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Lydia M. Root

RECOLLECTIONS

AND

GATHERED FRAGMENTS

OF

MRS. LYDIA N. COX,<sup>oyes</sup>

OF

WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.

---

BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER,

*Author of "The Way of Holiness," and "Present  
to my Christian Friend."*

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"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that  
feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

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TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE M. E. CHURCH,  
AND TO THE  
RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY GENERALLY OF  
WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.

THESE RECOLLECTIONS AND GATHERED FRAGMENTS  
OF ONE WHO WAS TRULY A BURNING  
AND SHINING LIGHT, AND WHOSE MEMORY  
WILL EVER BE MOST  
AFFECTIONATELY CHERISHED, THIS  
LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED  
BY THE AUTHOR.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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Whatever profits may be realized from the sale of this volume, will be devoted to the M. E. Church of Williamsburg, Long Island, to the interest of which the subject of these Recollections devoted the last years of her valuable life, and whom for Christ's sake, she loved with a love stronger than death.

J. D. SPARKSMAN, } *Publishing*  
THOS. B. MABIE, } *Committee.*





## P R E F A C E .

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AFTER much hesitation, this little volume is at last presented to the Christian public. The subject indeed bore successful and honorable testimony for Jesus; and the record of her daily walk, could such be obtained, would be an epistle well worthy of being known and read of all men. But there has been unexpected difficulty in obtaining the little that has been gained, while the work necessarily

contains less of detail than the writer anticipated when she first encouraged the expectations of Mrs. Cox's warm friends, that she would thus perpetuate her memory. From this and other causes, ill health, &c., the idea of publishing the work was for some time relinquished, and was not resumed until a short time since, when distinguished, and much respected members of the Williamsburg M. E. Church, who, from their intimate acquaintance with Mrs. C. felt that in view of her invaluable example, her memory was too precious to the Church to allow the relinquishment of a written memorial, which from the period of her death they had faithfully cherished—and cherished with much more fondness and tenacity than the writer was aware of. Since their final resolution to proceed at once with its

publication, the writer's health has failed to such a degree as to preclude the possibility of her supervision of the work, reading proof, &c. Conscious, therefore, of its consequent imperfections she submits it with deep and prayerful solicitude to the public.

P.



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# RECOLLECTIONS.

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## CHAPTER I.

“To prepare for our final *home* on Scriptural principles, should be the one great business of our lives; for all other things, when compared with this, are lighter than the dust of the balance.”—EDMONSON.

WITHIN a few short months, a traveler who was journeying heavenward, with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, but who walked in more especial companionship with the friends of Jesus at Williamsburg, L. I., suddenly left her friends behind and reached her “*final home.*”

“Being dead, she yet speaketh.” A voice solemn as eternity is now sounding forth from that world which she hath entered.

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Reader, that voice now reaches thee; thou art away from *home*. There is a home for the righteous, and a home for the unrighteous. Thou art this moment prepared either for the abode of the believer or for the home of the unbeliever. No alternative presents—

“There is no middle state.”

Should the Judge now knock, and thou be required to open unto him immediately, would thy garments be found unpolluted from the world, or wouldst thou in speechless consternation await thy sentence to a home in outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth? Perhaps the sentence of eternal death may have passed the lips of thy Judge. The sinner is condemned *already!* But the Master of the house may not yet have risen up and shut to the door, and though thy probation may close before the dawning of the morrow's sun, yet space is now left thee to prepare for a home in heaven.

One has lately passed from your vision, whose voice was often heard in admonitory, and most persuasive appeals. The name of Mrs. Lydia N. Cox, will doubtless awaken recollections in the heart of many a careless one which may urge to an *immediate* preparation for a home of blessedness in heaven. Shall this voice which now sounds forth from the eternal world be disregarded? Some who peruse these "Recollections" may now be in possession of written mementos of her zeal, which were faithful transcripts of her affectionate heart while she was yet a sojourner on earth. Let me ask such an one, have you listened to these entreaties to flee the wrath to come? If not, those admonitions with this little volume, which has been issued for the purpose of perpetuating to the praise of God her faithful instructions and example, will rise up to condemn you in the day when you shall receive your final sentence. To you, then, unconverted

friend of the departed, this work is affectionately dedicated. May the Holy Spirit bring to your remembrance recollections which may induce an immediate, and all absorbing decision to live for eternity.

But will not "Recollections" of Mrs. L. N. C. be accompanied with solemn remembrances from the Holy Spirit to other than unconverted friends? Will not the traveler who has set out for the heavenly City, but not with a purpose immovably fixed to turn a deaf ear to all those earthly solicitations, which would ever beguile the heart to seek for happiness in the creature; may not such bring to remembrance sacred resolves, and vows already registered before God—resolves and vows which were induced by the faithful labors of the departed Mrs. C.? O! may these "Recollections" by which she being dead yet speaketh, be instrumental in inspiring yet higher aims, and more decisive action, and may the remembrance of what grace made her to

be, induce a speedy and changeless purpose to go and do likewise.

“Recollections of Mrs. C.” will doubtless be most welcome to the sincere disciple who is earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. In her you beheld one of like passions with yourselves engaged in *successful* warfare against the world, the flesh and Satan. Grace empowered, and then urged her forth as a leading spirit among God’s sacramental hosts in the village of W. And “Recollections” of the manner of the Holy Spirit’s sustainings, will again as often as read introduce you to her companionship.

If you have not yet entered into the way of holiness, recollections of Mrs. C. will encouragingly say, *Press* toward the mark of the prize of your high calling. Linger no longer upon the *borders* of the promised land, when the way is *already open*, and Jesus invitingly says, “I am the door.” Too long already have you

lingered in comparative contentedness, in partial unbelief, while the cause of holiness has required your explicit personal testimony. By the remembrance of the great price paid for your full restoration to the image of the heavenly, rest not for one hour, till you obtain the full impress—By the remembrance of your home in heaven—your rank among the redeemed, where are thrones, principalities, and dominions—be eminently holy—eminently useful, in order that God may in the highest possible degree be glorified, and your home in heaven eminently near the throne.

And how dear will “Recollections” of Mrs. C. be to those, who, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, have entered within the vail. A *realization* of *companionship* with her spirit still, will doubtless often be enjoyed in a more especial manner by such, who have thus passed through the vail of outward things. It is but the slight curtain of mortality

that intervenes, which at any moment may fall, and to the spiritual vision will at once be discovered the hosts of the Lord, and prominent among that order of holy beings, would doubtless be found the precious one, whose memory we now perpetuate. Perhaps even now, her spirit in its sweet communings may be saying, *Ye are come* unto Mount Zion—to the church of the first born, to an innumerable company of angels. “But, is not the abode of the spirits of the just made perfect too far removed from earth to admit of these constant and familiar communings?” No! “*Ye are come* to the general assembly of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just men made perfect.”

“*Ye are come*”—but a thin veil excludes from your vision those holy—happy—powerful intelligences, which make a part of the army of the Lord of Hosts. Few scriptural truths are more explicitly com-

mended to our faith, than the doctrine of the ministry of angels. But are they so unremitting in their attentions? The *hosts* of the Lord encamp round about them that fear him. If they cease their assiduities, *when* do they cease? Does not the text imply that they are ever thus in waiting around the filial—trusting believer? “Their angels do always behold the face of my Father.”

But why, when already possessed of such powerful aids—with Jesus for our Intercessor, and the Holy Spirit to help our infirmities, do we *need* the ministry of these subordinate intelligences? Why these are God’s servants—they *do* his will, and a part of their work is to minister unto the heirs of salvation. As instruments in the hand of God to serve his pleasure, they do the bidding of the Spirit. Whither the Spirit is to go, they go—straight forward—unhindered by earthly contingencies, for they are now beyond the reach of casualty, and no longer lia-



ble to any other influence than that which they derive from God ; it is thus, necessarily, that whithersoever the Spirit is to go, they, by sweet constraint, proceed, and thus instead of diverting the mind from an absorbing dependance on the Spirit, it is only *while* we have the Spirit with us, that we are favored with their blessed communings. If we grieve the Spirit, and turn away from its influences, we grieve them, and they turn away from us.

We will close this chapter by narrating some interesting details from the experience of a deeply pious friend which we think calculated to exhibit the manner in which the experience of the devout accords with scriptural testimony. Two individuals, much endeared to each other, from the fact of having been mutually helpful to the other in religious experience, solemnly agreed, if in case one was taken before the other to the felicities of heaven, the disembodied one

would exercise a guardianship over the other to the degree permitted by the Lord of Hosts.

The elder in experience (one whose praise is still in the churches) was soon called to be an inhabitant of the spiritual world. Afterward, the companion left behind, often had occasion to remember the solemn engagement. Often was she favored most *consciously* with the communings of her friend. One day, the writer made a part of a little group to whom she was relating the matter. "*How* can you be *conscious* of the presence of your friend?" said an inquirer. I could be as conscious of your presence, should I now close my eyes, as if I were actually beholding you—I should *know* that you were here, and just so conscious have I been of the spiritual presence of my friend, especially in such seasons of trial as ever brought me her sympathy when she was on earth; it seems on these occasions as if I could almost feel her hand

laid on my arm in her own impressive and familiar manner, and just those words of instruction and comfort, which used to flow from her lips are again respoken to my heart—as much as if she should really say, ‘Don’t you remember what I used to tell you, about this and the other thing,’ &c. She stated also, that her husband on some of these occasions had been as fully aware of the spiritual visitation as herself.

The friend who was favored with these communings was in her youthful days deprived by death of a fond mother. She was at the time about fourteen years of age, and it seemed as if her childish heart, which from infancy had been religiously influenced, could not be satisfied to resign her beloved parent without being in some way extraordinarily assured that she was going to heaven.

One evening, the mother was peremptory in refusing to have watchers with her during the night. This affectionate

daughter, hoping that she might be effectual in her entreaties, said "dear mother, let me only sit in this large chair at the head of your bed." "No, my daughter," said the mother, "I cannot be satisfied until I know that *all* are at rest around me." She afterward succeeded in obtaining permission to lie down on a bed in the same room. Presently the place was filled with light, and many mild beautiful forms of light surrounded in waiting attitude the couch of her mother.

The sudden transition from a dim taper light to such heavenly effulgence amazed her, and she began to question whether she was not in some imaginary state, and looked around for objects of recognition, until she satisfied herself beyond mistake that all was glorious reality. The only difference she perceived, was, that from the ceiling upward was one unending pathway of light. The very air seemed filled with love, and purity, and what

may seem more strange is, that though perfectly conscious as a resident of earth, her mind was free from every thing like supernatural dread.

As nearly as she could judge, about two hours past thus, after which, she lost herself, whether in sleep or otherwise, she could scarcely tell, when the first to arouse her was the voice of her happy mother, calling "Daughter!—Daughter!"

She hastened to the call, when her mother exclaimed, "What a night I have had! O what a night!" "Why, have you been so much worse, mother?"

"No! no! my daughter, but my room has been filled with angels *all night*, and it seems as if they have taken every promise, from Genesis to Revelation, and presented them to me!"

She then spoke of her blissful prospects beyond the grave—said she should soon go—and then gave her dying charge, and shortly afterward joined the spirits of the just made perfect.

Is there not abundant consolation in the consideration that though our beloved ones may pass away from our earthly vision, they still exist—and love us still. We need not urge that our dear friend, Mrs. L. N. C., in company with all the spirits of the just made perfect, continues to retain, and cherish, those associations, and loves, which, when on earth, were begotten in the bowels of Christ. And that they in this superior state are possessed of facilities to minister to us beyond their former capabilities—their knowledge and heaven-winged-speed, &c., considered, may be a subject for subsequent consideration, and farther illustrations from personal knowledge may be given in our progressive “Recollections.” The ministry of angels is a topic upon which we well know our dear departed friend would love to dwell, were she with us, and if we have scriptural demonstration to bear us out in our belief, that though absent in body, we

are still present in spirit, and still favored with her communings; we will thank God, and take courage.

“I will not say ‘Farewell!’ since thou dost come  
To visit me, and we may yet enjoy  
Communion sweet together, and with Him  
Who ransomed both; I at the footstool,  
Thou before the throne.”

---

## CHAPTER II.

Angels of light their forms disclose,  
And woo her to their home so glorious;  
Her God said come! And then she rose  
Above a sorrowing world, victorious.

The Holy Lamb, she loved on earth,  
Whose image on her soul shone brightly,  
Gave her a guardian angel's birth,  
And from that hour she hover'd lightly—

Around and o'er each precious one  
She loved when in this world so dreary,  
And urged them still the race to run,  
Nor ever in heaven's pathway weary.

Mrs. C. has now passed from our outward vision, and is numbered with those

bright inhabitants of the unseen world, of which we have been communing. She now forms a part of God's sacramental hosts, and is no longer liable to harmful influences from the world, the flesh and Satan.

“Her rest she sooner hath gained,  
And left her companions behind.”

But shall we conclude that she is far from the scene of her former labors? It is true that death has disembodied that spirit, but is it in the power of death to divert it from those associations which had been *graciously* formed by the inspiration of the Sanctifier? Somewhere within the range of God's dominions she is still actively employed in doing his will, and what part of the dominions of her Sovereign would be more likely to engage her attentions than the interesting portion where reside the beloved friends to whom these Recollections are affectionately dedicated.



That unconverted friend who doubtless would have been the first to enlist Mrs. C.'s sympathies, and who was therefore first to be addressed in these pages, will by the succeeding reflections be reminded that she whom they loved, is not among the dead, but among the *living*. They will also remember that to the degree they yield to that voice which says, "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," to that degree they will honor and cherish the memory of their friend, and invite her companionship still. If the Spirit turns away grieved and insulted, she will also, and her companionship will no more be enjoyed. Those who have given themselves wholly away to Christ, and have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts, are *one* with Christ even here, but in a yet stronger sense are those blessed spirits one with him, who have endured to the end, and closed their earthly probation triumphantly—and the closer our communion

with Christ, in a proportionate degree a oneness with the family of heaven.

And how, to the observation of her pure spirit, must that professor appear, who is not earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints? Many who will with earnestness seize upon "Recollections" of the friend who has passed from their outward vision—many who were favored with her repeated and affectionate solicitations to entire devotedness, still remain comparatively undecided. Conscience still tells them that they are unwilling to make the sacrifices necessary in order to present an *acceptable* offering. Some are still presenting the blind, lame, and sick, and cover the Lord's altar with tears, with the hope of inducing the acceptance of the unworthy offering. Could her living voice be now heard, what would she say to such? Would that these "Recollections" might be instrumental in bringing to lively remembrance her repeated ad-

monitions to such, and ever serve as a living remembrancer to say, "he that knoweth his Master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

To those who, notwithstanding the "many adversaries," have, with the violence which the kingdom suffereth, laid hold upon the prize of Holiness, what may we presume she would now say by way of encouragement and admonition? Think you she would lament her earnestness in presenting perfect love as a pearl beyond all price? Surely her strong crying and tears—her fervent intercessions for the promotion of holiness in her own soul, and its establishment in the hearts of others, will not now be chided.

Dear lover of holiness, do you not still hear her entreaties, beseeching you to maintain its self-denying principles? Yes, she still ministers to you—she still ardently, in accordance with the Spirit's dictations, says, "dearly beloved, abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul."

Perchance at times, when your nature is shrinking from being set up as a mark—when by a profession of holiness, you must consent to be the “observed of all observers,” she may be permitted to be helpful to you in your endeavors to

“Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His cross.”

And when, from a consciousness of duty, you have been bold to take up, firm to sustain the consecrated cross, and in your exultations are enabled rejoicingly to say,

“And I enjoy the glorious shame,  
The scandal of the cross.”

She who was once permitted to be a sister in tribulation with you, will doubtless as a ministering spirit, be commissioned to encourage you in your labors of love.

Surely, “Recollections of Mrs. Cox,” will ever admonish you relative to the importance of making holiness, which you acknowledge to be the most important doctrine of the Bible, the most prominent

object of your pursuit, and will reprove anything that would lead you to indefiniteness in experience, or in the manner of giving in your testimony relative to the *enjoyment* of this blessing.

If our heavenly Father afflicts, he doth not do it willingly, and it' is unwise not to labor to understand the lessons of instruction intended to be communicated through his dispensations. What an affliction was the departure of the amiable Mrs. C. But may she not have been laid a sacrifice upon the service of the faith of others So the writer of this brief sketch has ever regarded the matter, and she has consented to publish these "Recollections" for the purpose of reviving and perpetuating the memory of one whose example and prayers, should be had in everlasting remembrance.

## CHAPTER III.

“ Only the actions of the just,  
Smell sweet and blossom from the dust.”

MRS. LYDIA NOYES COX, wife of Mr. Samuel Cox, of Williamsburg, L. I., was born in Stonington, Conn. March the 9th, 1814. Her parents, John W. and Prudence Gibbs, were members of the Presbyterian Church. While Lydia was quite young, they removed to the city of New York. Several years since, her father died, leaving the wife of his youth, and a daughter older than Lydia, to trust in the widow's God, and in the Father of the fatherless.

Lydia was blest with habits inclining to application, and her leisure moments were carefully treasured up for the acquisition of useful knowledge. She also possessed an unusual memory. Almost the entire of sermons were remembered to a degree which enabled her to rehearse

or write them for the satisfaction of herself and friends. At the visit of the Rev. R. Newton, of the Wesleyan British Conference to Williamsburg, the sermon preached on the occasion as given for publication by the stenographer, did not answer her estimate of its merits; she wrote it from memory in such a manner as to give greater satisfaction to the friends who heard it, than the printed copy.

She much appreciated the advantages gained in early life from Sabbath School privileges. These were doubtless rendered a lasting blessing to her. Whole chapters were remembered, and repeated with ease after she had attained to womanhood, which were learned when she was a little Sabbath School scholar. How much Sunday School instruction had to do with her extensive usefulness in later years, can only be ascertained when viewed in the discriminating light of eternity. Perhaps it may then be found that some faithful Sunday School

teacher, in her noiseless, persevering assiduities, was instrumental in sowing the seed, which in due time sprung up, and was so abundantly fruitful. Whether thus or otherwise, Lydia could say, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I should not offend against thee," and it was by availing herself so studiously of Sunday School privileges, that this was brought about.

She ever loved this cause, which had been so instrumental of good to her, and devoted much time to promote its interests. Having been thus cherished in these nurseries of the Lord, and taught the science of immortality, she ever felt that obligations were due from her for their sustainment. As the multifarious cares of married life increased, she did not deem herself free from these obligations, but rather with David said, "shall I sacrifice that which cost me nothing?" and much pains were taken so to arrange her



domestic concerns as to enable her to continue her labors.

During a part of the years 1835—36—37, she was engaged as a teacher in the Bedford-Street school, in the city of New York. The friendships formed with the members of this school, and with the many Christian friends of that community, were ever among her cherished recollections. For about one year (1838) she assisted in taking charge of the infant class attached to the Allen-Street Sabbath School. Here her labors were also much prized. Other associations were formed with the members of the Allen-Street Church, which were held in grateful remembrance till the hour of her dismissal from earth. At Williamsburg, she was in charge of a youth's Bible class, at the time of her death, numbering from twelve to fifteen young persons, just budding into womanhood.

She was from time to time favored with the conversion of those entrusted to

her care, which was cause of abundant joy.

As circumstances required, she occasionally wrote exercises for Sabbath School festivals, hymns, &c., a few of which will be embodied in this little volume. She was much beloved by her fellow laborers, and in turn loved much. Her prayerful, affectionate solicitude has, perhaps, seldom been equalled. She was, indeed "instant in season, out of season," and some exhortations from her pen, addressed to her fellow laborers, prove that her interest was not only in word, but in deed.

Of few can it be more truly said, "She hath followed diligently every good work." Our intention is not to eulogize, but she was a Christian, and as such, aimed to be Christ-like. Such a purpose, carried out in the strength of grace, necessarily induces a concentration of excellencies, and such the friends of Jesus beheld in the departed one. A passage

from one of her letters presents the propriety of her views relative to Christian responsibility. It reads thus :—"From my childhood I saw that which I believe the veriest sinner sees, namely, the inconsistency of a person professing godliness, not living in strict accordance with that profession, and I often thought if ever I became a Christian I would be *Christ-like*."

Grace enabled her to act upon this resolve to a blessed degree, and she indeed witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. When about fourteen years of age, she began her Christian course, and at a prayer-meeting where a few humble followers of Jesus met for social worship, at a private house, she gave her heart to the Saviour, and experienced regenerating grace. From the period of her conversion, she exhibited a uniformity of character truly gratifying to the lovers of vital piety. When she beheld the Christian's privilege more fully in later

years, it was cause of regret that her feet had not earlier, in her Christian course, been perseveringly urged into the way of holiness, for she discovered it to be the path to which youthful believers should invariably be directed.

Examples of those early brought into the rest of faith were perhaps less frequent at that period than since, or her aspiring soul had doubtless sooner reached the believer's land of promise. Yet her career was mainly onward, and upward, and when she gained the rest of perfect love, O how her soul exulted in the infinite blessedness of her portion. With what ardor did her burning zeal encompass within its grasp all the Lord's redeemed ones. The language of every look and action seemed to say that she preferred Jerusalem above her chief joy. Her aim to be like her Saviour was not unanswered, for to a degree beyond ordinary attainment she reflected his image. Her ardent manner conveyed the convic-

tion to the heart of the beholder that this disciple could with her Master say, "My zeal hath consumed me. The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

"All the inhabitants of the heavenly world love Holiness. But what is Holiness? How many graces and virtues does it include?"—EDMONSON.

WE hope an unadorned portrait of what Mrs. C. was through grace, may be in some degree helpful toward answering the above inquiries. A profession of holiness surely implies an obligation on the part of its possessor to exhibit in every department of life, "Whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely and of good report."

It was at one of those feasts of tabernacles, where the disciples of Jesus from distant portions of the country meet together to keep holy day, that Mrs. C. re-

ceived the witness that she was wholly the Lord's. This memorable meeting was held at Sing Sing, 1837. The particulars of her exercises on this occasion, were given in a letter to the writer in 1840, which will be found in the succeeding pages. From this period "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," seemed to be written upon all her intentions and pursuits, and even upon her very person, the neat, simple, and uncostly adornments of which, evidenced that she regarded it as a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

With her, Holiness was not a blessing merely in name, but an all-pervading principle, inducing an entire renovation, and an absorption of her whole being in God. Some may regard this as a state too high for ordinary expectation, and may question whether such an entire renovation and absorption of the being in God, can be enjoyed amid the ordinary vexatious routine of every day duties. A reference to the law and the testimony

will answer the inquiry. In allusion to the glorious dispensation under which we live, the prophet says, "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS TO THE LORD." Dr. Clarke comments on the passage thus:—"This intimates that a man's labor shall be begun, continued, and ended in the Lord, and thus the very animals he works with be consecrated to God." Another spiritual commentator observes, "The cattle, houses, and furniture shall all be hallowed to God." Seeker, says, "Everything shall be *equally* holy." Scott, "Men will conduct their *ordinary* affairs, and their sacred services upon the same holy principles."

Mrs. C. carried out these views of Scriptural holiness, and those most familiarly acquainted with her are best prepared to say how truly every thing with which she had to do was subservient to this principle. "How can I serve the cause of Christ without inconvenience to

myself?" was not the first question with her, but "What will best serve the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom?" And when this was prayerfully decided, the next inquiry was, "How shall I make my domestic arrangements properly *subservient* to my religious duties?" and she proved it was not in vain that she presented unto God the *first* fruits of her time, but she became increasingly confirmed, and encouraged in the duty of seeking *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things necessary to life and godliness were added.

"Let that mind be in you which was in Christ!" Here is the standard of *Bible* religion, and this is *holiness*. Mrs. C.'s resolve to be Christ-like, carried out, only assures us that she saw the inconsistency of Christians resting short of holiness, even before she took upon herself a profession of faith in Christ. Is there not a deficiency in effort, and an unwarrantable degree of faithlessness, relative to urging *young*



*converts* to the duty of taking the higher walk of the Christian? Surely, youthful disciples should at once be directed into the way of holiness. Some sincere lovers of this doctrine conceive that babes in Christ cannot understand it, but if Mrs. C. had been told that in order to be a thorough and consistent Christian she must be *holy*, inasmuch as in this state only, her aim to be *Christ-like* could be answered, would not she in her early experience have understood it? If holiness were apprehended as a state in which all the powers of body and mind are *ceaselessly* presented *through* Christ, to God, what sincere follower of Jesus would presume to live without it?

That the simplicity of the way of holiness might be apprehended by those newly entered into the way of life, was an object of much solicitude with Mrs. C. Fruit of her labors still remain with some who early in religious experience were

through her persuasions constrained to take the more excellent way.

“Would Christ, if in the flesh, and circumstanced as I, have done thus and so?” was doubtless often a question with her. Her expenditures in *time* or *money*, whether for adornments of her person, family, or house, in visits abroad, or in receiving visits at home, and all her pursuits seem to have been thus regulated. That holiness was an all-pervading principle with her, may also be inferred from the multiplicity of her concerns. Her burning charity was not confined to the members of the household of faith. Her husband observes he had reason to believe that not one unconverted person within the circle of her acquaintance had escaped her persuasive admonitions.

If she could not get an opportunity for conversation, she would affectionately warn, entreat, and rebuke in writing. Many doubtless are now in possession of these sacred mementoes, which as a voice

from eternity, is still urging them to become reconciled to God. In the temperance reformation, her sympathies were zealously enlisted. In one case of degradation, where human probabilities seemed to have been defianced, she with much difficulty gained access by going to the shop of the individual; by her winning manners, and prayerful expostulations, she gained access to his heart, and he was restored to his family and friends, and much hope was entertained in his case.

## CHAPTER V.

“ When one that holds communion with the skies,  
Has filled her urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
'Tis even as if an angel shook its wings;  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
That tells whence the treasure is supplied.  
So when a ship well freighted with the stores  
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,  
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass fur'd  
In some safe haven of our western world,  
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,  
The gale informs us laden with the scent.”

THE study of the Scriptures was her delight, and Bible Christianity her motto. In enforcing its claims, and in endeavoring to elucidate its truths to the class of young ladies which she had in charge at the time of her death, numbering from twelve to fifteen, her last report states that all, with the exception of one (who was seeking) had been brought into the fold of Christ.

Who will doubt but that the success attending her labor was mainly attributable to the power of the Spirit—the unction of the Holy One, which in verity rested upon her? Holiness and usefulness in her mind, stood inseparably connected, and she did not scruple in giving publicity to her views on this subject. She thought and spoke of Holiness as a *necessary* qualification for that teacher who would be eminently useful, and faithful to the immortal trusts committed.

God is infinitely holy, and whatever flows out from him on man tells enduringly in lessons of love, and power. Those that most confidently *rest upon Christ*, derive degrees of holiness commensurate with the nearness of their communion—the strength and steadiness of their *faith*. Lessons which flow out from God, through such *instrumentalities*, must prove *effectual*. “If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as the mouth of the Lord!” What an

assurance! But alas! how many desire the end, without complying with the condition; yet what more easy than a calm deliberate surrender of the whole being to Christ: and it is by virtue of *resting* upon *him*, that the precious is cleansed from the vile. Services presented to God through this purifying medium, come up as incense before the throne, as a sweet savor of Christ. Mrs. C. not only laid all upon the altar, Christ Jesus—but she *kept* all upon this hallowed altar, and often her powerful words were received as from the mouth of the Lord, by those with whom she communicated. So greatly did she feel the importance of purity when viewed not only in reference to ourselves, but as connected with our usefulness to others, that among her dying charges to her husband were, “Tell the teachers of children to be holy.”

She was ardent in her attachments, and in her manners there was an affectionate persuasiveness, which seemed to

flow out from the deep recesses of her heart, and in unaffected sweetness pour itself, into the very being of those around her. She won many hearts by her endearing exhibitions of the beauty of holiness, not only to herself, but what was her chief ambition—to closer communion, and higher admiration of the Saviour, whose image she in a blessed degree reflected.

But she did not love her friends too well to be faithful to them. Her friendships were commenced, and perpetuated with an eye to eternity. When she saw where the eternal well-being of her friends were at stake, and she conjectured that the light of eternity would reveal mistakes, she shunned not to declare what she believed to be the whole counsel of God. The writer will never forget the disclosures made by Mrs. C., relative to the last public testimony she was ever permitted to give. She had called, as it proved for the last time, to breathe into the ear of her friend her joys and sor-

rows. In some beloved ones to whom she was closely united in Christian ties, she had witnessed what she regarded, too much conformity to the spirit and practices of the world. By a powerful influence which she dared not resist, she had been pressed in spirit to unburden her heart relative to this subject, at a meeting for testimony which was in contemplation. Her naturally timid spirit recoiled. Hours of painful solicitude intervened, in which she fully counted the cost of pursuing the course which, by the Spirit's dictations, had been presented. Instruction, admonitory and conclusive, was gained from the remembrance of Him who hath said "My kingdom is not of this world." It was not in vain that the Spirit presented before her spiritual vision views relative to the self-denying principles upon which that kingdom is established. With her Master, she found that she was indeed willing to be of no reputation, and proceeded to unburden



her mind to her christian friends relative to a more thorough conformity to the spirit of holiness in all things.

Expensive entertainments, and forms of etiquette established by the mere worldling, with the expenditures in time, and money considered, was what she on this occasion deplored, as not in keeping with the simplicity of the gospel—beguiling time which should be devoted to the cause of Christ, and ill calculated to dispose the mind for the duties of the closet, the sanctuary, and toward the poor.

Before delivering this testimony, her heart was inexpressibly burdened. Remarking on the subject to her friend, she observed, “For hours previous, I was so oppressed with the weight of the message, that I wondered not that God’s devoted servants should in ancient days exclaim, ‘The burden of the Lord.’ I felt that I should be regarded as a reprover, by some whom I loved, and what

might be the consequence of pursuing the course which by the Spirit's operations was presented as duty, was now by the tempter's insinuations magnified, but I found I was indeed willing to be of no reputation—to be despised and rejected, if needs be, for Christ's sake. After I had delivered the testimony, my heart bounded up with an indescribable lightness, and such a consciousness of the approval of my heavenly Father was given, that the frowns of the world or even of my dearest friends were nothing when brought in comparison."

Thus in faithfulness to her God—her friends, and her own soul, she passed the days of her sojourning—thus was the last love-feast occasion which she was ever permitted to enjoy, improved by our beloved friend. Relative to this testimony she observed a short time prior to her death, "If I knew it was the last testimony for God I should ever be permitted to give, I should not wish it recalled.

Would that all the disciples of Jesus might be found thus faithful when the Master cometh.

Mrs. C. in counting the cost of a life of conformity to the will of God, had not taken into her contemplations to "be carried to the skies, on flowery beds of ease." To the degree she possessed that mind that was in Christ, she as a consequence expected to pursue a course at variance with the spirit of the world. She expected to be a sharer in the reproaches that fell upon her Savior, and to prove what it was to have a fellowship with his sufferings.

Happy for her that she had counted the cost, and had chosen the heritage of the believer as her portion; she could even rejoice that it was *given* unto her in common with all who truly bear the image of the Saviour, not only to believe on his name, but also to suffer for His sake. That the disciple be even as his Master, she deemed a high and holy

calling, and sufficiently honorable for her most exalted aspirations. It was with her a source of serious solicitude that so many professors seem not to have been influenced by the consideration that "they that will live godly in Christ Jesus *shall* suffer persecution." When she beheld those whose conformity to worldly practices was such as to elicit the friendship of the world rather than its reproaches, she with prayerful concern deplored their condition, assured that they could not be in friendship with the world, without being in a proportionate degree at enmity with God.

## CHAPTER VI.

“In virtue fair

Adorned with modesty and matron grace  
Unspeakable, and love, her face was like  
The light, most welcome to the eye of man ;  
Refreshing most, most honored, most desired  
Of all he saw in the dim world below.”

“A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

Relative to domestic virtues, those who best knew Mrs. C., do not hesitate in placing her among the few who excel. Solomon's description of a virtuous woman, was perhaps more fully met in her than is generally witnessed. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and he was to her only less beloved than God. Having commenced her christian course earlier in life than Mr. C., she obtained his consent to a solemn agreement previous to their marriage, that the family altar should on the consummation of their union, at once be reared, and ever

faithfully sustained. When the period came for the fulfilment of the engagement, he not having yet accustomed himself to bow readily to the yoke of Christ, was disposed to linger in the performance of duty. She began the exercise, and continued as a help-meet indeed, ever ready to assist in bearing his burdens with most affectionate religious solicitude.

But her mind was too well balanced to conceive her duty as a christian wife accomplished in the performance of what might in name be termed a routine of religious services. Though her deep experience in the things of God inclined her husband to feel that he had a help-meet ever beside him, who with hand linked in his, and with step in advance, was ever with beseeching look, and in persuasive accent, saying, "Come up higher," yet her excellency as a christian wife did not cease here.

Her husband says, "Her highest earthly ambition seemed to be *my happiness*."

When I came home oppressed with worldly anxieties, she was ever ready with words of consolation, and with a smile upon her countenance would say, 'Put your trust in the Lord, he will deliver you, our bread shall be given us, and our water shall be sure.' Or if too much elated or absorbed in prospect of earthly good, she would gently caution, by intimating that our treasures were above." He also states that he never knew her to manifest an unbecoming temper, or to utter an unkind expression. Her feelings were all attuned to love. The law of kindness dwelt upon her lips, and the Spirit as a peaceful Dove pervaded her heart, and no wonder that the atmosphere around her seemed to tell of quietness, sweetness, and purity.

Mr. C. had a little daughter from a former marriage, and she felt most deeply her accountability to God for this precious charge. She knew that in sustaining the responsibilities of a mother to this

young immortal, she was subjected not only to the strictest supervision of earthly beings, but that the eye of God, and angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, was fixed upon her. On one occasion, when her anxieties were perhaps exerting an undue influence, the Lord of Hosts, who graciously permits angel spirits to minister unto the heirs of salvation, condescended to indulge her in visions of the night, with sweet and inexpressibly encouraging communings with the spirit of the departed one who had given birth to her charge. In these communings, she was informed that her course was approved in heaven.

“How strange that there should be so much indefiniteness in our conclusions relative to the ministry of angels, when the scripture is so explicit and comforting in its declarations on this point. Were we to express our belief that the sainted spirit of this departed mother was permitted to exercise a *peculiar* guardianship



over this little one, which in infancy was left to be cherished and trained by other than an own mother's hand ; some might pronounce us visionary. But may we not, with *scriptural* propriety, indulge the belief that "*Their* angels which do always behold the face of our Father," would be those spirits which, *before* their departure from earth, were especially interested in the well being of those to whom they communicate ?\* Clarke in his

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\* John Scobie, an individual well known, and eminent for his strong faith and consistent piety, about three years since left a circle of religious friends to whom he was much endeared, in New York, and went to reside at St. Augustine, Florida. He left two friends to whom he was peculiarly attached, and who after his separation from them was kept advised of his temporal and spiritual welfare.

On the 31st of August, 1842, a little before six in the morning, one of these parties awoke from a singular dream, and exclaimed to his companion, "I have just been dreaming that I saw brother S. He came in hurriedly, and, I said, why, brother S. when did you leave Florida ? he replied, *just one hour ago.*

exposition of the passage just referred to, says, "Our Lord here not only alluded to, but in my opinion *establishes* the idea received by almost all nations, viz. : That every person has a *guardian angel*, and

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Just one hour ago? I exclaimed. Why, are you dead? Yes, I died one hour since. I then thought I would ask him some questions about the spiritual world, but a supernatural awe came over me, and I could not—and I awoke. It does not seem like a dream—but a *reality*. His wife heard the narration with astonishment, and exclaimed, "Why I just dreamed of seeing him too, but he passed me hurriedly, and I felt hurt." The matter seemed mysterious indeed, as they had not so much as the clue of association. The last letter they had received from him stated that he was in comfortable health. About one month brought intelligence from Florida, that on the morning of *31st of August, just a little before five o'clock*, brother Scobie departed this life in the triumphs of faith. Thus it is the claims of christian friendship, even by spirits newly entered the heavenly world, are not forgotten—those they loved to communicate with on earth are not less beloved now that they are possessed of facilities to minister to us in many respects far beyond their former capacity.

that these always have access to God, to receive orders relative to the management of their charge." Grotius and Wetstein says, "The term" angels "seems here to be used for *human* souls in a state of immortality, considered as separate and distinct from the body." Watson observes, "The term *angel*, was understood of *disembodied* spirits, so Rhoda said of Peter, 'It is his *angel*.'" "

These communings, though given in the unobtrusive guise of a dream, were accompanied with power to Mrs. C's heart, and she well knew, that the Lord of Hosts had permitted the visitation for her comfort, and with renewed diligence persevered in training her immortal charge for immortality and eternal life. Her pious exertions were rewarded with the approbation of her God, the smiles of her husband, and the affections of her child. "Truly she discharged her duty faithfully to this child," says Mr. C. Two years prior to the decease of Mrs.

Cox, this daughter joined her mother in heaven. The bereavement was keenly felt by our dear friend, who had indeed cherished all the affections of a mother's heart, and with deep sorrow, she followed the remains of her beloved little Mary to the tomb, little imagining how soon she was to follow her to the abodes of bliss.

To this affliction was added the death of her affectionate mother, who also, not long afterward, was called into the spirit world. This was indeed a season of severe trial to Mrs. C. She was in heaviness through manifold temptations—cast down but not destroyed, for she was enabled to endure, as seeing the invisible. As tie after tie to earth was loosened, her spirit only ascended higher, and dwelt in closer communion with God.

“ Grace does not steel the faithful heart,  
That it should not know ill;  
We learn to kiss the chastening rod  
And feel its sharpness still.

But how unlike the Christian's tears  
To those the world must shed!  
His sighs are tranquil and resigned  
As the heart from which it sped."

The little ones whom God entrusted to her care, found in her a mother capable, not only of giving ordinary parental instruction, but able to teach them all the branches necessary for a life of usefulness and piety. The prayerful concern with which she watched the buddings of grace in these infant hearts, are among the treasured remembrances which the writer still loves to cherish of her departed friend. May the God of all grace, water the seed sown, and preserve these little ones unto his heavenly kingdom.

## CHAPTER VII.

Our dearest comforts we could leave,  
With glory in our eyes,  
Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,  
And point them to the skies.

Our trembling lips, if God is nigh,  
When hours are with us few,  
With joy shall say, "Behold, we die,  
But God shall be with you."

ONE who has been much benefitted through the instrumentality of Mrs. C., in enumerating some of her many excellencies, says, "A few years ago I was a miserable sinner—without Christ. All that I am, under God, I owe to the late Mrs. C., and her husband.

"For many years, I neglected to attend the house of God, hardly ever entering its sacred doors, or listening to the voice of love or friendship in regard to my eternal welfare. I had a friend—a man of the world, who occasionally attended the

Williamsburg M. E. Church, and had been much charmed with the singing while there. Knowing that I was fond of music, he invited me to attend, and hear the sweetest singer he ever heard: my curiosity was excited—I attended, and there, for the first time heard and saw sister Cox, who at that period was one of the choir. From that time forward, I was a constant attendant, not to hear the word of God, but to hear the sweet melody which warbled forth from one whose heart I am sure, felt all she sang. Even now, it seems as if I could almost hear that sweet voice which has so often filled my soul with rapture. There was indeed something in the singing of sister Cox, which not only caught the ear, but charmed the soul.

“In consequence of my attendance on the word, the Holy Spirit reached my heart, and not long afterward I was enabled to rejoice in the pardoning mercy of God through Christ Jesus. The first

person who called me brother after my conversion, was sister Cox. If her voice in singing was melody to my ear, doubly so was it now to me, when she extended her hand of fellowship, and called me *brother*. Yes, brother and sister—children of one family—a family which will outshine the sun in the firmament, and abide forever. From this time forward our friendship became stronger and stronger. I was a babe in Christ—she strong in the mighty One of Israel: ever ready to direct my feet by her counsel and advice. How often, when oppressed by the cares of the world—sorely tempted by the adversary, has some precious promise dropped from her lips, fresh from the sacred pages, to cheer my drooping spirits, and lift me to things above, and then she would point toward heaven, and with a smile angelic say, ‘Brother, there is our rest.’ Glory to God! She has only gone a little before. How many seasons of sweet communion have we



had together in prayer, and in conversing upon the things which appertain to eternal life, and also in singing the praises of Him who bought us with his precious blood.

“But I was not the only one who applied to her for advice, and sought an interest in her prayers. Many can testify of the interest she took in regard to their soul’s best good, and many will sparkle as stars in the crown of righteousness which our blessed Saviour has in reserve for her at his appearing.”

Holiness to the Lord was her theme. In public, and in private, it was her constant practice to recommend and urge it upon all. Indeed, she was continually at work in the vineyard of the Lord. In the Sabbath School, she was an angel of mercy to many a scholar and teacher too. Her presence was invariably hailed with pleasure by the whole school. Many, to this day, have cause to rejoice that they ever knew her. How often have I heard

her press upon her scholars the importance of seeking God right early. And oh, with what pathos, and deep solicitude would she point them to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.

When she could not speak to individuals, she would write to them, and through this means many have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, which doubtless would otherwise have been in the service of sin still. Wherever the poor and afflicted were, there was sister Cox, pouring in the balm of consolation, and administering to their wants. Verily she made haste to do her Master's will, feeling (as she expressed to me) almost constantly, "that there was but little time to do it in."

In the class room (we were members of the same class) she was greatly prized. Her experience was so deep—so varied—her faith so appropriating, that few, if any, ever left the class without realizing the soul-cheering presence of God, and

with increasing gratitude to the Giver of every good gift, and love to her as the instrument through which much good had been communicated. Here, Holiness to the Lord was her continual watchword. Nothing less than the advancement of holiness in the membership would answer her ardent wishes. Most of the class profited by her example, and became zealous followers of the Saviour.

Sister Cox possessed the happy faculty of interesting the young, as well as those more advanced. Her house was the common resort of those who were seeking an interest in Christ, as well as those who were panting after holiness. For three or four months before her death, she seemed to be ripening for immortality in an especial manner. I visited her almost daily, and drank in from her rich experience much that was invigorating to my own spirit. Our conversations often related to things above—the abode of the righteous—their employment, and hte

eternity of their existence ; were themes upon which we often dwelt. At times her face shone with almost unearthly brightness in prospect of entering the gates of the celestial city where she should behold her beloved, “and dwell with him forever.”

“Adieu, beloved friend, adieu,  
On earth we only met to part,  
Yet to the Christian’s brighter view,  
Still we are one, still near in heart.

That “three-fold cord” of Christian love,  
Which from the heights of heaven descends,  
When parted here, is joined above,  
And holds to Christ and Christian friends.”

Other testimony of a similar nature might be gathered of the departed one, but perhaps what we have already given presents a semblance of what she was, through grace, and we forbear repetition.

For several months previous to her dissolution, it was evident to her friends that she was being prepared for her departure. Her manners, in a way which

perhaps was unintentional with herself, favored an impression with her friends that she was pre-admonished of her change, but on being asked by her husband whether she had any special intimation, she replied, "nothing in particular." But her heavenly Father knew that he was about to call his beloved child to rest from her labor, and before taking her to the abiding home of the faithful, he incited her to finish her work in a manner calculated to favor the impression that she must have been pre-admonished of her change.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The saint may be compell'd to meet  
Misfortune's saddest blow,  
His bosom is alive to feel,  
The keenest pang of woe.

Poor nature, ever weak, will shrink  
From the afflictive stroke,  
But faith disclaims the hasty plaint  
Impatient nature spoke.

He knows it is a Father's will,  
And therefore it is good ;  
Nor would he venture, by a wish,  
To change it if he could.

ONE day, toward the close of January, 1843, the writer was urged in spirit to attend a little meeting at Williamsburg, held at the house of Mrs. C. This meeting had been commenced and sustained through Mrs. C.'s pious exertions, and therefore was dear indeed to her heart. It was intimated that she might be ill, and if so the propriety of going was evident.

The weather being extremely cold, and fearful of yielding to a mere impression, I for some time hesitated, but the nearer I drew to the throne of heavenly grace in imploring direction, the clearer was the conviction that it were better to yield to the persuasion. I went—and there in voiceless waiting sat the little company over which Mrs. C. had been accustomed to preside as a leading spirit. I had but a little more than entered, when a dear friend said, “Sister ——, will you not take charge of the meeting?” “I came with no such intention, and rather you should proceed, as you have been accustomed to do,” I responded. “Sister Cox is sick, and the meeting has come to a pause, there is no one to carry it on,” she replied. How precious, thought I, must my dear sister C. be in the sight of God, when I observed how evidently I had been urged by her heavenly Father to assist in bearing her burdens. We had a precious season in waiting before

the Lord during the meeting, after which I ascertained that she had been too ill to leave her room for several days.

From the nature of her illness there was nothing calculated to awaken serious apprehensions relative to her recovery. Her heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord, and her countenance bespoke the quietness of a heart not afraid of evil tidings, and doubtless her trusting spirit refused to indulge in those fearful forebodings not unusual under similar circumstances.

During the intervening week, preceding another meeting, it was urged upon the writer to go and assure Mrs. C. that she would relieve her mind from the responsibility of the meeting until returning health would leave her free to resume her charge. Little did her friend imagine that she was relieving the devoted one from a care that was never again to be resumed, and on reviewing the manner of the Spirit's urgings, most heartily did she acknowledge that she had not taken one



burden from the heart of the beloved one but what had been done at the bidding of her heavenly Father.

On Thursday succeeding the interview just referred to, she was permitted to embrace a little daughter. Nothing occurred to awaken serious apprehensions, until the Sabbath succeeding, when her second child was seized with the scarlet fever. A less ardent temperament may perhaps conceive that her earthly attachments were too strong to comport well with a profession of unrivalled love of the Saviour, but a conviction seemed to have been inwrought in her very nature, which inclined her to appreciate relationships of mother, child, &c., as sacred links, riveted by the hand of infinite Love, and when from time to time these were dissevered, her heart was indeed lacerated, and bled from the wound; and nothing short of the superior love of the Saviour could sustain her in view of these ties being dissevered. One little one had been

taken from her bosom by this disease, and now to see that it had again entered her dwelling, was more than she was able, in her weak state, to endure, and from the excitement thus occasioned, she was thrown into a fever, which raged until the weary wheels of life stood still.

When first informed that her illness was probably unto death, a severe struggle ensued, relative to leaving her family. She knew that to die would be gain, but in looking on these beloved ones, her feelings said, "To abide in the flesh is more needful to you." To reconcile this severe struggle with entire resignation to the divine will, may be questionable with some.

The writer is here reminded of a devoted friend, whose experience in view of a painful bereavement, may be explanatory. This friend, wife of Captain ——, had been in hourly expectation of greeting the beloved of her bosom, who had for a long time been absent, exposed to the terrors

of the deep. One morning, while sitting quietly in longing expectation of soon greeting her beloved, suddenly, as if a human voice had met her ear, she was arrested with the suggestion, "Suppose you should be called to give your husband up; could you do it?" She was startled, and immediately responded, "No, I could not." "But you profess to have no will of your own," was reprovngly urged. She was roused, and said, "Yes, *I have a will.*" She now became alarmed, and with agonized feelings began to question whether she had not been mistaken in her profession of entire submission to the will of her heavenly Father, when it was suggested, "The *Saviour had a will* when He said, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me,' but when He said, 'Nevertheless, not as *I* will, but as *thou* wilt,' *His* will was in submission to the will of his Father, and now if the human will in you is subject to the Divine will, your experience is not at variance with your profes-

sion." The struggle was severe, but she found that she could say, "*Thy* will, not *mine* be done." A few hours intervened, and a letter was handed her, bearing the intelligence that her husband was lying dangerously ill at a foreign port. With a heavy heart, and with all possible speed, she hastened to his embrace, but before she reached the place, he had entered the port of endless rest.

And thus with our beloved Mrs. C., she had a will, and a struggle ensued, but the sequel proved that the Divine will in her had the ascendancy wholly. On Sabbath evening previous to her departure, she called her beloved husband to her, and said, "Now, my dear, my troubles end, I have been enabled to give you all up to the Lord, and he has given himself to me in return. Praised be his holy name!" The victory of grace on that point we may presume, was wholly completed, for from that hour her husband observes, she was not heard to make even

a remark relative to the future concerns of her family, but her soul was continually filled with peace, and she was ready to give to every one who approached her words of instruction and comfort.

O blessed be the hand that gave ;  
Still blessed when it takes,  
Blessed be he who smites to save,  
Who heals the heart he breaks ;  
Perfect and true are all his ways,  
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

## CHAPTER IX.

“ Understand that here you are in a school of discipline, preparing for scenes of usefulness in another world. And understand that though you may not now see the wisdom of those dispensations which try you, yet when you come to be removed to those spheres of influence and usefulness, for which you are preparing, you will perceive the perfect wisdom of God in making you pass through these fiery trials. God does nothing in vain. All these things are parts of the necessary discipline through which we must pass. This world is a great school, and every servant of God must take his degree. He cannot be discharged from these conflicts, until by them he is prepared for glory.”

A FEW short days previous to her release from earth, she dreamed that herself, with one of her beloved Williamsburg friends, were walking together, when the Lord met them. With a look of ineffable love, and melting pity, He looked upon them, and began to commiserate their condition. “ Poor mortals, how little they know !” said He most compassion-

ately. And then, as if he would reprove those perceptions, which from a finite glance might pronounce upon his designs, He continued to say, "What a little distance ahead can they see!" Then, exhibiting an instrument which he held in his hand, closed at both ends, He observed in pointing to the end nearest to himself, "They can see the *beginning*, but they cannot see the end;" then turning a valve which gave her a glance into the future, a view of indescribable glory, extending far into eternity, burst upon her vision.

In view of her removal from a sphere where her labors seemed so much needed, and the bereaved state of feeling—and circumscribed views, indulged by some with whom she walked in such endearing companionship, this vision seems indeed most significant, and when we remember how near she at that time was, to the glory to be revealed—how soon it was to burst upon her enraptured vision, the

subject needs no explanation, but should be treasured up with the many gracious assurances that God still condescends to speak to men in dreams and visions of the night.

Many fervent prayers were offered up by all classes for her recovery. As by her increasing illness the probability of her removal from earth strengthened, perceptions of her exceeding preciousness became more vivid, and these quickened sensibilities induced yet stronger crying and tears, as tokens of her speedy departure became more confirmed.

The Church with whom she had worshipped felt that not only a sister beloved was being removed, but one who had been greatly helpful in promoting vital godliness—one who had through grace, been instrumental in imparting strength and vitality to all her institutions. The Sabbath School was now no more to look up for her ever efficient aid to assist in its varied operations. The



Church choir was not again in the earthly sanctuary, to unite with her in joyous or solemn song. The class-meeting, and Love-feast were no more to look upon her who had passed in and out before them with so much circumspection, and whom in love they had delighted to recognize as a leading spirit. The Missionary, Temperance, and Benevolent Societies had all been blest with her active efficient aid. The mourner who had been comforted with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God, was not again to witness her sympathizing look, nor to listen to the words of consolation which flowed from her lips:—the sinner who had listened to admonitions from her, under which his heart once and again had been roused, now, in view of her speedy removal, alike felt that he had a plea; and many, and ardent were the supplications for her longer continuance on earth.

On the Sabbath preceding her death, a

fatal termination was contemplated, and her case was made a subject of special intercession by the worshipping assembly with whom she had so often mingled her vows and her supplications. The feeling which pervaded the congregation told that a chord had been touched, which with no common power, took hold upon their affections. Her zealous assiduities had been so closely interwoven with all their associations as a people, that the fibres of their existence seemed touched in anticipation of the disseverance of this member, and if the decree had not passed the throne, that she should speedily be translated from earth to heaven, surely in answer to such intercessions she would have been spared.

But, perhaps, next to her bereaved relatives, the beloved class of which she was a member, was next in order to feel the loss. Here she had been a help-meet indeed, and her husband (the leader) felt that in no ordinary degree she was help-

ful in bearing his burdens. Would the epistle of her life as a class member, and as the *wife of a class leader*, might be so exhibited as to meet the eye, and arrest the heart of every class leader's wife. Surely this is a more responsible station than is imagined by many standing in this relation to the Church. How many delinquents might be visited, and induced to a more careful attendance on this means of grace. How many, who by conformity to the world have lost their interest in Christ, and are now spreading the infectious influence of a mere worldly minded profession—and alas, how many who surfeited with the cares of this life, are now drowning their souls in perdition, might have been saved to the Church, were every class leader's wife equally helpful to her husband with Mrs. C.

While he, by the authority delegated to him by the Church, was endeavoring to enforce our Scriptural rules relative to conformity to the world, she was not, by

her example, neutralizing his admonitions by a sinful adherence to earthly maxims. Alas, how many a husband has groaned in view of his want of success, in endeavoring to induce spirituality in those committed to his care, who will in the day of eternity find his failure attributable to the example of his family, whom he has not faithfully restrained, but whom the eye of the Church and the world have considered a part of himself, and as such, furnishing an exhibition of his own views of propriety.

## CHAPTER X.

“It is the Lord,” whose matchless skill,  
Can from afflictions raise  
Blessings,—eternity to fill  
With ever-glowing praise.

“It is the Lord,” my covenant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name,  
Whose gracious promise sealed with blood,  
Must ever be the same.

“It is the Lord,” should I distrust,  
Or contradict his will,  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still?

THE evening before her death, her class-mates assembled, and spent most of the time in intercessions for her recovery, but they felt that they could not gain access to the throne of grace in pleading thus. They seemed rather to be met with assurances that it was not according to the will of God that she should recover. It was therefore that darkness was round

about the throne, and a realization of Divine approval was withheld, only when they were submissively asking that the will of the Lord might be done—and his name glorified, whether by her life or death. And it was thus that these, with some other dear friends, were in a measure prepared for the painful issue. This night was one of intense interest. Her affectionate husband, with feelings which would take no denial, had been pleading for her restoration—in hope believing against hope, he had cherished the fond wish that she might be spared—he had administered all her medicines—had scarcely left her side either day or night, from the time her disease had awakened serious alarm—and now the crisis approached. He drew near to administer medicine, and observed her countenance illuminated with an unearthly smile, and her eyes were fixed on some object, with which she was wholly absorbed. Her husband remarks, “There was something

in her countenance on this occasion, which defies description—a heavenly radiance shone upon her, and those who stood beholding her, turned away with feelings of awe from what they deemed a supernatural sight, and his own heart inclined him to feel that an attempt to arrest her attention were almost sacrilegious; and he waited in amazement till the vision passed away.”

He now knelt beside her, and a conviction with the vividness of truth, flashed across his mind, that she was about to be an inhabitant of that world with which she had been communing. Never had she seemed so dear to his heart as at that moment.

What she had been to him, as his bosom companion—the sharer of his joys and sorrows—as the mother of his lovely little ones, and perhaps above all to the Church of his choice, now passed in review before him, and he began to inquire whether some other sacrifice would not answer

the divine requirement, and she be spared. He concluded to renew his covenant, to be more than ever consecrated to holy service. It was suggested, "Abraham offered up a sacrifice when he entered into covenant with God, and what sacrifice have you to render?" "Lord, I give up myself and my family, to be more exclusively devoted to thee," he replied. He was then reminded of God's ancient one, who was bidden to choose out the *fairest* of the flock, and offer it in sacrifice—and it was reprovngly suggested, "If when Abraham was called to offer up Isaac, he had presented Ishmael in his stead, would the sacrifice have been acceptable to God?"

He felt the rebuke, and saw that there was but one alternative; he must either surrender his beloved one back to the God from whom he had received her, or be kept at a distance from him, and abide consciously under a sense of his displeasure. Nature struggled for the ascendan-



cy—and the memorable conflict of that hour will never be forgotten ; but grace eventually triumphed, and great indeed was the victory. The heart of an Abraham may not, perhaps, have known a severer mental conflict, or have gloried in a greater victory, than this son of Abraham, in the surrender of this sacrifice. The tokens of Divine approval, which succeeded, were beyond description glorious, and he was indeed permitted to commune with the Lord Jehovah as a man with his friend.

Since 'tis thy sentence I should part  
With the most precious treasure of my heart,  
I freely that and more resign—  
My heart itself as its delight, is thine.  
My little all I give to thee,  
Thou gavest a greater gift, thy Son, to me.

And now the agonies of dissolving nature came upon her—the messenger of death had most surely arrived, and was permitted to do his work in a manner most trying to the faith of the beloved

sufferer, and agonizing indeed to the heart of every beholder. Excruciating pangs wrung from the devoted sufferer, groans which penetrated every heart with deepest anguish. The physician desired to know whether she had been informed that she was on the verge of the eternal world; upon which her husband said, "My dear, do you know that you are just crossing Jordan?" She looked up, and said, "You should have told me sooner," thereby assuring us more fully that "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Her husband replied, "My dear, we knew that you were prepared, and we were loth to give you up, and now that you are going to leave us, how is it with you?"

She replied, "What I saw last night, removes every doubt." She paused, and then with holy triumph exclaimed, "Ride on, thou conquering Jesus, and bear me safely to thy Father's throne." The de-

voted husband then said, "Farewell!" "Farewell!" responded the affectionate sufferer. Her sister standing by said, "Have you not one word for your sister?" "Yes!" said she, and here her voice failed, and she was unable to say more.

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## CHAPTER XI.

When pining sickness wastes this frame,  
Acute disease and weakening pain;  
When life fast spends her feeble flame,  
And all the help of man is vain:

O, then to have recourse to God  
o pray to him in time of need,  
To feel the balm of Jesus blood,  
This is to find a friend indeed!

O, Christian! this thy happy lot  
Who cleavest to thy Lord by faith;  
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,  
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

The writer had been sent for, and arrived while she was buffeting the waves

amid the swellings of Jordan. On being informed that the friend whom she desired to see had come, she raised her dying eyes, and her countenance lighted up with a smile of recognition as she tried to articulate, but could not so as to be understood, yet her speaking countenance elicited the simultaneous exclamation, "She is trying to tell us that Jesus is with her—that she is almost over." And thus, as if struggling to leave the shores of time, and yet not fully able to gain the haven, she continued for several hours.

God takes his *chosen* children to try, as the case of Abraham, and Job clearly exhibits. And with this (his) beloved and faithful servant, perhaps this last great trial of her faith and patience, was more severe than any to which she had previously been subjected.

Nature seemed left to endure the extreme point of agony, as if it were permitted, in order to furnish overwhelming evidence of the all-sufficiency of grace

to sustain the soul immovably anchored within the veil, amid the most tremendous throes of dissolving nature—And as she had offered herself up to God, to be laid a sacrifice upon the service of the faith of others; may not this last trial of her faith and patience, have been permitted, in order to show the weeping beholders how much grace they would need, when brought in turn to endure

“The pains, the groans, the dying strife?”

But there was one who had passed through the valley and shadow of death before her. He trode the wine-press alone, and of the people, there was none with him. As the one who next to God was dearest to the heart of the dying sufferer, knelt by her side, with her hand in his, and said, “Dearest creature, would that I could suffer this for you,” a piercing sense of the impotence of human aids, and loves, doubtless met a responsive answer from many a heart. But this suf-

ferer, though beyond the aid of mortal sympathy, was not alone. No! the Saviour was with her, and over and again she tried to articulate his name, and her significant looks induced the simultaneous expression, "She is trying to tell us that Jesus is with her."

Just before she passed away, her countenance began to brighten, and continued to radiate increasingly, and with exultation she exclaimed, "Heaven! Heaven!" Her looks most evidently betokened that she was already so near to the eternal city that light from its portals was beaming upon her, and she doubtless saw that only a step or two more was to be taken, and its unending felicities were forever gained. And so it proved—but one or two struggles more succeeded, and the silver chord was loosened, and she was numbered with the white robed inhabitants of heaven.

And now, though angels rejoiced over a seraph newly born, how many bereav-

ed ones on earth mourned a friend departed. A class not before mentioned, flocked in scores to weep over her remains ; it was the poor, to whose temporal necessities she had ministered, to whose tales she had listened, and perhaps few felt more bereaved than these. Many a tale was tearfully told over her remains, of her sympathy and admonitions, and many a resolution was formed in remembrance of her instructions, which will doubtless be recorded in eternity.

On the morning of the 13th, her remains were followed by hundreds from her late residence to the sanctuary which she had so much loved—where her enlightened zeal had been so frequently witnessed, and was so much appreciated. In unison with the feelings of the bereaved community, the neat commodious edifice displayed badges of mourning ; for the hand of Christian friendship had added to the solemnity of the scene, and as the remains of the beloved and honor-

ed one were borne in funeral procession to the place assigned in front of the altar, the Church choir in solemn dirge chanted,

“ I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me,  
Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,  
From henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit,  
That they may rest from their labors,  
And their works do follow them.”

Seldom, perhaps, have these lines been sung, when the truthful sentiments have told more impressively, as in verity the voice of the Spirit, than on this occasion. A discourse of practical interest, and clothed in the majesty of truth, was then delivered by the Rev. President Olin, from 2 Cor. 5: 14, 15, “ For 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 and rose again.”

Prompted by the desire that the great



Head of the Church might in the highest possible degree be honored by the life and death of our departed friend, we had hoped to have transferred this very profitable discourse to our pages, and it is only attributable to the multiplied cares, and disproportionate health of Dr. Olin, that this privilege is denied us. Had the sainted spirit been permitted to return, and actuate that lifeless form which was now in voiceless pathos speaking to that congregated mass from the spirit world, scarce could we conceive of sentiments more in accordance with what she would have uttered, than those which God now inspired his servant to present from the sacred desk. It was the Holy Spirit which inspired, and doubtless the effect will be as enduring as eternity. God was eminently present, and the hallowing influence of grace was realized to an extraordinary degree, and many will in eternity remember the holy purposes which were formed on that day.

With sweet songs, though amid many tears, her body was borne to its last earthly resting place. The hallowed spot is marked by a beautiful monument which the members of her class have raised to her memory.

It will be perceived by the initials, that part of these expressive lines were her own. The inscription reads thus :

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY

OF

**LYDIA N., *Wife of* SAMUEL COX,**

*Who Departed this Life*

FEBRUARY 10TH, 1844,

IN THE

30TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

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If e'er you visit my lonely bed,  
Seek not the living among the dead,  
But where the Redeemed their Saviour see,  
O there is the place you may look for me.

L. N. C.

Adieu, dear saint, forever art thou fled,  
From this vain world, and all its misery,  
Thy body now is numbered with the dead,  
Thy soul now lives to all eternity.

And though at thy departure we may mourn,  
For who the friendly tribute can withhold?  
We cannot—dare not—wish for thy return,  
To leave thy Saviour and thy crown of gold.

Rest then, in peace, until that joyful day,  
When the archangel's voice shall rend the cell,  
Then follow up while angels lead the way,  
With thy Redeemer evermore to dwell.

## GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

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### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. L. N. COX.

A TEMPTATION not unusual with many sincere disciples of the Lord Jesus, influenced Mrs. C. to destroy a large portion of her diary—portions on which companions in tribulation left behind, might have feasted, and been refreshed in their heavenward journeyings. We will select from the scraps remaining, enough to give some knowledge of the state of her mind at various periods. The first entry we find is without date, but given about the time of her marriage.

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1835.—God is able to keep that which I have committed to Him, until that great

day, when, with assembled worlds, I shall be called to give an account of my stewardship.

May I be found clothed with the righteousness of Jesus Christ, that having done all I may stand and hear the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Since I last wrote, I have consented to become the wife of one most worthy of my affections. Before God and several witnesses, I promised, on the 12th of May, 1835, to discharge my duty faithfully as a wife. I believe I shall have cause to praise God to all eternity for this union. O that we may walk before him as Zechariah and Elizabeth, in all his commandments and ordinances, blameless. To God be all the praise, for friends and friendships—for blessings temporal and spiritual.

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*Wednesday, June 10th, 1835.*—Sweet Religion—my companion in health, be

with me when I pass through the valley and shadow of death. Extend over me the sceptre of peace. Let my last hours be tranquil—my mind calm—my exit from earth like one who has fought the good fight. When Jordan's rough waves roll around me, and its cold damp chills gather upon this brow, may I step into its tide undaunted, and by angel bands be escorted to those realms of bliss where Jesus reigns. May those loved ones I leave behind dry every tear. O Lord, sooth thou their sorrows—be thou their comfort—their support, and all their appointed time may they wait till their change come. And then, that our joy may be complete, bring them with me, where parting shall be no more.

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*Friday, 12th.*—What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. Blessings innumerable have strewed my path. I feel humbled under

a sense of my unworthiness. For one year past, I think I have been enabled to see the hand of the Lord in all things pertaining to me. O that in all my ways I may acknowledge him, that he may direct my paths. This day, one month since, the Lord blessed me with a dear companion; one ever ready not only to supply every temporal want, but also to counsel, and advise in spiritual matters. Glory be to his name for this gift; may we ever be ready to say from the heart in all things, "The will of the Lord be done." But I have to mourn over my stupidity—this langour of soul. In comparison with my privileges—O what are my enjoyments? When shall I be pure within? O when shall I be assimilated to the lovely image of my Lord? Blessed Saviour, accomplish all thy will in me. Supply me with all the graces of thy Spirit. May I be willing to be

— "Little and unknown,  
Loved and prized by God alone."

*Monday, June 22d.*—I praise the Lord for the degree of religion I have enjoyed for a week past. O yes, religion has charms for my soul which this earth cannot afford.

Though I love my dear husband and friends, yet I think I can say Jesus has the uppermost seat in my heart. I am fully sensible that my God is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Why was I made the object of his tender mercy? Why has my path been strewed with flowers—O, why have I been made to rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven?

“Why was I made to hear his voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come.”

Ah, it is all of grace. 'Tis,

“Jesus' blood through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries.”

Yesterday being Lord's day, I was permitted to sit under the sound of the



gospel, with great delight. My mind was in a frame favorable for worship—Jesus was present, and my soul was blest. And to-day I still remember the resolutions which were then made. There is nothing my soul so ardently desires as the progress of the inward work. My prayer is, that the leaven of grace may work within me until the whole lump is leavened, and soul, body and spirit is fully sanctified to God. I want HOLINESS TO THE LORD to be inscribed on all with which I have to do.

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*October 5th.*—What hath God wrought for me! I feel that of myself I am insufficient to perform one good act. Should I lean to my own understanding how soon would I make shipwreck of faith. How soon would every spark of grace be lost, were it not for the intercession and atonement of Jesus Christ my Saviour. He is my only refuge—my strong tower in time of trouble.

Ah, how often have I to mourn over the base ingratitude of my heart. Mercies unnumbered and free, through the rich mercy of God, are continually flowing out upon me, yet how unmoved my affections!

“ Dear Saviour, steep this heart of mine,  
In thine own crimson sea—  
None but a bath of love divine  
Can take my stains away.”

O for an application of that blood that cleanseth from all unrighteousness. May this poor trembling heart be made a fit temple for the Holy Spirit to dwell in. Then gloom will not darken, or dejection enervate this now changeful spirit, but my life be as an even spun thread.

My light I want clear, that beholders may see,  
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

And if my days on earth be short, may the Holy Spirit perfect that which is lacking, and when the Bridegroom cometh may I be ready to go out and meet him.

*Nov. 17th.*—This evening my soul enjoys a good degree of the love of God. Bless the Lord, O my soul. The God I love is the covenant keeping Jehovah. His promises are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. He has promised as my day is, so shall my strength be. I believe his precious promise, and trust in him alone. He is the Good Shepherd, that gave his life for the sheep, and his sheep know his voice. Praise his name. O may my dear husband with myself, be of the sheep of his pasture, and as such be owned of him, when he comes to divide the sheep from the goats. O Saviour, bless us, and prepare us for every event that awaits us in life, and finally admit us to joys on high, for thy name's sake.

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*Nov. 20th.*—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. I have confidence in God this evening. I know he hears my prayer, I feel that I have the answer. I praise his

name this evening, that I can say of a truth, that my soul rejoices in God my Saviour. I enjoy a peace the world knows not of—a peace that could never be derived from any created object. And if I prove faithful to the grace God hath given, I am sure it will never be in the power of anything earthly to rob me of this sacred treasure. I believe fully that there is efficacy in the precious blood of Jesus, to cleanse my soul from every stain which sin hath made. And I believe also, that he is willing *now*. O, why do I not receive the blessing now?

God says, “Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss,” “Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.” O Saviour, enable thy unworthy one to ask aright. May I experience all the fullness thou hast in store for those who look for thy appearing the second time unto salvation.

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*Dec. 20th.*—Almost another year has passed into eternity, and I am yet spared.

How solemn the thought, not one moment of it can ever be returned! All its privileges—all the opportunities of doing good are gone by. Before another year shall close, I may have ceased to live. What have I done for God during the past year? O, how little do I enjoy. I sometimes fear that

“If I am a Christian,  
I am the least of all.”

O thou, in whom my soul trusteth, pity my weaknesses, strengthen me with thy strength, and give me a heart to serve thee faithfully.

“And then let men revile my name,  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame,  
All hail reproach, and welcome pain,  
Only thy terrors Lord restrain.  
Give me thy strength, O God of power,  
Then let winds blow, or tempests roar,  
Thy faithful witness will I be,  
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee.”

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*Dec. 21st.*—This has been a comfortable day. I do desire to love God su-

premely. I sometimes fear my affections are too much entwined around an earthly object—one dearer to me than all on earth beside. I pray that I may have grace to discharge my duty faithfully as a wife, and also as a mother. As I pass through life, I find new cares, and increasing responsibilities. May I, as a Christian, fill the station to which God hath appointed me. And may my every act be performed in reference to my accountability to God. As a wise steward, may I make proper use of my Lord's goods, so that at the last day, my account may be rendered up with joy, and not with grief.

“There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.”

I hope Jesus has my supreme affections. O that he may ever reign in my heart without a rival, so that every object may be kept in subordination. May my will be wholly lost in the will of God. I long to

enjoy all that fullness so richly displayed in the manifestations he hath given of his love, so freely offered to me in his written word. Soon shall I be done with the things of earth.

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*Feb. 17th, 1836.*—I feel that I must be prepared at all times for the coming of my Lord. Life appears very uncertain. At this period with me it hangs by a slender thread. But I think I can say, the will of the Lord be done. I have dear friends—tender ties to bind me to earth, yet the Lord can give grace—supporting grace, so that I may be enabled to shout victory over death and the grave. I have prayed for help in this trying hour, and have asked that if consistent with the will of my heavenly Father, I may be spared to be a comfort to my husband, and also to bring my children up for God. But if He who has my life in his hand, sees best to order it otherwise, I trust for grace to say, “Good is the will of the Lord.” I

believe him true to his promises. His mercies never fail. My trust is only in the living God. Never hath a soul trusted in him for grace to help in time of need, without receiving the promised aid.

“My soul through my Redeemer’s care,  
Saved from the second death I feel.”

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*June 14th.*—Nothing affords permanent happiness but pure, undefiled religion. My soul longs—yea ardently pants after full redemption. I know that full atonement has been made by Jesus Christ. I am also assured that there is no other way of access to the Father, but by the Son. Through him I may make known my wants. My whole reliance is upon his merits for salvation. Glory be to *Jesus!* Yes, his name is *JESUS*. He *saves* his people from their sins.

“Come, O my God, thyself reveal  
Fill all this mighty void,  
Thou only canst my spirit fill,  
Come, O my God—my God.”



I want a brighter evidence of my entire acceptance with God. I know not but my time may be very short, and whether my days be many or few, I want all the Christian graces to shine forth in me, in order that my life may honor the blessed cause I love.

There is a land where the inhabitants will no more say, I am sick—where joys uninterrupted never fail—where Jesus reigns in all his glory. Shall I be there? Shall I indeed be an inhabitant of those glorious regions? Shall I see my Saviour as he is? I have a blessed hope. O, the boundless mercy of God—“A sinner *saved* by grace.” Glory be to the Father, for the gift of his Son! Glory be to Jesus for his willingness to save! Glory be to the Holy Spirit, for his divine operations on my heart! Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, as it was, is now, and shall be forever, world without end! Amen.

*June 17th.*—The blessings of my God are more in number than the sands upon the sea shore. O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Truly, my cup runneth over—surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. O that I may be lost, and swallowed up in the blessed will of my God. May HOLINESS TO THE LORD be inscribed upon all with which I have to do.

“Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to thee.”

Father, help me to walk in the light as thou art in the light.

---

*June 22d.*—My soul longs after the living God. When shall I put on his lovely likeness. O, when shall I be pure within—when shall I glorify God in *all* I say and do. I desire that my whole deportment may correspond with my profession, and my heart be all alive to God—burning with holy zeal in his cause. I

want Jesus to be in all, and his glory, and beauty beaming forth through all I say or do. O my soul, hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.

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*June 24th.*—How ardently do I desire to be swallowed up in God. I do indeed feel a hungering and thirsting after full conformity to his will. My soul and body I resign to be fashioned after the image of my Saviour. I know it is my privilege to enjoy the continued presence of my God. I may feel his Spirit constantly bearing testimony with my spirit, that I am his child. Blessed be the name of the Lord for what I do enjoy even now. But I want abiding power—establishing grace.

“After thy lovely likeness, Lord,  
O when shall I wake up.”

Blessings unnumbered are mine.—Praised be the name of the Lord, that he has given me a companion, whose de-

light it is to be found in the way to heaven. O may we journey onward together through this wilderness world, until we reach that heavenly country, where sorrows are never known.

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*June 26th.*—This morning I enjoyed a precious season while sitting under the sound of the gospel. The Saviour spread his banner of love over me. His food was sweet to my taste. My soul is happy in the enjoyment of his presence. I praise the Lord that I was ever called to know his pardoning love.

“O may his Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness,  
Make every path of duty strait,  
And plain before my face.”

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*Aug. 15th.*—I long for the mind that was in Christ. O when shall I be pure within—when shall I enjoy perfect love, and my peace flow as the river, and my righteousness abound as the waves of

of the sea. Lord, hasten the happy hour.

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*June 27th, 1837.*—Is it possible, that one whole year has passed since I last wrote! Have I had no mercies to record? My cup runneth over with blessings. O what cause have I ever to lie low at the Master's feet. Ever may I feel given up in body and spirit to God, as I do this day. Only let me have a greater desire to be filled with all the fulness of God. My whole dependence is upon Jesus—I feel my insufficiency, but have a firm reliance on his promises. They are all yea and amen. I can, from my heart say, "He does all things well," although his dispensations are mysterious, yet I feel that the all-wise holdeth the reins of universal government. He is heard at times in the stormy tempest. And yet again he speaks in the still small voice of his providences; he speaks, and says, "Be still, and know that I am God."

O my God, ride on until thou hast subdued all my powers, and brought them in willing obedience to thyself.

The Lord in mercy gave me a kind husband, for which I trust I shall ever praise him. He remembered us, and gave a little pledge of love. Then he recalled it—yes, he took our son—my first-born, to himself, and safely placed him beyond this vale of tears, in a fairer clime. But he did not forget us in our bereavement—he sent us another. Oh, how dear to my heart was he! But he was not destined for a long stay. He is also now a little cherub, around the throne—even in the presence of our God.

Oh, how my affections were entwined around him. But the Lord must have my whole heart, and as we now have much treasure in heaven, may our hearts be there also.

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY MUCH LOVED INFANT.

I laid my hand upon his brow, and it was damp and  
cold,

His deep blue eye was glazed and fixed, the fearful  
tale was told ;

I gently pressed his coral lips, I felt his parting breath,  
I gazed upon his placid face, I said, can this be death ?

I laid his body gently down, the vital spark had fled,  
I looked again upon my child, the lovely and the dead,  
And that dear little face was there, so peaceful and  
so mild,

I could not wish him back again, yet ah, he was my  
child !

But could I mourn, his tender heart no longer heaved  
with pain,

That sickness would no more distress, or fever parch  
again ?

That he now drank from that pure stream, whence  
living fountains flow,

Escaped from life's dread buffetings, its sorrows and  
its woe ?

No, though a bud of promise thou, my bright and  
precious one,

And though my heart had well nigh burst when death  
his work had done,

And though sweet thoughts of thee, my love, had many  
an hour beguiled,

I would not wish thee back again, my child, my lovely  
child.

Thou to thy mother's fostering arms, wast only lent,  
not given,

And thou hast early found thy way, into thy native  
heaven.

Now in the bosom of thy God, from every sorrow  
free,

I do not wish thee back again, but I would go to  
thee.



*August 8th.*—This morning I enjoy inexpressible delight in God. O what are the highest pleasures which the worldling enjoys, compared with the joy unspeakable and full of glory which is the heritage of the believer? O, what blessedness, to have such a friend before the throne of love—such a merciful High Priest, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

Glory be to God for the sweets we are permitted to taste, even on this side the



heavenly Canaan. If this is but a taste, what will the fullness be! May my soul sink deep into the purple flood, and ever rise in all the life of God.

I have been reading the memoir of that man of God, William Carvosso. O, that I may be enabled to exercise a similar degree of faith, and like him may I prove my faith by corresponding action. Truly, he lived under the bright beams of gospel grace. He reposed by faith alone on the atoning blood of Christ, and while he lived a life of faith on the Son of God, how obviously to every beholder did his works correspond. I praise the Lord that this excellent work ever fell into my hands.

Attended Camp-meeting at Sing Sing. The Lord was present to bless. O, the pain of parting with friends, but for the anticipation of meeting above, where we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.

Introductory sermon was delivered by

the Rev. Samuel Merwin, from John 15 : 7, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Brother Hersey, preached from 2 Tim. 2 : 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Brother Tackaberry, from Psalm 119 : 155, "Salvation is far from the wicked ; for they seek not thy statutes." Brother J. C. Green, from Isaiah 9 : 6, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; and the government shall be upon his shoulder ; and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Brother W. K. Stopford, from 1 Thess. 4 : 3, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification. Brother Tackaberry delivered a second discourse from Micah 2 : 10, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest ; because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction." Brother J. Holdich, from

Matthew 16 : 26, "For what is a man profitted, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

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*August 9th, 1838.*—I want

"A full divine conformity,  
To all my Saviour's righteous will."

I have been disappointed relative to going to Camp-meeting, but I know the Lord doeth all things well. Blessed be his name. From every dispensation may I learn wisdom. I wish to lie in the hands of my heavenly Father as a little child in the arms of its parent. I trust my intentions were pure in desiring to go. I want my spiritual strength renewed. It seems to me, while retired from the bustle of the world, in the tented grove, where there is union in sentiment and prayer, that the Lord is more eminently near. Lord help me to press into the strait gate. Keep me within thy

fold, and may I walk in the more excellent way.

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*December 14th.*—I feel that I lose much by neglecting to record the goodness of God to my soul. I have felt deeply of late the necessity of walking with him in entire newness of life. He has given me in some good degree to taste of the powers of the world to come. Oh how boundless the mercy of God to my soul. I enjoy the witness of my adoption. Praised be the name of the Lord. O, that I may ever walk with him in white,

Sink into the purple flood,  
And rise in all the life of God.

The things of time are passing away. Life is as a vapor. How soon my place will be vacated, and those that know me now, know me no more on earth. And while "my wasting life grows shorter still," let me be increasingly in earnest, for that inheritance on high, which is in

reserve for the faithful. O, may I be numbered with that blood-washed throng who in ceaseless adoration cast their crowns at the Saviour's feet.

“ O glorious hour, O blest abode,  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and blood no more control,  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.”

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*Jan. 1839.*—I have not been left to fall by the hand of my enemy. . At the close of the old year, just as the last moments were passing into eternity, while engaged in silent prayer, I asked the Lord to give me some precious promise that would be with me during the year. These words were applied, “ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” Precious Promiser ! I trust in thee—thou wilt never leave me.

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*Sabbath.*—My mind is in a sweet frame this morning. Praise the Lord. May it continue thus, and throughout this holy day may I be in the

Spirit. How sweet to be in close communion with God. Let the worldling boast of his enjoyment, but give me Jesus. O let me have his sweet presence as I enjoy it this morning. I ask no more.

“I send the joys of earth away,  
Away, ye tempters of the mind.”

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*January 14th.*—This morning I have given myself with all my powers, renewedly to God. From henceforth I am not my own. I have been purchased by the precious blood of Jesus—therefore from this time I am to do all things as unto the Lord. I feel that all heaven is witness to the offering. The covenant is ratified! O, the preciousness of entire consecration. *I am wholly the Lord's.* I dare believe. He seals me his. O the power of faith. Glory be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

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*February 7th, 1840.*—I have enjoyed many precious seasons since I last wrote.

The Lord has been eminently near to bless, and to impart needful grace. Truly goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. O, that I may walk acceptably before him, all the days of my sojourn here below.

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*July 10th.*—Jesus is *my* Saviour. I feel him mine, and *I am his*. Glory be to his name, I find his service from day to day more delightful. New charms are revealed to my soul. What a glorious salvation hath Christ wrought out and I am a happy partaker. New beauties open before me in this plain path. Such glorious blessings! And why for me! O my soul, cease not to laud and magnify thy Lord and Saviour. Blessed be God, I do love him supremely—my every blessing flows from his bounteousness.

“He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, O how strong.”

O, Jesus, draw me still nearer to thy

beloved embrace ; let me still walk with thee in white. Thou canst make me worthy.

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*March 7th, 1843.*—I have been out a considerable portion of the past week—have visited quite a number of families. Through the kindness of friends on whom I have called, I have been enabled to relieve the wants of some.

Praise the Lord that he opened the heart of some of my heavenly Father's children to give liberally. Dear sister M—— gave a quilt, pair of sheets, and pillow cases, for a poor woman. I feel more than ever, the necessity of living with an eye singly fixed on the glory of God. He blesses me, and gives me favor in the eyes of the people. To his name be all the glory.

Dear sister R—— has been to see me to-day. She is all athirst for God. I believe she is pressing after holiness ; O that I may be made an instrument of good



to her. O my God, ever speak through me, and use me for thine own glory. Attended the meeting of the F. A. Society to-day—rather more profitable than it was before. If there was more freedom on the subject of religion, much more good might result from such meetings. I feel that I have but *one business*, and that is religion, and I want it most prominent at all times.

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*April 24th.*—Glory be to God for what he hath done for us. This afternoon he was present at our meeting. Dear sister F—— dated her sanctification to God, two weeks since at the meeting in this room. Praise the Lord. Dear sister C—— said she left the meeting so happy last Monday, that she scarcely knew where she was going. She expressed herself as entirely given up—all the Lord's. Blessed be the name of the Lord, we are taking fresh courage, and pressing forward in the King's highway of Holiness.

LETTERS OF MRS. L. N. C.

WILLIAMSBURG, NOV. 28, 1839.

*Dear Sister A*——:—I expect by this time you are looking for an answer to your letter, and I cheerfully comply, by sitting down to write a few lines, and O, that the Lord may direct my mind and pen! Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I was glad to hear that you were enjoying good health, but above all I rejoice that you are still holding on your way.

From circumstances which have occurred of late, I was led last evening to think on this passage of Scripture, “Wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you.” My dear sister, if we will live godly in Christ Jesus, we shall suffer persecution. This you have proved, and when you shall have been sufficiently tried, you may come forth as gold, tried in the fire. We are rough stones when first dug out of the quarry, and need a great deal of hewing before we can become polished, and fitted for that house eternal

in the Heavens, and if by your recent severe affliction, you have been enabled to take firmer hold on the precious promises, so abundant in the word of God, I have no doubt you can say from the bottom of your heart, it has been good for me that I have been afflicted.

Your Heavenly Comforter says to you in accents of the most endearing love, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, falsely for my sake, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in Heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

*Feb. 18, 1840.*--Dear sister A., pardon your negligent sister, for not sending this before. I feel encouraged to believe you will when I render my excuse, for this seeming negligence. I had mislaid your letter, and had also forgotten where to direct, but after diligent search I found it, and now sit down to close this, and be

assured it comes to you laden with my best wishes, for your present and eternal welfare.

Dear sister, I have enjoyed some glorious seasons this winter. You have heard of the dedication of our beautiful house to the service of God, and while Bro. Pitman was preaching the dedicatory sermon, and in the act of solemnly giving the house to God, I felt in the inmost recesses of my heart to say, take it Lord, and make it thine abode, and take me with it, soul, body, spirit, talents, influence, and all my powers, henceforth no longer mine, but thine.

Dear sister, need I tell you he accepted the sacrifice? Glory be to his dear name. I think I never realized such sweetness, and solid rest in believing. But excuse me, dear sister, for writing so much of myself; do not think that I am boasting, but O! to feel that the blood of Jesus cleanseth even me, shall I not praise him with all my powers, for all his mercies

and for these great and glorious privileges. But I find I am beset with powerful temptations, and feel the necessity of living by the moment. O, dear sister, is not the life of the Christian a constant warfare? But you and I will hang our trembling souls on Jesus, with the assurance that he will bring us off more than conquerors, and number us among that happy throng who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

We have had a protracted meeting here this winter, several have been converted, but the membership have more especially realized the good effects; some seem to be pressing after all the fulness of God. I want to hear from you very much indeed; reward me not according to my merits, but write me an answer as soon as convenient. I value your correspondence highly, and would be very thankful for your advice.

† Brother Cox is leader of a class of about twenty-three members. I have

joined it, and the Master of assemblies meets with us ; all glory be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen and Amen.

Pray for me dear sister, that my faith fail not, and believe me to be your sincere friend and sister in Christ.

LYDIA N. COX.

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WILLIAMSBURG, July 11, 1840.

*My Dear Sister P*—— :—Your letter came just in season, at a time when I needed just such a communication. I had been anxiously waiting its arrival, and when almost inclined to give it up, I thought, sister P—— has *promised*—and though it tarry, it *will* come : and since I have received it, you have my free pardon for its delay. It is a source of great comfort to me, that you sometimes think of, and pray for one so unworthy. Blessed be the Lord, that we have been made the happy partakers of such grace, such cementing love, which unites in one, kin-

dred spirits of whatever place or circumstance. I feel altogether incompetent to correspond with my dear sister P——, yet such are my longings to know more of this glorious salvation, this new and living way, that I am delighted with the privilege; feeling conscious also, that it will afford pleasure to one whose *time* and *services* are the Lord's, to impart counsel and encouragement where it is so much needed as in the present instance. May I hope for a continuation of your prayers in my behalf, that I may be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

In compliance with your request, I will endeavor to relate a little of my experience, and although done in weakness, yet I know you will bear with me.

When about fifteen years of age, I was constrained, by the rich mercy of God, to yield to his love's resistless power, and seek an interest in the Saviour, who died for *me*, and I hardly need tell you the

happy result. Glory, glory, to the Saviour, he is not slack concerning his promises, for in the *hour* that I sought him with all my heart, he was indeed found of me. What wondrous grace! What boundless love! O, my dear sister, while I recount his mercies, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Now, thought I, how careful I will be. I will never sin in any way, for I saw that God was so holy, that sin would deprive me of his favor, and O! to lose what I then enjoyed, I felt would be to lose my all.

From my childhood, I saw that which I believe the veriest sinner on earth sees, namely, the inconsistency of a person professing godliness, and not living in strict accordance with such a profession; and I often thought, if ever *I* become a Christian, I will be *Christ-like*. I mention this to show how much danger there is of the tender lambs being turned out of the way by the unfaithfulness of those



who are older, and who ought to be guides.

O how much sooner might I have been led into these green pastures, and beside the still waters of holiness, had I kept my eye fixed on Jesus alone, instead of looking to others for an example. But praised be His holy name, he did not leave me amidst all my wanderings, but bestowed many tokens of his love. Thus I lived; at times rejoicing in a sense of his favor, and then doubting whether I was indeed his child—but the hour of my release was at hand, for I began to see it my privilege to be more devoted to the service of God, to be cleansed from all my *filthiness*, and from all my *idols*. In the year 1837, I was permitted to attend a Camp-meeting at Sing Sing. I determined to seek *earnestly* for full salvation,—and on the first day of the meeting, the longing desire of my heart was granted. While in a prayer meeting, the intensity of my feelings increased until

I lost all concern of passing objects—and being called upon by my husband to unite in prayer, I commenced, and such an agony of soul I never before endured. I very clearly realized it to be my privilege to wash in that glorious fountain, until I was clean, and yet felt that I had not a sufficient degree of faith to claim the blessing *now*. I would say, “not *my* will, but *thine* be done,” and instantly the answer would be powerfully returned, “It is my will even *now*, your entire sanctification.” Again, I would repeat, “not my will, but *thine* be done; if I cannot receive it *now*, let it be in thine own good time”—but the same answer was returned, and you may be surprised, that after such condescension in my Heavenly Father, to show me his willingness to impart the blessing just at that moment, I closed my prayer without receiving it, but I shall ever bless the memory of that man of God, brother Farrington, who has since gone to his reward.

He approached me, and encouraged me to keep looking for the blessing *now*, and while in an agony of feeling which I cannot describe, I was enabled to make an entire surrender of *soul, body and spirit* to God, devoting all my powers to his service alone—then, *then* the blessing came, bringing with it the clear witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. I felt that I was sitting at the feet of Jesus, while his precious blood was flowing, and the language of my heart was, “O how it cleanses, how it purifies, how it *sanctifies*. I can never describe the unutterably sweet sensation that filled my soul.

“The sacred awe that dared not move,  
With all the silent heaven of love.”

I felt like adopting the language of one of old, “I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love until he please.” I could then sing,

This perfect love is joy, is joy complete,  
I feel it mine, I feel it mine,  
Its streams are holy, holy pure and sweet,  
They're all divine, all divine.  
It comes in floods, it fills my soul,  
Like wave on wave its billows roll,  
O yes, its power o'erwhelms the whole,  
All is well, all is well.

It presses down, this weight, this weight of love,  
In my soul, in my soul,  
Now it comes streaming, streaming from above,  
To my soul, to my soul.  
It fills my soul, it will burst forth,  
O, surely God is come to earth,  
These, these are joys of heavenly birth,  
All is well, all is well,

Yes, my dear sister P——, all this was *mine*, by simple faith—taking God at his word, “I will sprinkle clean water upon you, from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you.” I felt that it was even so, and I am enabled to testify from day to day, to this glorious truth, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin.

I often think of a remark made by Dr.

P——, at our meeting last winter—he said, “The language of earth is too poor to talk of the glories of heaven.” I find it so, but when we become inhabitants of that glorious world, we shall be enabled to converse in the language of heaven, and then I can tell you the whole story of my salvation.

I have written very simply, but I have done so, that you may know how to counsel one who deeply feels her weakness, yet who ardently desires to make rapid progress in this plain path, this narrow way.

I cannot close without saying that I have great liberty in prayer, when it ascends for sister P——. The Lord has indeed called her unto holiness, and eternity alone will disclose the great effect her *precept* and *example* will have on those around her. That she may ever be kept in the close embrace of her Saviour, is the sincere prayer of her sister in Christ.

LYDIA N. COX.

WILLIAMSBURG, Aug., 1842.

TO MRS. S—— :

*My Beloved Sister in Christ*:—Fain would I write something to you by which you might be encouraged to take a *firmer* hold on Christ, than you have hitherto done. You feel that you need a Saviour, what more can you feel, before you are enabled to proclaim, *my* Saviour, your present Saviour to the uttermost. I think you could not glorify him more than by believing all that he has said.

Faith, you know, is simply taking God at his word. Now, what has God said to you, my dear sister S——? Listen! “Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will deliver thee. and thou shalt glorify me.*” Do you believe that God means what he says? You dare not doubt it; then come with humble boldness, with all your wants just as you are, to Jesus the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. You know St. John speaks of him as a Lamb *newly* slain; then his

blood is *flowing*, for us. O that you, my dear sister, may feel *now* an application of his all cleansing blood, which was shed as *verily for you*, as though you were the *only one* in the whole world that needed it.

But you say, I know all this, but I have not the power to appropriate these blessings. But you know where your strength lies. Faith is the gift of God,\* but does he not *love* to impart those blessings which will best glorify Him. "Without Faith, it is *impossible* to please God." Well now, what is faith? It is simply

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\* That is, the grace to exercise faith is the gift of God—his gift in the sense that repentance is. The passage, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God," is often quoted as a proof text that faith is the gift of God, in a sense different from the one here expressed. The pronoun **THAT**, however, cannot relate to **FAITH** as its antecedent, since in the original these two words differ in gender, the former being neuter, the latter feminine.  
—Z.

taking God at his word, believing his *every* word,

“His every promise true.”

and the Scriptures have no private interpretation, every promise appropriate to your case are all made unto you, if you fulfil the requirements,—we know that God is true who hath promised, and will also perform.

You remember the case of the young man in the gospel, whom the Saviour loved, had he made an entire dedication of all to Christ, how eminently useful he might have been, and yet it is said the Saviour loved him; this evidently shows that an effort must be made on our part, before we can claim all the blessings offered to the faithful. And what is this effort? Why, making an entire surrender of all we have to God. There is no risk here, all will be much safer in his hands than in our own.

We know that under the Jewish dis-



pensation, no offering was acceptable to God but a perfect one, none that were lame, or in any way imperfect was accepted. And under the Christian dispensation, the Apostle says, "I beseech you brethren by the mercies of God, that ye present *yourselves a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service,*"—then is it not unreasonable to keep back *any part* of the price? Shall we not rather say,

"Poor as it is 'tis all my store,  
More should'st thou have if I had more.

for Thou art alone worthy of the use of all my powers, and if thou canst in any way be glorified by them, thou shalt have them for thy glory. All my influence shall be exerted for thee. Here is the cross; our influence is not so limited, as we suppose, sometimes when we meet with a dear friend, shall all our influence be exerted then, for the Saviour; are we always willing to introduce our Jesus into

the parlor, as Bro. F—— remarked ; are we willing to glory in this cross ?

O my dear sister, bring all your offering this hour ; make a full venture this once, and you will find that the Lord has been waiting to impart just the blessing you need. You remember the word says, “Come out from among them, and be ye separate—touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and *I will receive you*, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” Try Him and prove him, and then “reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God,” and you will find a sweet resting place. Our God is able to sanctify us throughout soul, body and spirit, and then preserve us blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord bless you, my dear sister, and reveal all his great salvation unto you, is the earnest prayer of one who sincerely loves you.

LYDIA N. COX.

WILLIAMSBURG, April 7, 1843.

*Dear Sister P——*: Sister P——n wishes me to inquire whether you intend going to Elizabethtown. Sister R—— intimated in a letter to her, that she had invited you to visit that place. I think it would be instrumental of good, and how much, perhaps eternity alone would unfold.

I accompanied sister P——n there last fall, and it was not altogether in vain. Religion is at a very low ebb there, and if dear sister P—— can in any way help to advance the cause of her Divine Redeemer, she will make any sacrifice; what an honor to be used by the Lord of Hosts!

I rejoice, dear sister, that I am permitted to bear testimony that the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth one of the most unworthy from all *sin*, and although one of the most unpolished shafts, yet He deigns to use me in a small degree, for His own glory. Dear sister, help me

praise the Lord for what he hath done for W. When we came here four years ago, I think there was not one who enjoyed the blessing of Holiness—now there are a number.

There are seven or eight of our Friday evening class, who testify, they are wholly the Lord's, and almost every member is seeking the blessing. The class numbers between thirty and forty. O, dear sister, how desirous I feel to be a bright witness for Jesus, as a perfect Saviour. I have desired, in the language of the sainted Fletcher, that I were all spirit. I want to be like a light within the lantern, you know if it is enclosed by glass, and kept clean, it shines through so well, that *all* the glory is given to the *light* and not the lantern, and then you know its so useful in a dark night, especially in W., where our streets are not so brilliantly illuminated as in your city.

I feel to bind all on the altar afresh, for God to live, and if I *live* for Him, all

will be well in death. I was praying the Lord to enlarge my sphere of usefulness and the thought of being used by the Lord, seemed to swallow up every other desire, when it came to my mind to invite a few individuals to the house, simply to converse on the sweet subject of Holiness. Perhaps two months passed before the step was taken, although at times it rested upon my mind, with a degree of happiness I had not felt in some other duties. At the close of our last Love-feast, a sister came to me and said, "I wish I could feel just as you do." Another one said she was resolved not to rest short of this blessing, and observed, I want to converse with you, when can I see you if I call? It came to my mind, now is the time to invite them, and when I mentioned it, other friends said they had been wishing for just such a meeting. We met the next Monday, at three o'clock, and commenced in the same manner that your meetings are conducted. The

Lord was with us to bless, I have the sweetest assurance the Lord directs ; during the week a dear sister who was present, received the blessing, and witnessed it at the next meeting.

So you will perceive, my dear sister, it is not by might, nor by power, nor by worldly wisdom, but by my spirit, saith the Lord. To Him be all the glory. We should be very happy to have you meet our little band of humble souls. O, pray for us, that the Lord would greatly enlarge our coasts, and let his hand be with us in power.

Yours in the sweetest bonds,

LYDIA N. COX.

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WILLIAMSBURG, April 9, 1843.

*My Dear Sister F*—: You would not doubt me, should I now tell you *I love you*, and no other motive prompts me to this communication than love, an earnest desire to do you good, and yet I am afraid you doubt a much *sweeter* and *surer*

*friend.* Jesus is your *Saviour*, now what do you wish him to save you from? You say your mind is in darkness—do you believe He is *able to save you from this?* O, say you, “I must do so much first—I must do *this*, or that, *first* ;” do you not virtually say, I must first merit salvation from this, by something I can do. O, say you, “I know my duty, my *long neglected* duty.” Well, be it so, do you ever expect to be able to perform *any* duty aright, without the direct aid of the Holy Spirit ?

Suppose you should attempt to do that one particular duty in your present state, do you think any good would result from it, either to yourself or others, or would God be glorified ?

First come to Jesus *just as you are*—exercise faith in His atoning blood. Pray for power to believe. This you know is the gift of God. He will give it you, and He will give it *now*. The apostle says, “without faith it is impossible to please

Him." O, a living faith brings the power. Power to claim, and feel Jesus a *present*, a *perfect* Saviour. And then the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto *you*. *Then*, and not till then, can you say, my dear sister,

"Love makes my willing feet,  
In swift obedience move."

Then your sacrifice is a living, and a willing sacrifice, and certainly must be acceptable.

I have thought it might be, you were mistaken in regard to duty, but you are the best judge. Satan would like to bind you for many years, and keep you bound, and you might be complaining of your infirmity, and when he saw you approaching the great Physician, he would say, "You must first try to heal yourself." Well knowing that all who came to Jesus were healed of whatever disease they had. Is He not the same compassionate



Jesus still, has he lost any of his skill? O, my dear sister F——, by going with your head and heart thus bowed down, do you not feel His yoke to be heavy, when He has declared his yoke to be *easy*, and his burden *light*? Jesus loves you *too much*, thus to oppress you. I think “an enemy hath done it.”

You would not say, you were more merciful than your Heavenly Father, and yet you would not thus treat your darling son had he been disobedient. No, no! Did he approach you with tears, and confess his fault, and beg forgiveness, you would freely forgive him, and restore him *fully* to your favor, and love him as tenderly as before. “If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto *your* children, how much more shall *your* Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask him.” These are the words of your Divine Redeemer. Then dear sister, rest no longer. Arise immediately, and go to your Father,

tell him *all*. I find it good to particularize; open your heart freely, tell your Father all about it, he will love you the better for it—do you not love simplicity and honesty in children? So does your Heavenly Father in *his* children. Fix your eye on the Father, address him through his dear Son, in whom he is ever well pleased, plead his merits, and as he looks upon him, and then looks upon you, he will pronounce himself satisfied, and will smile away all your darkness, and make you all light and joyful in his love. Delay not another moment. Confer not with flesh and blood. Reason no longer with the enemy. Daughter in Zion arise, and put on thy beautiful garments, and the Lord whom you seek shall suddenly come to his temple. Believe, believe, and all are yours—all things are possible to him that believeth. Rise, sister, and assert thy rights, thou hast been redeemed with nothing less than the precious blood of Christ. And if thy Heavenly

Father hath so loved thee as to give his only Son to die for thee, dost thou not believe he will with him freely give thee all things to make thee happy? O, he will, he will. Should you love an individual so much as to give your only son to die for him, would you withhold any blessing accruing? Is there not danger of working ourselves into the belief that we serve a hard master?

Now, my dear sister, I hope you will throw the mantle of love over this, and do not think I have intended to unchristianize you—far be it from me, a worm, who would have as much as I could attend to if I should look at myself. But it does appear to me that the only difficulty with you is casting away your confidence, and the shield of faith whereby you was before able to ward off all the darts of the enemy. And you know, by making shipwreck of faith, you also do of a good conscience.

I feel like writing more, but O forgive

me for the liberty I have taken, and believe me to be your sincere friend and sister,

L. N. Cox.

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WILLIAMSBURG, April, 1843.

*My Dear Sister P*——: I sympathize with you in your deep affliction, but there is One who feels much more for you, than any earthly friend, who not only sympathizes, but who alone can comfort under this afflicting dispensation. O, try, dear sister, to keep looking up, and then you will be able to bear it better.

Think of your little angel around the throne. Would you wish her back, to be exposed to all the evil here in this vale of tears? I think you say “No, I would not recall her to this world of sorrow, but O, it is like tearing away my heart strings.” Yes, my dear sister, it is; but who hath done it? Your kind Heavenly Father hath taken her from the evil to come. She is safely sheltered

now ; no rude winds blow on your little seraph, but she is pressed in softer arms than yours. She was but lent to you for a little time. Have you not often presented her to the Lord ? She was the Lord's, and he hath taken her to himself.

You may weep. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus ! And though you cannot see him, he as truly sympathizes with you as he did with Martha and Mary. There is great mercy mingled with your affliction. It is well for us to think of this in such an hour. You know your little one is safe. If she had lived, she might have wandered from God, and died in sin ; then you would have had sorrow upon sorrow. God sees the end from the beginning, and doth all things well. You might have been taken from her, and she left an orphan in this cold world. But now she has entered through the portals of glory, safely sheltered in the bosom of her Saviour. Sweet resting place ! Rest there, sweet one,

till you hail all your dearest friends, left behind ; it will not be long ere mother and child shall meet again, where

“Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.”

Mourn not, sister, she hath gained the victory. You have more treasure in Heaven than you ever had before ; now, where your treasure is, there let your heart be also. It has been remarked, that God often takes that which lies *nearest* the heart, in order to draw the *heart* to *himself*.

Go to Him for consolation. He alone can give it. I know sometimes under severe affliction, we are so swallowed up in it, that we seem not to have power to approach the Lord in prayer. I know it was the case with me, in my severe affliction, my mind dwelt *continually* on my loss, so that a pall of mourning was thrown over the whole face of nature, and I enjoyed nothing in the world ; bu

I think it was wrong to dwell on it so much, but I do to this day feel the great loss.

But O, dear sister, I have been more *dead* to the *world*, and more alive to God since. "No affliction for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to them who are exercised thereby." "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace."

Thus you see, dear sister P——, according to the word of God, that the child of God is chastened, and it is a sure token of love. Then let us receive it as such, and try in the strength of the Lord to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Good is the will of the Lord." I felt, after I had lost my precious mother and my little Mary was about to be taken, to ask the question, why is it thus? The

word came in a moment, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

It is thus we may confide in the wisdom of our God, and in resignation kiss the hand that holds the rod, and dedicate ourselves afresh to Him, with all that we possess, henceforth to be disposed of by Him, as seemeth good in his sight. Looking forward to that inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for us, where we shall meet all those dear loved ones, who have gone before.

That the Lord may comfort, and sustain, and hide you and yours under the shadow of his Almighty wing, till the storm of life be past, is the sincere prayer of

Your friend and sister in Christ,

LYDIA N. COX.



SABBATH NOON, WILLIAMSBURG, }  
June 4, 1843. }

*Dear Sister R*—: With a mind almost distracted, having the care of the children, and they noisy, and requiring attention all the time, I will try to write a few lines, because I *love* communion with saints. O! what a gracious privilege, to unbosom the heart to one who understands its emotions, when ardently longing after an indwelling God. This morning, I was permitted to feel an indwelling Saviour. I thought then no trial could be too severe, while sustained by such a lovely Saviour. I caught a glimpse of *Jesus!* his ravishing charms

“Dispersed all my gloom,  
And made all within me rejoice.”

O, I could adopt the language of the poet, with all my heart.

“I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year,”

and all the journey. Last Friday night we had a gracious shower on our class. *His* banner of *love* was spread all over us; I wish you and sister Ann had been there, for truly it was a time of love. Bro. R—— was with us, and seems to have begun anew, he felt the sacred flame and rejoiced with us. Pray for him, that he may be endued with power from on high.

Something seems to whisper, perhaps some trial is coming, and these visits of Jesus are to prepare you for it. Is this so? Do you think, sister R——, that God gives grace beforehand for future trials? I ask the question, because I have heard Christians express themselves as being prepared for future trials by gracious visitations, and I have felt my happiness checked at such seasons by fears for the future, forgetting that it was my privilege to be filled *unutterably* full of God. If not at all times, yet while I have the light it is my privilege to rejoice in

the light. I should like to know your mind in regard to this. Sister T—— was here yesterday; I leave the whole matter with her. I want her to act just as she thinks best; she must not forget that I am a mortal, and full of failings. I feel sure that many people think I am a great deal better than I am in reality. O! dear sister R——, to be such an one of whom the Holy Jesus might say, behold a Christian in whom there is no guile. May I attain to such a state.

Monday morn.—Sister T—— is waiting for this, so I must be in haste. Tell sister Ann yesterday was a great day for the friends the other side of the river. I expect sister P—— feasted. Mrs. —— and B——, and I do not know how many went over to hear Bro. —— . Conscientious scruples would not permit me to cross the ferry. What do you think about it, sister R——? Is it a sin to cross the ferry to hear such preaching? Bro. —— lectures this afternoon and this

evening. I shall go this evening, the Lord willing. O, I wish I could fill the sheet, but I must close, in order to prepare for meeting this afternoon. I wish you and sister Ann were with us—do come and visit us as soon as you can. Until then, may Heaven's richest blessings descend into your souls; so prays your unworthy sister in Christ,

LYDIA N. COX.

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WILLIAMSBURG, July, 1843.

*My Dear Sister R—*: It is past nine o'clock, as I take my seat, to write a few lines to you. How I wish I could open all my heart, but language and ideas fail, and indeed it seems almost useless to make such a feeble attempt, but love to our common Lord, and to you, dear sister, urges me onward. A friend in Jesus! and to Jesus! as such I claim dear sister R—. We who were aliens and strangers, have been brought nigh by the blood of Christ, and made to sit in Heavenly

places. O, for such unspeakable condescension, let us ever lie at his feet, praise and adore, "And ask for grace to love him more." If you were here this evening, I could tell you my present experience better than I can write it. I have been peculiarly exercised in regard to secret prayer for some months past; while I am about my daily duties, I feel such drawings after God; but when in secret, or the time for secret devotion arrives, then it proves a task, but at other times my heart is almost constantly longing after God, and mourning for a disposition to private devotion.

My conscience is almost all the time accused of something. Omissions! omissions! A field seems to lie before me, but exactly in what way to labor I know not; family duties must be performed, but O, so unfaithfully. "Lord, save or I perish." My calling is unto Holiness. I *feel* it, I know it, I have not the faintest desire to keep back any part of the price;

but I long ardently to have every power on full stretch for the glory of God ; but, dear sister, I cannot look back on one good act performed by me. If I am to be judged by my works, where are my good ones? I know, dear sister, some people think I am good, but God and our own hearts are the best judges. O, how often do I have to pray, "cleanse thou me from secret faults." And yet, dear sister, notwithstanding all this, Jesus is my Saviour, for he saves me from myself. "Lord, I have sinned, but Christ hath died," this is all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Saviour died."

"By faith I plunge me in this sea,  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest,  
Hither when hell assails, I flee,  
I look into my Saviour's breast,  
Away sad doubt, and anxious fear,  
Mercy is all that's written there."

Here I rest on the *atonement* ; and it proves as a solid rock. But still I am altogether dissatisfied with myself. Tell

me what you think of such feelings. For instance, (a person has once enjoyed religion, but love of the world, and the pride of life, now engross almost all the heart) something arises within me, that perhaps I might call jealousy for the honor of God, and prompts me to speak plainly and pointedly, instead of fawning, although at the expense of friendship. I know the poet says,

“ Never take the harsher way,  
When love will do the deed.”

But it seems to me, that a Luther, or Wesley is needed under God, to bring about a reformation among worldly minded professors ! O, my dear sister, let us be right ourselves. There is constant necessity for continual watchfulness, lest having preached to others, ourselves should become cast-aways. O that we may have power to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

We had the gospel preached to us yesterday morning by brother Starr. The text was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He said it took away the original sin, and thereby made it possible for all to be saved. Christ is represented by the Revelator, as a Lamb newly slain from the foundation of the world. Under the Jewish dispensation the priests were commanded to sprinkle the blood immediately upon the altar, and round about, before it became coagulated, or they could not sprinkle it afterwards. Then as our Lamb is newly slain, we may approach at all times and be sprinkled. O, may every moment witness an application of that precious blood to our hearts, that speaketh better things for us, than the blood of bulls and of goats. Unite with me, dear sister, in ascribing glory to God! for we have a great High Priest, who hath passed into the heavens for *us*, and hath opened a new and a living way,



whereby we may enter into the Holiest.

“ O for such love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break.”

O, the precious Word! the precious Word! Do you not love it more than you ever did? It contains so many exceeding great and precious promises, whereby we are made partakers of the Divine nature, and if partakers of the Divine nature, must we not of necessity glorify God? O that we may live to glorify his name on earth, and find our way to Heaven.

My love to sister E. T——; ask her to write if she cannot come soon. Sister P—— has been over every week since you were here. My love to sister W——, tell her it is better to let all go voluntarily, than to have it torn from us; if we pray the Lord to strip us, we must expect to be stripped; a free will offering is acceptable, but if we lean upon broken reeds, they will pierce us through.

We must examine ourselves, and if we

are willing to make the sacrifice, and lead a life of entire devotion to God, we may be tried like Abraham, but those that we prize may not be taken away, if God has the pre-eminence in our hearts. Let Him reign whose right it is. Sister Ann is about writing to you. A letter will always be acceptable. O, dear sister, be led by the Spirit of God, and He will interpret his own Word to you, and you never need wander from the path of duty. Never go to those who know but little of the teachings of the Spirit, to have the designs of God interpreted.

“ He is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.”

Let us remember, there is no inconsistency attached to God ; it is our inconsistency that leads us into the dark. Let us pray to be delivered from *ourselves*.

Sincerely, your unworthy sister in Christ. Praise the Lord.

LYDIA N. COX.

WILLIAMSBURG, July, 1842.

*My Beloved Sister in Christ*:—I have just been perusing your affectionate letter, and feel that I am profitted by it. Praise the Lord for friends such as I find in the disciples of Christ. I who ought to sit at their feet, am brought into the sweetest relationship with them, and have the privilege of communion with them also; and not only with saints, but am permitted to enter into the presence chamber of the King of Saints, and hold converse with Him. O, praise the Lord with me, dear sister, and let us exalt his name together. Yes, we are permitted to enter into the holiest, by the new and living way, opened unto us by the precious blood of Christ, and shall we stay away from the blood of atonement, or keep back any part of our offering? No! no, my dear sister, let us with humble boldness approach the altar, bringing with us our whole burnt offering. Have we kept back any part of the price? Have we

laid *all* on that altar which sanctifies the gift? We remember that under the Jewish dispensation, no offering was acceptable but a perfect one, the best of the flock was selected, no lame offering was acceptable to God. In order to be *eminently* useful, there must be an entire dedication to God, of all that we possess.

How sensibly are we constrained to acknowledge, from the deepest sincerity of our hearts, the truth of the declaration of our divine Redeemer, "Without me ye can do nothing." Never, my dear sister, did I feel its full force as of late. I seem to be sweetly urged along in the path of duty, and yet I *feel* I can do nothing without Christ. In no other path but the narrow one, do I find the Saviour's footsteps; and him *alone* do I wish to follow. O, dear sister, the way to Heaven is indeed a *narrow* way.

I have experienced much of late, of the loving kindness of the Lord, and am happy to hear that you are still the object of his

kind regard. Go on, dear sister, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. May you experience a gracious revival of this glorious work, at your camp-meeting. O, be faithful in recommending your present Saviour, as a *Saviour from all sin*, to all those with whom you converse. Tell them, *urge* them to present their souls and *bodies* a living sacrifice to God as their reasonable service ; tell them it is sweet living to live for God ; and in order to convince them of the willingness of Christ to accept the sacrifice, relate your own experience, and may God, even our God, who answers by fire, come down in your midst, and consume the sacrifices of his people, and set the broad seal of consecration on all offered to Him.

Dear sister, do you continue to reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God ? Still persevere, until you can comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and know the love of Christ, which pass-

eth knowledge, being filled with all the fulness of God. The apostle says, He is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we are able to *think* or ask, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory, both now and forever. Amen. O, dear sister R——, let us ask the Lord to use *us*, to advance his kingdom on the earth; because iniquity abounds, the love of many is waxing cold. O, may we ever keep the sacred fire burning on the altar of our hearts, and may the incense of praise, and thanksgiving continually ascend to God as a sweet smelling savor through Christ, our Paschal Lamb.

Tell sister T——, that the sister who was seeking the blessing with her at sister P——'s meeting has entered into its enjoyment, and witnesses that the blood of our precious Christ cleanseth from sin. I wish you were both here, as I expect sister P—— here to-morrow, and have invited some friends in the evening to hold meeting. Pray for me.

Give my love to sister T——, and receive a good share yourself.

LYDIA N. COX.

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WILLIAMSBURG, Aug. 1844.

*My very Dear Sister* :—I received your letter by sister Elizabeth, for which I feel very thankful. I expect I am in a measure indebted to you for sister T—— for which I also would be thankful. She came quite unexpectedly, but very acceptably, and the Lord grant it may be for his own glory that we have met.

Is your Saviour precious, dear sister, to-day? Do you love him as your chief good? Do you take him to your bosom as your most familiar friend? Tell him all your trials. O, he is full of sympathy.

“And in his measure feels afresh,  
What every member bears.”

I think perhaps you take too much care upon yourself, when your Saviour hath carried all your griefs, and borne all your

sorrows. The apostle says, "Be careful for *nothing*, but in *every thing* by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving make your requests known unto God." But, dear sister, if you have the happy way of living by the *moment*, you have before this, cast all your care on Jesus. I know not why I have been led thus to write.

O, dear sister, let *us* try to cast anchor deeper within the veil. Let us lose ourselves more completely in God, so that we may be as the mouth of the Lord to the people. What have we to do with feelings, or shrinking from duty? How dare we confer with flesh and blood, when we are not our own. We have no right (speaking after the manner of men) to use the property of another to our own advantage, when it has been put into our possession, for the special purpose of advancing the interests of the owner. No, we would shrink from such dishonesty! And yet is it not a *fearful truth*, that we sometimes rob *God*? Might he not say



unto us, as he said in other days, "Ye have robbed me?"

But hear the gracious invitation, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." What say you, dear sister, after such matchless condescension, shall we not prove the Lord?

O, we spend so much time over our unfaithfulness, that we lose many blessings. The Lord knows all about us, and we know that we are nothing but one mass of corruption, aside from the grace of God, but the apostle says, "Ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified."

How can man be just with his Maker? By an impartation of the righteousness of Christ, in whom God the Father hath pronounced himself ever well pleased.

So if we shine, the rays are all borrowed. Where is boasting then? It is *excluded*. Truly (in the strongest sense) we are not our own. Thank God for it. We are all dependence. All that we *are* he hath made us; all that we *have*, he hath *given* us; and as we have formerly yielded ourselves servants to unrighteousness, let us now yield our members servants to righteousness, so that being made *free from sin*, we may have our fruit unto *holiness*, and the end everlasting life. Let us continually *look* to Jesus, who is the Author and Finisher of our faith, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning of our hopes, the centre of all our happiness, the end of all our desires, with the glorious expectation of soon seeing him as he is, and dwelling in his presence, where there is fulness of joy for evermore.

O, such love! we wonder and adore,  
O for grace to love him more.

Dear sister, the theme is boundless; we

only touch a single chord now and then, and O, such Heavenly music!—it bears the soul away to the heavenly plains—it makes the things of time look insipid.

But let us wait patiently our Father's will. This earth is His, 'tis the beautiful workmanship of his hands, and all that dwell upon it are sustained by his Almighty power; the smallest insect is not forgotten before him. Shall we not rest our all in such hands, and rejoice in the assurance of his sustaining grace, according to his own promise? "My grace is sufficient for thee." No Scripture is of any private interpretation, so we may lay hold on the same precious promise, and according to our faith, so shall it be done unto us.

O! the wondrous plan of man's redemption. The music of Heaven, when all in unison sing, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto him be glory," &c. Dear sister, have we not learned the first

notes? O, that we may make great proficiency, until we unite with the grand choir around the throne. But I must close. E. says she is contented, and sends much love. Sister P—— is at Sing Sing Camp-meeting. We shall not be able to visit you until after the Camp-meeting on Long Island, which commences 14th of August. Write as soon, and as often as you can. I wish very much you had a little school here, so that I could send my Lydia.

Yours, in the blessed hope of renewing a happier acquaintance in the New Jerusalem.

LYDIA N. COX.

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*My Dear Sister F——*: Were I assured that one short year would finish my career of usefulness, and settle all my accounts for eternity, I think I would not neglect the smallest opportunity of doing good to the bodies and souls of my dying fellow creatures—neither would I

find one moment for idleness ; nor for the indulgence of a secret pride would I withhold my mite, on the plea of ignorance, but an entire *sacrifice of all*, would be made—*love of honor, love of self, precious self*, a good name, *all*, all should go for the honor and glory of my Divine Redeemer. And indeed it may be even so. This year, yes, this month, this hour may be my last. It is when I act in view of eternal things, that I act for *God* ; at other times I act, I fear from selfish motives. O, how much is comprehended in the “single eye.” My God, fix my eye *continually* on Christ, the “polar star,” and then every step will be *sure*, and advancing to the haven of eternal repose.

Dear sister F——, I think my only motive in *this* communication is your present good. Sister F——, like her Heavenly Father, looks at the purity of *intention* ; therefore I have thus presumed ; and if it is made in any way a blessing to *her soul*, to God be *all* the glory

Let us take courage then, that “we have this *treasure* in *earthen* vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”

\* \* \* \* \* O, thank God for Christian friends. I am glad I called to see you, for I believe firmly that God still works by you. I am sure it was good and profitable to meet with you. So praise Him for it, and cultivate a spirit of praise—for you have great cause for thanksgiving. He loves to be praised. Perhaps you say, “I would, but how can I?” What, have you no heart to praise him with? Then be determined your lips *shall* make a trial, and you will find heart and lips unite in praise to the Great Giver of your blessings—your *tongue* will break out in unknown strains; the *grace* that saves *you* will appear so great.

Dear sister, look away from yourself, you have been looking at self too long already; begin to look at Christ; the effect will be *transforming*. With what *intense* interest he is watching all the

emotions of your soul—He *loves you!* Did you ever dwell on the expression, *Jesus loves me?* 'Tis even so—a *simple*, yet a mighty truth! *Jesus loves thee!* O, dear sister, he makes no hard conditions, 'tis only “look and live.” Now you are invited to cast *all* your care upon Him, for he careth for you. We know not how to prize sustaining grace, until we prove it. Fear not—He is the very same compassionate Jesus that he was in the days of his flesh;—not one, no, not a solitary one, approached him and asked assistance in vain. “His love is as great as his power, and neither knows measure nor end.” Then go to him in confidence as your Saviour; why, He is your Saviour, let him have the glory of saving you now. “Hitherto,” he says, “you have asked nothing, ask and receive, that your joy may be full.” Then come, *dear, dear* sister, and wash in this fountain, that was opened by the soldier's spear, in your Redeemer's side, and you shall be made

every whit whole, and this moment, may He bring you into the full liberty of the children of God.

LYDIA N. COX.

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WILLIAMSBURG, Jan. 22, 1844.

*Dear Sisters Ann and Jane* :—Your letter, which we received in due time, afforded us no small degree of pleasure, not only because it brought the intelligence of your health, but that you were in the enjoyment of spiritual health, which is the greatest cause of praise to God. Let us unite in rendering praise and thanksgiving to our God and Saviour for his abundant grace and mercy, which have been extended to you and yours. I was afraid that travelling might have a tendency to dissipate your mind, and secret prayer might thereby be neglected, which would necessarily bring barrenness to the soul ; but thank the Lord, you have both been preserved in the enjoyment of God, and you are enabled to say,



## GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

“No changes of season or place,  
Can make any change in my mind.”

Oh, dear sisters, you have just begun to live! We do not realize, when we first set out in the service of God, how great our enjoyment may and will be, if *we follow on to know the Lord*. Every day brings new enjoyments, *if we abide in Christ*.

A great many are turned aside and discouraged, because they do not have direct answers to prayer. Oh, say they, it is written, “all things which we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive,” and as they do not receive, they give up prayer in a great degree, and thereby their progress is retarded; but a *Bible reader*, who takes the precious word as the man of *his counsel* finds the condition attached to the promise, which is this, “If ye *abide in me and my words abide in you*, you may ask what you will, and it shall be given unto you.” Oh, let *the words of Christ* abide in you. Be not ashamed of the

## GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

s of Jesus, for he hath declared, "he is ashamed of me, and of my words, for him will I be ashamed." I firmly believe, dear sisters, if we used the words of Jesus more when we were testifying for him, we would be more eminently useful.

Oh, let us set ourselves apart more fully for the service of God, and he will use us to his own glory. Time is rapidly hastening us into eternity; our days of usefulness will soon end. Oh, let us redeem the time by dedicating *every moment* to his service. You observe that you want to be wholly the Lord's; this is just what he wants you to be, just what he *requires*:—a whole burnt sacrifice is acceptable to God.

Decision of character is very necessary in a Christian; a fixed purpose of soul, to *do and suffer all* that God requires. Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple." These are the words of Jesus, and every

word which fell from his dear lips, were fraught with meaning. Do you, my dear sisters, use some self-denial every day? Some how, the idea has crept into the Church in these days, that the way to heaven is much easier than formerly. But the Bible—the precious guide to heaven, is the same. The Saviour says, *ye cannot* serve God and Mammon. You and I will believe God rather than man, and as we have tried the service of Satan, now we are resolved to serve the Lord with all our powers, for his yoke is easy, and his burden light.

I write thus plainly, because I love you both in sincerity. Ours is a friendship commenced on earth in the sweetest bonds of union in Christ. The Saviour says I am the vine, ye are the branches. Then how closely are we united to Christ, and to each other; the sap that flows from the vine, flows to the branches. Again, the Saviour says, “Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear *much fruit*.” Now I

know you will receive it kindly, when I tell you I feel an earnest desire that dear sister Ann and Jane should bear *much* fruit, so that God may be glorified, and they have an abundant entrance administered unto them, into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

You have been called, in the providence of God to a distant land, but not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father. "Ye are the light of the world; God has not lit up a light within you, that you should hide it." You are called even among strangers, to be witnesses for the Lord your Master. O, witness a good confession for Jesus to all, and if your eye is single, your whole bodies will be full of light. You never need walk in darkness, for you shall have the light of life abiding in you, and it will always shine out to the glory of its Author. Oh, what an honor, to be a representative for Christ. Be bold in his cause, never mind a few trials, for he hath de-

clared, if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him. Be decided, have but one object in view, the glory of God; set yourselves fully apart for God, and he will most assuredly make you both eminently useful. God no doubt had a design in converting you—and sending you so far away. Pray, O, pray that his design may be accomplished in making you, and your dear parents instrumental in the conversion of many, very many precious souls.

Perhaps you may inquire, What can such feeble instruments as we do? Can you think of a feeble instrument, who was ever made a blessing to you? If so, thank God and take courage. God is no respecter of persons. He chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. “Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.” Our class meetings are very interesting, and profitable, and though you are not found in your seat there as formerly, yet we hope you

have found as sweet a little sanctuary in some class room at the west, and those who will feel as much interested in your spiritual welfare as those you left behind you.

Yours, in Christian love,

LYDIA N. COX.

## POETICAL REMAINS.

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### TO DIE IS GAIN.

Why should I wish a longer stay  
Below, than God should please to give,  
What is there in life's cheerless day,  
For which I still desire to live ?  
Its cares and toils, and dull routine,  
With scarce a fleeting joy between.

What is there in calm death I fear ?  
Its quiet shall be sweet to me,  
At death, the gate of Heaven is near  
And all my faith exults to see,  
Shall burst upon my ravished sight,  
Beings, bright scenes, and realms of light.

How shall I triumph to behold,  
The deep things of eternity,  
The mystic place of gems and gold,  
And friends who long having waited me.  
How will they hasten to embrace—  
And welcome me to that blest place !

How sweet the seasons I shall spend,  
How calmly rest—how fond converse,  
Or with some chosen bosom friend,  
Explore the starry universe ;  
And find through heaven's eternal flow,  
New scenes of bliss, where'er I go.

Oh, what are all our joys below,  
To one dear hour thus spent in heaven,  
Where all we seek, or wish to know  
To open vision shall be given ?  
Then come, O death, and welcome come,  
My bliss—my hope's beyond the tomb.

---

“O GRAVE WHERE IS THY VICTORY ?”

I looked toward the place of graves,  
A lonely tomb was there ;  
My heart, affected at the sight,  
Engaged in silent prayer.

Spare, Father, spare a trembling worm,  
O lengthen out my days,  
Shine on my path, and let me sing,  
Thy great restoring grace.

I looked, and lo ! a form approached,  
To pour a healing balm,  
His skill was blest, the Saviour spoke,  
And all within was calm.



## THE RESURRECTION.

How calm and beautiful the morn,  
That saw the Lord arise,  
The lovely sun the hills adorns,  
And gilds the eastern skies;  
Ye saints begin the joyful strain,  
Your Lord was dead, but lives again.

See yonder guard the tomb surround,  
Their faithful watch to keep,  
When lo! their charge beneath the ground,  
Awakens from his sleep :  
Ye saints repeat the joyful strain,  
Your Lord was dead, but lives again.

The stone that would have barred the tomb,  
By angels is removed ;  
Unto the grave the mourners come,  
To seek the One they loved :  
Ye saints renew the blissful strain,  
Your Lord was dead, but lives again.

He now ascends the heavenly hill,  
The joyful song resound,  
Christ lives ! the news rejoicing tell,  
To all the world around ;  
O join my soul the rapt'rous strain,  
Thy Lord was dead, but lives again.

## AFFECTION'S GIFT.

TO MY HUSBAND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I bring thee not genius—I bring thee not fame,  
I bring thee not glory, encircling my name,  
I bring thee not beauty of form, or of face;  
Nor boast of high lineage, my title to grace,  
I bring thee not gold, to increase thy estate,  
Nor honor, nor splendor, around thee to wait,  
Nor wit, with the charm of its brilliance and power,  
I bring none of these, as the gift of my dower.

But I bring thee a form that by thee shall stand,  
A face with affection's bright smile ever bland,  
An eye to watch o'er thee, in sickness and grief,  
A hand that in sorrow shall offer relief.  
I bring thee a spirit, not haughty nor proud,  
Which to crime, or dishonor, no thought hath e'er  
    bowed,  
With the vow, and the pledge, that death can but  
    part,  
I bring thee the gift of a true loving heart.

---

## A PRAYER FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

Precious Saviour! Lamb of God,  
Sanctify me through thy blood,  
Let me feel thy cleansing power,  
In this consecrated hour.

Let me now be pure within,  
Free from every stain of sin,  
By the water and the blood,  
Sanctify my soul to God.

O my God, for thee I sigh,  
Let me prove salvation nigh,  
See in righteousness thy face,  
Feel thy purifying grace.

Now appear, and cast out sin,  
Bring, O bring thy nature in,  
Now the pledge of love impart,  
Bind me to thy bleeding heart.

---

### RELIGION.

I saw a form arrayed in light, and beauty ;  
Joy sprung where'er her welcome steps were heard,  
Hope brightened every heart where sorrow long had  
dwelt,  
And grief had undisputed held her rigid sway.  
Her voice in sweetest accents mild, thus speaks to  
man—  
Come hither, child of earth—I'll sooth thy sorrows,  
Banish all thy fears, and thou shalt find in me  
A friend, to help thee through this shadowed vale  
Of woe, and grief, and tears ; and to disclose, joys  
All immortal, pure and bright, at God's right hand.  
Dost ask my name ? and whence I am ? Then listen

While I tell ; for well I know, my name is oft  
Misused, and oft assumed by those who know me not.  
But some there are, who do appreciate my real worth,  
And prove the blessedness of such companionship.  
Then come betimes ; O come ! Seek for thyself,  
And surely thou wilt find, pure undefiled RELIGION.

---

## CHRIST A MERCIFUL HIGH PRIEST.

Christ doth in mercy bend,  
To hear the voice of wo,  
And showers of grace descend,  
To water all below.

The mourner's heart he cheers,  
Removes the load within,  
Which weighed the wounded spirit down,  
Oppressed by grief and sin.

Sorrow before Him flies,  
All guilt he bids depart,  
He lifts the care-worn to the skies,  
With rapture, fills his heart.

Through all my journey here,  
This Friend as mine I'll claim,  
And when in clouds he doth appear,  
May he still own my name.

Before assembled worlds,  
Acquitted may I stand,  
Crowned with Christ's everlasting love,  
At God's right hand.

---

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE  
ARE MANY MANSIONS."

O there is a land, 'tis a beautiful land,  
A land all pure and free,  
Inhabited too, by a glorious band,  
A white robed company.

The streams that water that blissful abode,  
Are clear as the crystal, and flow  
Hard by the throne, from the river of God,  
And they water the vallies below.

The trees of that land, with foliage are crown'd,  
And loaded with fruits appear,  
Though partaken of oft, ever full they are found,  
For they blossom and bear all the year.

There are mansions prepared in that glorious land,  
Behold! one is fitted for thee,  
Oh, haste thee, unite with that white-robed band,  
And thine own that abode shall be.

Rememb'rest thou not, what the Saviour once said,  
Concerning these regions so fair?

"In my Father's house *many* mansions are rear'd,  
And I go that I them may prepare.

"Then if I go first, and fit up the place,  
Weep not, for I'll soon come again,  
Attended by angels and saints, a bright host,  
Forever in glory to reign."

And may I become an inhabitant there,  
May I reach that far-off land?  
May I be caught up to meet Christ in the air,  
And inherit a mansion so glorious and fair?  
O, I'll join that pure, holy band.

---

(A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.)

"TOO SOON."

While passing through the giddy throng,  
I chanced to hear one say,

"I think that we shall be too soon,"  
My mind said to the gay—

"Too soon?" indeed, I fear too late,  
Unless you seek the Lord,  
His mercy will not always wait,  
So saith his changeless word.

His Spirit shall not always strive  
With man, the feeble dust,  
O hear his call to-day and live,  
Forever with the just.

---

(ANOTHER JUVENILE PRODUCTION.)

PRAISE TO GOD.

Shall we neglect to praise our God,  
When all around are joined,  
His wondrous works to spread abroad,  
In numbers so divine.

The lovely fields with verdure crowned,  
The lily's humble bed,  
The grazing herd on yonder mead,  
Unite his praise to spread,

The warblings of yon little throng,  
Bespeak their Maker's praise,  
And all the hills and vales along,  
Re-echo back their lays.

Then let our hearts and voices join,  
To celebrate God's praise,  
For countless blessings so divine—  
For all-abounding grace.

## MAN OF GOD, TAKE COURAGE.

Dearest, thou hast a friend above,  
Who loves thee with an endless love,  
Though earthly friends prove false and fail,  
And sorrows thy kind heart assail,  
His is a friendship strong and sure,  
No earthly friendship's half so pure.

He is thy friend, he tells thee so,  
O, go to him with all thy wo,  
Pour forth to him thy griefs and sighs,  
And he with thee will sympathize,  
In all thy sorrows take a part,  
And bind thee closer to his heart.

“Fear not,” saith he, “O trust in me  
My son, and great thy peace shall be,  
Like rivers shall thy comforts flow,  
To cheer thee in this vale below,  
And as thy Shepherd I will lead  
Thy soul to pastures rich indeed.”

O couldst thou draw the vail aside,  
Which heaven's glories from thee hide,  
And see the place prepared for thee,  
Thou would'st not fear man's perfidy,  
Let him ignobly strive to blame,  
Thou hast an ever-during name.



Gird on thy sword, thy armor bright,  
Thou soon shalt put thy foes to flight,  
The God of heaven thy Lord shall be,  
Through time, and through eternity,  
And with thy spoils thou soon shalt come,  
While angels shout the victory won.

## H Y M N S .

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### SABBATH SCHOOL.

TUNE.—“*Morn amid the Mountains.*”

Saviour, we are pressing,  
Children though we be,  
To implore thy blessing—  
Now we come to thee,  
Come to thee.

Thou hast us invited,  
In our youthful days,  
Ere the bud is blighted,  
To thy blessed ways,  
Blessed ways.

Sure thou wilt receive us;  
Take us to thy breast,  
Press us to thy bosom  
Where the weary rest,  
Weary rest.

May thy Spirit lead us,  
In the path of truth,  
And thy wisdom guide us,  
In our tender youth,  
Tender youth.

Now may heaven's blessing,  
On our teachers fall,  
Parents, friends and preachers,  
Sabbath School and all,  
School and all.

---

## CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION.

Spring is gone, with all her flowers,  
Summer too has passed away,  
Autumn stripped our shady bowers,  
Traces left of sad decay.

Winter, with his mantle white,  
Covers every shrub and tree,  
With his frosty locks all bright,  
Brings our festal Jubilee.

Happy Christmas! this glad day,  
Joyfully again we greet,  
Let our youthful festal lay,  
Now ascend with voices sweet.

Thus, as seasons hasten by,  
And our youthful days are o'er,  
May our home be in the sky,  
Where our Saviour's gone before.

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◆

HYMN.

TUNE.—“*Missionary Hymn.*”

Again, our youthful voices,  
Unite in songs of praise :  
Again, each heart rejoices  
Our sweetest notes to raise.

All praise to our Creator,  
Through whose preserving care  
We're brought to hail another  
Returning festal year.

Music on this bright morning  
Was heard, o'er Bethlehem's plains,  
When angels, earth adorning,  
Chaunted their highest strains.

As from the skies descending,  
Their song of praise begun ;  
While heaven and earth were blending,  
Their joy became but one.

Hark ! high the sound is swelling,  
 'Tis heard o'er hill and dale,  
 And shepherds now are telling  
 The simple, humble tale—

To us, a Son is given,  
 To us, a child is born,  
 Glory to God ! in heaven,  
 Good will and peace return.

---

HYMN.

TUNE.—“*Oft in the Stilly Night.*”

When to the Sabbath School  
 We haste to take our places,  
 Each heart with joy is full  
 And smiles are on our faces ;  
 Our schoolmates there, and teachers dear,  
 With words of love do greet us ;  
 Our lessons, too, if well we know,  
 Approving looks will meet us.

When to the Sabbath School,  
 We haste to take our places,  
 Each heart with joy is full,  
 And smiles are on our faces.

O, we remember well,  
 The lessons that are taught us  
 In our sweet Sabbath School,  
 Where our dear parents brought us ;

Our brothers all, and sisters small,  
With hand in hand go with us,  
And always mind our teachers kind,  
For sure they would not grieve us.  
When to the Sabbath School  
We haste to take our places,  
Each heart with joy is full,  
And smiles are on our faces.

There is our Pastor kind,  
With him we too find favor;  
They say the lambs he'll find  
And bring them to the Saviour;  
And then you know the Shepherd too,  
How tenderly he loves us,  
O'er little lambs he watching stands,  
To guard the wolf's approaches.  
O we're a happy band,  
With joy we take our places,  
United heart and hand,  
And smiles are on our faces.

---

### HYMN.

Great God! we render thee  
Thanksgiving for thy grace,  
With hearts and voices free  
Again we tune our lays.  
With joy we in thy court appear,  
To hail another festal year.

Thy loving kindness hath  
Daily to us been shown ;  
Mercy hath crowned our path,  
Night, morning, and at noon ;  
Again we sing thy mercy here,  
For lo ! we hail another year.

Come, louder swell the sound !  
O, raise a joyful song—  
Earth, air, and deep profound,  
Our notes of praise prolong,  
To Him who deigns to meet us here,  
On our returning festal year.

Age, youth, and infancy,  
A grateful tribute bring,  
And join their symphony  
In praises to our King ;  
Great Shiloh ! in this house appear,  
And set up now thy kingdom here.

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### HYMN.

#### THE BIBLE.

The Word of God ! a lamp divine,  
A precious treasure, golden mine,  
A gem of worth, excelling far  
Yon shining orb, or glittering star.

River of God ! Water of Life !  
 Balm for the wounded, peace for strife ,  
 Joy for sorrow, ease for pain,  
 Life for death, eternal gain.

O sacred lamp ! delightful guide !  
 Be thou forever near our side ;  
 Thy truths unfold, thy power display,  
 To guide our feet in wisdom's way.

O Lord, our God ! we bless thy name,  
 That thou didst give to fallen man,  
 Such light to guide him in the road  
 That leads to glory, and to God.

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HYMN.

TUNE.—“ *Bethany.*”

Precious Saviour ! we have heard,  
 Thou hast bidden little ones  
 To the feast thou hast prepared  
 For earth's guilty, fallen sons ;  
 May we come now, and be fed  
 With the pure, the living bread ?

Precious Saviour, we are told  
 That the Shepherd, full of love,  
 Gathers lambs into his fold,  
 Guides and guards them from above.  
 O, thou Shepherd, kind and free,  
 Wilt thou gather such as we ?



Precious Saviour, we are taught,  
In thy holy, written word,  
Infant ones to thee were brought,  
And thou wast so very good  
As to press them to thy breast ;  
May we come to thee for rest ?

Yes, we know thou wilt receive  
Children who would seek thy love ;  
And if we approach, believe  
Thou wilt hear us from above,  
And wilt keep us in thine arms,  
Safely from all earthly harms.

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## JUVENILE TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TUNE.—“ *Refuge.*”

A mighty foe is in our land,  
He stalks with princely power ;  
He scatters death on every hand,  
Boasting his transient hour ;  
And thousands in our happy clime  
Are yielding to his sway—  
The youth are smitten in their prime,  
And made an easy prey.

Ah ! do ye ask the tyrant's name ?  
Look in the wine-cup red,  
Foaming with rage, hear him proclaim—  
I'm alcohol, the dread !

O! Freemen rouse—assail this foe,  
 For potent is his sway—  
 A thousand hearts are filled with woe,  
 Our fathers, where are they?

Ah! they have thus been smitten too,  
 By his relentless hand;  
 Rouse! freemen, rouse! we call on you  
 To drive him from the land;  
 Lo! here *we* enter in the field,  
 A youthful army strong—  
 We take the pledge, a powerful shield,  
 Cold water for our song.

---

TUNE.—“*Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled.*”

Lo! we come, a youthful band,  
 To drive the invader from our land,  
 And we take a noble stand—  
     Hear our trumpet blow!  
 Temperance is our watchword strong,  
 Let our banner wave along,  
 Water pure shall be our song,  
     Onward as we go.

Who hath babblings, who hath woes,  
 Who hath tremblings, who hath blows,  
 Who hath stumblings as he goes,  
     Wounds without a cause?

Who hath redness of the eyes,  
Grief and anguish till he dies,  
And no home above the skies,  
    When his scene shall close ?

He who carries at the cup,  
He who often takes a sup,  
He who drinks the poison up,  
    Wine and alcohol.  
O ! ye freemen, turn away,  
Sign the temperance pledge to-day ;  
Come and walk in wisdom's way—  
    Listen to our call.

Onward, march ! our cause is pure,  
Temperate ones may rest secure,  
For our victory is sure,  
    And we'll take the field.  
See, our army's young and strong,  
Temperance will our lives prolong,  
While cold water is our song,  
    And the pledge our shield.

## A DIALOGUE FOR CHRISTMAS.

*Susan.*—A happy Christmas this has been to me. I hope it has been the same to you, Martha.

*Martha.*—Thank you, Susan, it has indeed been a joyful day to me. 'Tis merry Christmas, you know; and I always feel happy on the return of this day.

*Sarah.*—“ On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was displayed,  
By God, the Eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.”

*Martha.*—I think the poet refers to the resurrection of the Saviour, in that sweet verse; does he not, Susan?

*Susan.*—I think he does, Martha, but will it not also apply to the glorious advent of the dear Saviour? Glorious, I say, because the heavenly hosts were engaged in celebrating this illustrious morn. “But how mean was his abode, who is called the mighty God!”

*Martha.*—

“ Was there nothing but a manger,  
Wicked sinners could afford,  
To receive the Heavenly stranger,  
Could they thus insult their Lord ?”

*Susan.*—You recollect, he laid aside the glory he had with the Father, before the world was, and came into our sinful world, to suffer and die, to redeem us sinful rebels. And the apostle says, “ It became him (that is, the Father) in bringing many sons to glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.”

*Martha.*—O, Susan, his was indeed a suffering life. “ He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” The very commencement of his career was sorrowful, for it is said that “ He came unto his *own*, and his own received him not.”

*Susan.*—True, Martha, “ but as many as did receive him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.”

*Martha.*—Yes, Susan, but the Jews would not receive him as their Messiah.

*Susan.*—Did you not say he came unto his own, and his own received him not? He was a Jew by birth, and if he had made his appearance with great pomp, and splendor, they would soon have hailed him King of the Jews. And that is just the case in these days with many, they will not humble themselves to this suffering Saviour.

*Martha.*—Well, Susan, there is no other way of salvation; and all who are saved will have to bow to the yoke of Christ, for He says, in his holy word, “I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me; if any man enter, he shall go in and out, and find pasture.”

*Susan.*—Is it not surprising, Martha, that the Jews did not receive Jesus as their Messiah, when he was introduced into our world by angels, for you recollect they said, “Unto you is born this day,

in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord?"

*Martha.*—Not at all surprising, for we do not read that the proud Jews, or Rabbins, heard the angels say so; but it was the humble shepherds, who were first honored by the heavenly visitants. There were some wise men who dwelt in the East, who came to Jerusalem inquiring "Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

*Susan.*—Yes, Martha, then he had some noble ones to worship him, did he not? Who were the wise men?

*Martha.*—Whitby says, the Jews believed they were prophets from the kingdom of Sabia and Arabia, of the posterity of Abraham, by Keturah, and that they taught in the name of God, what they had received from the mouth of Abraham.

*Susan.*—They were called the Magi, were they not?

*Martha.*—They were. These, knowing the promise of the Messiah, were now

probably, like other believing Jews, waiting for the consolation of Israel. So you will perceive, they were not very noble, but probably believing Jews.

Be that as it may, having discovered an unusually luminous appearance, or meteor in the Heavens, and knowing the prophecies relative to the redemption of Israel, they probably considered this to be the star mentioned by Balaam.

*Susan.*—It is said, when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him.

*Martha.*—Yes, they entered his humble abode, and although they were wise men, they were not ashamed to enter a stable, and fall down and worship their Lord in a manger.

*Susan.*—Humility is a sweet grace, is it not, Martha? I wish I possessed more of it. You know, the wise man, Solomon says, “before honor is humility.”



*Martha.*—Well, here his suffering life commenced, in a stable ; but where were his sufferings ended, dear Susan ?

*Susan.*—Ah, Martha ! Let Calvary tell the mournful tale. He did indeed lead a suffering life, and died an ignominious death. O, how my heart has been affected, when I have read the expressions that fell from his lips. “ The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.” Still, though so despised and rejected, his tender heart always melted at human woe. Did you ever read of one who came to him in distress, and was not relieved and sent away happy ?

*Martha.*—Never, never. O, Susan, don't you remember that gloomy night in the garden of Gethsemane, when he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground ? What a load of grief must have weighed down his soul, to cause the blood to ooze from every pore, and yet, after such extreme

agony, when he returned to his disciples and found them sleeping, his sympathetic soul was drawn out in compassion towards them, and he kindly said to them, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

*Susan.*—Dear Saviour, he shrunk not. Follow him to Calvary, when his dearest friends, his disciples, *all* forsook him and fled. But, Martha, how glad I am that some females had the courage to follow him even to the cross. O, I have often thought I would have hung around his dear feet, and received his dying blessing.

*Martha.*—St. Luke says he prayed for his murderers, even with his dying breath. Well might the centurion say, after beholding his agonies, and all nature mourning and standing affrighted to view the scene; well might he say, "Truly, this is the Son of God."

*Susan.*—O, Martha, this is my Saviour to-day. I love Jesus. O, that all my life may tell how much I love him. And

the apostle says, "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

*Martha.*—Well, his sufferings are all ended; he has finished the work he came to perform. Our salvation is complete in him; and by repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, every sinner in the wide world may have eternal life.

*Susan.*—Yes, the Jews crucified him, and although his body was laid in Joseph's new tomb, it could not hold Him. For on the third day, an angel came down and rolled away the stone, and the conquering Saviour arose triumphant, and forty days after his resurrection ascended up on high, and carried our cause into the court of heaven, where he ever liveth to make intercession for us. And now, shall we not get our schoolmates to join us in singing that beautiful chorus, "He rose and went to Heaven?"

## TO THE FEMALE TEACHERS

OF THE W—— S. SCHOOL.

*Beloved Sisters in Christ*:—Suffer a word from one who loves you. You love the dear children committed to your care. But let me ask, “How much do you love them?” Do you love them enough to deny yourselves for them? O, yes, say you, surely we manifest our *love* and *self-denial* from Sabbath to Sabbath, in our strict attendance, and in instructing the children. Is this really, in the sight of God, self-denial? Is it not rather a pleasure? Could you do very well without the Sabbath School yourselves? Is it not a place where you love to meet for your own gratification?

Then where is your self-denial? Do you individually as teachers, not merely in the letter, but as instructors in spiritual things, see the fruit of your labors?

How many of the dear children placed under your immediate care, and for whom

you will have to render a strict account, have been converted during the past year? Is there one whom you have led sweetly along from Sabbath to Sabbath, who has said to you, "O teacher, how glad I am you told me the Saviour required me to give him my heart, and now I have sought the Saviour, and feel to-day that he carries me as a tender lamb in his bosom."

O, how enviable the feelings of such a teacher! O, how sweet to feed these tender lambs. Yours is a holy calling; your scholars expect, yea earnestly desire close conversation on the subject of religion. You often feel the weighty responsibility resting upon you, relative to the gracious influence which you, as a Sabbath school teacher should exert over your class, and will you let it all pass by, neglecting the most important part of your duty?

How many of us, dear sisters, are faithful in this respect? O, let us double our diligence, and begin to work in good

earnest for the Lord, and we have the assurance by the apostle, "That our labor shall not be in vain *in the Lord.*" Let us begin to deny ourselves ; for all will find this the very point where self-denial is brought into exercise in the Sabbath School.

Receive this kindly, and may the God of all grace enable us to *deny ourselves*—take up our cross, and follow him fully, that we may have many stars in the crown of our rejoicing.

So prays a fellow laborer.

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#### CHRISTIAN ENIGMA.

There is a small number of people, scattered here and there in the world, of whom authentic history gives the following singular description. They partake of flesh and blood, in common with the rest of mankind, and yet are not of this world, but are born from above. Their

bodies are mortified, yea, their bodies are dead, yet full of life, activity, and vigor.

Their life is supported by seeing an object which is invisible, and which no man can see and live. They walk not by sight, but still they walk in the light, and see whither they go. There is in them more carefulness than in other people, and yet they are careful for nothing, and cast all their care upon another. Though they take no thought for the morrow, yet they constantly look forward, and diligently provide for the time to come.

While they cross and deny themselves, they invariably pursue their own pleasure and interests.

Their conversation is without covetousness, and yet they covet earnestly the best things. They are content with such things as they have, and still ardently reach after some things which they have not. They are so poor that they have nothing, and yet so rich that they have all things.

Though they are not their own, they are freemen ; though servants to all men, they are free from all, and under bondage to none.

They love their relatives, friends, and neighbors, yea, all men as themselves, and yet hate father, mother, brother and sister, wives and children.

Though they are subject to rules, obey parents, and honor all men, yet they call no man father or master on earth, and will not be servants of men.

They delight to be often alone, and when they are alone, they are in the best company, and enjoy the sweetest communion.

Though they have put away all bitterness, anger, and malice, there is in them for this reason, the more indignation, the more revenge. They bear all things, but fight daily—follow peace with all men, but contend earnestly, and are engaged in continual warfare. They are without strength, but can do all things, and they are strongest when they are weakest.



This may seem a strange character, but it is a real one, and it is much to be lamented that it is not more common. When it is general, the world will be more happy.

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## DAILY RESOLUTIONS.

1st.—I will never lie down at night without prayer, and in the morning I will not proceed to business, until I have first dedicated myself to God, and sought His special blessing and protection for the day.

2d.—I will endeavor to preserve a constant disposition for prayer, relying upon the promise of God for his spirit.

3d.—Knowing my own infirmities, I will take care not to magnify the faults of others; but abstain from speaking of them, especially of those which mark my fellow Christians.

4th.—I will, with the Divine aid, ac-

custom myself to do every thing in the name of Jesus Christ, striving to live with an eye single to His glory.

5th.—I will consider myself as bought with the precious blood of Jesus, and will seek to improve my soul in knowledge, and my body in health, that I may employ them with all my property and powers to his honor.

6th.—Every day will I study the word of God as the means of salvation, and the rule of all my actions, praying for the influences of the Holy Spirit, to enable me to understand and practice it.

7th.—I will take a conscientious interest in the cause of Christ my Saviour, and labor for his glory, in the salvation of sinners.

8th.—I will, with the help of God, neither do nor undertake any thing, of which I shall repent at the hour of death.

9th.—I will, on the Sabbath, abstain

from unprofitable conversation, from all unnecessary work, from visiting, traveling, &c., and endeavor to improve the sacred day, so as to promote the glory of God, and my own spiritual advantage.

10th.—I will, in the strength of God, forsake every sin, however dear to me, particularly my besetting sin, whether it be pride, or malice, covetousness, levity or any other sin, and I will abstain from the very appearance of evil, and keep myself unspotted from the world.

11th.—I will be a good steward of the manifold grace of God, consecrating myself to him, and my all to his service, making a conscientious use of all his gifts as He directs.

12th.—Every evening will I examine what has been my temper and conduct through the day, endeavoring in the strength of God, to confess and forsake every sin, seeking for an application of that blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness.

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