I suspect no one but your own brother feels more interest in you. Write to me very soon, and tell me that you have given your heart to Jesus. I pray for you every day." * * *

"*Nov. 15th.*—The Lord has been very merciful to some of those for whose salvation we have prayed, and I see indications of the Spirit's work in other hearts. My boys to-night were very attentive, and I think J. B. and G. L. are in some degree under serious impressions. O my Father, teach

what I shall do for them! W. C. increases in spiritual interest. Some of his remarks are very encouraging. He said to me one day, 'Sometimes, on Saturday afternoon, when school is out, I want you so much to talk to me about giving my heart to God, that I feel as if I could not go out of the room, and as if I should burst out crying.' He says people think he is good, but they do not know the wickedness of his heart. He wishes to be a missionary, and I have bright hopes for the dear boy. These feelings have continued many weeks. I asked him, last Saturday, how he spent his evenings. He said, sometimes in his room, praying.

"P. A. H. seems to have passed from death unto life. Last Sunday I was again at the vestry-room, and could distinctly hear the sweet baptismal service, a blessing I never expected to enjoy. When P. A. and dear A. were called to the chancel, I could have almost praised God aloud, and my heart yearned over the immortal beings who were in the church. I prayed with many tears for my scholars and E.'s, and the many young persons whom I knew were present.

"Last Friday my own dear Pastor administered to me the Communion, and it was a blessing to me. Dear Lucie B. came just as the service was concluded, and remained until Monday. We spoke much together of eternal things."

To the Rev. J. A. Clark.

"Nov. 16, 1842.

"I think your heart will be cheered, my much-loved Pastor, by the perusal of this letter [enclosed] from our cousin who called upon you last winter to solicit spiritual counsel. Your letter to Mr. J. secured for H. his sympathy and faithful efforts, and he spoke of them, in his letters, with gratitude, although he was unable for a long time to appropriate the consolations of the Gospel.

"We learned, a month or two since, that he had joined the Church, and his last letter conveys to us still better tidings.

"Though we never met until last fall, we have corresponded for years, and it has been my oft-repeated prayer that this orphan cousin and his only brother might be specially set apart for the service of

God — that if it were His good pleasure they might 'say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.' Aid us in returning hearty thanks to our merciful Father in Heaven, who 'loveth the stranger,' and pitieth the orphan, kindly vouchsafing him the spirit of adoption, whereby he can call God Father. Is not this a blessed relationship? It seems wonderful that one so unworthy as *I* should enjoy it, and yet I feel that I may

'With blest assurance claim
A portion so divine.'

"Your recent visit, brief as it was, refreshed me greatly, and your remark that the best way to do good to others is to take care of our own souls, I have thought of very often. Oh! that God will give me grace *thus* to prove my zeal for His glory, and my love for the souls of the perishing! * * *

"I often pray that the Lord will grant you as much physical strength as may be consistent with His will, for I know that many arduous duties are continually pressing upon you, and I trust you will be enabled to discharge them, many a long year to come. You have consecrated your best energies to your Master's service, and He will comfort and sustain you in every hour of suffering, in every time of need. He will make 'all things work together' for your good. * * *

"On Sunday week I was again at the vestry-room, my fifth visit to the sanctuary, and enjoyed the services more than words can express. I heard once more our beautiful baptismal service, as two young girls dedicated themselves to the service of our blessed Saviour — *our only hope.*

"*Dec.* 18*th.* — Dear M. P. has gone to heaven since I last wrote, and though I mourn her loss, I am thankful for another illustration of the power of Jesus to sustain in a dying hour. She said, when dying, 'If this is death, it is sweet,' and, 'Jesus is all I require.' Dear Saviour! be with me also in a dying hour."

To J. H. S.

"HAMILTONVILLE, Dec. 19, 1842.

"I will at least commence a letter to you, dear Howard, though I fear interruptions in this. We earnestly hope the long-talked-of sanctuary will one day attract into its sacred walls many who know

not the blessed privileges of our own dear Church. Dear Howard, I would commend to your fervent prayers the destitute neighborhood in which our parents spent their early days. It may be long before a sufficient sum shall be obtained for the erection of a building, but the *silver and the gold* are the Lord's, and we will pray that they may be poured into His treasury.

"My beloved cousin, I cannot tell you how my heart is cheered, and my faith strengthened by the loving-kindness which our Father in Heaven has manifested towards you, my orphan cousin, for whom I prayed for so many years, when you were yet 'afar off.' And when I learned that you had been asking the Most High if it be not His will that you should devote yourself to the ministry, and whether He would have you to proclaim to the *heathen* the unsearchable riches of Christ,—and remembered that I had asked this when, from the circumstances in which you were placed, there appeared no human probability that you would ever thus consecrate yourself to Christ, you cannot wonder that my heart was glad.

"I have thought of you, since I heard your feelings on this subject, with peculiar sympathy; and it is my heartfelt prayer that you may clearly discern the path of duty; and you ought to *believe* that a bright light will be reflected upon it. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths,' is a promise which has occurred to my mind in many a season of perplexity, and has been so often fulfilled in my experience, that I delight to make it the motto of my life. O that from earliest infancy I had done this!

"I trust that you have given yourself to the service of Him who died for you, with a full resolve that 'all your powers, with all their might, in God's sole glory shall unite;' and if so, I am willing, much as I love you, that you should stand upon the very outposts of Zion, —that you should labor and die a faithful soldier and servant of Jesus the crucified. Willing, do I say? I should be *thankful* to see all whom friendship has made dear, all who are united to me by the ties of kindred, fully imbued with a missionary spirit, and awaiting only the Lord's pleasure, whether it be exercised in domestic effort, or on a foreign field.

"What a glorious privilege to teach even a little child the name of Jesus, and how elevated the honor of saying to the poor victim of heathen error, 'Behold the Lamb of God!' I know the toils of missionary life are more than sufficient to damp the zeal of the enthusiast, and that they require the exercise of more than human fortitude and energy; but soldiers of the Cross are supplied with

sword and with shield by the great Captain of their salvation. If you receive your commission from Him, my dear cousin, you may press onward, nothing doubting, and if the corruption and ignorance of those to whom you would teach the way of life almost tempt you to be weary in well-doing, anticipate a joyous meeting with them in the world of glory, where they shall hail you as the instrument of their conversion, and your faith and patience will increase.

"Do you not sometimes feel, dear Howard, as though you would like to be with us all once more? I often wish to see you, now that we could talk together of our heavenly home — our Saviour's love; and might have many talks that we should much enjoy. Now that the season is near in which those, whom kindred has united, delight to meet together, I am afraid your heart will be saddened by the reflection that no domestic hearth for you burns brightly,—and yet I trust you will be so thankful that you can 'come boldly to a Throne of Grace, and so prepare to celebrate the coming of the Prince,' that sorrowful thoughts will give place to songs of praise.

"Have you heard recently from Robert? Let us continue to implore for him justifying grace, for we surely ought to exercise strong faith in our Father's willingness to bless.

* * * "Write soon — pray for me often, that I may be more humble, grateful and believing; and accept an assurance of sincere affection."

CHAPTER XIV.

1843.

Success of her Efforts for the Young—Recent Illustration—Enjoyment of the Holy Communion — Letter to R. S. on the Scriptures — Letter to J. H. S. — False Doctrines — Dr. Clark's Illness — Prospect of Sudden Death — Miss B.'s Illness — Letters of Condolence — Hortatory Letters to a Lady.

THE reader will have been enabled to form some idea, from the foregoing extracts, of the ardent desires to bring her fellow-creatures to the enjoyment of the Gospel hope by which Miss Allibone was influenced. Her zeal was indeed ever burning, and her love for the souls of men constant and overflowing. It passed by none whom it could reach and win. All for whom Christ died were embraced within her expansive charity. Her love for the Redeemer was extended to the redeemed. And her interest in the spiritual and eternal welfare of those around her was as sincerely felt for the poor, the ignorant and the humble, as for those invested with all that was attractive and dazzling. To the intellectual, the accomplished, the opulent and admired she spoke with the fidelity and persuasiveness of a Christian friend; while the unlettered and unrefined were no less the objects of her fervent prayers and affectionate solicitations. Much did she rejoice when success crowned these efforts; when she was permitted to see the tear of penitence glisten in the eye, and to hear the cry for mercy arise from the burdened breast. Nothing was more reviving to her heart than indications of anxiety for eternal life in any of those who attended her instructions. It could be truly said of her that she had meat to eat which the world knew not of. Her Diary for 1843, although containing but few entries, notices with exceeding joy and gratitude the

evidences of the divine blessing upon her labors for the young.

"*February.* — One or two Sundays since I was suffering such acute pain, that, although I was in a peaceful frame of mind, I could scarcely think with animation — when E., who is the joy of my heart, talked so sweetly of heavenly things, and interested me in comparing texts of Scripture in which our blessed Saviour is compared with light, bread, &c., that I was quite raised above the infirmities of the body.

"*March 26th*, 1843, *Sunday.*—Very, very solemn feelings this night. Have been praying with Sister F. and —— with my whole heart, that we may be prepared to meet the Saviour. I have cast myself long since, and again and again do I renew the consecration, upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus — my *only hope* — dedicating all that I am and have to His service. I have sinned and come short, but the fulness of Jesus is the supply of my every want.

"My heart was rejoiced, yesterday, by a letter from one of my boys, expressive of the deepest spiritual interest. Several of the girls are serious.

"I hope I shall never have a will of my own. Yet, although in one great affliction, I have been even preserved from murmuring, I would only rely upon special grace for the endurance of any trial. I love to depend upon God for every spiritual gift. O that my heart were filled with gratitude for His mercy towards my scholars! I was formerly almost overwhelmed with delight when but one of them became serious, and now I have again and again new subjects for thanksgiving. I have reason to trust that more than six of them have recently given their hearts to Jesus, and quite a number are very seriously impressed. I often see that —— is silently praying for a blessing while I am talking with the other boys.

"In the midst of my joy I have had a great trial, in the sudden death of my beautiful little Caroline, one of the most

interesting and attentive of the Saturday class. She always sat close beside me, and listened with earnest and sometimes tearful attention. I remember, she one day leaned her head on my lap and wept, while I begged her to give her heart to Jesus. She was at the public school on Wednesday, and on Friday morning was in eternity. She had not one interval of reason. Is not this a solemn lesson? Ought it not to teach me to be very faithful?

"Two of the most interesting letters I have ever seen I have received from ——, one of the Tuesday evening boys. He rejoices in Jesus. O, my Father, teach me how to speak to these lambs of Thy fold, of the gentle Shepherd, of Jesus. The spiritual gift I have been asking this long time is grace to speak to Jesus, that those whom I am striving to win to His service may see that He is 'the Way, the Truth and the Life,' and come at once to Him."

The following incident, not a solitary one of the kind, which occurred since her decease, is an illustration of the extensive good which she was the instrument of accomplishing, and of the germination of the good seed, so diligently scattered, after her earthly labors had ceased:

"It is about two months since a young man called to see Miss Allibone, for the purpose of expressing his gratitude for the interest she had taken in his spiritual welfare. During his residence in the village he was in the habit of calling frequently to see her, to receive counsel. He removed to the city, and became very dissipated, but never forgot the words of admonition he had heard from her lips; and these recollections pursued him so constantly and powerfully, that he was often afraid to sleep at night. A sermon which he heard last winter increased these convictions to such a degree that he said, 'If Miss Susan had not taught me where to flee, and how I ought to go to Jesus, I should have despaired of mercy. I came this afternoon to rejoice with her, and I am so sorry

not to find her.' He appeared to be sincerely repentant, and to have found 'peace in believing.'"

"*14th, Good Friday.*—I have earnestly prayed this day, that I may not suffer spiritual loss from the privation of the services of the sanctuary, but that I may realize the sufferings of Jesus, and live and trust Him more than ever. Sometimes my heart is deeply touched, while I think of all my Saviour has done, but often it is very cold, and never is it duly sensible of His love. Surely, no one has more reason to prize it than I, and no one deserves it less.

"*April 29th.*—I have just had an interview with ——, which has awakened inexpressible feeling,—such feeling as one who has 'yearned in the bowels of Jesus Christ' over one deeply loved only can know. He has been, of late, increasingly serious, and it has given me great consolation to resign him to the operations of the Holy Spirit, who has been teaching him lessons of contrition, and increasing his interest in spiritual things. Nearly eighteen months ago I was enabled to cast him with peculiar faith upon the Saviour, and lately I have trusted that I should see the realization of my hopes.

"*May 27th.*—I should be glad to make some record of the interesting events which are continually occurring, but I cannot always without neglecting other duties. Especially would I remember the refreshing Communion season I enjoyed a few weeks since, when I was enabled to look to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith, with feelings of inexpressible peace. Dear Mr. N. administered the Communion, and read a sermon upon the love of Christ, which was very sweet, and accompanied with a blessing. How mistaken are those who look upon these ordinances as lifeless forms! Though I know they are lifeless indeed without the Spirit's power, still the Lord does bless the ordinances of His appointment.

To her cousin R. Smith.

"Feb. 5, 1843.

"I received your letter, dear Robert, with a thankful heart, as it inspires the hope that you are heeding the gentle whispers of the Holy Spirit, and will no longer refuse the offers of salvation.

"The information that you have renounced the companionship of those who would injure your best interests is very gratifying; and in reference to this step, I would remind you of the promise contained in the 17th and 18th verses of the 6th chapter of 2d Corinthians. I once heard this sweet assurance repeated with a faltering voice and tone of earnestness by a young Christian friend, who is now enjoying, in the realms of glory, eternal communion with Him, at whose bidding he cheerfully renounced all unsanctified pleasure in the very morning of his days. Like yourself he was an orphan, and had an only brother who was a few years older than himself. Although his disposition was lively, and his fortune so large that he could have gratified any desire for earthly pleasure, he became one of the most watchful, self-denying disciples of our Saviour I have ever known. He confessed this blessed Redeemer in the rites of His own appointment, and not very long after was gladdened by his brother's participation in the same joys which filled *his* heart. They both became the subjects of the disease to which almost all their kindred have fallen victims—consumption,—and are now rejoicing together that they obeyed the call, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate.'

"*Your* brother, dear Robert, has passed the boundary which divides the children of God from those who know Him not. When he was aroused to a realization of his deep depravity, his heart was filled with sorrow, but now, that he has come to Jesus, it has become the abode of peace, for he experiences that the Saviour's 'yoke is easy, and His burden light.' In a very interesting letter I received from him a week or two since, he expresses the deepest interest in your welfare. Shall I not hope, my dear cousin, that his earnest prayer and mine will be answered, and that, with the angels in heaven, we shall rejoice over your conversion?

"You sometimes fear that your petitions do not ascend on High, and thus would Satan persuade you that it is in vain that you seek God, and win you to closer allegiance to his service. Oh! do not heed these suggestions, but plead the promises of God. I should like you to pray over each verse of the 55th chapter of Isaiah and the 15th chapter of Luke. If you would realize feelings of deep-

ened penitence, make the 51st and 25th Psalms subjects of your supplication. When you would feel more grateful, let the 103d (my blessed mother's favorite,) furnish you with matter for thanksgiving. If you desire an increase of wisdom, study the book of Proverbs with earnest care, and be encouraged to ask it of God by the sweet promise you will find in the 1st chapter of James. I do not doubt that the Bible is your frequent study, and trust you will love it more and more. I like very much to read it with references to parallel passages, and should love to read it with you this summer. Does your friend, Mr. W., take pleasure in biblical studies? Will he not study with you the Book of Life?

"May God give you grace, dear Robert, to bring every doctrine you would examine to the test of this sacred book, and to remember that 'if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.' There is, in this age of liberalism, such a disposition to substitute reason's feeble light for the revelation God has kindly given us, that it is peculiarly needful to beware of false teachers and unscriptural views. How plainly the Scriptures teach us the innate corruption of our nature, the glorious doctrine of Christ's deity, and His atonement! I do love to meditate on the soul-sustaining truth that, in the Cross of Jesus, 'mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' Though we merit eternal death, we are justified freely by the blood of Christ. Fear not to trust this gracious Saviour, and defer not coming to Him until you have repented more humbly. Come to Him *for* repentance, and all else you need.

"You 'ask God to make your prayers sincere.' This is just such a petition as I would have you offer. Oh! do not rest, do not cease to pray, until you can say, 'I know that *my* Redeemer liveth,' and then when you have known His love, you will ask Him to teach you what you shall do to prove your gratitude, to win your fellow-sinners to His love, and perhaps you will one day stand at your brother's side in the sacred ministry, or tell of Jesus in foreign lands. However this may be, if you become truly religious you will be a blessing to all around you. Oh! Robert,

'A heavenly race demands our zeal,
And an immortal crown.'

"I think your new mode of life must be greatly preferable. I have prayed that you and Mr. W. may enjoy spiritual intercourse—that you may make preparation for eternity.

"Have you access to religious books? There are a few I should

so much like you to read: 'McIlvaine's Evidences,' 'Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity,' 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress,' 'Dr. Clark's Walk about Zion,' and 'Pastor's Testimony,' are books from which you would derive profit and pleasure. I wish you could make a selection from the book-case in my room.

"You must not suppose that I feel no interest in your intellectual pursuits, dear Robert. I am glad that you are seeking to cultivate your mind, but I would have you to consecrate every study by asking upon it the blessing of God, and ever to seek first His kingdom and His righteousness. I sincerely hope your time is never devoted to the perusal of novels. I once loved them, but now regard them with disapprobation. When —— became serious, she resolved that she would read no book upon which she could not ask the blessing of God. This rule banishes all novel reading, does it not?

"I find so much consolation in prayer, that I am desirous that you should consecrate several seasons of each day to this employment. Twilight is a sweet hour for devotion, and if you will tell me, when you write, that you will always pray for me at that time, our petitions will ascend together, if my life be prolonged. * * *

"May the Father of the fatherless guide you forever, is the prayer of your cousin, SUSAN."

To J. H. S.

"GREENWOOD, June 12, 1843.

"I have almost feared, my dear cousin, that you would suspect me of declining friendship, but I can assure you that you would have received many letters if my kind thoughts of you had been penned. You are so well acquainted with the state of my health, that I need not tell you that my physical infirmities very much limit my ability for epistolary effort, but they do not prevent me from thinking of you with sisterly affection, and from asking every day that the Most High may bless you.

"I feel quite desirous to learn whether light has been thrown upon your path in reference to your theological studies. If not, dear Howard, be not discouraged, but pray earnestly, constantly for direction, and you will certainly receive it. Perhaps our Heavenly Father sees that the exercise of faith and patience will best mature your Christian character, and will, when His purposes shall have been accomplished, remove the obstacles which are now in your way. I feel very great sympathy with you in this matter, and often make it a subject of prayer.

"I trust, my dear cousin, that the Word of God will be your chief delight — that you will, with the Psalmist, continually pray, 'Teach me good judgment and knowledge;' and sure I am, whilst this book is your guide, and this petition in your heart, you will never receive as an article of your faith, the doctrine of *progressive justification, baptismal regeneration, consubstantiation*, or any of those opinions which have been recently so much discussed. I do not believe that any member of our beloved Church can feel for her more sincere affection. I have again and again returned hearty thanks to our Father in Heaven, that He has guided my steps into so peaceful a home. I love her scriptural doctrines and delight in her truly spiritual services, but my heart grows sick when I discover that her mistaken friends too often injure her interests by unduly exalting external things.

"As a private Christian, I am anxious that you should possess *sanctified opinions*, for we can never realize the extent of the influence we all possess; but the responsibility which rests upon a clergyman is so great, that Almighty grace can alone enable him to discharge it, or I should rather say that *he* needs a double portion of the Spirit's influence. I delight to know that the Shepherd and Bishop of souls is ever ready to bestow His gracious teachings, and I love to place myself under His protection from 'false doctrine, heresy and schism.'

"I wish you could have shared with us a delightful communion we enjoyed last week. Dr. Clark has been compelled to resign the care of St. Andrew's, and is too much of an invalid to perform pastoral duty. His visits were a great consolation, and I miss them greatly, but Mr. N. has been here several times, and has twice administered the communion. If you have never received it on a private occasion, you cannot imagine how interesting it is. We feel that our blessed Saviour is with us, and I have often thought, dear Howard, that if a manifestation of His presence is a proof that any service is acceptable to Him, I can never doubt that the reception of the Lord's Supper is according to His will. Is not the language of the Communion service beautifully adapted to the occasion?

"One of my friends, a sincere but doubting Christian, was very anxious to obey the Saviour's command, but feared she was not yet prepared. We read together the service, and she discovered there was nothing in it which should deter any penitent sinner from approaching the ordinance, and she became at once a communicant. * * *

"Dear H., do pray that I may be more thankful. I am dealt with so gently, and am so entirely unworthy of the goodness of God. * * *

"Quite a number of the village children are under serious impressions, and some appear to have been truly regenerated. Will you not, dear cousin, pray most *earnestly* that I may be taught the lessons I would give to others? You could not bestow upon me a greater favor. I do not realize, as I ought, the value of souls, and I wish to be very faithful, and to feel that I am dependent upon Divine aid. I desire an eye single to the glory of God.

"Have you lately heard from Robert, or is he yet with you? I feel very deep interest in his spiritual welfare, and pray for him at twilight. Ask him if he remembers my proposition.

"Write soon to your affectionate cousin, SUSAN."

"*July*, 1843.—I have had an interesting talk with my young friend, H. T. I think the Holy Spirit has touched his heart. A. V. has, I trust, given his heart to Jesus.

"I enjoy my rides much more since J. B. has been so serious. He thinks he has given his heart to our Saviour. I asked him if he thought there was any change in his conduct, from which his Father could know that he felt interested in religion. He replied, 'I do my errands smarter.' I asked him if there was any thing else, and he said, 'I do not quarrel so much with ——.' These seem like the fruits of the Spirit. I have had too many disappointments in my life, to feel certain that all the serious boys will prove truly religious, and yet I am thankful for all they do feel."

To Miss B.

"I believe I will indulge myself with writing you a few lines, dearest Lucie, for as it is the fourth of July, I do not ride in my little carriage to-day, and I have not any company just now. Yesterday I had a very pleasant visit from Mr. S., who spoke sweetly of the desirableness of conformity to the image of Jesus. You will be glad to learn that I have passed the last two Sunday mornings in the vestry-room, and enjoyed the services inexpressibly. 'With joy shall we draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

"I am more and more deeply impressed with the conviction that religion is a source of soul-sustaining pleasure, and I feel thankful that I am permitted to 'taste and see that the Lord is good.' I would remind you, my beloved friend, of the fulness which is in Jesus, and encourage you to come to Him for all you need. I am sure that the spirits of the redeemed in heaven rejoice that they believed these promises so gloriously realized. Let us be followers of *their* faith and patience. I pray for you often, and regret that we cannot more frequently pray and talk together. Dear Lucie! be watchful, prayerful and believing, and you will be more than conqueror over every spiritual foe. When created objects would interpose their charms, oh! think of the dying love of Jesus; think of Him as your ascended Lord; and pray for grace to realize that He is 'chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely.'

"I ought to have returned the account of Laura B. ere this. I read it with interest, and felt that I ought to pray for this interesting girl; for I fear that her intellectual and affectionate instructor will not lead her to the Cross of Jesus. I am not acquainted with his denominational peculiarities, but I was grieved by the spiritual ignorance his narrative displays. He does not recognize the native corruption of the heart, and while he acknowledges her ability for the acquisition of knowledge, hesitates to teach her the doctrines of Christianity. Do you remember the description of Jack, in Personal Recollections, and his idea of the red hand?" * * *

To the same.

"WOODS, Aug. 3, 1843.

"Imagine me, my darling Lucie, in my little carriage, under the shade of some beautiful trees, surrounded by delightful and very rural scenery; the waters of the mill-dam are flowing at the foot of the hill, and the birds are singing around me. I wish you were with me now; I could have you to sing for me, and we could talk together of the celestial city. I find my efforts to secure leisure for writing to you so unsuccessful, that I have brought a sheet of paper to this sweet spot, that I may tell you that you are not forgotten, and must never suspect that my warm affection has in any degree diminished.

"I have been wishing to make some comments upon the remark of your friend, Miss W., of which you speak in your last note. It has been said by some one that we cannot thank God as we ought for our creation, until we learn to praise Him for our redemption.

Since your friend has accepted the offers of salvation, she then has a right to return unfeigned thanksgiving that she was born at all, that she might 'be born again.' If hers shall be the blessedness of Heaven, she will 'then in nobler, sweeter songs,' offer praise to Him who has granted such rich blessings of Providence and grace. It is wonderful that He has 'so loved the world.'

"I think the habit of returning thanks for the blessings of each day is very beneficial. Even the comparatively trifling events which cause us to pass time pleasantly, should be noticed as subjects for thanksgiving. The beauties of nature, the air we breathe, the flowers which speak to us so sweetly of our Father's love, the provisions He supplies for our physical need, and the observation of His ruling, guiding care, should constantly cause us to exclaim, 'The whole earth is full of Thy riches.' And then, our Heavenly Father exercises towards us so much patience and long-suffering; He scatters upon almost every page of His Holy Word such blessed promises; He gave His only Son to die for our sins; His Spirit to guide and to console; and then, when life's journey shall have been passed, He takes His redeemed children to dwell with Him in peace and joy for ever.

"I know, dear Lucie, that those who dwell in glory 'come out of great tribulation,' for discipline is needed by every child of Adam, but we must *never doubt*, for 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God.' How sweet is the expression, 'Thou art the Helper of the fatherless.' *We* are fatherless, dearest Lucie, and God is our Father. *I* am motherless, and yet 'as one whom His mother comforteth so He comforts me.' Oh, do not let us turn away from Him, let us seek more and more of the Spirit of adoption, and let us pray for grace to render filial obedience at all times. * * *

"*5th.*—I received your letter, dear Lucie, after my return from the woods, but until now have not found leisure to complete even this scribbled epistle.

"I scarcely know what to say in reference to your spiritual troubles, in which I need not assure you that I always deeply sympathize. I should be sorry if the fear of giving me pain should ever induce you to withhold the expression of your feelings.

"You speak of the temptation you sometimes feel to give up all effort to pursue the path which leads to Heaven. Surely you must know whence this suggestion comes, and instantly reject it with horror. Read with earnest prayer, my beloved friend, the 11th chap-

ter of Hebrews; look at the 'cloud of witnesses,' who 'might have had opportunity to have returned,' but who pressed onward through trials which we, dear Lucie, have never yet known; for we have not yet 'resisted unto blood, striving against sin.' I have often thought if religion were not the blessed thing it is; if it required the sacrifice of every earthly enjoyment, or even confinement to some dreary dungeon, it would be wiser to endure all this, that we might escape eternal misery, and secure the blessing of Heaven. But it is *not thus*. Were there no world but this, the disciple of Jesus would be happier even in affliction, than the most brilliant of earth's votaries. Dear Lucie, I fear this state of mind has been in some degree produced by inattention to the voice of the Holy Spirit. There is so much danger of grieving Him by the indulgence of indolent or vain feelings, by the careless perusal of His Word, by the neglect of prayer and self-examination, and by *unbelief*. Be your difficulties what they may, they are not beyond the power of Him who is 'able to subdue all things unto Himself.' Cast yourself anew at the foot of the Cross, and you will find that Christ is able to 'save unto the *uttermost*." * * *

"*Aug.* 1*st*.—O my Heavenly Father, preserve me from the false doctrine which makes my spirit so sad. Teach me to defend the truth as it is in Jesus. Endue me with meekness and discretion, and with holy boldness; for Thou seest I need them all. Oh, let my faith be strengthened by every argument. Let me not pride myself upon my orthodoxy, but remember that it is only while I sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn from Him new lessons of faith and love, that I can be preserved from error. I do cling to the Cross. I do depend upon Thy teaching, Thou gracious Shepherd and Bishop of souls. I commit my faith, my allegiance to Thy protection. I thank Thee that Thou hast preserved me through years of temptation.

"Yesterday had a season of prayer, in which I felt, somewhat as I wish to feel, the desolation of Zion—in which my soul was burdened for the sins of my people. I have had the expression of David, 'My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him,' very much in my mind for some time past.

"My dear Pastor's illness is a great trial. He paid us a visit lately, but could converse very little, and could not even pray with me. But I 'look unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.'

"I have had some symptoms which increase the probability that my death may be sudden,—an almost constant uneasiness of the heart. I contemplate death with pleasure, for 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' but I feel grieved that I am not more heavenly-minded. O my Father, pardon my many sins, and sanctify my soul, for Jesus' sake."

In the summer of 1843, Miss Allibone's very dear and interesting friend, Miss Byrd, was seized with illness of an alarming character. The immediate and threatening danger, by the blessing of God on skilful medical treatment, was averted, but the disease was only for a time checked and mitigated. The cheek of the lovely invalid glowed more brightly still with the hectic flush, and remorseless consumption preyed upon the delicate, attenuated frame. To her invalid friend Miss Allibone, from her own experience of illness, as well as deep sympathy with her spiritual exercises, was able to minister most acceptable consolation.

To Miss L. V. B.

"I cannot tell you how sad I felt when I was informed of your illness, but I remembered that God is your Father and Friend, and committed you with confidence to His guardianship. My visit, brief as it was, afforded me much gratification, and I felt thankful to learn that you feel so peaceful, and were not alarmed by the symptoms which so suddenly attacked you. Fear not to encourage these blessed emotions of reliance upon God. You can honor him best by trusting Him simply and earnestly. I pray that He will give you grace to glorify Him by your faith and patience, now that they are thus tested. Cheerful endurance of pain, and the many privations attendant upon sickness, will be as acceptable to God as the most active service; but it is not *passively* alone that you can prove your allegiance. Your worldly friends, who, amid the circles of fashion, would deem religion a gloomy and most unwelcome subject, will be

glad that it irradiates the chamber of sickness, and when they come to visit you, will allow you to beg them to 'taste and see that the Lord is good.'

"I would urge upon you great care of your health — implicit obedience to your physician's requests. This is a Christian duty, and you owe it to the anxious hearts around you, to the friends who would risk their lives to minister to your comfort. How much I should love to help nurse you, my precious Lucie; but I hope, if it be our Father's will, you will not long require the aid of those who love you. Your situation is critical, but I have known so many persons who enjoy a tolerable degree of health after such attacks as yours, that I hope the best; but I say this selfishly, for 'to depart and to be with Christ is *far better*.' Oh! I long to go to Heaven! I would be glad to be 'by death's cold hand led home to God.'" * * *

To the same.

"It is a sad reflection that you, and my dear Pastor, and my cousin, Mrs. O. (three of my best-loved friends), are in so delicate a state of health; but I ought not to regret this, since 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' and He so kindly gives you the consolations of His Spirit. I am selfish enough to hope, that if it be His pleasure, I may enter the heavenly world before any of you shall be taken from me; but I would rather my Heavenly Father should do with me as He sees best, for 'He doeth all things well.'

"Lucie! my beloved friend, how much I have thought of you during the past two weeks! Emotions of sadness and of thankfulness have succeeded each other. How very unhappy I should feel if I did not believe that you are a child of God; that the Everlasting Arms will ever shelter you! Fear not to exercise the most entire trust. I so much love the promise, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' Oh! what a privilege to be permitted to glorify God, to prove His power to sustain, to be enabled to say to those around us, 'My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!' Now that you feel weak, you will need *very simple* trust in Jesus. I pray that it may be yours. Sometimes when I have been so debilitated, that I have been almost incapable of mental effort, I have felt as though God came to me, and I had scarcely to exert myself to go to Him. He pitieth us even as a kind father. I often think of dear old Bishop Moore's prayer, that 'when my pil-

low refused me the repose I sought, I might be permitted to rest upon the bosom of Jesus.' "

To a Lady.

"Oct. 22, 1843.

"I felt quite disappointed when I learned that you had gone so far away, dear Mrs. E., for I had hoped I should have been able to repeat my conviction that our Heavenly Father is waiting to bestow His blessing on you, and to persuade you to accept these offers of mercy which are addressed to *you* as emphatically as though there were no other being in the world.

"I wished, too, to have given you the little tract I enclose, and was very glad to hear from your sister that she will be able to send it to you very soon. Need I apologize for the few lines which accompany it? Will you wonder that one who has enjoyed the Saviour's presence through years of suffering, in the hour of bereavement, and who can point to His blood as the atonement for her many sins, should remind you of His invitation, 'Come unto me, and I will give *you* rest.'

"You will perhaps tell me, 'this rest is not for me; my soul is not penetrated by contrition, nor does it overflow with love. I am not in a proper state of mind for the reception of spiritual blessings.' I am sorry that you do not repent more deeply, and love more fervently. I acknowledge that you have no worthy offering to bring unto the Lord, but you are 'weary and heavy laden,' and *therefore* Jesus says to you, 'Come unto me.' You are fearful that you will be called into eternity whilst yet unreconciled to God. You dread his frown of displeasure when you shall stand at the judgment-seat, and you believe that in *your ear* will sound the fearful sentence, 'Depart, ye cursed.' Oh! what a fearful doom! How justly dreaded by the guilty soul! How awful the reflection that the *wrath of God abideth* on him 'who believeth not!'

"Oh! go not to the world to shake off this fearful consciousness: forget not that the endearments of domestic life are but for a season: that unsanctified intellectual enjoyment is but a dream. But a little while will the period of probation continue; and then, unsupported by the arm of earthly affection, you must pass on to the untried realities of the eternal world. Oh! then flee to the refuge set before us. I care not what motive brings you to my Saviour, if you will only come. 'Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.' So, then, your want of repentance is no just excuse for

staying away. This coldness of heart will soon melt away when the love of God is shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost. Seek then, His influences. If you cannot seek as you would, be not discouraged. If you can only lift up your eye to Heaven, there let it be fixed. If you can only say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' repeat the cry, though it be with a faltering tone.

"Let me warn you with solemn earnestness against the spirit of indifference which, with icy grasp, would extinguish the motions of the Spirit. Let me beseech you to suffer not the excitement of new scenes, or even the most imperative duties of life to divert your attention from the solemn question which will soon be settled. Will you be a recipient of pardon and peace, of God's blessing in this world, and the everlasting smile of His love; or will you coldly reject these mercies, and say unto Jesus, 'I will not come to Thee that I may have life.' I must just remind you that the invitation contained in the last chapter of Revelation is addressed not only to him that *thirsteth,* but to *whomsoever will.*

"May God give you grace to give up every thing which grieves His Spirit, to seek entire conformity to the image of His Son, to consecrate your talents and affections to His service. I have written very plainly, as much so as though long acquaintance had entitled me to the privilege, but I do not think you will suspect me of a desire to dictate. Indeed, I feel that I am very unworthy, and would affectionately persuade you to trust in Him who proved to me so merciful.

"It is not probable that upon earth we shall exchange a greeting, but I pray that we may meet in a world of light and love."

"*Oct* 31*st.*—Late as it is, I must record the visit I have received from two aged servants of God, Mr. and Mrs. C., from Scotland. After Mr. C. had prayed most sweetly, I asked him what he thought the best means of growing in grace. With inimitable simplicity of manner he replied, 'Grow downward,' and remarked, 'We grow most in grace when we most deeply feel our nothingness.' Heavenly Father, wilt Thou, for Jesus' sake, bless to my soul this counsel, so much in accordance with Thy Word. Last Sunday, and the two Sundays previous, I was at church, and the last time received the Communion with great comfort. When

I reflect upon my own sinfulness, and the amazing mercy I have received, not only in the redemption of my soul by the blood of Jesus, but in the communion I am permitted to enjoy with my Father in Heaven, I feel that 'He leadeth sinners in the way.'"

To J. H. S.

"I think, my dear cousin, our Heavenly Father has been very kind to have thus placed you under such healthful influences, and you cannot imagine how earnest is my desire that you may be a very eminent Christian, only satisfied with the best gifts. There is so much danger of lowering the Christian standard—of learning to look upon religion as one of the needful things, rather than as the 'one thing needful,' that I think of you and Robert with constant solicitude; though I trust our Father in Heaven will enable you to 'press towards the mark.'

"Dear Howard, I trust that the service of your God will ever be your recreation, and that you will make His glory your constant aim. I often think of Dr. Bedell's advice, 'Keep up the same earnestness and strife in religion as if you knew yourself to be in a state of nature.' If we were to seek sanctification as earnestly as we implored the pardon of our sins, how rapidly we might progress! Oh, my dear cousin, let us pray for more grace, let us seek entire sincerity and holy earnestness,—above all, simple faith in Jesus.

"If you should become a clergyman, I want you to take your divine Master and His Apostles for your model. I would not that by you any Christian heart should be made heavy, as mine has sometimes been, by the inconsistency of those who ought to be examples of all that is lovely and of good report. And yet it has often been my privilege to see the Redeemer's image impressed upon those who teach His truth, and I often return grateful thanks for their refreshing counsel. * * *

To R. S.

"Dec. 28, 1843.

"I have not been in debt to you very long, dear Robert, but I feel desirous that you should receive an assurance of our sympathy with your new hopes, and our thankfulness to the Father of the fatherless for having, as I trust, adopted you into His family. I was not surprised by the arrival of this good news, for I felt so much faith and enlargement in prayer for you that I expected some blessing was in store. * * *

"When —— gave her heart to her Heavenly Father, she prayerfully resolved that no one who belonged not to His family should ever be regarded as her *dearest friend*, and I trust this resolve will be also yours, dear Robert. It will be in compliance with some very decided injunctions of Scripture, and I trust this blessed volume will ever be 'a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path.' I do not suppose that this subject is one of peculiar interest to you, but it is well to have decided views.

"*Jan. 6th*—I have been unwillingly compelled to postpone until now the completion of my letter. The close of the year was accompanied by many feelings of deep solemnity, much regret that I had not more rapidly progressed in spiritual knowledge, and an earnest desire to realize more entirely the value of the immortal souls around me, the love of our crucified Redeemer, my unworthiness of so much mercy, and my obligation to consecrate every affection and energy to Him whose *goodness* leads us to repentance.

"My dear cousin, no words can express the desire I feel that you should be entirely devoted to His service. Tears of mingled gratitude to God, and interest in your welfare, fill my eyes, and many prayers for you ascend to our Father in Heaven. Yes, dear Robert, He is our Father, orphans as we are, and will give us better gifts than the most tender earthly parents can bestow. Let us then treasure no feelings of sadness, but with cheerful confidence pour out our hearts in prayer and praise. How comprehensive the injunction contained in the 13th verse of the 5th chapter of James! How much would its uniform observance restrain the excess of mirth and despondency. There is so much danger of forgetting our Heavenly Father when we are very glad or very sorrowful!

"You speak, dear Robert, of an increasing realization of your unworthiness, and of the deep depravity of your nature, and this I hope is a good sign. Dr. Bedell used to say that the dust and cobwebs which may have accumulated in a darkened room, are only discovered when light is admitted; and so when the Holy Spirit shines into the sinner's mind, he discerns the corruption which has been always there, but of which the darkness of an unregenerate mind has kept him in ignorance. Oh that the axe may be laid to the *root* of every sinful propensity, for there is no safety but in deep humility and self-distrust! But if we look *only* to our hearts, we shall learn not only sinful doubts but utter despair. We must not forget that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and that 'no extremity of guilt or misery can come up to Christ's *uttermost*.' 'He

is able to save to the uttermost all them that come to God by Him, seeing He *ever liveth* to make intercession for us.' Dear Robert, pray over these promises, and with 'the shield of faith quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.'

"You say you feel almost tempted sometimes to regret the solemn step you have taken. Would it not be better, my dear cousin, only to regret that you did not more fully realize its responsibility, and earnestly pray for grace to discharge it, now that it is incurred? I know it is your desire 'to be faithful until death,' and if you will only *look unto Jesus*, the Author and Finisher of our faith,' He will enable you to resist every temptation. In meditation upon His word and character you will find the spiritual joy you so much desire. I trust you will find that 'the joy of the Lord is your strength.' *

"I pray that you may be directed into the path which the Lord has appointed you. If His glory be your aim, His will your guide, He will cause you to 'hear a voice behind you, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.' I should be delighted to learn that you had determined to be a herald of the Cross, but would not dictate in so important a matter, though I have often prayed that this may be your privilege, if it be our Father's will. I would not that you should make this choice without a very decided impression of duty. I will often pray that you may be guided aright. I feel for you a sister's interest, and wish you to give me a brother's confidence.

* * * "I wish to tell you how glad I am that you pray for us. Do pray for us daily, and even more frequently. Ask that we may be humble, watchful, trusting. Pray for a class of children I see on Saturday afternoons, and for some boys who come on Tuesday evenings to learn of Jesus. Implore our Father to give me patience and firm trust to the end, and forget not to thank Him for all He has done for your unworthy cousin. Pray that my motives may be pure. Pray that in my last hour I may 'fear' and 'find no evil.' I do not fear it, for Jesus loves His own to the end." * * *

CHAPTER XV.

1844.

Letters of Friendship — Recollections of her Mother — Visit from an Afflicted Friend — Dr. Clark's Death — Letters to Miss B. — Letter to a bereaved Mother — The Land far away.

To the Rev. J. H. S.

"GREENWOOD, April 26, 1844.

"I HAVE thought very often of you and dear R., my beloved cousin, since the removal of your Pastor, for I feel interested in all your joys and sorrows, and can so well sympathise with you in the bereavement which has caused you both to suffer so greatly. I have loved Mr. Jackson for your sakes, since I learned that he had been so great a comfort and blessing to my orphan cousins, and have often realized that it was the loving-kindness of our Heavenly Father which placed you under the guardianship of so kind and faithful a spiritual friend.

"I knew that you loved him with filial affection, and greatly prized his counsel, so that his departure, — I will not say death, for he has only 'gone before,' — is to you a peculiar affliction, but I need not remind you that it was kind in our Father to remove His servant to his heavenly home, and I trust that experience has taught you how precious is the consolation he pours into the wounded heart.

"I should love to see you, dear H., and then we could talk and pray together over our losses and our home. I fear you sometimes feel very desolate, but trust the spirit of adoption is ever richly granted you, and that you are always enabled to rejoice that you are 'a fellow-citizen with the saints and of the household of God.' Spiritual ties are very strong, and spiritual intercourse one of the most exalted enjoyments of earth. To the Christian, every disciple of Jesus is a beloved friend, every temple erected to the Triune God a home for his heart.

"I am very glad that you expect to receive your theological education at Alexandria. I do not believe you will regret this decision.

I have heard much of this institution, which has sent forth some of our best clergymen. * * *

"My health varies very little, but does not improve, upon the whole, though I have been riding several times this spring, and once to church in my little wagon. When I go to church, I am carried up stairs, and recline upon a settee in the gallery, which is appropriated to the choir and Sunday School children, so that I have a very comfortable location there. Do pray that an increase of spiritual interest may be granted to this parish. * * *

"Oh, H., I have some news to tell you, which will inspire you with gratitude and delight. My own dear W. has become decidedly religious, and was confirmed at the Epiphany a few Sundays ago. 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together for this rich blessing, and pray that I may prove my gratitude by more entire conformity to His will. And pray, too, for W., for he is much exposed to temptation. Oh, that we may be ever taught by the Spirit, surrendering ourselves with child-like obedience to His holy guidance. I do pray for you every day, for ten thousand dangers are around us, and I desire that you may 'put on the *whole* armor of God.' It is so important to listen to every whisper of the Holy Spirit, for many who were very zealous in a spiritual course become less vigilant, and then how perceptible is the change! Oh, Howard, let us look to Jesus, our only hope!

To W. A. N.

"GREENWOOD, June 21, 1844.

'Am I mistaken in the impression that the 21st of June is my W.'s birthday? I am not certain of this; but will at all events gratify the desire I feel to write to him a letter of affectionate congratulation upon the increased 'joy and peace in believing,' which have been poured into the heart of my loved one by 'the Giver of every good and perfect gift.' Oh, remember the promise, 'Open thy mouth *wide*, and I will fill it.' Be not satisfied with ordinary measures of grace, for though an earthly being may be wearied by importunity, our Father in Heaven beholds with approbation the intense desire, the confident expectation of rich blessings. 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness,' will, I trust, be the increasing aspiration of our souls.

'I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

It was the sight of Thy dear Cross
  First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
  The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
I want that grace that springs from Thee,
  That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
  Bloom as the myrtle and the rose.
Dear Fountain of delight unknown,
  No longer sink below the brim,
But overflow, and pour me down,
  A living and life-giving stream.'

"'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life *freely*.' 'Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.' Many and many an aspiration of thanksgiving has ascended from my heart, for the loving-kindness which has made my precious boy a partaker of the blessedness which religion only can impart. I can truly say, dear W., that I have yearned over you 'in the bowels of Christ Jesus.' I have prayed with many tears, and now I rejoice with great joy that the blessing, so ardently implored, has been vouchsafed.

"But so 'deceitful and desperately wicked' is the human heart, so varied and seductive the temptations of the world, and so unwearied the devices of Satan, that if it were not for the confidence I feel that our merciful Father will carry on the work He has so graciously commenced, my heart would be filled with anxiety. There is temptation all around us, my dearest boy; danger intrudes into our holiest services and our consecrated places. I have often listened to the petition, 'Pardon the iniquity of our holy things,' and I have thought it a most appropriate prayer; for how sadly do our wandering thoughts and manifold corruptions defile our spiritual sacrifices! And yet, they are accepted for the sake of our great High Priest, who sprinkles them with His blood and offers His own availing intercession. He is, dear W., *just such* a Saviour as we need, and the best way to grow in grace is to reflect constantly upon His character and offices. This was always the counsel of my departed Pastor,—his unfailing and ever-welcome theme—Jesus, Jesus. To 'know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified,' is to be wise, indeed; to have made the highest attainment in theology.

"May the Rock of Ages ever be *your* shelter from false doctrine, infidelity, presumption and doubt. Tears come into my eyes with the realization that this is a most blessed and a very peaceful

resting-place. Surely *I* should never have found it, if ours were not a God of long-suffering and infinite mercy; for a more unworthy pilgrim does not shelter there. There may we be found in the hour of death and the day of judgment!

"I have heard the remark that we ought to make as earnest efforts to obtain salvation as though success depended upon ourselves, and yet ever feel that *in ourselves* we can do nothing; and this I think is very good counsel.

"'As a man soweth, so shall he reap,' and we should ever realize that in all we say, and do and think, we are sowing either to the flesh or to the Spirit. I need not say how desirous I feel that the precious truths of Scripture should be our constant study and delight —the throne of grace our spirits' home. We have often talked of heavenly things, and I trust we shall often speak together words taught us by the Holy Spirit. Oh! that we may become more humble, more earth-weaned every day, for we have much to learn."

To Miss L. B.

"Our intercourse has been greatly interrupted, dear Lucie; I have not been well enough to visit you, as I hoped to have done ere this, and I have not commanded time and strength together to write you even a note. Sometimes I have been too sick to write at all, and at others occupied with duties which seemed to me imperative. I have thought of you very often, and am glad to hear of your improved health. * * *

"I feel deeply, as you may well suppose, the departure of my much-loved Pastor, and have prayed much that it may teach me spiritual lessons. For some years past he has been my chosen counsellor, and his sympathy has been one of my greatest earthly comforts. What a blessing that our great 'High Priest ever liveth'! He comforts me when beloved ones are removed; and physical suffering would overcome me, were not His love my consolation, and His strength made 'perfect in my weakness.' Most of all, I love my Saviour, because He has died to atone for my sins. But I do not love Him as I ought. We must ask for each other, dear Lucie, an increase of holy affection ever proven by implicit obedience.

"Are you growing in grace? Does your spiritual joy increase? The Scriptures assure us that 'the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' I trust it will be thus with you, dearest one, for I can truly say, 'I am jealous over you with godly jealousy.'

"I was reading yesterday a sermon of Bishop Heber's upon the vigilance of our great adversary, the artfulness with which he adapts temptations to our temperaments and circumstances, which made me feel very deeply the importance of constant watchfulness." * * *

To the same.

"It gives me comfort to know that you receive so many proofs of kindness in addition to the devoted attention of your own family. Kindly offices have been lavished upon me since I have been an invalid, and I know how refreshing they are. It is our Father in Heaven, dear Lucie, who inclines our earthly friends to be so kind, and who surrounds us with comforts. Oh, let us pray for more gratitude, deeper humility and more fervent love. I think the '*goodness* of God' should 'lead us to repentance,' if no other motive were strong enough. * * *

"I trust, dear Lucie, you are learning more and more the blessed lesson of simple reliance upon our crucified Saviour. I do so much love the 2d chapter of Ephesians. I think it would comfort you to pray it over. Oh, that you would always look unto Jesus, the Sun of righteousness: what bright rays would shine upon your heart! 2 Cor. 4 : 6. * * *

"I do trust that your example, your indifference to scenes of unsanctified pleasure, may prove to your friends a rich spiritual blessing.

'As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.'"

"*Sunday, July 14th*, 1844.—This night five years since was the one which preceded the eternal day she is now enjoying, for 'there is no night there.' My thoughts of my mother are too sacred for utterance. They lie deep in my heart, save when I ask my Heavenly Father to give me strength to bear her loss, or praise Him for having taken her to dwell with Him. I do sometimes try to speak of her, but I cannot as I would. If my frame were not so weak I would make a strong effort to do so often. I have never felt any thing but

submission to the will of God in this bereavement, and His comforts have refreshed my soul so abundantly that I can comprehend the expression, 'We glory in tribulation.' Yet I do miss my mother. My appreciation of her character, exalted as it was while she was with me, continually increases. Often, when I have witnessed the blind indulgence of other parents, I feel glad that she was so decided, so solicitous for our real good.

"I love to think of the undeviating integrity of her character, her hospitality, her anxiety for the spiritual welfare of others, her love for the disciples of Jesus, her tenderness towards her own children, her joy when we confessed Christ before men. I love to think of her as she sat by her little table early in the morning, and read the pages of God's Word and her Prayer-Book, which now contain so many pin-marks which she placed there.

"She loved family prayer so much! I remember how glad I was when she opened the way for it by asking, one evening when I was attending to my devotions, if I would not pray aloud. From that night we surrounded the family altar, and thus my long-cherished desire was granted. Lord, I bless Thee — I magnify Thy holy name!

"*24th.* — I do love my Heavenly Father for His kindness to His afflicted children. My beloved Dr. B. has been here this morning, and though his daughter slept in Jesus but a week since, he is enabled to 'rejoice with joy unspeakable.' Her departure was most peaceful, and during her illness she was favored with bright spiritual light. He said to her once, 'Good night, God bless you;' and she replied, 'Father, He always does bless me.' Our God is good and merciful, and *His* children are only blessed. I have often thought that if religion were nothing worth, save in the hour of adversity, it would be well to secure it, that we might possess its consolations then. But it is a blessed portion at all times, —

always brighter and holier than all other sources of enjoyment."

The allusions in the foregoing extracts to the Rev. John A. Clark, discover Miss Allibone's high appreciation of that faithful servant of Christ, as well as her strong personal attachment to one whom she regarded as her Pastor. It was with extreme but chastened grief that she first witnessed the decline of his health, and then learned that upon earth she should see his face no more. She deeply felt the loss of his pastoral visits which had proved such a consolation and refreshment to her spirit under the depression of illness, and fondly cherished the memory of his prayers and counsels. Linked by strong bonds of affection and congeniality to numerous Christian friends, Miss Allibone's heart often felt pangs of the final parting, and mourned the loss of those whom she had confidently expected to precede to the eternal world. But she wept their departure as though she wept not, for she looked forward to a speedy reunion with congenial spirits in that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; and whoever was taken away, Jesus remained to fill the void and heal the wound.

"I have said nothing in my Diary of my Pastor's departure, but oh! I have felt it deeply, and realize more and more that I have lost one of my best friends: the one who talked to me most of Jesus, and was the greatest blessing to my soul. Now that the summer has returned I miss his visits more, but I am glad he has gone to Heaven.

"I wish all clergymen were as profitable as he — as ready to converse upon heavenly things. I hope our Pastor's prayer for our family, 'May the Lord bless you and yours, and bring you to His everlasting kingdom,' may be answered. He said but the day before his death, 'My hope is Jesus, Jesus.'

'Oh! may the music of Thy name
Refresh *my* soul in death.'"

To Miss B.

"GREENWOOD, Aug. 5, 1844.

"I received your sweet letter, dearest Lucie, and have intended replying to it before this morning, but as usual have been much engaged. I do not mean that I have always been usefully occupied, for I have reason, too frequently, to reproach myself for wasting precious time. I am glad that you are enjoying yourself so much, and trust that you will indeed be blessed to all around you. Is it not delightful that our Father in Heaven is willing, as well as able, to guide us under all circumstances?

"I should have enjoyed having you with me in the sick chamber of a very pious woman residing in our neighborhood. She had been a communicant in the Episcopal Church when in Ireland, and wished to receive the sacrament in her room. Our young Rector administered it twice to her, and I doubt not that it was much enjoyed by her. She died this week, and was interred in our church-yard. Once, in conversing with her, I spoke of the temptations of the adversary: her answer was, 'I never let him in.' I never saw her in the least degree desponding, and although suffering from a very painful disease, her trust in God appeared unshaken. She has left three children, and has, I hope, already met some of her departed ones in Heaven.

"A woman, afflicted with consumption, living a short distance from us, appeared entirely satisfied with her state of mind, and was confident she would go to Heaven. No representations of truth seemed to affect her; she still rested upon her sandy foundation, until a few days before her death, when she sent for me, and said, 'I have not been converted, and I want you to convert me.' I told her that I could not convert her, but could try to lead her to Jesus. She was certainly much more interested than she had formerly been, but whether she ever became converted, I do not know. Her friends thought that her end was peaceful, but it is so natural to cling to every hope, that we cannot place much confidence in that. A dear little girl between nine and ten years of age is also very sick, and I do hope that she will be changed before she is called away. Do pray, dearest Lucie, that my heart may be fully prepared to speak 'a word in season' to every one with whom I may have intercourse. I think in visiting the sick peculiar grace is needed, for any unwise counsel might prove ruinous.

"I know that you would, dear Lucie, enjoy these visits, and might prove much more useful than your unworthy friend. If you would

sing your 'Emerald Gates' to some dying believer, it might cheer the heart and reanimate the faith, and I am sure that I should find you a pleasant companion by the wayside. * * *

"Oh Lucie, we had such a sweet visit from my beloved Dr. B., who had lost (for a little while) a lovely daughter the week before, and though his heart was deeply wounded, it was most mercifully bound up. His conversation was refreshing, and his prayer truly affecting. His Father in Heaven had taught him to 'glory in tribulation.' Is not such a religion as this worth more than earth can give? After he left, the rain began to fall, but the sun still shone, and I thought it was thus with our friend. The Sun of Righteousness penetrated even the clouds of sorrow. And then, when the rain ceased, His rays became most brilliant. All nature was irradiated. In that blessed land, of which the Lamb is the light, dear Lucie, the darkness of sorrow and of sin will come no more for ever. Oh that we may be made 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light!'

"I knew our Father in Heaven would be kind to you, my precious one, and therefore was not surprised to learn that Christian society and opportunities of usefulness have been granted you; and these are two sources of deep interest and delight. I do not think any society very interesting, from which we cannot derive, or to whom we cannot impart benefit. * * * I have thought of you with peculiar interest on Sunday, and prayed that you might consecrate it. It requires much grace to do this, when absent from home, but how much better to appear rude to those around, than to offend the King of kings! I think the two last verses of the 58th of Isaiah an excellent guide upon this subject. May the Lord be with you, 'my dearly beloved and longed-for,' and sanctify you wholly for our Saviour's sake." * * *

"*Aug. 25th, Sunday evening.*—Answered prayer.

"*Oct. 18th.*—The society of Christians gives me exquisite delight. No words can describe it. I have had, this evening, a most refreshing visit from the Rev. Mr. P. I hope it may prove a lasting blessing. I felt very sorrowful when he first came, for my darling Lucie expects to go to the South next week. She is one of my greatest comforts, and best loved Christian friends; but our Father's will be done.

"I feel very much obliged to Caroline Fry for the remark,

in reference to the religious instruction of children, that it is our duty to fill the water-pots with water—it is our Saviour's province to turn the water into wine.

"I have felt too anxious about the spiritual coldness which seems to pervade so many around me. I have not trusted enough. Lord, I leave all to Thee. Increase my faith."

To Miss B.

"GREENWOOD, Nov. 1, 1844.

"'I hoped, dearly beloved in the Lord,' that I should have written you a long letter this evening, but I was interrupted by a visit from our new cook, a remarkably worthy girl, whom I had invited to come to my room at some leisure hour, for I think it very important to ascertain the spiritual state of domestics. How glad I am that she came, for I believe the Holy Spirit is striving with her. She seems very unhappy, and it is so delightful to remind her of the promise, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' When I endeavor to recommend the Saviour, I feel so entirely convinced that He is just such a Friend as is needed, that He is looking down from His Holy Throne with unutterable love, that I can scarcely wait until He be accepted and rejoiced in.

"Many a time I have returned thanks that to you, my darling Lucie, has been granted an increased realization that 'He is able to save to the uttermost;' and I pray that you may 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' You are under the guidance of the Shepherd of Israel in all your wanderings, and I doubt not that He so continually removes you from your best loved earthly counsellors, that you may trust more implicitly to Him. I should feel very uneasy, if I did not hope that His Spirit will direct, reprove and console you. I should fear that the interruptions of travelling, and the excitement of new scenes, would sometimes induce you to omit seasons for retirement which might possibly be secured; and I should sometimes think that since you now enjoy so much spiritual comfort, you might perhaps be tempted to become less watchful, and forget that we need for each hour new supplies of grace. Not that I have observed such tendencies as these, in the least degree, but I know that Satan adapts our temptations to the circumstances in which we are placed. I will not doubt, however, that you will be enabled to pursue an onward course; and I love my Heavenly Father better for his kindness to

my darling friend. My wishes for you are most emphatically expressed in the last few verses of the third chapter of Ephesians (a most blessed epistle). Pray over these passages, dearest. How delightful is the first chapter of Colossians! I often pray that *I* may 'be strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all long-suffering with joyfulness.'

"Do you not find it difficult to consecrate the Sabbath as you wish? I think watchfulness in this respect is a very correct test of Christian character; and yet we often meet with sad disappointments in this respect, even in those who seem regardful of other Christian duties. I often think of a remark contained in Dr. Bedell's Way Marks, 'We must not look to Christians, but to Christ, for a pattern.' Is it not an unspeakable comfort that there is one Being who is 'holy, harmless and undefiled. I think we are too much disposed to depend upon our most prized Christian friends, to almost forget that they too are very sinful. * * *

"I agree with all you say about the blessedness of Christian fellowship. We ought to pray, 'Let those that fear Thee turn unto Me, and those that have known Thy testimonies.'"

To Mrs. J.

"GREENWOOD, Dec. 4, 1844.

"It is a source of regret that I cannot more frequently enjoy your society, my dearest Mrs. J., and I have been wishing for a long time to write to you a letter, and tell you some of the affectionate thoughts which warm my heart.

"I shall never forget how kindly you encouraged my desire to learn more of my heavenly Father's love—the readiness with which you conversed with me upon the responsibilities of a Christian course, and the practical lessons by which your precepts were enforced.

"Your sympathy, too, was so acceptable when our precious mother was removed to a better world, for you too had been taught lessons of bereavement, and you had learned to weep with those that weep for the departure of loved ones, and to rejoice too that those loved ones had gone to Heaven.

"*Again* for yourself you weep, while you rejoice, for you are glad indeed that this lamb is folded in the Saviour's bosom, but you miss her sweet voice, and her lovely face, and those clustering ringlets. You cannot talk to her any more of our Saviour's love, you cannot press her to your bosom with yearning such as a mother only knows.

This must often agonize your soul. May God bless and comfort you, my own loved friend, and enable you to glorify Him as He has given you grace to do in seasons of past sorrow. His Spirit has already whispered thoughts of peace, and proved Himself the *Comforter*, and He will be with you still to raise your heart to Heaven. You listen no longer to the merry laugh of your beautiful little Mary, but she has learned celestial melody.

"How joyously must the angelic Host welcome to their glorious Home the spirits of little children! We love them tenderly, but we gaze upon their sunny faces with melancholy interest, for we know they will be clouded with sorrow and with sin, and we long to look upon the impress of our Saviour's image there. We would shield them from unholy influences, but they are all around, and we feel that we know less than we would teach them of heavenly things. Ought we not then to feel thankful when our Heavenly Father shelters them for ever from the temptations of the world, and teaches them celestial lessons?

"I have thought with so much sympathy of your dear husband, and have often asked our Father in Heaven to comfort him. I think he can well understand the meaning of the assurance, 'Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'

"I remember how sweetly he talked to me of the 'ages to come,' in which 'God will show the exceeding riches of His grace, in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus.' I have loved him better ever since. Will you not both come to see us very soon?

"Will you not pray, my ever kind friend, that I may derive deeper instruction from the bereavement I still so keenly feel? I think affliction increases our responsibility so much, and I wish to learn every lesson our merciful Father would teach me, but I must *prove* this by more diligent attention to His instructions. I *have* learned that He is the 'Father of mercies and God of all comfort!'"

'THE LAND FAR AWAY.

'There are bright homes 'mid bowers of deathless glory,
There are blue skies o'erbending them in love;
Sweet winds, that never sighed round ruins hoary,
Or sung the autumn requiem of the grove.
There are fair flowers by crystal waters springing,
That never bore the semblance of decay;
On the soft air their perfumed incense flinging,
In a land far away.

'There on the mountain tops the day declining,
Hath never caused a twilight shade to rest;
Each hath an altar to Jehovah, shining
With sunlike brightness in the valleys blest.
And there are dwellers in these scenes of gladness,
O'er whose pure being death can have no sway,
Whose voices utter not a tone of sadness,
In a land far away.

'Cherub and Seraphim of glory, bending
In holy rapture at the Throne of Light,
Angels and saints their songs of triumph blending—
These are the dwellers in that region bright.
And some have walked with *us* the path of sorrow,
And felt the storms of many a wintry day,
But oh, they 'wakened to a glorious morrow,
In a land far away.

'Thou best and dearest, ever gentle mother!
Who soothed me in thy circling arms to rest;
Stilling the cries that would have vexed another,
By folding me with love upon thy breast;
Green, o'er thy grave, for years the long grass sighing,
Has seemed to mourn above thy mouldering clay,
But *well* I know thy spirit dwells undying,
In a land far away.

'And shall we weep for those to joy departed,
Or grieve to see the captives burst their chain?
Sick as we are, and sad and weary hearted,
Would we recall them to the earth again?
See where they dwell—the forms we loved and cherished,
From age dim-eyed with hair of silver grey,
To the fair babe that like a blossom perished—
In the land far away.

There He whose brightness suns and stars are *veiling*,
Whose form, once seen, would blind our mortal eyes,
With Him who bore unmoved the scoffer's railing,
And died to give us entrance to the skies;
Father and Son and ever-blessed Spirit,
By their glad presence make eternal day;
Oh, glorious are the homes the good inherit—
In a land far away.'

"I know this beautiful poetry will give you pleasure, dear Mrs. J., and I think —— will like it. Do give my love to him most affectionately.

* * * "That holy consolation may be ever yours, prays your affectionate friend. SUSAN."

Growing debility caused the entries in Miss Allibone's Diary to become every year fewer, while at the same time her correspondence was increasing, and occupied most of the hours that she could give to writing. Full notes were, however, made for a number of years by one who was seldom absent from her side, of conversations and incidents in which she took part, extracts from which the author has kindly received permission to introduce. Such is the following:

"I remarked, to-day, to Susan, in reference to a previous conversation, that the Lord found work for her to do. She repeated the passage, 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them who have no might, He increaseth strength,' and said it was one of her favorite promises."

CHAPTER XVI.

1845.

Letters to Miss B. — Missive of Consolation in Illness — Visit to her Friend's Death-bed — Departing in Peace — Projected Memoir — Piece written in an Album — Thoughts suggested by Flowers — Letters containing allusions to Miss B.

To Miss B.

"GREENWOOD, Jan. 9, 1845.

"If it were in my power to resort to a less mechanical mode for the expression of feeling, I should have long since assured you, my dearest Lucie, of my unabated affection. I have vainly wished to secure time for this most agreeable employment; for I always love to have intercourse through any medium with one towards whom my heart so warms with affection, and with whom I so much love to converse upon our common hopes and responsibilities, and our heavenly home. How are you, my beloved one? Is your health improving, and are you comfortably situated? Have kind Southern hearts received and reciprocated kindly feelings, and have the disciples of Jesus caused you to forget that you are in a land of strangers? * * *

"I was reading a little book this morning, which reminded me of some of our conversations and of some remarks contained in your last letter. You speak of cold affections, unbelief and other spiritual adversaries, and all you say, mine own one, I fully believe. Tenderly as I love you, sincere as I know you to be, I doubt not that you are 'sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before you.' My Bible tells me that our nature is corrupt, observation confirms the assertion, and alas! experience re-echoes it most mournfully.

"Let us ever rejoice that 'help is laid upon One that is mighty.' Would that we both lived in the act of constantly, simply hanging upon the righteousness of the Righteous One! That from the mo-

ment of rising up till that of lying down, every deed, every thought, every wish, every motive, weighed in the balance and found wanting, were thrown away as detested things; and that from each we turned anew to the fountain ever open 'for sin and for uncleanness,' and anew perceiving that Christ is made unto us redemption, full, complete redemption; went on in the strength of the Lord our God, making mention of His righteousness, and of His only. 'Give all up to Him, for as free grace offers, so unfailing truth performs, and glorious love will alone be exalted.' * * *

"E. R., a sweet little girl of ten years old, is one of my greatest pets, and you must pray that I may prove a blessing to the dear child. She attends the Saturday afternoon class, and listens with intense interest. I am glad you are endeavoring to obey our Saviour's injunction, 'Feed my Lambs.' Tell them much of the great Shepherd, and earnestly implore Him to lead them into 'the green pastures' of eternal life; and I doubt not your petitions will be answered. I think it most important to study the lesson with much prayer, and to try to convince them that the Bible is the most attractive of books. I try to *indoctrinate* my little pupils more than I once did, for they are so exposed to the arguments of infidelity. And yet there is danger of suggesting doubts, unless we be very careful. I think it best to teach them again and again the deep corruption of our nature, the need of atoning blood, and to impress the doctrine of the divinity of Christ; always to refer them to the Scriptures as the test of truth, and to cause them to commit passages to memory. I think, too, it is useful to read appropriate anecdotes, and to *tell* them to the children. But I hope, dear Lucie, you do all this better than I. If you have the opportunity of private conversation with your scholars, you can do more good. If they are large enough to write, it would be well to adopt Miss E.'s plan of giving each a written question every week. This plan elicits the expression of feeling. * * *

"You ask me if I do not think that unbelief is often the offspring of earthly affections. Indeed I do, dearest Lucie. We must not go away from the Sun of righteousness if we would reflect His beams. Oh! that grace may be given us to depend only on Him, 'in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' I often think of the expression, 'My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him.' In such an expectation there can be no disappointment"

To the same.

"GREENWOOD, March 17, 1845.

"It does seem a long, long time, my precious friend, since you left us, and I have often thought when I have been unusually free from interruption, how much I should love to have you with me.

"I love winter, and am sorry to see it pass away, but trust the birds and blossoms of spring will remind me of the goodness of the Lord. It is well that you are not here now, for I feel almost certain that you would be ill. The air is damp and penetrating. Even I, who have been almost entirely confined to my room, have felt its influence very much, and have not been nearly as well for a month past. I am just now suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, and ought not to write even these few lines. The Doctor says he is not at all discouraged about me, but attributes my increased indisposition to the weather. His treatment has been productive of more benefit than I ever expected to have derived from any source, and a few weeks since my improved appearance excited the surprise of my friends. I did not then feel desirous to recover, nor am I grieved by this unfavorable change.

'My times are in Thy hand!
My God! *I wish them there;*
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand!
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.'

"I have been very anxious to try to comfort you in reference to your anticipated removal. If it be indeed accomplished, and I live until then, I shall myself need consolation, for you are unspeakably dear to me, and your society one of my greatest sources of enjoyment. But, dearest Lucie, we must not forget the promise that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God.' Pray for grace to imitate the example of Him who 'went out, not knowing whither He went.' Doubt not that you shall 'be led forth with peace,' if you go at our Heavenly Father's bidding, and that He will either grant you religious privileges, or grace to depend still more simply upon Him, 'the Fountain of living waters,' than when surrounded by the means of grace you love so well. Still I know that spiritual light alone can irradiate this prospect. It is painful,

indeed, for a clinging heart like yours to be torn from loved ones, and from a sanctuary so richly visited with the dews of heavenly grace, but you may be spared the trial.

'When the heart by grief is riven,
Strength is promised, strength is given;
But foredate the day of woe,
And alone thou bear'st the blow.'

"Oh, Lucie, how can any one deny the atoning merits of Him who 'was wounded for our transgressions'? How it does warm the heart to read the 53d chapter of Isaiah with prayer! I cannot believe that any one is safe who rejects this only appointed means of salvation. Oh, I am so thankful that Jesus died for me! I am so sinful and so sick, that I need *just such* a Saviour.

'Only Jesus would I know,
And Jesus crucified.'

"And yet I fear you think I love Him better than I do. Pray often and earnestly that my heart be filled with love and gratitude."

To the same.

"GREENWOOD, May 13, 1845.

"I always lift up my heart in prayer that I may be taught what to write to you, my precious Lucie, but now I need *especial aid*. I could not, nor would I if I could, express the deep sorrow which the prospect of our separation even for a little while has caused me to suffer, but would rather tell you that I feel perfectly submissive to our Heavenly Father's will, and commit you to His keeping with perfect confidence that He will do all things well. I thank Him for this 'present help in time of trouble,' for you are one of my choicest treasures, and only to the 'sure mercies' of our best Friend am I willing to entrust you. Have I not often told you that He would never forsake you? I was not surprised to learn from your dear mother's kind letter, for which I feel very thankful, that you are peaceful and trusting.

"Oh, how often my heart is with you, and how great a privilege I should have deemed it to have hastened to you long ago! It may be that we shall again lift up our hearts and voices in *united* thanksgiving and fervent prayer, my own one. And *thanksgiving* will become us best, for we are sinners, washed in the blood of the Lamb; sufferers, sustained by the loving-kindness of our Father in Heaven; pilgrims,

perhaps almost in view of our Heavenly home,—'a city which hath foundations, whose Maker and whose Builder is God,'—and when we enter this, 'our purchased possession,' we shall sin no more, and suffer no more, and go no more out for ever. Our friends have asked for us life, but God will give us 'long life, even for ever and ever.' Truly, ours is 'a goodly heritage.'

"Oh, Lucie! what shall I say of Heaven? I have just turned to my blessed Book of Promises, and I read there of 'rest,' 'a crown of life,' 'fulness of joy,' 'an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled.' The sun shall not light on you *there*, dearest, nor any fervent heat, but the Lamb is the light of the eternal city. Think of that, Lucie! You are rejoiced now when you behold a ray of the Sun of righteousness; *there* no cloud of doubt intervenes, but 'sacred, high, eternal noon' shines with brilliancy which will not dazzle. Therefore, with tearful eyes I congratulate you, dearest.

'We need not grudge thee to the skies,
Sure after thee in time to rise
With thee for ever dwell.'

"Pray for me *earnestly*, Lucie; for if you leave me I will need support. Your love has cheered me, and when we have talked together of our *Saviour's* love, I have been much refreshed. I have gone to the throne of grace to ask blessings for you, and God has poured into my own soul His holy comforts, and renewed dependence upon His promises. Ask Him to make me deeply humble, to fill my heart with godly sorrow, and to enable me to ever realize the all-sufficiency of my Saviour's blood. I may linger long upon the earth, or soon I may be called away. Oh! that 'whether I live, I may live unto the Lord: or whether I die, I may die unto the Lord.' 'Oh, Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.' * * *

"I have not said enough of Jesus, but the Holy Spirit is teaching you more than I can say. 'Look unto Him,' if the enemy would distress you; let your soul say to Him who hath redeemed it, 'I flee unto Thee to hide me.' Oh, that your lips may be opened to speak His praise. Trust your loved ones to Him; He pities them, and He can comfort. My love to them most tenderly. I need not say that I often ask for them the help they need.

"Farewell, my cherished one, deep in my heart's affections, beloved of the Lord, safe in the covenant of grace,—farewell! farewell!

SUSAN."

"'He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

"'His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.'"

The last exceedingly beautiful and comforting letter was suggested by the intelligence of the increased and alarming illness of Miss Allibone's endeared young friend. The balmy Southern air, which had been sought on her behalf, failed to restore health to the sinking frame. Disease made sure and rapid advances, and was only so far held in check as to enable the declining invalid, in the early summer, to return to the society of her prized Christian friends in Philadelphia. Miss Allibone's last journey to the city of her birth was a farewell visit of affectionate sympathy to her dying sister in Christ. Herself too feeble to walk, she was carried to the apartment of her friend, and laid beside her on her couch. The interview, under circumstances of so much solemnity, was, as might be supposed, of the most tenderly affecting character. But although the angel of death cast the dark shadow of his wing over the two friends, reunited for a little moment, so speedily to part again, there was no tinge of gloom or sadness in their intercourse. The Saviour, the object of their joint hope and trust, was with them both, to comfort and sustain their souls. They took sweet counsel together, bowed with one heart and voice before the mercy-seat, and conversed much of the better, the heavenly country, now opening in its surpassing loveliness before their assisted vision, and especially of the King of the country, 'whom having not seen they loved.' No doubts or misgivings clouded the prospect of the dying one. All was bright, and peaceful, and clear and sure. Death was swallowed up in victory. Truly thankful was Miss Allibone for the privilege of accompanying her cherished friend, as far as mortal step might venture, into the valley of the shadow of death. How much of consolation she was the instrument of imparting may be well imagined from the foregoing specimen

of their correspondence. Whether communing with each other, orally or by letter, their conversation was such as becometh saints; and the younger, whom the Lord was now transplanting to his Paradise, had been for years the docile, loving pupil of her more matured and experienced sister.

Miss Allibone prepared a notice of her beloved Lucie's closing hours, which was published in the Episcopal Recorder, marked by her characteristic tenderness of affection and elevation of pious sentiment. She also meditated the giving to the world a memoir of her departed friend, chiefly impelled by the hope that so attractive an example of youthful piety might prove a blessing to many around whom, in the morn of life, the world cast its fascinations; and she had selected, as an appropriate title of the simple biography, the words, "Reflected Light." This purpose, however, was not carried out. In her sketch of her friend, Miss Allibone writes: — "She lies in her almost seraphic beauty, with the hectic flush on her cheek, and the brilliant light in her eye, with which consumption decks his victims, heightened by the glory of her almost realized hopes, looking already like one of the spirits of light, who rest not day nor night, praising the Lamb. The voice of prayer and promise is seldom stilled, and the only term that suggests itself to those who are permitted to listen to her is 'heavenly music.' Friend after friend is presented in fervent prayer at the throne of grace, and not even a draught of medicine or a glass of water passes her lips until she has asked a blessing upon it. Even now, on her death-bed, she pursues her missionary work which has occupied her life since she knew Jesus; and the singular discrimination with which she selects books, suited to the various subjects of her affectionate interest, is most wonderful in one so young.' "Her last words were 'Holy, holy, holy.'"

From this illumined death-bed Miss Allibone returned to her own quiet apartment, sorrowful yet rejoicing, deeply feeling the pang of the separation, but praising and blessing God.

Her young friend had preceded her to the celestial kingdom, but she expected not to be long behind, and the hope was an anchor to her soul. She thus refers to the scene through which she had passed, in a letter to her cousin Robert:

(*From the Note-Book.*)

"July 25, 1845.

"I was once a very punctual correspondent, and needed not to commence every letter with an apology; but now I sometimes fear that my friends will suspect me of diminished interest, though if they were fully aware of my numerous interruptions and physical infirmities, they would rather wonder that I use the pen at all, than that I do not write more frequently. And yet, I would not that you and dear Howard should suspect that I regard my correspondence with you as a task, only performed from an impulse of duty. It is to me a selfish gratification, for I prize intercourse with my religious friends most highly, and I love to tell my adopted brothers how much affection I feel for them, and how I earnestly desire their spiritual prosperity.

"I am anticipating Howard's visit with much pleasure, and trust he will be a great blessing to me, if we be permitted once more to meet. I doubt not that he will pray much for that 'preparation of the heart' which our Father always grants in answer to earnest and believing prayer. I fear you, dear Robert, will feel very sad when your brother leaves you, but I trust our ever-present Friend will be your constant dependence. I often think of the passage, 'My soul, wait thou *only* upon God, for my expectation is from Him.' In this expectation we can never be disappointed.

"I am going to tell you now of one of my best-loved Christian friends, who was admitted to the glorious fellowship of the redeemed in Heaven but a few weeks since. I cannot describe to you what she was to me—a chosen spiritual companion, a beautiful, gentle, refined and lovely being, who loved me with all the enthusiasm of a Southern heart, and prayed for me with earnestness and faith. She became a communicant of St. Andrew's between four and five years since, during a visit to Philadelphia, and was most sweetly counselled by my beloved Pastor. She afterwards removed to Philadelphia, and joined the Epiphany. She was very much comforted by our Heavenly Father's blessing upon Dr. Tyng's instructions. From the commencement of her religious course her spiritual desires were very ardent. She remarked in one of her letters, 'I want to be a devoted

Christian, a second Anzonetta Peters.' Did you read that book, Robert? If not, please get it.

"Last summer dear Lucie visited the Sulphur Springs of Virginia, and from many sources we learn that her efforts were untiring, and her deportment most watchful and consistent.

"Last autumn she was again sent from home, poor child, and great was the trial of the separation from her Church and Christian friends. She went to Savannah. There she became very ill, passed some time in Virginia and Baltimore on her return to Philadelphia, reached home in June, lingered a few weeks, and then her Father in Heaven recalled her spirit, and she will never suffer nor sin any more, and I am thankful and comforted, though my loss is greater than I can describe to you.

"I was taken to the city to be with her, passed even the night in her room, for she wished it, and listened with thankfulness to her prayers and praises. Sometimes in the night she would take my hand and pray sweetly. She said to me one evening, when I had quoted the passage, 'He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd,' and remarked, 'Lucie, you are one of the lambs, and Jesus is carrying you in His bosom,' 'Oh, Susan! you don't know what I am to Jesus, and what Jesus is to me.' I wish I could tell you many of her expressions, but if I could, I could not convey to your mind an adequate impression of her angelic countenance and musical voice. She was not twenty-one, and was the most beautiful being I have ever looked upon.

"If the reflected light of the Sun of Righteousness be so radiant, shall we not pray for more and more of this holy illumination, and rejoice that the Lamb is the light of the home in which we hope to dwell? Let us give Him *all the glory* of the blessings He gives. There is so much danger of forgetting that the Christian graces which make our friends so lovely are *imparted*. Surely those of them who are most conformed to the image of Jesus would say to us, 'See thou do it not,' if they saw that we were disposed to render them homage." * * *

"*Aug. 7th.*—Dear L. says she is sometimes too weak to do any thing but lay her head on the pillow and trust in the Saviour. In speaking of attending church, which she much desired, she said she had 'the hope of glory,' and must not complain, if she were deprived of 'the means of grace.'

"*Sunday, Sept. 14th.*—It is really astonishing that dear

S., shut up as she so frequently is from the privileges possessed by others, should be spiritually invigorated and refreshed, and so constantly supplied with opportunities to labor for the salvation of souls, and the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. This evening —— came up with my Bible, and Susan made an effort to interest and instruct her, which I trust will be blessed. There has not been a domestic in the family for a long time, who has required more heavenly wisdom to teach judiciously, as her independent bearing and expressions were so discouraging; but before she left us, her ready assent to the truths pressed upon her, her thanks, and 'God bless you,' proved that the Lord can subdue the coldest, hardest heart."

To J. H. S.—(From her Diary.)

"GREENWOOD, Sept. 20, 1845.

"I have retreated to the neighborhood of the summer-house, dear Howard, that I may enjoy the pure air of this lovely morning, and have brought writing materials, that I may accomplish a letter to you. * * *

"I have prayed often for you, since you left me, but with peculiar interest at the twilight hour. Lucie told her mother that it had been to her a season of peculiar enjoyment. How true it is that the Lord 'hath not said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me, in vain.' 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.' I do love this assurance!

"I have commenced a delightful book, 'Cecil's Remains.' Do read it, if you ever have opportunity. I will extract some remarks which will interest and profit you. * * * You must pray that our Heavenly Father may teach me how to pray for you. I know you need many blessings in this new position. I feel deep interest in the Institution with which you are connected, and to which I trust you will be granted grace to prove a blessing, expecting nothing from yourself, and every thing from Jesus.

"Dr. Clark told me once, that a dying man had most solemnly urged him to impress upon the minds of clergymen the importance of dealing faithfully with the sick. He said three clergymen had visited him, but not one had been personal in his remarks. He was a communicant, but wished to learn more of Christ. Do induce your

companions often to read the Ordination service with prayer. I should have messages for you, but am quite alone here, among the trees. Remember me affectionately to Dr. May, and to Mrs. M., if you become acquainted with her. When you see this uneven penmanship, you must remember that I write in my little carriage, with the inkstand in one hand. I must go up to my Saturday children. Surely, you will always pray for me on Saturday."

"*Sept. 29th*, 1845.—I am so encouraged and so thankful. Dear H. C. has been expressing desires which the Holy Spirit has excited, and which I think will result in her conversion. It is so sweet to talk of Jesus to a child who desires to love Him with her whole heart! She evinces much interest in the last scenes of dear Lucie's life, and I should not wonder if she should greatly resemble her.

"Oh, my precious Lucie! I have willingly surrendered thee to thy Heavenly Father's keeping,—to Thy home of glory; but I cannot forget thy warm affection, thy seraphic face, thy holy example, thy *death* of *light*. I do not think a single day passed, after the commencement of our intimate acquaintance, upon which my precious one was not the subject of my thoughts. Ours was no common friendship. Surely it will be renewed in Heaven. *I* am not worthy, but Jesus is my Righteousness.

"I am sometimes refreshed with delightful visits from Christians, but these visits are now emphatically few; but when I am deprived of *them* I am not comfortless, for Jesus teaches me. How wonderful is it that I do not learn more!"

Written Dec. 5, 1845, in an Album, near a picture of the Jessamine.

"I shall always love the jessamine, for it was dear Lucie's favorite flower. A little vase of it adorned her chamber, and there was its appropriate place, for its refinement, gracefulness and clinging nature were emblematic of herself.

"I wish you had seen my friend a little while before she went to Heaven. Her dark blue eye beamed with unutterable feeling, and upon her brow was the impress of deep peace. Her sunny hair cur-

tained her features of exquisite symmetry, and the hectic flush, of which poets write so often, and which friends gaze upon with tearful admiration, glowed upon her cheek. It is true she was extended upon a couch of suffering, but she knew that chastisement proved her Heavenly Father's mercy, and she said to Him, 'I love the pain because Thou sendest it.' Her's was a heart of filial gratitude, and the blessings which descended from above touched the chord of praise, and awoke sweet music.

"It was very touching to listen to her expressions of delight, when some grapes and a rich bouquet were sent her. 'How beautiful! how lovely!' she exclaimed, 'those sweet moss-roses, and this exquisite jessamine! I love them because they are God's flowers;' and then she threw her head upon the pillow, and adored His goodness who had gratified every taste, and given us so many sources of enjoyment.

"Do you wonder, dear L., that this picture reminds me of my friend?

"If there were a rose-bud in your album, I should be almost tempted to tell you of another loved one who sent me, from her dying bed, some half-opened flowers, with a sweet message of Christian tenderness. *They* faded long since, but not so the memory of my precious Margaret. We met under circumstances of sorrow, for she had just lost her only sister, and you know I am an orphan, and sympathize with *all* bereavement. We loved each other tenderly, and her neglected flowers were cultivated for me. We talked of holy things, and longed to dwell together in a tearless world.

"She did not await the hour of trial for the surrender of her heart to God, but long before had felt her sinfulness, and fled to Jesus for enduring rest. Now, she was comforted; her sister, too, had been a youthful disciple of the Redeemer, and she knew they would meet again. Her hopes are realized; the parted ones sing in sweet concert Heaven's melody, and I am left on earth.

"Other hands convey to me the rose-bud and the jessamine. You, dear L., have cheered my heart with many lovely flowers. Will you not ask Him who made them to give you, with dear Lucie and with Margaret, a resting-place beneath the shadow of the tree of life?"

To Miss W.

"HAMILTONVILLE, Jan. 2, 1847.

"I am unable to use my pen, my dear Miss W., but in accordance with Mrs. B.'s desire, I will dictate to you a few lines.

"I do not wonder that you have been so deeply interested in the character of my beloved Lucie, nor that you feel so earnest a desire to imitate her example. I have many hallowed recollections of my departed one. She diligently improved the means of grace, and rejoiced in the hope of glory. Young, beautiful and admired as she was, conformity to the image of Jesus was the absorbing desire of her soul. Now 'every longing satisfied, with full salvation blest,' she dwells in the eternal presence of Him she loved.

"Let *us* also look unto Jesus, and He will enable us to endure the trials, and resist the temptations of our earthly pilgrimage, and then at His right hand grant us pleasures for ever more.

"The plan of salvation appears to me more and more simple, and I am very sure we are only truly happy when the eye of faith rests upon our all-sufficient Saviour. The Prophet tells us, 'He shall be called Counsellor.' Need we then fear to make known to Him all our perplexities, and to expect the guidance we require?

"In your situation, dear Miss W., I should think the realization of this truth would be peculiarly consoling. Oh that it may be your privilege to direct your pupil to this gracious Shepherd and Bishop of souls! Thus can you best discharge your responsibilities. In sitting together at the feet of Jesus, you will learn many sweet lessons of redeeming love and sanctifying grace. How my heart yearns over youthful beings touched for the first time with a sense of their spiritual necessities! Their position is indeed a critical one, and I have often watched them with intense anxiety. How prayerfully and diligently should we endeavor to convince them that they must not only *desire* to become religious, but accept unreservedly the offers of salvation; and when the soul has really fled to Christ, how important it is that an elevated standard of piety should be presented to the view!

"Did you ever read Dr. Bedell's 'Way-marks'? It has been useful to me, and I wish every one would read it; but it is better still to go to God's own Word for counsel. How often have I found my desires still better to love and to understand this Book, greatly increased when I have endeavored to make my own the petitions of the 119th Psalm.

"I think the secret of dear Lucie's growth in grace was the observance of stated seasons of prayer. But a little before she went to Heaven, she told her mother how much she had enjoyed the twilight hour. Several times a day it was her custom to retire for devotion,

and many a hallowed twilight hour have we enjoyed together. Shall I not ask that you and your young friend will remember me at this season, and I will implore the Father of mercies to bless you both?

"May we simply confide in His mercy, and may His commandment be written upon our hearts! This is the earnest desire of

"S. A."

To J. H. S.

"GREENWOOD, Dec. 31, 1845.

'I was expecting another letter from you, dear Howard, for I knew you too well to suppose you could suspect me of forgetfulness. I had been wishing to write to you almost every day, for weeks past, but you know I cannot use the pen in the morning or evening, without great inconvenience; and I cannot refuse to see my friends who call, in the afternoon, with the understanding that this is my receiving time. And then, when I can secure leisure for my pen, an impulse of duty urges me to write to some one for whom I cannot otherwise make an effort.

"I have been praying for direction in reference to an undertaking I have sometimes *almost* purposed — a little memoir of my departed one. I could not accomplish this without some different arrangement of time, and I do not feel justified in making such a demand on my physical strength, nor in incurring the risk of intruding upon devotional retirement, unless I can plainly discern that it is my duty to make this effort. Pray that I may be directed. I have been urged by some of my friends, and there are very few books written especially for young ladies. Do not suppose I imagine myself the possessor of much talent, but you know a very simple frame may be the accompaniment of a rich picture. Lucie's example may win many souls to Jesus.

"I have so much to say to you that I must write on just as though I were talking, and you will not wish to criticise. I must first say that I am sincerely gratified that you are so delightfully situated, and that you enjoy spiritual comfort. Oh! do cling closely to the Cross of Jesus, our blessed and only Hope. I wish, too, you would pray most earnestly and perseveringly for my growth in grace. I have few friends whom I expect to pray for me so much as you and Robert. I miss dear Lucie's sympathy, and the communion we enjoyed. My soul would yearn for it, were I not so glad that Heaven is her home, and *so certain* that I can always go to *Jesus*, my

best Friend. I am often impressed by the meaning of the injunction, 'Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.' If we have derived profit from any habit of watchfulness, any appointed season of devotion, it seems so important to adhere to it closely, and then to 'press toward the mark.'

"Oh, what a solemn season is this! If the omissions and commissions of the past year only were pressing upon us, and we could not cast the burden at the Saviour's feet, what should we do?

"I do agree with you in the opinion that it is dangerous to dwell too constantly upon past deficiencies. I think we ought to look first to the Cross,—then upon ourselves,—then to the Cross again,—and thus we shall learn to be grateful, penitent and trusting. I have more leisure for devotion than I enjoyed during the summer; and this is a rich blessing, though I do not improve it as I ought. I think, too,—indeed, I know,—that I have more enjoyment in the works of nature. I sit in my rocking-chair, near the window, and enjoy a most delightful view of a portion of the western sky, and the dear little church. Even from my couch I can see the clouds, and I am more glad of this than I know how to tell you. Oh, Howard, I am 'the Lord's prisoner,' and His presence more than compensates for every privation. Yet I often grieve His Holy Spirit.

"You ask about my health. Wonderfully improved. I am able to walk to the window, and the Doctor looks upon me with great complacency. This change, however, may not be permanent, nor have I any preference that it should. 'Lord, what *Thou* wilt, when Thou wilt, where Thou wilt!' * * * It is not often that I scribble so long a letter. O that grace may be given you to act so that you may be able to say to others, 'Those things which ye have seen in me, do.' I do not doubt that you will be considered too strict even by some theological students, but 'to the law and to the testimony.' When we measure our conduct by the law of God, we do not congratulate ourselves upon works of supererogation. Pray that I may avoid all levity. I would rather that 'the joy of the Lord' should be 'my strength.' Is this a time for unsanctified mirth, or unprofitable pursuits, while 'the ways of Zion mourn, because so few come to her solemn feasts?' Ought we not to say to those who would persuade us to seek *recreation* which leads the mind from Heaven, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?'

"And then, too, the more watchful and prayerful we are, the more *truly cheerful* we shall be. This I say, not as reproof, but as encouragement.

* * * "I had a sweet visit from Mr. Fowles, and was *delighted* with him.

"Tell your Louisville friend that I do not forget his request, nor am I at any loss to imagine what blessings I should implore for him, because we are not personally acquainted. We, disciples of Jesus, know that

> 'Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
> Our comforts and our cares.'

"Write whenever you find leisure, for I am always glad to hear from you."

CHAPTER XVII.

1846.

New Year's Day — Dr. Judson's Visit — Letters to a Young Man — To a Mourner — Visit from Bishop Potter — Increased Debility — Close Confinement — Dependence on Spiritual Succor — Rejection of Stimulants — Notes made in her Chamber — Peace in Christ — Letter of Persuasion.

"*Jan.* 1*st*, 1846. — I am very happy to-day. The promise I would dwell upon, and ask our Father to fulfil, is this sweet assurance: 'I will put my Spirit within you, and *cause* you to walk in my statutes, and ye *shall* keep my judgments and do them.' Those promises which tell us that the Lord will *cause*, *incline* and 'work in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure,' I am glad when I read. 'The Lord preserveth His saints; they are preserved for ever.' I feel, and wish always to feel, that I have no power in myself to help myself. I like an expression I lately read, which speaks of the believer as regarding 'the Law as his arm, and the Gospel as his trust.' This day has been appointed for united prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit, and when we ask His influence we ask every thing. Oh, that Christians may obey the injunction, 'Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, until he establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.'

"*Feb.* 14*th.* — I do love the aged servants of Christ. Old age is always interesting, and doubly attractive when enriched by Christian experience. Oh, how cheerless when the Sun of Righteousness does not shine upon it!

"I remember with peculiar delight, and with some profit,

a visit which Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, paid me a few weeks since. His heart has been broken and bound up, and his conversation breathes the sweet fragrance of sanctified affliction. He told me when he came into the room that he was sorry to find me thus, or perhaps he ought rather to say glad. I told him that would be better. He then spoke of the sufficiency of grace to sustain under all suffering, and reminded me that these are 'light afflictions,' and but for a moment; and then what follows? 'An eternal weight of glory!' He said, 'The mercy we receive shows how much the Father loves the Son.' He prayed as though taught by the Spirit. I am glad the Bible does not lead us to undervalue those who do not in all things think as we do; and while St. Paul says, 'Grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' I am in good company when I appreciate the image of Jesus wherever I find it. And yet I am not less a true Episcopalian, for my love for my own dear Church is warm and true.

"*Sunday, March 4th.*—I bless my Father in Heaven that in the midst of the changing scenes of this sinful world, there is such a blessed reality in religion. It is *so real*, so soul-sustaining! How much emphasis is there in dear Lucie's expression, 'All is laid up for me in Jesus.' *Oh, how much!*"

To a Young Man.

"It would be quite a gratification to me to see you now, that I might tell you how much I realize the importance of the instant surrender of your heart to our Redeemer's service: but as this cannot be, I have determined that I will dictate to you an expression of my interest. I have long felt a very earnest desire that you should be a disciple of the Saviour, but have thought of you lately with feelings of peculiar solemnity. I cannot feel satisfied until I learn that the only brother of my beloved —— has accepted the offers of salvation. Oh, how can you lie down at night, and pursue the employments of the day, whilst the wrath of God is abiding upon you? For surely it does rest upon all who have not fled to Jesus. How will you feel when you descend into the valley of the shadow of death, if you

cannot say unto Him, 'Thou art with me'? And at the judgment-seat of Christ, when the Judge of the earth will appear in solemn majesty, and the light of His purity will discover the exceeding sinfulness of sin, how will you feel if you be not covered with the robe of righteousness?

'Oh, seek His grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear,
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.'

"It is not because I do not appreciate your strict integrity, dear ——, that I thus write to you; it is not because I am ignorant that you are an affectionate son, and that you disdain the conduct of the dissipated and immoral. I know your understanding is enlightened, your judgment convinced of the importance of a religious life; but is it not a melancholy proof of the sinfulness of your heart, that it has not been long since filled with the Saviour's love? The imputation of ingratitude towards an earthly friend would be to us truly painful. Have you ever realized that Jesus died for you? Have your thoughts ever followed Him to the garden of Gethsemane, and whilst with mysterious awe you contemplated the suffering He then endured, have you remembered that He drank that bitter cup that it might not be your portion? Oh, with what horror we should turn away from the execution of the vilest criminal! Our compassion for his sufferings would almost cause us to forget that he was paying the penalty of transgression. How much more should our hearts be affected when we contemplate the sufferings of our holy Redeemer, and reflect that they were endured to rescue us from eternal death! Surely our salvation has been purchased at a costly sacrifice! Will you not receive the blessing, my beloved friend? Will you not accept it just as it is offered to you—a free gift? Will you not come to Jesus, even if you do not feel as you wish?—for every gift of the Spirit is the purchase of His blood. When He comes into your heart, repentance, faith, love and holy obedience will displace the insensibility and ingratitude, of which the unrenewed mind will be in some degree conscious, but cannot itself remove. God has said, 'Then shall ye seek me and find me, when you shall search for me with your whole heart;' and with this spirit of earnest importunity I would have you to seek the blessing of the Most High. I would remind you of the promise, 'Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me, and he shall make peace with me.' Oh, that your whole soul were aroused to energetic

effort! Oh, that you could realize that the great business of life is not yet accomplished! Surely it should not be deferred until the hour when the exhausted frame is almost incapable of exertion. My sickness, as you well know, has not been a period of brief continuance, and yet I have often thought that a sick-room is not an appropriate place to seek the consolations of religion, but to enjoy the presence of the Saviour. I love to rest upon Him in simple faith. He was with our dear —— in her time of need, and will not forsake us if we simply trust Him. But remember that 'now is the accepted time.' You are not promised a death-bed repentance, for we are told, 'My Spirit shall not always strive.' But if you come now, you will surely be accepted. 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

To Mrs. F.

"I trust, dear Madam, that the Saviour has whispered in this hour of bereavement and physical suffering, 'It is I! be not afraid;' and when He speaks, the waves of affliction subside, and the spirit sweetly reposes on His love. Oh, how thankful I feel that you have such a resting-place! for the experience of many years has taught me that Jesus is 'the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.' I wish I could see you that we might talk together of Him who is our trust and our salvation.

"My aunt, Mrs. N., has spoken of you with so much affection, that I do not think you would seem to me very much like a stranger, and she tells me that it was her intention to have brought you to Greenwood when you last visited Philadelphia. I should then have the opportunity of giving verbal expression to the sympathy which, in accordance with her desire, I convey to you through this medium. My aunt has told you that for many years I have been in the school of suffering, and though I deeply regret that I have not learned all the lessons my Heavenly Father has designed to teach me, I can bear most joyful testimony to the saving power of religion, and feel thankful that God has chosen me, even in the furnace of affliction. Utterly unable as we should be to endure in our own strength the privations and weariness of a debilitated constitution, still more impossible should we find it to realize with any degree of composure that our loved ones have been removed from our embrace. This is truly the amputation of the heart, and if there were no balm in Gilead, there would be no healing for such wounds. I do not offer you the words of ordinary sympathy, I do not speak of sorrow I have

never felt; for my dearest earthly friend has gone to Heaven. But the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, has cheered my stricken heart, and whilst I weep with the mourner, I feel that it is my privilege to speak of the mourner's Friend, and of 'the peace which passeth understanding.'

"May I not hope I shall yet receive a visit from you? You will find that we have not the hearts of strangers, and are prepared to receive most affectionately the friend of our beloved aunt, who will be often remembered when I ask blessings of our Father in Heaven. In looking unto Jesus may we ever find efficient consolation.

"Believe me, with affectionate sympathy, your friend.

"*March* 22*d.*—I bless and magnify my Heavenly Father for the spiritual shepherd He has given our diocese. I have had this morning a deeply instructive and refreshing visit from Bishop Potter, and hope I shall remember his remarks. He regrets that Christian intercourse is so fettered by conventional restraints,—thinks there is a large fund of sympathy which refrains from utterance from the fear that it will not be reciprocated. He spoke of the wise arrangements of our Church, and of the comfort of its services even in solitude, and then of the greater consolation of possessing an ever-present Saviour, so that we can have an audience-chamber any where. The Bishop dwelt upon the sympathy of our great High Priest, upon His having experienced the sufferings of human nature, then of the necessity of simple faith. He said, too, that an orthodox person might be in danger of depending upon his faith rather than upon his Saviour; spoke of the danger of being *self-satisfied* when we are favored with religious enjoyment, and of a morbid state of feeling in reference to the acknowledgment of our sinfulness. When we dwelt upon the fact that we are so slow in learning to come to Jesus as we are, instead of waiting to make ourselves better, he seemed to think that this difficulty was owing to the want of vivid realization of our own depravity; that a deep sense of the sinfulness of our nature teaches

us what we need, and induces us to come to the Saviour to help us. I told him I was thankful that he realized and taught these truths. He said, 'What would Christianity be without them?' His visit was like that of an affectionate and gentle pastor. Oh, if he taught false doctrine, how my heart would ache!"

In the spring of 1846, Miss Allibone's illness so much increased as to impress her friends with the apprehension of her speedy removal. More than once it was not expected that her frail and weakened tabernacle would survive the rude shocks that it received. But her hour of dismission had not yet arrived, and she waited patiently, though not concealing her desire to depart and to be with Christ, as far better. She had spoken of herself previously as 'the Lord's prisoner.' This imprisonment now became more complete. While her life was wonderfully prolonged, she was no more permitted to make the short open air excursions which had been a source of so much enjoyment. This recreation she resigned, like every other denied gratification, without a murmuring breath. Some brief entries in her own Diary and extracts from the Note-book exhibit the divine support and heavenly peace which she enjoyed under circumstances so trying:

From her Diary.

"*April* 19*th.*—'My patience be thy victory.'"

"*May* 11*th*, *Sunday.*—'The earth is full of Thy riches,' O Lord, and in my heart is Thy peace. Thy mercy reminds me how sinful I have been. Thou refreshest me by the smiles of Thy love."

From Notes.

"*April* —.—Susan was taken worse about an hour ago. She said to me, 'It is a blessed thing to be upon the Rock, and to rest there so securely and peacefully. She desired E. to sing to her, and asked for 'Rock of Ages.'

"*May 2d.*—Dear Susan has been extremely ill this morning. She had taken ether, and finding that it made her more uncomfortable, she remarked, 'Was not I right about stimulants? I will depend upon spiritual strength. It never has failed, and never will fail me.' We feared the sad hour had arrived, but our Heavenly Father mercifully relieved her.

"*9th.*—Susan has had another attack, and we again feared that all would soon be over. She said, 'For me to depend on any thing but spiritual strength, would be like shutting up all the windows that we might see the light of a taper.' She said that her nurse reminded her of the passage, 'But we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.'

"*10th.*—This morning, in reply to something I said in reference to the attack of yesterday, she said, 'I should have been glad to have died then.' While I was doing something for her, she said, complacently, 'Bless you! The Lord do so to thee, as thou hast done to me.' She charged me never to resort to stimulants, and said they might be left for those who had no better dependence. She seems to refresh herself by draughts from those spiritual streams which make glad the city of God. She alone is cheerful and sustained, when appearing so near the boundary of the spirit-land. She thinks it the duty as well as the privilege of Christians to have spiritual joy. She says, 'Christians do not know what they possess;' and spoke of the case of Levi, who had no inheritance with his brethren. She desired us always to have our houses open to religious services, our hearts and houses open to the clergy, and our purses open to the cause of Christ.

"Susan remarked, after I had read the verses, 'I know, O God, that thy judgments are right, and that Thou of very faithfulness hast caused me to be humbled'—'O let Thy merciful kindness be my comfort, according to Thy Word, unto Thy servant,'—that our Heavenly Father lifted the rod with

a smile, rather than a frown. This morning she expressed her views of sudden death, and her having no dread of it, that she trusted in the Rock of Ages, and rested there. No new symptom appears to alarm her, and doubtless He, who has been her helper, will continue with her unto the end.

"*June.*—Susan said, to-night, that she felt with the old woman who said, 'Faith shuts the door at night, and opens it in the morning.' She is very ill to-day. She desired me to read a Psalm of thanksgiving, and commented on the passage in the 111th Psalm, 'He will ever be mindful of His covenant.' I said, 'You feel that you have a covenant relation to Him.' She replied, 'I am *sure* of it.' I spoke of her having so much pain. She said, 'Not any too much.' She spoke of its being the best and happiest state, to lose ourselves in God's attributes and perfections, instead of looking to ourselves. When more dangerously ill than she has appeared for a long time, and while extremely weak, she said, 'Some people would not think this happiness, but I do.'

"When in excessive suffering, she is supported and preserved in patience. She spoke of opening the Bible, one day, in an agony of pain, and reading the sweet passage, 'And there shall be no more pain.' All things receive a fresh lustre, when reflecting the rays of love and gratitude.

"She asked, this morning, 'Do you realize that you live in the country, where the birds sing so sweetly, and the air is so pure? It is a great privilege?'

"She remarked, a short time since, that she was the most comfortable person in the house,—that we were anxious about her, but she was not so about herself. Spoke of being in her Heavenly Father's keeping; that she was willing to trust the present and the future to Him. She said that when so weak, she often thought of some of the names and titles given to the Saviour, and mentioned, 'The Consolation of Israel.'

"This afternoon, she spoke of preferring a month's sick-

ness to having one wrong thought, although she does not possess perfection.

"She asked me, to-day, what her friends thought of her case, and preferred knowing, mentioning that it gave her some uncomfortable sensations when she heard that the Doctor thought he could benefit her. She seemed to think, to-night, that if she was going to die, she was being let down to her grave very gently.

"In reply to some one who said she must require a great deal of grace to keep her cheerful, she said, 'Not more than my Heavenly Father is willing to give me.'

"I never knew any one whose sleeping hours were so frequently visited with spiritual and beautiful dreams. Doubtless, her waking thoughts are often thus reflected."

From her own Diary.

"*June 20th.*—The Lord is my Shepherd, I *do* not want. I experience His all-sufficiency. He is my great High Priest. I flee to Him for sympathy and sustaining grace. He is indeed, 'the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.' Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! all I need, all I desire. Worthy is the Lamb to receive honor, and power, and glory, and blessing.

"*July 18th.*—'Looking unto Jesus,'—depending upon His *finished work*,—resting upon Him as my all in all,—enjoying the presence of the Comforter,—granted the Spirit of adoption, and continually receiving proofs of the love of my Father in Heaven.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

"I am not able to record the delightful Christian intercourse I enjoy, but I thank Thee for it, my Father in Heaven."

Notes.

"*July.*—On my telling her I wished she could be carried to the window to see the beauty of the garden, she replied

that she had no desire to look upon any earthly prospect, but only to look upon her Saviour 'with faith's illumined eyes.' She said that she had not, for years, doubted her acceptance.

"Speaking of the beauty of Miss ——, whom I met in travelling, I was corrected by Susan, who said, 'What she *is* depends upon whether she was a disciple of the Saviour,—whether she is a horrible, terrific being, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, or whether she is singing praises to God.' She spoke of St. Andrew's as the place where she first gave her heart to the Saviour, and said it was a very sacred spot to her.

"I opened her little volume, 'Sacred Gems,' and finding a piece of poetry, 'How calm the Righteous,' &c., I said I did not mean to read that. She then spoke of 'righteous' meaning 'justified.'

"She said that the verse, 'Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of God in their foreheads,' had a great effect upon her before she became decided. She seemed fully aware of her extreme danger, and requested me to send some texts to the Misses ——, saying that Miss Allibone, who was so very ill, had sent them, and that she hoped they would not think it too great a liberty.

"When I asked her if she did not desire to see the prospect from the south window, she replied,

> 'Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green.'

Alluding to her symptoms, she said she did not care,—it was like going down stairs, a step at a time.

"Speaking of some persons who were extremely gay on Sunday, she said it seemed dreadful to hear them talk about worldly things, but we ought to remember how often we had done it, saying, 'Look to the Rock whence ye were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye were digged.'

"She is now so weak that I fear she cannot even have the Communion administered, which she would so much enjoy. She has, however, so frequently had this privilege, and so much delighted in it, that we should be thankful.

"Sister F. mentioned her sufferings, but she replied, 'You see my sufferings, but you do not see my comfort.' Speaking of the state of her pulse, she said she did not care whether it beat or not,—she did not wish to die to escape suffering, but to become more holy.

"*Sunday, July* 12*th.*—When her weakness was alluded to, she replied, 'The Lord is my joy.' When asked how she kept so calm, her answer was, that she *was kept.* She said, 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him.'

"She wishes —— to see the importance of an observance of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, as commanded by the Saviour, who hath said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' And surely, after His cruel death, when about to leave the world, and sit down at the right hand of His Father, He said, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' teaching them to observe 'all things whatsoever I have commanded you.' No one has the *right* to set his *opinion* as a rule to act by, when we are so expressly and unequivocally taught our duty.

"On *Monday, July* 13*th*, she said, 'My sweet promises, they have never failed me since I first loved them,' and directed my attention to a passage she had marked long ago, 'My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.'

"14*th.*—I spoke to her of the beautiful places I had seen in riding, this afternoon. Her response was,

> 'He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
> A bright inheritance as ours,
> Where saints in light our coming wait,
> To share their holy, happy state.'

"18*th.*—This morning she seemed so pleased in looking over the hymns in her Prayer-Book. She said, 'It seems like visiting a circle of old friends. What a blessed thing religion is! Every thing connected with it is so delightful.' Spoke of the hymn, 'When languor and disease invade,' and repeated the lines,

> 'Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
> And know no will but His.'

Another hymn she mentioned as one of her favorites, and associated with the Neshamony:

> 'Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
> From strife and tumult far,
> From scenes where Satan wages still,
> His most successful war.
>
> 'O, if thy Spirit teach the soul,
> And grace her mean abode—
> Then, with what peace, and joy, and love,
> She communes with her God!'

"19*th.*—Very sick to-day,—more fever than usual, and extreme pain. This morning, when I spoke of her symptoms, her reply was, 'I don't regret it, I feel very happy. Pity me for being a sinner, not for being a sufferer.'"

From her Diary.

"*July* 24*th.*—Again received the Holy Communion. I wish the disciples of our Saviour, who are unable to receive this ordinance in the sanctuary, would commemorate the Redeemer's dying love in that place where its realization is so precious,—the chamber of sickness.

"*Sept.* 2*d.*—'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth,' but now, I 'remember Thee on my bed,' and love to be fed with 'hidden manna.'"

Notes.

"Susan repeated Col. i. 11–14. I remarked, when she concluded, 'Can you say, "with joyfulness"?' She replied that she could.

"*25th.*—Speaking of the comfort her nurse was to her, she seemed to think it was almost too good to continue, but she added, 'Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'

"She said she did not hope to live till next week,—that she had no wish about it. She repeated,

'My times are in Thy hand,
My God, I wish them there.'

Spoke of not feeling any more gloomy about death and the grave, than about going out in her coach. She mentioned to Sarah an instance of a person who was asked what she thought of the grave, and who answered that she had no thought of it; and when inquired of what she thought of death, said it seemed like sinking into the arms of Jesus. She said to Sarah, 'The grave is only a place of deposit for the body until the Resurrection.'

"*Wednesday.*—She felt too happy, she said, for any thing to be a burden, and spoke of being in a resting, peaceful state of mind.

"*22d.*—'No, it is not wonderful, because our Heavenly Father *keeps me in peace.*' Spoke of the pleasant times she had when shut up alone.

"*Friday.*—'It would be very ungrateful for me to be anxious *about any thing.*' Spoke of worldly anxiety being caused by want of faith. Remarked that peace was promised, as well as safety, repeating, 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.'

"She thought that when persons who had been remarkably spiritual became less so, it was by not attending to the checks of conscience, by being occupied so as to neglect self-exami-

nation, by yielding to small temptations, and not going at once for mercy under a sense of having done wrong.

"*Wednesday.*—'It never casts a shade over my mind, to think of dying.' The only feeling it awakened was to make her wish to be more devoted.

"*Thursday.*—Speaking of yesterday she remarked, 'Just to have the door shut, and go right to praying, is joy to my heart, and balm to my soul.'

"*Sunday.*—'Religion appears to me more and more simple. Come to Jesus Christ as we are, to be made what we ought to be.'

"She admired the delicate and beautiful manner in which Dr. M. announced the closing scene to Ann ——, by saying, 'Annie, vital spark of heavenly flame,' and as he proceeded, poor A. united with him.

"When we spoke of dear Sue's sufferings, she said they had been great, but her consolations greater. Spoke of being impressed with the necessity of holiness. She said those lines had been much in her mind:

> 'I need the influence of Thy grace,
> To speed me on my way;
> Lest I should loiter in the race,
> Or turn my steps away.'

"*Tuesday.*—She spoke of preferring great suffering to feeling angry. So much more does she dread sin than pain. In reference to her feelings, 'What should I do without a Saviour to rest upon, these restless nights?' She says that when the Bible commands us to be meek, it is such a comfort to know that God commands nothing which He is not willing to give us strength to perform. Speaking of books, she said, 'If I had not counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, I should not have been able to give up my studies.'

"This afternoon I read part of that sweet little volume, 'Perfect Peace,' to her. She entered most feelingly into its

touching narrative. It is a work peculiarly calculated to meet her views, and gratify her taste.

"The result of a visit from —— seemed to gratify her. She had desired with unusual anxiety an interview with ——. She felt it a delicate matter to urge upon him the claims of religion; she thought, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight'—'Lord, I am but a child.' The Lord did not only direct her in the performance of the duty, but granted a willingness on His part to accept the effort, and acknowledge it with emotion, and demonstrations of affection.

"Speaking of the interest manifested in her affliction, I remarked that she was 'the prisoner of the Lord.' Sister F. said, 'kept in prison to set others free.'

"Spoke of her joy, this morning. She felt no anxiety to be better, nor any fear of death. She said it was well to spend money upon religious books, as, even if they were lost, they might be doing good somewhere. She said the copy of Nelson's 'Cause and Cure of Infidelity,' which was a blessing to —— had gone upon a missionary tour. This volume she bought with money intended for a guard-chain, which she did not feel easy to purchase.

"'There is no privation connected with my sickness that I feel so much, as inability to read the Bible.' She spoke of the 23d Psalm as being one of the most refreshing portions of the whole Bible to her. One morning she repeated, 'For we are willing, rather, to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord,' 'For we thus judge that if One died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should henceforth not live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again.'

"*Sunday morning.*—She said she was not sorry to have a chill, for it was only one step down the steps she had to go, and when she reached the last, she hoped to go up. Spoke with admiration of the passage, 'I sat under His shadow with

great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste,' and mentioned, 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul.'

"Spoke of having two such kind nurses, and such a compassionate High Priest. She is very anxious to improve the Sabbath, and to enjoy this sacred season in spiritual affections."

To Mrs. J.

"I thank you most affectionately, my dear Mrs. J., for your unexpected and most welcome letter. I number your affection among my richest treasures, and am truly thankful you have given so large a share to one who feels herself so unworthy of any blessing. I have a heart full of kind things to say to you, but must reserve their expression until we meet, if, indeed, your premonitions be verified. Christian intercourse is indeed one of the most exalted privileges which our Heavenly Father grants His children; and, like you, I rejoice in the reflection, that

'Angels, and living saints, and dead,
But one communion make.'

'For we are come to Mount Zion.' I love the present tense of the Bible.

"I have not improved physically since I saw you, but still believe that I have an all-sufficient Saviour, who is indeed the balm of Gilead and the physician; therefore I feel no anxiety in reference to the measure and continuance of my sufferings. My Father's hand will never cause His child a needless tear. I enjoy great peace of mind. I feel grieved that I have not improved this discipline as I should have done; and trust that you, who have ever been so kind a Christian friend, will pray earnestly that I may learn every lesson our Heavenly Father would teach me. Pray, too, that the spirit of supplication may be granted me, that I may comply with your request with reference to dear little ——. Kiss him, and little S., and J., for me, and tell them that I trust they will be among the lambs of Jesus' fold. If they now learn of Him, He will make them 'meek and lowly of heart.' Give a message of warm affection to J. J.

"That the Lord may bless thee and keep thee, and cause His face to shine upon thee, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate

"SUSAN."

To Miss E.

"I anticipate your promised visit. Since I have been so very sick, I have felt increased enjoyment in Christian intercourse, and have often wished for you. I love to talk with you, because the Saviour's name is always to you a welcome sound, and because I trust we both desire to sit for ever at His feet, and learn of Him, and that the Holy Spirit may show us the height, and length, and breadth of His love. What a comfort is it to know that God is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think; to show us great and mighty things which we know not! I cannot express to you the value of 'the peace which passeth understanding,' and how great a consolation it is to trust simply in the all-sufficient merits of the Saviour. I rejoice that I am 'accepted in the Beloved;' that the Father loves me for His sake. I have never done, nor said, nor thought, any thing which does not require the cleansing of His blood; but His is a finished atonement, a finished righteousness; and I rest satisfied upon it with security and peace.

'In my hand no price I bring.'

"Much I feel that I need a deeper work of grace, and trust you will pray for me as one who 'has not already attained.' It may be that my continuance in this world of probation may be very brief. I would learn more rapidly, but what I wish to learn is only Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

To Mr. J.

"HAMILTONVILLE, Sept. 26, 1846.

"Will you not accept this book, my dear Mr. J.? * * * My heart warmed towards you, when I learned how deep is your solicitude that those most dear to you should more attentively regard the interests of eternity. I am sure the Holy Spirit has excited this desire, and I trust He will grant its fulfilment. Sincerely do I hope that a work of grace has commenced in your heart, which will result in the confession of a crucified Saviour.

"If you doubt your preparation for this solemn step, surely you can come to Jesus for the repentance and faith you need. How freely His blood atones for our transgression, and how sufficient is His grace for the supply of our spiritual necessities! When light from Heaven makes visible the darkness of our nature, we deeply realize that we have no strength nor righteousness of our own, and rejoice that Jesus becomes, to the believer, 'wisdom, righteousness,

sanctification and redemption.' Oh, what a soul-sustaining truth is this! the only one on which we can build enduring hope. How it cheered *me*, when I felt that I was a sinner, unable to help myself, and how calmly have I reposed upon it, during many years of physical suffering!

"Is this the resting-place of your spirit, my dear friend? If so, hasten to number yourself among the professed disciples of the Redeemer, and to participate in the ordinances appointed by His wisdom and His love.

"But if you cannot yet claim this privilege, oh! come at once to Him who will 'in no wise cast out.' Oh, do not wait. E. tells me you are not willing to commence alone the path that leads to Heaven, but are disposed to linger till she is prepared to accompany you. The requisitions of the Gospel demand instant obedience, and in at once complying with them, you can better hope for a blessing upon those you love. I would not seem presuming, but feel impelled to offer you an expression of Christian sympathy, for I feel assured, the still small voice of the Spirit is whispering in your heart. God has said, 'My Spirit shall not always strive.'

"May I not hope that this unexpected communication may be deemed worthy of reply? That you and your beloved family may receive every spiritual blessing shall be the continued prayer of yours, S. A."

Notes.

"*Oct.* 11*th.*—Speaking of one of the comparisons in Scripture, 'Just think,' said she, 'what a glorious reality that must be which is illustrated by so many types.'

"To-day she has had much pleasure in anticipating 'the Association,' and in confidence of a blessing attending it. Spoke of our having no misgivings when we look to God only, and thought it would be very strange, if a traveller always looked at the dusty road, instead of the bright skies.

"Looking at dear Dr. Clark's likeness, she said it reminded her,

'Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once, like us, with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned;"

and said that his memory was enshrined in her heart. She said that his Christian character was high in its heights, and deep in its depths.

"In reference to Mr. ——'s sermon, in which the doctrine of the imputed righteousness of Christ was denied, she said, 'I hope I should rather be carried to the stake, from this sick bed, than subscribe to that sermon.

"Mentioning the lines,

> 'The hill of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets,
> Before we reach the Heavenly fields,
> Or walk the golden streets,'

she spoke with animation of the present enjoyment of religion.

"*Nov.* 1*st.*—This evening, was reading aloud the Memoirs of Isabella Campbell, and approaching the closing hours of her life, I suggested that it would be best to discontinue reading. Susan replied, 'I cannot make people understand that there is nothing gloomy in the thought of death.' She has spoken, on several occasions, of receiving the Communion again. She had a delightful visit and prayer from Bishop Potter, the evening he preached at the series of services.

"*Nov.* 4*th.*—Her symptoms have been more discouraging, but she is kept in a state of wonderful submission. F. last night concluded reading the Memoir of Isabella Campbell, with which she was much delighted. A verse quoted in it seemed to express her feelings:

> 'Let others boast of merit now,
> But merit I have none,
> I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
> I'm saved by grace alone.'

"How many opportunities occur for Susan to labor for the Cause! A little girl seemed struck with a visit she paid her, and will, I trust, be influenced by her advice. To-morrow, or next day, it will be seven years since she walked down stairs."

To R. S.

"Nov. 21, 1846.

* * * "That your faith and weakness are tested, in the position in which you are placed, I am not surprised to hear. In every trial I trust God will give you grace to prove yourself, not only a 'soldier of the Cross,' but a 'follower of the Lamb.' For the aid you have received I am truly thankful, and I doubt not the circumstances to which you evidently allude are among the 'all things which shall work together for your good.' In your efforts to glorify your Heavenly Father, you must expect the opposition of His enemies, and tenderly as I love you, I would far rather that you should take up the Cross and press onward, than shrink from so needful a contest; and yet, my dear cousin, I trust the enemies of your Saviour may have nothing to say against you, 'excepting as concerning the law of your God.' I should not wonder if it were your privilege to win them to His service. I pray that it may be thus, and I feel strong confidence that strength will be made perfect in your weakness. Very cordially can I offer you the language of encouragement. May 'The Rock that is higher' than you be your shelter and shade. Ever plead the promises with faith and holy importunity, trusting simply in Jesus. I feel quite an interest in the young man of whom you speak, and hope I shall not forget to pray for him. Tell him always of the Saviour's dying love, let him read of the garden of Gethsemane and Calvary's Cross, and pray for grace to realize that this suffering was for him. I will try to pray earnestly for a blessing on your prayer-meeting and the College.

"I trust, in all your efforts for the present and future extension of the Gospel, you will teach truth in its entire simplicity, maintaining the blessed doctrine of *imputed* righteousness which I know is most dear to your heart. If the testimony of a pardoned sinner, and a sufferer who has been consoled, can be of any value, most joyfully I give mine—that this is a soul-sustaining truth. I feel assured, dear Robert, that you will preach this doctrine clearly, and therefore I bid you 'God speed' in all your preparation for the ministry. You would not know what to say when you entered the pulpit, if you could not dwell upon the finished righteousness of Christ."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1847.

Conversational Remarks — Letters: to Relatives: to an Invalid: to a Fatherless Daughter: to W. A. N. — Estimate of Archbishop Leighton — Mystical Writers — Letter to Bishop Potter — Letter of Caution to a Young Disciple: to Mrs. Bedell — Recollections of Dr. B.— St. Andrew's — Flattery — Visitors — Adaptation to all Classes — Henry Clay's Visit and Conversation — Correspondence with Mr. Clay.

Notes.

"*Jan.* 1*st*, 1847. — Dear S. seemed, yesterday, deeply to realize its being the last day of the year. Speaking of the first Sunday in the year, she thought it should be observed as a day of thanksgiving. 'How pleasant it is,' she said, 'to leave the future calmly and unreservedly in the hands of our Heavenly Father!' All we have to do in sickness, is to live by the hour.

"She spoke of the kindness of our Heavenly Father, that He had not given us the spirit of fear, but of love, and of a sound mind. She found much pleasure in listening to 'Theron and Aspasia.'"

"*Jan.* 3*d.* — S. spoke of resignation to all the circumstances of sickness; repeated the lines:

> 'When I can trust my all with God,
> In trial's fearful hour,
> Bow all resigned, beneath His rod,
> And feel His quickening power;
> A joy springs up amid distress,
> A fountain in the wilderness.'

When I spoke of the promise that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God,' she said 'That is

one of the truths upon which my soul rests.' Speaking of my great solicitude, she remarked, 'Just try to honor God by not being so anxious.'

"After the visits of Mrs. —— and Miss ——, she seemed to feel that there was a great deal worth living for, when we could tell of the way of salvation. When conversing on the subject of making effort, she seemed convinced that Christians were often afraid of bringing themselves into disrepute.

"Dear S. seems so elevated by near communion with the Saviour, that she can count all things but loss, in comparison with His will and service. She observed, 'It is right to choose our acquaintance rather by Providence, than by taste.' She thinks the danger of marrying an irreligious person so great, that she would rather be cast into a dungeon, than be thus brought into the house of an agreeable and intellectual man.

"When speaking of Dr. S. she said that one of the desires of her heart had been gratified. 'It is so sweet,' she said, 'to have a pious physician!' Had read part of 'The Night of Weeping,' and after it was concluded, Susan addressed the throne of grace most touchingly. She praised the Lord for chastisement; desired that we might travel as a family of faith to a home of glory, and earnestly sought for us the graces that we need.

"She spoke once of her situation being one in which she saw some of the best developments of kindly feeling. Who could help loving the patient, lowly sufferer!

"She one day remarked, 'I do not think the plan of salvation ever appeared to me so beautifully simple as since I have been sick, and have lived upon it in every way.'

"*Feb.* — Spoke of the promises as being little cities of refuge for the mind. She spoke this evening of the Saviour having borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and that there was no necessity for carrying them ourselves

"*Feb. 26th.*—Spoke of our ingratitude for our mercies. E. mentioned something in reference to the ordinances last night, and Susan then dwelt upon the importance of their observance, adducing Scripture proof of their being commanded. Spoke of St. Andrew's being the spot she loves best on earth."

To her Sister and Cousin.

"March 4th, 1847.

"I must say a few words of love to two of my best and dearest friends, who surely have no common claim to my gratitude and affection, and to whom I would most gladly return some of the kind offices I have received. It seems to be designed that I should be the recipient of favors rather than the one who bestows them; and how abundantly are they granted me by my Heavenly Father, and the earthly friends into whose hearts he pours so much love. I think gratitude rather than submission is the grace I am most called upon to exercise, and yet both are needful, and for both I am dependent upon Almighty grace. * * *

"I feel very grateful to you, my dear sister, for the unfailing tenderness you have manifested during the many years of sickness which have called into exercise your nursing qualifications. Oh, that the balm of Gilead may be richly poured upon your spirit, and that you may ever simply rely upon the compassion of Him who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities! That soul will be filled with love which delights to contemplate redeeming mercy, and brighter light will dawn upon his path whose eye is fixed upon the Sun of Righteousness." * * *

To J. H. S.

"GREENWOOD, March 27, 1847.

"A letter to you has been in my heart this long time, my dear cousin, and as sister F.'s pen is now ready to transmit my thoughts, I trust you will soon receive an assurance that you are not quite forgotten. * * *

"Your eulogium upon Henry Martyn's character gives me also an opportunity of descanting upon one of my greatest favorites. The enthusiastic feelings with which, in my school-girl days, I regarded some favorite military hero, I have since transferred to this valiant soldier of the Cross. Since I read his life, I have felt as though I had formed another friendship for eternity; but in saying this, I

must look from him and from myself to my Saviour, or I should have no hope of being with him there.

"I thank you for recording some of Dr. S.'s remarks. You ought to return thanks every day for your privileges; you will need their influence in future life. I am glad to hear that your efforts on your stations have received some encouragement. I hope you will be the instrument of much good, even before you assume ministerial vows. * * *

"Sister F. is my reader and amanuensis. We have at last finished Hervey's 'Theron and Aspasia.' The style is redundant, but it is certainly a most profitable work. It would be well to recommend it to one who is beginning to inquire, 'What is Truth?' It brings a powerful array of Scripture arguments to prove the doctrine of imputed righteousness.

"I am much obliged to you for associating me with wild flowers. I certainly love them very much, and you can scarcely imagine how much pleasure they have given me since I have been unable to gather them. Do you remember Wilberforce's remark, that 'flowers were the smiles of Providence'? But this is one of my favorite subjects, — and I must abruptly change it for an expression of my very warm affection for my dear Howard, who is daily remembered in the prayers of his cousin SUSAN."

To a Young Lady, who afterwards died of Consumption.

"You have come to our village an invalid and a stranger, dear Miss H——. My heart is full of affectionate sympathy for you and your devoted parents. I hope very much that you will be able to come and see me, that I may express my interest more fully than I can do through the medium of my sister's pen, for I am unable to use my own. How much I should love to tell you how kindly the good Shepherd of Israel has guided me through the years of suffering, His wisdom and love have seen needful to inflict. It is only in 'looking unto Jesus' that we can find consolation in the hour of need; and sincerely I hope that you are enabled to lift the eye of faith to this compassionate Redeemer, who hath 'borne our griefs and carried our sorrows,' and on whom the Lord 'hath laid the iniquity of us all.' The interesting memoir I send you is an encouraging exemplification of His power to sustain under the most painful circumstances. It was written by my former Pastor, who was warmly attached to this lovely young Christian. I send you my favorite flower — the lily of the valley Will you not gratify me by using

the little carriage, in which I formerly rode through the village, and often visited the woods? You must employ a careful person to draw you: the curtains will shelter you from the sun, and I think you will find the exercise useful. But I must not weary you. Accept my thanks for the kind offering of yesterday and believe me, with prayerful interest, sincerely yours.

To a Friend.

"M——, dear M——, what can I say to comfort you in this your great bereavement—the loss of such a father as few could lose, this is indeed a dark cloud upon the sunshine of your young days. You are not accustomed to sorrow, and God only can enable you to bear it. I trust His Word will be your refuge, and there you will find the merciful invitation, 'Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.' 'From this time!' How suitable the expression—now that your heart, which has reposed so fondly upon a father's love, will yearn in vain for his affectionate caress, his faithful counsel and his tender guardianship. Oh! M., I wished you to have given your heart to God before the hour of sorrow came, but I trust you will now listen to the whisperings of that still small voice which speaks to you in the silence of your desolated home. Oh, that the blessed Spirit may reprove you of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come! Oh, that He may cause your heart to feel all of which your understanding is convinced, and apply to your wounded spirit that healing which the lowly and contrite can alone receive. And then, my dear M., you will indeed find that there is 'oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' Oh, that your chamber may be the scene of holy communion with the Most High! Surely He has listened to the earnest supplications of your departed father, and in answer to these prayers He has sent the strivings of His Spirit, without whose aid you could not seek Him. But remember that it is the promise of our Saviour, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' He who thirsts for salvation must come to the Fountain of living waters; he who would receive the Holy Spirit's influences must ask, must seek, must knock with earnest importunity. How gladly would I hasten to you, dear ——, that I might weep with you, pray with you and tell you of a Saviour's love. I offer you a sister's sympathy, and it is the sympathy of an orphan whose heart has been broken and bound up. I need not say that I

feel much for your poor mother. How painfully she must realize the absence of the employment that has occupied her so long! The sufferings she was so anxious to alleviate are endured no more; the weary is at rest; the pilgrim has arrived at home. Your sister told me he loved so much to talk of the patriarchs: how much more would he tell us of them now! Surely they must have gladly welcomed so congenial a spirit. That Saviour whom he trusted so confidingly he now beholds with unclouded vision. He is satisfied, for he has awaked with His likeness."

To W. A. N.

"Sept. 7th, 1847.

"A very long time has elapsed since I have addressed a letter to my dearest W., and the last I wrote was one of earnest persuasion to come to that blessed Saviour who is now so precious to my darling boy. I cannot say, 'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you,' but many fervent thanksgivings have ascended to that kind Heavenly Father who has received my heart's cherished treasure into the covenant of mercy. Before this rich gift of grace was granted, I committed you in faith to Him who answers prayer, and with much more confidence I can now entrust your temporal and eternal interests to His keeping. Not for ourselves only, but for our friends also it is indeed

'Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end,
Sweet on the covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

'Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees,
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.'

"May this be ever our experience, dear W.! We shall then realize the fulfilment of the promises: 'He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munition of rocks.' 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' Oh, how much more desirable is this holy tranquillity of spirit than all the excitement of earthly pleasure! But we have both been taught that it can be only enjoyed when we turn away from our sinful selves, and rest only in the Lord our righteousness. I often think of the pleasant hours we have passed together.

I have not listened to our beloved Leighton since those Sunday afternoons. If my library were to be confined to but three books, Archbishop Leighton's works should certainly be one of them. There are many volumes which speak very eloquently of the beauty of holiness, and prescribe various rules for its attainment, but I do not think any uninspired author equals him in directing the attention to the Sun of Righteousness, as the only source from whom the believer can receive light and heat. I do not like those mystical religious writings which present beautiful theories, but are too abstract in their theology. A book of this kind is Upham's 'Hidden Life,' which dwells much upon the precious doctrine of assurance, but teaches us to look for its evidence rather in inherent holiness than in the imputed righteousness of Christ, appropriated by faith and sealed to His disciple by the spirit of adoption, enabling him to call God Father, not because he is any thing in himself, but because he is Christ's, and Christ is God's.

"How glad I would have been if my dearest boy could have been with us when Bishop Potter administered the communion about ten days since. Do not forget to return thanks to our Heavenly Father for the spiritual comfort he vouchsafed me. I have often thought that if communion with our God be a test of the acceptableness of any service, I have this proof that these holy memorials are received in accordance with His will, and glad I am that our Church does not deprive the invalid of this privilege. I wish our dear cousins could have been with us. I had an interesting conversation with the Bishop quite alone. He dwelt upon the hidden life,—of the necessity of having the kingdom of Christ within us. It seems to pain him greatly that so little property is consecrated to the extension of the Gospel, and thinks the subject should be presented very impressively. I begin to feel encouraged about the Bucks County church. There is light in the horizon, but nothing definite has been yet attempted, so I will only say, Pray much upon this subject, dear W. I do not see how missionary interest could be better expended. Sister has been reading to me a delightful volume of Henry Martyn's letters. The record of his last journey is deeply affecting. Oh, that his missionary spirit were ours! Oh, that we may pray as he did, though we be not required to prove our zeal by the self-sacrifice he endured! I think it very needful to read the life of missionaries, and to make every effort to acquire intelligence of this kind. Even at home let this be our motto: 'As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.'" * * *

To Right Rev. Bishop Potter.

"Since the sympathy and counsel I have received from you, Rt. Rev. Sir, are a sufficient proof that the more public duties of your sacred office do not render you unmindful of the lame of the fold, I need not fear that my epistolary visit will engross too many moments of your valuable time.

"I shall never forget the emotions which were excited by our first interview. The election of our Bishop had been to me a subject of deep solicitude and earnest prayer, and as I already believed our Heavenly Father had sent you to us as a gift of love, I was prepared to welcome you with no ordinary pleasure. But when you spoke with such heartfelt interest of our Redeemer's love, and commended me to the continued guardianship of the Great Shepherd of Israel, I felt as though a kind pastor were with me, and since then have numbered you among my valued friends.

"Your last visit was still more welcome than any I have been privileged to enjoy, for then you came to me not with words of comfort and the prayer of faith alone, but with the holy memorials which remind me how confidently I may rely upon the finished work of Him who is 'all my salvation and all my desire.' I did indeed 'feed upon Christ in my heart, by faith with thanksgiving;' and how kindly does the Father of mercies *continually* refresh my soul with this 'hidden manna'! it is indeed my daily bread. Will you not pray that I may be taught 'the breadth, and length, and depth and height of the love of Christ'?

* * * "I often think of the remark of a cousin, whose departing moments were unusually interesting: 'Cæsar covered himself with his robes that he might die with decency, but I am clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness.' * * *

"My brother has placed your engraving in my room, and it often reminds me to lift up my heart in supplication for our beloved Bishop. Indeed, I have sometimes felt a spirit of prayer for you that has almost surprised me. I know your position is one of labor and of responsibility, which you deeply realize. Oh! that the Captain of our salvation, at whose bidding you are placed upon the outposts of Zion, may so richly anoint you with the Spirit that you may ever with uncompromising fidelity defend the doctrines of the Cross, and whilst with unshaken hand you support its banner, may its blessed consolations be poured into your bosom!" * * *

To a Young Christian.

"Although I am now always involved in epistolary debt, I am not unmindful of the claims of my friends; and of yours, dear R., I have thought very often. I have long wished to answer your confiding and affectionate letter, that I might elicit another communication from your pen, but I cannot always command both strength and leisure for the dictation of my letters. I will not, however, occupy my sister's pen with a very formal apology, for this you will not require from an invalid, and I hope I shall soon receive an assurance that you do not intend to be a ceremonious correspondent, but will write very often to one who loves you for your father's sake. I am glad your memory still retains his counsels, for they were of no ordinary character. Let us ever learn of the same Saviour who taught him so much. What a blessed attainment is conformity to the image of Jesus! Whilst it elevates the intellect, purifies the affections, and sanctifies the taste, it takes away pride, and gives tranquillity to the spirit. I feel truly thankful that our Heavenly Father's great love has induced you, my dear friend, to seek this blessing. I trust the example of other Christians will never be your standard of duty, but that, in 'looking unto Jesus,' the Author and Finisher of our faith, you will become so like this meek and lowly Saviour, that you will ever be recognised as his disciple. Oh that heavenly grace may be your shield against the temptations from which your retirement from society has in some measure sheltered you! When your friends would solicit you to revisit scenes of gaiety, may you ever remember that the children of God have been taught to offer the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Our hearts are so sinful, the enemy of our souls so vigilant, and the varied circumstances of every-day life so full of spiritual danger, that it is useless, indeed, to expose ourselves to any unnecessary test of Christian principle. I often think of a resolution formed by my youngest sister, in the commencement of her religious life, that she would read no books upon which she could not ask the blessing of her Heavenly Father. Would it not be well to apply this rule, not to our reading only, but all the pursuits of life? The disciples of Jesus must dare to be singular. It is melancholy, indeed, that they so often forget this solemn truth. We sometimes look in vain for the cross our Saviour has told them they must bear. Oh that God may give you grace, dear R., to 'lay aside every weight.' I am glad you enjoy peace of mind, for this is a blessed preservative against spiritual declension. When the eye

of faith is fixed upon the Saviour, the allurements of the world are forgotten.

"Oh that the blessing promised to those who 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' may be yours! As my departed Pastor once remarked to me, 'The promise is not that you are filled, but that you shall be.' How sweet is the assurance, 'With joy you shall draw water out of the wells of salvation.' I trust you will never repair to the broken cisterns of unsanctified affection. How many young Christians have been thus induced to forsake the fountain of living waters! I think it so important to form decided opinions on this subject before the affections are engaged. It would be sorrowful, indeed, to be united upon earth to one with whom we could not hope to enter heaven. You will think I am disposed to avail myself of the privilege you have given me.

"I need not again express my sympathy for your bereavement. You speak of it as one who has suffered, and been comforted. How kind it was in the Father of mercies to grant dear E.'s friends the consolation of knowing that His Spirit was speaking to her heart! Remember me kindly to your mother and brother. Ask T. if he is striving to serve the God of his father, if his Saviour's love has washed away his sins? * * * I shall be disappointed if I do not receive a letter from you. It will be gladly welcomed by your affectionate friend, S. A."

To Mrs. Bedell.

* * * "I am not surprised that you feel so deep an interest in the Greek Mission. May our Heavenly Father's blessing rest upon every effort for its promotion! How glad I should be to extend more efficient aid than this offering will give. How thankful I feel that the blessing of the Most High has rested upon the labors of your son! I have often felt that I ought to pray very earnestly for him. How gratefully I cherish the memory of his beloved Father! May grace, mercy and peace rest upon all who bear his name! Never can I be thankful enough for the providential guidance which directed my steps to our beloved St. Andrew's. Though other instrumentality was employed to arouse my attention to the importance of religion, your husband's earnest exhortations were the means of greatly increasing this conviction, and it was when he assured me from the pulpit that Jesus was ready at once to receive the repenting sinner, that I was enabled to believe that He would not cast me out.

"How often I think of that pale face, irradiated with holy emotion, and how vivid is the recollection of the faithful counsels of my beloved Pastor! My heart is pained that I have not more diligently imitated his example, but I anticipate, for our Saviour's sake, a joyful reunion in the world above.

"Have you not often rejoiced, dear Mrs. B., that the pulpit of St. Andrew's has always re-echoed the truths he taught? that the precious doctrine of justification by Christ's righteousness has been there so earnestly proclaimed? I find St. Andrew's theology endures the test of years of suffering, but I will not call them so, for surely consolation has much more abounded. I come all the time to Jesus as a poor, helpless sinner, and find Him my all-sufficient Saviour. I come to Him as an orphan, and 'as one whom His Mother comforteth, so He comforts' me. I bring to Him the pain and weariness of an almost exhausted frame, and realize that 'we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities,' and experience confirms my hope that He will never leave me nor forsake me.

"During the past year I have been very ill, and have received renewed evidence of the long-tried love of those sisters of whom you speak. * * * What a comfort it is to know that physical ailments, as well as other trials of life, are among the 'all things' which shall 'work together for good to them that love God!'" * *

To Miss E.

"January, 1848.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and who *ever* liveth to comfort and bless His disciples: and how thankful I feel that you are one of these, dearest Miss E.! If it were not so, I would tell you to go to Jesus; but then you could not know Him as a well-tried friend. Until you had received Him as a Saviour, you could not realize that He is the 'Consolation of Israel,' that He looks upon you with pity and with love.

"You feel more than ever that you are indeed in 'a weary land,' but 'the shadow of a great Rock' is your refuge. Even there it is not sinful to shed tears of sorrow. It cannot be that you should not suffer deeply from a trial so afflictive as that you have so recently sustained, for it is in Heaven alone we are promised that 'God shall wipe away all tears.' Here they fall, and fall again, even from the Christian's eye, but he weeps not as those who know not a Saviour's love. I often think of the visit I once received from a clergyman whose daughter had gone to her heavenly home but two days before.

He was a most affectionate father, and it was evident that he suffered deeply, but his consolation was greater than his grief, and he was enabled to 'glory in tribulation.' After he left us, we had a shower whilst the sun was still shining, and his brightness was so beautifully reflected by the drops of rain, that I was reminded of the sanctified sorrow of the man of God. Is it not a privilege to be thus permitted to prove that no trial is too great for the sustaining power of grace? No storm so boisterous that the soothing sound, 'It is I; be not afraid,' cannot meet the ear of faith. This, I trust, is the experience of my more than ever dear Miss E. My heart hastens to you with yearnings of sympathy. I well remember the interest with which you spoke of your beloved brother some time since. It may be that your many prayers have been answered, though you may have received no tidings of such joy, and we may hope that this solemn lesson will be one of deep instruction to the surviving members of your family. You, dearest Miss E., are one of the family of God. His people are your people, and their hearts entwine around you. You require no assurance of the warm affection of your friend,

"S."

From her Diary.

"*Aug. 25th.*—Was very glad to receive a visit from ——, and as usual, enjoyed it very much. We were talking of the danger of tempting others to spiritual pride, and he remarked that he wished it were remembered that ministers are but men, through whom they believe. He said persons would make eulogistic remarks in his presence, and say they knew this would not affect him; and he would reply that they first flattered him by telling him that he could not be flattered, and then poured in the poison most congenial to his taste. He says he knows of the downfall of several very eminent Christians, who became lifted up.

'Lord, forever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be,
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.'

"On Wednesday I had a visit from an Indian who knows the love of Jesus."

The number of visitors who sought Miss Allibone's society was by no means small, and the desire of being useful made her generally accessible. In spite, therefore, of her confinement for so many years to her own room, she saw a variety of persons of almost every rank in life. Personal convenience and comfort were of no consideration with her when the opportunity was presented of comforting some perplexed and burdened spirit, or of guiding even a child to the Saviour's fold. While ever the sympathizing friend of the poor and troubled, her society was exceedingly agreeable to the intellectual, the refined and the honored. To all alike the Christian counsellor, the pleader for the claims of Jesus, the fearless, faithful admonisher, she could at the same time happily adapt herself to the tastes and characters of those who approached her. The end of her conversation to high and low, rich and poor, the statesman, the clergyman, or the child, was "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." But to each she spoke of heavenly things in the manner which they could best appreciate and feel.

There is a record in her Diary for February 7th, 1848, of a visit which she received from the Hon. Henry Clay, which appears to have been mutually gratifying, and which led to a subsequent interchange of letters. Although so much occupied with religious duties, Miss Allibone was not an unconcerned observer of public events. A strong attachment to her country was one of her sanctified feelings. Often did her prayers arise to the throne of grace in behalf of her beloved father-land, and fervently did she invoke divine blessings upon those who were prominent in the management of public affairs. For Mr. Clay she had cherished peculiar regard and admiration, and the opportunity of personal intercourse with him she gladly welcomed. Mr. Clay was evidently much impressed by his visit to one so patient in tribulation, and who evinced so sincere an interest in his spiritual and eternal welfare, and afterwards referred to the interview with deep emotion.

"*Feb. 29th.*—I have this morning enjoyed the delightful privilege of a visit from Mr. Clay, and of an interview with him quite alone. I do not know what to say of him. I admire, esteem and love him, but these words are of common parlance. He says he does not expect rest in this world,—he hopes he will find it elsewhere. I reminded him that this troublesome popularity increased his opportunities of usefulness, that persons who would, perhaps, scarcely listen to a stricture from a clergyman, would receive it from Mr. Clay. I told him that his remarks in reference to the Sabbath, when he was in Philadelphia before, had been spoken of a great deal.

"He said that before he had the high motives which he trusted he now had for the observance of the Sabbath, he had been taught to respect it, and regarded it as an institution for the benefit of mankind. He said he had been very much influenced by his wife,—he saw how she bore calamity. His heart is filled with sympathy and kindness, and mine with emotions I do not know how to express.

"—— came to see me, and, as ever, his visit was a comfort and a blessing. O my Saviour, my best and *ever-present* Friend, *Thou* art 'Chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.'"

Notes.

"Mr. Clay came on Tuesday, at 12 o'clock. He made many inquiries respecting Susan's health, and spoke of his little grand-daughter, who is also afflicted. Upon Susan's alluding to his remarks respecting the Sabbath, he observed that before he had the higher motives he now had, he respected the Sabbath. He had always respected religion, and its disciples, whatever his enemies had said of him. He was repeatedly affected to tears. Susan told him she had followed him in all his journeyings, and into his retirement, and had prayed that God would be with him. He spoke of the

influence his wife had exerted over him. Susan said that they were most happy who dwelt under the shadow of the Cross, and rested securely there.

"He appeared unwilling to leave, and said with emotion, 'I am glad to see you so cheerful, so resigned, so happy.' She gave him, before his departure, Archbishop Leighton's Works.

"*Thursday, March 2d.*—At our prayer-meeting, Sue offered a heart-felt petition for Mr. Clay.

"She spoke with interest of the Psalm, 'My heart is inditing a good matter.' When unfavorable symptoms appeared this evening, she spoke very cheerfully about it, and no doubt I was more disappointed than she.

"She has traced, in the little 'Daily Manna' her beloved Mrs. E. gave her, the quotations, 'Pain, loss, solitude,—what are they?—*the way home.*' 'There is no extremity of guilt or misery that can come up to Christ's *uttermost.*'—*Romaine.* 'Not only the worst of my sins, but the best of my duties, bespeak me a child of Adam.'—*Bishop Beveridge.* 'Love will stammer, rather than be dumb.'—*Leighton.*

"Speaking this evening, of elasticity of spirit, she alluded to her spiritual comfort—that the Everlasting Arms kept her above the waters. She said that whatever natural power of endurance she had, would have been exhausted long ago."

To Hon. Henry Clay.

"A letter for you is in my heart, beloved and respected sir; and I have asked for a pencil, that I may express the thoughts which my sister's pen must convey to you in more legible characters than my physical debility will allow me to trace.

"I wish to thank you for the visit you so kindly made to an invalid, who could not mingle with the crowd around you to welcome her country's friend. And when I tell you that our interview, brief as it was, has kindled into stronger and deeper feeling the affection I have cherished so many years, I would not that you should suspect for a moment that I employ the language of adulation, so distasteful to the refined mind, so painful to the heart of the Christian

who has listened to the 'still small voice' of the blessed Spirit, and thus been taught that he is sinful and helpless, and has learned to say, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Although the irrepressible affection of your many friends swells into a louder chorus than you love to hear, exhausts your strength, and causes you to sigh for solitude, you gratefully appreciate the offering you have not sought, and number it, I trust, among the talents you desire to consecrate to the glory of your Father in Heaven.

"It is, indeed, a solemn thought that our responsibility is so greatly increased by the influence which is possessed over the minds of others. The words of a great man become aphorisms, the scenes he enters are sanctioned by his presence, and almost his thoughts are appropriated by those who surround him.

"I am not surprised that the tranquillity of the husbandman appears to you more desirable than a life of such incessant excitement; but you, dear sir, are sowing seed in the political and moral world, which will bear nutritious fruit. Oh! that yours may ever be the fulfilment of the promise, 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.'

"Oh! that the Heavenly Physician may heal the wounds which the severance of cherished ties has inflicted upon a heart so sensitive as yours! One who has shed the orphan's tear is well prepared to sympathize with a bereaved parent. In one instance, the branch has been broken from the tree which gave it nourishment, and painfully it realized the absence of the green and vigorous shoot; in the other, the parent stem is removed, and its offspring would surely wither if it were not transplanted into the garden of the Lord, and united to the true and living Vine.

"I feel, dear Mr. Clay, that I could love *you* with almost filial affection; but I should not, therefore, weary you by an effusion of tedious length.

"I do not know that uninspired history has recorded a character, whose life and writings have been rendered more luminous by the Sun of Righteousness than my favorite author, Archbishop Leighton. His theology is so much more simple and concentrated than the diffusive writings of the present day, that if he be not already a familiar friend, I think you will sometimes feel disposed to admit the volume you will so much gratify me by accepting, to the companionship of your private hours.

"Your little grand-daughter has often been the subject of my thoughts since you spoke of her so affectionately. Will you tell the dear child I am assured that Jesus loves her as well as the little ones whom He took in His arms, and like the little sufferer, whose life I send her, she must tell Him when she is in pain, and ask Him to comfort her.

"Your visit will be one of my pleasant recollections, and frequent and earnest supplications that you may be 'satisfied with favor, and filled with the blessing of the Lord,' will ascend from the heart of her who is, dear sir, with high regard, most respectfully yours."

From Mr. Clay to Miss Allibone.

"With perfect truth and candor I say, that I have rarely, if ever, made a visit to any individual in my life, that afforded me higher satisfaction than that which I derived from seeing you. Your physical misfortunes, your resignation to the will of our Maker, your gentle and intelligent countenance, and your interesting conversation, all combined to give to the short interview I had with you a thrilling interest. I have oftentimes thought of it, and have frequently described the touching scene to my friends. * * *

"Relieved as I am from the cares, the trouble, and the responsibility of public life, I hope to profit by retirement in making those preparations for another and better world, which are enjoined upon us by our highest and eternal interests. In these, your example of perfect submission and complete obedience will be constantly remembered by me with great benefit and advantage.

"Accept for yourself my prayer, that He who has enabled you so calmly and cheerfully to bear up under the heavy privations you suffer, may continue His watchful care over you to the end, and that we may both hereafter meet in the regions of eternal bliss.

"I am truly and faithfully your friend and obedient servant,

"H. CLAY."

To Hon. Henry Clay.

"Nov. 3, 1848.

"I denied myself the gratification of giving an immediate reply to your kind and most welcome letter, respected sir, because I was aware that the communications of your numerous friends present an almost incessant demand upon your attention; but I did not design to be so very considerate as to have allowed more than three months to pass away, unaccompanied by an assurance of my warm affection.

"The debility which often renders me unable to use a mechanical medium for the conveyance of thought, does not deprive me of the consolation of expressing my regard for those I love, by imploring for them 'the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it;' and for you, dear sir, very frequent and earnest prayers have come into my heart. I do hope that God will grant you a double portion of His Spirit. I should not feel satisfied if any ordinary measures of contrition, faith, love and holy obedience were yours. We are commanded to 'covet the best gifts;' and it is not presumptuous to expect much from God, if the merits of our Redeemer be our only plea. Nor would I forget to thank Him for the spiritual illumination He has granted you, nor for the desire you express to consecrate the retirement you are at last permitted to enjoy, to the interests of 'another and a better world.'

"It is, indeed, a better world, dear Mr. Clay. How delightful will it be to be released for ever from 'every day's report of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.' What blessedness to worship God without the intrusion of one emotion opposed to the holiness of His law, or a single wandering thought, and to satisfy the longings of the Spirit after knowledge, excellence and love by the contemplation of them all! To receive all this happiness is the free gift of a Saviour's love, and to attune a harp of thanksgiving with Heaven-taught melody, ever swelling louder and clearer notes of adoration as the past and present become more fully understood, and the future hastens on with brightening glory,—oh! this will be to us a better world!

"It has often occurred to me that whilst the believer rejoices that 'to die is gain,' he ought also to remember that 'to live is Christ.' I wish to understand the full meaning of this expression. Experience has taught me something of its import, but I hope to learn new lessons every day. One of our Homilies tells us 'Faith is the hand that puts on Christ;' and St. Paul assures us, 'Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.'

"How can I, who am so sinful and so suffering, be sufficiently thankful that this glorious Redeemer is the portion of my soul! Mine has been a situation of extraordinary necessity, and the fulness of Jesus has been its supply. When my earthly friends sit down and weep, because their unwearied attentions cannot remove the firm pressure of disease, my Saviour draws me still more closely into the Sanctuary of His presence, and my wearied spirit reposes in peace.

"But there is an amputation of the *heart*, caused by the removal of the most cherished objects of affection, which requires the still more tender offices of Him who 'came to give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;' and in this sorrow, also, I have been greatly comforted. If I had never known bereavement, I could not so fully sympathize with the deep afflictions to which your letter alludes. I am well assured that your susceptibilities of suffering are unusually acute; and I pray that the consolations of the Holy Spirit, and the sanctified uses of adversity may be given you in proportionate measure. It may be also that the dispensations which have caused so painful a void in your family circle, may be the avenues through which many heavenly blessings may be conveyed to its surviving members. It may be your delightful privilege to teach them to consecrate the energy they have inherited from their earthly parent to the glory of their Father in Heaven: and whilst I condole with my country, because she will be deprived of your official services at a time when they seem so greatly needed, I do indeed most heartily congratulate your children and grand-children, that they are permitted to surround you in the evening of your days.

"Permit me to say that I do not think you suit the times, dear sir. Expediency has become the watchword of our nation; and your political vestments have never assumed a chameleon hue, nor has the cloak of concealment been wrapped around them. Oh! that we had many Daniels to confess that 'we and our fathers have sinned, and done wickedly, and to implore that national judgments may be averted.

"The beautiful petition of the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven,' is most appropriate at this time of danger; and how effectually will its fulfilment hush into silence the stormy elements around us! Is it not an unspeakable privilege to be the subject of 'a kingdom which cannot be moved'? I am truly gratified to learn that the health of your little grand-daughter has so greatly improved, for I feel a deep interest in all to whom you are allied. I shall not soon forget the terms of affection with which you made me acquainted with the character of Mrs. Clay, to whom you will please present my respectful regards.

"I think I will be so selfish as to tell you how delighted I should be to receive another letter from Ashland." * * *

CHAPTER XIX.

1848—1849.

A Comforter of the Sorrowing — Letters of Sympathy to the Bereaved: to an afflicted little Boy — Conversation — Contentment — Letters to Dr. N.: to R. S. on Discouragements — Alarm at Tractarian Errors — Letter referring thereto — Letters of Friendship — Pastoral Visits — Letter to one lately baptized — Importance of a high Standard in Religion — Letters to the Young.

Miss Allibone was, to a remarkable extent, a comforter of the afflicted. Sorrow of any kind was an appeal to which she invariably responded. She forgot her own sufferings in hearing of and administering to others' woes, or only so far remembered them as to make them a plea for attempting to comfort others with the consolation wherewith she was herself comforted of God. To those within the circle of her own extensive connection, and still wider acquaintance, she was a proved and affectionate helper in the dark and sorrowful day. But her sympathy was by no means limited to them. The stricken and suffering became at once the objects of her fervent intercession and loving concern. She longed to tell the children of sorrow of the unfailing mercies of her covenant God, and the effectual sympathy of the great High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. She felt that the consolations of her religion were adequate to every emergency of mortal grief. She had fully tested them. From her own experience she knew their value. She was perfectly assured that every mourner, who would look where she looked for support and relief, would be assisted and blessed. Her expressions of sympathy were not words

of course, but the utterance of strong, living, acting faith. She believed, and therefore she spake. And the lessons of trust and submission which she inculcated, enforced by her own beautiful example, were clothed with power, and went at once to the heart. She spake and acted as one who dwelt in the secret place of the Almighty, to whom the Most High was a Father and Friend, and to whom the heavenly world was a near and glorious reality. And therefore she was eminently successful in leading the afflicted to the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort. Instances of the tenderness, delicacy and fidelity, with which she approached those upon whom rested God's chastening hand, are given in the letters immediately following:

To a Relative.

"GREENWOOD, March, 1848.

"My dear ——: I would not attempt this letter, if it were not my privilege to ask our Father in Heaven to teach me what to say to you; for I know too much of the sacredness of sorrow to suppose that ordinary words of sympathy would be consoling to one who has suffered so deeply as yourself. I am not surprised that you realize that your domestic circle is deprived of one of its brightest attractions. It was not a mother's eye alone that could discover the loveliness of one so gentle, so unaffected and so affectionate. I can sympathize with your bereavement much more deeply than I could have done if I had never seen you together.

"Oh, my dear friend, bring your wounded heart to Jesus. He can bind it up. He can soothe into 'a great calm' the storm which now swells your bosom. He will not reproach you because you sought Him not in the hour of prosperity: and if you will bring to Him the sins of your whole life, He will wash them in His blood and cover you with a robe of righteousness. Will you not read with much prayer the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and see if He who was 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' is not just such a Saviour as you need.

"If it were possible, I should be glad to hasten to you, that I might tell you of the preciousness of this merciful Redeemer. I should love to make one of your household band, now that you are

so sorrowful; and though it would grieve me very much to hear my beloved —— use expressions that would seem to indicate the slightest doubt of the wisdom and love of God, I would pray for and pity her, and try to deal gently with an almost broken heart. Dear ——, do ask for submission to His will. I do not want you to grieve the Holy Spirit. I would have you 'humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time.' You know He has afflicted *me*, but it has always been in love. Read the 103d Psalm, and I will pray that you may believe and experience all that is there recorded of the loving-kindness of the Almighty. The 12th chapter of Hebrews is full of instruction and consolation. In the 14th chapter of Job we are assured that the days of man 'are determined, the number of his months are with Thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.' If you could realize this truth, you would not suffer so much from the fear that other efforts would have been more conducive to your dear child's benefit. How many bereaved friends have been agonized by these reflections! I do not doubt that the unwearied efforts of parents, physicians and friends were combined for the relief of your darling child, and it was because the Almighty had ordered otherwise that they were unsuccessful. Oh, that this painful lesson may be one of deep and lasting instruction!

"One of your beloved ones has been called into the eternal world, and earth looks to you most desolate. Every surrounding object is invested with gloom. You see *mortality* written upon the faces of your surviving children. Will you not pray that upon their souls may be inscribed 'a title clear to mansions in the skies'? Will you not encircle them with religious influences? Will you not tell them that if the Redeemer loved their souls so well as to die that they might live forever, they should surely hasten together to the Cross of Calvary, and thus secure 'a safe defence, a peaceful home'?

"But, alas! you would tell me, how can I lead my children into a path I have never travelled? I cannot expatiate upon love I have never realized — upon salvation I have never accepted. My friend, my dear friend, you must come to Jesus, and you *must come now*. Throw this letter from your hand — prostrate yourself in the attitude of devotion — tell your Father in Heaven you have been sinful and rebellious, but you come to Him in the name of His only begotten Son, pleading pardon in His name, trusting in the merits of His blood. Tell Him you give your heart to Him; you know it is an unworthy offering; it is all full of sin and sorrow, but you are 'heavy

laden,' and in His word He has said, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'

"Oh, the joyful results of this acceptance of the offers of salvation! Oh, the blessed peace which will flow into your bosom, combined with regret that you have not long since tasted the power of religion; with filial contrition that you have not always loved a Being so ready to pardon and bless. My heart warms with the hope that you will at once cast yourself upon the mercy of God in Christ, and that from your family circle will again and again ascend intelligence which will give joy to the angelic host.

"Give my love to them all, and remind them of the injunction, 'Be ye also ready.' Tell them the love of Christ is the only source of true happiness. It has cheered my heart through many years of suffering."

To an Afflicted Little Boy, son of Rev. J. A. Clark.

"Jan. 1849.

"What a beautiful promise that is: 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom.' Would you not love to belong to the fold of this Good Shepherd? Perhaps you do follow Him; I hope so, indeed. I should be glad for you, my poor wearied boy, to have the bosom of Jesus for your resting-place. There will be no pain there. Even now I am sure He is looking very tenderly upon you. It requires much grace to be very considerate of the comfort of others, and to avoid speaking quickly when we are in great suffering and feel nervous, but not more than God is able to give us. 'Looking unto Jesus' must be our motto. We have your dear father's example, also, for He was very patient, and thought more of the welfare of others than his own comfort. Oh! W., I cannot tell you how well I loved him, and how much I miss his counsels; but they are written on my heart, and I must try to practise them.

* * * "I am not even able to read much in the Bible. I hope you love this blessed book as much as little Nathan Dickerman did.

"That the Father of the fatherless may bless and protect my dear W., prays your very affectionate friend, S. A."

To a Friend.

"It occurred to me during the illness of your departed wife, dear sir, that I should have much loved to have spoken to her of Him

who is 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities;' but the chamber of sickness has long been my abiding-place, and here my thoughts often visited your house of mourning, and my heart ascended in prayer that spiritual blessings may rest upon the bereaved ones.

* * * "Whilst I listened to the precious truths of God's word, so faithfully proclaimed by his departed servant, I desired that your family too should receive Jesus in their hearts, and enjoy the faith which sustained my spirit. More than seven years have passed since then. The pastor who spoke to us of a Saviour's love dwells with Him in a world of glory. Night and day have pain and debility been my portion. I listen no longer to my mother's voice, for God has taken her to heaven; and therefore, dear sir, my heart yearns over your children, and I pity them. But my sufferings have not equalled the consolation I have received; their pressure rests not upon me, for 'underneath are the everlasting arms.' God can wipe away even the orphan's tear. He has said, 'Even as a mother comforteth will I comfort you.' Oh, that the sorrowing ones around you may hear the voice of His spirit, and that you, their only parent, may gather with them around the mercy-seat, and ask God to be your guide and comforter. And where else can you bear your fainting spirit? Not to the scenes of worldly pleasure, for the sounds of mirth would fall heavily upon your ear. Come, then, to Him who wounds to heal, who kindly reminds you that this is not your rest, that you may seek preparation for that rest which 'remaineth for the people of God.' Oh! may we never forget that they only shall enjoy it, for 'except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

"With respectful and prayerful earnestness I would urge you, dear sir, to implore the Holy Spirit to cause you to feel what your understanding must acknowledge, to fill you with that 'godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of.' Do not suspect me of harshness. An apostle has said, 'Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men,' and I would only remind you that 'we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ,'—that I may point to my Saviour's cross and say, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' And upon this subject I most love to dwell, for I feel more and more the all-sufficiency of our Redeemer. Come to Him with your sins—come to Him with your sorrows; for it is His promise, 'I will give you rest.' Then shall 'the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.' He will shine upon your desolate dwelling and your saddened heart.

"You will receive this expression of Christian interest from one whose peculiar situation renders it less needful that she should regard the ordinary rules of etiquette. How much I should love to tell your children how much I sympathize with them!"

To a Friend.

"February, 1849.

"The Father of mercies and God of all grace is with you, my own dear ——, teaching you to breathe the notes of submission to His Holy will. I am thankful for this, for it pains me much to listen to the discordant tones of repining and rebellion which too often go forth from the harp of sorrow. My Heavenly Father administers the discipline I require with so gentle a hand, and so many smiles of love, that I more deeply realize the injustice and presumption of any reflection upon His wisdom and mercy.

"And yet while He requires the submission of the Christian, He does not demand the stoic's insensibility to suffering. He has formed us with sympathies so tender, with hearts so clinging, that we are greatly wounded when our loved ones are removed. If it were not thus, we should not need the Balm of Gilead to bind up the lacerated nerves and fibres of our affections.

"Dear ——, I understand the mysterious union between a mother and her child. Although I have suffered in one relation, and you in the other, I appreciate the strength of the tie, which I bless God is in our case only lengthened, not broken. The part we cannot see is in Heaven, and thanksgivings mingle with our tears. And then, there is another reason why I feel for you so much. I am very fond of children. They are the little flowers of society, which gladden our hearts as we pass along the dusty paths of life. A very lovely one was placed in your bosom, and, as you remark, it has been transplanted to the garden of the Saviour. There is no hot sun to scorch it there, no wind to scatter its blossoms, but it will bloom in fadeless beauty. When you see it again, as I trust will be you privilege, for our Redeemer's sake, you will be glad that you did not refuse to resign your little plant in all its budding loveliness. I trust its place will be supplied by many blessed fruits of the Spirit, engrafted upon this lesson of sorrow. It would be sad, indeed, if our trials were unmingled with benefit. Shall we not ask Him who has 'chastened us for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness,' to give us a lowly, teachable spirit, to reveal to us the exceeding sinfulness of our nature, and all the requirements of His law; and to enable us, in the full view of both, to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full

of glory, in Him who came to atone for our transgressions, and to fulfil the perfect obedience we cannot give.

"We find imperfection written upon the most elevated of our race, but here is a Friend in whom 'mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other;' One who is 'holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners.' If you would know more of this blessed Saviour, read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, with fervent supplication that the Holy Spirit will take of the things of Jesus, and show them unto you. You may have often done this, but now that you are smitten, you will be more thankful than ever that our Saviour was 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' The Epistle to the Hebrews has been very consoling to me. It dwells with so much emphasis and beauty upon the sympathy of our Redeemer. How wonderful, how mysterious is the connection between His Divine and human nature! He is indeed 'Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'

"Do you remember a little book entitled 'Perfect Peace,' by the Rev. Mr. Pitcairn? It enforces this subject with unusual clearness. How glad I should be to have you read to me a work in which I am deeply interested, 'Charnock on the Divine Attributes.' How much more enjoyment is derived from books of spiritual instruction, than from those volumes which are only designed to amuse! * * *

"You ask me to give you information of my health. I have been less subject to attacks of prostration this winter, and less affected by changes of weather, but I have become more thin and pale, and am reminded that my pilgrimage may soon terminate. The trust I feel that I am 'accepted in the Beloved,' gives pleasure to this anticipation. * * *

"I heard of a sad death a few weeks since. A young lady, who had often been seriously impressed, told one of her friends that she had resolved to banish these reflections. Her efforts were successful. A very short time after, she became dangerously ill, and when acquainted with her situation, was very desirous to be again visited by the strivings of the Holy Spirit, but they came not at her bidding. She requested that the last dress she would require should be made in her presence, but when she was obeyed, she shook her head, and said, 'I cannot feel.' She then begged her mother to have her coffin made, and brought into her room. Her desire was most reluctantly granted, but the poor girl exclaimed, 'The Spirit has fled; I am lost!' and after an illness of ten days, she entered eternity unconsoled.

"The circumstances occurred this winter, and were related to one of our friends.

"Tell your father and mother that they are affectionately remembered. I desire for them and Mr. —— all the blessings which are the result of an entire consecration of the heart to God.

"Write to me soon, dear ——, and always believe that I am very affectionately, your friend."

To a Friend, on the Death of his Wife.

"HAMILTON, July 3, 1849.

"'Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no Physician there?' It is to give an affirmative reply to this question, which, I trust, your wounded heart is asking, that I attempt a letter to the stricken friend who is so often the subject of my earnest prayers.

"I will not tell you how many tears I have shed, how much sympathy I have felt, but will point you, dear sir, to Him who for your sake and mine became a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief —that Saviour who is looking upon you, in your agony of spirit, with more tenderness and compassion than ever beamed from your dear mother's eye, and is waiting to speak pardon and peace to your soul.

"Oh, come at once to this blessed Redeemer, and your experience will prove that 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.' Study His character in the Volume which unfolds His love,—pray earnestly that the Holy Spirit may reveal to you His offices of Prophet, Priest and King. It may be that He is already teaching you these lessons. It may be that you are mourning, not for sorrow only, but for sin, and are lifting up the eye of faith to behold, not a compassionate Friend alone, but the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. If this be so, the peace which passeth understanding will be your portion. If this be so, there will be joy in heaven. The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit will admit you to His holy fellowship, and you will be no longer desolate. Oh, how I should rejoice in this intelligence! Will you not write to me very soon, and give me it? Will you not pray for a realization of the holiness of Jehovah,—the righteousness of His law,—your inability to meet its requisitions,—your manifold transgressions against it,—an appropriating knowledge of Him in whom 'mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.'

"I desire for you happiness which will endure throughout eternity, and for my Redeemer the service of your future life. I know

that you have not waited till this hour to add to your professional services gentle words, and offices of kindness, but with how much more interest than ever will you mark the pulsations of the dying sufferer, and the grief of those who live!

"I trust the blessing of the Most High upon this agonizing bereavement will be your preparation for many a blessed visit to the couch of pain and the house of mourning. Your voice may falter when you tell your patient that all your efforts for his cure are unavailing, but it will grow stronger, if, with all the clearness of an experimental acquaintance, you can direct his attention to the Great Physician of the soul. And whilst you weep with his surviving friends, will you not be glad to tell them of the consolation you have found in the hour of sorrow?

"Oh, my dear friend, when I contrast your present situation with the high hopes which filled your bosom when we parted, I have to wipe away the tears which come and come again. This is a painful lesson for a warm young heart. Do you think me cruel, because I desire for you a two-fold grief, even godly sorrow, added to that you already feel? I know you will echo my aspiration. I believe you will ask God to give you a broken and a contrite heart.

"If you urge this plea in the name of Jesus, 'the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness,' will soon be given you. God loves to bless us. I have, again and again, been strongly impelled to write to you, but have doubted my ability for the effort. When, however, we learned from Mrs. F. that she felt unable to answer your letter, I resolved that I would attempt an expression of my sympathy. * * *

"It must have been a consolation to you to be with her in her departing hour. Among the tears that are shed, there are none like yours, dear sir; but 'there is balm in *Gilead*, there is a Physician there.'

"Assure dear M. that she has my prayerful sympathy. Will she not seek refuge within the Rock of Ages, in this hour of sorrow? She must kiss sweet little S. for me, and tell her I hope she will not forget that Jesus is the Friend of little children. * * *

"I have been only able to trace my letter with a pencil, and will employ sister's pen to copy it. I feel that the peculiar circumstances of our acquaintance justify an unreserved expression of my interest in your eternal welfare."

To Mrs. Clark.

"Jesus has gathered another Lamb to His bosom, and you are glad that it is safely sheltered *there*. But it was your precious child, your only daughter, and you would have loved to have cherished her a little longer, for your heart is sad and weary, and you know not how to part with another loved one now. I wish I could say something to comfort you. I would not presume to attempt to do so, without an earnest prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and perhaps He will enable me to remind you of some precious promise of God's Word. Shall I speak of one already fulfilled in your experience? 'He maketh sore and bindeth up. He woundeth, and His hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in *seven* there shall no evil touch thee.' Your afflictions have extended even beyond the limits of this gracious assurance, but here is one as unbounded as eternity, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

"You have indeed been chosen in the furnace of affliction, dear Mrs. C., but it is a mercy to be chosen even *there*. Our merciful Father only designs thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine. Surely He will not now withdraw the grace which has so long enabled you to glorify Him in the fires. I have often felt glad that I could tell those who have spoken with sympathy of your successive bereavements, that you were wonderfully sustained, and your testimony now to the faithfulness of God will be most valuable.

"Perhaps it will be the last you will be required to bear. You have shed many tears, and it may be that God will, ere long, wipe them away, and then, dear Mrs. C., they will not come any *more*. Oh! I do pity you so much. You know that I have been taught how to sympathize; and when I think of the lesson I have learned, I can but rejoice that dear little C. will never know what it is to be an orphan. Perhaps our Heavenly Father saw that she would be one, if she were to remain upon earth. I have no doubt you have often pitied the poor child because she was deprived, at so early an age, of her Father's care, but she is with him now, and what a joyous meeting they have had! You would be glad to have him here to weep with you, but he cannot weep *now*—he strikes a note of louder praise because his little one is with Jesus. And you would not, if you could, recall your departed husband from the courts of glory to the house of mourning, for you know that *God* is *with you*—that an arm of everlasting love sustains you. I feel, while I write to you, that yours is the sympathy of Jesus. 'The *Spirit* of the Lord is

upon Him;' He was 'sent to heal the *broken-hearted.*' I trust, my beloved friend, that this day is this Scripture fulfilled in your *heart.*

"In the sacred relationship of sorrow, yours most affectionately."

Notes.

"*March*, 1848.—S. delights so much in all that is cheering. Said, 'I think we ought to love the Heavenly Father, who gives us such delightful weather.' She thinks it important for children to be taught to be kind to birds and insects.

"Told ——, who came in with her clothes soiled, 'she would rather have mud on her dress from visiting the poor, than a dress with diamonds to go to a ball.'

"10*th.*—Speaking of her confidence in regard to the future, she said, 'If you are just sure of your union with Christ — and that I am sure of.'

"*Sunday.*—She had a visit from that wayward boy H. H. It seems he has been very thoughtless, and was playing last Monday with a boy who went to school the following day, and was taken ill and died on Tuesday night. This distressing event seems to have impressed H.'s mind, and he determined to go to church. He said he was *afraid* to play to-day — that when he was with pious persons, he felt serious, but seems to be drawn aside by temptation. He has felt anxious that the person he calls his mother should be religious.

"S. says it does her good to see flourishing Christians, and contrasted those who brought a bad report of the promised land, and those who brought with them large clusters of grapes.

"*March* 20*th.*—Speaking of the Communion to-night, she said it was one of the appointed manuals of spiritual blessings, and one of the largest and most free.

"*March* 23*d.*—She spoke with so much cheerfulness of her blessing—her beautiful home—her room—her nearest objects of affection—and her nurse. When I spoke of her voice being

cheerful, she said her heart was, and she did not know why her voice should not be.

"She never seems to regret the approach of the symptoms which most alarm us. On one occasion she remarked, 'These rough winds sometimes carry us sooner into port.' When the reply was made, 'They leave many wrecks behind,' she thought the same winds might waft us.

"Praying with J. W., 'Grant that he may give his heart to Thee before the hour of death. Dear Saviour, intercede for this youth! Wash him in Thy blood.'

"I shall always associate little 'Mary Lothrop' with her, so desirous has she been to have children, in whom she is interested, read that and 'Nathan Dickerman.'

"29*th.*—Susan spoke to Lily about a Christian's dying, with great cheerfulness. I think I never had so bright an idea of the subject presented to my mind. She said her confinement had not seemed tedious,—that she felt like a stranger and a pilgrim. When —— said,

'Help I every moment need,'

she replied, 'All in all in Thee I find.' She observed, 'I think it is so delightful to trust in God.'

"Remarked, when I read to her the 11th chapter of Hebrews, 'There is so much emphasis in the verse, 'For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country; Christians ought to be so different from the world.'

"*June*, 1848.—When we were talking about the Buck's County church, she said she expected very little from man, but a great deal from our Heavenly Father.

"*June* 8*th.*—A youth called, in whose spiritual welfare she had been much interested, and although the rest she anticipated was of so much importance, she would not refuse to see him.

"She spoke of ——, who, urged by an increased anxiety about his soul's welfare, came under similar circumstances,

but who never came again; death most unexpectedly snatched him from earth, in the midst of so much earthly prosperity. Most happy he now is, we trust, that he paused to listen to the Holy Spirit's warning voice.

"*Sunday*, 18*th*.—Last evening, when we went into Susan's room, by her request, to have our Saturday prayer, so hallowed an influence seemed to pervade it, that its memory should ever be profitable. The calm moonlight reposed on the trees and garden. The hymn, 'Guide me, oh Thou Great Jehovah,' inspired a greater desire to commune with God. And then her prayers! She sent word by F. to her Sunday School class, 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.' She thought every energy and affection should be employed in gratitude.

"She referred to the Saviour's gentleness to the woman of Samaria, and spoke of having commenced the Gospel of St. John with the view Winslow, in his 'Glory of the Redeemer,' suggests. Mentioned her beloved doctrine of Divine Righteousness, and spoke of the divinity of the Saviour. She dwelt with peculiar pleasure, too, upon the lines,

'One army of the living God.'

"She wished us all to pause before —— commenced reading Winslow on 'the Holy Spirit,' to pray quietly that it might be blessed to us. She prayed for the children, that they might be convinced of sin, and righteousness, and of judgment to come,—that the Saviour's image might be stamped on their hearts. She spoke of her love for the collect, 'O God the Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the faithful.' Said, this morning, that her willingness to live is the willingness of submission.

"When I return to her room, how frequently am I struck (as though not aware of it before) with the air of cheerful composure reigning there. Her flowers, the love of which she says has been a blessing to her; her devotional books,

all neatly arranged; and then the patient occupant of that chair of pain, never able to step upon the floor, but calm and happy.

"*Sunday*, 25*th*. — In reply to the wish expressed, that it might be a refreshing day, she hoped it might be a sanctifying one. Spoke of loving more to be holy, and crucify the flesh, than to be happy, and said, 'It is as much a duty to be holy as happy. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

"She had old Nanny up this evening. I hope it may be a blessing to her.

"To Mr. —— she spoke of taking so much pleasure in the thought that God is King, and that however unworthy, we are His subjects, and under His dominion.

"*July* 10th. — This morning a man came to mend her blind, who expressed views really absurd, though not so astonishing, as he was, like most unbelievers, little acquainted with the Bible. S. told him of the comfort she experienced, and asked him if he supposed it imagination. Wished to know what he could give in its place. His confident tone became more gentle, and I hope he was subdued and led to realize that his carelessness and independence were but poor substitutes for an active and soul-sustaining faith in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

"19*th*. — She referred to its being opposed to her natural disposition to be confined to her room, although she is perfectly satisfied, because it is the will of Providence. She spoke of having no more desire to live than she used to have to stay all night at the Woodlands; she feels as willing to go Home as she used to feel to return to her dwelling.

"She thinks it not strange that having enjoyed and believed in the theology conveyed by Leighton, she should not embrace the new ideas which have brought so much injury to our beloved Church.

"22*d*. — She thinks —— seems so directed in regard to

coming here at important times, that it should make us trust that when we have peculiar need, we shall have peculiar help.

"*Sunday*, 23*d.*—Susan spoke, this morning, in a most animated strain, on the text, 'We have a strong City. Salvation appointed for walls and bulwarks.' Spoke of having been enabled to look to the Saviour, of the impossibility of finding comfort in ourselves. Alluded to the sermon preached by Dr. Bedell whilst she was in vain trying to find peace, and of her efforts to improve. When we spoke of Mrs. ——, she thought her not in a situation to receive comfort,—compared her case to that of a wounded Israelite, who would dwell upon his wound, instead of looking to the brazen serpent.

"She thought she might be affected with paralysis, but does not fear. It cannot take place unless allotted by our Heavenly Father.

"I left —— reading Albert Duy's sermons to her. She seemed delighted with the thought of meeting the saints in heaven who once belonged to St. Andrew's Church.

"She has been extremely weak, and says that almost all her strength is spiritual strength.

"She thinks some persons consider it a mark of growth in grace to doubt. Spoke of the doctrine of assurance being most productive of gratitude, faith and humility,—she had known both the spirit of bondage and of adoption.

"Considers herself saved from eternal, and sustained under present suffering. When in unusual pain, she said, 'I would see Jesus!' 'Nothing but Jesus would I own, and Jesus crucified.'

From her Diary.

"*June 4th.*—How delightful it is to be alone with God! It is such a privilege to ask pardon for sin, to implore the influences of the Holy Spirit, to read the blessed Bible with

the petition that in its pages we may see the glory of the Redeemer.

"Who would desire better *recreation* than this? and yet the disciples of Jesus sometimes talk of 'unbending the mind,'—having 'rational and social enjoyment' in pursuits which have a tendency to fill the mind with levity and worldly thoughts. O for the unclouded presence of the Saviour! There only shall be

'Every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.'

"And yet mine is a sinful heart, and I do not follow Jesus as I ought. I do not depend upon my love for Him, but upon His love for me.

"I have a great many sources of enjoyment. My room is delightful. The birds sing sweetly, and the trees and flowers are in full bloom. My friends are very, very kind to me. I was looking upon my faithful nurse to-day, and thinking how much more useful I ought to be to her spiritual welfare. She has been more to me than I can tell. May the Lord bless her!"

To the Rev. E. Neville.

"GREENWOOD, April 17, 1848.

"I so much fear, my ever kind and valued friend, that you will be grieved because your accumulated engagements will probably deprive me of your anticipated farewell visit, that I hasten to assure you of my unwillingness to cause you a moment of uneasiness, or to induce you to make an effort which might involve the sacrifice of some paramount duty.

"My desire that you should repeat to me our Saviour's command, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' is accompanied with cheerful submission to our Heavenly Father's will; so you must not be pained if you cannot comply with it.

"And this is not all I wish to say to you, my beloved Dr. Neville. I thank my Heavenly Father *most* for the consolation of which He has so often rendered you the medium; but to you also must I offer an expression of affectionate gratitude. You have not deprived me

of your counsel and sympathy because I was not one of your parishioners, but you have come to the retirement of one who could not follow the footsteps of the flock into the green pastures of sanctuary privileges, and have told me of the love of Him who giveth His life for the sheep, and has promised that they shall never perish.

"I trust you will never be compelled to appropriate the reproof, 'The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken.' I have asked the Apostle and High Priest of our profession so to anoint you with the gifts of His Spirit, that your public and private ministrations may be the channel through which mercy and peace may be poured into many a wounded bosom, and a still more vivid appreciation of redeeming love imparted to those who already rejoice.

"Thus, a learner, continually increasing in rich stores of spiritual experiences; a teacher, blessing and being blessed, may you pursue life's pilgrimage with a step more firm and a heart more joyous, as you approach 'the city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.' Our beloved Bishop remarked, a few weeks since, that he thought a minister who preaches the Gospel with his whole heart, has as much of present reward as can be enjoyed in this state of existence.

"If my life be prolonged until you be permitted to unite your petitions with those which shall ascend from the heart of your revered parent, will you not sometimes remember how many blessings I need, and how willing God is to give them to me? And surely I ought to ask you to praise Him for the loving-kindness He has already manifested. A very sinful heart is the recipient of His mercy, but He has been so gentle, so long-suffering, that I do not fear His love will be exhausted. 'The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.' If you could know how much transgression has been pardoned — how much ignorance instructed — how much weakness supplied with heavenly strength — you would tell me that I ought, indeed, to 'worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.'

"How often, when the cautious tread or touch of the most skilful nurse has been the cause of unutterable agony, and excessive debility rendered me incapable of mental effort, have I felt as though my Heavenly Father came to me, rather than as though I were required to seek His presence. It is such a comfort to be able to say, 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength!' We could not approach

the confines of eternity with composure, if the unsteady rays of our own faith and love and obedience were our light to the tomb. But the finished work of Jesus dispels all darkness. Oh, pray that I may fully understand this love. But the lines my pencil is tracing are so increasing in number that I fear sister M. will be long in transcribing them, though she is ever ready to employ herself in my service.

"I do not like to say farewell to you, my much-loved friend. It may be that I shall not again receive your offers of sympathy, but for Jesus' sake, our intercourse will be renewed in Heaven. May the blessing of the Most High be upon you now and for ever. May the joys and sorrows of life all come to you with the inscription, 'God is love.' May every opinion be sanctified, every action done that may be imitated with safety. May the gracious assurance, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest,' cheer your voyage, and accompany your return to the land of your adoption. I am not surprised that you cross the ocean to listen to your mother's voice, and cheer her widowed heart. Give her the love of one to whom her son has been a comfort and blessing. May I hope to receive from you a message of epistolary counsel?

"I have been intending, for a long time, to commend my little namesake to your prayers and efforts.

"I am, and ever will be, gratefully and affectionately your friend,
"S. A."

To the Rev. R. Smith.

"June 20th, 1848.

* * * "I pray, dear Robert, that the privileges enjoyed by the once neglected children whom you have been permitted to conduct to the Sunday School and sanctuary, are but earnests of still greater blessings. Oh, that the robe of our Redeemer's righteousness and a home in Heaven may be their portion! Oh, that the spirit of the laborer who said, 'Lord, it is done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room,' may ever be yours! It was his privilege to be sent to the highways and hedges, to gather poor outcasts to the marriage supper. These employments are the higher branches of your collegiate course, and next to the duties of the closet, the best preparation for the ministry. I am not disposed to depreciate the value of classical attainments. With the Alchymist-stone of religion, every acquirement may be turned into gold. It is delightful, indeed, to meet a clergyman who has climbed the hill of science, that he may accumulate treasure to lay at the foot of the

Cross. His learning, placed beneath the Sun of Righteousness, will reflect brilliant rays, and may induce the beholder to look up to the source whence they proceed. But do you not think, dear Robert, that expressions are sometimes used in reference to the beneficial influence of great and good men, which derogate from the glory of the Redeemer? It seems to excite wonder and admiration that they should condescend to enrich the triumphs of the Cross with their rank, wealth and learning. Should not they and their admirers ever remember his humility who said, 'Whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.'" * * *

To the same.

"Aug. 29, 1848.

"'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' I am reminded of this declaration of Holy Writ by a remark made several years since by Dr. Scudder, in allusion to his missionary efforts in India, and most appropriate it seems to the present position of our Bucks County affairs. 'I have had a great many difficulties, but never a discouragement.' I have read, too, an anecdote in 'Williams's Expedition to the South Sea Islands,' of which I feel disposed to make practical use. After the Gospel had erected its influence in some of the islands, a few of the missionaries determined to visit one for which no effort had been made. As they approached it, the inhabitants were seen collected upon the shore, and as they made signs of a friendly reception, the missionaries landed in their midst. But they soon discovered that these friendly signs were only stratagems, and the poor missionaries were soon despoiled of the tools and other articles which they had taken with them. In addition to all this savage rudeness they were badly beaten, and the bonnets of the female missionaries were torn off. They were obliged to make their escape as soon as possible. Some time after they felt impelled to return, and were delighted to receive a most cordial greeting. They were informed that after their departure, the God of the strangers had visited the island with a dreadful pestilence (I think), and they regarded it as an indication of displeasure at their conduct. They had, therefore, collected their stolen treasures and placed them in a cave, and were fully prepared to prove their repentance by earnest attention to all the instructions their new friends were disposed to give. 'The solitary place was glad for them, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.' After many of the natives had become matured in Christian knowledge, these faithful laborers felt that they must say in other places,

'The Lord reigneth.' Before their departure the natives assembled, and in one of their parting addresses expressed the most grateful appreciation of the services they had received, and their sense of the loss they would sustain from the deprivations of the female missionaries, who had not neglected to teach the women to perform the duties of domestic life. Several years have passed since I read this anecdote, but I believe I have related it correctly.

"I do not compare the community which surrounds you with these poor idolaters, but I would encourage myself and you to labor on. Would it not be delightful to hear the ascription, 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!' ascending from lips which now deny the divinity of our Holy Redeemer? But I need not ask you this question, my dear cousin. You have evinced deep interest in the land of your forefathers, and this zeal emanates from a higher source than mere sympathy with my desires, glad as you would ever be to increase my happiness. * * *

"I think the Episcopal Church much better suited to the Friends than any other. They love order, and when they are convinced that spirituality is compatible with forms of devotion, they find great comfort in our 'sweet communion, solemn vows and hymns of love and praise.' You know that I delight in the society of the disciples of Jesus, whatever be their name; but I am not, therefore, less convinced that in offering the privileges of our beloved Church to this community, we shall most adequately meet their spiritual necessities. I would not have our Church exalt *herself*, but the Cross of our blessed Saviour, and I desire that her ministers may ever be too busily engaged in proclaiming the glory of Immanuel, to dwell too long upon the superiority of our ecclesiastical organization."

No one, acquainted with Miss Allibone's sentiments, could have doubted the grief and anxiety wherewith she regarded the growth and prevalence of what is known as the Tractarian or Oxford Theology. To her clear and scripturally-enlightened judgment, its hollowness was palpable from the outset. She marked with alarm the rising of the cloud which darkened with a shadow so portentous our ecclesiastical horizon, and distilled upon the vineyard of the Lord dews so blighting and noxious. The system, from its Alpha to its Omega, in its germ and its buddings as well as in its develop-

ment, was distasteful and repulsive to her soul. She saw clearly its tendency to derogate from the honor of her Redeemer, by putting the Church and the Priest in the place of the great High Priest of our profession, and to substitute ritual and sacramental observances for the work of the Spirit in the heart. Open as the day, she never concealed her candid convictions on this subject; and filled with concern for the spiritual and eternal welfare of her friends, she could not refrain from warning them against the insidious tendency of what she looked upon as "*another Gospel.*" It would not be easy to find, in the volumes written in exposure of these errors, a more striking portraiture, in few words, of their true character, than in the letter next following:

To the same.

'The preparation of the heart and the answer of the tongue, which your attempts to be useful to your fellow-students render so needful, I have asked for you very often. I need not say that I have remembered your request to ask for them the best blessings, but I feel reproached that I do not pray for them with greater intensity of interest. I have often implored that I might fully realize, that every unrenewed being is on his way to everlasting ruin; and that I might labor for the conversion of the impenitent, as I shall wish to have done when I stand with them at the judgment-seat of Christ. Philips, in a chapter on 'Pleasing God by doing Good,' asks the reader to place himself in imagination at the judgment-seat. 'See you there no sinner you could have counselled, no neighbor you might have warned? If it were permitted you to rush across the narrow space which divides the righteous from the wicked, how gladly you would pluck even one brand from the burning!'

"'With supplications will I lead them,' is a promise which I pray may be more and more fulfilled in our experience. Oh, pray much that I, who am so peculiarly dependent upon the teaching of grace, may draw more largely upon its resources for myself and others. If you wish to have your heart warmed, dear R., offer the petitions of the 119th Psalm.

"I mournfully respond to the lamentations contained in your last letter. Scarcely any thing has weighed upon my heart so heavily as this imperfect and inadequate theology. It meets not the require-

ments of this world, nor the world to come. It neither humbles nor exalts; it gives neither godly sorrow, nor true peace. All I have seen of its developments increases my conviction that it is neither the teaching which God has given, nor man requires. The combined wisdom of ancient and modern sages, united with the most dazzling exhibition of rhetorical power in a student of this system of divinity, would, in my estimation, only make darkness visible. 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!' I bless the Father of mercies that he has given a better theology to my orphan cousin,—even a personal experience of the deep depravity of his nature, his entire inability to turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works, to faith and calling upon God, and has enabled Him to prove that the conviction, 'that we are justified by faith alone is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort.' May the Great Teacher 'increase this knowledge, and confirm this faith in you evermore.' It has been deserted by some of its once earnest advocates. Surely, they must have turned away from the Sun of Righteousness to some lesser light, and forgot the bright beams which rested upon the commencement of their spiritual course. God grant that it may never be thus with my cousin R. 'But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation, though we thus speak.'" * * *

To J. H. S.

"July, 1848.

"Oh that your whole life, dear H., may be a history of fulfilled promises, emphatically as it has verified the assurance that God is 'the helper of the fatherless.' Now that His kind guidance has conducted you to the important position in which you stand, my mental eye rests upon you with no ordinary interest; and I resume our long suspended correspondence, that I may assure you of that you already know, for you have not doubted that the prayers and sympathy of your cousin Susan are yours. But my petitions for you are not as frequent and fervent as your necessities require, and I wish you would pray that an enlarged spirit of intercessory prayer may be granted me. Oh, 'take to arm you for the fight,' the panoply of God, my dear cousin. You take the Gospel trumpet into your hand at a time when it is peculiarly needful that it give no uncertain sound. Let its loud clear notes of warning be mingled with such melodious tones of tenderness, that you shall prove that you have deeply imbibed his spirit who exclaimed, 'Oh! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' As

a soldier of the Cross, and a follower of the Lamb, may you faithfully proclaim and beautifully exemplify the truths of religion. Do you ask, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Let the response be so promptly impressed upon your heart, by the Holy Spirit's influence, that despondency shall never for a moment succeed your question.

"Oh that you, my dear cousin, may be as great a comfort and blessing to many a stricken one as my dear Dr. Clark was to me. Oh, that your character and counsels may be as elevated and faithful as those which are written upon the memories of those who best know the two departed Rectors of St. Andrew's Church.

"Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.'"

To her Cousin, Mrs. C. S. O.

"August, 1848.

"I do not remember *when* I *began* to love thee, dearest ——, nor have I ever ceased to. The stream of affection, deepening and widening as it rolls along, sometimes overflows its banks; and often would a sheet of paper be its channel, if there were no physical inability to obstruct its course. The pleasant memories of my childhood become still more affectionate as they mingle with recollections of the sympathy which has been elicited by the infirmities of this frail tenement, and the departure of my best-loved earthly friend. The 'gathered ties of years' are not all that bind our hearts, dear ——, nor are they half so strong as the chain of Christian intercourse, interwoven with so many links of united prayers, of mutual solicitude for the eternal weal of those we love,—and rejoicing, that so many for whom we asked heavenly blessings have received 'fulness of joy, and pleasures for ever more.' O! that we may be drawn together into the sheltered cleft of the Rock of Ages! away from self, away from sin, away from every thing that would interpose between our souls and the unclouded light of our Redeemer's countenance. I often think of our Saviour's prayer, 'I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold the glory which Thou hast given me.' This means more than we can express, more than we can imagine, and oh how much!—to be with Jesus; to gaze upon His Holiness; to live upon His love; to forget our own white robes and reflected brilliancy in the eternal contemplation of

His glory! Is it a great thing that we suffer a little while, since we shall enjoy so much for ever? And not in anticipation alone does the happiness of the believer consist; 'Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God.' O that we were ever 'making melody in our hearts unto the Lord!' Oh that the low sweet notes of contrition, meekness and submission may be ever combined with the glad vibrations of gratitude and praise, and mingle with the harmony of a holy life. But it is only the heavenly harpers who sing without discord. Sinful as my heart is, my beloved ——, there is gladness there. My Saviour has washed away my sins, and covered my soul with the Robe of His Righteousness. Do not grieve that my life draweth nigh to the grave, for it is a quiet resting-place for a worn-out frame, and Heaven receives the ransomed spirit. Neither be too much pained if my pilgrimage be protracted, and suffering increase; for no emergency can equal the power and love of God, and there will never be a moment when our High Priest will not be 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' Among the many evidences of thy affection, I feel *most* thankful for the petitions which ascend for me. I shall never know, in this world, how much I am indebted to the prayers of my Christian friends. I need humility more than any other grace of the Spirit, and I think the prayerful contemplation of our Redeemer's work and character is the most certain channel through which this gift is conveyed to the soul; therefore pray that my spiritual vision become more distinct, and be fixed upon the Cross, where 'mercy and truth are met together.' I feel deeply for Dr. and Mrs. H., and increasingly desire all their children may live *for ever*."

From her Diary.

"*Aug. 9th*, 1848.—I consider Dr. S.'s visit, the day after his arrival, an answer to prayer, though I did not expect to have seen him so soon. He prayed fervently, and I felt that his visit was indeed *pastoral*. St. Andrew's was my spiritual birth-place, and must ever be the home of my heart. My name, I trust, will never be removed from the list of her communicants, until I be removed to the upper sanctuary.

"Dr. S. has engaged to administer the Communion to me on Friday. My Saviour, I come to Thee for preparation. Let this preparation be an emptying of self, and simple trust in Thy merits. Even faith, were it bright and strong as it

ought to be, I would not present as a claim upon Thy blessing. I offer Thy own name, Thy precious blood, Thy glorious righteousness.

"*10th.*—Dr. S. remarked, 'I do not ask commendation, I do not ask courtesies or compliments, but I ask the prayers of my people; and if I have their prayers, I know I shall have their love.'

"How very true it is that we love any one for whom we pray a great deal. Even those whose sins and follies would excite disgust, and 'the wrath of man, which worketh not the righteousness of God,' become objects of tender compassion when they are presented for healing to the Great Physician. How often have the former feelings been excited in my sinful heart, and then reproved and changed by the blessed Spirit of God into pity and love!

"*Oct. 12th.*—I should like to make some notes of a visit from Muser, the converted African, and of some letters from him that Mrs. Minor read me, but I hope these manifestations of the love of the Most High are more legibly recorded upon my heart than they can be in my Diary."

Notes.

"In her prayer-book, near the words, 'I will not leave you comfortless,' I found written, 'A fulfilled promise.'

"*Thursday.*—She reproached herself for not having remembered to send 'Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity' to the man in whom she had become interested.

"She has written in her Bible, as a comment on the 8th verse of the first chapter of Haggai, 'Go up to the mountains, and bring word, and build the house, and I will take pleasure in it, and will be glorified, saith the Lord'—'*The Bucks County Church.*'

"*Aug. 5th.*—Susan thinks writing works of fiction a miserable occupation for an immortal being, when there is so much beautiful truth.

"Speaking of the text, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments,' she is more than ever convinced that this is the way to be religious.

"*23d.*—She said, searching for an article without a light was like acting without prayer. She alluded to a comparison which had pleased her, of a camelia, which, lovely as it is, disappoints by its want of fragrance, to a beautiful person without religion.

"With how much emphasis did dear S. speak of her mother, of not remembering one instance of a compromise of principle in her. She was so truthful, so averse to speaking ill of others, so bright and lovely, conveying as perfect an assemblage as I ever beheld, of beauty, dignity and matronly charms. She taught us to respect, confide in and love her, and great was the blessing of owning such a parent.

"Susan thinks every person who has reason should take care to consecrate it.

"When speaking of the Bucks County Church project, Susan seemed to think she could not be discouraged. Said, 'There is always material, where there is one immortal soul.'

"*Wednesday.*—Susan seemed very sprightly. She wondered which would wear out first, her chair, or herself. She said she believed there never was a person who faded, and drooped, and withered, with less regret.

"She thought these wrong views are like a dark passage out of the castle of Truth, which leads one wherever he chooses to go.

"*Nov. 8th.*—Susan has had a great deal of pain. She remarked, 'If you give persons your hours of prayer, you give them one of the most blessed gifts the Lord has given you.' She desired that whatever He gives us here, He would give us glory and His presence hereafter.

"She thinks there is no compliment to an author so great as to say that he reminds you of the Bible. Archbishop

Leighton receives from her, as she terms it, 'this involuntary tribute.'

"She thought, when speaking of the absent, if others were acquainted with the bad traits of their character, it was not necessary to inform them; and if they were not, it was best not to enlighten them. Thus doing away with speaking of the faults of others entirely.

"*Sunday, Nov. 2d.*—She talked to-day of 'Imputed Righteousness;' thought it strange that the term should be objected to, when the expression is used in the Bible.

"*5th.*—She spoke of having struggled through a great many difficulties at the commencement of her religious life, but was glad she had not been accustomed to hear of religion without seeing it practised.

"She spoke in the most animated manner of our blessed Saviour, of loving to turn to Him, to be alone with Him, to love Him better than her earthly friends; and of being with Him. Repeated the passage, 'Such an High Priest became us.'

"She thinks prayer and reading, without self-examination, like watering a garden without weeding it.

"A great sorrow, she says, swallows up little ones, and then that is cast upon the Saviour. She does not think of Heaven so much as a rest from suffering, as a place of holiness. She remarked, of her sufferings, 'It is a great comfort to me that the pain I have is doing its work.'

"Speaking of the effect of the lamp, 'She would not like to turn away from the Sun of Righteousness, as she had to do from lesser lights.'"

Letter to a Lady.

"Dec. 7, 1848.

"If you were with me, dear L., I would tell you how much I have regretted the postponement of my promised letter, but I must not expend my little strength in apologies.

"When we first met, my heart was filled with an earnest desire that you should surrender your affections to the only Being who is

worthy to receive them; and I told you of the devoted piety of my departed friend, dear Lucie, with the hope that the Holy Spirit would impress the lesson. Dear L., let your aim be high; let your step be ever onward. Onward! do I say? Have you indeed been arrested in that path of danger which is pursued by every child of Adam, so long as he continues unreconciled to his Maker; and have your feet been turned toward Mount Zion, the city of the living God? Has the Holy Spirit taught you that, young as you are, you have violated the law of the Most High, and are condemned by that law? And, forsaking all other dependence, have you accepted the offers of salvation which are extended by Him who was 'made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him'?

"The information your brother gave me, that you have assumed the vows of baptism, encourages the hope that you can give an affirmative answer to all these questions; for I trust this public consecration of yourself to God was the result of secret and unreserved surrender to His service. 'Give me thine heart,' is the requisition of our Father in Heaven. If it were not so, we might well hesitate to present an offering so unworthy.

"How free is the gift of salvation, and how simple the terms upon which it is proposed! 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' And we can go to the Giver of every good gift for this faith which is required; so there is nothing which need keep us away from Him. At the foot of the Cross we learn to repent, to love and to obey. Is it not an unspeakable consolation to have such a Saviour? One who is a Counsellor, a Prophet, Priest and King. Go to Him, dear L., with every sin, every sorrow, every perplexity. 'Be not afraid, only *believe*.' But whilst our Heavenly Father so freely dispenses his mercies, He insists that we shall forsake all else for Him. He teaches us by His Word (and our own experience confirms the assertion), that the gaieties of fashionable life are uncongenial with His service, nor will He permit the indulgence of any sin. I have always observed that those disciples of the Saviour who have been most conspicuous for their resemblance to Him, have been remarkable, also, for their diligent attention to the means of grace. Whilst their motto has been 'Looking unto Jesus,' they have loved to rise early, to commune with Him in secret prayer; they have delighted in the Scriptures, and have

'Walked the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays
That hymned their great Redeemer's praise.'

"They have been attentive to the essential duty of self-examination; they have proved, by their practical application of the commands of God, that their religion was not a beautiful theory, but a living principle. They have been more fearful of grieving the Holy Spirit by unwatchfulness, levity and irritability, than those whose standard has been less exalted; and as they have pressed on, they have learned so much of the character of their Maker, that their self-abasement has become greater and greater, and they unite in the ascription, 'Not unto us, oh Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise.'

"Would you be *such* a Christian, my dear young friend? Remember the promise, 'Call upon me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knewest not.'" * *

From her own Diary.

"*Feb.* 18*th*, 1849, *Sunday.*—'All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.'

"I am reminded of this passage by the little birds which have been flying from branch to branch of the pine-tree near my window. Snow is upon the ground, and the air is very cold, but when the eye is resting upon the green tree, and these joyous birds, one might almost forget that it is not summer. How appropriate an emblem of the consolations of religion, of the hopes which cheer my heart!

"My subjects of meditation, for some mornings, have been the 11th and 12th verses of the first chapter of Colossians. This is the experience which I pray may ever be mine, for Jesus' sake.

"I have been asking my Heavenly Father to sanctify my faithful Sarah, and to forgive me because I have not been more faithful to her. How much more useful an influence I might have exerted, and how much more earnestly I might

have prayed for her! Indeed, I have the same source of regret in reference to all my friends.

"What would be my hope, and where my consolation, if my title to the joys of heaven were dependent upon the perfect performance of a single duty? My Saviour, it is upon Thy righteousness, upon *Thine only*, that I depend. 'Search, prove my heart, it looks to Thee.' Let there be nothing there which belongs to myself."

Notes.

"*June 2d.*—This morning S. told me to think how many prisoners and captives there were. Sarah said, 'You are a prisoner, too.' 'I am a prisoner of the Lord,' she replied.

"Speaking to Miss —— of her present situation, she said, 'Any position from which we are enabled to see the world above more closely, is one for which we ought to be thankful.'

"Speaking of *cholera*, 'What a remedy is the "Balm of Gilead," if it is only applied!'

"Alluding to the 91st Psalm, she dwelt upon our being preserved not only from evil, but from the fear of it. She says people have twice as much trouble in passing through life as they need have.

"Quoting the text, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' she said, 'How differently things look, when viewed in the light of worldly policy, instead of in the light of God's Word!'

"*June 29th.*—She remarked, 'When we forget to pray for a friend, we do not know what need that friend may be in.'

"To-day she wished us, when we thought about the Church, to cast it upon the Saviour.

"*July 8th.*—She spoke, this morning, of Archbishop Leighton's remark, 'When mercy and peace dwell within the heart, knock who will, they only will reply'

"When we talked of anticipated excursions, she said, playfully, that *she* thought of being carried to the window. When sitting for her daguerreotype, she spoke of the necessity of being quiet under our Heavenly Father's hand, if we would reflect the image of the Saviour.

"*Sunday, July* 19*th.* — She told little S. that she must not grieve God, who had given her all those beautiful things, by breaking His holy Sabbath.

"29*th.* — To a chimney-sweep she said, 'I'm very happy. Do you know why I am happy?' He answered, 'Yes, you gave me a tract once.' She told him that the Holy Spirit had made her feel that she was a sinner, and made her love Jesus Christ. She told him he would find great comfort in praying.

"She says, when we do any thing for the Saviour, we should give the work to Him. There is so much danger of depending upon our own instrumentality.

"Susan talked of the Pineville Church, and said she thought of her dear old promise, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'

"She prayed for R., who is preparing for the ministry, that he might hide behind the Cross, that he might be allowed to win souls, and then bow down to bless the Lord, and not stand up to be admired.

"Told ——, a Mormon, that a person might be sincere in error, but not safe because sincere. To ——, who said that unbaptized infants were in purgatory, and that baptism washed away original sin, she said, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. If those doctrines were so, it would only cleanse from *some* sin.' When speaking of absolution by a priest, Sue told her of the comfort she had while so ill, in feeling the Shepherd and Bishop of souls to be always near; that our Saviour said, '*It is finished*,' and that she depended upon His finished work.

"On *Sunday, Sept.* 23*d*, she became more ill. 'How I

should like to go *home* to-day,' she said; 'it would be a pleasant Sabbath-day's journey.' She told W. to mark that passage in Leighton: 'In the fire of affliction faith is tried, and that on which faith relies is tried and is found *all gold*, most precious, with no refuse in it.' Little S. asked what book was lying upon her bed; she replied, 'The Promises — kind things which our Father says to us.' "

To a Young Relative.

"GREENWOOD, July 20th, 1849.

"I have very affectionate and pleasant recollections of the very little girl who loved so much to perform kind offices for cousin Sue, and can scarcely realize that the few years of our separation have transformed the playful child into a studious young lady. And yet I suppose, dear ——, that you are gleesome still. Your Heavenly Father has planted so many flowers in your path that you have passed cheerily along; sometimes, I trust, indeed, very often, looking up with a grateful heart to bless and praise the Almighty Friend who has been so mindful of your happiness. Oh, that you may ever have grace given you to reject the weeds of folly and sin, however attractive their perfume or brilliant their hue! Oh, that the strait and narrow way may be my dear young cousin's chosen path! This way is shaded by the tree of life; 'still waters' refresh the pilgrim who journeys there, and 'green pastures' afford him repose. A gentle hand leads him on — a strong arm is his support, and a voice of love gives encouragement to his spirit, which would else be often weary; for there are foes within and around him, and there is a cross on his shoulder. But 'looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of his faith' he pursues his course, for Heaven is his destined home, and he loves the way thither.

"How glad I should be to have you sitting at my bedside this afternoon, dear M., that I might tell you the story of one of these pilgrims who pressed onward with unusual rapidity, and who passed from our earnest gaze almost four years since. 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' were the words with which she entered the presence of Him whom she loved and glorified.

"She was my bosom friend, dear —— ——. Perhaps some of my letters may have alluded to her early death, but they could not have described her character. Indeed, if I were to tell you of her

almost unearthly beauty, her dignity and grace, her sweet simplicity, her reverence for age, her kindness to children and the poor, you might suspect that the spirit of romance was infused into my description. But, dear M., it was the image of our holy Redeemer which was so brightly reflected upon her character, and greatly do I desire for *you* the same spiritual beauty. How glad should I be to learn that you do earnestly 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' that you are searching for divine knowledge as for 'hid treasures,' turning away from every unprofitable pursuit, and 'counting all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.' From your early childhood this is the blessing I have desired for you, even *entire* consecration to the service of the Most High.

"It is delightful, indeed, to acquire a knowledge of ancient and modern tongues, but can an acquaintance with them all be comparable to the blessedness of uniting with believers of all ages in crying, 'Abba, Father'? And would you not rather 'make melody in your heart to the Lord' than breathe forth notes of harmony, or tune an instrument of sweetest sound? The treasures of the earth and sea, and the wonders of the celestial world present so many attractions to the intellectual taste, that the student can scarcely tell from which of these he may derive the greatest enjoyment. But he knows also that a single science may be the unexhausted study of a lifetime, and that much learning will result in the conviction that he knows but little. Is it not wise then to 'seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness,' and to cultivate the intellect with a prayerful desire to consecrate every acquirement?

"It is not because I suppose you unmindful of the highest interests of our existence that I write thus, my beloved cousin, but because I 'covet' for you 'the best gifts.' I am intensely anxious to learn that you have a deeply experimental knowledge of the truths of revelation, and would rejoice, indeed, if you were to tell me that the Holy Spirit had taught you something of the depravity of your nature, and the preciousness of the blood of the Lamb.

"Oh! M., it is a blessing to be placed in *any position* in which we can see more clearly the infinite love, the entire suitableness of our glorious Redeemer; and I am, therefore, truly thankful for the suffering and deprivation of my protracted illness. If bereavement and pain had not been my portion, I could never have known so much of the sympathy of our great High Priest. It is consoling, indeed, to experience that 'help is laid upon One that is mighty,' that we can take 'all our sins, negligences and ignorances' to the

foot of the Cross and lay them there, all our sorrows to a compassionate Friend in Heaven, and trust the untried future to His wise and gracious Providence.

"It is my increasing conviction that a correct appreciation of the simplicity of the Gospel, and its appropriateness to our personal necessities, is the only secret of happiness. An abstract theology does not meet the emergencies of such poor sinners as we. Our only refuge from the coldness of a speculative religion, the delusions of self-righteousness, and the varied superstitions with which man has endeavored to improve the plan of salvation, is a simple reception of Jesus Christ, 'who of God is made, to the believer, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.' With how bold a hand has Romanism drawn a curtain between the eye of faith and the Sun of Righteousness — a curtain bestudded with lesser lights, which declare not the glory of God! Let us ever say to our blessed Saviour, 'With Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light.' May it be your privilege, my dear cousin, to win many immortal beings to the contemplation of his unclouded radiance.

"Whilst you delight to minister to the temporal requirements of those around you, let the bread of life and the robe of righteousness be most earnestly commended to their acceptance. That you may ever receive rich spiritual blessings, and become the medium through which many more shall be conveyed to the souls of your fellow-beings, shall be the ardent prayer of your very affectionate cousin."

To J. H. S.

"GREENWOOD, Sept. 17th, 1849.

"Very, very often, dear Howard, has my heart prompted the letter which my pen could not execute. In my prayers I have remembered you and your parish with no ordinary interest; and earnest is my trust that rich spiritual blessings will be the result of your labors. How encouraging is the promise, 'My word shall not return unto me void.' My only solicitude for you is, that you should ever preach that word with simplicity, and be, in all your public and private life, 'a living epistle, known and read of all men.' This is not too much to ask of the kind Heavenly Father, whose arm of love has led my orphan cousin, through so many dangers and temptations, to the solemn office which so much increases his responsibility. 'His God doth guide him to discretion, and doth teach him,' is an assurance which the spiritual husbandman would gladly appropriate Oh, that your whole ministry may be its commentary! * * *

"I need not say that my warmest sympathies were given you both, when I learned that the parsonage had become a house of mourning. This was, indeed, an event upon which *faith* alone could look with any degree of composure. Dear E. speaks with gratitude of the many circumstances of mercy which were mingled with this bereavement, and I trust you will have still greater cause of rejoicing. * * *

"I thank you for every petition you offer for me. 'The peace which passeth all understanding' is still the portion of your ever affectionate S. A."

To a Young Man.

"GREENWOOD, Oct. 24, 1849.

"Years have passed since a playful, affectionate boy ran so often from his grandpapa's house to assist in drawing the little carriage in which his invalid friend rode around our beautiful village; but he is not forgotten by that friend. Very often has she desired to give him an assurance of her continued interest, but she is not always well enough to attempt a letter, and can only then accomplish her purpose by writing very carelessly upon a slate, and requesting some one to copy her effusions.

"My carriage is no longer in requisition, dear M., since almost five years have passed since I have been carried down stairs; but I am happy, very happy in my pleasant room. The Consolation of Israel is my ever-present Friend. I therefore am not weary of suffering, nor do I desire to visit the green woods which were once my favorite resort.

"Dear M., my heart yearns over you with affectionate solicitude. Are you yet a partaker of the glorious hopes of the Gospel? Has the religious instruction you have received from early childhood been practically applied? Or has your responsibility alone, and not your safety and happiness, been increased by the 'line upon line, precept upon precept,' which have been given you? Oh! do not forget that 'the servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes.'

"Have you ever deeply realized your sinfulness, my dear young friend? Have you ever come, just as you are, to the Fountain open for sin and for uncleanness? I do earnestly implore you to go to a place of retirement, and pray for grace to make an unreserved surrender of your heart to God. I do not doubt that you desire and intend to tread the narrow path, but how many young persons have entered eternity with purposes alone! Have they been admitted

into the company of those who have wholly followed the Lord? Alas! alas! since they never passed the line which divides the recipients of salvation from those who hesitated to accept the offers of mercy, their successful adversary draws down their fettered spirits still more closely within his grasp, and there they remain forever.

"It may be that the Holy Spirit is striving with your young heart. It may be that you are yielding to his monitions. If this be so, dear M., do give me the joyful tidings, that I may be very glad and pray for you with renewed importunity. And even if you cannot tell me this, will you not write me a long letter, and prove that you are willing to make the friend of your childhood the friend of your youth? I have thought of you with peculiar tenderness since I learned that your studies have been interrupted by physical indisposition, and that you are not permitted to enjoy unrestricted exercise. These are very great deprivations for one so youthful and buoyant as you, and I sympathize with you most sincerely; but, my beloved boy, I believe this trial is a voice of love from your Father in Heaven, and I trust you will listen to it with prayerful attention.

"Among the greatest advantages of sickness is the necessity it involves for the subjection of the will: first to Him who so wisely administers the discipline we need, and then to the directions of physicians and the precautions of kind friends. And this is a wholesome lesson; for self-indulgence is a powerful foe, against which we must urge continual warfare if we would be happy or useful. But how are we to relinquish favorite pursuits and cherished plans? how resist the temptation to irritability, induced by our unstrung nervous system? By 'looking unto Jesus,' the Almighty Saviour, who not only died for our sins, but sympathizes with all our sorrows. 'Such an High Priest became us,' dear M., and blessed are they who have gone to Him for succor. It is well to suffer, that we may be thus comforted. But since union with the Lord Jesus Christ is essential to the communion which is so soul-sustaining, I pray that my dear young friend may be a branch of the 'true vine,' and bring forth those blessed fruits of the Spirit which fertilize the soul, and convince the thoughtless world that there is something better than the weeds of earthly pleasure. It may be your privilege to do much for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Let your affections and energies be all laid upon the altar of the Lord, and the blood of the Lamb will purge the polluted sacrifice. Oh, that you may indeed be accepted in the Beloved!

"Bereavement has been the portion of your family during the past year, but I trust its absent members are present with the Lord, and that heavenly healing will be poured into every wounded heart. My love to ——. I learn she is one of the avowed disciples of the Saviour, and desire that His image may be deeply impressed upon her character."

CHAPTER XX.

1849—1850.

Death of her Sister — Congeniality — Active Usefulness — Support — Sanctified Grief — Letters descriptive of her Sister's Character — To Rev. Dr. Fowles — To Girls in the House of Refuge — To her Preceptor — To the Mother of an Afflicted Child.

ANOTHER bitter cup was now presented to Miss Allibone's lips; and it was drunk in the same spirit of cheerful, unmurmuring submission. The year 1849 bore away with it in its flight one whom she likened to a sunbeam in her darkened room. While the rude November blasts were stripping the groves of their rich summer garniture and withering the autumnal flowers, there suddenly faded and passed away from earth a sister to whom her heart clung with fondest love, for whose salvation some of her earliest prayers were offered, and in whose assumption of the hallowed burden of Jesus' cross she had so greatly rejoiced. From that time they had been indeed one in Christ. The same spirit of holiness and devotion, of love and of power and of a sound mind dwelt in both. In their views, feelings and aims, their hopes, consolations and joys, there was entire sympathy. Alike ardent and

energetic in character, and equally constrained by the love of Christ, the elder sister's desires to be useful were not impeded, like those of the younger, by physical infirmities; and the one was an active worker, while the other was a patient sufferer. The earthly tie was broken, not as might have been expected by the summons of the waiting invalid from her couch of pain to her mansion above, but by the removal of the active and healthful from the family to which her life was so precious, and from the labors in which she was so zealously engaged. Scarcely had the cloud appeared in the sky, ere the scathing bolt fell. But although the visitation was so sharp and sudden, it gave but another evidence of the reality of those divine consolations by which Susan Allibone was so wonderfully sustained. The sense of her own grievous loss was absorbed in the confidence that to her departed sister "to die was gain." Gratitude and praise were still the predominant emotions of her soul, and in this separation, as well as in her own closing scene, "death was swallowed up in victory."

Many besides the members of her own immediate family mourned the loss of this estimable Christian lady, and none had more cause to mourn than the poor, the friendless and the inmates of public benevolent institutions, to whose welfare her time and efforts were ungrudgingly given. A funeral discourse was delivered by her pastor, Rev. Dr. Fowles, to a deeply-affected and sympathizing congregation, from Acts ix. 36: "This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did;" in which he paid a high and deserved tribute to her memory.

Of the bearing of Miss Allibone, under the immediate pressure of this stunning grief, a beautiful picture is given by a friend in the obituary sketch to which reference has been previously made:—"Upon entering the house, whither I had gone to take leave of her, I was informed that the family were in deep affliction in consequence of the very sudden death, the night before, of a married sister. I would

immediately have retired, but the servant insisted on my waiting while she informed Miss Susan that I was there. In a few moments she sent for me. She greeted me with her usual cheerful tones. 'I have sent for you, dear Mrs. E——, that I might tell you how lovingly and tenderly Jesus comforts me. He keeps me from repining. He knew what was best for His child, and has called her to be with him. Surely I ought not to complain. He is all the time beside me, and he keeps me from fainting beneath a blow so sudden.' Then with a clear, serene voice she spoke of the departed. But in every tribute paid to the Christian virtues of her sister, Jesus must have the supreme glory. He made her what she had been — the eminently pious and devoted wife and mother, a ministering angel to the poor and sorrowing."

In the Note-book occurs the following characteristic remark:—

"*Nov.* 14*th.* — Susan repeated, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and said, 'We act contrary to this prayer when we dwell upon circumstances that will harrow the feelings.' 'It is impossible,' she said, 'for a Christian to *lose* a Christian sister.' "

Her own Diary contains the following touching allusions to the event:—

"*Jan.* 4*th*, 1850. — And now what shall I say of the event which has occurred since I last wrote in this little book? I have now a sister in Heaven. My Father, I thank Thee for this. I have one less on earth. Father, Thy will be done.

"On Saturday, the 10th of November, I received a very affectionate note from dear sister Sarah, accompanying one of her many proofs of affection. I was very grateful, and such an overflowing of admiration and love came into my heart that I was impelled to draw this book, in which I so seldom write, from under my pillow, and express my appreciation of what she was in herself and to me,—but I did not

indulge the impulse. On Sunday; — but I am not well enough to write any more.

"On Saturday I received the Communion. The last time my precious sister Sarah was with me. There will be no going out from the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

"*Nov. 5th*, 1850. — To-morrow will have completed a year since my precious sister Sarah last visited my room, so often cheered by her presence. She was overflowing with affection, and I cannot forget her beaming expression as she left the room with some roses I put into her hand. My sister! my dear sister!

"*Nov. 9th, Saturday.* — This Saturday afternoon, a year since, I pencilled a few lines of love and gratitude to sister S., from whom I had received a note that morning. The next day, Dr. S. came to inform me that my sister, so bright, so vigorous a little while before, had almost entered the world of spirits.

"*Nov. 10th.*—My mind is full of reminiscences. Although the 11th will be the real anniversary of my sister's departure, it was almost at this moment, a year since, that Dr. S. came to prepare me for the tidings, or rather to tell me that he could feel no pulse at the wrist when he left my precious sister. He gave this intelligence most judiciously; certainly with better wisdom than his own; and 'gracious and ready help' was vouchsafed by my compassionate Father, who 'knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.' 'Even so, Father,' was the response of my spirit."

To Rev. J. H. Fowles.

"Nov. 16, 1849.

"The letters I promised you, my kind and valued friend, I have been unable to find, and regret that the necessity for the early preparation of your sermon will prevent the accomplishment of a very satisfactory record of the character and feelings of my precious sister. We bless and praise our Heavenly Father that she is numbered among the 'saints in light;' and lift our tearful eyes to the blessed Saviour who made her all she was. That He may be glorified will

be the aim of your discourse; and I fervently pray that He may give you all the wisdom you desire.

"The date of her baptism was March 9th, 1837. She was confirmed the 12th day of the same month. During several previous years she thought deeply of her eternal interests, and was very gradually enabled to appropriate the offers of mercy of which she felt herself so much in need. With an increasing realization of the worth of her own soul, came a very solemn sense of maternal responsibility. Her Diary expresses this feeling:

"'Feb. 1837.—It is of such great importance to impress my children's minds with every incentive to love and serve their Creator "in the days of their youth."' In reference to her son she writes: 'May he indeed become that which I most ardently desire! I ask not for him nor wish the honors, nor the emoluments, nor distinctions of the world, but rather that he may become an humble and faithful disciple of our Saviour unto his life's end.'

"The submission and abundant consolation vouchsafed to a friend, whose two only children were gathered almost at once into the Good Shepherd's fold, taught my dear sister a lesson which impressed her whole future life. She writes: 'How just, how exalted, how instructive are such views! and how above all things desirable the degree of faith and love which so sustains and supports! Grant that I may possess it when the hour of trial comes.' Her prayer was answered, when such a mother as few children could know and love was taken to the heavenly world.

"The truthfulness of her spiritual character was as decided as the ingenuousness of her earlier life. It was with no light views of the vows she assumed, that she publicly confessed the Saviour. She *intended* to renounce the world and its vanities, and I do not believe that she ever since has entered any scene in which the disciple of Jesus ought not to feel at home. Her love for literature then flowed through a consecrated channel, and her daily pursuits proved that she was rapidly hastening on in the journey which has received so blessed a termination.

"It is very interesting to trace, as her Diary progresses, a deepening sense of sinfulness, and the overflowings of joy and gratitude which poured from her full heart, as our Redeemer's all-sufficiency was revealed to her view. She remarks: 'How may I express that deep joy which none have ever uttered? May every energy of my nature be consecrated, every power of my mind, and every future act of my life, to evince my enduring gratitude to Thee, our Father who art in Heaven.'

"In speaking of the salvation she had been enabled to accept, she says: 'Oh! thanks that it came ere the dark hour of death drew near, uncheered by His pardoning love.'

"The Bible was indeed searched as for hid treasure, and the 2d of Ephesians was appropriated as a message of especial mercy. She thus comments upon it: 'Truly, God's Word is a silent mystery, until He enlightens our minds to receive its deep and spiritual meaning.'

"The Lord's Supper was received, for the first time, with the feelings she expresses in the following words: 'Thanks be to my Heavenly Father, who hath granted me this unspeakable blessing also. I have been permitted to commemorate His dying love, His adorable mercy. I have done this in remembrance of Him—Jesus, our ascended Lord, our Intercessor, our Redeemer. I cannot express the emotions it excited. Such a deep sense of contrition for sin against God, of His amazing condescension and mercy in permitting one so long rebellious against Him, so long neglectful of the strivings of mercy, to be brought into fellowship with the children of God; to feel faith and trusting confidence; to believe that He would receive even me, the most unworthy, and grant me strength to walk acceptably before Him; to contemplate His sufferings upon the cross for my redemption!'

"She remarks, of the privileges of the sanctuary: 'It is not for the workmen who labor that I go, or I might feel disappointed; but for sweet communion with the Master of Assemblies; and I believe I can truly say, there has not been one occasion when I have not been sensible of an accession of spiritual strength and enjoyment.'

"These extracts may not greatly assist the preparation of your sermon, dear sir, but will interest you as indications of her early religious character. These buds of piety have ripened into bright flowers and rich fruit; but I have not time nor ability to gather them, and place them in your hand. If I could do so, I know you would lay them all at the foot of the Cross: you would restore them to Him from whom they were received." * * *

To the Girls in the House of Refuge.

"Nov., 1849.

"If it were possible, I would be willing to be myself the bearer of the intelligence which will give so much pain to the young persons who were the objects of my departed sister's deep solicitude. I would tell you, that although her bright eye looks upon you no

longer, and you cannot hear her voice, the great God who made you is speaking to each one of you by this bereavement, and saying, 'Be ye therefore ready also.'

"During the silent hours of last night I recalled the earnestness with which your friend often asked me to pray for you. I remembered her determination, that neither unfavorable weather, weariness, nor the many interruptions to which she was subjected, should interfere with the discharge of her duty towards you, and my heart prompted a letter of earnest and affectionate exhortation, that you will not render it needful that she be a witness against you at the great day when you will stand together at the judgment-seat of Christ.

"What my sister has told you of the preciousness of our Redeemer, her living and dying experience has confirmed. Even in the hour of health, she felt that to depart and be with Christ is '*far better;*' and she received a very sudden summons, with an unshaken dependence upon His merits. It was because He had died for her, that she was saved from the second death. It was because He had fulfilled all the requirements of a holy law, and become her righteousness, that she did not fear to enter the presence of 'the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity.'

"My young friends, have any of you such a hope? 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' It was to recommend this Saviour that my sister visited you so often. She was interested in your temporal welfare, and greatly pleased with every enjoyment which was provided for you. She wished to win you with kindness, to encourage your every endeavor to do right; but it was the aim of all her efforts that you should deeply realize your sinfulness, and seek pardoning and renewing grace through the blood of the Lamb and the influences of the Holy Spirit. She believed the testimony of Scripture, 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' and was not willing that you should depend for one moment upon your own ability to reform your lives, for she knew that in yourselves you can do nothing. But you well remember the faithfulness with which you were reminded of your need, that you might more fully appreciate and apply the remedy which the Gospel has provided for our helpless and guilty race, for 'we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God.'

"Oh! my young friends, will you not accept this Saviour who loved you so much that He died for your sins? And will you not

accept Him now? Will you not, whilst you listen to this letter, say in His strength,

> 'And lo! I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
> Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
> Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
> Nothing but grace can I receive.'

"And will you not take the earliest opportunity of seeking a place of retirement, and there again cast yourselves upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus? Will you not pray that the Holy Spirit may shine upon your souls and your past lives, making manifest all your corruptions, all your transgressions, and pointing you also to the 'fountain open for sin and for uncleanness,' to Him who is the principle and pattern of holiness?

"Our Saviour is a gentle and patient teacher. Study His character with prayerful attention. Do any of you fear that you are too sinful to be received by Him? 'He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.' Do none of you feel sorrowful and desolate? Oh, then remember that Jesus has not only 'borne our sins,' but 'carried our sorrows.' Bring every painful recollection, every emotion of sadness to Him, for no earthly friend is so full of tender sympathy.

"I shall never forget a visit to your institution many years since, when the girls, who were then receiving instruction, were asked to sing the orphan's hymn. Some of them wept, and although I did not at that time understand the full meaning of the word, I always pitied the parentless, and my heart yearned over those poor girls with feelings I shall never forget. It may be that some of you have parents who have never sought to lead you to the Saviour, but you must not, therefore, stay away from Him, but come now and ask Him to pardon them also. Or, it may be that a pious mother's dying counsels have fallen upon the ear, but entered not the heart, of some young being in your midst. But it is not impossible that there are those among you whose fathers and mothers are still upon the earth, with almost broken hearts, because you, their beloved children, are so far from God. It is not yet too late to comfort their remaining hours, and receive their parting blessing.

"Have you ever found true pleasure in sin? There is more happiness in one hour of communion with our Heavenly Father than even the best and purest enjoyments earth can afford. 'Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious.' His presence is the brightest

light of prosperity, and in the hour of sickness and sorrow He proves Himself to be a God of love.

"That He may be your portion, now and for ever, prays your friend, S. A."

To Mr. C.

"HAMILTON, Nov. 29, 1849.

"If I could have anticipated the many impediments which have compelled me to thus long deny myself the pleasure of answering your welcome letter, my dear Mr. C., I should have requested one of my sisters to become my amanuensis, instead of waiting until I could combine ability and opportunity for the pencilship of a letter, for this, you know, is all I am able at any time to undertake. I should love to write to you very often if I were well enough, and to receive frequent letters from a friend towards whom the reverence of a pupil has ever been mingled with confiding affection.

"It is possible you may not yet be aware of the new demand which will elicit, in a still greater degree, the sympathy you have ever been ready to accord. You may not have received the intelligence, that I, who have been so long waiting upon the bank of the river of death for a dismissal from the scenes of earth, have been required to linger here, whilst one of the most vigorous and beloved members of our family has passed over before me. 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.' Dear sister S. has been the recipient of this blessedness. On Sunday, the 11th of this month, she was suddenly called to the Heavenly Home which, for years past, has been 'the haven where she would be.' Although for several weeks she had suffered attacks of severe pain, she was well enough to visit us on the Tuesday which preceded her departure. On Saturday evening she became so ill that three physicians were called to her aid. She soon realized the probable result of such intense suffering, and expressed an unclouded assurance of eternal happiness through the merits of our Redeemer. She repeated the text, 'I know in whom I have believed,' and remarked, 'all is peace, perfect peace.' She said, in reference to me, 'I want to see her very much, but I shall be there to welcome her.' At half-past three, my precious sister became insensible, and manifested few indications of consciousness until about ten minutes after twelve, when another glorified spirit was numbered among the heavenly host. It is better that we reflect upon her happiness than our bereavement, and it is better still that we should adore and love the wise and holy Being who has spoken to us so loudly by this dispensation of His Providence

May he vouchsafe us grace to listen with attentive ear, and to press with rapid step toward the better country. You see how appropriate was the subject of your letter. 'I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction' is to me a very precious promise. I am thankful, very thankful, to be chosen even there, and although I grieve that so much discipline is requisite, I rejoice that the process will not be left incomplete. In 'looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith,' my spirit is refreshed, my hopes confirmed, and I am enabled to unite in the testimony, 'we glory in tribulation also.' And yet this unexpected sorrow has caused many tears to flow. To the children of this world, the expression, 'sorrowing, yet always rejoicing,' is paradoxical. Is it not an unspeakable mercy that we receive not only pardon, but so much peace from the Almighty Friend against whom we have so greatly sinned? 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?' I feel that all my hopes of future happiness are secured to me by the sacrifice offered upon Calvary for the sins of the world.

'My soul looks back to see
The burthen thou didst bear,
While hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.'"

To Mrs. C. S. O.

"Dec. 12, 1849.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. I hear of the mysterious dealings of Providence; but I see no mystery, no darkness in an event for which our Redeemer prayed, 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.' Thy letter suited me well. I do indeed love my sister well enough to be glad she has gone to Heaven. And I rejoice, too, that my Father's will is done — His holy, blessed will. I cannot hope to convey any adequate idea of the intense sympathy I feel for *thee*, my more than

ever precious ——. Earnest was my desire to write to thee, a few days after my sister became an inhabitant of the world of glory, but my wish could not then be gratified, and thy letter preceded mine.

"Dear ——, let thy lacerated heart be widely opened to receive the indwelling of the 'Consolation of Israel,' the Sanctifier of the faithful. The Heavenly Physician has precious balms for sorrows such as thine. Thee has long since tested their healing power, and I trust they will be given thee more and more freely. The great Husbandman is purging us, also, that we may bring forth more fruit. May the desire we feel that so great a bereavement may be productive of rich spiritual results, be an earnest that we shall not suffer in vain. That the Lord 'doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men,' is an often quoted, but ever welcome declaration of the Word of God. Dear ——, pray even more than thee ever has done, that our Saviour's image may be deeply impressed upon my sinful heart. It is a very solemn thought that afflictions are not in themselves productive of profit. The Holy Spirit must apply the lesson, or we shall not learn it; and I earnestly pray that the spirit of grace and supplication may be poured upon us all, for ourselves and for each other, that every plant which our Heavenly Father hath not planted may be rooted from our hearts, and that the peaceable fruits of righteousness may be a plentiful increase. 'Look upon the face of thine anointed,' has often been my petition, when I have asked blessings for my family. Oh! ——, I do hope none of us will be excluded from the promised land. The sanctification of my Christian friends has often been to me a source of deeper solicitude than the conversion of the unreconciled. There seems to be such a disposition to forget that 'strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life'—so much concession to the principles of unrenewed nature, rather than a desire to be as concentrated as possible in the service of God. But how can I wonder at all this, when I remember that I, who have been sheltered from so many temptations, am not more consecrated in spirit. I am so glad we can turn away from ourselves, and all around us, to Him 'who is holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners;' 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.'"

To a Friend.

"GREENWOOD, Dec. 16, 1849.

'I commenced a letter to you last spring, dear ——, but postponed its completion, that I might address an expression of sympathy to another bereaved mother; and, soon after, I became so ill, that it seemed probable that my intercourse with earthly friends would be exchanged for the blessedness which is in reserve for every sinner who is washed in the blood of the Lamb.

'My Father, I deemed Thou had'st called me to dwell
In the rest Thou hast for me above,
But I find myself still in the flesh,
It is well if I go; if I stay, it is love.

'Love ordered the plan, and in love such as Thine,
How shall I not calmly confide,
Who spared not to save me an offering divine—
The Lamb who on Calvary died.'

"It is this love, my dear ——, which sustains my spirit, now that my precious sister, who gave me almost maternal affection, and for whom my warm attachment was growing deeper and stronger, comes no more into my chamber to gladden me with offices of love. But she has gone just where I would have her be, and thanksgivings are mingled with my tears. We appreciate the sympathy you so appropriately express in the letter sister M. has received this evening; the letter which induces me to ask for a slate and pencil that I may tell you some of the thoughts which come into my heart.

"I have ever been sinful and unworthy, yet my Saviour has dealt gently with me, and as His disciple, I must lovingly persuade you to sit at His feet, and learn from Him better lessons than the world and your heart can teach you. Oh, cast aside the weapons of rebellion; they are wounding your own soul. Humble yourself in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up. You 'labor and are heavy laden.' 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest,' is the invitation of Him who died to save you. Will you resolutely refuse to accept it? Will you go down into eternity unpardoned and unconsoled, when you know there is 'balm in Gilead, and a Physician there'? And will you endeavor to occupy the attention of your sick child with the pursuits of a world, from which you fear she may be removed before you? Is this a mother's love? Beware, beware, dear ——, that you grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. You must stand at the judgment-seat of Christ with those dear children. Let

them bless you as the friend of their souls, their guide to the Cross of Jesus. And if only the temporal comfort of our dear —— were consulted, believe me, my beloved ——, when I tell you, that no cordial is so reviving to the exhausted spirits and unstrung nerves of an invalid as religion, which brings repentance, faith, peace, love and cheerful submission to the will of the Most High.

"I make this assertion with confidence. Two physicians have expressed the opinion that the prolongation of my life is to be in a great measure ascribed to the tranquillity of spirit which I have alone derived from the hopes of the Gospel; not from any powers of endurance which I possess, not as a reward for obedience, but as a free gift of grace.

"I saw little of dear ——, but my heart yearned over her with inexpressible tenderness. Could her fluttering heart be calmed to silence by the laughter of the merry? No; the poor child must come to my Saviour, and His gentle voice will be music to her soul.

"My dear ——, it is my affectionate and earnest request that you will now go to the solitude of your chamber, and kneel down before God to ask His guidance. I would not make your poor child gloomy. I would spend nights and days in ministering to her comfort, if it were possible; but I would tenderly remind her, that 'except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God,' and urge her to seek at once the safety and happiness which her Heavenly Father is so willing to give her, if she will but come through Him who is 'the way, the truth and the life.'" * * *

CHAPTER XXI

1850.

Letter to a Bereaved Mother in Ireland—Persuasive Letter to a Youth. —Letters to Dr. N.—To a Relative—Intercourse with the Young—Unitarian Views—Letter on the subject to R. S.—Dr. Channing—Arianism—Letters of Friendship and Condolence.

To a Bereaved Mother.

"January, 1850.

"There is certainly no earthly tie so strong as that which unites the hearts of parents and children, and I do not doubt you have realized the strength of this attachment more than ever since your daughter has left the home of her childhood for a land of strangers. How often have your thoughts followed her as she has crossed the ocean, and how earnestly have you desired to hear of her safe arrival! It must have been very painful to have received the tidings of her dangerous illness, and you are of course awaiting further intelligence with intense anxiety.

"It is a new friend who writes you this letter—the sick lady who has been so long carefully nursed by your cousin Sarah, and who makes the earnest request that you will lift up your hearts in prayer, that God will give you strength to bear the sad news she is so sorry to communicate. 'Thy will be done,' should always be the language of a Christian's heart, and I pray that you may be enabled to cast this heavy weight upon those everlasting arms which are alone strong enough to support it. When I tell you that your child has passed away from earth, my heart is cheered by the hope that she is gone to that 'land where the inhabitant shall never say, I am sick,' and where every tear is wiped away. This is the blessedness of all who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and I trust your beloved Margaret was thus prepared for Heaven. Surely it is better to be with Jesus than to dwell upon this sinful earth; and when you feel disposed to regret that you permitted your daughter to leave her home, remember that all events are under the control of a wise and

holy Being, who uses second causes to promote His own designs. You would have gladly retained your child to watch over your declining years, but you submitted to the sacrifice of her society because the necessities of your family required her assistance. Do not, therefore, reflect upon yourselves; but ask our Heavenly Father to sanctify this great sorrow, and to make it the means of preparing the remaining members of your family for a better world. Are any of them unreconciled to God? Let them remember that this is a solemn message to them: 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' * * *

"I shall not forget to pray that God will give you grace to glorify Him by entire submission to His will. I do most sincerely sympathize with you in this great bereavement, and rejoice that we have a compassionate Saviour who loves to comfort the mourner. Go to Him with all your sorrows. Turn your thoughts to prayers. 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me,' is a most consoling promise. If it were not for afflictions, we could not understand the meaning and value of the gracious assurances which our Heavenly Father has given us. I cannot tell you how precious they have been to me in the hour of sickness and sorrow." * * *

To a Young Friend.

"February 1st, 1850.

"I have loved your family so long and so well, dear H., that I am fully prepared to share your joys and sorrows; and very earnest has been my desire to convey to your father and mother an expression of many affectionate thoughts which have filled my heart since their recent bereavement. But, my young friend, it is for you that I am chiefly solicitous: your conversion is the result I anticipate from this painful dispensation of Providence.

"When you were very young, a sweet little sister, with her beautiful dark eyes and clustering locks, was the companion of your studies and your plays, but the Friend of children withdrew this little one from your family circle, that He might enfold her more closely under the shadow of His wing. He loved you too, dear H., though He left you longer upon the earth, and I wish you had gone to Him with your childish sorrow, and asked Him to be your guide through the pilgrimage of life. How many blessed lessons you might have already learned! How much restraining grace would have been vouchsafed you, and how many hours of communion with

God would then have been your privilege! Oh! H., you have sometimes realized your need of the blessing of God. His Spirit has often striven with your young heart; but you have not heeded the gentle monitions, and now He has spoken in a loud voice of warning.

"I am thankful it was not you, dear H., whom the Angel of Death was commissioned to remove from earth; but who can tell what his next errand may be? Are you prepared for a sudden summons to the eternal world? Is your theoretical acquaintance with the sinfulness of your nature accompanied by a painful realization of the burthen you bear? Are you willing to investigate your spiritual condition, or do you endeavor to quiet the tumult of a sometimes awakened conscience by increased attention to the passing scenes of time? And if your years be many, will it still be thus? Will you increase your sources of worldly enjoyment, add to your intellectual stores, strive to rise higher and higher in human estimation, and yet be unfurnished for the world to come? And will you go down into eternity under the heavy pressure of the wrath of the Lamb, to survey your lost estate in the full light of the religious instruction by which your responsibility is so much increased?

"The immediate surrender of your heart to God will secure a bright contrast to this mournful picture. 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me,' is a promise, of which I hope you will soon testify the truth. 'The Word of the Lord is tried,' and this experience will be but the prelude of a lifetime of rich discoveries of the treasures of grace, and an eternity of progression in wisdom and happiness. Dear H., can you refuse this offered felicity? Will you incur the fearful risk of delay?

"It is not needful to expound to you the principles of our faith, but it is very requisite to urge upon you to pray earnestly that you may be able to appreciate and accept the gift of redemption. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' is a requisition so simple that our proud nature would make an addition to its terms; and it may be that you hesitate to 'come boldly to the throne of grace,' until you can present an offering of love and obedience, or at least some adequate measure of contrition for sin. Oh, go to our blessed Saviour as you are, my dear young friend! Do not wait to feel more deeply or to become better. All you require you will find at the foot of the cross, and there only. 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' Receive Him into your heart, who is 'all in all,' and you will be made complete in Him. I

well remember an expression I once heard dear Dr. Miller use in prayer: 'We are great sinners, but Thou art a great Saviour.'

"Tears are coming, my dear boy, as I approach the conclusion of my letter. I long to see you sheltered within the covenant of grace. Will you not go to Jesus, and say to Him:

'Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do'?

Will you not study the Bible with especial reference to the character and offices of our Redeemer? And will you not devote the twilight hour to prayer, and then remember that I am beseeching God to bless you?

"I should be very glad to receive a reply to this long letter which I have written with a pencil, and am therefore obliged to ask my sister to copy. I should consider any expression of your feelings entirely confidential.

"Believe me, dear H., most affectionately your friend.

Notes.

"*Jan.* —, 1850.— Susan says: 'Life is too short for resentments. If we returned thanks for the daily blessings of life, we should have less time to think of its trials.'

"*Feb.* 10*th.*—After reading Rev. vii. 17, she said it was strange that such a sinner as she could so confidently expect to go to Heaven; adding, 'It *would* be strange, if it were not for the provision made.' She again commented on the passage, 'Is any afflicted, let him pray,' and said the general habit was when afflicted to fret, and when merry to sing songs. She desired that we might not take our burdens to the mercy-seat and bear them away again, as if there were no God."

From her Diary.

"*Feb.* 13*th*, *Ash Wednesday.*—This is a most appropriate season for me. I do desire to be humbled before God,—to realize my great unworthiness of the loving-kindness of my Father in Christ Jesus, the Giver of every good and perfect

gift. I have had since church a most interesting visit from my beloved Bishop.

"O Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the faithful, wilt Thou not anoint him richly for the performance of his solemn responsibility. Sanctify his opinions, instruct his judgment, warm his affections, and make him bold and uncompromising in the defence of sound doctrine, and of all that will glorify his Father in Heaven.

"If I should be removed from my sisters, I hope instant submission and great consolation and profit will be given them. Oh! my Saviour, take me to thyself whenever it shall seem good to Thee. I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.

"17*th*, *Sunday.*—This is a most beautiful morning.

> 'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
> But there 's a nobler rest above;
> To that our laboring souls aspire,
> With fervent hope and strong desire.'"

To a Relative.

"March, 1850.

"I do not believe, dear ——, that your own children think of you with more tenderness than the invalid to whom you read Young's Night Thoughts so delightfully, three or four years since.

"How glad I should be to minister to your comfort, to nurse you if you were sick, and to talk with you of that better land which will be undisturbed forever by the intrusion of sorrow, sickness and sin. Many of our beloved ones have been already welcomed to this holy, happy home; and I trust we too shall enjoy the blessings of redeeming love. It is true we are very, very sinful, and we are assured that nothing that is unclean, nothing that defileth shall enter the kingdom of Heaven. It is true that we have incurred the penalty of the violated law of a holy God; but it is 'a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' and shall we not receive this offered mercy?

"I do not know, my beloved friend, why it is that solicitude for your eternal welfare is so deeply impressed upon my spirit, and that I pray for you so much more earnestly than for many of my friends

in whom I would be expected to feel an equal degree of interest. How deep would be my grief if I were to learn that you had passed into eternity uncheered by the blessed light of experimental religion, unable to give to your surviving friends the consolatory assurance that you had been born again, washed in the blood of the Lamb, covered with the robe of His righteousness, sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and enabled in a truly filial spirit to call God Father. Tears are in my eyes and the love of Christ in my heart, whilst I beseech you to accept that Saviour who has pardoned me and given me so much peace, and who says to you also, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'

"Is not your spirit often weary? How often your thoughts must dwell upon the friends of your earlier days, upon the bereavements which have diminished your domestic circle, and the many changing scenes of life with painful recollection, which I would have exchanged for the unspeakable happiness of communion with God, and the anticipation of His presence in eternal glory.

"I should express these desires with greater timidity if I did not believe that you reciprocate my warm affection, and would be unwilling to suspect me of disrespectful or presumptuous feeling. Since I never yet have learned that you 'seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,' you cannot be surprised that I should be greatly desirous that all your energies should be devoted to this blessed pursuit, and when you reflect that I am constantly awaiting my dismissal from earth, since my frame is almost exhausted by disease, you will not think it strange that I should tell one I so much love that I wish him to enjoy the hopes which sustain my heart?

"I wish you had witnessed the celestial light which irradiated my mother's countenance, as the world of glory opened upon her view. I wish you had listened to the words of love and joyful trust in her Redeemer's merits, which rendered her dying chamber a place of deep instruction, and I wish too that you had traced the deepening influence of religious truth as her life passed on. It was my privilege to be with her, and to hear her exclaim with deep emotion, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?' Early in the morning her Bible or Prayer Book engaged her devout attention, and deeply she realized the mercy of the widow's God. A day or two before she went to Heaven, I observed that she was in great suffering, and remarked, 'Our Saviour is touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' 'Wonderful!' was her reply. 'What is wonderful, mother?' 'That He should come to earth, and suffer

and die.' 'That is all our hope,' I said. 'It is all mine,' was the response.

"You were always my mother's friend, and I hope it will be her happiness to welcome you to the abode of glorified spirits. One of her children is with her there; and I am thankful for this, although dear sister S. was one of the sunbeams of my life.

"Oh, let us, in the strength of our Redeemer, seek preparation for the upper sanctuary! In the earthly courts of the Lord I can no longer enjoy His presence, but this is your privilege; and it is mine to experience, in the solitude of my chamber, that He is 'the Father of mercies and God of all comfort.' He has dealt very gently with me, and I would magnify His name. * * *

"That our Father in Heaven may bestow rich blessings upon my beloved relative is the prayer of his affectionate S. A."

To Rev. Dr. Neville.

"March 2d, 1850.

"'I believe in the communion of saints,' and with you, my beloved Dr. N., I have often enjoyed it. Your sympathy and counsel have been among the blessings which have cheered my chamber of sickness, and I was not surprised to receive from your distant place of residence so prompt an assurance that you share the sorrow of our recent bereavement, and affectionately commend us to the healing offices of the Consolation of Israel.

"It is gladness to the spirit to learn, not from Scripture only, but from the experience of many years, that 'we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' I am truly thankful for the trials which have so manifested His preciousness, and rejoice in the hope of dwelling forever in the presence of such a Saviour. He led my darling sister very rapidly through the valley of the shadow of death. She feared no evil and she found none. Her physical sufferings were intense, but 'all is peace, perfect peace': 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day,' were among the many expressions which indicated the tranquillity of her spirit. Of me, she said, 'I want to see her very much, but I shall be there to welcome her.' But I need not give you the details of this event, as you have probably learned them from sister M.

"She has probably told you how I wished to acknowledge your welcome letter. I should have long since asked one of my sisters

to write for me, but I wished to reserve this pleasure for myself, and to employ her only as a copyist.

"I am glad you loved my sister so well, and appreciated her earnest piety. I do not know how to express my estimation of her character, nor the affection which was continually growing more deep and strong. I do not suffer myself to dwell upon the deprivation of her society and offices of love, but employ myself rather in blessing God that He has taken my precious sister to a Home of glory! With the intelligence of her departure came sustaining grace, and instant realization that our Father in Heaven is wise and merciful. If His succor had not been immediate, and if it were not constantly vouchsafed, I should have felt the full pressure of a very heavy sorrow.

"I trust the scene of your labors has been transferred, that you may remind the little flock in that gay city of the blessedness of following the Good Shepherd with close allegiance, and be privileged to win many wanderers to the fold. May your experience from day to day be a fulfilment of the promise, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant;' and may you be enabled to unfold the wonders of redemption with simplicity, boldness and unparalleled success. Then will you be compensated for all you have endured, separated from so many objects of affection. * * *

"Shall we not be very glad to behold our Saviour as He is, to love Him as we ought, and to share this happiness with our brethren in the Lord? There will be nothing to forgive in each other then, nothing to disappoint, no danger of undue dependence, and no fear of change. 'The Lamb is the light thereof,' is to me the most attractive description of Heaven.

"I shall hope to receive a letter from you if I live a few weeks longer, and to hear much of your mother, of whom I always think with peculiar interest.

From her Diary.

"*April 16th.*—It has been very refreshing to my spirit to commune of heavenly things with those young soldiers of the cross. The Bible has been our chief occupation, for we have desired to search for its hid treasures. I am thankful for the rich possession of Bagster's Bible. My Heavenly Father

sent it to me in great love. I have many tender thoughts of my sister who is gone to Heaven.

"*June 4th.*—My heart is drawn out in inexpressible tenderness towards a sweet little girl who has just left my room, and who passed part of last evening with me. Her mother tells me she is twelve years old, has given evidence of a change of heart since she was five, and became a member of the Presbyterian Church at the age of nine. But I cannot write more this afternoon.

"*June 29th.*—I have been greatly interested, this afternoon, in a visit from my young friend A. M. The circumstances of our acquaintance, her perplexities upon the most important subjects, and the probability that she must soon meet the emergencies of a dying hour, give her a claim upon my sympathy, efforts and prayers which has never been fully met, although my solicitude on her account is deep and strong. This afternoon she almost resolved to venture her soul upon the Lord Jesus, and I felt that He would help her unbelief.

" 'I think I will,' was her reply to my persuasions to trust that Saviour who has had mercy upon me and so many other poor sinners. I told her to kneel down and try to come to the Saviour, and I would pray for her silently. Before she left me, she said she had not examined herself with sufficient seriousness, and endeavored to convince me that she was very sinful, far more so than I realized. I answered that I believed her to be much more so than either she or I realized; but again and again reminded her that she was just such a sinner as Jesus came to save, and that He is a Saviour in every respect adapted to her necessities. But flesh and blood cannot reveal this. Lord Jesus, I bring her to Thee with faith. I believe Thou wilt enable her to receive Thee as her Lord and her God.

"Oh, what a sad theology is Unitarianism! I bless God that I have stronger and better hopes.

"*July* 10*th.*—The 2d day of this month was the anniversary of my precious Lucie's translation. I can truly say that since I have been a disciple of the Lord Jesus, I have never endured an unsustained sorrow. 'He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true.'

"14*th.*—If it be so sweet to experience the chastening of the Lord, what must the enjoyment of His presence be in that world where chastening shall not enter?"

The above allusion to a subject before noticed in this Memoir expresses Miss Allibone's profound convictions. The denial of our blessed Redeemer's supreme Godhead and Atonement awakened in her breast the most painful emotions. There was nought of the asperity of the bigot or controversialist in her tone on this subject, but deep regret and sorrow of heart to witness in any redeemed sinner a disposition to detract from the glory of Immanuel. She thus describes the impression produced on her mind by the works of one of the most gifted and admired writers of this school:

To Rev. R. S.

"You will be surprised, dear R., to receive so prompt a reply to your very welcome letter, but as this rainy afternoon affords me the opportunity of unusual leisure I will gladly devote it to you. You have given me quite a pleasant impression of your new location, with its beautiful maple-tree, and birds singing among the branches. I hope the tap of which you speak will be no unusual sound, and much I desire for my beloved cousin the sympathy of kind friends. How sweet to realize that our Heavenly Father's love is the source of all these comforts, and to be enabled to say, 'Each blessing to my heart more dear, because conferred by Thee'!

"I am truly grieved that your friend is so much pleased with Dr. Channing's works. They are indeed fascinating to the intellect, but very injurious to the spiritual welfare. I remember to have responded to some of these beautifully expressed but dangerous sentiments, by bursting into tears when they were read to me some years since. Channing erects a beautiful structure, but it is not built upon the Rock of Ages, and therefore I can only look upon it with sorrow, for I know that its ruin approacheth. I learn that he was not entirely

satisfied with his own views. I think Dr. C. more dangerous as a writer, because the Arian theology is more specious than the lower grades of Unitarianism. For those who are unwilling to degrade the Saviour to the rank of humanity, and yet refuse to acknowledge His equality with the Father, feel as though they have found in these doctrines a solution of their doubts. But indeed I do not know in what position they place our blessed Redeemer. It is most indefinable and incomprehensible, and certainly involves more difficulties than the system of divinity which they reject. Oh! it makes my heart sick, that He, whom the Scriptures assure us was 'in the beginning with God, and was God,' should be regarded as an inferior being. It has been well observed that 'He, without whom nothing was made that is made, could not have been himself created;' and I rejoice to call Him 'My Lord and my God;' to praise Him, to pray to Him, and to trust Him. Answered prayer is one among the many evidences which confirm my conviction that He is mighty to save, and strong to deliver. It is the privilege of the Trinitarian, dear R., to believe and to fulfil the prophecy, 'He shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father.' Can we possibly ascribe too much homage to Him to whom the Word of God has thus testified? How I love that ascription in our service, 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.' How delightful is the recollection that 'the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the glorious company of the Apostles,' and 'the noble army of martyrs' unite with 'the Holy Church throughout the world,' in the worship of the glorious Trinity. This is a subject upon which I feel deeply, and although I am not aware that your friend is at all disposed to undervalue the claims of Him who 'thought it not robbery to be equal with God,' I hope I shall not forget to pray that He may be taught, by the Holy Ghost, to call Jesus, Lord. For I desire for him not a speculative faith, merely, but an experimental knowledge of our blessed Redeemer, grace to appropriate the benefits of His redemption as his own; not only to call Him the Saviour, but *my* Saviour. I feel an unusual interest in Mr. M. He is an immortal being, your friend, and a Virginian too. There are no people to whom I am so attracted as the warm-hearted natives of his State. Do persuade him to read Theron and Aspasia very soon.

"Now I will return to you, my dear cousin. I am so thankful that you have enjoyed so much spiritual comfort since you left us! Oh that grace, mercy and peace may be multiplied through the

knowledge of Jesus Christ! God has not said 'to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain.' Oh that with increasing faith you may ask in the name of Jesus, and for His sake expect the richest spiritual blessings! The 8th chapter of Romans is a beautiful summary of Christian hopes and privileges. Are you not very glad to resume the charge of your Sunday School boys? Let the Saviour's injunction, 'Feed my lambs,' encourage you to point them to the green pastures in which His flock repose." * * *

To Mrs. C. S. O.

"Sept., 1850.

"I expected we should have enjoyed verbal intercourse ere this, dear C., but thee comes not. It is no wonder I desire the society of one so faithful, and so true, and so beloved. I believe my communications are assuming more and more the character of love-letters—but my story is yet untold. I wish thee could see my little 'Horticultural Exhibition' this afternoon. Dear C., I love still better to behold Him who has said, 'I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley.' I trust His presence will hallow our intercourse. How much we enjoyed it when I was so often with thee at thy home! I remember going into the parlor the morning I left thee, that I might select a promise from the volume of 'Scripture Promises' lying on the table. My eye rested on this passage, 'The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you.' Can I doubt that this promise will be fulfilled? And have I not reason to be very thankful that my Heavenly Father loves me so well as to give me so many proofs that I am His child? I wish my '*light* afflictions' did not cause *thee* so much pain, dear C., much as I appreciate thy sympathy. I have never had to bear them in my own strength, and indeed I could not do without them. Thee will be glad to hear I had a delightful visit from Dr. N., yesterday. He leaves next Tuesday, to attend the General Convention. How much we should pray that a blessing may rest upon its counsels! Oh that we may *all* seek our Heavenly Father's blessing with our whole hearts! I expect a great many spiritual gifts for your household. 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not, with Him also, freely give us all things?'"

To C. R. B.

"Oct. 4, 1850.

"'Yea, I have a goodly heritage,' and am glad to be reminded of this truth by the communication of my valued Friend.

"Strike the harp again, and let the song be praise to our blessed Redeemer, your 'morning,' and my evening 'Star,' or rather, the 'Sun of Righteousness,' shining with 'healing in His wings,' upon your early manhood, and upon the pathway of suffering which I gladly traverse, because it is so brightly irradiated by this heavenly light, and leads to the haven where I would be.

"I often feel as though I were almost there. My heart beats so feebly, that I am reminded that its last pulsation may come ere long. I trust I await my welcome home patiently, and until it come, would 'glory in my infirmity, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.' Need I care that 'my heart and my flesh faileth,' when 'God is the strength of my heart, and *my portion for ever.*'

"Pray much that I may glorify Him unreservedly, that the promise may be fulfilled, 'I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin.'

"May our Father give you grace to consecrate to His service all your strength, all your buoyancy, all that you have and are; and let yours be a lowly and peaceful resting-place at the Cross of our blessed Saviour, until you be elevated to His presence in glory.

"Your true friend."

To a Relative.

"Nov. 1, 1850.

"I have been, for a long time, unable to write my own letters, dear A., but have wished very much to dictate one to you, and I have been fearful that you would suppose that the very welcome and affectionate letter long since received from you and your beloved wife had been quite disregarded. I wished much to have told you how truly I sympathize with you in the loss of your child, which must indeed have been a painful bereavement. Did you go to the Saviour for consolation, my dear cousin? Did you realize that the Good Shepherd had folded this lamb to His bosom, and would have you follow it to the green pastures of eternal life? Is this heavenly guide now 'leading you in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake?' Do you know His voice and follow Him? How true it is, that 'all we, like sheep, have gone astray,' and I do trust the Holy Spirit has given you an experimental knowledge of your sinfulness. You cannot otherwise appreciate the salvation Christ has purchased. Dear

A., have you come to the Saviour on whom 'the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all?' You have always allowed me to express my interest in your spiritual welfare, and if you were at my bed-side, I think I could talk to you more freely than ever. My physical ailments have greatly increased during the past year, and I am apparently all the time on the confines of eternity. Most peacefully I rest upon the finished righteousness of Christ. Most joyfully I appropriate the promises of God's Word. I have found Jesus an unfailing Friend. Oh, I wish I could know if you have learned to trust Him! Will you not write to me at once, when you have received this letter, and tell me whether you have really passed from death unto life? How important it is to realize that we all belong to one of two classes — that there is no neutral ground for us to stand upon. Desires and intentions will not save the soul; therefore, my beloved cousin, whilst I rejoice that you reverence holy things, I cannot feel satisfied until I have learned that you have truly repented and believed; that you have enlisted under the banner of the Prince of peace. His service is delightful, and 'His rest shall be glorious.' 'Tis true His subjects have many enemies to contend with; their own treacherous hearts are their greatest foes, and Satan and the world urge vigorous warfare. The sixth chapter of Ephesians, and the eighty-eighth hymn of our Prayer-book, teach us how to resist their power. 'Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, is more than conqueror.' Unlike the warrior in an earthly battle, the soldier of the Cross relies not upon his own valor. God only teaches us the renunciation of self-dependence. I trust, dear A., you will learn more and more of your own helplessness, and more and more of heavenly strength. You will find every thing in Jesus, if you will come to Him—wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. How much I should love to have you with me now that I might tell you how kind the Saviour has been to me."

To a Bereaved Friend.

"If my steps would obey the impulse of my heart, how soon would I hasten to the dwelling into which sickness and death have entered, to tell you how much I feel for you, and endeavor to alleviate your sufferings. But most of all would I delight to speak of the blessed assurance our Heavenly Father has given us, that He doth not willingly 'afflict nor grieve the children of men,' and to urge you to seek the sanctified uses of adversity. Most gently and tenderly would

I speak of the 'balm of Gilead' to a heart so wounded as thine, dear E.; for such sorrow there is surely no other healing. When I remember the happy hours I have passed with your family in your pleasant home, and then reflect upon the dispensations of Providence which have removed so many of your circle, how can I do else than sympathize most deeply, and fervently pray that many blessed lessons may be the result of this painful experience. Thee remembers how affectionately I was attached to thy beloved mother, with whom I had much profitable intercourse, and who always gave me so warm a welcome when I visited you. Dear ——, too, was always so kind and amiable. And then dear ——, whom I loved so tenderly. If *I* feel sorrowful when I think of these bereavements, what must have been *thy* sufferings? But we trust these loved ones have gone to a better world, and there is more melody in heaven because thy precious children tune angel harps. Oh that their mother's heart may be attracted thither! Dear E., does thee know a Saviour's love? Has thee ever felt the burden of sin — the utter impotence of every effort which the Holy Spirit does not aid? Has thee cast thyself at the feet of Jesus; has thee, weary and heavy laden, come to Him for rest, and bowed thy spirit to take upon thee the yoke of Him who was 'meek and lowly of heart'? When we consider the holiness of the law of God, and realize how often we have broken it — when we contemplate the uncertainty of life, and our certain entrance into the presence of the Judge of 'quick and dead,' with how much solemnity should we ask the question, How can I prepare to meet my God? It is the Holy Spirit's office to convince us of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. Let us implore that He may grant us deeper repentance and more fervent love. Oh how suitable is our Redeemer for every spiritual necessity! It is His office to give 'repentance and remission of sins.' Oh, then, let us humble ourselves before Him; let us rejoice that though 'we have gone astray like lost sheep,' the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He is 'a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' Therefore, the sinner and the sufferer may come to Him, and He will give the 'oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' Oh that much of this consolation may be given thee in this hour of bereavement, sickness and anxiety. Entrust thy beloved husband to the keeping of our Heavenly Father. How painful must be this separation to you both! When thee writes to him, give him from me a message of kind remembrance, and tell him I trust he rests upon the 'Rock of Ages.' Give my love affectionately to every

member of the family, and tell them I have asked our Heavenly Father to be with them in this deep affliction. I should love very much to receive a letter from thee, if the exertion will not be too fatiguing. Allow me to recommend the 53d chapter of Isaiah. I desire for all the comfort I enjoy. More than eleven years have past since I have walked down stairs, yet I cannot say that I ever know a feeling of loneliness. For, unworthy as I am, the Saviour's presence sustains me. That we may both enjoy it for ever is the prayer of thy sincerely affectionate friend."

From her Diary.

"*Nov.* 17*th.*—Dear cousin has been reading to me this morning, before Church, and this afternoon also, many portions of the Prayer-book, which, with Adam Clark, I can truly say is, next to the Bible, the book of my understanding and my heart. The Visitation Service she read fervently and devoutly. I wish it were more used in sick-rooms.

"How can I be thankful enough that I was led to Jesus before my chamber became my abiding-place! I had not the Saviour to seek in a sick-room, but came into it 'leaning upon the Beloved.' I have 'sinned and come short,' but He has been to me 'a merciful and faithful High Priest.' This is the experience of my eleven years' inability to walk down stairs.

'I know the Power in which I trust,
The Arm on which I lean.'"

Notes.

"Dear Susan says, 'It is my brightest idea of happiness, to be alone with my Heavenly Father on earth, and to be with Him in a large company in Heaven.'

"*Sunday, Nov.* 3*d.*—When I spoke of having but four scholars in the colored class to-day, she replied, 'Oh, *one's* enough to labor over a life-time. We don't realize, in that way, enough, the worth of the soul.'

"*Nov.* 11*th.*—It is eleven years since Susan walked down stairs. When F. said it was well she could not foresee so

many years of suffering, she replied, 'I might have known, as I do now, that the Lord would be with me.'

"Of the church which she is so interested in building she said, 'I don't want a dollar of compromise-money in that church.'

"'The Holy Spirit,' she said, 'is never a Comforter unless He is a Sanctifier too.'

"13*th.*—Susan is worse to-day. She remarked that she did not bear her own burdens, and she did not want any one else to share them.

"Spoke of the beauty of the text, 'He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.'"

To Rev. Mr. D.

"Dec. 6, 1850

"Almost every day the thought occurs, I would like to write to Mr. D. Very pleasant is the recollection of our intercourse. Our Saviour's all-sufficiency was the theme, and this is a subject of inexhaustible interest to the sinner, who would be saved—to the sufferer, who would be comforted—to the ignorant, who desires instruction. And then, to hear and to speak of our blessed Redeemer as a well-tried Friend, of whom all we have learned increases our desire to know more, is one of the joys with which 'a stranger intermeddleth not.'

"He has been to me, my dear Mr. D., 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,' 'my shield, my glory and the lifter up of mine head.' Wonderful, indeed, has been the gentleness with which He has conducted me along the path of suffering! That such a path has been chosen for me is a proof both of wisdom and of love. That it should have been made so pleasant, is an illustration of the truth that 'the Lord doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men,' but administers the rod of discipline with a countenance so full of benignity, and so many words of encouragement, that the wound is inflicted and healed at the same moment. It is humiliating that we require so much chastening; it is more humiliating that the peaceable fruits of righteousness grow so slowly in soil upon which so much culture has been bestowed; but it is an unspeakable consolation to know that an omnipotent Being has assumed the task of our sanctification, and will 'work in us to will and to do.' Will we

not be very glad when we have learned to sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,' without one note of discord; when self shall have been quite forgotten in the contemplation of our Redeemer's glory? And even now that we do nothing as we ought, how safe and tranquil we are, since we are 'accepted in the Beloved,' and are 'complete in Him.'

"I had not talked with you long, before I discovered that the theology I have found strong enough to bear the pressure of all my necessities, was yours also; and how much was I gratified to learn that my beloved pastor, Dr. Clark, who bore such faithful testimony to the truth we love, was your spiritual friend. 'The memory of the just is blessed,' is an assertion of Scripture peculiarly applicable to him. The love of Christ was the constraining motive of his life; and but a day or two before his death, when he was almost too ill to speak, he said to sister M., 'My hope is Jesus! Jesus!' All physical discomfort is over now and every sorrow forgotten, for the Lamb is the light of the city in which he dwells.

'Let saints below His praises sing,
With those to glory gone,
For all the children of our King
In Heaven and earth are one.

'One army of the living God,
At His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.'

"May our Father in Heaven, who has vouchsafed you an intense desire to persuade many wanderers to become your fellow-pilgrims to the land of promise, direct and bless your every effort."

Notes.

"Of a Tractarian book which some one gave her, she said it seemed to have been written by a person with a perplexed mind.

"*Dec. 25th.*—Susan says she never woke with sweeter feelings on a Christmas morning. She told me that tears of joy came into her eyes at the prospect of *going up.* She spoke of no Christmas excitement being comparable to quiet prayer.

"*28th.*—She was suffering more than usual, but had the

prayer-meeting in her room. Repeated, 'Lo, what a cloud of witnesses,' and prayed very solemnly that all there might be sheltered in the Rock of Ages, as we were from the storm that raged around. She brought most vividly before the mind the state of those who, being without the Ark, were exposed to the lightning of God's displeasure.

"*Dec.* 31*st.*—She was much pleased with a sentiment written by Dr. Judson in a Prayer-book, in which a friend desired to have his autograph. 'Dr. Judson takes great pleasure in inscribing his name in the book of devotions used by so many of the people of God. "Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied upon all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."'"

CHAPTER XXII.

1851.

Interest in Foreign Missions — Letters on the subject to Rev. R. Smith — Mr. Smith's Devotion to the Work, and Early Death — Letter to Dr. N. — Another sharp Affliction — Letter of Consolation — Dr. Gordon's Life — Letters: to Rev. Mr. D., on Entering the Ministry: to an Invalid Youth — Visit from an aged Christian.

THE Foreign Missionary cause had no warmer friend than Miss Allibone. Her unwearied and energetic efforts for the spiritual welfare of those immediately around her never so absorbed her love and zeal, as to render her unmindful that multitudes of those for whom Christ shed his blood were enveloped in the thickest midnight of error and sin. To her enlarged charity "the field was the world." To her faith the final triumph of the Gospel was indubitable. "I love to meet any one," she said, "who heartily approves of Foreign Missions." A friend remarks, "How ardent was her missionary spirit! How her heart yearned with pity over the heathen world, and with what exulting joy did she look forward to the time when they shall remember themselves and turn to the Lord! From her bed of sickness, as from an eminence, she saw things in their true proportions. She viewed the missionary's trials, discouragements, separation from friends, sacrifice of health and life, in the light of the glory that should follow. She viewed the perishing state of the heathen as He viewed it who 'so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' And she deemed it an exceeding favor to be allowed any part in bringing them to the knowledge of their God and Saviour."

The two letters following were addressed to her cousin, Robert Smith, then a student in the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, while he was meditating the deeply interesting point of his personal self-devotion to Foreign Missions. His confidential friend and adviser replies with undisguised pleasure at the suggestion, and dwells upon the exceeding privilege and happiness of the work. But the spirit which her letters breathe is nothing akin to unreflecting impulse or romantic enthusiasm. Her counsels are sober and enlightened, while her soul glows with divinely-enkindled ardor. She urges her young relative to count the cost, and satisfy himself that the call was from God. Mr. Smith was soon led to the decided conviction that it was his duty to carry the gospel message to benighted Africa. With a heart full of love for souls perishing through lack of knowledge, he threw himself into the work. But the Master whom he served accepted the desire of his heart, instead of a protracted life of labor and self-denial. After a few weeks' sojourn in Western Africa, and giving indications of the true spirit of an Evangelist, he was taken to that bright world whither his faithful spiritual counsellor had, but a few months before, preceded him. Although he fell in the prime of life, full of promise and energy, yet can it be supposed that either of the two sainted friends now regret the determination, or would wish the step recalled? Words of thankfulness and confidence were on his dying lip. His term of service, though brief, was long enough to glorify his Redeemer, and leave an example of heroic devotedness to the great and blessed cause of evangelizing the heathen. "None of those things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God." While these sheets were passing under the author's eye, the intelligence was received of the unexpected removal of him to whom these letters were directed, and

we may be pardoned for turning aside for a moment to drop the tear of sympathy and utter the thanksgiving of faith over his early grave.

To the Rev. R. Smith.

"Jan. 4, 1851.

"There is much in my heart, upon the subject of missions, which I have never expressed to you, my dear cousin. Your recent letters have touched a chord whose vibrations would have reached you long ere this, if I could have gratified my earnest desire. I trust I have not a friend whom I would not encourage to say among the heathen, 'The Lord reigneth,' if I were assured he would go at His bidding, and in His strength. I am glad when I learn that a missionary spirit has inspired *any* heart, and am rejoiced that my beloved cousin, and some of his fellow-students, are inquiring whether it may not be their privilege to be the first to proclaim to some of their fellow-sinners that Jesus has died for them. They need the Gospel so much that it should not be withheld, and it is a selfish policy which would chill the ardor of those who are willing to tell them that 'there is balm in Gilead, and a Physician there.' It should be enough for the friends of every missionary that 'the Lord hath need of him.'

"I have endeavored to pray much that you and your friends may know the will of our Father in Heaven, and 'by His merciful guiding may perform the same.' If this fire be not of the Lord's kindling, it will probably be soon extinguished. And in such a case, it would be well if it were. There are stern realities in missionary life; there are high and holy duties to be performed; and he whose sufficiency is *not* of God will soon grow weary.

Mere human energy shall fail,
And youthful vigor cease,
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.'

"I have often quoted a promise we cannot test too fully, and I will quote it again: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' I have desired that you might be a foreign missionary, that you might be endued with a spirit which would make you willing to be *any* thing, to labor any where. Therefore, I bid you 'God speed' in every prayer and every effort for the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom." * * *

To the same.

"March 7th, 1851.

"I suspect, dear Robert, that my days of letter-writing are almost over, since I am scarcely capable of the effort of even a pencilled communication; but a powerful impulse urges me to encourage you to 'press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' Earnest is my desire that, if our Father have indeed inspired you with a missionary spirit, you may 'confer not with flesh and blood,' but may receive a blessed answer to the continual petition, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' I do not observe in your letters any deficiency in simplicity of heart, but am thankful that you anticipate labor and self-denial in our Redeemer's service as a privilege of which you are not worthy, and well may you employ these terms. If St. Paul was astonished at the condescension which permitted him to cast his powerful intellect and carefully accumulated stores of learning into the service of his Redeemer; if this once proud Pharisee exclaimed, 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ,'—it does not seem too much that you, or any of your fellow-students, or indeed the most useful and able of those who have been already commissioned to proclaim the Gospel, should expend all the talent and strength God may have given you in persuading Ethiopia to 'stretch out her hands unto God.' Your companions, who have united with you in imploring direction upon this important subject, are often remembered in my prayers.

"I do not believe that a true-hearted missionary ever went to heathen shores, who did not first encounter vigorous opposition from 'the world, the flesh and the devil.' This is, indeed, an offensive war upon the kingdom of darkness. Satan is not willing that his iron bands should be displaced, that our Redeemer's easy yoke may be their substitute. Society, so ready to applaud the enterprising spirit of the young man who goes to distant climes to seek wealth or learning, or to shed human blood, grieves greatly over him who wastes his energies and risks his life in pointing the poor heathen to the only true riches, the most important knowledge and the blood which was shed for him. Yes, and the heart also must surely whisper many suggestions which require the resistance of the martyr, who saw his wife and children, as he passed on to the fire which was to remove him from their sight, and exclaimed, striking his breast, 'Flesh, stay thou!' It is a glorious privilege to be a missionary,

and if the Father of the fatherless should thus favor my orphan cousin, I will bid him God speed. I do not mean that I expect to be among the friends to whom you will say farewell, but will give you my parting salutation now. It is only if the Lord will, I would have it thus.

"In spirit, dear Robert, always press onward. Simplicity of faith, peculiar holiness of life and untiring zeal are the blessings I desire for you. 'Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge,' is a wise injunction. That you may be a diligent student, not only of the most important branch of clerical education—experimental religion—but of the most scriptural system of divinity, is among my hopes and expectations. There is so much diluted theology, that I am increasingly solicitous that you should carry into the pulpit the very essence of the Gospel. You know it is my belief that this is to be found in the imputed righteousness of Christ. I have always found that the sermons and books which have most adequately met my spiritual necessities, have been those in which this theology is most clearly unfolded.

"Great is my appreciation of the privileges you enjoy in the Institution which you correctly estimate as a more happy home than any you have ever had. I regard it as a military college, in which many a soldier of the cross is wisely preparing for the battle-field. Whilst you carefully investigate, and greatly prize our scriptural and apostolic ecclesiastical organization, you are chiefly desirous to learn to sound the story of redeeming love in tones so clear, so gentle and so penetrating, that the obdurate heart shall be broken and the wounded bound up. * * *

"And now I will speak of the event which has caused us all to feel so deeply: the transplantation of the fair flower which was unfolding so beautifully—our sweet little Horace. You can scarcely imagine how increasingly attractive he had become. His intellectual development was considered very precocious, and his health had greatly improved. His mother was more and more successful in her attempts to teach him to obey, and we expected him to be blest and be a blessing. Nor are we disappointed. The gentle Shepherd of Israel extended His arm of love, and drew this little one into His own immediate presence that He might grant him *all good*, and I trust his removal will teach many a lesson of profit. His parents are submissive and greatly comforted, but their heart-strings are bleeding." * * *

To Rev. Dr. N.

"January 31st, 1851.

"I am glad to have a little strength this evening, that I may at least commence the letter I have so long wished to write to my greatly valued friend. A slate and pencil, with my sister's services as copyist, are my facilities for the accomplishment of this desire, but how much more would I enjoy a visit from you this evening, how much rather have you talk with me of 'the hope of Israel!'

"I value the society of my friends in proportion to the profitableness of our intercourse, and review with pleasure our many happy interviews. We talked of the immutability of Jehovah, and beheld His glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

"If your painful separation from so many friends be the means, through our Father's great love, of conveying these precious truths to some of the immortal beings who surround you, how rejoiced and thankful you will be! and it is impossible that the faithful proclamation of the Gospel be unaccompanied with rich results; 'for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.' Oh, that you may be enriched with all utterance, and draw so largely from 'the wells of salvation,' that you shall have copious draughts to present to thirsty pilgrims who come to you for refreshment. There is much controversy in the Church, and much conformity to the world. It is cheering to listen to the Gospel clarion, rising with its full, clear notes above discordant sounds, tuning its oft-repeated melody—'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will to men.' And is not he greatly privileged who brings this music to the weary ones of earth, who tells them of a Saviour 'mighty to save and strong to deliver'?

"I am thankful that the Lord has enabled you to be a cheerful giver to this glorious service, and trust you will find encouragement on your way to Heaven. Do remind the invalids of Toplady's beautiful hymn—'When languor and disease invade.' It is very expressive.

"Wilberforce says he would rather go to Heaven bearing Hannah More's 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' than all the novels Sir Walter Scott ever wrote, and I am very sure that we are under greater obligations to Toplady for his three hymns, 'Rock of Ages,' 'Deathless Principle,' and the one I have already mentioned, than to the author of the most sublime poem which has not the glory of our Heavenly Father for its object, and the all-sufficiency of our Saviour for its

theme. Oh, that intellect were always consecrated! Oh, that the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ were more diligently sought!

"Since I know that this investigation will be the employment of a glorified eternity, I take little interest in the speculative views of a future state with which philosophers would furnish us. 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold the glory which Thou hast given me.'

"I suppose your dear mother is learning more and more of this blessed Saviour as she awaits a welcome to His immediate presence. Do tell me much of her when you write. * * *

Another domestic affliction pierced the heart of Miss Allibone, so alive to others' griefs. The loss by a beloved sister of her only child, was the occasion of the following most touching letter, so deep in its tenderness, so effectual in its consolation. The blow to her sensitive soul was a sore and heavy one; but however roughly the harp-strings might be struck, they only gave out the same sweet harmony of holy peace and loving acquiescence.

To her Sister E.

"Feb. 19, 1851.

"Until I had prepared this paper to write to you, my dear, dear sister, I did not trust myself to read the note sister F. brought into my room, nor did I know it was from you. I did not ask, 'How is Horace?' for I knew the precious child was well forever. I inquired nothing, but I lifted up my heart in prayer, for I needed *very much* the help I always find in time of need.

"Oh! how strange that so many tears should fall when God has granted me so great a blessing — even the salvation of my sister's only child, who is, indeed, 'bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.' I do thank and bless and love Him for this mercy. He has more than answered all my prayers. He loved our darling one too well to entrust him to any earthly keeping, however tender, however prayerful. We would have it so. Father! we thank Thee that *Thy will is done.*

"I knew He would be with you, my poor child. I have asked this of Him again and again with *perfect* confidence. I knew He

would enable you to glorify Him, and you will always find Him 'a present help.' Only, dear E., do not trust yourself to think: turn every thought to prayer. 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a petition which has often reminded me that I must not indulge myself in reflecting much upon the bereavements I have sustained.

"When your cherished one is removed from you, remember 'The dead in Christ repose in guarded rest.' Follow his spirit to its bright Home. Oh, how sweet it will be when you go out of the world to be welcomed by your child to a world of glory, rather than to leave him behind to 'mourn for his mother;' for this is sorrow, indeed.

"I have said nothing to my dear brother, but trust 'the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,' has spoken to his aching heart. Dear brother F., this is a great sorrow. You have loved to tell me of the engaging words of your dear child, and your house will seem very desolate; but if you could listen for one moment to the song of praise your boy is singing, you would forget to weep. God will be with you both — with us all, for Jesus' sake. How much we owe to redeeming love! This is another blood-bought victory. It is the white robe of the Lamb which covers our dear little Horace. And now the benefit! Lord, be Thou our Teacher.

"Do not feel anxious about me: you know I am always comforted. Come to see me as soon as it will be proper. My heart yearns over you with inexpressible affection. How much more is our great High Priest 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' He knows all the exquisite sensibilities of a mother's heart. Does not Scripture tell us much, when it records — 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son'?

"And now, farewell! Oh! would not our blessed faith be worth much, if it were only for such an hour as this!"

From her Diary.

"*Sunday, March 2d*, 1851. — Almost two weeks have passed since our sweet little H. was received into the upper sanctuary. This blessing we received with many tears. He was a lovely child, and I am thankful he is so near the Friend of little children.

"Does the Christian, who is sustained in the hour of bereavement, require any further testimony of the truth of our

holy religion? Does *he* require to read books of Evidence? Oh, how I pity—not the sceptic, only—but him who refuses to *appropriate* the Gospel! 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.'

"*March 7th.*—One very affecting thought has been often impressed upon my mind: 'The Father of mercies enables me to glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.' He comes promptly to my aid in the hour of need, or rather is already with me. When I am too weak to speak or even to think with energy, I *rest* upon my Saviour, and find him all I need. But how do I requite this kindness?

"I have been listening with deep interest to Dr. Gordon's life. The simplicity of his faith during his illness and in his last moments is instructive and delightful; but I feel almost afraid that the speculative spirit of his earlier life was ascribed too much to an ardent love of truth and superiority of intellect, rather than to the true source of all hesitation to receive the truths of Scripture—a deficiency in humility and teachableness of spirit.

"However, both he and his biographer say much of the importance of coming to Jesus as a little child, and I think his testimony will do much for the cause of Christianity. Oh, that his whole life had been as full of the Gospel as his last hours! But, alas! who can say that his whole life has been given to the service of our best Friend?

"Dear sister has also been reading to me the Life of the Rev. Henry Owen. 'Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' I enjoyed this book greatly. I like those books best in which there is most of the Saviour.

"*May 14th.*—'The Lamb is the light thereof.' How little I prize the theology to which this description does not apply! If our Redeemer's presence will constitute the happiness of heaven, why should it not be sought all the way thither—in intercouse, in books—every where?"

Notes.

"*Feb. 9th*, 1851.—S. is delighted with the Life of the Rev. H. Owen, and looks forward to meeting him in Heaven. She said that the death of Dr. Bedell taught her a deep lesson. That she was very enthusiastic, and inclined to lean upon an arm of flesh.

"*March 15th.*—The glass being given her to arrange her hair, she repeated, 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved.' 'It looks very much like being dissolved,' she continued. She spoke of her pleasant room, but said it was only a tent in the wilderness, and repeated the passage, 'He looked for a city which hath foundations.'"

To Rev. Mr. D.

"May 10, 1851.

"If a less mechanical medium of expression had been at my command, dear Mr. D., you would have long since received my cordial congratulations upon your entrance into the ministry. It is indeed a privilege to be commissioned to proclaim the truths which have so long sustained your own spirit—to say to lost sinners, 'We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.'

"Oh! that the Holy Ghost may give unto you, and all other 'stewards of His mysteries,' ability to unfold the wonders of redeeming love with all the clearness and simplicity which are required by the necessities of the Church and the world! 'The truth as it is in Jesus! Oh, how much does this expression comprehend! How inexhaustible a subject of instruction and enjoyment the tree of knowledge upon whose branches the aspiring spirit may sit with folded wing, whilst she rejoices that the object of pursuit has been fully gained; and then, wondering at the paradox of insatiable satisfaction, ascend higher and still higher to gather from each bough more delicious fruit, and repose beneath more refreshing shade! And thus, as she soars on throughout the ages of eternity, will the summit be still beyond her, for God is infinite, and progression an element of happiness. Can we ask more?

'The bird that soars with highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest.'

And thus the recipient of salvation sits at His Master's feet until he be elevated to a world of glory. Your appreciation of humility, and desire for its attainment, is a proof that you 'covet earnestly the best gifts.' Whilst I pray that your posture may be so lowly that you cannot be cast down, I again congratulate you, fervently and affectionately, that you are an ambassador of Jesus Christ! Oh! that you may be admitted into the presence-chamber of the King of kings, and listen so reverently to the royal message, that you shall be prepared to ascend the pulpit with a firm step, a glowing heart, and irresistible authority!

"I wish you could come to my chamber of sickness, with renewed assurances of our Redeemer's tenderness. It is true you would speak to one who has long rejoiced that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' to one whose inmost soul would echo the story of His ability to sustain, His readiness to console; but I would ever listen to the welcome sound. I would repent more deeply the sins committed against such mercy. I would believe, love and obey as I have never done before.

"If you could be my chaplain, I would invite our poor neighbors to gather around yon, and would also collect some of my affluent friends to be told that they possess nothing." * * *

To a Young Relative.

"I often think with interest of my dear ——, who sometimes visited me last summer, and for whom I then determined I would pray very often. Does thee wonder, dear, that thy spiritual welfare should be to me an object of so much deep solicitude? I feel that the children of my beloved —— have a peculiar claim upon my prayers and sympathies, and it is my earnest desire also, that all to whom I am related by the ties of kindred should belong to the household of faith. Then too, dear, thee is in the morning of thy days, and our Heavenly Father has given cheering assurances to the youthful suppliant. Search for these promises, and plead them in prayer. 'Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me?' 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.' 'My son, give me thine heart,' is the gentle pleading of a Heavenly Parent's love. Let this be thy response:

'Soon as I heard my Father say,
My children seek my grace —
My heart replied, without delay,
I 'll seek my Father's face.'

"There is one respect, dear, in which we are somewhat similarly situated, and this has often caused me to think of thee with great tenderness and sympathy. Our Father in Heaven has foreseen that it would be best for our immortal interests that we should be deprived of the buoyancy of health, and we have very often found that an excitable nervous system greatly interferes with the intellectual effort we should so much love to make. Thee may imagine how much I have felt for thee when I was informed, a week or two since, that it was deemed expedient thee should no longer attend school. I remember well how many tears I shed when I was subjected to this trial, for it was my earnest desire to acquire vast stores of information. But I felt even then there was one subject of investigation more important than all the resources of human literature; that there is a path in which even a weary pilgrim might walk; and thither the Holy Spirit directed my steps. I have traversed it during many years of combined suffering and enjoyment. Here I have found the pearl of great price, here I explore the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ Jesus. Here I am refreshed by the influences of the Holy Spirit, and have learned to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. And this is not a solitary way, for the Lord is my Shepherd, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadethme beside the still waters. Will not my dear young friend share my journey and my repose? Will not thee even now, on bended knee and with lifted heart, offer the petition, 'Lead me in the way everlasting.' Jesus hath said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.' Come to Him then with every sin and corruption of thy heart; implore pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace. In every moment of depression remember that our Saviour has promised, 'In me ye shall have peace.' To the weary and heavy-laden He hath said kindly, 'I will give you rest.'

"Is not the Bible most wonderfully adapted to our necessities? It speaks pardon to the sinner, consolation to the wounded spirit; and we learn from its pages that it is not needful that we should yield for one moment to impatience or despondency, for there it is recorded, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength is made perfect in weakness.'

"Oh that we may ever imitate the example of our meek and lowly Saviour, and let us trace His image in the character of thy dear departed sister. I love to think of the placid countenance which told of the peace that passeth understanding. She came, with shattered nerves and debilitated constitution, to Him who is touched with a

feeling of our infirmities. His unutterable love cheered her earthly pilgrimage, and it is her light in heaven. God has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and if she could speak to us from her throne of glory, would she not tell us to pray for grace to glorify our Heavenly Father by meek submission to His holy will, and to prove the sufficiency of His grace, by the blessed 'fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness and faith.'

"How much it would please me to receive a reply to this letter, which I have employed my sister's pen to write.

"Believe me, dear, with prayerful affection, thine.

To a Young Lady.

"I have felt a desire to direct your attention to a Friend that 'sticketh closer than a brother,' to Him who is indeed the 'balm of Gilead,' who waits to minister healing to the wounded heart. During many years of physical suffering I have calmly and peacefully trusted in His love. In the hour of bereavement, and in the anticipation of death, in 'looking unto Jesus' I have found effectual consolation. Many years have passed since I have been able to mingle with the busy scenes of life, nor do I anticipate the return of health and activity. 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore do I hope in Him,' and this is the portion I would wish for all around me. Have you ever felt your need of a Saviour's love, dear Miss ——? Have you ever realized that all the ties of earth must at last be severed, that all its day-dreams must pass away and be succeeded by the realities of the eternal world? Oh, have you remembered that we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and in the presence of the Most High acknowledge our manifold transgressions against His most Holy laws? Has the solemn question, 'What must I do to be saved?' been succeeded by the earnest prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' and has this petition been offered in His name, for whose sake alone we hope to receive mercy? If not, permit me affectionately to persuade you to survey yourself in the mirror of God's law, and thence to repair to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. If you will only come to this precious Saviour, you will realize more happiness than your youthful imagination has ever pictured, and if you wish to know how to come, the blessed Bible will give you the teaching you require. I refer you to the 11th chapter of St. Luke for a very gracious assurance of our Heavenly Father's willingness to grant His Holy Spirit in answer to fervent prayer.

"We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. If it were not so, we would not need the Saviour's cleansing blood. If you have an experimental realization of these truths, you will appreciate the motives which dictate this expression of my interest; but if it should appear intrusive, you will pardon the liberty which has been taken by one who has been so long an invalid. How much I should be gratified by an early reply to this very unexpected communication.

"Believe me, with sincere interest."

To a Friend, on Recovery from Illness.

"Permit me to make you an epistolary visit, my dear friend, since I cannot be one of those who have given you a verbal expression of sympathy. I will not be prevented from doing this by my inability to write my own letters, since the pen of dear sister F. is at my service. I have thought of you with much solicitude, and earnest is my desire that the dangerous illness which has reminded your friends how tenderly they love you, may prove the most blessed event of your life. I know you have realized your dependence upon the Almighty, and I trust your heart is now surrendered to His service so unreservedly, that you will be thankful that He has given you an opportunity of yielding obedience to our Redeemer's command, that His disciples should confess Him before men. You have always listened patiently when I have persuaded you to come to that Saviour who has filled my heart with consolation, and I thank you for this, for in speaking to you of these subjects I have not assumed a right, but claimed a privilege. These efforts have often been very painful to me, for I did not wish to appear presumptuous, but I do not believe you have thought me so. Nor need I fear that I shall now displease you when I tell you that tears are in my eyes, and solicitude in my heart. If it were in my power I would gladly hasten to you, and ask you if you have not said to our merciful Saviour,

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do'?

If this be the language of your heart, you have learned a blessed lesson, which human wisdom and systems of theology cannot teach—even the experimental knowledge of your own helplessness, and the all-sufficiency of Christ.

'This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard the Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

'And lo! I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but grace I shall receive.'

"How different are the promptings of our nature! They teach that self-improvement must be our preparation for acceptance with God, and would urge us to repent more deeply, to believe more simply, and to yield more implicit obedience, before we presume to appropriate the merits of the Redeemer. I will send you a little book upon this subject, which has been very useful to some of my friends, and to which I attach peculiar value.

"I know you are reserved, dear friend, but if indeed you have in secret given your heart to God, I trust you will not defer the public acknowledgment of this consecration. I recollect to have once heard a remark in reference to Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, one of whom 'came to Jesus by night,' and the other 'was a disciple, but secretly, for fear of the Jews.' When the Saviour, whom they had feared to acknowledge, was crucified, they no longer hesitated to own their allegiance, and the preacher said that it must be always thus with the true disciples of Jesus. For a season, they may hesitate to avow their sentiments, but if their faith be genuine, it will be at last confessed.

"Surely so affectionate a parent as you would be no longer willing to withhold from his children the example by which they will be the most powerfully influenced. That your dying hour, when it shall really come, may be one of unclouded spiritual joy, and unfaltering testimony to the Redeemer's power to save, is the heartfelt prayer of your S. A."

To Mrs. M.

"How gladly would I accompany our friend Eliza when she visits you, dear Madam, if it were in my power to do so! She speaks of you so often and so affectionately, that I scarcely realize that you are a stranger, and very much should I love to read to you, and cheer your hours of solitude, but I too am an invalid, and our Heavenly Father has appointed that I should receive rather than impart offices

of kindness. My thoughts are often with you, for I am aware that wearisome days and nights of suffering are appointed you. Is it not a comfort to trace, in all our physical infirmities, the wise discipline of a Heavenly Father's love? He knows our proneness to rest upon created good, and places us in a position in which we can better view the promised land. If we had never wept, we could not have realized the sweetness of the promise, 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' If we had never suffered, we should not so fully rejoice in the assurance, that 'we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' How welcome to the children of sorrow His blessed mission to heal the broken-hearted, and to bind up all their wounds! How composing to the spirit to know too that we can bring all our sins to this merciful Redeemer, that though our wanderings have been so many, and so entire our inability to fulfil the requirements of God's law, the *believer* need not fear: he is accepted in the Beloved! I trust, dear Mrs. ——, that *we* are thus regarded by the Most High, that we 'have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us.' Accept my grateful appreciation of the kind feeling you have evinced. I am not surprised that you so much admire Bradley's sermons; they are indeed deeply interesting.

"That 'the peace of God, which passeth understanding,' may ever be your portion, is the sincere petition of one who feels for you the most unfeigned sympathy, and is, very respectfully, yours."

To a Young Person in Ill-health.

"I wish you were resting upon the sofa in my quiet room, dear C. I have thought of you so often, and prayed for you so much, that a visit from you would give me great pleasure. With the older members of your family I am well acquainted, but you are an object of peculiar interest, because I believe it is a cord of love which confines you to a recumbent posture, and am very desirous that you should accept the invitation, 'My son, give me thy heart!' If you will listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit, if you will pray earnestly that His influences may be granted you more and more, if you will seek to be united to our blessed Saviour as the branch is united to the vine, if you be admitted into the spiritual family of God and taught to call Him Father, you will learn the full meaning of that passage of Scripture, 'With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

"You are not too young to seek a change of heart; you are not too young to enjoy the peaceful communion with your Maker which will more than compensate for all the deprivations you endure, shed a bright light upon your future life and cheer your dying hour. And does not your safety, as well as your happiness, require your immediate acceptance of the offers of salvation?

"Do you read the Bible, dear C., with as much attention as though its instructions had been given to you alone? Do you compare your conduct and character with the holy law of God? Have you ever inquired whether the blessings promised to the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, can be claimed by you? Have you carefully examined the ten commandments, to see if you have kept them all? Are you conscious, my dear boy, that young as you are, you have greatly sinned against the kind Heavenly Father who has given you so many blessings? And do you also feel that you are utterly unable to make yourself worthy of His favor, since your heart 'is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked?' I wish you had all these feelings, for 'there is a sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of,' and 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

"It is only when we feel our sinfulness, that we can appreciate the wonders of redeeming love. It is only when we realize that we have no other helper nor hope, that we rejoice with all our hearts that the Lord Jesus Christ is made to the believer, 'wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' Will you not thus receive Him, dear C.? He is a blessed Saviour. Your father does not love you half so well, and your mother's tenderness is not so great. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Oh that you could enter into the Apostle's meaning when he exclaims, 'The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead, and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them.' In writing thus to you, I do not forget that you are very young. Many disciples have sat at our Saviour's feet who have not numbered so many years as you; many have been elevated to His presence in Heaven, who rejoice that the blessedness of early piety was theirs. It is mournful to look upon a boy who is unreconciled, unsafe, unhappy, unrestrained. It is cheering to the spirit to see a young heart opened to receive the glorious light of the Gospel, to observe from day to day the strengthening influence of religious principle. Oh, come to

Him, whom to know is peace; listen to His voice; He will say, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' 'Peace be still!' will hush the tumultuous passions of the youthful bosom. Bring every trial, every temptation, to this compassionate Redeemer. He will never disappoint you. Then, too, when you have experienced this happiness, you will desire it for all around you; you will pray for your younger brothers and sisters; your example will confirm their conviction of the reality of religion, and it is most probable that they will bless you throughout all eternity as the instrument of winning them to the service of the King of kings. How glad I should be to receive a letter from you, containing the information that you are 'seeking the Lord while He may be found.'

'My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Oh hear me when I pray,
Wash all my sins away,
And let me from this day
Be wholly thine.'

"My sister will copy this long letter, which I have been obliged to write upon the slate, as I am only able to use my pencil very carelessly. I think these little volumes will interest you. Accept them, dear C., with the best wishes of your friend."

From her Diary.

"*Sept. 3d.*—Even if my eyes must suffer a little, I will record Dr. B.'s visit. He came on Wednesday afternoon, and we succeeded in persuading him to pass the night with us. 'The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.' With delight I listened to the instructions of this venerable man. I have a strong natural affection for elderly people, and an aged Christian is my delight. Then I love Dr. B. for many reasons. He is a very old friend, and so warm-hearted and gentlemanly. To me he has ever been kind and profitable. His Christian character acquires increasing dignity and elevation. His anticipations of heaven are very vivid. He expressed an ardent longing for a summons to his heavenly home, and great pleasure in the expectation of recognising his children who are there."

Notes.

"*Nov.* 11*th.*—I asked S. about her feelings during the sinking attacks which are so frequent now. 'What wonderful help He gives sometimes!' she replied. '"Gracious and ready help," as the Collect says.' In relation to her agonizing pain, she said it was not vain to seek the Lord, and that He bore the burden for her. She had been praying that the sick may all be comforted,—that they may all seek the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness.

"*Nov.*—She prayed 'that every sinful heart be washed in the blood of the Lamb. May missionaries be sent, and purses opened, and hearts filled with love! And we pray Thee to grant that faithful ambassadors may go. Thou hast the hearts of all men in Thy hands.'

"Speaking of the colored class, and the importance of instructing it, she applied the following passage to neglect of such a duty: 'I was in the prison of sin, and ye visited me not; I was naked, and ye told me not of the robe of righteousness; I was athirst, and ye did not lead me to the living waters; I was hungry, and ye fed me not with the bread of life.'

"*Dec.* 25*th.*—Looking at a splendid bouquet which had been sent her, in one of the vases she had just received, she said, 'I scarcely ought to have such beautiful things.'

"*Dec.* 30*th.*—News of Mr. Clay's illness. She prayed for him, that 'at evening time' there might be much 'light.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

1852.

Letter on Missions to R. S.—Natural Affections strengthened by Grace—Letter to a Friend on the Death of his Mother—Letters to Friends in Europe: to R. S., the Ministry: to a Young Convert: to a Prisoner.

To R. S.

"January 1st, 1852.

"It is rather late to offer you, my dear cousin, the salutations of the Christmas and New Year season, but they will not be the less welcome because I have kept them in my heart so long. * * *

"I am thankful, very thankful, my dear orphan cousin, that human sympathy is not your dependence, but that you go through the wilderness, 'leaning upon the Beloved.' It is of comparatively little importance whether you pursue the sheltered path of domestic life, or the rugged steps of missionary enterprise, if all your weight shall rest upon the powerful arm, and your pilgrimage be cheered by sweet, blessed companionship.

"Your measure of communion with our Redeemer will always be the measure of your happiness, and if His bidding remove you from your country and your friends, what more can you require than the assurance, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest'?

"My dear cousin, pray for grace to 'endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' The battle will soon be over; and you will not feel that you have fought too valiantly. Much is said of the sacrifices of missionary life, and they who make them can understand the deep meaning of words and glances which are to be exchanged no more on earth. Our Father has endowed our nature with strong sensibilities, and those who love Him best are not least capable of social affinities. Their hearts are more tender and more true to all legitimate affections, whilst they alone have been attracted by the

stronger and more holy fellowship of Christian love. It is, therefore, true that the Christian exile has a double portion of sorrow, but 'the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant.'

"*Saturday.*—I received your letter last evening, whilst I was engaged in pencilling my own epistle, but deferred its entire perusal until this morning.

"You refer to a subject which to me is of deepest interest—the importance of rigid self-discipline from the earliest youth. We can tune our notes of sorrow and self-reproach upon the same key, dear R., but 'if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

"I listened, some time since, to two printed sermons from the text, 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ;' and was pleased with the sentiment, that if we meet a man remarkable for self-command, and spiritual hardihood, we may feel assured that this victory has not been achieved without many a secret struggle with himself, and many an earnest resistance of opposing circumstances. I do not quote this sentiment *verbatim*, but you will see its force. I do not like the mode of discussing this subject which employs so many eulogiums upon the self-exalting powers of our nature. Spasmodic and unsuccessful will be our efforts until we shall have been taught that our spiritual and intellectual being requires the application of regenerating grace, that our blessed Saviour must be, as Archbishop Leighton tells us, 'both the principle and the pattern of our holiness.'" * * *

There is a sentiment in the foregoing letter well worthy of attention, one of the not unfrequent remarks indicative of the writer's insight into the human heart. "Those who love God are not least capable of social affinities. Their hearts are more tender, and more true to all legitimate affections, whilst they alone have been attracted by the more holy fellowship of Christian love. It is, therefore, true that the Christian exile has a double portion of sorrow."

So far is hallowed resignation from being akin to stoical indifference or obtuse insensibility, that none are so tenderly

alive to the guiltless affections of our nature as the genuine disciples of Jesus. The tendency of sin is to narrow self-engrossment. The idolizing of a creature and immoderate grief are but fruits of inordinate selfishness. While the soul, taught by the Holy Spirit, returns a readier, purer and more disinterested response to all the demands of social ties and relative affections. It has access to new and sufficient sources of consolation, but it does not therefore the less keenly feel. The worldling loves family and friends; but he loves self better. The Christian, too, unfeignedly loves those who are bound to him by the near and sacred connections of life; but while he loves them much, he loves Christ more. The one cannot bear the thought of losing a beloved object, or laments his bereavement in sullen despair. The other so mourns as to be comforted of God. He can say, sincerely and joyfully, "The will of the Lord be done." Yet though the one be inconsolable, and the other cheerfully submissive, the latter has felt the sharpest pang and realized the greatest grief. Miss Allibone was herself a beautiful example of the union of exquisite susceptibility, affection and sympathy, with unqualified resignation and uninterrupted peace. Grace strengthens, ennobles and purifies those generous and kindly feelings which sin blunts, debases and corrupts.

To Dr. N.

"January 2d, 1852.

"I thank you for having so kindly complied with my request that you would tell me more of your beloved mother, to whom the Lord has given grace and glory. What a privilege to be her son,—that she is still your mother, for the Christian uses not the imperfect tense when he speaks of friends who have gone to Heaven: his spiritual ties are never severed.

'One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.'

"With what joy will your venerated parent welcome you to the celestial Home, in which you will never again exchange parting salutations! Very intense was the natural and spiritual affection which united you here, and most hallowed are your recollections of the intercourse you enjoyed; but how much more blessed and holy the fellowship of glorified spirits!

"I always loved to elicit your earnest expressions of filial love and reverence, and often thought how deep would be my sympathy if your mother should pass away from earth before our summons should be given; for there is no other bereavement that touches so many chords of a heart, one of whose richest possessions is my own dear mother's memory.

"We are told, 'it is a fearful thing that love and death may dwell in the same world,' and it would be so if it were not true that 'Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.' * * *

"The ancient elm and deeply-rooted oak are more interesting than the more youthful trees of the forest, but their summit is not so high nor their branches so widely spread as the Tree of Righteousness, long 'planted by rivers of water,' whose leaf 'does not wither,' and whose refreshing shade invites the weary pilgrim to rest under her branches. Surely your mother was a stately tree, and she is now transplanted into the Garden of the Lord, but she has left rich fruit behind her.

"I hope you have entirely recovered from the indisposition from which you have suffered, and that many spiritual blessings for you and your parishioners are in the treasury of grace. You remember the anecdote you told me — 'Give him what he asks; he knows I am a great king.'" * * *

Notes.

"*Jan.* 13*th*, 1852. — In a letter to ——, Mr. Clay says: 'Present my warm regards to your sister, and tell her, as the probability is that neither of us is long for this world, I hope, when we go hence, we shall meet in one far better.' 'Oh, what is honor now to dear Mr. Clay!' Susan said while dwelling upon his situation.

"I proposed, this afternoon, to dismiss the Saturday school on account of disturbing her. 'Oh, never, never!'

she replied. 'Do you think Henry Martyn would have sent away a whole company of children because he was sick, if Mr. Corrie was teaching them?'

"*Feb. 13th.*—Desired that W. might be as a lily of the valley in the garden of Christ, and as the lily grows best in moist places, that he might be watered with the dews of the Holy Spirit. I read to her, 'In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, through the riches of His grace.' 'I am so glad of that!' she exclaimed; 'what should *I* do if it were not so?'

"*April 2d.*—She was much interested in ——, who seems destitute of earthly comforts. She desired that we might see in every desolate person a messenger of the Lord Jesus."

From her Diary.

"*May 20th, Ascension-day.*—I do not think I have ever before enjoyed the morning of this day so much. Oh, my blessed Saviour! I rejoice that Thou art mine, and mine forever!

"Dear Dr. B. came to us with a message of love on Saturday, and remained until Monday morning. He administered the Communion to me on Sunday afternoon.

"These aged Christians are witnesses to the truth that the more we learn of holy things the more we realize our deep unworthiness, and the more simple becomes our reliance upon 'the Lord our righteousness.' 'They shall bring forth fruit in old age.'"

Notes.

"*Ascension-day.*—She remarked, 'I wish it could be said of Christians now, 'Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?'' Commenting on the parable of the Prodigal Son, she spoke of passages in Jer. xxxi. as similar to it, and thought if a human being had so spoken we might have feared that the pic-

ture was overdrawn, but it was the Son, who knew the mind of the Father.

"When suffering much this evening, we spoke of being glad that she loved the Saviour. She replied that 'the Saviour loved her, and that was the greatest consolation.'

"Spoke to-day of the comfort of not 'being all her lifetime subject to bondage, through fear of death.'

"'Flowers have been to me a source of great pleasure, and I think they have been a spiritual blessing.'

"She thought we ought to be very careful to teach children principles rather than prejudices.

"S. prayed that we might live in an atmosphere above the sin and sorrow of the world.

"Told me she thought it as much of a duty to rejoice as to tell the truth. Spoke of 'the fruit of the Spirit' being 'joy.' 'I shall never have this day's suffering again,' she remarked.

"In reference to symptoms which I noticed, she replied, 'It's all the way home.' Mentioned Montgomery's sentiment:—

> 'Pitching every day our tent,
> A day's march nearer home!'

"To Mrs. ——, she said: 'I find the Rock of Ages a very blessed resting-place.'

"Susan this morning prayed most fervently for us. She appeared to have perfect confidence that the Bucks County church would be built and blest.

"Spoke of its being our Father's will that His children should be unutterably happy.

"The lines I find copied in her Bible seem peculiarly applicable to her case:—

> 'Faith finds a harvest in the Spring,
> In Winter doth of Summer sing,—
> Feeds on the fruit while blossoming.'

"She spoke of the text, 'He shall choose our inheritance for us,' as being a favorite with her. The 31st Psalm is much marked in her Bible; and the 5th, 7th and 8th verses of the Psalm following.

"The following lines are copied in her Bible:—

> 'Sweet is the way by which my steps He leads,
> Sweet is the pasture where my spirit feeds,
> Bright is my prospect in the world to come,
> And a few steps will bear me safely home.'"

It would be well if many professed disciples of Christ, exposed to the temptations of a European tour, might receive from Christian friends at home such faithful counsel as is conveyed in the next three letters:—

To Absent Friends in Europe.

"August, 1852.

"How much I have wished, dear ——, to write you a long, heart-warm letter, but my affectionate thoughts of you and your dear aunt could not employ this medium. Very many have been expressed in prayer, but I cannot feel satisfied until I have sent you an epistolary manifestation of my love. The pen of my cousin is employed in this service.

"If I should live until your return I shall have many questions to ask you, and shall wish to learn if Mr. W.'s sermon was as delightful as his works? I think his 'Glory of the Redeemer' one of the most luminous books I have ever read. I shall be disappointed if you do not become acquainted with Mr. Bridges. There is no one in England I should so much like to see.

"It must be delightful to view beautiful scenery, to visit castles and places of classic celebrity; but how much more refreshing to behold the image of our blessed Saviour in His disciples, and with them to press onward to 'the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' I trust, dear ——, that your visit to Europe will be the means of facilitating your progress to that home to which your youthful affections have been attracted. How thankful I feel that the Saviour is your friend; that you are enabled to say—

'I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share,
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

'It was the sight of Thy dear Cross
That turned my heart from earthly things,
And brought me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.'

"That you may be enabled to witness a good confession is my earnest prayer. That you have been enabled cheerfully to renounce 'the pomps and vanities' which so conflict with our Redeemer's service, has already gladdened my heart. And I shall be thankful, indeed, if you return to your country with a spirit uninjured by the many temptations which must present themselves on every side. No one can be worldly whose heart is pre-occupied with our Redeemer's love. 'I sat under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste,' is the testimony of all who are acquainted with the 'Plant of Renown.'

"Have you read Romaine's sermons upon Canticles, dear ——? How much you would enjoy them!

"I thank you for the evergreen from the little grave of ever-verdant memory. Mr. Richmond expressed the hope that many spiritual roses would bloom around the grave of his dear Willie. A recent conversion in our neighborhood is one of the many evidences that our Heavenly Father has thus adorned the resting-place of his spiritual child,—Little Jane.

"Tell dear Mrs. —— how glad I am she endures the fatigue of travelling so well, and how much I love her. Sister M.'s message of remembrance must be included in the assurance of the warm affection of your friend.

"You sometimes ask me for a text. I will give you Hosea ii. 19, 20, and dear Mrs. W. the whole of the 121st Psalm.

"I quite forgot to answer your kind inquiry in reference to my health: — much as usual."

"Greenwood, Sept. 25th, 1852.

"I have many unanswered letters, but it is to you I feel most impelled to write. Increasing debility has long prevented me from giving expression to the deep interest which is always in my heart,

and it admonishes me now that the subject upon which I most wish to dwell must not be reserved until others less important shall have exhausted my little strength. Like the Psalmist, 'My heart is inditing a good matter;' but I cannot, as he did, expatiate upon the perfections of our holy and blessed Redeemer. I must, therefore, refer you to the 45th Psalm, and trust you may ever be enabled to unite in the acknowledgment—'Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into Thy lips.'

"Oh, that the name of Jesus may be indeed to you as 'ointment poured forth.' If you would be very happy and very holy, dear ——, you must receive the Lord Jesus into the inmost recesses of your soul. All you have learned of Him increases your desire to become more fully acquainted with His character, and to appropriate Him more entirely as your 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.' Study prayerfully and repeatedly the last ten verses of the 3d chapter of Ephesians. May the Apostle's prayer for his Christian friends be yours, for yourself, for me, and for all who are dear to you.

"*Oct.* 1*st.*—I resume the pencilled letter, which must be transcribed in more enduring characters ere it travel the wide space which intervenes between my chamber of sickness and your Italian home.

"Oh, that I might send you a communication charged with the electricity of Christian love! Oh, that our hearts may be more powerfully attracted towards that Saviour who has already revealed Himself to us as 'chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely'! No other principle is strong enough to enable you to resist the allurements of the bright world around you, and to sustain me in the emergencies of protracted illness. But in 'looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith,' we shall be enabled to exclaim, 'In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.' Your time of temptation, mine of trial, will soon have passed away. Shall we not be steadfast unto the end? Shall we not remember that the Captain of our salvation has said: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me'? If you be enabled to resist, and I to endure, in the name and strength of the Holy One of Israel, shall we not find in the glories of our heavenly inheritance more than compensatiou for the needed trials of our pilgrimage through life? Think of these things, my very dear friend, if at any time you feel tempted to forget that the vows of God are upon you.

"Let the Scriptures ever be your standard of faith and duty. Cultivate a tender conscience, and seek to have that conscience enlightened and established by the Holy Spirit. Ask for His constant guidance, and suffer not the love nor fear of man to interfere with prompt obedience to His teaching. Cherish cheerful views of religion. Guard against doubt and despondency; but remember that these dark clouds will come, if in compliance with the unscriptural maxims and customs of the world, the indulgence of the corruptions of your nature, or yielding to the suggestions of the unwearied adversary of your soul, you grieve the Holy Spirit. It is only the whole-hearted Christian who is the possessor of true peace. If you have committed any sin, bring it at once to Jesus and watch unto prayer lest you again commit it.

"Our Heavenly Father has said: 'Hallow my Sabbaths, that they may be a sign betwixt me and you that I am the Lord your God.' In the fifty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, he has promised that we shall delight ourselves in the Lord if we consecrate this holy day: and what blessedness can we compare with 'delight in the Lord'? In obedience to this command, may you experience the fulfilment of this gracious promise, my dear ——; and as you pass through life, may you in all things have 'this testimony' that you 'please God.' He hath made us 'accepted in the Beloved.' In the Lord is our righteousness and strength. May the Father of mercies give you in no ordinary measure an appropriating, purifying faith.

"Dr. —— sends an assurance of most affectionate remembrance, and urges you to 'hold fast the beginning of your confidence firm unto the end.' He is earnestly and prayerfully solicitous for your eternal welfare. He wishes you to present his regards to Mr. ——, and expresses a desire that you shall walk together in a heavenward path. How very happy you will be if the love of Christ be the bond of your union! * * * May the pearl of great price be ——'s most valued treasure, and may you unitedly offer a morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise. I should like —— to read Dr. Gordon's Life, an English publication, which interested Mr. Clay in his last illness.

"I have not seen —— and —— since you left them. I trust your letters to your absent family will be messengers of mercy. A request that you will write very soon must be the conclusion of this long letter from your truly affectionate friend.

"It cannot be that one who was at one time the object of intense solicitude, and whose reception of our adorable Redeemer filled my heart with joy, should pass away from memory, now that her place of residence is so remote. Not so, my dear friend. Many thoughts of interest follow you to your far-off home; thoughts sometimes of apprehension that you may be tempted, amid the brilliant scenes which surround you, to forget that 'strait is the gate and narrow the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it,' and yet mingled with the earnest hope that the Saviour who loved you when you knew Him not, and guided your weary steps into the way of peace, will uphold them with the right hand of His righteousness, and cause them to press onward with more rapid pace until they stand upon the heights of Zion.

"Ah! who can measure their elevation? Far above the temptations and trials of this mortal existence,—far above the utmost aspirations of our social, moral, intellectual and spiritual being. In this life the Christian commences the ascent. Shall he be so attracted by some shady bower, or by the allurements of the festive scenes of earth, that he shall sit down to repose or gaze around him, or shall he even linger in this upward path? Oh, no! his redemption has cost a great price. The Father, Son and Holy Spirit have co-operated in this economy of mercy. The world, the flesh and the devil combine their unwearied efforts to oppose it. So successful they often are that the Apostle has thus admonished us—'Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.' Oh! let us pray that God will deeply solemnize our spirits; let us diligently improve every means of grace, ever remembering that if we 'so run that we may obtain,' it will be in the strength of Jesus, by the application of His righteousness, the infusion of His Spirit.

"I am glad that you have Thornton's Prayers, and that you and Mr. —— use them together. If you have any English servants, might it not be well to admit them? * * *

"My health is increasingly delicate, and it may be that I shall not again express my desire that you shall receive and impart the blessings of the Gospel with increasing earnestness and delight. Again I remind you of the great love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Trust and obey Him. Study His character in His Word. He is a precious Saviour to your truly affectionate friend.

To Rev. R. Smith.

"Oct. 26, 1852.

"If you were here to take a peep into my room, dear R., I think you would feel disposed to pass the evening with me. The bright roses of my new carpet would attract your attention, and my cheerful fire is almost as warm as the welcome I would give you. I am sure, too, that talking with you would be more agreeable than this attempt to write upon a slate, with my eyes tightly closed, excepting when they are opened to ascertain if my pencil have strayed too far from the line above it. I am glad, however, to resort even to this medium of communication with a friend I love so well; and to whom I would always speak of the better land, and the way thither. Are not our hopes bright, dear R., and is not 'that Holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession,' a blessed treasure to carry with us through our pilgrimage? I often think of the reply of a girl of seventeen to her mother's comment upon her accumulated sufferings, 'I shall have rest enough with my Saviour.' Let us be very happy, then; even if I await the fulness of bliss in the chamber of sickness, and you in a far-off land, where the Saviour's voice will speak to you in more gentle tones, because you have left home and kindred and friends for His name's sake. You will not be lonely, even though your missionary brethren surround you not in your dying hour; and you may then be permitted to assure some darkened being that 'Jesus Christ has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.' I have heard of a missionary, who replied to a friend who remonstrated because he employed his last moments in giving religious instruction to some children who had gathered around his bed,—'Would you have my Master when He comes find me doing nothing?'

"May it ever be thus with you, my beloved cousin, and then it will be proved that yours is indeed a true Apostolical succession. Oh! that this may be the Churchmanship of all your brethren, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' Surely if this principle were the spring of all ecclesiastical instruction—if the Sacraments were administered and received, as Bishop M. says, 'not that they may be looked at, but that they may be looked through,' our truly Scriptural Church would put on her beautiful garments, and many seek her superior privileges who have kept at a distance because they have heard so much of baptismal regeneration, progressive justification, and similar doctrines which they have never discovered in the

Holy Book. I do most heartily believe that an evangelical Episcopacy comprehends more truth than can elsewhere be found, and am, therefore, conscientiously an Episcopalian; and am thankful to my Father in Heaven that He has permitted me to derive such inexpressible enjoyment from 'the sweet communion, solemn vows and hymns of love and praise,' which have been the consolation of so many of His children who now adore Him in the upper Sanctuary. Redeeming love is their unceasing theme, and shall not our harps even here be ever tuned to this melody? And shall it be that you, and all your fellow-students, will send forth this celestial music in strains so loud and so harmonious, that the Church shall receive a new impulse, and the world an irresistible appeal to seek the knowledge of that Saviour whose attractions have made His servants so eloquent, so earnest?

"It may be there are Luthers, and McIlvaines, and Bedells among your number, at whose ordination the Holy Trinity will preside, and the great adversary of mankind tremble, because the sword of the Spirit will be so powerfully wielded by their hands. 'May the Lord bless and keep them, the name of the God of Jacob defend them,' whilst they burnish their armor and strengthen themselves for the combat in the peaceful retreat which now encloses them. I do not feel jealous of my own land, because a distant battle-field will be for some of you the scene of action. The Lord of the whole earth is your Commander, and He goes before His soldiers even into every kingdom of darkness; for 'the Son of God is manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil.' Shall they not follow? Shall they not consider it an honor to press onward with rapid step to the outposts of the battle? Where are our consecrated Cæsars, Alexanders and Napoleons, who do or die for the glory of the Lord Jesus? 'They do it for a corruptible crown.' Oh, how selfish is the policy that would restrict the labors of a promising young clergyman to his own country! 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and yet tendeth to poverty.'" * * *

The two letters following were addressed to a young person of a peculiarly lovely and interesting character, to whom Miss Allibone's conversation and influence were greatly blessed. Under the latter's guidance, she gave herself an unreserved offering to the Saviour, and rapidly grew in grace

and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was her privilege to minister to her kind spiritual friend upon her death-bed. It was her greater privilege to follow her, after a few months' interval, to the mansions of glory. Together they now renew their former hallowed intercourse by the bank of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

To Miss S. E. L.

"GREENWOOD, Nov. 1st, 1852.

"It is with mingled feelings, dear S., that I commence the letter I have so long wished to write thee. I do most truly sympathize with the suffering which has so unexpectedly prostrated thy youthful frame; and if warm affection would convey me to thy bedside, I should soon be there to minister to thy physical comfort, and speak of the tenderness of the Great Physician. But, S., my heart is very glad on thy account, for I have reason to trust that 'saving health' has been granted thee,—that thee has found Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, the rest of the weary, the 'all in all' of those who receive Him into their hearts.

"Oh, that we could present our hearts together in grateful praise for this unspeakable mercy, and that we could commune of Him who is 'altogether lovely.' Dear L. B. remarked, in her last illness, 'If I knew any name more expressive than *my Saviour*, I would use it.' When she read aloud the last chapter of Revelations, her countenance beamed with holy rapture, and her voice became even more musical as she uttered the words, 'The Lamb is the light thereof.' And is not this the kind, if not the degree, of feeling which is experienced by all who have accepted the invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'?

"It is one of the many evidences of our Redeemer's condescension, that although He has done so much to entitle Him to our unwavering confidence, he deals not harshly with us when our faith is weak, but varies the promises of His Word to suit each conflicting state of feeling; whilst, by the mysterious agency of His Holy Spirit, He causes us to plead these promises in prayer, and to direct a tearful eye to that cross from which ever goes forth the blessed sound—'It is finished!'

'Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the victory won.'

"Our Redeemer's blood has paid the penalty of a violated law. The perfect righteousness of His life has fulfilled its every requirement, and the believer is 'complete in Him,' 'accepted in the Beloved!' Dwell upon the import of these words. This is the joy and rejoicing of *my* heart. My soul reposes in peace upon the finished work of Jesus, upon the Lord my righteousness.

"Let us not think of ourselves, but of our all-sufficient Saviour. We are sinful, helpless,—our thoughts often wander,—our faith and love are sadly disproportioned to the Being upon whom they are exercised; but we go to Jesus as we are, and He receives us for *His own name's* sake. He will make us all we ought to be. He will not forsake us, now that He has brought us into His fold, for He has said: 'I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.'

"I think, dear S., thee would derive consolation from prayerful meditation upon each verse of the 23d Psalm. It is very profitable, also, to select a passage of Scripture and endeavor to remember parallel texts. I have often composed myself to sleep in thinking of some sweet hymn. 'Rock of Ages' and 'How firm a Foundation' are very beautiful. But remember that an enfeebled frame must not be over-tasked. Our Father in Heaven 'knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.' He does not require great mental vigor when we are very sick. Toplady's beautiful hymn expresses the state of mind which is appropriate to such a situation:

'Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His wise decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.'

The Father of mercies is most honored by a simple and cheerful reliance upon His promises. *I am sure He loves thee,* dear S., and feel no anxiety on thy account.

"I have thought much of the desire for instruction which thee expressed when I last saw thee. If thee feels that a visit from ——— ——— would be a gratification, do not hesitate to inform me. He would love to talk with thee of our best and dearest Friend, the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

"I think thee will enjoy the service for the Visitation of the Sick,

in the Prayer-Book. In its language I close my long letter: 'Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore, Amen.'"

To the same.

"GREENWOOD, Oct. 31st, 1853.

"I need not assure thee, dear S., that thy last two letters met a very welcome reception, nor that I am only prevented from the frequent expression of my many affectionate thoughts by physical inability. How much I wish thee could be with us this evening! We would ask thee to recline on the sofa. How glad I should be, my own dear S., if thee could be often there. Very pleasant to me is the recollection of our former intercourse, and still more pleasant is the reflection that thy 'fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.' Truly, this is 'communion sweet, communion large and high.' Has thee ever thought much of the passage, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them his covenant'? It is to me full of meaning, and has excited many desires for its complete experience.

"One of my friends, who is now an established and active Christian, informed me that in the earlier years of her religious life her attention was attracted by the term 'covenant,' and she endeavored to ascertain the meaning by the careful examination of every text in which it is contained. The Holy Spirit has taught her the security and blessedness of the 'better covenant,' and she now, in the midst of great suffering, rejoices in 'the sure mercies of David.'

"How great is my consolation, dear S., that 'in the Lord Jehovah' thee also has found 'everlasting strength;' and I feel well assured that this confidence has not been disturbed by a recurrence of the symptoms which remind thee of the frailty of thy earthly tabernacle, — and yet that earthly tabernacle is so dear to those who love thee, that they are glad to believe that thy present indisposition is less serious than that which so greatly exercised their apprehension a year since.

"Do write to us soon, for we think of thee with tenderness and solicitude. I hoped to have seen thee soon, nor will relinquish this anticipation.

"Believe me, dear S., as ever, and forever, thy affectionate friend."

Earnest commiseration for the outcast and wretched, the spirit of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, breathes in the subjoined:

Letter to a Prisoner.

"Nov. 1852.

"I read the note which contains your request that I would ask mercies for you, with tearful eyes and prayerful heart. Yes, my poor fellow-sinner, I will pray for you again and again, and trust that the Holy Spirit who has prompted your desire, and enabled me to fulfil it, will 'raise up His power and come unto you, and with great might succor you.' I trust He will 'reprove you of sin, of righteousness and of judgment;' that He will take of the things of Jesus, and show them unto you. 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;' is our Redeemer's exhortation and promise. What earnest importunity is required by this injunction, and how firm should be our reliance upon the faithfulness of Him who has given us this gracious promise!

"I am not acquainted with the peculiarities of your situation. It is enough for me to know that you have sinned against God, and desire His forgiveness. 'He is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.' 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law, to do them.'

"Have you ever examined your heart and life by the test of the ten commandments, and considered that the necessity of obedience extends to every thought, as well as every action of your life? Have you ever carefully reviewed the summary of these commands which our Saviour has given us, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself'? Surely we have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God, and I trust you deeply feel that it would be just in Him to condemn you to everlasting banishment from all that is holy, all that is happy. It has been sometimes said, 'God is merciful, and if we sincerely repent and amend our lives, we shall thus secure the pardon of our past offences.' But if this were so, His word would not be true, for He has said, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission,' and if repentance and reformation were the conditions upon which salva-

tion were offered to the sinner, he could not comply. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' It is, therefore, incapable of true repentance, or of holiness of life. 'Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.' Is this your experience? Has the Holy Spirit revealed to you the sinfulness of your past life, and the depravity of your nature? And do you feel that you are helpless and undone? Are you weary of sin, and of yourself? Oh, then, listen to the gentle voice which says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' The merciful Saviour who gives you this invitation, has paid the penalty your transgressions have required. * * * 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Whosoever believeth in Him.' Will you not at once accept this salvation purchased at so great a price, and yet so freely offered? 'To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even unto them that believe in His name.'

"It is true that God requires you to repent, and obey His laws. Every sin must be washed away, every thought must be purified, every sinful practice renounced forever. Our Heavenly Father will have no unholy children. Our Saviour came to save us from our sins, not in them. But we must go to Jesus as we are, that we may be made what we ought to be. We must even go to Him for grace to repent of our sins. 'For Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel.' We must go to Jesus for the very faith which receives Him. 'Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith,' we must appropriate Him as 'the Lord our righteousness.' He will then become the principle of every holy action. He will teach us our Heavenly Father's will, and give us strength to obey it. He will sympathize with every sorrow, sustain us in every time of need, cheer us in the hour of death, and shelter us at the day of judgment. Oh, flee for refuge to the hope which is set before you.

"Give —— a message for me. Tell me what blessings you would have me implore for you, but depend alone upon the advocacy of Him who 'ever liveth to make intercession for us.' He is the faithful and precious Saviour of the Christian friend who visits you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

1853.

Unexpected Continuance—Epistolary Efforts—Various Letters—To a Bereaved Parent—Urgent Persuasive to a Youth—To another, pressing Immediate Repentance—Remarks upon the Psalms—To R. S.—Interest in the Colored Race—Congratulatory to a Young Disciple—Description of Visit from Dr. Kelley—Work of Grace in Madeira—The Awakened Romanist—Social Affections—Youthful Aspirations—The True Church of Christ—To Rev. J. H. Fowles in Illness.

CONTRARY to her own expectations, and beyond even the hopes of her friends, the life of Miss Allibone was prolonged from year to year. And each added year was a period of increased devotion and usefulness. The diminution of her bodily strength seemed not to affect the energy and sprightliness of her mind. Although the outward man was perishing, the inward man was renewed day by day. Cut off by increased weakness from some opportunities of doing good, she availed herself more fully of such means as were still within her reach. Of these, one of the most important was her correspondence. Early in the year 1851 she expressed the apprehension that her days of letter-writing were nearly over. This, however, proved not to be the case, to the great comfort and edification of her correspondents. The difficulty attendant on dictation or on pencilling her letters upon a slate, with closed eyes, did not prevent them from being frequent and full. And these memorials of her industry and friendship are more abundant in the last years of her life,

and not less rich, instructive and delightful. Her epistolary efforts have the charm of graceful elegance and conversational ease, while replete with elevated sentiment and holy unction. They are the unstudied outpourings of a warm, sympathizing, sanctified affection, and while specially prized by those who received them, cannot fail to gratify and interest every reader. They indicate also increasing spiritual joy and delight in the Lord, enlarging views and ever-brightening hopes. Hers was manifestly the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day; the progress of one who went from strength to strength, until she appeared before God in Zion.

To Mrs. C. S. O.

"January, 1853.

"I do not believe I have an absent friend who loves me so well as thee does, dearest ——, and very often does my heart prompt an expression of its own warm affection. The long, pleasant talks we have had are among my treasured recollections, and the storehouse of memory is always open with the hope that her riches will be increased. Thee can scarcely imagine the pleasure I derive from the reflection that refreshing sanctuary privileges are thy portion. O! that your spiritual teacher may be anointed more and more, and that the holy oil may be poured into every heart in your congregation. Sister E. may have told thee, dear ——, that several members of her Bible class are seriously impressed. Do include E.'s class in thy daily petitions, and ask also that I may be so instructed that I shall be enabled to say, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!' We may pass beyond the elements of human knowledge, but the beginning of religious truth is always its end. I have been favored with an unusual number of clerical visits lately, but I doubt not thee has been informed of passing events. I shall not soon forget a most refreshing conversation with Mr. Fowles, a few weeks since. He expatiated upon the goodness which leadeth to repentance, with deep feeling; and I felt, when he left me, an earnest desire to draw more largely from the treasury of grace.

"My letter must have an abrupt conclusion; not so, beloved, the love of thine own."

To Miss S.

"Jan. 17, 1853.

"I wish you were with me this afternoon, dear Miss S., that I might speak to you the thoughts of encouragement which are in my heart; but as this cannot be, I will trace them with a pencil, and afterwards cause them to be impressed in a more legible form. In making this attempt, I do not forget that you are surrounded by friends deeply interested in your welfare, whose spiritual pupil I would myself gladly become; but it is my privilege also to 'say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong'—to congratulate you that holy desires have been awakened in your bosom, and to remind you of the promise, 'Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord.'

"The Shepherd of Israel is very gentle, and I would most affectionately urge you to submit yourself to His guidance. I know you have 'gone astray like a lost sheep.' I know you have been far more ungrateful and rebellious than you can possibly realize. I should be very sorry to use language less strong than the declaration which God has made, 'Thou hast *destroyed* thyself;' but I would not forget that from the Being you have so greatly offended has also proceeded the gracious assurance, 'In me is thy help.'

"You tell me, dear Miss S., that you are most deeply affected by a sense of your ingratitude to God; that you feel as though you would be willing to suffer the punishment you deserve, if you could be forgiven the sin you have committed. This punishment has been already inflicted. O! think, my dear young friend, of the import of those words, 'It is finished!' They were spoken by your Saviour, your Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Would you add to the finished work of Jesus? Or will you not, rather, gladly accept the salvation He has purchased at so great a price?

"Look up from your heart, all heavy as it is, with an accumulated load of transgression, weary with ineffectual attempts to repent, believe and obey, to that compassionate Redeemer who is able to supply your every necessity. 'He died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring you to God.' He became your Surety, not only by the endurance of the penalty which was demanded by the violation of the righteous Law, but by His obedience to its every requirement. 'This is the name whereby He shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.' Will you not appropriate such a Saviour as this? 'To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.'

"The plan of salvation is very simple: our difficulties are of our own creation. Satan, too, is very active in the suggestion of doubts. He gains much when he tempts to despondency, which is, indeed, but a refined form of self-righteousness. We look into our own hearts for that which we should never expect to find there, and are, therefore, disappointed. You must not stay away from Jesus until you feel more penitent that you have grieved Him. Draw very near Him, that you may see the light of His countenance, and listen to His assurances of pardoning love. You will then learn the meaning of true repentance, and if you live many years, and always grow in grace, your godly sorrow will become more tender and more deep. Then, all the blessed fruits of the Spirit will spring up in your heart, and unspeakable will be your happiness. I believe these blessings are in store for you, and in the anticipation of them all, I offer you the affectionate congratulations of your friend."

To the Author.

"Jan. 26, 1853.

"'All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.'

"With this assurance of Holy Scripture, I transmitted to our young friend the letter which I knew she would be so glad to receive, and I thank you very affectionately, Right Rev. Sir, for the expressions of Christian sympathy which are my portion of your communication.

"It is my unspeakable happiness to have been taught, not by the words of inspiration alone, but by the experience of many years, that 'we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities,' and to have received through His servants many messages of comfort and instruction. Among these, I include with pleasure the visit and letter with which you have favored me. They were greeted with a more cordial welcome, because I have been so long accustomed to sympathize with your endeavors to extend the doctrines which I believe to be intimately connected with the truth of Scripture and the prosperity of our beloved Church.

"I earnestly desire that the Holy Spirit may enable me to comply with your request that I should pray 'for the Watchmen upon the walls of Zion, whose responsibility is so great, and whose trials at the present time are neither few nor light.' I am thankful that you have been already made willing to 'endure hardness as a good

soldier of Jesus Christ,' and am not surprised at your realization that there will be much necessity for further aid from the 'Captain of our salvation.' It means much at the present time to be a Christian, to be a Protestant, to be a Bishop. There are 'perils among false brethren,' as well as the onset of the open foe.

"The atmosphere is enervating; many soldiers are sleeping at their posts; and they who wake and watch would survey the scene of action with heavy hearts, if they did not hear the animating voice of their Commander, 'Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptation;' 'Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' 'I shall have rest enough with my Saviour!' was the remark of a young girl who suffered much from physical disease, and surely this may be the response of the warrior who fights the battles of the Lord. There *is* a 'discharge in that war.' Oh, how peaceful the repose, how ecstatic the joy of him who has been 'valiant for the truth on the earth,' who has instructed the ignorant, confirmed the inexperienced, comforted the sorrowful and inspired the earnest with more zeal, when he shall be greeted by them all in the presence of that Saviour, upon whose redeeming love and perfect righteousness he delighted to dwell, as he led them in their pilgrimage to the promised land.

"I am glad that an *innumerable* company will enjoy the happiness of Heaven, for 'the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them;' and since we have learned even here that He is a blessed Saviour, how much more fully shall we appreciate His character when we behold Him with unclouded vision!

"That all of self and sin may be laid at my Redeemer's cross, and that He may be all my strength, my joy and righteousness, I trust you will sometimes pray; and in return for this best office of Christian sympathy, accept, dear sir, the heartfelt thanks of ——."

To Rev. Mr. D.

"Feb. 2, 1853

* * * "If all my affectionate remembrances had been impressed in legible characters, very many effusions would have been transmitted from Greenwood to Magnolia, and among the most earnest of these would have been my thanks for your last letter.

"I appreciate the sympathy which has been elicited by the report of my increasing debility, and fervently respond to all you tell me of the wisdom and tenderness of my Heavenly Physician. My heart echoes your remark, 'His way is your way.'

"Willingly, gladly, I accept the chastisement I so much require, and although I realize that the furnace of physical suffering is one seven times heated, I know I shall be taken out of it with nothing consumed but the dross from which I desire to be forever separated. Oh! the holiness of Heaven! Surely, this is its highest joy, and the 'nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.' To be saved from self, to be saved from sin, will be far better than to be saved from suffering. 'This is the heritage of my servants, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord.' Can you imagine any other, in which we could or would appear in the presence of the 'High and Holy One that inhabiteth the praises of eternity.' Since it is alone in His beloved Son that He is well pleased, we are most thankful to relinquish every other boast, and hide ourselves in Him. We have tested the security and repose, the strong consolation of the Refuge which has sheltered us; and since the Holy Ghost has commissioned *you* to persuade men to flee to the Rock of our salvation, I 'bless you in the name of the Lord.'"

To Rev. Dr. May.

"Feb. 5, 1853.

"Every word of your letter, dear Dr. May, was acceptable and appropriate. Unworthy as I am of the safety, the unspeakable blessedness, of the membership with 'the Holy Catholic Church,' and the participation in the 'Communion of Saints,' upon which you congratulate me, I thankfully accept the warm hand of Christian brotherly kindness you extend.

"After I believed, I was 'sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance,' and I therefore pursue my journey through the wilderness with constant joy in my heart; but since I bear with me many spiritual and physical infirmities, I am always glad when I hear the kind voice of a fellow-pilgrim speak to me the words of encouragement and instruction. I listen most attentively when it tells me, as you have done, that Jesus is my righteousness. He, 'sin for us'—we, 'the righteousness of God in Him;' and every intellectual conviction, every affection of the heart, all my experience as a sinner and as a Christian responds to your remark, 'here is the sum of the Gospel;' and that the merits of His obedience, as the passion that He bore in our stead, must be imputed to us ere 'God can be just, and the justifier of Him that believeth.' Every other system of theology seems to me derogatory to the character of God, and inadequate to the necessities of the sinner. I appre-

ciate most highly those clergymen and those books, in whose teaching the doctrine is most prominent, and in its appropriation I sing the song, 'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garment of salvation. He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.'

"You ask me if I have not seen the depth of ruin in sin from which I am redeemed, and the unspeakable height of grace to which I am raised. The Holy Spirit has taught me enough of these truths to excite an earnest desire to understand them more perfectly. I learn slowly, but have a gentle and patient teacher, who will not discontinue His instructions.

"When for a moment, and a moment only, the thought, I am an orphan, impressed itself with agonizing power, and when my sister, who loved me with almost maternal tenderness, was so suddenly welcomed to the Home in which her treasure long had been, and the tidings came to me; 'the Everlasting Arms were underneath,' and I found them a peaceful and blessed resting-place. I am surprised that I should have written this, but your letter has touched a chord of deep feeling, and its vibrations have not ceased. 'Oh praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify His name together.'

"You remark, that I may sometimes feel that it were better 'to depart and be with Christ.' I do desire to be freed from sin and to behold His glory, but I feel that it is wrong to wonder when this consummation will be given me. It will be a great blessing for me to go to Heaven at any time, and I trust I do not forget that 'to live is Christ.' Still, I feel that I am not sufficiently thankful that I am kept longer at school, that my spiritual education may be completed, and I do hope you will ask our Heavenly Father to enable me to reflect the image of His beloved Son more brightly ere I leave this earthly abode, in which I have received so much mercy. 'Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.'

"I did not suppose that you would expect a reply to your letter, but I hoped that I might elicit another from your pen. I will not ask this favor, for I should not thus best express my realization of your many responsibilities.

"It is one of my almost daily prayers that you may be made a great blessing to the institution with which you are connected. I would not have any of the students commence their ministry with imperfect views of truth. It would be sad, indeed, if they were to give but faint response to the cry the Church is sounding, 'Come and help us.'" * * *

Notes.

"*Feb.* 19*th*, 1853.——— consulted her about reading. Sue told her of the temptation she had once felt, on the banks of the Neshamony, to read a French book, instead of the little Testament she had with her. When convinced of the impropriety of novel-reading, she was deeply interested in one of Scott's most engrossing works; but aided by Divine grace, she resolutely determined not to finish it.

"She requested me to mark the following, in Hewitson's Life, saying she hoped it would soon be marked in her experience: 'The Jordan is not far off. A few breathings of the air of the wilderness, a few steps across its dreary sands, and then we reach home.' She added, 'Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.'

"Susan is not so well. She said to me to-day, 'I have not the shadow of a desire to live. But we should remember that while to die is gain, to live is Christ; and that it is more acceptable to live cheerfully, than to be impatient to die.'

"As I gazed from the window upon the moon, and beheld the garden so beautiful in the soft moon-light, and remarked upon its loveliness, she replied,

> 'If such the glory of the scene,
> Where sin and death abound,
> How beautiful beyond compare
> Will Paradise be found!'

According to her quotation,

> 'The place where her soul builds its nest,
> Is the tower of the love of her God.'

"She spoke this evening of the Bible, of its being 'all our own,' and that it was 'a wonderful gift.'

"Told —— that there is no place but the feet of Jesus where there is any security from being 'careful and troubled about many things.' 'I feel,' she said, 'that the paths

of the Lord have been mercy to me.' I remarked that I did not think —— was satisfied with the world. She responded, 'Who is? While here how tasteless, and how terrible when gone!'

"Speaking of hymns, she remarked that 'Rock of Ages' stood as much at the head of hymns, as Leighton did at the head of theologians."

To the Author.

"Feb. 28, 1853.

"I cannot describe to you, dear Bishop ——, the emotions which were awakened, this afternoon, by the perusal of your letter to our young friend. My heart had so earnestly prompted the expression of the deep sympathy I have felt for you, that I only waited an opportunity of ascertaining if your darling boy had become a disciple of Jesus ere his removal to the eternal world. I believed that you would be sustained under any trial which God had given you, but desired to learn that gladness had been mingled with your sorrow. I wished, too, to send you the copy of a beautiful letter which was written by a lady of Boston to a bereaved mother, but knew that it would be inappropriate if you had not reason to believe that your child had gone to a Home of glory. Oh! how thankful I feel to our Heavenly Father that He has given you this great consolation! Accept my fervent congratulations, even while the tear of sympathy is in my eye. When my sister's only child was removed by scarlet fever, in his early childhood, she wrote to me, a few hours after his death, 'I wished to have trained my child for the service of our Heavenly Father; but He has taken him into His own family and will instruct him there.' I have been informed, not by your letter only, that your son was a very promising youth, and greatly regarded by those who knew him. I suppose they expected he would pass, step by step, along the paths of scholastic lore, and then enter the active scenes of life, with an intellect and heart prepared for their responsibilities. But his best Friend loved him so well that He extended His arm, and drew the youthful disciple who was sitting meekly at His feet to the bosom of His grace, that He might shelter him there from all the storms of life, and unfold to his enraptured vision 'the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ Jesus.' It may be that the early departure of this dear boy

will be a greater blessing than his life would have been. Soon after the perusal of your letter, I received the visits of two young friends, one of whom hopes she has recently given her heart to God and expects to be confirmed at our Bishop's next visit. The other is the only child of a lady who died a month or two since in the fullness of spiritual joy, and with an unwavering trust that the heart of her impenitent child would be subdued by the power of grace. I told them of the happy departure of your son, who was of their own age, and I trust our Heavenly Father will impress the lesson. I wished you had been here to have talked to that dear, motherless child, for it is evident that the Holy Spirit is striving with her young heart, but she does not seem willing to yield to His influences. I feel assured that you will pray for her.

"I know much of bereavement, my dear friend ——, and I know much of consolation too; for He, whom your own experience has enabled you to call 'the Father of mercies and God of all comfort,' has both rendered necessary and confirmed the promise, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' A most precious sister, also, and many valued friends, are among the company to which your dear boy has been admitted. How gladly I would be with them; but 'my times are in Thy hand.' You inquire kindly of my health. It often reminds me of the expression, 'The furnace was one seven times heated;' but it is not in the rage and fury of the King that this command has been given.

> 'Love ordered the plan, and in love such as Thine,
> How shall I not calmly confide;
> Who spared not to save me an offering Divine —
> The Lamb who on Calvary died.'

"How sincerely and warmly I thank you for the affectionate counsel you have given your new pupil! She reads your letters again and again, and you will be still more glad to learn that she rises very early, that she may seek spiritual blessings, and devotes much of the day to the Bible and prayer. I enjoyed the only visit she has been able to make me, but inferred from the deep hectic on her cheek that Heaven will soon be her home. Her remarkable consistency is realized by her family, by whom she is most tenderly cherished.

"My long, slate-pencilled letter is an evidence that I have fully availed myself of the privilege of our acquaintance. It has given me pleasure to assure you of the sympathy I have so often expressed in

prayer. 'The God, whose you are and whom you serve,' will continue to pour the 'oil of joy' into your wounded heart, and thus anointed, you will be the messenger of consolation to many a child of sorrow.

"Believe me, my very kind friend, in 'the confidence of a certain faith,' respectfully and affectionately yours."

To R. S.

"March 9, 1853.

"I have so much confidence in your affection, dear Robert, that I feel well assured that you have desired to receive an expression of my undiminished interest, and that you have given me full credit for its continuance. Your own affectionate letters have been most welcome, and each one has deserved a prompt reply; but I always expect to be an epistolary insolvent, and to retain the reputation of an honest desire to discharge my debts. * * *

"The visits of two ladies have occupied the time I had devoted to you, my dear cousin, and I shall have to dictate the remainder of my letter, but I will not send away my slate until I tell you that one of these visits was from the earnest young Christian of whom I told you when you were with us at Christmas. She grows in grace, and in 'the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' The ardor of her aspirations after holiness reminds me of my beloved Lucie, and it is so delightful to feel that I may always encourage and try to comfort. The Holy Spirit has taught her that pursuits in which many communicants engage are uncongenial with a spiritual taste, and inconsistent with a Christian profession; and it is most cheering to witness, in these days of worldly conformity, a very young disciple whose step is directed heavenward. Oh! pray for me, for I would be a blessing to Christ's little ones. I would know how to speak of the Good Shepherd; how to describe the green pastures and still waters of salvation. Such a Shepherd as ours, dear Robert — such a Fold as that which encloses us. How can we express His preciousness? How can we expatiate upon its blessedness?

"I have many opportunities of making this attempt, since the young girls who are members of sister E.'s Bible class come very frequently to see me. Six or seven of them are candidates for Confirmation, which is to take place the 24th of next month. Some of them have been seriously impressed for some months past; my very soul yearns over them."

Writing of Felix, in a letter to a youth, she remarks:

"March, 1853.

"We have reason to think that this 'convenient season' did not occur. Two years after, when this procrastinating governor was ejected from office, he 'left Paul bound,' thus proving that his heart was unchanged; and Henry, the commentator, remarks: 'How Felix struggled to get clear of these impressions, and to shake off the terror of his convictions! He said, "Go thy way," &c. He trembled, and that was all. Paul's trembling (Acts 9 : 6), and the jailer's (Chap. 16 : 29), ended in their conversion, but this of Felix did not. Many lose the benefit of their convictions for want of striking while the iron is hot. If Felix, now that he trembled, had but asked as Paul and the jailer did, "What shall I do to be saved?" he might have been a Felix indeed, happy forever; but by dropping his convictions now, he lost them forever, and himself with them.'

"Many years have passed since the occurrence of this event. Felix has had a long line of successors. How sad, how terrible their concert of woe! How shall I endure to see the destruction of my kindred? I have asked for a slate and pencil, that I might trace some lines of warning and earnest entreaty, for it is my heart's desire and prayer that you may be saved. You seem to realize, in some degree, that 'he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' I cannot suppose, however, that you have very seriously considered that the wrath of God is a heavy, a crushing weight; that it is abiding on you when you lie down, and rise up; when you study, and when you seek amusement. It has not yet pressed you down into an unprepared eternity, because your offended Maker is awaiting an application for its removal. Your Redeemer, whose comprehensive vision has included all the agonies of eternal torment, and all the happiness of Heaven, has suffered more than thought or language can estimate to recover you from the one, to secure to you the other. You design to avail yourself of this proffered salvation, but not *now*. I will not emphasize the ingratitude, but the danger, of this delay. I will not increase the length of my letter by illustrations of the fatal result of the course you expect to pursue, illustrations which have occurred among my own acquaintance, and have received no printed record; but I will pray, I will labor, that you may never be included in their number.

"Oh, F.! God has said, 'My Spirit shall not always strive.' 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.' Does not every moment of procrastination increase the probability that this edict

will go forth against *you?* Are you willing to incur the risk of spending the uncounted ages of eternity with idols which have lost their power to please, but will never lose their ability to torment? Are you willing to be 'let alone,' to be forsaken by God the 'Father of mercies,' the 'Holy Ghost the Comforter,' Jesus 'the Consolation of Israel'? Oh! pray that this threefold cord of everlasting love may draw you away from your threefold foe — the world, the flesh and the devil. There are no promises offered to him that defers, but how kind the invitation, 'Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee.'

"Are you ready to accept my Saviour as your Saviour? My own experience has taught me that 'He is fairer than the children of men.' If you will surrender your sinful heart to Him, He will give you 'a new heart and a right spirit.' He will wash away every sin, and overcome by His omnipotent grace the evil propensities of your nature. He will sanctify your affections, and elevate your pursuits. You will wonder, when this transformation shall have been effected, that sin and folly were ever attractive, and will rejoice with unutterable delight that your judgment and affections concur in the same object; that in that object is no satiety, but that all your necessity is ability to appreciate it more fully, and all your hope its everlasting enjoyment.

"I wish to say more to you of my blessed Redeemer, but you cannot behold His beauty 'afar off.' Come to Him, come to Him, now, dear F.; and we will rejoice together, and the Saviour who died for you will 'see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.'"

To a Niece.

"March 21, 1853.

"I felt such an overflowing of love towards you a few moments since, my darling S., that after I had lifted up my heart in prayer that our Heavenly Father would bless you, and make me a blessing to you, I determined to write you a few lines of Christian love. Oh! that the Holy Spirit may be richly poured into your young heart! Oh! that the love of Christ may be the constraining impulse and principle of your whole life! 'Covet earnestly the best gifts.' Do not be satisfied with any ordinary measure of grace. Be diligent in the use of every means of spiritual improvement. Remember you are seeking *eternal blessings.* They are worthy your most earnest pursuit. But, dear S., if you would be successful in these efforts, attempt them not in your own strength. Go to your blessed Saviour

for every thing you need, with all your sins, with all your temptations.

> 'Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
> What else can He withhold?'

"Surely shall we say, 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' There is no other righteousness, dear S., there is no other strength! I love to have you with me, my precious child, and as I hope to go soon to my Father's House, you must pass as much time with me as you can spare.

"Your own dear and very affectionate AUNT SUE."

To a Youth.

"March 16, 1853.

"My long-neglected writing-desk has been beautifully polished, and our valued friend, Mr. B., installed into the office of private secretary. Would you not like, dear ——, to receive a communication from my heart through his pen? At all events, you are selected as the recipient of the thoughts of this evening, and very affectionate thoughts they are. They have sometimes been expressed to you in words, but more frequently in earnest petitions that the Father of mercies would make you His own dear child, by faith in Christ Jesus. I have sometimes felt as though the assurance of your conversion would be an overwhelming joy; but oh how I wish it may be given me now! I am not willing to wait for it, dear ——. Why should I? The work of salvation is a finished work; the promises are given us in the present tense. Your necessity is a *present* necessity. Oh, come to Jesus for its immediate supply. Let us consider the evils which I would have you escape, and the blessings I am so desirous you should gain. I cannot adequately speak of either; but this I know, that the wrath of God abideth on every unconverted soul. Are you unconverted, my dear boy, and is this weight resting upon you? O pray that you may realize your condition. You know that the law is holy, the commandment good, and your conscience tells you that you have incurred its penalties. Examine yourself by its requisitions; carefully compare your heart and life with the decalogue, remembering that its every command extends to the innermost recesses of the spirit. Subject yourself to the test of the summary of this law which our blessed Redeemer has given, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself.' The High and Holy One who spoke from Sinai, and again

in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, has emphatically declared, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' Also, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' May the Holy Spirit impress upon your mind the inference I would have you draw. If I could know that the tears of repentance were falling from your eyes, mine would be filled with tears of joy. Ah! they are coming now; not tears of joy, but of great solicitude.

"Let us turn, now, from your condition as it is, to what I would have it to be — one of penitence, pardon and peace — acceptance in the Beloved — the witness of the Spirit bearing witness with your spirit that you are the child of God — the Gospel incorporated into your daily practice — heaven drawing nearer to you, and you to it, as you rapidly press onward until its glory conceal you from human view. What is the price for so much happiness? It is very, very great, but it has been already paid. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' What does He ask in return? 'My son, give me thine heart.' And what is the exchange for this poor offering? 'A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.' 'I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.' 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and from all your filthiness and from all your idols I will cleanse you.'

"Unbelief and sin invest the plan of salvation with difficulties which are not its accompaniment. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' is the only condition of the Word of God. That you may be enabled to accept it, shall be the continued prayer of ——"

To Miss S.

"GREENWOOD, April 13, 1853.

'Your letter gave me much pleasure, dear Miss S. I should have been glad to have acknowledged its reception long since. It is so pleasant to repeat the story of redeeming love, to encourage the returning sinner to hasten to her Father's arms. I feel very thankful that you have been, in some degree, enabled to realize the tenderness of that Father's heart, and trust that you have been drawn so near Him, that you can hear the whispers of His Spirit, and behold His love as it is revealed in Jesus Christ our Saviour. We cannot force ourselves to love our Heavenly Father, by any abstract effort. It is better to meditate on all He is to us, upon all He is in Himself. In the contemplation of such a Being, we shall deeply feel our need of

the constant influence of the Holy Spirit. 'We have known and believed the love that God hath to us,' is an expression of Scripture to me particularly interesting. Does it not comprehend the whole of Christian experience? Does it not excite the most earnest desire for greater ability to appreciate its language? How can we know and believe such love as this? We may well employ the language, 'How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in numbers than the sand!' Still, it is well to commence the enumeration in which we shall be employed through all eternity. One most happy result of this employment will be an increasing forgetfulness of self. Self-love is a potent and vigilant foe, and the Christian warrior must ever realize this fact. It is the love of Christ which conquers this unwearied adversary, and here again the victory is achieved, not by an effort of the mind, but by the pre-occupation of a holier and better affection. Do not be discouraged by your slowness to believe. 'He giveth more grace.' Let your course be ever onward, and it will lead you to 'the haven where you would be.' If you would be safe, if you would be happy, you must forsake self, and follow the Lord, fully.

"You will please your Father in Heaven if you trust Him with child-like confidence, You will thus be taught the truth of the assertion, 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.' How often our thanksgivings become more frequent, when we express them in the language of Scripture! Have you ever thus employed the 103d Psalm? Tell me, when you answer my letter, if you have not been enabled to hold communion with your best and dearest Friend? Observe, too, the beauty of the succeeding Psalm. The 103d recounts the blessings of redemption, the 104th expatiates upon creating and preserving mercy.

"Have you ever observed how often a Psalm which commences with a cry for mercy, concludes with grateful praise and adoration? Is not this a great encouragement to pray without ceasing? 'They shall praise the Lord, who seek Him.'

"This is a delightful subject, but I will not dwell upon it longer this evening. It is quite time I should release the kind friend who gives form to my spoken thoughts. I will only detain him until he shall have assured you that I am, with affection and prayerful interest."

To Mrs. C. S. O.

"April, 1853.

"The communication of this evening, beloved, is not only a reply to thy most welcome note, but the fulfilment of a desire which I have been unwillingly prevented from gratifying. Works of necessity and mercy have asserted a paramount claim, but this evening I gladly express some thoughts of affection. Deep and strong is my love for thee, and 'memory swells with many recollected acts of love,' and gratitude, one of the most pleasant exercises of affection, has gone forth in full tide towards thee, the friend of many years. I am glad thee did not accompany ——, as these easterly winds would have caused me much solicitude. How often I think of that beautiful text, 'Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; and blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits.' Romaine has beautifully compared the north wind to the reproofs, and the south wind to the consolations of the Holy Spirit. Surely both are among those best gifts we do well to 'earnestly covet.' 'Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit,' is a passage of Scripture which has suggested many an earnest prayer. Oh that our Father in Heaven may 'work in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' We are never straitened in Him. He had much rather we should draw largely from the treasury of His grace, and surely He deserves to be honored by unwavering confidence and implicit obedience. I wish we *did* always walk as 'children of Light;' I wish we were in all things 'followers of God as dear children;' but we have failed in every good word and work, and are glad to 'flee for refuge to the hope set before us.' Still, while we appropriate our Redeemer as the Lord our Righteousness, we will not for a moment forget that we are chosen that we 'may be holy and without blame before Him in love.' How truly is holiness a constituent of happiness! 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' I did not, however, intend to make so many quotations from Scripture, but rather to address to thee a missive of affection; but we should never have loved each other so well if our communications had been of ourselves only. Is not intercourse, is not every thing most pleasant, when the name of Jesus is as 'ointment poured forth' upon it? I expect to 'behold the King in His beauty'—perhaps ere long; but I would patiently await His pleasure, and study His character during the interval. He is 'all my salvation and all my

desire;' but He would have me reflect His image more clearly, ere He admit me to His unclouded vision. I thank thee, beloved, for the sympathy with which thee has cheered my pilgrimage, and I thank thee most for thy anticipations of my future happiness. Oh, how unworthy I am of thy hopes and mine; but 'this is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' A delusive theology would not do for me, dear ——, would it? Does thee remember a sermon of Leighton's upon the text, 'Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption'? I love that sermon well.

"Give my love to C. O. S., and tell him that the injunction of Scripture is not alone that he shall remember his Creator in the days of his youth, but that he shall remember Him *now*. Tell him those who love the Saviour have a goodly heritage, and I trust he will not refuse it. Remember me affectionately to M., and tell her she must go to Jesus as she is, that He may make her all she ought to be. Ask her if the twilight hour be always remembered. I am glad she is one of your household now, and do not forget to ask blessings for her.

From her Diary.

"*Sunday morning, May 8th.*—'Sing ye praises with understanding.' To be enabled to sing praises with understanding, we must have, first, an object worthy of praise; second, we must understand the worthiness of that object.

"*July 15th.*—Last week I received the Communion. It was, to me, an affecting occasion. I thought of the holy worship which my mother and sister were then offering to the Most High. Oh, when shall 'a nobler, sweeter song' be given me? 'The Lord my Righteousness' is my hope and joy now, and in heaven I shall praise as I ought; but oh! how unworthy are all my present attempts, and how easily am I diverted even from the *attempt* to worship and adore! But, Lord, Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me. 'Thou hast given commandment to save me.'"

To Miss S. E. L.

"May 4, 1853.

"If all my thoughts of sympathy and affection had been penned, dear S., many sheets would have been presented to thy perusal in lieu of this one effusion. Earnest and joyful are my congratulations upon the rich mercies 'our Father' has vouchsafed thee. How gently He has led thee along the path of duty and of peace, giving thee grace to take one step in obedience to His command, and to trust Him for ability to go forward, when His will should have been further revealed! Surely thee may now say, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters,' and do not be afraid to add, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'

"It is pleasant, very pleasant, to inquire in the earthly temple; but oh! how much better it will be to 'behold the beauty of the Lord' in the upper sanctuary! Can we not adopt the sentiment which sister read to me this morning from the life of Simeon; although we have not equalled him in the time and earnestness of his experience? 'There are but two objects that I have ever desired for these forty years to behold; the one is my own vileness; and the other is, the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.'

"Let us ask more importunately for ourselves, and each other, that the glory of our Redeemer may be more fully revealed to us. Let us study His character with more attention, let us know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; then, dear S., it will be of comparatively little importance whether external circumstances be prosperous or adverse, or if our earthly tabernacles be more or less exposed to pain and weariness.

"Let us know more and more of our Saviour, and our holiness and happiness will proportionally increase. Let us bring every sin to the precious fountain of His blood, every temptation to Him who has made a way to escape, every sorrow to so compassionate an 'High Priest,' 'Such an High Priest became us.' In having Him, have we not all things?

"I am so thankful, so happy that such a possession is thine, my own dear S. Return continual thanks, and pray for grace to bless the Lord at all times, to lose thyself in Him."

To R. S.

"May 11, 1853.

"I think, my dear cousin, you would like to have an impromptu letter from me. Several unanswered epistles claim my attention, but it is to you that the thoughts of this evening shall be expressed. I thought of you with peculiar interest yesterday. I had quite an interesting conversation with the master of a little sweep, who had ascended my chimney to prepare it for the cheerful open fire which I always so much enjoy in the spring. Both the boy and the master attend the Church of the Crucifixion; the latter attends a Bible class, and is a member of a temperance society. The poor little sweep is in the Sunday School, and sang a hymn tune when he reached the top of the chimney. It comforted me much to know that there are some who care for the souls of these poor colored people, and my heart was gladdened by the reflection that my own dear cousin had determined to go to the home of their forefathers to tell them that *Jesus* loves them; that whilst so many of their fellow-creatures have sought to reduce them to bondage, He has died to redeem them unto Himself, and to bring them into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Oh, how pleasant it will be to assure them of such love; to go into the very kingdom of darkness in the name of the Prince of peace! I do not love you too well for such a service as this, and in this assurance I give you a stronger proof of affection than if I were to beg you to 'count your life dear unto you,' to spare yourself and your friends the trial of separation. Mr. L. visited me this afternoon, and spoke of a young missionary belonging to the Baptist Church who has recently sailed for Africa. The Consistory, he says, objected to the locality he had chosen, on account of its unhealthiness, but one of them remarked that they would incur a great responsibility by opposing his desire, and stated that some time before a young man, who had intended to lead a missionary life, was persuaded by his friends to remain in his own country, but, a few weeks after he assumed the charge of a church, he was attacked by an epidemic and died. He thought the friends of the young man should not have influenced him to resist the call of duty. I must confess, however, that although I hope to 'pass over Jordan' before you leave the shores of your own country, I do think of you with *very great tenderness* when I remember that you are to go so far away. But need I feel anxious about you, my own dear cousin? Have you not 'a name and an inheritance' better than the world

could give you? Is not God your reconciled Father; Jesus, your Saviour and Counsellor; the Holy Ghost the faithful Friend who reproves, comforts and guides you? And will He be with you less when you have said farewell to earthly friends?

* * * "I wish I knew whether you have received any description of the interesting Confirmation of two or three weeks since. I should like to tell you all about the colored girl who was invited to sister M.'s class by dear M. H., and then brought to the Saviour, as we trust, by the instrumentality of this young disciple. She was baptized in my room, and confirmed the following Sunday. My very dear S. L. has also been confirmed, and is one of the most whole-hearted children of our Heavenly Father with whom I am acquainted." * * *

To the Author.

"May 18th, 1853.

"I wish it were a matter of fact, as well as of feeling, that I had known you these many years, dear Bishop; but it is a pleasant reflection that a Christian friendship which may have had little connection with the past, presents in addition to all present enjoyment an unlimited future. The physical impediments which so often interfere with the expression of this hallowed regard, with all the spiritual imperfections which prevent its exercise, will have passed away when we awake with the *likeness* of our adorable Redeemer.

"My attention was attracted a few days since by the declaration of St. John, 'If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another;' and I felt a fervent desire that a more holy and steadfast radiance should illumine all my friendships.

"When you write to me again, will you not make some comments upon the passage—'We have known and believed the love that God hath to us'? Surely, if I could in an unqualified sense make this language my own, I should know no spiritual restriction. I do know and believe, and constantly experience, that God hath great love to us; but it is quite as needful to say, 'I will appreciate Thy love when Thou shalt enlarge my heart,' as to express the sentiment, 'I will run the way of Thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart.' But our Heavenly Father will do all this, and though His children may learn slowly, they shall all be well taught; therefore, I do not 'doubt, but earnestly believe.'

"Has not His paternal character been beautifully manifested towards our young friend? She was made willing to 'forsake all',

and follow Christ, and He has not only spared her the trials which are endured by many of His servants, but guided her into peaceful and refreshing paths. Are there not many such in our way home, and is not even the rugged part of the journey made pleasant by the companionship of our blessed Lord and His disciples?

"You will not think me inconsiderate, because I wish to enlist your prayers and counsels in the service of another friend who desires to share this pilgrimage. I am not unmindful that, although you greatly prize the privilege of giving individual instruction, much time is demanded by your public duties, but this case is one of a peculiar character; and although I may not yet state all its circumstances, I am permitted to inform you that my friend wishes to visit ——— when she shall have been informed of your return, that she may receive your advice. If the clearer light which she is seeking shall shine upon her path, she will present herself as a candidate for your approaching Confirmation. It is very evident to me that the Holy Spirit is now convincing her of sin, and it is my hope that He is also revealing in some degree that Jesus is just such a Saviour as she needs; but the day is not far advanced. I am very sorry and very glad to present this new claim to your attention. * * *

"How very interesting and affecting your recent Confirmation must have been! May our Father in Heaven preserve unto eternal life all who then dedicated themselves to His service! Your dear boy was not there on that occasion which his presence would have made very joyful, and I should not wonder if a father's heart had almost prompted the desire that he might lay his hands upon the young head which will never again be bowed in an earthly temple. It would have been very sweet to have thus assumed the relations of a Bishop and a Pastor towards a darling child; still you are glad that the Good Shepherd removed this lamb of the fold from your bosom to His own, and you look up with tearful eyes but a rejoicing heart, whilst your love for both grows stronger and stronger."

To Miss S.

"GREENWOOD, June 15, 1853.

"This is a most appropriate time to trace with my pencil the letter of congratulation my heart has so long prompted. The trees which surround my room are so numerous and so shady that I might almost imagine myself in the woods. The air is very pure, and I feel that it is a great blessing to belong to the family of One whose

'tender mercies are over all His works.' 'All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.'

"How glad I am that you have been enabled to return thanks for redeeming mercy! I have rejoiced with you. If you would be a happy and devoted Christian, abound in praise, dear M. Do not permit a sense of unworthiness to deprive you of this privilege — to tempt you to neglect this imperative duty. It was remarked by an eminent servant of our Heavenly Father, that He was ashamed to ask for more mercies until he had returned thanks for those he had already received. I have been told, also, of a mother who requested her little daughter to count her blessings. The child enumerated twenty. But we can number many more, and it will be well to make most rapid progress in the study which shall occupy eternity. When Moses besought Jehovah to show him His glory, He said, 'I will make all my goodness to pass before thee.' The enraptured prophet has beheld this goodness ever since, but more is yet to be revealed. Infinite glory, in its manifestations of Infinite goodness, passes before a vision continually enlarged and a being who is endued with an immortal nature, that he may enjoy it forever. 'This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord,' and it is yours, dear M. Perhaps you will say, 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.'

"Winslow, in his excellent work upon the glory of our Redeemer, endeavors to impress the reflection that the believer should make this glory the constant, the concentrated study of his life. He tells us we should search the Scriptures for this object, and surely this is a most healthful theology. We shall not have time to be desponding or presumptuous, if our attention be thus withdrawn from our sinful, ever-disappointing selves.

"Are not these remarks the best reply I can make to the question in the concluding part of your letter? Can it ever be needful that the disciples of such a Saviour should experience seasons of darkness and wandering? 'The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' It is because of unbelief, or the indulgence of some other sin, that spiritual darkness so often obscures the heart which ought to be so full of light and peace. It is true that our physical condition necessarily exerts some influence upon the mind. It is true, most sadly true, that the believer is often compelled to 'groan, being burdened' with sorrow and with sin. But it is equally true that his happiness should not be dependent upon his varying frames of mind, or the

circumstances of his physical condition. 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God, making mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only,' should be the constant song of the Christian pilgrim, as he presses on through the many foes that surround him to the end of his earthly pilgrimage; and then, as he passes over Jordan, it is his privilege to sing, as has been beautifully said, 'the death-song of death.'

"I am so sorry that my sheet is almost filled, and yet you have wiser counsellors to enforce the thoughts I wish to urge. I trust, also, that the Holy Spirit has taught you the indispensable necessity of diligent attention to self-examination and private prayer. Do you suppose that any eminent Christian has been unmindful of these duties?

"How important, also, the unreserved consecration of the Sabbath and the cultivation of tenderness of conscience! We should listen to the whispers of the Holy Spirit as well as to His louder tones. I am glad you have 'living epistles' all around you, and cordially unite in the wish you express that I were acquainted with your parents and sisters. Give a message of affectionate sympathy to your sick sister. It is not so very sad to have a suffering and exhausted frame, if it repose in the green pastures of salvation, and enjoy the constant attendance of a Shepherd who is the *Great Physician* also.

"Commending myself and you, dear M., to His continual protection, I repeat the assurances I have already given you."

To her Sister-in-Law.

"July, 1853.

"How much I should love to take a sheet of letter-paper from my portfolio, and fill it with expressions of true and deep affection for my sister M. It is a great comfort to *me* to love you so much, and I pray that 'grace, mercy and peace may be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord.' Are we not very glad that Jesus is our Lord, our King, our Priest, our Bishop, our Shepherd, our *Righteousness?* Oh, that we may thus appropriate and thus enjoy Him at all times! Let us study His character, and let our experience prove that He is that which Leighton asserts Him to be, 'The principle and pattern of holiness to the believer.'

"Teach dear little E. much of His love, His acts of mercy, and I 'do not doubt, but earnestly believe' that the Holy Spirit will

impress your instructions upon her youthful heart. I look for an early blessing. Why should we not *expect* this? Tell her, Aunt Sue will put a kiss on a flower, and put it in this note for her darling. Ask her if she does not wish to please her Heavenly Father, who makes so many beautiful things for her to enjoy. * * *

"The Bishop made me a refreshing visit on the morning of the 4th of July, and I enjoyed the presence of the Great Shepherd and Bishop, when so many noises were made. 'When He gives quietness, who then can make trouble?'" * * *

To Miss A. B.

"May, 1853.

"Your letter was most welcome, dear Miss B., and I have quite anticipated the pleasure of writing, or rather dictating, a letter to you, both because my feelings towards you are of a very affectionate character, and I would like to interchange sentiments with you on many interesting subjects. This pleasure I have until now been compelled to postpone, but you must not punish me for having been more sick than usual by refusing a prompt reply to my epistle.

"I shall not have time for my own thoughts this evening, as I wish to tell you of a delightful visit I received this afternoon from Dr. Kalley, the physician, who was so wonderfully instrumental in the conversion of many of the inhabitants of Madeira. I hope you have read Mr. Hewitson's Life, that you may sympathize with me in the pleasure I derived from this visit. If you have read this book, you will recollect Mr. Sylva, a native of the island and a man of some distinction, who suffered much for 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and is now the minister of the exiled Portuguese in their western home. While he was yet in the darkness of Romanism, he called to consult Dr. Kalley in reference to the sickness of his daughter, a girl about fifteen years of age. Dr. Kalley did not neglect to recommend the Great Physician, and after he had received several visits of application to his medical skill, he was informed one day by Mr. Sylva that he wished to speak with him alone. The anxious father realized that he too was sick, and inquired with great solicitude what must be done by a person who had become sensible that he had transgressed the law of God, and was justly exposed to condemnation, to escape the consequences of this disobedience? He remarked, 'I learn that Baptism cleanses from original sin;' and was about to state the benefits which he supposed would ensue from penance, etc., when Dr. Kalley interrupted him with the reply, '*I*

learn that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.' 'What is that?' rejoined the astonished inquirer; and when Dr. Kalley proceeded to unfold the plan of salvation, he eagerly exclaimed, 'Tell me that again!' 'No,' said Dr. Kalley, 'I will show it to you in God's own Word.' He then read to him several passages of Scripture which refer to the finished work of our Redeemer, and he who had asked the question, 'What must I do to be saved?' received the blessed and simple answer with many tears and much joy. He then forsook all and followed Jesus. Dr. Kalley says he does not think he met with more than two of the Portuguese (the Priests excepted,) who knew of the existence of the Bible when he first went among them. He has been in Palestine for some time, and expects to-morrow to commence a journey to Illinois, with the design of visiting the Portuguese who are there. If he shall find them in a spiritually prosperous condition, he intends to call upon American Christians to assist in removing the one hundred and sixteen who are now in Trinidad to their companionship.

"Dr. K. told me that after the persecution in Madeira had commenced, one of the converts remarked to him that he had read in Scripture the assurance,—'All who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution,' but he had also read, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.' He did not know how he could do this, as there was but one city on the island. Dr. K. reminded him that when the Lord undertook the deliverance of His people from Egyptian bondage, He opened a way through the sea; that He loved them as well as the Israelites, and if it were His pleasure, He could make the sea also a way for them to pass over. Just at the time of crisis, a vessel was sent to their shores for the purpose of allowing them to emigrate, but without any knowledge of their peculiar situation. They sailed, and their persecutors were left behind. How cordially could they unite with God's people of old in the acknowledgment—'Thou, in Thy mercy, hast led forth Thy people which Thou hast redeemed.'

"Are not these anecdotes more interesting than any of my own thoughts? I must not forget to tell you of Dr. Kalley's observation, that there is probably the same law of connection between prayer and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that there is between hearing the Word and the reception of the Gospel. When I asked him what he thought the best means of growing in grace, he replied: 'To feed on Christ. If one would be strong, he must take his food well.' He gave me the text, 'Accepted in the Beloved.' This is a beauti-

ful text, is it not, dear Miss B.? I do desire to appreciate the great love which gives to me, so great a sinner, this well-grounded hope. 'This is the name whereby He shall be called—the Lord our Righteousness.'" * * *

To the same.

"July, 1853.

"You are a dear, kind Miss B., to remember the requests of your friends so well. I surveyed the dimensions of your letter with great satisfaction before I read a single line, nor was the complacency diminished by its perusal. I should like to have one every week, with the arrangement that my payments should be made in irregular instalments. As a matter of necessity, and in reference to epistolary debts alone, would I propose such terms as these, for I cordially respond to the opinion expressed in Hewitson's Life, that commercial integrity must ever be the accompaniment of spirituality. How full of meaning is David's earnest declaration! 'I esteem all Thy precepts concerning all things to be right, and I hate every false way.' How delightful it is to reflect upon the rectitude of our Father in Heaven, to know that in all His dealings with the perverse and rebellious sons of men, He has never deviated in one instance from the most unbending integrity! Oh! when shall we fully appreciate His character? When shall we become 'partakers of His holiness'? Let us pray that we may more earnestly 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' for, as Dr. Bedell once observed, the promise is not that we *are* filled, but that we *shall* be. What can we ask more than to be filled with righteousness? How vain are the hopes of those who expect that this blessing will be imparted, before it shall have been imputed! Is there any text of Scripture that you love much better than, 'Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other'? It is *therefore* that 'truth shall spring out of the earth.'

"Will you not pray, my dear friend, that I may love with more intense affection the glorious Redeemer who has thus 'magnified the law and made it honorable'? I *do* see much 'beauty that I should desire Him,' and I have known Him these many years as 'the Lord my Righteousness.' I do not expect to be fully 'satisfied' until I 'awake in His likeness;' but whilst my enfeebled frame slowly approaches the grave, I would that my soul may hasten more ardently towards the fulfilment of its hopes. 'To depart and to be with Christ is far better,' but He is willing to unfold much of His

glory ere this consummation, and to reflect upon our lives His holy radiance. He is willing to be with us now, and soon we shall be with Him. May 'the whole earth be filled with his glory'!" * *

To Rev. Mr. D.

"July 13, 1853.

"What melodious strains must have proceeded from David's harp when our Saviour 'entered into His glory;' and Abraham, who 'saw his day and was glad,' when as yet it was afar off, was surely among the most joyous of the enraptured throng of glorified spirits who welcomed their ascended Lord. These thoughts have just been awakened by the description of our Redeemer's ascension, which St. Luke has recorded. Is it not full of touching interest? 'And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into Heaven.' I do not wonder at the lingering gaze which was interrupted by the angels' voices. Surely we ought to trust and love a Saviour who came into our world with such purposes of mercy, and left it with hands lifted up to bless His disciples. I am thankful that He has given us the record of all this mercy, and sent the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, to prepare us for His return, and to cheer us whilst we await His coming. Oh! will it not be an unspeakable blessing to be with Jesus forever? To love Him as we ought, to understand Him fully, to *believe all His love*, and to receive its manifestations throughout eternity! Pray for me, my valued friend, that I may 'behold the glory' which the Father has given Him, not only when I shall be where He is, but now, as I slowly but surely approach the termination of my earthly pilgrimage. I wish I knew more of the intense longing after this only true good, which was expressed by my now satisfied friend, dear L., but a little while after she had begun to study our Redeemer's character: 'Nothing but Jesus, as fully owned and enjoyed as He can be on earth, can satisfy my soul.'

"*July 15th.* — My friend, Mr. B., has kindly recorded the few thoughts I expressed with my pencil; and since a clerical visit prevented us from completing the letter, I will tell you this afternoon, dear Mr. D., how appropriate is your remark: 'With us, in its better sense, there is no such thing as disappointment in these frustrations of earthly plans." I have had to remind myself of this truth, again and again, in its application to the great enjoyment I had anticipated from intercourse with you and my precious Mrs. D.,

this summer. I was quite unwilling to believe that your purpose had been actually relinquished; since I had hoped you would have talked to me of our best and dearest Friend, and knelt in my room to implore His blessing for me. How thankful I feel for the many prayers you have already offered! Surely, you have thus performed the best office of Christian friendship, and I am greatly ashamed that it has not been more faithfully reciprocated. 'With supplications will I lead them,' is a beautiful promise, whether its fulfilment elicit from our hearts earnest breathings for ourselves or others. How much we ought to pray for a spirit of prayer! Will you not ask that I may derive much vigor from the True Vine, in my intercourse with the young people of the village? I expected that you would have shared with me the opportunity of making effort for their highest welfare. I feel great interest in the plans you have formed, and will pray that showers of blessings may water and the Sun of Righteousness perfect them. I am sure your heart would be cheered if I could tell you all the interesting circumstances which have been connected with the conversion of two of my friends." * * *

To Miss S. E. L.

"GREENWOOD, August 3, 1853.

"'Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as are right; that we, who cannot do any thing that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

"When Mr. B. comes to write my letters, he always asks our Heavenly Father's blessing in the language of some of the Collects, and one of those he used this evening is so beautiful, that I have made it the first sentence of the missive of affection I wish to send to my beloved S.

"It is thus only that I can visit this oft-remembered friend. If my personal presence could be as easily conveyed to her, I should anticipate some pleasant interviews and a very cordial welcome. I was thinking, this morning, of the great beauty of the passage, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people.' Much of the pleasure of life is derived from the society of valued friends, and much we prize their offices of love. How, then, can we appreciate the condescension of the High and Holy One who has *visited* us with such purposes of mercy? Are we not thankful that He has come into our hearts? Let us seek

more intimate communion with Him,—let us pray that He may so dwell with us, that our hearts may be quite filled with His presence, and we shall then be always able to say,

> 'If Thou, my God,
> Wilt with me take up Thine abode,
> And grant me fellowship with Thee,
> Nor sad, nor lonely, shall I be.'

"In enjoying and in seeking more and more of this holy fellowship, I feel assured, dear S., that thee is consoled, in the absence of thy watchful mother and beloved spiritual friend. Is He not a wonderful Being, who comforts as a mother, and surpasses the fidelity and tenderness of the most faithful earthly Shepherd? It was well, indeed, for L. to say, 'All is laid up for me in Jesus.' O how happy she became when she was enabled to lift the eye of faith above the depressing picture of her own sinfulness, to the all-sufficiency of Him whom she was enabled to appropriate as her Righteousness and Sanctification. Keep thine eye fixed on Him, dear S., and thine will be a progress which will make glad the hearts of those who love thee. It is upon our Redeemer, and not upon our frames of mind nor upon our attainments, that our safety and our peace depend. If we gaze steadily upon Him, we shall so reflect His image, that our lives will become more holy and our hearts more full of peace, than if it were our endeavor to give *ourselves* these qualifications for His favor. Ah! we have to come always, as we came at first, as poor helpless sinners; but still in coming, again and again, we learn more of the preciousness of our blessed Saviour, and are enabled to rely upon Him with more confiding faith.

"And then, how pleasant it is to bring our sin-sick friends to Him who has 'healed our infirmities, and saved our lives from destruction!' There are peculiar sorrows, as well as peculiar joys, connected with the Christian life, and one of the greatest of these is solicitude for our friends who have never 'tasted that the Lord is gracious,' and who may be at any moment summoned to the presence of that Maker whom they have never obeyed nor loved. But our Redeemer sympathizes with this sorrow and would have us bring it to Him. It is said, in reference to the friends of one 'sick of the palsy,' that 'Jesus seeing *their* faith,' effected his cure. This surely should be an encouragement to us, when we pray for those who are not yet saved. 'Be not afraid, only believe.'"

"August 24, 1853.

"I think, dear E., the letter of this evening shall be addressed to thee. Mr. B. quite heartily responds to this suggestion, and I am glad to express some of the many affectionate thoughts and earnest desires for thy best welfare which are in my heart. Our intercourse has always been affectionate, but recently it has received much more of our Heavenly Father's blessing. And if, in a few days, it be renewed, I trust we shall seek, with increased confidence, the influences of the Holy Spirit. We always acknowledge our dependence upon His aid; but I wish our realization of this truth were more deep and constant. "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to keep my statutes, and ye shall do them,' is a promise which has often given me consolation. We should never expect to make ourselves better, nor feel discouraged because we cannot do this. Jesus is 'the Author and Finisher of our faith.' We must, therefore, go to Him for its increase, as well as for the repentance and pardon we require. That thee has become a pupil of this blessed Teacher, dear E., is to me a source of gratitude and delight, and I do not fear to commend thee to His guidance, even though thee may feel that thy steps are faltering and thy heart sometimes faint. 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings, as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.' What can we ask more than this gracious assurance of Him who cannot disappoint? Let us trust and not be afraid. Let us expect much from Him who has promised all. The righteousness of our Redeemer is the charter of our hopes. It is the beginning and end of our salvation. It depends not upon our varying frames and feelings. We must, therefore, seek an appropriating faith, and if we be thus constantly enabled to live upon this fulness of our Redeemer, we shall be among the happy company of heavenward pilgrims of whom it is said, 'Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day long, and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted.'

"Tell thy dear sister M. that I wish she were included in this number, and ask her if she will not begin to learn the song of redeeming love. I am sure she cannot bear the thought of eternal absence from that holy choir whose unceasing song will be, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'

"Give my love to her affectionately. Is not Christian friendship a source of great enjoyment, and should it not be carefully and prayerfully cultivated? That we may enjoy the communion of saints in this world, and throughout eternity, with the unclouded vision of our blessed Saviour, is, dear E., the fervent hope and earnest prayer of thy affectionate friend."

To W. A. N.

"Sept. 9, 1853.

"Does thee suppose, dearest, that among the inventions of modern science will be a medium of intercourse with distant friends less mechanical than letter-writing? However ingenious the contrivance, it could not convey to thee the stores of love which have been thy continually accumulating possession since the days of earliest infancy. I am thankful that such affection as mine, intense and true as it is, is not thy richest heritage. The Holy Spirit can teach thee the *Father's* love, and enable thee to exclaim, 'How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!' And yet it is not now that this chord of filial sympathy and delight will sound its first vibrations. The Heavenly Musician touched thy *youthful* heart, my precious one, and elicited 'a nobler, sweeter song' than has ever resounded from the halls of thoughtless mirth, or from any other source of uninspired pleasure. Ask Him to tune this instrument to deeper melody. Ask that there may be no discordant tones; but that every energy of affection and of intellect may be expanded and expended in the glorious harmony which begins in Heaven, and receives the accession of the Christian pilgrim's song. Oh, W., it is a cheering thought that all this heavenward company will form, at last, a joyful choir around Him who taught them the first notes of redeeming love. 'Ear hath not heard' the full chorus of glorified spirits. The heathen must yet be taught the song. Other little children must be brought to Jesus, that He may take them in His arms and bless them. Many a wanderer must be reclaimed. Many who are weary must hear 'a word in season.' Until this consummation shall be given, every man should 'say to his neighbor, and every man to his brother, Know ye the Lord?' Shall not I, who 'covet earnestly the best gifts' for my treasured one, pray fervently that his heart may be warm and his voice eloquent in successful endeavor to attune other harps than his own to the chorus, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace — good-will towards men'!"

To a Relative.

"Saturday afternoon, Sept. 11, 1853.

"L., dear, what would I not give to have you with me to-day? We all love you so dearly, and you would be so welcome an addition to our little circle this evening. We shall be near each other, however, if we draw near our beloved Saviour.

'Prayer shall a vast triangle form,
On whose wide base we still shall meet,
And whose high top surmounts each storm,
And joins us at our Saviour's feet.'

"Christian fellowship is very refreshing, but it is an unspeakable privilege also to be quite alone with our Father in Heaven; and I am glad you thus enjoyed the Saturday evening to which you refer. Continue, my precious L., to 'wait upon the Lord,' and you will experience all that is promised in the concluding verses of that exquisite chapter, Isaiah, 40.

"*Tuesday evening.*—I begin to fear that the letters to you and A. which are in my heart, will not have received a pencilled impression ere an opportunity of having them copied shall offer. We asked blessings for you both on Saturday evening, and for the dear brother, for whom you desire them so much. You need not apologize for your loving allusions to your own family. Social sympathies are among the best endowments of our nature; and when the heart, so prone to make unhallowed use of these affinities, has been renewed by the Holy Spirit, and attracted towards the true centre of light and love, it may bear with it, on its way thither, the domestic and social affections, as blessings for which it should be thankful and must give account. Oh! that 'holiness unto the Lord' may be written upon all your attachments, all your intercourse with society, all that you are and have. Then my warm-hearted young friend will never be disappointed; but whilst she gazes with tearful sympathy upon many a sad spectacle of blighted affections and wasted energies, her own heart will be 'strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.'

"And your influence, dear L., what will it be, thus applied to holy purposes and endued with the continual benediction of Him who loves to receive the spring-time offerings of the heart? I think I hear you say, 'Alas, I have not given these to God. My early child-

hood was engrossed too much by present things, and even since the vows of God have been assumed in the Sanctuary, I have not fully realized their solemn import. It is my sincere desire to "follow the Lord fully," but temptation is within and around me. Pray for me, that I may be "faithful unto death, and receive the crown of life.'"

"My dear friend, it is well to 'search and try our ways.' It is well to study prayerfully that Word by which we shall be tried at the last day, and compare our past and present lives with its unbending requirements: it is well to pray for a contrite spirit: it is well to relinquish every pursuit, every opinion, which endures not the test of God's Word and our baptismal vows. If we would thus steadfastly contend against our spiritual enemies, we must not forget for one moment that Jesus is the 'Author and Finisher of our faith,' the 'Captain of our salvation,' the 'Vine,' to whom we must be united if we would bear good fruit, 'the propitiation for our sins,' 'the Lord our Righteousness.' Be not discouraged, but draw very closely to this blessed Saviour, and as you receive wisdom and strength, employ them for the promotion of His glory, and the highest interests of your fellow-pilgrims." * * *

To a Young Lady.

"Sept. 21, 1853.

"It is not always, dear A., that I can combine opportunity and physical ability in the comparatively trifling effort of tracing my thoughts upon a slate; and day after day have I vainly sought this concurrence, that I might reply to your welcome and affectionate letter.

"May I not hope that you will often write to me? I should greatly enjoy the unreserved expression of your sentiments, for I remember well the aspirations of my own youthful days, and am able to sympathize with the untold yet ardent longings of the heart and mind, for more to love and more to learn. In future years, if, indeed, they be your portion, you will feel disposed to take many retrospective views of life: and I think it probable that there will be times when the playful scenes of childhood, and the more practical pursuits of maturer life, will receive a more transient survey than the present period of your existence. You feel it now to be full of interest; you will find it then to have been replete with feelings and events, which will have shaped your character and influenced your destiny. Oh, then, my truly beloved young friend, be

reflective, be prayerful. Let your affections, in their upward flight, leave far behind the visions of a youthful fancy, and permit them not to hover, even for a moment, over the fairy groves of earthly pleasure; but as you draw near and still nearer to the object of your love and hopes, let your song be louder and clearer, until with thrilling ecstasy you sound the seraphic note, As for me, I behold thy face in righteousness. I am satisfied, for I have awaked in Thy likeness. May the Holy Spirit be your constant and cherished guide in all the means which will be conducive to this great end. May He so enlighten your understanding, direct your judgment, purify your affections, and elevate your pursuits that you shall be an incorporated Christianity, 'a living epistle, known and read of all men.'

"When the astronomer takes his telescope in his hand, that he may acquaint himself with the wonders of the planetary system, he is quite satisfied to disengage his attention, for a season at least, from the beautiful flowers which spring up around him; and if he would be a proficient in the science he has chosen, he devotes himself to its pursuit with an intensity which surprises one who cannot appreciate his object. 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' This is our Astronomy, dear A., and Jesus is our Sun. *Our* planetary system shall not *pass away*. Let us seek to understand the revolutions of each heavenly body, and let us never mistake a lesser luminary for that from which all light and heat is derived. If every member of our beloved Church had been preserved from this sad error, her holy privileges would not have received undue exaltation. It would have been remembered by all, as it still is by so many, that the true Church of Christ is His mystical body, that the soul must be united to Him by faith if it would grow in His house and flourish in His courts. Having this root, even the 'Root of David,' it will imbibe, with its head bowed down, the droppings of the sanctuary, and raise it again to scatter the blessings it has received.

"Oh! A., I have cheerfully relinquished the earthly temple at the bidding of my Lord; but my heart has truly said, 'I have loved the habitation of Thine house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth.' Now, in a more retired school, I receive the ministrations of the Shepherd and Bishop of my soul, whilst I eagerly anticipate the hour when, in the upper sanctuary, I shall 'behold the beauty of the Lord.'" * * *

To a Youth.

"Nov. 4, 1853.

"A long, long time has passed since you have received a single line from me; but you are still remembered in my daily petitions, and in thoughts of sympathy. You are so well acquainted with my physical incapacity to gratify the promptings of my heart, that I trust you have not ascribed my silence to any other cause.

"I am so very sorry that I did not see you when you passed a few hours at Greenwood. * * * I did not imagine that you would stay so short a time with so many friends; but now that you are so far away you must write to me often, and allow your letters to be unreserved expressions of your thoughts. If I could only feel sure that you were united to the true and living Vine, how very happy I should be! but until this union be effected, I cannot hope that the beautiful fruits of the Spirit will live and grow in your heart and life. Will you not read the 15th chapter of St. John, with earnest prayer that you may be thus allied to Jesus? Will you not study the character and offices of our blessed Saviour, with reference to your own necessities, and His power to supply them? Be earnest, dear ——, in this pursuit. Your soul is precious, and can be only safe and happy in the keeping of your Redeemer. Resolutions, intentions, serious impressions, cannot be substitutes for true conversion. I should like you to read 'Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity;' but, most of all, I would have you search the mine of Scripture for the imperishable treasure, which is always discovered and appropriated by him who seeks it earnestly, constantly, and in the name of Jesus. I am aware that many interesting and important studies occupy your attention, and would have you, in these also, be assiduous and successful; but remember, that it is 'life eternal to know the true God and Him whom He hath sent.' Consider the import of the passage which commences, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.'

"I should like to know all about your life at ——; if you have profitable Sunday influences, and have a judicious Christian friend, whose counsel and sympathy you prize. If you cannot give an affirmative answer to this question, applied as it is to earthly association, turn to the two last verses of the 4th chapter of Hebrews, and you will find comfort there.

"I was very glad to see dear E. even for a little while. I hope you will be a great comfort to her, and by precept and example do much for the younger children of your bereaved family." * * *

To C. R. B.

"Nov. 10, 1853.

"In writing Nov. 10th upon my slate, I am reminded that this day, or to-morrow, will have completed the fourteenth year of my inability to walk down stairs. As I cannot remember if the former or the latter be the anniversary of this merciful dispensation, I think it well to commemorate both,—one as a day of humiliation, the other of thanksgiving. Would it not be better to give precedence to the spiritual employment last mentioned? I am sure you would tell me, Yes, for 'the goodness of God leadeth to repentance,' and true contrition will be poured into the heart which is deeply exercised in its contemplation. An unceasing and abiding realization of this attribute of the Divine character is the great necessity of my soul.

"I therefore earnestly request that you will ask our Father to *make all His goodness to pass before me.* I am glad with you, in the anticipation of the 'perfect day,' when the Sun of Righteousness will shine upon us with unclouded splendor. 'In Thy light shall we see light,' oh blessed Saviour! Thou wilt recall to us the love of the Father, and we shall not be ignorant or forgetful any more at all.

'For this our longing souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.'

"While thus we wait this consummation, my truly valued fellow-pilgrim, let us dwell, for a moment, on the passing incidents of our journey.

"I hope many missives will welcome your arrival at New Orleans, since I am well assured that the recorded thoughts of distant friends will be of greater value than the salutations of many strangers. How will it be, if many of these remembrances be expressed in fervent, believing prayer for your highest weal? This record will be then more legible, more enduring, than the pen of friendship can make it.

"Surely our best friends are those who give us this proof of their affection, and whilst, in making this remark, I pass sentence of deficiency upon myself, my confession may induce you to pray that I may be enabled to sympathize more fully with the spiritual necessities of each member of the body, of which our glorious Redeemer is the Head.

"I owe to many of these a large debt of gratitude for the petitions they have offered, that I might be instructed and consoled, and for the attraction of their greater earnestness. Kindly offices have also been lavishly bestowed, and for your participation in all these, accept, dear C., my grateful and affectionate thanks. We have often waited upon the Lord together, and

'We will praise Him again,
When we pass over Jordan.'

* * * "It is needful to give you an abrupt assurance of the ever affectionate remembrance of your friend."

To Rev. J. H. Fowles.

"Nov. 23, 1853.

"How very many times, dear Mr. Fowles, has my heart prompted an expression of sympathy and Christian regard! I resisted this impulse when you were very ill, because I was unwilling to subject you to the fatigue of reading even a pencilled note, but intended it should have been indulged before your departure from the city. Now, my missive must be sent to a greater distance, and shall convey the assurance that, in the quiet chamber of the invalid of Greenwood cottage, you are remembered with an intensity of interest which is expressed in many petitions, that He, who 'knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust,' will grant you, in this season of peculiar necessity, the most precious and sustaining consolations of the Holy Spirit. Oh that you may be indeed 'strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness.'

"Did not St. Paul ask very much when he offered this petition? The Christian who accepts the afflictive dispensations of Providence with a submissive spirit, is supposed to have received a rich gift of grace; but the Apostle had gazed so long and so steadily upon the countenance of his reconciled Father, and had seen the command to suffer given with so many smiles of love, that He was emboldened to pray that it might be obeyed with a gladsome spirit; that the children of such a Father might rejoice in the pressure of His hand, even if it did lead away from many pleasant things along the path of suffering. Does not the word philosophy fall coldly upon the Christian's ear, when it is applied to the endurance of trial? His

is a brighter, a nobler hope, a principle of undying power. 'My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.'

"It is because you are thus sustained, dear Mr. Fowles, that I am not surprised to learn that you are very happy in a situation in which you would otherwise be oppressed by solicitude about your parish, your family and your physical condition. 'The Lord is your Shepherd,' and therefore you do 'not want.' 'He maketh you to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth you beside the still waters.' Surely these are the only 'still waters' beside which an exhausted invalid *can* lie down. What though his nervous system be unstrung, and his mind incapable of the energetic action of former years. He feels that beneath the tide of suffering flows a current of deep peace, and a spring of spiritual elasticity is of greater value than the buoyancy of health. He does not fear that increased necessity will draw too largely upon his resources, since he traces them back to the unfathomable sea of everlasting love. If this be a contracted theology, *we* cannot see the lines which bound it. If these be 'peculiar views,' we will receive their consolation, and patiently endure the odium they bring.

"How very precious to me, my truly valued friend, is the recollection of the refreshing and affectionate interviews with which you have favored me. 'Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel.' There was, perhaps, more of their fragrance in your last visit, than in any of those previously received.

"Oh, that the name of our dearest Friend may be unto us as 'ointment poured forth.'" * * *

To her Niece.

"Dec. 25, 1853.

"My own dear little E.:—I often wish to write you a note or letter, because I love you so much, and would like to tell you how much our blessed Saviour loves little children. He looks upon you so tenderly, and is willing to wash away all your sins in His precious blood, and to give you a new heart. Do you know what it means to have a new heart? Ma will tell you all about it, and I hope that you will pray that your Father in Heaven will give you His Holy Spirit There is a beautiful promise that God will give His

Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, in the eleventh chapter of St. Luke.

"Ask your dear mother to read it to you from the New Testament I send with this note. I thought you would like to have it. The print is large, and it will be delightful for you to learn to read all about our Saviour's kindness when he was upon the earth. He is just the same Saviour, now that He has gone back to Heaven. The Bible says He is 'altogether lovely.' Will not my precious E. be a little lamb of this Good Shepherd? You must pray for

"AUNT SUE."

CHAPTER XXV.

1854.

Waiting for God's Salvation—Cheerfulness of her Apartment—Letters to the Young—Morell's Philosophy of Religion—Mr. Fowle's Illness —To J. H. S.—Simplicity of the Gospel—Preference of Love and Faith to Knowledge—Romaine—To a young Person on Insincerity —Desires to fathom certain Passages of Scripture—Removal of Friends—Visit from a Converted Ojibwa—Letter to R. S.—The Highest Study—Pineville—To Mrs. Kalley—Apprehended loss of sight: Acquiescence—Letters of Sympathy—Vision of a believer—Concluding Letters.

A DECLINE of strength, exceedingly gradual, indeed, but steady and sure, now impressed upon Miss Allibone's friends the conviction that she could not be much longer spared to edify and bless them. And the apprehension invested their enjoyment of her society with a chastened tenderness and deeper solemnity. Her visitors counted each interview a privilege the more precious because so soon to be withdrawn, and left her apartment with the feeling that its inmate was not far from her heavenly home. Yet, reduced as she was by debility, and never unconscious of pain, she was extremely reluctant to decline the visits of those who sought her conversation. Her own convenience and comfort were of no account with her, if she might but be permitted to bear testimony to the loving-kindness of her Almighty Friend, and recommend her Saviour to the acceptance and confidence of all to whom she was an object of interest. Exceedingly attractive was the quiet room in which she patiently waited for the coming of the Lord, and none could enter it without being impressed with its peculiar charm. All its arrangements breathed the simple grace of true refinement, and

flowers added their fragrance and beauty. A bright beaming smile and an affectionate greeting welcomed her guests, and made them feel that their presence, instead of being a tax and burden to the invalid, was a pleasure and gratification. A calm joy irradiated her features, and the tranquillity that abode in her soul was plainly written on her countenance. The artist could have desired no better study for the representation, on canvass or in marble, of peace, purity and love. The sceptic could nowhere have met with more irresistible confutation of his cavils and scoffs against the religion of Jesus. The care-worn, anxious worldling could not gainsay the excellence of the good part she had chosen. The unquiet, doubting legalist must have felt the superiority of those views of gospel truth, to which she constantly ascribed the unclouded brightness and assurance of her hope. In her the young saw religion invested with inexpressible beauty, and were attracted by its magnetic influence. Ministers of Christ felt their hearts warmed, their faith strengthened, and their appreciation of the riches of divine grace heightened and enlarged. They learned new lessons of the love of Christ, and of the large capacities of that religion of which they were the teachers. Texts of Scripture and doctrines of the faith came from her lips replete with fresh, living energy, and sweet realization. Truth was wholly divested of cold abstractedness. Christian doctrine was not a thing for mere discussion or speculation. But all was clothed with reality, exerting its heaven-derived, soul-sustaining power. Even the soldier, fresh from the red battle-fields of Mexico, confessed the sacred melting power of the scene, and wept, as the gentle being before him spake to him of the soul's wants and the Saviour's love. Her chamber of sickness, so oft vocal with the utterance of fervent prayer and glowing praise, seemed as a little sanctuary, none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

The impression that the hour of her dismissal could not

much longer be delayed, was, to the sufferer herself, full of sweet refreshment. Without restlessness or impatience, she was yet looking forward to her absence from the body and presence with the Lord, "as a servant earnestly desireth the shadow." "My physical ailments are increasing," she wrote in July, 1854, "and with them the joyful hope that I shall soon experience the fulfilment of the promise, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.'"

To Miss S.

"Jan. 10, 1854.

"I am always glad to receive the outpouring of your young and affectionate heart, dear M., and delight to bid you God speed in the narrow, but pleasant path, into which your steps have been guided by Him who has loved you with an everlasting love, and, therefore, with loving-kindness has drawn you.

"'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe, and I will have respect unto thy statutes continually,' is a most appropriate petition for one who realizes, as you do, the importance of bringing religion into every thing; of 'doing all things to the glory of God.' It is true that, in making this attempt, we resist the current which once rapidly bore us towards an unprepared eternity, and we thus learn how strong it is. But it has been stemmed by many a mariner whose feeble bark has now attained the haven of rest; it is still stemmed by many who are so thankful to have escaped the shipwreck of the soul, and so refreshed by the delicious gales which are wafted from the country they seek, that they cheerfully encounter the hardships of the voyage.

"When you remember that Jesus is both your Polar Star and the Captain of your salvation, need the fragility of your bark, or the roaring of the waves, alarm you? Look upward, hasten onward, and all will be well.

"In one of your letters, dear M., you remarked that you could not expect that your family circle would be long exempt from bereavement. In another, you informed me that the angel of death had, indeed, visited your dwelling. Surely your little treasure was not too lovely for her Saviour's arms.

"I know, well, to sympathize with the sorrow you have felt, and trust this painful lesson will be one of lasting benefit. I think we ought to pray for submission to our Father's will, even though He were to remove every earthly blessing. How much I could tell you

of 'His gracious and ready help' in the hour of bereavement! And then, too, dear M., you are placed in a situation which requires a double portion of grace. Your temperament is so ardent, that you should ever gladly avail yourself of the privilege of asking your best Friend to hallow your love for all who are dear to you." * * *

To a Young Relative.

"January 11th, 1854.

"I gladly avail myself, dear W., of the first opportunity of using the pen of our kind friend, in reply to the letter which I received during his absence. You will readily believe that it was read with deep interest, and that my desires are very earnest that my young friend should witness a good confession, even unto the end. I am glad that you have so faithful a spiritual adviser, and hope that you will often seek his counsels; for it is not at the commencement of a religious course alone that we are benefited by the aid of more experienced Christians; but it will be our privilege, as we journey on in the narrow way, to experience more fully the assurance, 'as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' How earnestly we should pray that the name of Jesus should be 'as ointment poured forth' on all our friendships — all our intercourse with society. If this prayer be answered, we shall have something to give all our friends, something to gain from those who have been taught heavenly wisdom. Oh! that you may thus pass through your college life, dear W., protected from every unholy influence, and dispensing blessings to those around you!

"I have often thought that, in addition to the necessity for discharging the duties of Christian fidelity towards our unconverted friends, we derive personal benefit from these efforts. Offensive as well as defensive war must be waged by the disciple of our Redeemer. We shall be thus best protected from the encroachments of the enemy. Now that you are numbered among the soldiers of the cross, your conduct and spirit will be narrowly inspected; but youthful and inexperienced as you are, I shall have no fears for you, if you listen to the voice and gaze upon the countenance of the great Captain of your salvation. Study constantly the character of your Redeemer in its adaptation to your personal necessities, with fervent, persevering prayer, and you will certainly become an eminent Christian. Are you willing to be any thing less than this, dear W.? Read the third chapter of Philippians, and pray over it until the

spirit of the Apostle be thoroughly infused into your own bosom. This is indeed high ambition, and better than the 'pride of kings.'" * * *

To the Author.

"Jan. 18, 1854.

"The Postman is particularly welcome when he brings me a letter from you, my dear friend, and I am so fully assured of your kindly remembrance, and so well aware that I am one of many claimants upon your time, that I am only disposed to appreciate the generosity of the portion you give me. I am always glad to receive the promise of a visit, and to place its fulfilment among my pleasant recollections. Oh, that you would often ask the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls to refresh and instruct my spirit with larger communications of *His* presence! I shall be then better prepared for society and for solitude. How dependent are we upon Him for ability to improve every privilege, and how wise is the economy which entrusts us not with an accumulated store of grace, but makes our spiritual existence one of continual inspiration and exhalation!

"It is delightful to go to such a Father as ours for every thing we need, but how much richer His revenue of glory, if our trust were more implicit and our demands more proportionate to His willingness to give. Perhaps I err in this remark, since the goodness of God shines so brightly in contrast with the ignoble character of its recipients. Ability to fully appreciate so glorious a Being, is my highest expectation of heavenly happiness, but I love the sentiment:

'Children of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.'

"You remark that 'it is a comfort to the people of God to believe that they are just where He would have them, and in the circumstances that will best enable them to glorify Him, and bless their fellow-creatures.' I cannot imagine that real unhappiness can exist in the spirit of him who realizes this blessed truth. It is only the disciple of Jesus who can echo His own words—'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight;' and in doing this he feels he has received the legacy—'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.'

'You tell me that I 'can often speak a word in season to cheer

the heart of a Christian friend, or remind the youthful that "one thing is needful."' I know that God 'giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength,' and would gladly avail myself of this promised aid in all my intercourse with my fellow-beings.

"I do earnestly desire to hold fast to the integrity of Bible truth, and to firmly and meekly maintain it in opposition to the diluted and erroneous theology by which I am sometimes pained. Have you read or heard of Morell's Philosophy of Religion? I think it must be a very dangerous book. I heard a young lady speak of it admiringly a week or two since, and state as one of the opinions of its author, that the evangelists had enjoyed the society of their Redeemer so long, and had so imbibed His teachings, that they infused His spirit into their writings, and this I suppose to be Morell's chief idea of the inspiration of the words they wrote. I of course reminded my young friend of the singular dulness and unbelief which were manifested by the Apostles, notwithstanding all the holy fellowship with which they were favored, until they received the Holy Ghost. How glad I should be if you would allude to this subject in your next letter. I should like to give your opinion to one or two of my young friends. * * *

"Will it not be delightful to unite with all our Christian friends in the adorations of the upper sanctuary! This is the earnest hope of your very sincere friend."

To the Rev. Dr. Stevens.

(In answer to a request to select for him some texts for sermons.)

"GREENWOOD, Dec. 22d, 1852.

"You send me into the garden of Scripture, my dear Pastor, to collect for you a bouquet. I find there the flowers of all ages, all seasons and all climes — the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the Plant of Renown!

"Many of these plants I gathered long since, and placed them in my bosom. Oh, no! *I did not place them there.* My Heavenly Physician made them mine, that I might test their medicinal properties and enjoy their fragrance, while He effects my cure.

"Do not forget to pray for me, one of the sheep of your charge, wisely, kindly and happily penned in a corner of the fold.

"Affectionately, S. A."

To the same.

"GREENWOOD, May 10th, 1854.

"I am sure you will receive our valued friend, 'Romaine,' with a smile of recognition, my dear Pastor, and although I regret that the paper upon which his thoughts have been impressed indicates so plainly that his is not a modern work, I am thankful, very thankful, that these thoughts are more Scriptural, more consoling than those conveyed by so many gilded books of a more modern theology.

"I trust the Holy Spirit has vouchsafed me an increased reliance upon the 'sure mercies of David.' Oh, how very dependent on them am I now that a spinal affection, in all the reality, all the intensity of victorious progress, is increasing the physical sensibilities which will probably be very soon subdued beneath its power!

"In the strength of the Redeemer who endured the penalty of my transgressions, and by His obedience to every demand of a holy Law purchased for me a perfect righteousness, which His loving-kindness has enabled me joyfully to receive, I calmly await my Father's will. I cannot be placed in any situation in which He will not be able to sustain me.

"There is very much dross to be consumed, and it is a flame of love which has kindled the furnace in which it is to be purged away. I have no expectation from the natural effect of suffering, but I do most rejoicingly believe that my Father in Heaven will enable me to understand the lessons of discipline He has so kindly given, and although I have learned so very slowly, I shall at last be taught all He would have me to know. Pray that it may be my only desire that He shall be glorified — then I know all shall be well.

"Believe me, 'in the confidence of a certain faith,' very warmly your friend, S. A."

To a Friend.

"Jan. 31st, 1854.

"Beloved, how spontaneously comes this appellation! If I were *well*, I would like to put on my bonnet (if I had one,) and throw my arms around thee in thy own domicil. I am obliged to make frequent use of the subjunctive mood in this little effervescence of affection; but this form of speech shall not enter the better land, and we expect to be together there."

To a Niece, absent on a visit to the South.

"Feb. 7th, 1854.

"Some words of love must proceed from Aunty Sue's pencil; that Aunty Sue, whose quiet chamber is sometimes mentally visited by her darling niece. Is it not so? Does not Saturday evening bring with it some thoughts of affection and some thoughts of prayer? Very sure I am that it is not only then that earthly friends and heavenly blessings are desired. Fervent is my trust that the young disciple of Jesus, now for the first time far away from the retired scenes of domestic life, refreshes her spirit with copious streams of living waters, drawing them from Jesus, the Friend of her soul, through the medium of regular seasons of communion with Him, the daily diligent study of His holy Word, the prayerful use of every means of grace which shall be presented, the careful unwavering consecration of the holy day, and frequent petitions for His guidance, even when social scenes are most attractive. If all this be so, my darling, all will be well, and ever-pleasant the recollection of a visit which has gathered around it the fascinations of refined society, the endearments of warm and loving hearts. My love can enter this delightful circle, though my presence cannot, and there it is in bountiful supply. Say this to all. And now, my precious one, I ought to say farewell. Among the many welcomes which will be the portion of our wanderer, I doubt if any will be more sincere and more earnest than that which will swell up from the heart of her own AUNT SUE."

To an Intimate Friend.

"Ash Wednesday, 1854.

"I have been wishing for a very long time, dear Miss E., to express some of my many thoughts of affectionate sympathy, and to tell you how earnest is my desire, that abundant consolation shall be your portion in the season of trial through which you are passing. You have, however, anticipated this design, and I thank you very much for having sent me a volume which so beautifully teaches truths, which I trust the Holy Spirit is writing more and more legibly upon your heart.

"How much you need their impress, now that you are awaiting the tidings of your beloved Pastor's departure to that better world, for which he seems to me to have received a more peculiar preparation than almost any other friend I have!

"My heart aches for you, my dear friend, for I know that his

society and sympathy have been among your richest earthly treasures. Your teacher will not be 'removed into a corner,' but to the full fruition of every hope; and you will pass on, in your journey homeward, with the bright incentive of his holy example and the ever-consoling memory of his faithful friendship. Oh! is it not a comfort that our great High Priest 'ever liveth'?—that we may bestow our love upon one Friend who is in all things unchangeable? He is your Saviour, dear Miss E., and gently will He comfort you when the hour of bereavement shall come. I have felt very much the spirit of prayer for our beloved friend during his illness, and have believed that the God whose he is, and whom he has so long served, will enable him to glorify Him even unto the end. Neither have I forgotten his poor wife and children; but He who was my widowed mother's God, and who so kindly watched over her fatherless children, will extend to them His accustomed mercy I hope you will be enabled to glorify Him by a cheerful submission to His will in this great, great trial; and ere long, you know, all tears will be forever wiped away.

"I feel that my dear sister's children will have sustained a deep affliction in the deprivation of their Pastor. I hope you will pray for them and love them as you have done, for their mother's sake. Will she not give dear Mr. Fowles a joyful greeting? I can imagine her glowing spirit pressing to the utmost limits of seraphic boundaries to welcome each glorified friend that enters in. Will sho not be glad to see us, dear Miss E.? Let us lift up our heads, for our 'redemption draweth nigh.' 'Jesus having loved his own, loved them unto the end.'

"Believe me, ever faithfully and affectionately, your friend."

To the Rev. J. H. S.

"March 8, 1854.

"I have never felt willing to relinquish all epistolary intercourse with my very dear cousin; but not until this evening have I found a suitable opportunity for drawing your effusion from my list of unanswered letters, with the intention of removing it to another department of my portfolio. I am indebted to our friend Mr. B. for ability to gratify this desire. Am I not very dependent upon the kindly offices of those who surround me? In this way, at least, I am sure I am a blessing to my friends, and perhaps I could scarcely have been placed in any other situation in which I could have received so many manifestations of disinterestedness and affection.

So you see, dear Howard, that some peculiar benefits, as well as peculiar trials, are the portion of an invalid. I have often thought, too, that the retirement and necessities of a sick-room elicit a more unreserved expression of religious sympathy than is generally given in the more busy circles of society. I remember some illustrations of this truth with especial interest. Among them are the hallowed memories of communion with many loved ones, who now express their adoration in the immediate presence of its Holy and Blessed Object. Neither do I forget the companionship of my fellow pilgrims, and you, dear H., are among my valued Christian friends. I am very glad you pray for me every day: you could not bestow a greater kindness. Oh, that our Father in Heaven may give you the spirit of prayer, when you ask blessings for your very needy cousin!

"Is not appropriation the great secret of holiness and happiness? I often think of the beautiful simplicity of the passage—'Unto as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God.' Can we ever do more than this? It is thus alone we can be prepared to impart. I am glad that the Gospel is always simple. Would it not have been well if we had commenced the Christian life with this conviction? I recollect so well my great perplexity when I attempted the fractions of arithmetic, before I had learned the multiplication table; and think my juvenile troubles were quite an apt illustration of the condition of one who essays a Christian life, before he has learned the elementary principles of religion.

"This is an interesting subject, but I must leave it. I have only time to assure you that I am most truly your friend, cousin and sister."

To a Young Lady.

"March 22, 1854.

"Week after week has my heart dictated a letter to you, dear H.; but as my thoughts assumed neither verbal nor pencilled shape, it was not in the power of my kind amanuensis to transcribe them.

"Your affectionate note gave me much pleasure, not only because it expressed many sentiments that I approved, but because it was so entirely unreserved, and proved your consciousness that I am a little more than a new acquaintance. Indeed, dear H., I do love you very much, and am ready to love you more.

"Your earnest intellectual aspirations find an answering chord in my own bosom, a chord which sounds not as frequent and throbbing vibrations as in former days; since the Framer of my being has laid the hand of suffering and debility upon my physical energies, and

caused my inmost soul to echo the deep-toned whisper, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' He has taught me that it is better to love than to know, to believe than to understand, and causes my once restless spirit to fold its wings and rejoice in the finished work of my Redeemer, in the infinite perfections of the Holy Trinity; and thus in some sense and in a very feeble measure, I trust my spirit has already 'returned to God who gave it.'

"How blessed to have commenced the lesson which will acquire new interest as the ceaseless ages of eternity shall roll on! Why am I not a more attentive pupil? Alas! alas! I learn so slowly that I demand the exhaustless patience which is so freely given. I think I understand the feeling of responsibility and helplessness which is induced by the questioning of one who would be directed in the way of life. It is well that we can tell Jesus when our friends would see Him; it is well that we can ask Him to teach us all we ought to say. 'The meek will He guide in judgment,—the meek will He teach His way.' Oh, how much this promise increases my desire to be truly humble!" * * *

To Dr. B.

"GREENWOOD, April 12, 1854.

"I feel thankful to our Father in Heaven for your friendship, my beloved Dr. B., and am so strongly impelled to express some of my many affectionate thoughts that I will no longer deny myself this pleasure; and am, therefore, tracing upon a slate the lines to which one of my friends will give more permanent impression.

"Surely the sympathy and counsel of those who have pitched their tents in the same wilderness, and are awaiting with us a summons to a better country, are among the most valued blessings of our pilgrimage.

"Very closely is my heart united to you, my beloved Christian friend, and very refreshing is the memory of the hours we have passed together. How bright, how cheering is the anticipation of the fellowship of Heaven! It will be wonderful, indeed, for one so entirely unworthy to be a recipient of such blessedness; but I am a sinner whom Jesus came to save, and it is 'to the praise of His glory' that I shall sing, that I do now sing, the song of the redeemed.

"Is it not a pleasant thought that the angelic host, who tune this anthem so much more melodiously than it can be learned on earth, continually receive some accession to their choir? And yet we are so selfish as to weep when a celestial harp is placed in the hand of

one we love. It is with these mingled feelings of joy and sadness that I inform you that our much-loved uncle, towards whom you were attracted by the congeniality of Christian sentiment, when you last visited us, is now a glorified spirit.

"Yesterday, at ten in the morning, 'he was not, for God took him.' I told sister to tell him, a few days since, that I was glad the 'Rock of Ages' was his resting-place. He replied, with much emotion—'I feel it to be a great favor that I am not forsaken at a time like this. I have a hope that He, who has been my morning light, will be my evening sun.' And thus it was; the light grew brighter as he passed away. * * *

"How delighted I shall be to receive a long letter from you! Will you not write very soon? To see you would be a still greater pleasure, and to be remembered in your frequent prayers an added proof of the great kindness you have ever manifested towards one who is, with warm and always increasing affection and respect, your friend."

To a Young Lady.

"GREENWOOD, June 7th, 1854.

"How pleasant a talk we might have if you were with me this afternoon, dear H. The branches of my beautiful maple tree bow quietly and gracefully beneath the pressure of the rain, which refreshes its leaves, and then sinks into the earth that it may impart new vigor to its root.

"There are many such plants in the garden of the Lord, and we do not forget, even at this luxuriant season, that the economy of grace is more wonderful and more attractive in its varied unfoldings than the process by which the earth is filled with beauty.

"What heart has not its treasured memories of exquisite enjoyment in the deep green woods, in the gurgling streams, in the melody of birds, in the contemplation of sublime scenery, and in earnest gazing upon the clear blue heavens? But what are these in comparison with 'the green pastures' and 'still waters' of spiritual refreshment? There is music in the soul which has been taught to respond to the whispers of the Holy Spirit; and the eye which has been touched with His anointing beholds unequalled and unfading beauty. Oh, H., we have a loving Father, and would experience the full meaning of a filial spirit!

"I am glad you are pleased with Romaine on Faith. I wonder if you have any friend in N—— who possesses his entire works.

They are published in one large volume, and contain some sermons upon Canticles which —— and I have enjoyed together. There is a discourse, too, upon the Death of Hervey, which records a very luminous exit from the world. Romaine's own death was full both of realization and of hope, and I am always glad when the doctrine of imputed righteousness is thus attested. Would it not be pleasant if you could often read to me? I feel greatly disposed to cultivate our friendship, which is the result of our occasional intercourse, and shall ever deeply appreciate the confidence which you express a willingness to confer.

"Oh, that mine may be a more close and holy fellowship with my Saviour; that I may always have something to give which He has given me! It is always in vain to 'commune by the way,' if Jesus draw not near; but it is true and most consoling that He is as ready to vouchsafe His invisible presence to those who are attracted towards each other by love for Him, as when He appeared in the way to Emmaus. Is it not a serious, an inspiring thought that we may receive His guidance in our intercourse with all our fellow-beings? Should we ever be frivolous or unwatchful, ever selfish or unprepared, if we realized their destiny and our responsibility? We may, we must do good or harm in our intercourse with strangers. It is then a solemn thing to be a friend. Our sufficiency is of God. 'He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths.' An upright heart, sanctified opinions, impressive words, and useful actions are the effects of union to Jesus, and increasingly intimate communion with the Father through Him.

"He gives also the spirit of intercessory prayer, and I hope this blessing will be so largely poured upon you, that you shall be enabled to offer accepted petitions for your dear absent brother and for your truly affectionate friend, S. A."

To a Young Person.

"April 5th, 1854.

"I hope my kind amanuensis will transcribe this evening the slate-pencilled letter I now commence, but as I shall not inform him to whom it is addressed, I intend to write quite as unreservedly as though I were using my own pen.

"I feel very grateful to my copyist for his valuable services, but hope I realize more deeply my dependence upon the aid of a dearer and more powerful Friend. For how can I say anything that will be really useful, unless the Holy Spirit prompt my words? I lift

up my heart in prayer for this heavenly guidance. I would write with the affection and solemnity of one who must give account for the manner in which this and every other opportunity of intercourse has been discharged.

"I write to one who possesses a being which can never be extinguished, whose eternal destiny will be sealed I know not when, but to whom Scripture has addressed the solemn warning—'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.' Yes! she to whom my pencil traces these lines is one of those thus earnestly persuaded to remember that 'now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.' Suppose this gracious invitation were reversed to a sentence such as this: 'Now is the hour of your condemnation. The accepted time has passed away, whilst you were yielding to the suggestions of the world, the flesh and the dreadful adversary who has so tightly bound his fetters around your soul.' How vain would be then your regret, how vain my efforts, and, alas! too late my fervent prayers on your behalf! Oh, that we may both be truly thankful that this is not so! Oh, that we may both feel the value of your precious soul, and appreciate the fulness and freeness of redeeming love! Come, oh! come now to Jesus. He is 'waiting to be gracious,' waiting to wash away every sin, and expel every unholy propensity.

"I have often been impressed with the beauty and practical value of the announcement of the angel who foretold the birth of our blessed Saviour: 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' It is then *from* our sins, and not *in* them, that Jesus is to save us. It is also said that He 'gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity,' and it is to this object of His mission I would prayerfully, affectionately, tearfully direct your attention. Emotion upon religious subjects will not satisfy one who longs for your salvation as I do. Principle, fixed principle will rejoice my heart, if I see it shining through your character. It is not in a spirit of criticism, but in love and faithfulness to your soul, that I tell you that careful observation of your character has confirmed my fears that insincerity is your prominent fault; and it is better, far better that you should realize this painful truth whilst you are young, than permit a sin which is of all others most abhorrent to your Maker and repulsive to your friends, to increase in power. I wish you could know how affectionately I feel whilst engaged in writing these words; how fully I am convinced that the Great Physician is able and willing to heal the disease to which I would direct your attention. Will you not soon and very often pray over every

verse of the 51st Psalm, and always offer most earnest petition when the sixth verse commends itself to your attention? Will you not thus use the 25th Psalm?

"How blessed, how useful your life will be if the thorough change of heart which the Bible teaches and the Holy Spirit gives, be granted you now in the morning of your days! I have known communicants who have injured the holy cause they profess to love by the sin from which I am so anxious you should be delivered. I know one who weeps, and prays and talks earnestly of spiritual things, who is accused by very many persons, some of whom are unknown to each other, of frequent, of almost constant violations of truth. What is to be thought of this? God is the Judge: we must leave her in His hands; but, alas! I have often feared that she will receive an unexpected sentence at the last day. That word which itself is *true* has told us in the 21st and 22d chapters of Revelation, as well as in many other parts, that no one can enter Heaven who is not sincere and truthful. Go then to Him who is 'the way, the *truth* and the life,' and He will make you like Himself. Ask Him to make you know the worst of your case. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Some Christians have become conspicuous for the virtues in which their natural characters were most deficient. I have read of one whose temper was violent, and who spent whole nights in prayer that it might be subdued. It was said that for years before his death he was never heard to speak an impatient word. Should not this encourage us to take all our sins to Jesus, and expect pardon and victory through Him?

"That we may be among the number of those who shall forever praise God and the Lamb, even the white-robed company of Heaven, prays your truly affectionate."

From her Diary.

"*Sunday, April 16th.*—I feel that the greatest necessity of my soul is the ability to fully appreciate the love of God. I direct my prayers unto Him that this blessing may be given me. I have experienced His love in Christ Jesus these many years. It has been the light of my life.

"I believe the Holy Spirit has not at any time since my doubts were first removed, ceased to bear witness with my spirit that I am a child of God; and I am sustained by this

assurance in every hour of suffering and in every trial of my pilgrimage. But I feel straitened, and that not in the Lord but in myself. I wish to understand more fully than I have ever done such passages as these: 'We have known and believed the love that God hath to us.' 'Herein is Love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us,' &c. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son.' 'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.' 'The Lord's portion is His people;' and many other expressions in Scripture which testify the intense affection of our reconciled Father in Christ Jesus; the unutterable tenderness of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Heavenly Father, add to all Thy mercies grace to appreciate them as tokens of Thy love. Oh, shed abroad that love in my heart by the Holy Ghost! Enable me to meditate upon Thy attributes. Show me Thy glory in the face of Christ Jesus. There only hast Thou promised to reveal it, and there alone would I behold it. I want both the principle and the emotion of love; but desire that love only which is proved by *filial obedience.*

"'This is life eternal,' that I 'know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.'

'Oh! love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I long to prove
The greatness of Redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.'

"Dear Mr. Fowles and Uncle H. have gone to receive the fulness of the joy of which we have so often talked together. Uncle sent me word, a few days before his death, that he hoped that He who had been his morning light would be his evening song.

"Mr. Fowles died as he lived, reposing upon the covenant of grace.

"'Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that Thou bearest

unto Thy people. Oh, visit me with Thy salvation, that I may see the good of Thy chosen; that I may rejoice in the gladness of Thy nation; that I may glory with Thine inheritance.'

"*20th.*—I have just had a visit from a Methodist Indian missionary, now laboring on Lake Ontario. I liked his frank, manly deportment, and was interested in the account of his conversion. He says he prayed to the moon, when he knew not the true God, and asked it to guide him to the deer, that he might have food to eat. When he was told of the Almighty, and that he must approach Him through Jesus Christ, he replied, 'that this was the white man's pray. God would not hear an Indian.' He began, however, to wish to ask the blessing of the Most High, but thought He could only understand English, and that it would be vain to offer prayer in the Ojibwa tongue.

"After three or four weeks of great anxiety he met Peter Jones, and to his great surprise heard him return thanks, after eating, in Ojibwa. He felt encouraged then, and went into the woods and prayed: 'O God, I was so ignorant and blind, that I did not know that Thou couldst understand my Ojibwa tongue.' He then asked pardon through the blood of Christ, and although he thought that his prayers were not answered at once, at length his 'heart-sickness' was taken away, and he 'experienced another feeling which was joy in the Holy Ghost.'

"He prayed with me, and said, 'Show her very plain in her heart that the longest life is not long,' and then urged that I might be shown the blessedness which is to come.

"The day before yesterday I had dear H. and R. to pass the afternoon with me. H. read the 8th chapter of Romans, commented upon it, and prayed fervently. Dear R. anticipated his mission with a calm and hopeful spirit."

(*End of her Diary.*)

To Rev. R. S.

"May, 1854.

"It was well it was in thine heart to sail in that crowded emigrant vessel, my dear brother, and I was willing to let thee go, but I hear in this delay our Father's voice, and doubt not He has something for His servant to learn and to do ere he be fully commissioned for a foreign field of labor.

"A new page of the book of Providence is thus opened. It may be that former lessons are to be recapitulated; it may be that new ones are to be learned. Let thine eyes be steadily fixed upon the yet invisible characters of this volume, and then wilt thou read, and understand, and rejoice that thou didst believe. Oh! is it not a blessing to be a pupil of the Most High God? 'Who teacheth like Him?'

"The order of the planetary systems, the demonstrations of mathematics, the harmony of sound, the affinities of natural affection, give inexpressible satisfaction to the intellect, the ear, the heart; but the will of God, this is a higher study—this the science which satisfies and enlarges the capabilities of our whole being. I often think of a prayer which was once offered in my room, 'May we trust Thee, when we cannot trace Thee.'

"I believe that discomposure and perplexity will be sent into banishment by the upright in heart, or rather by Him who is the source of tranquillity.

"Let us pray, my beloved brother, as we linger, I upon the banks of Jordan, you upon the shores of your native land, that unto us may be vouchsafed the fulfilment of the promise, 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. In returning and rest shall ye be saved.' Isaiah 30 : 15.

"Our friends may wonder that I should wish to die and you to go to Africa, but we know that darkness shall be chased away from the valley of the shadow of death, and from the uttermost recesses of heathen ignorance.

"We are almost impatient for sunrise, but it has its appointed time. Does it seem to you, dear Robert, that this holy light has yet dawned upon poor Pineville? I wish you would go there and proclaim the good tidings you expect to carry so far.

"Years have passed away since I sat upon the fence as I returned from the shady woods of Temora, and surveyed the beautiful scenery and cultivated vegetation of the surrounding country, with a painful

realization that very little spiritual culture had been given. Then I thought of our Saviour's words, 'The fields are white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers unto the harvest.' I did offer this petition, and perhaps you will be sent to answer it.

"I have never forgotten that bright summer morning, with its heaviness of heart, because the name of Jesus was not faithfully proclaimed." * * *

To a Young Relative.

"May, 1854.

"I do not suppose that cousin Sue is often included in the busy thoughts and memories of the youthful student to whom my letter is addressed, but I am fully assured that she will be glad to learn that she is remembered with affectionate interest, by one who has more time for quiet reflection, and who is inclined by the Holy Spirit to offer frequent petitions for her orphan relative.

"Have any of these prayers been answered, dear S.? Can you cheer my heart by the tidings that you have been so deeply impressed by a sense of sin, that you could no longer be contented that the wrath of God should abide upon you, and have fled to Jesus for pardon and peace? Can you tell me that you hope you have been born again, that you feel a sweet sense of reconciliation to God through the merits of His Son, and a sincere desire to please Him in all you do? If you were to assure me of all this, I should feel indeed disposed to exclaim, 'In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy.' No one need feel desolate who belongs to the family of God. No one is dependent upon circumstances of earthly prosperity, to whom He is 'a sun and shield.' 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him.'

"I do not mean to write you a long and tedious letter, but earnestly entreat you to give to the few remarks I have made earnest and prayerful consideration; and when you answer my letter, remember that you are writing to a friend that loves you, and will appreciate your confidence. Tell me, first, if you must give me an affirmative or negative answer to my questions, and some other thoughts upon this important subject. * * *

"I will close my letter with love to E., and this text, 'Wilt thou not from this time cry, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth'?"

To a Friend.

"May 15, 1854.

"If human sympathy were the only alleviation of your sorrow, my dear stricken friends, it would be sad indeed. But it is a most consoling reflection that the event, which has elicited so much feeling here, has been regarded with the deeper interest which is the capability of a superior nature. He, who was once 'a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' and who has endowed our being with its tender relationships and exquisite sensibilities, has a heart of pity more powerful in its actings, more efficient in its ability to console, than the utmost necessities of our condition can fully test. It is my prayer that faith may be given you to make earnest and continual demands upon this inexhaustible reservoir of grace. May the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, pour upon you all this spirit of supplication, and may He so take of the things of Jesus and show them unto you, that there shall be bright light in your desolate dwelling, sweet peace in your sorrowful hearts.

"The widow and the fatherless! And are these sad words applicable to you? It is even so. But God is the Husband of the widow — the Father of the fatherless.

"He will take care of you, and bless you. Oh! do not look around you, but look up. If you could catch but one note of the angelic choir! one note! Oh, no! the prolonged melody your loved one has already so well learned to attune, you would so sympathize with his joy that you would almost forget to weep.

"We are an orphan family, and God has been our Father and our Friend. I bless Him for His loving-kindness to my now glorified mother, for His mercy to us all. Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your hearts.

"Perhaps those lines from Dr. Alexander's Work, on 'Consolation,' may give you some comfort. Do not forget that life is very short, and that the happiness of Heaven endures for ever.

"Believe me, with Christian, with prayerful sympathy, your friend."

To Mrs. P.

"May, 1854.

"I feel that it will be a personal gratification, dear Mrs. P., to send a missive of affection to your beautiful place of exile from so many you love, and to whom you are dear. With the thoughts of sympathy with which I so often visit you, is mingled a cheerful hope that a message of healing may be conveyed by the mild air of the

south, and that you and your family may be thus compensated for all the trial of separation. It is, at all events, a great comfort that it protects you from the damp and chilling atmosphere we breathe, and a greater consolation that you are under the guardianship of a wise and loving Father, who will abate or increase your physical symptoms in the degree which will most conduce to His glory and your highest good.

"Do you remember the beautiful hymn of Toplady, in which is expressed the sentiment:

'Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.'

'Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end,
Sweet on the covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

"'When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?' There is surely no such composure as that which is enjoyed by the believer, who, reposing upon the will of the Most High, awaits the dispensations of His Providence with an unwavering expectation that '*all* things shall work together' for his 'good.' Do you not wish that our faith were strong enough to appreciate all that is conveyed to us by that assurance, 'All things are yours. Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Union to Jesus, and with the Father through Him, is so great a blessing, that we, who trust it is ours, may well respond to the exclamation of a Christian of whom I have somewhere read, 'Let who will be miserable, I will not, I cannot.'

How much more happy and holy we should be, if we more fully appropriated 'The Lord our Righteousness,' if we continually studied His character, and sought conformity to His example! 'With Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall we see light.' How often have the darkness of sin and the clouds of sorrow been chased away by this Heavenly effulgence! To how many stricken ones has our compassionate Redeemer extended His healing offices! We know and feel now that 'we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities,' but our experience of His sympathy with all our sorrows will have only ceased when He shall

have wiped away all tears from our eyes, and expanded their vision to behold His glory in His celestial temple. There, with unfaltering songs of praise, we shall recount the blessings of our pilgrimage, and listen with rapturous delight to the attestations of those who share our felicity, that our Redeemer was to them also 'the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.'

"And when all these developments of eternity shall have been unfolded, will not He who has partaken of our sorrow sweetly sympathize with our joy? Then shall He 'see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.' Then for His sake, through the imputation of His righteousness, shall He behold a great company, 'which no man can number,' rescued from all evil, enjoying the consummation of all blessedness. This will be the triumph of benevolence, this its fruition; and we, even we, its recipients for ever. Let us then 'rejoice evermore.' Let us pray for grace to make an unreserved surrender of our souls, of these frail earthly tenements, of the dearest objects of our affection, to the keeping of Him who has begun now, and will never cease to 'make all His goodness pass before us.'

"I wish I could give you the little vase of lilies upon my stand; but you are surrounded by bright flowers and warm southern hearts. How much you would enjoy a book my sisters are reading to me, 'Consolation,' by Dr. James Alexander. There is much profit in his remark, 'Those who dwell most on the person and work of Christ have the brightest prospects of future blessedness.' Will you not pray that this may be my constant employment, dear Mrs. P.? *

To the Author.

"May 17, 1854.

* * * "How wonderfully sympathy multiplies our sources of happiness! I have always been pleased with an idea quoted by my cousin from a favorite author, some years ago, that, as the persons who set out from any part of a circle, and direct their course towards its centre, will constantly draw near each other, until at length they meet at the common point of attraction, Christian hearts will be united in closer and more holy fellowship as they approach Him who has loved them with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness has drawn them.

"I was deeply interested in the conversation of a French clergyman, who visited me several months since. In allusion to some Swiss Protestants, whose Pastor he had formerly been, he remarked that the persecutions to which they were exposed greatly increases

their affection for each other, and said with much feeling, 'Christians in America do not like the suffering side of Christ; they like the brilliant side.' I do not feel that this has been my experience, since a very grateful heart, a good memory, and much time would be demanded by the enumeration of all the proofs of Christian sympathy which have been my portion. Still, I am not surprised that Mr. F. should miss the concentrated fervor of the little band who met together to praise God and learn His will more fully, at the risk of imprisonment and many other trials. * * *

* * * "Much has been written about filial love, but it is in the silence of the chamber of death, in the hidden recesses of the memory, that the depths of this affection are sounded. As years pass on, it is proved to be 'deeper and more deep;' and blessed are those children who realize that among the blessings conveyed to them by the covenant of grace, is eternal affiance to a glorified Mother.

"It is a blessing greater still, that He who has endued our nature with sensibilities so intense and so enduring, is Himself the portion of His people, that He gives them in the hour of bereavement such soul-sustaining manifestations of His presence, that they are thankful for the sorrow which has brought Him so near. If this experience were the only beneficial result of an acceptance of the offers of salvation, would it not be well that every heart which loves and is capable of suffering should flee at once to Jesus, that all the impending storms of life may be received upon the Rock of Ages, and only there? The company of believers who assemble in this hiding-place have learned that there is no such affiliation as that which unites them to God. Their joy is greater than their sorrow, when they say, 'Thy will be done,' and bless their Father in Heaven for having done a will so wise and kind." * * *

To Mrs. Kalley.

"June 14, 1854.

"You did not know, dear Mrs. Kalley, when Mrs. S. conveyed you to a chamber of sickness in Hamilton village, that you would leave there a friend who would always think of you with pleasure, but so it was, and I therefore gladly availed myself of Mrs. N.'s kindness in permitting me to become acquainted with the contents of some of the letters she received from you.

"They gave fresh impulse to my prayers for the interesting Refugees, with whom your husband is connected by so many associations

which will be among the hallowed memories of the better land, and for whose spiritual and mental culture it is now your privilege to share his efforts. You have, indeed, endured many deprivations in the Western place of sojourn, in which these pilgrims of faith have been taught more fully of 'the city which hath foundations,' and of that precious Redeemer who is the Way thither, and the end of that way; but you have done this cheerfully, because 'you know the grace of our Lord Jesus,' and would have Him 'see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.'

"Oh that your whole life may be one of toil and pleasure in His service — one of continual manifestations of His presence, and continual abiding in His peace! Even in this world, the Christian has a bright inheritance, dear Mrs. Kalley, since the Lord is the portion of His people.

'We would see Jesus, the great Rock foundation
On which our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

'We would see Jesus; sense is all too blinding,
And Heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Him to gain a sweet reminding,
That He hath promised our great debt to pay.

'We would see Jesus; this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then, welcome day, and farewell mortal night.'

"This very trifling enclosure from myself and a friend, for your missionary project, will be of little service, but I trust my daily petitions for its success will be accepted by our Father in Heaven. Ask Dr. Kalley if he will not sometimes remember me in his prayers, and tell him I have not forgotten his kind and refreshing visit.

"With the Christian regard which waives the ceremony of ordinary intercourse, believe me, dear Mrs. Kalley, most affectionately yours."

To a Young Relative.

"May 31, 1854.

"Your protracted silence, dear W., in addition to the information received some time since, confirms my apprehension that you are very sick, and I therefore send you a missive of Christian sympathy,

in lieu of the visit I should love to pay you if it were in my power. I do indeed feel for you very deeply, my dear W. You must have many affectionate recollections of the home in which you were once so tenderly cherished, and you must ever yearn for your dear mother's presence, and your father's ever watchful care. But when these busy memories rush into your heart, you must lift up that heart in earnest prayer, and endeavor to calm it by meditation upon the wisdom and love of our Father in Heaven, and upon the sympathy of that blessed Saviour who is 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' There is a Home in which all tears will be wiped away. How solemn, and how beautiful, is the Collect which asks that we may 'so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things which are eternal!' How prayerfully and humbly should we receive both the trials and blessings of life! How intense should be our desire to resist the temptations, and discharge the duties which surround every step of our journey!

"I thought of you with deep solicitude while you were in New Orleans. I hope you did 'witness a good confession' in that city, in which God is so much forgotten.

"Write to me very soon, if you have sufficient strength. If this effort be too great, have you not some friend who will perform the mechanical part of your letter? Tell me all your feelings, especially if you be enabled to realize the preciousness of our Saviour, and the faithfulness of God, even in the midst of physical discomfort. These experiences are most consoling to me, dear Willie.

"That 'the truth as it is in Jesus' may be more fully revealed to us both, is the prayer of your ever affectionate ——."

The submissiveness of Miss Allibone was put to another severe test in the apparent danger of loss of sight, in the summer of this year. Inasmuch as some of her sweetest enjoyments were through the medium of vision, we can the better estimate the degree in which her will was subjected to that of her Father in Heaven. Referring to the increased weakness of the optic nerve, she observed, "The possibility of becoming totally blind does not give me the slightest uneasiness. I feel that my eyes shall behold the King in His beauty." Although she had so much delighted in reading

the Scriptures, in looking upon the countenances of her friends, in flowers, and in glimpses of sky and trees through her windows, she could speak with calmness and cheerfulness of resigning all these pleasures. To this apprehended trial (which, however, she was mercifully spared) there is allusion in the following letter:

To Mrs. C. S O.

"July 14, 1854.

"I will employ Mr. B.'s pen, dearest ——, in some words of love to thee. I dare not trace them with a pencil any longer, as the optic nerve evidences increasing sympathy with the general debility of my system. Thee must not be grieved when I tell thee that the vision of one eye has been affected these two weeks past. The doctor has been deeply interested in this new symptom, but I am thankful to say that 'none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.' We are told of the celestial world, that 'the Lamb is the light thereof,' and surely the Lamb is the light of the believer's heart, whilst he anticipates the effulgence of the upper sanctuary. Therefore, since 'the Lord is my light and my salvation,' I am not greatly concerned about the increasing infirmities of a tabernacle so nearly dissolved; nor would I have thee anxious about me, my ever faithful, sympathizing friend. How pleasant it would be to tell thee many things which I cannot now attempt to narrate, and how much more pleasant to renew the Christian fellowship we have so much enjoyed! Oh! that our Saviour's love may attract us more closely to Him and to each other! As for me, dearest, I am as ever, and for ever, faithfully thine."

How she could sympathize with the same privation endured by another, the prospect of which she could so cheerfully contemplate herself, the letter annexed may show; while it indicates, also, her readiness to avail herself of every avenue by which she might hope to reach the heart.

Extract from a Letter to Mr. ——, whose eyes were long seriously affected.

"GREENWOOD, May 14, 1854.

[After speaking of the sunshine of the blessed Gospel which had so long cheered her heart, she continued:]

"I do not doubt that our Heavenly Father has deprived you of some of the blessings you once enjoyed, that you might be induced to direct the eye of faith to that glorious Sun of Righteousness who shines with healing in His wings, upon all who feel that their souls are sick, and apply to Him for restoration and comfort. Oh! how dark would be the hour of death and the day of judgment, if we were to encounter them in an unregenerate condition.

"I am not acquainted with your feelings upon this interesting subject, but I do earnestly desire that you may be 'born again,' and be filled with 'joy and peace in believing.'

"I wish I could see you. May the Lord bless and keep you, and may your eyes be perfectly restored, if it be His will.

"Our dear mother ever lives in our hearts, for 'the memory of the just is blessed.' How simple was her trust in the Redeemer! She felt that she was a sinner who needed His atoning merits. She accepted them, and her heart was glad.

"Believe me, very affectionately and prayerfully yours."

To Mrs. B.

"July 26, 1854.

"I have asked Him, who is 'the Father of mercies and God of all comfort,' to give me something out of the treasury of His grace for my truly afflicted friend. It is a privilege to speak of His power to sustain, and I doubt not your own experience testifies that it is a greater to realize the all-sufficiency of His grace. All-sufficiency! dear Mrs. B. Does not this word just meet the emergency of your case? Could any other than an Almighty arm uphold you in this hour of deep bereavement? Can any tones be as tender as those which say, 'It is I! Be not afraid'? It is your Father in Heaven who will satisfy the yearnings of filial love; and if, indeed, He have given you 'the Spirit of adoption,' and will reveal to you more fully the blessings which are enclosed in the covenant of grace, you will be abundantly consoled. I can estimate both your grief and your consolation more adequately, because I have heard you speak of your father's exalted worth.

"You have told me of his visits to the sick and sorrowful, of his love for heavenly things. You have expressed a desire that I should know him. But you did not know how soon his Christian character would be perfected—how soon his labors of love would be exchanged for the service of God, 'day and night, in His temple'—how soon all the prayers which have been offered for this dear parent, by himself and all who loved him, would receive an answer exceeding abundantly more than was asked or thought.

"Oh! do be thankful that he has gone to heaven, dear Mrs. B. This is a sinful, weary world, and though I know not how to speak of celestial happiness, I know that it must be blessedness indeed to behold the glory of Jesus, and perfectly to reflect His holy image.

"I need not say that I have prayed for your stricken family. They can claim some promises now which once were not for them. Oh that their hearts may be enlarged to receive them all, and their whole lives testify to the faithfulness of God.

"Will you not come to see me ere very long? I should soon hasten to you, if it were in my power. Give Mr. B. an assurance of my sympathy for him, for I am sure he needs comfort also. He talked to me of your father with so much pleasure and affection.

"With how much interest I have thought of your poor sick sister! but 'the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.'

"Believe me, more than ever, your truly affectionate friend."

To Dr. ——.

"July 22, 1854.

"I thank you so very affectionately, dear Dr. ——, for the exquisite picture which has surprised and delighted me so much. I shall not soon forget the feelings it awakened. The lines—

'Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
See they throng the blissful shore,
Ardent for thy coming o'er.

'To their longing wish be given,
Kindle higher joys in Heaven;
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,'

had often been in my thoughts during the past few days, and 'The Vision of a Believer' accorded well with the earnest aspirations of my soul.

"It is not presumptuous for a sinner who has been washed in the blood of the Redeemer, and consoled by His Holy Spirit, to expect such happiness as this. It is 'to the praise of the glory of His grace' that we are 'accepted in the Beloved.' In the enjoyment of such sweet hopes, 'in the confidence of a certain faith,' I am glad to accept the cheering companionship of your beautiful picture, which is suspended above my mantel." * * *

To the same.

"'Wilberforce's Practical View' is one of my favorite books, dear Dr. ——, and I offer it to your acceptance as an expression of some of my very many thoughts of affection.

"I remember your visit of yesterday with pleasure, and wish it were my privilege to enjoy frequent opportunities of intercourse. May our Father in Heaven grant that you, in all the responsibilities of active life, and I, in the comparative seclusion of the chamber of sickness, may possess a pilgrim, earth-weaned spirit, and so believingly appropriate the strength and righteousness of our Redeemer, that we shall continually rejoice in Him, and glorify His name. May He also vouchsafe that each member of your beloved and interesting family 'may so pass through things temporal, that they finally lose not the things eternal.'"

To the Author.

"July 12, 1854.

"I have had many kind thoughts of you, dear Bishop Lee, thoughts both of sympathy and gratitude; but until now I could not conveniently express them. I felt greatly tempted to write to you after the startling event in which you and yours received so signal a manifestation that you are cared for by our Heavenly Father, and then, when you so promptly replied to my note of inquiry, I wished to express my appreciation of your kindness; and now, I must thank you also for the truly acceptable offerings which were conveyed to me by Miss ——. I hope to send them on many a missionary tour. I listened to the Charge with almost as much interest as I should have done if I had been one of those especially addressed. Oh, that your counsel may sink deep into the hearts of those who have assumed the solemn responsibilities of ministerial life.

"I am very glad you have written a work on Baptism. 'My ear is pained, my soul is sick,' with the increasing prevalence of the

doctrines you oppose. Sister has not yet finished reading your work aloud, but it has already excited feelings of pleasure and approbation.

"Were you not very much pleased with my friend, Mr. ——? I do not know that I have ever met any one who seems to be more deeply imbued with the love of our Redeemer as the principle and impulse of his whole character.

"We have had several services in my room, and the larger chamber which adjoins it, within a few weeks past, and I have often wished that I could make you the centre of such a circle. This pleasure I cannot expect, but cherish the anticipation of a visit from you ere very long. My physical ailments are increasing, and with them the joyful hope that I shall soon experience the fulfilment of the promise, 'thine eye shall see the King in His beauty.'

"Believe me, dear Bishop ——, with most affectionate regard."

To a Friend.

"August 9, 1854.

* * * "That the Holy Spirit has induced you to seek the blessing of our dearest Friend, is to me a source of unfailing satisfaction. I trust you will be satisfied with no ordinary gifts of heavenly grace. Press toward the mark, dear M. Archbishop Leighton has said that 'Jesus is to the believer both the principle and pattern of holiness,' and you must connect this thought with every spiritual aspiration. I am glad you are not disposed to enter into the frivolities of fashionable life, since time is too precious for these pursuits, and yours is a better portion. Oh, that we led a more hidden life — that we lived more upon the fulness of Christ!"

To Rev. R. S.

"1854.

"My slate was brought to me long since, that I might at least commence a letter to you, but I felt disposed to linger a little while over some words of Holy Writ, and when I read, 'He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names, the thought recurred that the immortal beings, in the neglected neighborhood in which you labor, are more valued by our Father in Heaven than the beautiful but soulless creatures of His power. It has always been my encouragement that they are so very precious in His sight, that our Redeemer has shed His blood for their redemption, and that it is His will, His purpose, that this glad tidings shall be earnestly, affectionately proclaimed.

"There is a promise, too, that 'In every place incense shall be offered unto His name and a pure offering.' It will be, oh! that it were now fulfilled in Bucks County! Oh, that the name of Jesus were as ointment poured forth upon these people! It would give them life, they would 'go on their way rejoicing.'" * * *

The three remaining letters derive a peculiar and mournful interest from being the last indited by their warm-hearted and gifted author. They form a fitting conclusion of that series of "missives of affection" which had been the channel of so much faithful counsel and outgushing love. How replete are they with vivid sympathy, intense tenderness and the full assurance of hope! prompted by a spirit just ready to wing its flight to glory. And how much life, pathos, beauty and expressiveness in the style! "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." Heavenly consolation, hallowed affection conveyed as with an angel's tongue!

On the Death of a Child.

"August 23, 1854.

"There is more music in Heaven, now that little Alice is there, and I trust deeper 'melody in your hearts unto the Lord,' dear Howard and Ellen. Another echo of our Redeemer's words, 'It is finished.' Another evidence that the 'Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.' Another joy in the heart of Him who endured so much for our redemption, and who is 'satisfied' in the glory which is given to the Father in His name, and in the perfect happiness which His sufferings and obedience have secured.

"It is clear sunshine which shows us such a prospect as this. Blessed, and submissive and peaceful is the heart which beholds it. I know full well that there are soundings of the heart in the hour of bereavement which prove how deep are its well-springs of affection; and that these waters flow out in gushing tenderness towards the younglings of your household, I can well understand, for I love children with something which must be a little like parental affection. And then, too, the bud you wore in your bosoms was so beautiful, that I do not wonder that you waited for its expansion with eager expectation. It is now planted in the house of our God, and when you see it again, your low notes of gladness that it has been

removed to a more genial soil will rise to a rapturous song of thanksgiving.

"Upon your own souls, and upon your spiritual charge, I trust the dews of Heavenly grace will richly descend. Such were the results of similar events in Dr. Clark's family. I wish I could tell you what messengers of mercy were his little children, but I must not say much more. I would love to be with you. * * *

"Please give a kiss of love to each one of the dear children, and tell them Cousin Sue wishes them to give their hearts to Jesus now.

"With most affectionate sympathy, believe me, your friend and cousin."

To her Niece.

"August 30, 1854.

"There is a shaded and pleasant chamber in Hamilton to which the thoughts of dear Nellie sometimes revert; and no wonder, for there is her own Aunt Sue, whom she has loved from her earliest childhood, and whose own physical infirmities have alone prevented her from being the faithful attendant of her poor stricken child.

"'Surely, Aunt Sue must pity me now.' She does, darling, very much; and is only reconciled to thy long and painful illness by the assurance that it is our Father's will — the discipline which He has wisely connected with His purposes of mercy. It *is* discipline, Nellie. There is no intrinsic attractiveness in pain, languor and the withdrawal of many sources of enjoyment. A chronic case of sickness brings with it many trials which experience only can fully estimate. But —

'There is a secret in the ways of God,
With His own children, which none others know,
That sweetens all He does.'

"It has come into my heart to bear testimony to His great love, His very tender mercy to me, who have been so necessitous, and yet so unworthy. When I say, 'Thy will be done,' I often add, 'I bless Thee for having done, for doing Thy will.' It is humiliating that we require so much chastisement, but a very great blessing to receive it. It is more humiliating to realize that we learn so slowly the lessons which our Father condescends to teach; but very consoling to plead the promise, 'I will purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin.'

"When we consider the unsullied holiness of Heaven, and the

earthly tendency, the entire demerit of our nature, we receive meekly the declaration, 'We must, through much tribulation, enter the Kingdom of God.' We are conscious that we have incurred the penalty of eternal woe, and whilst we thankfully accept the gift of absolute pardon, through the merits of the Lamb, we rejoice that Jesus is our 'sanctification' also, and feel assured that as mercy and truth have met together in the scheme of our reconciliation to our Maker, they will not be separated even for a moment, until they lead from grace to glory. Oh! how we shall adore this combination then!

"There are peculiar opportunities for improvement in the chamber of sickness. Christian principle is tested, even by a distasteful draught, by submission to the regulations of physician and friends, by continually recurring necessity for self-denial in food, the enjoyment of exercise, and often of intellectual pleasures. Sometimes stern duty tells us we must sleep when we would think; and at others we must be patiently and cheerfully awake, when we would gladly slumber. Is this an ignoble conflict? Surely not. It is worthy of the whole Christian armor. It requires it *all*, since we may please our Father in Heaven by docility of spirit in little things, and it is by them that character is, in a great measure, formed. What a spiritual tonic I have found in the 11th and 12th verses of the first chapter of Colossians! Think of the company who have gone before us, dear Nellie.

"My letter is already long, but I would gladly have it longer, if it were not late. * * *

"Ever, with warm and true affection, thy own

"AUNT SUE."

A Missive of Affection, to be read at leisure.

"My darling:—I have been enabled to give thanks and to pray for you with unusual wingedness of devotion this morning * * * and I will indulge the earnest prompting of Christian affection which urges the pencilship of a little note.

"'The outward man perisheth.' Every physical sensibility is increasingly acute, and I feel that the intensity of natural and spiritual affection is awakened to more vigorous action. 'Blessed be the Father of mercies and God of all comfort,' that my *soul reposes*. It rests in the love of Jesus—in His perfect righteousness, which, notwithstanding all the objections a diluted theology would urge, I fear not to say, is *imputed to me*.

"I am 'accepted in the Beloved,' and therefore I do not fear, though I feel myself to be most unworthy of exemption from eternal banishment—most unworthy to behold forever the beauty of the Lord in His Upper Sanctuary.

"My ——, let us know nothing but Jesus Christ, and 'Him crucified. We have found Him a precious Saviour—you, in the strength of your manhood, in the sunshine of worldly prosperity—I, amid the almost exhausted energies of a long exhausting constitution — both of us in the deep necessities of our intellectual and spiritual aspirations, and in bereavement we could not have borne if He had not been with us.

"We shall *always* find Him a precious Saviour, for we are enclosed in a covenant 'ordered in all things and sure.' 'Jesus having loved His own, loved them unto the end.' 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'

"We were chosen that we might be 'holy and without blame before Him in love.' Oh that we may ever thus prove our adoption into the family of faith!

"If I go to Heaven before you, as I trust I shall, and perhaps very soon, I will await your coming, and welcome you with joy which will be irradiated by the smile of our Saviour. Our blessed, glorified ——, who has already tuned so many notes of angelic praise, will sound a new vibration—I do not know that it will be louder, but it will be deep and very melodious.

"Press on then in the battle-field of life. 'Put on the whole armor of God.' Dare, do and suffer; but always rest upon the finished work of Jesus — always repose beneath the shadow of His wings — always pray for grace to understand the doctrines, obey the precepts and plead the promises of the *Word of God.*

"I will include, in my supplications, the blessings you will require when I shall not be here to pray for you; even those you will need in a dying hour, or rather the hour in which death shall be a passing shadow which the 'bright and morning star' shall chase away for ever.

"Your SUE."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1854.

Relative Value of the Living and Dying Witness — The Event in Constant Prospect — Increasing Debility — The Summer of 1854 — Incidents of the Last Weeks of her Life — Final Communion — Closing Scene — Funeral — Address and Sermon.

It is with feelings of reverence and awe that we approach the closing scene of Susan Allibone's holy life. As we enter the chamber, so soon to be finally deserted by its suffering occupant, we seem to hear the voice which spake to Moses from the bush: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The bush had indeed been burning, yet unconsumed, for many long years, because the great "I am," "the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob," dwelt therein. After contemplating with gratitude and praise to her unseen Sustainer, her "work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ," we are now brought to watch the final struggle of the soul panting to be free.

Such a life as we have been reviewing needed no closing testimony to assure us that it hath issued in the splendors of eternal day. Unto her, evidently, "to live was Christ;" and no one that knew her could for a moment doubt that "to die was gain;" that a spirit so bathed in heaven's light, even while sojourning below, was now rejoicing in the radiance shed upon the eternal city by the Lamb who is the Light thereof.

Had physical pain and weakness so overpowered the manifestations of spiritual emotion, that not one word of exultation and triumph had marked her parting hours, it would have

been no reason for the shadow of doubt respecting her "abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom." There is a tendency often manifested to reverse the relative importance of the life-conflict and the death-scene, to concentrate attention upon the latter, and lightly regard the former. Whereas death is but the termination of life, the goal at the end of the race. And the manner in which the race has been run is the best and strongest evidence that the crown of righteousness is secured. To "die in the Lord" is the last act of living in the Lord, and "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Neither are instances wanting of persons of eminent piety passing away from earth under clouds of darkness, induced it might be by bodily derangement, distressing and painful to witness, and yet not at all weakening the conviction that their change was a blessed one.

In Miss Allibone's case it would have seemed of less moment had there been no remarkable outbreak of joy and hope, just at the time when the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken, because she had so frequently before, in her own opinion and that of her friends, been lying on the verge of eternity. More than once had they assembled around what was supposed to be her death-bed. The prolongation of her existence, from year to year, had been a surprise and marvel. She had accustomed herself to look upon death as near at hand since the first serious attacks of her malady. Hers was in fact a lingering dissolution of twenty years' duration; and during this whole period she was bearing, as it were, a dying testimony to the faithfulness of her covenant God. And this would have filled her friends with confidence and hope, had her actual passage into the eternal world been too sudden or too much oppressed with pain and languor, to have allowed her to speak a word of joyful assurance or affectionate consolation.

But while the absence of a bright, exulting passage through the valley of the shadow of death ought not to have caused a

moment's distress or disappointment, it is cause of exceeding thankfulness that this too was not withheld. The God whom she served so faithfully gave her, at the last, the consciousness of his favorable presence. She felt the power of his sustaining arm, the comfort of his rod and staff. When heart and flesh were failing, He was the strength of her heart. She passed out of the world, as she passed through it, "leaning on her Beloved." The Saviour, who through so many years of suffering had been near and precious to her soul, was still more sensibly near and precious while taking her to Himself. And thus was she permitted to glorify Him with her parting breath, and to render thanks to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The oppressive heat of the summer of 1854 greatly prostrated Miss Allibone's remaining strength, and her pain and inability to take sufficient food increased. Her sufferings were endured with undiminished cheerfulness, and she hailed new symptoms of debility with grateful joy as harbingers of the approaching release. Although not unfrequently sinking to the verge of dissolution, she still refused all relief from stimulants of an intoxicating or stupefying character. She made it a matter of conscience to avoid whatever might cloud or disturb her mental faculties, or interfere with the lifting up of her soul to God, preferring, as she said, to depend on supplies of spiritual strength.

During this period she greatly enjoyed occasional devotional meetings in her apartment, conducted by clerical friends. She also completed a task which afforded her much pleasure — the arrangement of parallel and illustrative texts upon the 119th Psalm, a work which will prove an interesting and useful little volume. To a friend who visited her, she said that "her happiness was of a more quiet, subdued character than it had sometimes been, but more solid and satisfying than ever." She spoke of "the perfect assurance which she enjoyed of being admitted to the heavenly world, and

said there was a time when she would have thought such assurance presumption, but when we placed all our hopes in the Lord Jesus, and drew our sole title from Him, we could not be too bold." She spoke also of the importance of cultivating meekness and humility in our Christian character, and of the inseparable connection of these two graces. She dwelt upon the difficulty, yet the absolute necessity of overcoming self, if we would grow in the likeness of our Saviour, and was much delighted with the remark which was repeated to her, that "Heaven was very near. There were but three steps to it: *Out of self, into Christ, into glory.*" While speaking of those we hoped to meet in Heaven, she repeated the lines:—

> "'Tis sweet as, year by year, we lose
> Friends out of sight, by faith to muse,
> How grows in Paradise our store;"

and seemed to derive great pleasure from the thought, that instead of the brief infrequent seasons of Christian intercourse, we should have an eternity to spend together. With touching emphasis, she repeated the hymn:—

> Come, let us join our friends above
> Who have obtained the prize,
> And on the wings of faith and love,
> To joys celestial rise."

"I still seem to hear the tones in which she recited:—

> "Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
> And when the word is given,
> Bid the cold waves of death divide,
> And land us safe in Heaven."

"During this conversation," continues her friend, "I was struck, as I have often been before, with her faith in the Bible, or rather in the mighty power of the Holy Ghost. Before we parted, I knelt beside her bed while she prayed with me. Her prayers were like the breathings of the disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom. So child-like, so believing, so

assured of being heard and answered through Him who 'ever liveth to make intercession for us.' The more closely she approached the Divine presence, and the more near and intimate her communion with the Saviour, the more penetrated did she appear with holy awe and reverence. Yet her petitions were as minute and particular as those of a child asking favors of an earthly parent. At last the time for separation came, and we scarcely knew how to part; yet there was none of the sadness of a last farewell in her affectionate 'Good-bye,' although she held me in a longer and closer embrace than usual. After I had left the room, I heard her clear voice calling me back, — 'Don't you want a text?' she said. 'Well, I will give you one of mine: "Thou, O God, art a shield for me, my glory and the lifter-up of my head."'

On Thursday, September 7th, for the last time as it proved, the holy Communion was administered to her by the Rev. Dr. May. It was a season of peculiar interest and solemnity, although it was not imagined that this would be the last family gathering to partake with the beloved invalid of the memorials of redemption. Very refreshing and delightful had these occasions always proved to her, and she dwelt with much satisfaction upon the comfort and happiness now experienced in the remembrance of a dying Saviour's love, and desired special thanks to be returned for it in the quiet meeting for prayer in her room on Friday. But during the morning of that day she suddenly became so extremely weak as to awaken much alarm in those around her. To a friend who called to see her, she said: "Oh! I'm inexpressibly happy. Inexpressibly!" She spoke of her satisfaction that she had no worldly concerns to distract her attention, nor anything else.

To another she remarked: "Oh! I am so thankful for a religion of assurance and an unmerited salvation. What would I have done of myself, confined for years to a couch of suffering and so extremely weak!" "I thought," said her

friend, "how few ever equalled her usefulness, though blessed with health."

A cousin, whose visit had been eagerly anticipated, thus relates the interview: "When I entered she smiled sweetly, and whispered, 'Cousin, dearest, I knew thee would come. I am so very happy! The prospect is so delightful!' Soon after, 'How well I have nothing to *do!* that nothing can be added to Christ's finished work! Oh, how free a salvation! How utterly unworthy am I!' I said, 'Redeemed!' With a beaming face she responded, 'Yes! yes! redeemed, washed, being sanctified.' 'Soon to be glorified,' said I; and added, 'I am willing, dear one, to let thee go.' With a look full of gratitude, she whispered, 'I am so glad, and it will be such a *little while*, dear, kind cousin. Oh, what a friend thee has been, and is and will be! I do not like *have loved*. We do, we will always love.' Intervals of silent prayer and laborious breathing between her remarks.

"'I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.' 'Cousin, I have been meditating on this. To be admitted into the presence of the King of kings! An introduction to an earthly monarch is spoken of as much, but to "behold *His* glory!" I have been dwelling for days on our Saviour's prayer, and have come to the last verse. Oh, how *wide* open heaven is to all believers!' I repeated, 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' adding, 'One is prepared for thee, dearest.' She assented eagerly, adding, 'Why do we not ask great things, when He so freely gives?' and repeated—

> 'Thou art coming to a King,
> Large petitions with thee bring.'

"Her invaluable nurse coming in, she whispered: 'Sarah is so devoted—will not spare herself; all are so kind, so self-forgetting! Dear cousin, I cannot desire with Leighton to die at an inn. I love to leave for heaven, surrounded by my friends.' I remarked, 'The joyful expectation of being

with so many of thine there is the reason, perhaps.' Joyfully, 'Yes! yes!'

"While giving her nourishment I remarked: 'Dear Susan, it is hard to strengthen the bars of the cage, when the prisoner is panting to be free.' She smiled and answered: 'There can be no real tediousness in any of my Father's doings.' She told me at length of her enjoyment of the Communion a few days previously; spoke of our Liturgy as such an aid to devotion; how the language of the prayers arose to mind under any agitation or emotion, evincing their suitableness to express strong feeling. She remarked: 'If I did not know in whom I believed, my dying pillow would be thorny. I feel no anxiety, no doubt, although I constantly ask to be kept from presumption. How Christ is dishonored by doubts and fears! Cousin, I must talk to thee and tell thee how I feel. So glad! So happy!'

"If any one were named, her eyes were closed, her hands clasped, and I believe in every instance prayer offered for them. Then loving, exhorting messages were sent; for the love of Christ was so shed abroad in her heart that it glowed towards every one. She repeated the hymn, 'Deathless Principle, arise,' entirely through.

"The buoyancy of the caged spirit, the decaying earthly house, the weakness, the strength, the perishing outer, the renewed inner man, cannot be portrayed or ever forgotten. It was good to be there. She prayed affectingly for me, that 'all alleviations to suffering might be granted, that God would be my portion when heart and flesh failed'—adding, 'He will be.' Then, my hand in hers, her eyes looking their last of earthly love on me, slowly, distinctly she repeated (as an address to me,) the 121st Psalm."

On Saturday, a beautiful bouquet of flowers was sent her. She gazed upon it with much delight, and sent a message to the donor that she appreciated his gift, and hoped he would enjoy unfading flowers, as she soon expected to. After she

became very ill, she requested the roses, geranium and evergreen to be brought to her, and for the last time arranged them. It seemed a farewell, but without sadness, to the sweet companions of her pilgrimage, so associated with her memory, like every thing lovely and pleasant.

To another friend who visited her, she said: "I have always loved you. I wish you knew how happy I am. I shall be saved through the righteousness of Christ. Don't be sorrowful. I hope we shall meet in Heaven." Then pointing to her friend's dress, "There will be no sable robes there." To Miss ——, who had lost her parents, she said: "Although you are alone, you need never feel lonely." To another friend who had lost a child, she remarked: "Sometimes the Shepherd takes away the lamb, that the sheep may follow after."

On Saturday night, at the weekly gathering for prayer in her room, consisting usually of relatives and the domestics of the family, she called, as was her wont, upon each person present to repeat a hymn or verse of Scripture, and then repeated as her own text: "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ."

She directed her nephew's attention to the passage in "Thoughts of Peace," which she kept on the bed by her—

> "When the spark of life is waning,
> Weep not for me."

A short time after, to the text (Ps. xvii. 15): "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." On the margin she had written: "I shall soon be *satisfied*."

To a sister, who could not conceal her grief at the prospect of losing her, she said: "You ought to rejoice with them that do rejoice." And when, to her observation that the morning was bright and beautiful, her sister replied that "it was not so to her," she returned the comforting answer, "I feel an assurance that you will be sustained."

Looking at the likeness of a beloved connection, with whom she had enjoyed much religious intercourse, and who had died a few months before, she thought "Uncle would be glad to see her come to Heaven."

To her nephew she repeated—"The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe;" and presenting him with a rose-bud, she said: "*His* name is as ointment poured forth."

On Sunday she sent a message of remembrance and exhortation to the colored Sunday School.

Her interest in the spiritual welfare of others continued unabated. To her nephew she said: "I am glad thee has a better Friend to trust, and with entire confidence I can leave thee with Him. Say to thy Sunday School scholars that I should like to have seen them all. I have tried to pray for them every day."

In the afternoon she had a conversation with ——; urged her most earnestly to seek the Saviour, to pray that the Holy Spirit would convince her of sin—described the broad and dangerous path, and spoke of the narrow way.

On Wednesday she had a very consolatory visit from her long-loved friend, Mrs. J., and conversed with her with much interest on the doctrine of assurance.

On the same day, the author enjoyed the mournful satisfaction of a farewell interview with one whose friendship is among his treasured recollections. She was, at first, so feeble as not to be able to speak above a whisper, but seemed to gain strength by conversing of heavenly things, until her voice became clear and audible. She requested me to comment on John xvii., a portion of Scripture which was much in her mind for some time previous to her departure. The leave-taking was sweetly solemn. The thought that upon earth I should see her face no more, that there was to be an end to those fervent intercessions and to those welcome effusions of Christian sympathy, would have been disheartening

and sad, but for the manifestation of such perfect peace and delightful anticipation in the chamber so soon to be entered by the death-angel.

On Friday she had an interview with the Rev. Dr. May. A number of anxious friends were gathered, and silently shared the impressive and sacred influences of the occasion. On the day following she received from this friend a note full of consolation, which thus concludes:—

"When I held your hand yesterday for a farewell, it was with an impression that I shall yet again see your face in the flesh. You forbid me to wish it, for you long to put off this tabernacle. Now, the good Lord be very gracious to you. Let Him do what seemeth Him good. Look unto Jesus! Consider Him! You rest on a living Person, an Almighty Person, not on a dogma or a fancy. Trust Him in all your heart, and soul, and mind and strength."

A beloved sister-in law visited her on Saturday. "Whilst I was sitting by her," she writes, "it was evidently so painful an effort for dear sister to speak that I begged her not to make the attempt. Her mind, however, as it ever was, seemed most active, and at intervals her thoughts were communicated to me. She inquired respecting a young lady for whom, she told me, she prayed very often. 'Has she given her heart to the Saviour yet?' And then, 'Tell her I am sorry she is neither safe nor happy, and that she will find that she needs something very real when she comes to lie here.' I mentioned that E. was that day four years old. 'Let us pray for her now quietly,' she said. The next Monday, at her request, I carried the child to her bedside, and to my surprise she raised herself, put her arms around her, and said, in a perfectly clear, distinct voice: 'Aunt Sue wanted to kiss her dear little E., and tell her how happy she is.' She said to me: 'I am so happy, and have such glorious prospects. Do not think of me with sadness.'"

When a colored servant came, on Saturday, to announce a

visitor, she had him called in to her, thanked him for his kindness, and spoke to him of her Saviour's love.

On Sunday morning, exceedingly debilitated, she told her sister that "she had but one kind of strength." When scarcely able to speak, she observed to W., after receiving with evident pleasure two rose-buds he had brought her, "White is the uniform of glory." "I have been trying to meditate upon the 63d Psalm, 'Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.'" After a short time she repeated, "My God shall supply all your need through the riches of His glory by Christ Jesus." She spoke of the beauty of John iv. 14, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

To her dear S.'s inquiry she answered that she was just alive, but happy in Jesus. "I think it a mercy," she said, "that I am preserved from fear of the grave, as I approach it so slowly."

In the evening she repeated to her sister F. the passage, "In the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." To her friend E., "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." And to a sister, entering the room at the time, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." In the selection for each, there was a striking appropriateness.

On Monday, in much agony of body, she said to E., "I want my sufferings to be a blessing to thee; not only my death, but my sufferings. It is never said that we shall not have sorrow and tribulation, but, 'I will be with thee.' Yes, we will pass through the fire and the water, but the flame shall not kindle, nor the waters overflow. If God were not with me, it could not be borne. My God! My Saviour!" After a pause, "What shall separate us? Shall sorrow? Shall tribulation? Nay!"

Observing the distress occasioned to others by her death-like sickness, she expressed her regret, and said, "I am comforted all the time." "There is no sting in death when Jesus is with you, none at all."

To an aunt she said, "I'm almost home. Is not that a delightful prospect?"

Expressed the hope that she was a member of Christ's mystical body, and added, "I know I am," with a tone of confidence.

To an expression of sympathy for her sufferings, she responded, "The Lord is very pitiful."

In the evening she received a comforting visit from Bishop Potter, and listened with much interest to his conversation and prayer.

To her physician she confessed, "This is great suffering; a mighty struggle;" but spoke of her desire that the will of the Lord might be done, adding also, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

When informed that it was known that she never murmured, she assured her sister that she should, if she were not helped, and disclaimed all personal merit. She seemed shocked at the idea of any one giving her the glory, and said, "It would be the worst kind of robbery, to give her what was due to God alone." She repeated the last lines of a hymn given her by Dr. N.:

"The wondrous love that sought thee,
Shall keep thee to the end;
Shall give a glorious morrow,
To this, thy night of pain;
And make thy dews of sorrow
Like sunshine after rain."

She received her friends, often merely to say farewell, and add a word of counsel and encouragement, and unite in their testimony to the preciousness of the Gospel.

"Think," she said to her sister, "of my many blessings, good nursing, freedom from delirium, peace of mind."

To a friend, "I'm on Jordan's brink, waiting for permission to pass over." After recovering from a paroxysm of suffering, "I feel nothing but submission."

Early on Tuesday morning, 19th, she gazed out of the window, remarked upon the beauty of the morning and the loveliness of the scene, and spoke of the mercies which had been heaped upon her in that quiet room. "Such unremitted kindness from my friends! My Saviour's presence to cheer me!"

She asked Dr. P. if he had ever felt such a pulse, and remarked upon having been before near death, but had never felt it so indelibly stamped upon her.

"I'm very happy," was her oft-repeated, cheering assurance. "I feel that Jesus is with me. I have no strength, no energy. He is my 'all in all.' 'This is happiness! I am going to my Saviour, my precious Saviour.' 'Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.' 'Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Is it not a blessing, in approaching the grave so slowly, to have the Saviour's presence always?'"

To a cousin, who was much overcome by witnessing her sufferings, she said, "I'm very happy. It seems so cheerful to me. Only think of the anticipations of so many years being realized!"

Another "spring by the way" was granted her in a visit from her beloved Pastor, Dr. Stevens. She spoke to him, also, of her meditations on John xvii.

On Wednesday morning she said to the nephew who had been, for so many years, the object of her affectionate concern, "Stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. There is nothing to do but to trust in Jesus. It is a finished salvation. I am waiting permission to cross over, but my friends wish to accompany me as far as possible into the stream."

To one who told her, "they would not know what to do

without her prayers," she replied, "There ever liveth an Intercessor."

Observing her physician much affected, she said to him, "Don't be sorrowful, dear Doctor. Thee has done every thing to comfort me and alleviate my sufferings." He bade her farewell (supposing it to be the last) with unusual tenderness of manner. With a look of delight she exclaimed, "Doctor, thee don't expect to see me again." When he bowed his head in assent, she said, "The Lord bless thee and thine for Jesus' sake! I have the Saviour, the dear precious Saviour with me." She was thought to whisper, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

To the friends who visited her she still addressed beautiful and impressive remarks. "This is not a forsaken death-bed," she said, "neither by earthly friends, nor by my best Friend."

To the Rev. Dr. Hare she spoke with much animation, and repeated Bishop Potter's remarks upon the importance of realizing the personal character of our Saviour, and His sympathy for us.

To S. L. (the young disciple previously alluded to, who so soon followed her to the Kingdom) she said, "Draw from Jesus. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

To her sister she gave a number of directions and messages, and requested her to try to be useful to the young.

To her nephew she whispered, "No bitterness of spirit here." And to a relative, in deep affliction, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

The Rev. Mr. Drayton visited her. At this time she respired with much difficulty, and explained to him the cause of the distressing sound occasioned by the effort to breathe. She conversed with him on the theme dear to both. She told him that twenty years ago she had received an assurance of acceptance, and it did not fail her then.

To an invalid niece she sent her love, and said, Tell her "it is a blessed thing to have an anchor to the soul."

In a tone of touching sympathy, to a friend taking leave of her, she said, "Always trust in the widow's God."

"The Lord leads me very gently," she said to her nephew.

"On Friday, about 5 A. M., she called us all to her," writes her sister, "and exclaimed, with a beautiful smile, 'I think I am going. Peace! I must go to Jesus!'"

The bright smiles which her loving, cheerful spirit dispensed so bountifully, were familiar to all her friends, but the unearthly illumination shed upon her countenance, as with upraised hands she seemed to gaze upon the glories of the eternal world, comparatively few beheld.

When it was proposed to make a change in her position, some one objected, that if she were moved, she would certainly die. "I think I am dying now," she said in a gentle, composed manner.

Even in life's latest hour, not unmindful of others, she said to one who was watching her with tearful emotion, "Seek Jesus now;" and with difficult articulation, but thrilling solemnity, she repeated, "*Now* is the accepted time." A few hours longer she lingered, her fluttering pulse watched by her nephew, and expressing from time to time her soul's desires. "I long to go!" "Come, Lord Jesus!" "This is a trying time for you all, but it is the Lord!" "Pray that I may bear this suffering through the love of Jesus!" "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it!"

Just before noon (on Friday, September 22d), the blood-washed soul of Susan Allibone was added to the glorious company of the spirits of the just made perfect. The long struggle was over; the sore strife with the failing flesh ended; the laboring breath ceased; the calm, soft impress of death settled upon the features, and the emancipated soul was borne swiftly upward to its Saviour's presence.

Five of those who watched the expiring breath had been led, through her instrumentality, to the feet of Jesus. All had learned holy lessons from her living and dying example, but no audible expression of indulged grief, no selfish forgetfulness of the solemnity of the scene, interrupted its sacred silence. Believers were witnessing a believing soul's entrance into rest.

Her friends, sympathizing with the anguish that racked "the soul's clay cottage," would have desired that she should have been spared so protracted and painful a struggle with the last enemy. But her Almighty Friend saw good to make her death, as well as her life, an example of suffering patience and meek submission. To the last she was a monument of the sustaining power of divine grace, that "the trial of her faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ — whom, having not seen, she loved — in whom, while yet she saw Him not, yet believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." To what height must that joy now have soared!

Monday, September 25th, was a day of much solemnity in Hamiltonville. A general sentiment of regret and sorrow appeared to pervade the community. All felt that a void had been made that could scarce be filled again, and that one was removed from their midst, who was not only a blessing to her household and immediate friends, and an ornament to her own communion, but whose expansive love and kindliness made her a treasure to the place of her abode. Christians of other names revered her example and lamented her loss, and in their pulpits heartfelt tributes were paid to her memory. Many hundreds assembled to unite in the last sad office of respect, and paused to gaze upon the countenance once so luminous with varied emotion, still, in its calm repose, expressive of the peace which passeth understanding.

The coffin was borne to the neighboring church, preceded

by a large number of the clergy, and attended by numerous relatives and a crowd of sincere mourners, who filled the house to overflowing. After the reading of the appointed Psalm and Lesson, and the singing of the 201st Hymn, "Who are these in bright array?" Bishop Potter delivered an affecting and impressive address. He alluded to the present as being no ordinary occasion, and the friend whom we mourned as one who had made no ordinary attainments in the Christian life. He spoke of the privilege of those who had been permitted to cross the threshold of that invalid chamber, where not the greatest orator and statesman of our country could go, without being reminded that there were higher honors than those of earth; and where ministers and people alike stood rebuked by the purity, watchfulness and zeal of her holy example. "We mourn," he said, "to-day. Here is a bereaved and mourning family, a circle of mourning friends, a mourning village, a mourning church, and I might say, there should be mourning through all the churches. The prayers of the good are powerful with God; and, brethren, (turning to the clergy present), is it nothing to you to have lost the prayers of this sainted one, by whom you were daily, individually remembered? We are the poorer for this loss to-day, and each shall feel, as he presses forward in his labors, that the voice which was once raised to heaven in his behalf, shall ascend for him no more.

"That chamber was redolent of Christ. How many a young, careless heart was there first awakened to a sense of sin, and there first bent the knee in prayer for pardon. There the lukewarm Christian was warned, and the hesitating encouraged. The weary Minister in his labors, the Bishop in his more extended sphere, were strengthened and refreshed. Truly a great light is quenched. O may a sense of the loss we have sustained redouble our own efforts and prayers, that we may press on to the haven of rest which she hath gained."

Leaving the sanctuary, the long procession sadly pursued its way to the Woodlands Cemetery, to deposit the precious remains in their quiet resting-place, where for a period they must repose. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and a mellowed, sober light fell upon the mourning group, as the funeral service was completed by the Rev. Dr. Stevens. Sorrowing, but not as others who have no hope, we witnessed the consignment of our sister's body to the ground, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And with much power and soothing reality sounded in our ears "the voice from Heaven," "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

On Sunday, October 1st, a funeral sermon, illustrative of her life and character, was delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, the sanctuary so dear to her heart, by the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Stevens. His text was that most appropriate passage, Phil. i. 20, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." This discourse was listened to with the deepest interest, and has since been widely circulated. It plainly and beautifully exhibited the marked traits of Miss Allibone's character, and traced all her holiness, usefulness and loveliness to Christ, who was her life, her strength, her righteousness, her pattern, her all in all.

On the simple, memorial tablet that marks her grave is inscribed the brief, appropriate epitaph:

"*Died, Sept.* 22*d*, 1854,

after many years' illness, during which she was sustained by the assurance that she was 'accepted in the Beloved.' Her testimony was, 'Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

The expressions of deep interest and sympathy awakened by this event, received by her family, were numerous and touching. Of these, one is selected as a fitting conclusion to the present memoir, penned by him who so speedily followed her to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," the lamented Robert Smith:

"And now she is gone. I will not express sympathy for others, for I am myself one of the most sorely bereaved. She has, you well know, for many years been to me all that the most devoted sister could be. She has been my almost only confidential adviser. She first urged me to seek salvation through our great Redeemer. She counselled, warned, entreated, prayed for and with me, sympathized in all my joys and sorrows, some of which laid hold of the very foundations of my own peace — wrote to me with her own pencil, until nature utterly refused any longer to obey the mandates of her loving heart. Oh, she was to me infinitely more than I can express — and now she is gone, and I shall see her no more. I have no word of consolation for you, my dear ——, except that which I myself seem to hear from the realms whither she has winged her eager way, and where she is now basking in the sunlight of Him whose image she so beautifully reflected while with us. My consolation is this. She is at rest in her Redeemer's bosom — her warfare is over—her pilgrimage is ended—she is filled with the fulness of the glory of God. I feel that the only human prop on which I have been leaning is removed — one of the dearest objects in the world has been taken. I shall hear her sweet voice of counsel and encouragement no more. This would weigh heavily upon my stricken heart, did I not know that the loss to me is the realization of the intense longings, for so many years, of her purified spirit. I feel that I am more than ever a stranger and pilgrim on the earth, and that all that now remains for me is to fulfil as an hireling my day,

and then join our beloved one in that world where unions ne'er break. Let us thank our God for her triumphant entrance into glory, and while the tear-drop tells to strangers the story of our sorrow, let us, more closely than ever, follow her as she followed Christ, and then, like her, we too, through faith and patience, shall inherit the promises."

THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

"And we also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly Kingdom. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen."

THE END.