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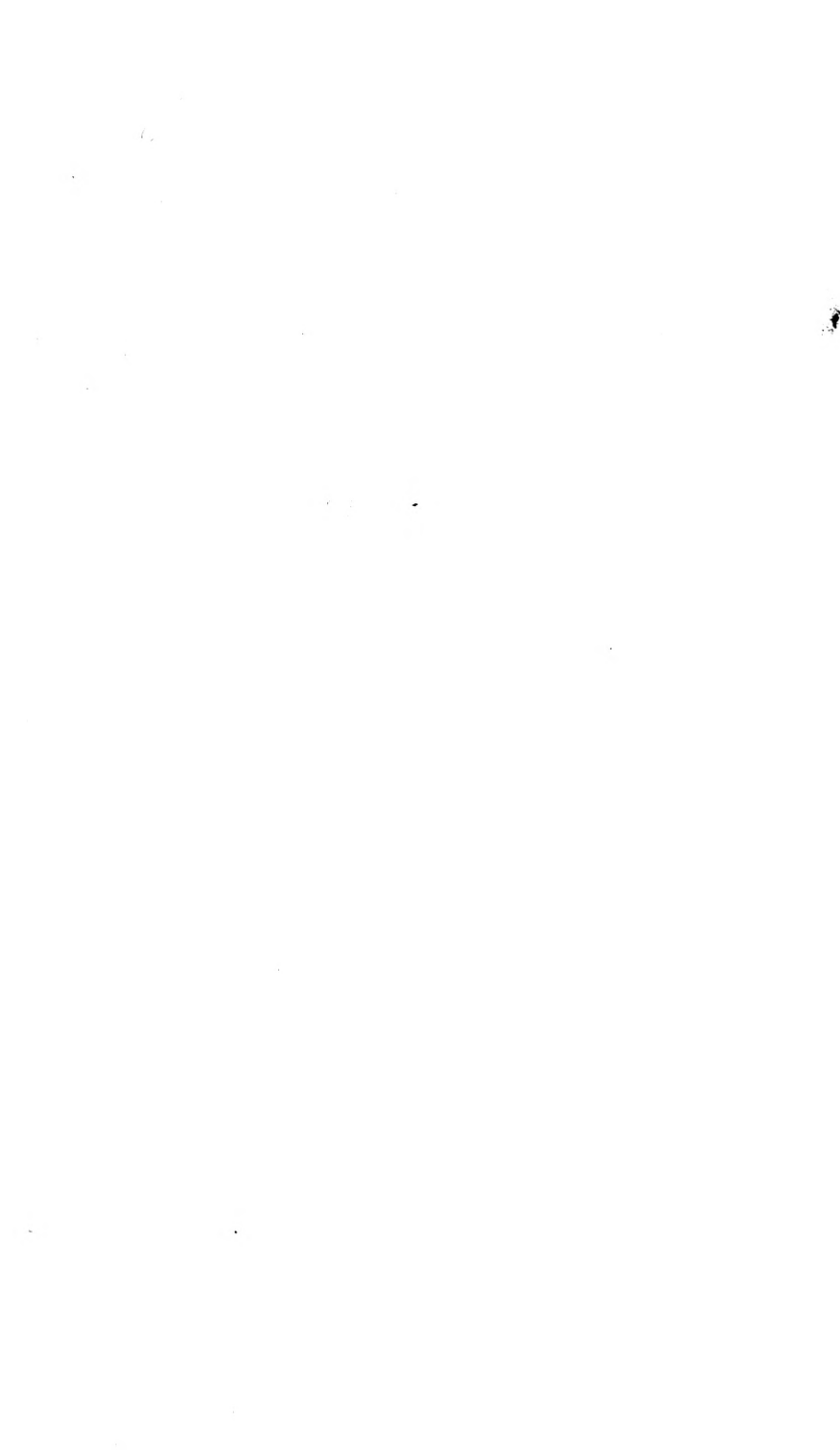


OF
PENNSYLVANIA

PRESENTED BY

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Letters of Sarah Grubb.

0187
A Selection

F R O M T H E L E T T E R S

OF THE LATE

S A R A H G R U B B,

(FORMERLY SARAH LYNES.)

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"She, being dead, yet speaketh."-- HEBREWS xi. 4.  
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SUDBURY :

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MDCCCXLVIII.

P R E F A C E.

IN committing to the press the following pages, it was not our intention to have preceded them by any remarks of our own. Circumstances have, however, arisen, which call for a few words from us as compilers.

We find that an apprehension prevails with some friends, that our mother destroyed her papers shortly before her death, and left an injunction that nothing should be published respecting her. We believe this report to be without foundation, and a portion of the present volume was carefully preserved by herself, and endorsed in her own hand-writing. When about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, she destroyed some journals which she had previously kept, and never resumed the practice. She also strongly objected to any testimony concerning her being prepared in the usual way, from a fear of the exaltation of the creature, and a belief that these documents often had that tendency; but we think it will be seen that the same objection does not apply to the publication of what came from her own pen.

The materials which fell into our hands appeared so very valuable and instructive, that it became a question whether we ought to take upon ourselves the responsibility of withholding them from our friends; and on serious consideration, it was felt to be a *duty* to give them publicity.

In the somewhat difficult work of selection, it has not been easy always to avoid repetition, without injury to the meaning intended to be conveyed; but we have endeavoured faithfully to perform our task—to do justice to the memory and character of the writer, and to the principles of the Society of which she was a member; and we believe that the work will be acceptable to those who truly value these principles, and who desire that they may still be maintained in their ancient purity.

J. GRUBB.

H. GRUBB.

SUDBURY,
11TH MONTH, 1848.

MINUTE OF BURY MONTHLY MEETING.

A Minister deceas'd. Sarah Grubb, of Sudbury, widow of the late John Grubb, aged about sixty-nine years, a Minister fifty-two years; who died the 16th day of Third Month, 1842, and was interred in Friends' Burial Ground, at Sudbury, the 23rd of the same.

Whilst we deeply feel the loss of this faithful and long devoted servant of her great Lord and Master, we think it right, in accordance with her own expressed desire, to refrain from issuing any testimony respecting her; desiring we may be instructed by this evidence of her deep and unabated concern that no honour might be given to the creature, but that all the honour and the praise might be ascribed to that Power, whereby alone she was what she was.

WM. D. KING, Clerk.

A SELECTION
FROM THE LETTERS OF
SARAH GRUBB.

AN ADDRESS TO HER CHILDREN, WRITTEN AT SEVERAL DIFFERENT
PERIODS.

Stoke Newington, 28th of 12th Month, 1832.

MY DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN,

Being now in the sixtieth year of my age, and not knowing how long it may please Infinite Wisdom to leave the ability for employ of this kind, I embrace the present time to commit to writing some short account of my past life; hoping the perusal of it may be blessed to you.

I was born at Wapping, London, in the year 1773. My father's name was Mason Lynes; he was, by trade, a block and mast maker. My mother's name was Hannah Holdway. I have been informed that they both came of respectable families in the middle class of community, and were each favoured to experience something of vital religion. My dear mother has spoken to me of the tenderness of my father's conscience, and of the day of Divine visitation to her own soul in early life. She was a beautiful person, and much admired when young; but could not see her way to enter the married state, until she had an offer of the hand of the plain, simple-hearted Mason Lynes. She has related to me an instance of my father's sense of religious duty, as being worthy the first attention. Having some urgent business on board a vessel lying in the river, that was to sail at a certain time, he suffered some work to be done on the First day of the week, which I understand, cost him many weeks of

bitter remorse. He was in great repute for upright dealing; and being of industrious habits, had realized some property, when it pleased the Lord to call him from every worldly pursuit, and every tender tie in nature, to a fixed state of existence in the world of spirits. Those who best knew him, and witnessed his departure, were comforted in the persuasion that an entrance into the everlasting kingdom of God was abundantly ministered to him, through redeeming love and mercy, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. I well remember his taking a final leave of his seven children, one by one. While he laboured hard for breath, he counselled us severally to fear and love God. I was then about six years old.

Two years after this solemn and deeply affecting event, the three youngest of us were placed at "Friends' School," Islington, or then Clerkenwell. The change was severely felt by us who had come from every comfort, to endure sore privations; but our heavenly Father blessed all to my mind—even He who had visited me by His love when not more than five years old; so that I delighted then in the "Divine Songs" of Watts, which an amiable elder sister had made me acquainted with, at that early period of my life.

At school I sought the Lord; feeling His power in my heart operating against the evil propensities of my nature; yet to these corrupt inclinations I many, many times gave way; and for this I was brought under great condemnation, even as early as when nine years old; so that I bemoaned my condition, and have begged and prayed at that period, for a better state and a happier. I went on sinning and repenting for years; still my love for good books increased, and for good people. We had few books. The Bible, and one or two journals of Friends, are all that I can recollect reading; and I really valued them as highly as I was capable of doing in this my childhood. When I grew to about thirteen years of age, I began to discover something about me, or in my mind, like the heavenly anointing for the ministry; for the Lord had revealed His word as a hammer, and had broken the rock in pieces in my living experience; and I was contrited under a sense of power and love; saying even vocally, when alone, "Lord, make me a chosen vessel unto Thee!" I could even then utter good things, and have done so to my schoolfellows in select companies; and once I saw several in tears while I spoke to them. I was not, however, sensible of a Divine requiring to do as I then did.

Soon after I was fourteen years old, a friend from Ireland took

me into her family to attend her children, who were young, there being four of them. This situation was as a fresh ordeal to me. At one time I wrote thus—

“*3rd of 6th Month, 1791.*—Oh the deep distress and sore anguish of soul which I now feel! It is beyond expression; yet, out of the depth of my tribulation, have I been permitted this morning to cry unto the depth of His mercies, whose compassions fail not. Oh! there is something in me which perhaps is not of His pure Spirit; that wishes it might please Him to cut the thread of my life, or that I might go into some solitary place, where I might mourn and none know it. But I find another language, peradventure more profitable to attend to, ‘Is this keeping the word of my patience?’”

I was then eighteen years old; had come forth as a minister, yet discovered great need of further refinement, both for my own acceptance with the Lord, and that I might be fit for the Lord’s use. Truly I had to abide the fiery furnace.

With respect to my first appearances as one called to speak in the high and holy name of the Lord, they were in great fear, and under a feeling that my natural inclination would not lead me into such exposure, for I shrunk from it exceedingly; and often have I hesitated, and felt such a reluctance to it, that I have suffered the meeting to break up without my having made the sacrifice: yea, when the word of life, in a few words, was like a fire within me. Great has been my mourning through these omissions of duty, although but seventeen years old when I first gave utterance publicly to a sentence or two; and I had opened my mouth in private many months previously, under the constraining influence of the Spirit of truth; being without the shadow of a doubt that it was indeed required of me, poor child as I was. I had sweet consolation in coming into obedience; and after a while was surprised to find, that although I stood up in meetings expecting only to utter a *little* matter, more passed through me, I scarcely knew how.

Thus the gift grew, and much baptism and suffering was my portion from time to time: the great work of my salvation and sanctification going on, while I was occasionally induced to invite others to the needful acquaintance with Him who came to redeem us from all iniquity. I have never known an easier way to favour with the Lord of life and glory, than that of passive submission to all His holy will concerning me, even under dispensations most proving and mortifying to the fleshly mind.

I lived nearly ten years in the family to which I went from school, viz., that of Sarah Grubb, of Amer Mills, near Clonmel, Ireland. Never, all that time, could I see my way to change my situation; for, through all the difficulty that lay in my way of fulfilling my religious duty, I believed that the Great Master had some good end which He designed to answer, in permitting me to be as it were cramped in the gift dispensed to me as a minister of Christ; and my faith was at times renewed and confirmed, that if I would patiently endure to the end, my reward would be sure. Thus I was mercifully enabled to "wait all the days of my appointed time until my change came;" until, in the clear openings of truth, I was led back to my native land, to my near relatives, and sent forth *largely* to publish the glad tidings of the Gospel. I had been some journeys while a servant in Ireland, but now a very wide field of labour opened before me; and, with the consent of my Monthly Meeting, I travelled much, up and down in England, both among Friends and others, for some successive years; and many blessed and powerful meetings we had, to the praise of His excellent Name, without whom we can do nothing, and are nothing. For some considerable time I was joined by my beloved friend Ann Baker, daughter of Samuel Baker of Birmingham, and afterwards wife to Stanley Pumphrey, of Worcester. We passed through tribulation together, which, as well as experiencing some rejoicings, had a strong tendency to unite us in true sisterly love and friendship; and in it we were preserved to the end of her course, which was finished with holy triumph many years since. Neither hath death itself dissolved the heavenly bond by which our spirits were united; even in that which outlives all probation.

It pleased the Lord to call me into a path much untrodden, in my early travels as a messenger of the Gospel; having to go into markets, and to declare the truth in the streets. This sore exercise began in Cork, Ireland; but it was only in one instance required of me in that nation: in England, however, many, very many such sacrifices I had to make in pursuit of peace; and in pure obedience to the will of my Heavenly Father I gave up. No one knows the depth of my sufferings, and the mortifying, yea, crucifying of my own will, which I had to endure in this service; yet I have to acknowledge to the sufficiency of Divine grace herein. Many times I had brave opportunities on these occasions, to invite the people to the Lord Jesus Christ, who manifests Himself in the conscience as a light, and who would discover the evil of covetousness and of all

unrighteousness; leading and teaching "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." Hundreds, possibly thousands, who would not, even though requested, come to meet us in a house, or place of worship, have thus felt the power of the living God, in hearing tell that He rewardeth every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings. In some instances we were rudely treated. Once in a great town (Leicester) while I was speaking in the market, there came two men who looked really furious. They said the mayor ordered me down; coming toward me through the crowd that stood round, evidently intending to pull me down from where I stood; but I observed them, and looking at them, their countenances fell, and they appeared to have no power to touch me: however, as they came with an order from the mayor of the town, I told the people how it was, and commended them to their inward Teacher—Christ. When we obeyed the order, and were leaving the place, some said, had it been a mountebank who stood in my place, he would have been suffered to proceed; but that which drew their attention to God was prohibited. Others who were light and wicked, reviled us. I had, as usual, some dear and tender friends among the brethren, who accompanied and stood by me in such great exercise. These partook of the insults offered—the people throwing at them: indeed somebody was unfeeling enough to bring hot melted lead and cast at us; some of which was found on some part of the clothing of one dear friend. I retired to my chamber at a friend's house, after this bustle; and oh the sweet tranquillity that filled my mind! I thought it a foretaste of that glorious *rest* prepared for the children of God in His eternal kingdom.

At Durham a clergyman came in a rage, while I was preaching in a market place, wanting some of the people to hale me away; but they took little or no notice of him, and he passed on. Next day we appointed a meeting for First day morning, in a hired room in this dark town; and, as was usual, posted up notices. These were torn down, and we were informed, that if we held the meeting, we should be heavily fined. The meeting was nevertheless held, and owned by the great Head of His own Church. At the close another was appointed for the evening of the same day, and a large heavenly meeting it was. We tarried there all that night, but heard no more of the threatened fine. This was but one of divers visits to Durham. It is not my intention, in writing a narrative, to enter much into detail of my journeyings from place to place, but to leave my dear

children some testimony to the sufficiency of that Name in which we are called to confide, and to encourage to come up in faithfulness to all truth's requiremings.

Once, when young in the ministry, being at an inn with the family with whom I lived, I heard one of them say she had placed a handkerchief in one of the chambers; and on going to fetch it, could not find it. Immediately my mind was impressed with a sense that a young girl whom I had seen in the house, had stolen the handkerchief. I was astonished at my conviction of this fact, for I had by no means a disposition to suspect any one of evil. It was not, however, to be suppressed; for I saw with clearness she had committed the theft: what showed it me was the light of the Lord, which came like lightning into my mind. I ran to enquire for the girl, who came, not knowing my business with her. I looked at her, and in the fear of the Lord told her she had stolen the handkerchief, which she dared not deny, and it was produced. Then I spoke to her; the power of the Lord accompanying what I said, in a wonderful manner, the girl turned very pale, almost like a corpse. I continued to declare of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to warn the young creature for perhaps twenty minutes. While the Lord's word was passing through me, a servant was cleaning the floor of the room where we stood; one apparently of the very lowest of her class. She felt so struck by the authority with which the communication was attended, that she raised her hands with astonishment. The mother of the young girl came to me before we left the inn, and asked me how I could tell that her daughter had taken and concealed the handkerchief; to which I replied, that I was made acquainted with it from a sense given me by the Spirit of truth in my own mind—the anointing which could not only give me to be without doubt in this thing, but also did influence all that take heed to it, so as to lead them out of sin, and bring them to live godly lives. I told her she had this gift of God in herself; that all the children of men had it, or a measure of it; and warned her to take heed to it. I understood they were all Papists who heard me speak. After this was over, and we passed away from the place, I was so overcome with what had occurred, that I could not refrain from many tears.

Another time in my life have I been *alike* filled with the mighty power of the Lord in the sacred work of the ministry. These two instances were extraordinary. The second was in the case of a

member of our Society, a high professor, but who was of a contentious spirit. It came upon me to set before him his corrupt and dark state, and to warn him of the day of the Lord who searcheth all hearts; that if he did not speedily repent, and humble himself as in the dust, this day would overtake him, bring him down, and he would come to nothing. I was engaged to keep my eye upon him, while thus addressing him in the dread of the Most High: he attempted to look at me once or twice in defiance, but he could not hold up his head, nor oppose the power: he grew quite pale, and was some time silent, as we sat together after. When, however, we were about to separate, he began to rail against me for what I had said. His words seemed but as chaff before the wind.* After this also, my bodily powers seemed so shaken, that I was quite weak, and obliged to lie down for a while. Thus did it please Infinite Wisdom to show forth His own mighty power through a mere nothing.

Another remarkable exercise I had, which lay as a perpetual burden on my mind for one whole year. It was to go, on the day called Christmas Day, into the great cathedral called St. Paul's, in London. Shortly before the time arrived, I acquainted some friends with my concern. They did, I believe, tenderly sympathize with me; and having been engaged, for some time previously, visiting in the City, both Friends and others, in company with two friends, they both felt much for me, and one offered to accompany me. About the time the people were to assemble, we two women went into the worship house; taking our places in a gallery not far from the pulpit. The bishop preached. There did not appear to be a large congregation: they gave marked attention while this man repeated something called a sermon; it was not long. He then immediately kneeled, and uttered words in the form of prayer; but I may acknowledge I was not prepared to witness anything so dry and formal as his communications were altogether. It seemed to me like nothing more than the mere repetition of words, devoid of all that could render them impressive to the hearers. No sooner had the bishop risen from his knees, than he retired without sitting down, or looking at the people: his attendants seemed to be in waiting at the door of the vestry room, as I supposed.

Now while the bishop was withdrawing, I asked, in a loud voice,

* This man, in a few years, came to nothing. And though then he had a grand house, and kept his chariot, he lost all his property, and is at this day supported by others.

if the service was over. This I repeated, expecting an answer; but two of the officers of the place came and led me away (my companion following) toward the large entrance, where the people rushed after us to gratify their curiosity, while the men told us we must depart, and not speak there: however, I turned from the great door, and addressed the audience for a short time, to the relief of my own mind: indeed, for this act of dedication in giving up to so singular a thing, I was favoured with a time of the flowings of sweet peace in my own soul—that which the world can neither give nor take away. When we met my endeared friend J. G. Bevan, who was anxiously waiting for us outside, I felt inexpressible joy, in which I believe he partook. My heavy burden was laid down, and I was like another person. At *least* for twelve months had this matter occasioned me to go bowed down, although I was mostly engaged travelling in the work of the ministry. I did not consider that in this instance of obedience, the way opened for enlargement in preaching the true Teacher, Christ Jesus—the everlasting Bishop of souls; but then I was favoured with a belief that the acceptance stood in the obedience, and my soul blessed and praised the Lord.

Divers have been the *peculiar* calls to religious duty, of which my mind from time to time has been made sensible; once having to walk through Worcester streets, and to speak in the markets there. As I passed along I was drawn to address a recruiting sergeant who was near me: I spoke to him in the dread of the Most High, and had to allude to his employ. At first he seemed ready to be scornful, but as I proceeded, he changed countenance; looking pale, and held down his head, not answering a word. The like has occurred with others. At another town in particular, I recollect seeing a young woman under a gateway; I think it was at Carlisle. She was conversing with a man who stood by. My mind was arrested with a belief that I ought to warn her of the awful consequences of sin, and to turn her to that of her Saviour in her own heart, that would lead from, and redeem out of all iniquity. She listened without any reply; looking as if she would have fainted: the man also waiting to hear me out. Children and young lads who would follow us from place to place in a town, have often been overawed in my turning to them, and charging them to love and fear their God.

At Bath I had to go to the Pump Room, and declare the truth to the gay people who resorted there. This was a time very relieving

to my sorely exercised mind. In these days and years of my life, I was seldom from under some heavy burden; so that I went greatly bowed down; sometimes ready to say, "If it be thus with me, oh Thou who hast given me a being, I pray Thee take away my life from me." At length I saw to the end of this trying dispensation. I saw clearly that it was fulfilled, like other dispensations that had been allotted me in inscrutable wisdom, and which all have had a tendency to "crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts;" even bringing into a disposition to "bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." Oh! it is good to say amen to the *whole* will of God concerning us: to be patient when brought to a low estate, and "make not haste in time of trouble."

In the year 1801 I wrote thus:—"Oh! my Heavenly Father, Thou hast seen me in the depth of tribulation, in my many journeyings and travails. When, in obedience to the holy leadings of thy Spirit, I went forth, Thou didst take cognizance of me: when I felt the woes of the wicked, when I passed by the gates of death. It was thy power which supported me when no flesh could help; when man could not comprehend the depth of mine exercise. Without Thee I could not have gone, bearing my cross, into the public streets, into the hurrying markets; warning the people of thy justice in "rewarding every man according to his works, and according to the fruit of his doings:" inviting all to love and fear thy great, thy holy Name. By Thee have my feet entered the prison-houses, and my tongue declared of thy goodness: holding forth the invitation to be acquainted with Thee in thy Christ, and be set free from the bondage of corruption: to come from under the law of sin and death, into the glorious liberty of thy Gospel. Thou hast many, many times led me into the sick ward, unto the bed of languishing, and unto the rolling pillow. Thou hast given me to minister of thy word to the afflicted, and to put my soul in their soul's stead, in some degree. Thou hast enabled me to lift up my voice as a trumpet, not only to thy gathered Church, but as it were to Jews and Gentiles. Without Thee, oh Thou fitness of strength, I am less than the worm of the dust. Be Thou only, and for ever exalted in, by, and through thy poor child; and let nothing be able to pluck me out of thy hand. Amen."

I am far from acknowledging myself to have been without unwatchfulness, even while preaching to others. Often, very often,

have I mourned over my frail erring nature; and bitter anguish hath at times taken hold upon me, in a sight and sense of my wretchedness without my Saviour. Yea, to this day do I find shame and confusion cover me, because of my want of strict adherence to the all-preserving principle of Divine grace. In it lies *our* sufficiency, as certainly as was the case with any in any age; for it is the manifestation of Christ Jesus the Lord, who came in the flesh, and is come in the spirit, to save us from our sins. There have been seasons mercifully afforded me, notwithstanding all that I deplore, when an evidence has been granted that my past sins were remitted, and that He who had brought my soul through tribulation, had also washed me with the water of regeneration, and purged me from mine iniquities in His own blood, of His own free mercy; to whom be ascribed salvation and glory, now and for ever, Amen. And oh that I may be vigilant—that I may be kept low in the fear of the Most High; “lest, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.”

In the year 1803 I was united in marriage to your dear father. After leaving Anner Mills, and while on board ship, crossing to England, a secret caution seemed given me, to beware how I listened to any proposals of this kind. And although it was my lot to be tried therewith in more than one instance, in this my native country, I was kept from encouraging the thing (there being a want of clearness in my mind respecting it) until the fulness of time came, that your beloved father and myself were to enter into the solemn covenant with each other, to share the toils and joys of life together. Oh I have no doubt, not the least, that Divine Wisdom pointed out the suitableness and propriety of our becoming each other's; and He has been with us from time to time, through all the vicissitudes experienced. Yea, in blessing He has blessed us, and rendered us a blessing to each other. He hath enabled us to go, as it were, hand in hand, while pursuing the path cast up for us. He has been graciously pleased to sustain us in many trials; evidencing that He knew our souls in adversity, and, in His own time, hath brought deliverance. May His works praise Him still, even by and through His unworthy children!

The tribulations attendant on illness, and twice that of death, have been heavy. In one of my long fits of illness, and while several of our household were visited with indisposition, my dear husband and I held certificates for travelling. Great, truly great, was the

trial of my faith; and much did I seek to commit all into the Divine hand, again and again. At length, while yet confined (I think) wholly to bed, my soul distinctly heard the voice of its Well-beloved, saying in the very language of Scripture, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Oh! my mind was prepared to understand and receive this gracious answer to all my prayers, my sighs, and my groans. I saw indeed that of myself I was vile; but He who, to me, was the chief of ten thousand, had again and again washed me in His own blood; and I found my spirit united to Him in the covenant of His own life, in which I bowed my heart and gave thanks. From this time I rapidly mended in health; and before long, we left home to accomplish the service of the Gospel before us.

We have seldom been easy to stay at home more than a few months at a time, even since it has pleased the Almighty to vouchsafe to us our precious offspring. When nursing you, I was led to engagements in the ministry around our dwelling; and when my loved babe, my first-born, was but eight months old, I left her for five months, to travel in Ireland, Scotland, and England; my dear husband accompanying me. This, and many such sacrifices, have cost my nature much suffering; but I have apprehended them called for, as the first-fruits of all bestowed upon us by our bountiful Creator.

In 1818 I wrote as follows:—

Clonmel, 25th of 6th Month.—Having for some years believed that the Lord, who hath a right to dispose of us as He sees meet, was drawing my mind to a residence in England; and being aware of the very great importance of such a step, many and deep have been my conflicts, and great the searching of heart to know that the call was indeed in that which cannot err. I acquainted my dear companion in life from time to time with my views; and knowing that I was much pressed down by the weight of this concern, and being himself truly desirous of following the leadings of truth, he surmounted the great difficulty of bringing his mind to consent to go out from his native country, and from his kindred, and to leave also his business and property, and to live away from it, where he possessed nothing, but must draw his outward support, from time to time, for himself and family, from his own land; being resigned

to all this, and to the very great reluctance of friends to part with us. We acquainted our Monthly Select Meeting with what lay upon our minds, in the 3rd month last. From them we met with much discouragement, and continue to meet with it from all but a very few, who, in this thing, are enabled to look beyond 'things that are seen, and are temporal, to those that are not seen, and are eternal.' My beloved husband is favoured with a sense that it is right to go; and there seems no reason for us to be greatly moved, or to draw back. We are not likely, in removing, to promote our worldly interest, but are brought to a willingness to give up all to the Lord. He can bless the little, or cause a blast to come upon that which is more. The opposition we meet with is like a host: our friends find it hard to let us go, and many reason strongly against it; which if we had done, we should not have mentioned it to them. I see plainly, that should we be led forth from this place, it must indeed be by a patient reliance on the strong hand, and the outstretched arm of Him who is mighty, and hath already done for us great things. My beloved J. G. had, some weeks back, to supplicate the Great Name in a remarkable line, and with great solemnity, that He would make our way, and enable us to erect an altar to His wonderful and excellent Name, where He might appoint.

"28th of 6th Month.—Many times of late, have I thought on the dear Redeemer's condescending goodness and mercy, in enduring temptation for our sakes. It is an unspeakable consolation that we have Him, the great High Priest, to look to in all our trials; who being Himself 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities,' knows how to succour us in our greatest temptations. Oh Lord keep me, I beseech Thee, low in thy fear.

"5th of 7th Month.—Some amongst us have given me plainly to understand, that they believe me to be under a delusion with respect to the prospect of removing with our family from this place to England. How then is it, that while this concern was ripening, it pleased the Lord to be with me; to send me forth in His name through this nation; to grant the living and blessed authority of His Spirit in declaring the truth? Yea, even just before disclosing my views, how did I go in His fear, and visit the meetings in this province of Munster: the humbling, baptizing power of truth being, from place to place, in blessed dominion; so that divers felt it like a farewell visit, and some said they believed the Great Master was about to remove me, at least for a while, from this Quarterly Meeting.

I was truly of their opinion, and strengthened in my views as to leaving Ireland. After a painful interview with some friends on this subject, my dear husband had it from the Lord, to encourage me to attend to the pure openings of truth; saying, 'Thy God whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee.' Even now, under all I have to bear, I find that the name of the Lord is a strong tower, where my soul finds refuge. Were it not so, how could I adopt the language as I do, 'Cast down, but not destroyed,' &c.? Indeed I have lately felt, that were it not for the invincible fortress which is open to the oppressed and bowed down, I must have been destroyed by that which is without. Blessed be Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts; and blessed be my Rock and my Redeemer! Ah! He knows the simplicity with which He enabled me to look to Him in this great exercise; and to Him I appeal, who knows that I have no motive in wishing to remove from this land, but to follow His holy leadings, to act in His counsel, and to prosecute my day's work in His fear.

"9th of 7th Month.—I assuredly believe, that as I look to Him who is almighty, He will yet raise me up out of my present depressed condition; that He will give me to see that all things work together for good to those who love Him with the whole heart; for in my measure 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate' His dedicated children from His love 'in Christ Jesus our Lord;' who encouraged His disciples in the language of, 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' It is certainly trying to be suspected of having self-gratification in view, by professing a call to England; but I am made willing to suffer reproach, and to pass through evil report, for the sake of a good conscience. Had I anything in pursuit but the will of my Heavenly Father, how could I hope to be supported, or look for the divine blessing, which is only to be found in our right allotment? How could I again expect the protection of the Good Shepherd for myself and my dear family? I should surely be most ungrateful, were I to presume to take us all from the situation in which Divine Providence placed me fifteen years ago, which is as in a 'south land;' and where I have found also 'springs of water:' where I have been every way prosperous; the Great Disposer of events bringing about that which I long foresaw to be His gracious design; even uniting me, in the most

endearing earthly bond, with one who has ever been a man of clean hands, and among the faithful has stood with singular uprightness.

“*16th of 7th Month.*—Again and again have we looked toward complying with the earnest desire of our friends to remain where we are; but finding no light upon it, nor feeling any rest therein, we have concluded to give up all, and obey our Divine Master; and forthwith intend to prepare ourselves and our family for the journey. We are not without the unity and tender sympathy of a few unbiassed minds, which proves strengthening and consoling.

“*6th of 9th Month, 1818.*—We had a heart-contriting farewell meeting on the First day, consisting of Friends of our Monthly Meeting, including Clonmel and Garryroan particular meetings. All opposition appeared to me to give way in the minds of those present, who before were much against our leaving them; but truly the Lord’s everlasting power was in dominion.”

We left Clonmel the 9th of 9th Month, 1818, for Bury, in Suffolk; for to this place my inward eye was directed, although I knew not why. It was only while pursuing our journey that we either heard of, or had liberty to make much enquiry for a habitation. We arrived there the 10th of 10th Month, with peaceful feelings. Our habitation was very inferior to that which my husband had built for us in Ireland, and which we had just left; but I may gratefully acknowledge that I believe this quiet spot, with the fine bracing air of the place, had a great use in strengthening the constitution, both of my beloved husband and our children. The meeting was small to which we now came to belong; we were, however, but little at home; that is, my husband and I—still it was our lot to travel in the work of the Gospel.

I wish to narrate an illness I had some years ago, which was attended with great bodily suffering; and it being tedious, brought me very low. The pain I endured was excruciating. Tedious days and wearisome nights were appointed me for weeks together; and for a season, I thought that my sufferings would terminate in death. I earnestly waited upon the Lord, and it was frequently the language of my heart, “Oh! my Heavenly Father, when wilt Thou be pleased to send forth thy word and say, ‘It is enough?’” Being under a great weight of illness, and looking toward dissolution, I was opened into a view of the love of my gracious Saviour toward my soul; feeling assured that nothing stood in my way of acceptance with the

Judge of quick and dead. I saw clearly that my transgressions were forgiven; that all defilement was purged away in that living, blessed "fountain, opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem." I had a degree of foretaste of eternal glory: I saw the light of heaven: I beheld, as "through a glass darkly," something of His majesty who sitteth upon the throne, and the ineffable brightness of those garments worn by the redeemed. I had no doubt of being admitted to their blessed company, should it please Divine Wisdom to cut the thread of my life. I relate this with reverent humility, and in the unreserved acknowledgment that I felt assured, if presented faultless before the throne of my Saviour's glory, it would all be of His free mercy and infinite loving-kindness to one of the least of His family. I think it was given me to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." As to the restoration of the poor afflicted frame, I did, however, find myself much exercised about my loved family; and one morning I was engaged to petition that I might be spared to them, when I became sensible of receiving the earnest of my prayer; these words being heard in my soul, "I will spare thee;" and that scripture occurred to remembrance which tells us, that when Jacob had made an *end* of blessing or commanding his children, he gathered up his feet in the bed, and gave up the ghost. I believed that I might yet be of use to my beloved family in the Divine ordering. Immediately I wished to call you and say, "Your mother lives; the Lord will raise me up again:" but such was my weakness, I could not request to see you. I was worse after this time than before, yet never wholly lost sight of recovery. (This illness occurred at Bury in 1820.)

At Bury we resided five years, when it seemed right to remove nearer to the Quarterly Meeting of London. Our way opening to take a house at Chelmsford, in Essex, we settled down there for the space of six years; often going up to London, and travelling to other parts.

For some time while at Chelmsford, I had to believe that our lot would one day be cast still nearer to the great metropolis; and after having Chelmsford for our home as long as we were sensible of its being our right place, we removed to Stoke Newington, near London, where we have resided three years. There seems to be much wisdom in the leadings and instructions of the Great Shepherd upward. We have not dared to guide ourselves, nor to conclude, because we have felt at home for a season, where Divine Providence

has set the bounds of our habitation, that it was to be our "certain dwelling place" to the end of our day, but have again been made willing, from time to time, to have our rest in this respect broken up; which is no pleasant thing to that part that would like to be able to say, "take thine ease."

Now in this place, our dear children know that we have no tie but that of religious duty. One is settled in life in Suffolk, the county where we were first led from Ireland; two are in Essex; so that we can still adopt the language, "Lo! we have left all and followed Thee." Oh! our morning light, be pleased to be our evening song.

You are aware, my dear children, that all we have we owe to the Lord. He was pleased to take back the precious gift of your lovely infant brother, many years ago. Your father and I dared not murmur, but pursued diligently the path of duty still. You are spared to us; yet, for the sake of the answer of a good conscience, our place of abode is many miles from you all; not one of us reining that so it is, nor you wishing to hinder us from pursuing the Divine will. May Almighty kindness be with you; giving you also to know the voice of the true Shepherd, even Christ; who doth lead His own forth, doth go before them, and giveth unto them life eternal: proving, in the blessed experience of His sheep, that none are able to pluck them out of His holy hand.

In this place, so near the City, we find our exercises and religious duties to fill up; and it has often appeared remarkable to me, that it was not until, from the infirmities of age, we became unlikely to travel much, that our lot was cast in so wide a field of labour as is found here, within the circuit of a few miles; where we have many meetings of Friends quite within a ride of a morning: besides which, we have again and again to hold religious meetings with other people.

In this work we are now engaged. Many very deep baptisms of spirit does it occasion me, yet if I may but be found in the divine will, it is enough. What signify the "light afflictions which are but for a moment," seeing they are not worthy to be compared with the "glory" that shall be revealed?

I may here remark, that from youth to this last stage of life, I have had but few intimates; and in some of those few, I have been disappointed. Friendship, true friendship, is indeed a precious thing—a rare gem—hard to find. It is, however, to be met with

here below. It is unchangeable as the source from which it springs. Its value is equally known and appreciated in prosperity and in adversity.

Concluded these lines 10th of 1st Month, 1833.

S. G.

7th Month, 1834.—For a number of years past it has been my lot to warn friends, and particularly in the Yearly Meeting in London, against a spirit of subtlety that would draw us from an attention to the inward manifestation of our blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; for I have long seen that some of those most prominent and influential characters among us, never have been altogether of the Lord's own forming, either as Friends, or as ministers of Christ: and now many, very many, have embraced something short of Him who remains to be the fulness, and are settling on the surface of things—building on the sand; highly extolling in words, the “One Offering,” which, indeed, is to be appreciated with feelings of adoration and heart-felt gratitude; but these know not of what they speak, while they preach up a literal faith in Christ crucified, and endeavour to bring people from a pure dependence on the leadings and unfoldings of the Spirit of Christ, or the inward and heart-felt power and coming of Christ within, the hope of glory. Divers ministers of our Society are sliding, and others are already gone from that which first called them to the preparation, and then did really bring them into the sacred office: much of this is to be traced to their adopting the views and sentiments of those mentioned above, who never wholly left their own works, but have sought to bring all things to the test of *reason*, instead of to that “Spirit which searcheth all things, even the deep things of God.”

Oh that my dear children may walk in humility and fear before the Lord, in this evil day; that they may be sheltered from all that is airy and notional in religion, being covered with the Almighty wing; for it is written, “He shall cover thee with His feathers.”

During the Yearly Meeting this spring, great was the exercise and travail of my soul, which produced the following effusions in my pocket-book.

“1834.—After the third sitting of the Yearly Meeting. The appearance of things amongst us is very specious; an exact resemblance of what should be known, felt, and evidenced in the Church of Christ, through His own power, who is the second Adam, the

Lord from heaven—the quickening Spirit; but the absence of this quickening Spirit is, in my apprehension, mournfully and oppressively felt, while ‘Mystery Babylon’ mimics it in various ways—in language, in orthodox sermons, in dissimulation of love, in solemn silence, not the solemnity of the Lord’s own power. We have a zeal among us which draws from the influence and motions of the inward anointing into creaturely activity; and we are so blind, in many instances, as to mistake Babylon’s streams, where go the ‘gallant ships, and the galleys with oars,’ for the ‘place of broad rivers and streams,’ where none of these are found. Our predecessors suffered much in avowing the leadings of the Spirit of truth, which brought them away from all will-worship; shall we, with impunity, trample upon the testimonies of the everlasting Gospel, which they embraced at the risk of the loss of property, personal liberty, and life itself; and which they maintained through the hottest persecution? Our Society has thus stood on higher ground than any of those around; shall we descend to the level of things in the religious world (at large)? Or shall we profess more full light on the truths of the Gospel than was their experience, and so deceive ourselves? Surely *they* did come to the meridian brightness of this last and most glorious day and dispensation, and to the summit of that ‘holy mountain, where nothing shall hurt nor destroy;’ and unto which ‘all nations’ of the earth ‘shall flow.’ With all the prying wisdom of this present age, we shall find nothing beyond what these dear servants of the Lord were privileged to obtain. Oh that, by full dedication of heart to the Most High, we may be found in their footsteps; even in the narrow way that leadeth to ‘life everlasting.’ Amen.”

19th of 11th Month, 1838.—My dear children will be aware, that since the date of the foregoing, great have been the shaking and sifting that have come upon us as a Society: every foundation has been tried, yet that which cannot be shaken still evidences itself to be the invincible, eternal Rock, on which Christ Jesus builds “His Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” For years past the mourners in Zion have had to wear sackcloth, and sit on the ground, with ashes on their heads, except when the Lord has lifted them up, and clothed them in the beautiful garments, to show forth His mighty power in and through them. Some has He made very skillful in lamentation in these days: He has also given them to be mighty to suffer in His cause, and He will take the “cup of trem-

bling” out of their hand, placing it in the “hand of them that afflict them.” The Most High is able to put the harp of victory into the hands of His dear servants and children, with the song also in their hearts and mouths, “Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.” It may be confessed that we are made very desolate as a people, because we changed our glory for that which hath not profited us; and in a Society capacity, have turned judgment backward; sanctioning publications and ministry which are not in accordance with the true doctrines of the unchangeable Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and which, therefore, the few among us who have stood fast in the Lord cannot own: the heavenly anointing and blessed harmony of truth not being in these things, but wisdom of words substituted and held up.

Thus have we been in a worse condition, as I apprehend, than in former trials; because the *body* did not then become responsible, by its acts, for that which is out of the true unity, and the wisdom from above. And now it seems to me that the Lord’s power and the Lord’s wisdom have so far prevailed, as to lay low the Philistine nature—prostrating it on the ground in great measure, and scattering that which sought to lay waste the inheritance of the Mighty One of Israel: yea, and that head will soon be cut off, that reared itself on high; but we must come clean out from all that opposeth itself to the simplicity, the purity, the wisdom, and the power which is for ever and ever. I believe the great Head of the Church will purify His people—not cut them off in anger; and that the “remnant of Jacob shall be as a dew” from Him, “in the midst of many people.” Blessed be His adorable name!

S. G.

The following prayer was found detached from the above manuscript, and probably was written at Chelmsford, while suffering from a most distressing nervous malady.

“Oh! Lord God Almighty, I have again this day borne testimony to thy name, that it is good, and worthy to be trusted in. Thou knowest that I have done so renewedly, as at other times for many weeks past, under a load of infirmity which almost overpowers my mind and body. Thou knowest with what difficulty I turn from the suggestions of the enemy, that I am not able to speak, or to stand;

and that if I attempt to declare anything in our assemblies, I shall be confounded, and bring dishonour on the ministry of thy word. Thou hast given me to witness him to be a liar, for thy heavenly anointing preserved me while standing in thy dread; and this anointing was in the words, 'Blessed be thy name, oh Jehovah!' And now Thou, without whom a sparrow falleth not to the ground, oh! if it be consistent with thy wisdom, relieve me of this distressing malady, which destroys all my earthly comforts, which wastes my strength and flesh, and which seems to wait to swallow up my life and soul: but it hath its bounds set by Thee, whose word hath said to the proud waves, 'So far shall ye come, and no further.' My faith is in Thee, oh Physician of value; and in thy power do I trust. The sufferings of thy poor creature are not hid from Thee. Oh speak the word only, and I shall be healed; or grant me that which is sufficient—even thy grace; that when the moment of deliverance comes, I may find myself more fully united to Thee in the eternal covenant of thy light, thy life, thy love; and that thy great name may be exalted over all. Amen.

S. G."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

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TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Anner Mills, Eighth Month 9th, 1788.*

DEAR MISTRESS,

I can inform thee the children are all well, and in spirits. They were in great spirits yesterday evening; so much so, that it was hard to get them settled; but I got them to sit down after tea, and read to them. I believe I cannot keep them as orderly as when you are at home, yet I hope to do as well as I can. I wish it was in my power to keep them entirely to your wish, for it affects me when you come home, and find a deal of labour seems to be lost, which had been bestowed for their good. They all give their love to thee and their aunt: may I ask you to accept of mine?

I think to conclude, not remembering anything more now.

SARAH LYNES.

TO A FRIEND (PROBABLY E. PIM).

*Twelfth Month 27th, 1789.*

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

Perhaps I may tell thee how I have fared this day. In the morning I was as one dead for some time, as to any spiritual life, but after a while, S. Lees stood up, and exhorted to faithfulness in a little, though it might seem indeed very little; and after her, J. T. took up part of what she said, and spoke encouragingly to some, but said it appeared to her that the pure seed was oppressed, even as a cart is pressed down with sheaves.

I may say of my poor self, I found this afternoon, that what mercy did not do, judgment did; for truly the word of the Lord was in me as a fire, so that I durst not withhold what ran through me; for if I did, I believed I should be forsaken; and the absence of my Beloved is so great a trial, that it is hard to endure; but glory for ever

to His great name, who makes a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters, He hath caused my poor spirit to know “the mountains to skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs” before His presence; and I, a poor worm, am made to praise Him on the banks of deliverance.

I have a very bad pen, and not a steady hand, and it is not very easy to write intelligibly: also there is one waiting to take me home. I sincerely desire thou, my well-beloved friend, mayest farewell.

S. LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Fifth Month 3rd, 1790.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

Thy letter was handed me this morning. We were all out yesterday, but B. thought best to come home with the children after first meeting; so S. and I staid the second, in which dry season was a word of encouragement to some who go heavily on their way, from S. Lees. When we came home and had got tea, some friends came in to see us, which occasioned our reading to be rather late; however, quite unexpectedly to me, we seemed fastened to silence after closing the book, which, in the end, was comfortable to my often tossed mind.

Truly farewell,

SARAH LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Seventh Month, 1790.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

We received with pleasure thy letter. . . . First day afternoon S. A. appeared. I think her words were, “Turn ye, turn ye, oh house of Israel; why will ye die?” Great dryness and deadness is often my lot, so that I may say, “My Well-beloved is unto me as a spring shut up, a fountain sealed;” but I know I often bring these times of drought on myself, by not keeping pure and sincere: so that, though I tell thee my state, I do not complain: I believe it is good for me that I am afflicted.

Farewell.

S. L.

TO THOMAS DOBSON, OF CUMBERLAND, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM  
A RELIGIOUS VISIT TO IRELAND.

1790.

In that love which many waters cannot quench, neither the floods drown, do I salute thee; having often, since thy departure from this land, had a desire to communicate a little to thee after this sort. Whilst thou laboured in this vineyard, I believe, if I know what sympathy is, I did sympathise with thee at times; and although many are the trials of the Lord's children and servants, yet is there not consolatory relief for these? Their dear Lord and Master took upon Him the nature of poor fallen man; He, being touched with the feelings of human creatures, carried our sorrows and bore our griefs; and if He, "the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," passed through so many baptisms, ought not we to rejoice when we are buried with Him in baptism; yea, to suffer with and for the precious seed? Oh! this seed, may it more and more, by the pure love of God shed abroad in the hearts of the children of men, rise into dominion, and show forth the praise of the great Husbandman; and may the cloud which was seen to cover the daughter of Zion be removed, that so that language spoken formerly may be applicable—"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

And now, dear friend, believing I may write freely to thee, even as a simple child would talk to one growing in years and experience, I tell my thoughts:—I much wish and desire to be humble; yea, continually to dwell in the low valley. This is often, more often than the morning, the breathing of my soul to the great Searcher of hearts; but the unwearied adversary is so busy and subtle, that I am at times ready to think I shall never attain to that state of purity which, when under the precious influence of the power of Holy Jesus, I am enabled to press after. Oh! truly I am often afraid I shall fall at last a prey to the devourer; and what shall I say? May it please Divine Goodness to cut the thread of my life, rather than that I should be a reproach to the spotless truth, the pure truth. I trust I feel in degree what I write; for when I am made sensible of the Lord's hand at work in my heart, I am at seasons ready to say, I will offer unto Thee and thy truth not only my body, but all that Thou hast given me, only go Thou before; and

oh! saith my soul, May I never run before I am sent. This is what I am much afraid of. Oh! do thou, when permitted to approach near the throne of grace, think of me, and entreat the everlasting Arm of Power, thy Beloved and my Beloved, that I only follow His heavenly voice, and never the voice of a stranger. Very slippery, thou knowest, is the path of this life, and many are the wiles of Satan; if, therefore, I should be caught in his snares, great will be my fall. One comfort just now occurs to me, "Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world."

I suppose thou hast heard of the removal of that bright star which did shine in the firmament, much to the glory of Him who causes the stars to move in their courses; may I not say, surely if ever one was redeemed from self-love, she was; but I am not telling the name she went by whilst in the body: it was Sarah Grubb (Robert) who was engaged in her dear Master's cause in France and some part of Holland whilst thou wast here; but I must conclude, desiring that thou mayest farewell.

TO E. PIM.

*Amer Mills, Twelfth Month 16th, 1790.*

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

Although very poorly qualified, I am desirous to comply with thy request; and may tell thee we got home safe about four o'clock on third day evening, and stayed to the sitting at Suir Island, which was an awful humbling time to me, and I believe to more. J. W. was there; he appeared in testimony and supplication. Also S. S. said, I think, these words, "The almost continual cry of my heart, these several days past, hath been, Oh! Lord, have mercy upon us, for we are brought very low;" and, after her, S. A. said, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be His great and adorable name."

I came home poor, very poor; and, instead of being relieved, my mind is greatly oppressed; but if I am in the great and good hand of kind Providence, I am glad. I thought I felt relief and a degree of peace in Cork; but it hath often been suggested to me since, that I was not always right: perhaps this is the work of the enemy. Continue, my dear friend, to breathe for my preservation, who am very weak. I think of thee a great deal: I hope thou art well.



The children all give their dear love to thee. I remember the kindness of friends to me whilst I was in Cork.

Farewell, saith

S. LYNES.

TO SAMUEL DAVIS.

*First Day Morning, 1791.*

My heart is so full towards thee, beloved friend, that I seem as though I could not well forbear opening it. I mean to tell thee of my infirmities and weaknesses, which are many and great, not merely for the sake of telling, but I think, where there is a freedom of communication of this sort to a dear friend, it is in degree consolatory.

It hath pleased the Most High to deal with me lately in a manner to me almost wonderful; for verily, I have been brought into darkness and not into light; yea, I was hedged about that I could not get out: my chain was indeed made heavy; insomuch that I was ready to conclude my soul was never more to see the glorious light of Almighty Power; yet, blessed be His name, I had not been long here, when, out of the depths of my sore trouble, I was permitted to cry unto the depths of His mercies; and He granted to me, even to so poor a worm as I, "the word of His patience." He gave me a resigned heart, let what would befall me; and I felt, that if I had offended my Beloved, I had no other to look to for forgiveness; and, through Him alone, was enabled to wait, and trust in the arm of His power: so, in His own time, did He cause me to sing praises to His name in my heart for a little season; but again hath it pleased Him to let me feel trouble and sorrow, yet I think not to so great a degree. I fear I have done something wrong. Ah! dear friend, all my soul desires is to be preserved pure and humble; and truly it is not without the continual warfare this is to be kept to: so many are the temptations, and so subtle are the insinuations of the cruel adversary, that often I think I shall one day fall by this mine enemy: he does indeed go about "as a roaring lion," seeking what poor soul he can catch for his prey; but if we believe, we may, I sometimes think, take comfort in this expression, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." May we lean upon Him and trust in Him; even in that sure Rock, against which the

very gates of hell shall never be able to prevail. Farewell: I *must* leave talking with thee, as I have not more time.

Thy poor, but affectionate

S. LYNES.

TO HER MOTHER.

*Anner Mills, Fourth Month 29th, 1792.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I had given up writing to thee at this season, but now, finding another conveyance, I gladly embrace the opportunity. I know it would be cause of rejoicing to thee to see me at the ensuing Yearly Meeting, but it seems to be ordered otherwise, so I make no doubt thou wilt reconcile it. I feel comfortable about it, hoping I am where I ought to be; and I wish very much it may please Divine Goodness to preserve me in the right path during my journey in this world (I believe I may say from a small degree of experience) of trials and deep anxiety; for though my lot, I believe,—and may I, through Divine mercy, still continue to think so—is a favoured one beyond many, as to being kept much out of the way of temptation, yet, in every station, I am apt to think, there are probations and besetments; and truly it was not intended it should be otherwise. We are placed here to work out our salvation, so if we had not trials, the reward would not be ours: without a cross we need not expect the crown; so then, my dearly-beloved mother, let thee and me lay aside every weight and burden, all impurity, and run with patience the race that is set before us; looking unto Holy Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Could we but be clothed with this faith, surely we should be enabled to quench the fiery darts of Satan; to overcome him, even the prince of the power of the air, in all his assaults to catch the poor soul. Oh! methinks I can sometimes feel him close behind me, waiting every opportunity to destroy me, by his secret insinuations to my mind. But when I am led to consider that He who is in us is greater than he who is in the world, I am ready again to be glad in His name or power; feeling His holy arm of preservation is still extended even to me, a poor unworthy creature, ready to fall every hour, but that He holds me up, yea, invisibly so. Oh that the whole world could but be persuaded that there is a possibility of living without sin here; that all would but believe that they can keep the commandment of our dear

Lord and Saviour, who said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect:" then would our conversation indeed be in heaven while we live on the earth. Please read this part to my father, and remember me to him. I suppose sister S. is at home: tell her to be sure learn the fear of the Lord who made her; it will teach her better wisdom than all the wisdom of this world. I believe I may now bid thee farewell, much desiring it may be so with thee.

Thy dutiful and truly affectionate daughter,

SARAH LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Cork, Eleventh Month 19th, 1792.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

It seems as though I could not tell thee that I expect to be with you to-morrow, which I would gladly do did I think I should have peace therein. I felt and feel grateful for thy letter; I took it as from a mother, and as a child. I believe I may tell thee how I have fared. I have been indeed low; although at parting, and for a time after, I felt the evidence that I was in the right place (or at least I thought I felt it) yet greatly was I tried. Many were my doubts indeed yesterday, in the morning meeting; but in the afternoon I thought I was in a state of suffering, and that I felt the approbation of my merciful Creator, who has a right to do what He pleases with me: in this did I silently and humbly rejoice, and after meeting felt peace and quiet; from whence I went to E. H.'s, where was a humbling sitting.

We got safely and very quietly to Myrtle Hill, on seventh day evening. Thy

SARAH LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Myrtle Hill, Eleventh Month 23rd, 1792.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

It is under deep conflicts I now address thee. I had much rather be getting towards home; but after deep probations last night, I felt easier to stay till after First day; and though I would gladly go, and had told James Abell I intended to do so, yet I believe I should not have peace if I did, so that I should not be

likely to do much good at home in such a state: indeed it is no pleasant thing to me to stay in Cork: I think I shall remember this wormwood and gall.

James Abell says, "Give my love to thy mistress; tell her, I hope we shall not be sorry for thy staying. I hope so." He also desires me to tell of the bustles here, and ask thee is there any such thing with you. The mobs rise every night. It is reported they have done much harm in Bandon: they were about the town last night, and many soldiers were called out. I believe one or two persons were taken prisoners.

Many times do I think of the dear children, and long to be with them. May you all farewell. Thy

S. LYNES.

A VERBAL COMMUNICATION OF JOB SCOTT'S TO SARAH LYNES, WHEN SHE WAS LIVING AT ANNER MILLS, NEAR CLONMEL, 1793.

"Hold fast that which thou hast received—a gift from the holy anointing; the enlivening influence. Ay, those who give up when they are young, I believe, enjoy more of the fat of the land than almost any one else.

"Art thou at all aware of the many difficulties and trials which, if thou art faithful, thou must have to encounter? or is it, in wisdom, hid from thee? Be faithful, and thou canst not think how easy things will be made to thee. I wish thee to be encouraged. I feel near unity with thee: don't be afraid when thou art brought before kings and princes in Israel, or in the world. Thou knowest not what thou mayest have to do yet, and all do not like to be told the truth. Thou knowest not what perils thou mayest have to meet with amongst false brethren; but give up all to the Lord: be faithful.

"I am pleased thou art cheerful in thy station: keep low; we cannot be too dependent. I do not say these things because I believe thou wilt be exalted; but I know Satan tempts people when they have got to be a little more than they expected. There is nothing like giving up the whole heart to the Lord, which I hope thou hast done in a precious degree: take care thou take up with no other leader but the Lord alone. It was an excellent saying of Gideon, 'I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you; the Lord shall rule over you.' It is a sad thing when any get

above what they ought: do thou keep close to the Lord. All things are possible to them that believe: it was a noble saying.”

Oh! Thou who sees not as man seest, Thou knowest these things were spoken in thy pure spirit, which made my heart deeply feel them. Do thou fasten them therein, as nails in a sure place; and ever make me grateful for such favours as these.

S. L.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Anner Mills, Tenth Month 3rd, 1794.*

Yes, my dear mistress, I did think it very material to get an answer from thee to my letter. I longed for thy counsel, and when I got it, was, I trust, a grateful receiver; though under very deep conflict; so much so, that my life seemed of little consequence to me; indeed I was afraid I was losing my *best* life. I know not how I should have got through, had not the immovable Rock been nearer than I was aware of, and had not ability been afforded to escape there for my life. I know great is your maternal care for my preservation: I also know that you are sensible I cannot be preserved but on this Rock; I therefore believed it better for me to stick very close thereto; and notwithstanding the deep distress of my soul, and the discouragement which I thought surrounded me, I saw no way for real safety, but to move under what I conceive Divine command; although the language was deeply felt, “How dreadful is this place!” . . . . There is only one source of effectual help, and when this is deeply sought unto, and some degree of its efficacy felt, do not “the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs?”

This family are well. Our dear love is to you all. Farewell.

SARAH LYNES.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Youghal, Twelfth Month 23rd, 1794.*

Thy dear mother is, I think, better in health than we might expect, seeing how much she goes through, and the severity of the weather. Thou seest, my dear, that she counts not her natural life dear unto her, that she may fill up her measure of labour and suffering: mayest thou follow her, as she is endeavouring to follow her great and good Master; may nothing be too precious to part

with for the glorious reward of a truly devoted soul; may no consideration hinder the progress of this dedication in thee. "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the *first fruits* of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Many times since and before my being joined to your precious mother, I have wished that you, her offspring, might, as you grow in years, grow also in that which will make you wise unto salvation; and so be blessed with that which will make you, as it does her, truly rich. May every one of you be under the peculiar notice and regard of your heavenly Father, saith

Thy poor but affectionate

S. LYNES.

TO ELIZABETH GRUBB.

*Cork, First Day Evening, First Month 26th, 1795.*

I was very glad of the receipt of thy letter to-day, not only because I longed to hear from you, but thereby I have leave to write to thee without professing a concern to do so, which I have wished to do; although perhaps this letter also will be full of complaints concerning myself—my want of patience under necessary, painful baptisms. I was, for what I call a long time, in possession of an enjoyment of unspeakable peace, except at some few intervals. This was, I trust, enjoyed in the moderation; for I knew summer was not likely always to continue, and now I am glad I was favoured to feel resignation to accept the dreary winter, whenever the change of season might take place, which is now come; for "the time of the singing of birds" is at an end, and the voice of melody is no more heard in my land; yet, praised be my gracious Helper, I am not without feeling: the pinching frost has not been suffered wholly to benumb me—no; for I have this day witnessed a sharing with the precious, suffering seed here. Oh! my dear, I was and am bound with it. May the bars of iron not be broken till the Master's time.

In meeting to-day, deep called unto deep in my heart: the waves and the billows passed over me; yea, my head was wrapped about with weeds: I thought I could acknowledge with the prophet (in silent travail) "I am pained at my very heart." May the all-powerful arm bring His oppressed seed in this place, out of its imprisoned and deeply afflicted state, saith my very soul.

I have often thought, my beloved friend, that this is a day when

we must travel alone, and often feel “like a pelican in the wilderness,” or an owl in the desert; and perhaps at times be ready to conclude we are comparable to “the heath in the desert, which sees not when good cometh;” but I cannot believe that this is designed to be our continual lot, if we endeavour to “leave the things that are behind,” and to “press forward:” then I am of opinion our wilderness at times will be made like Eden, and our desert like the garden of the Lord: that we shall know the descending of heavenly dew, causing us to increase in holy verdure; yea, and to grow up as a root out of a dry ground.

I am glad that these things arise in my heart unsought for to say to thee. May He who knows what we all stand in need of, abundantly help us both to walk in the path of holy rectitude. Please give my dear love to my precious H. Tell her not to lay down her weapons of war, then they will prove mighty until every thought is brought into obedience. . . . . Could these things happen unto me, if not permitted or appointed by unerring wisdom? The Lord knows; therefore I leave *all* to His ordering. My dear love to N. Tell her to hold out, and seek to increase in well-doing, that the end may crown all. Tell A. and S. M., with my love, I often wish they and I may know an early surrender of every pleasant picture, or any other gratification called for; so shall we feel superior joys. I do not forget thy dear mother. I often feel grateful for her affection to me. I *love* her too. I also remember thy brother; and a wish just now arose in my heart that he might also believe in the declaration, *to his comfort* (not that I think by any means he does not acknowledge to the truth of it) that “to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.” I did not seek for something to say to you all, but one after another occurred to me; and, in the love in which I have mentioned you individually, I now bid you so and collectively farewell, dearly farewell.

S. LYNES.

TO ELIZABETH GRUBB.

*Dublin, Fifth Month 3rd, 1795.*

I think I increasingly feel thee near in that which “many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown,” either in an outward or inward sense, while we abide with that which is able to sustain the soul, and which unites the living members of the mystical body of

the immaculate Lamb. Oh! how I crave that thou mayest witness the sealed book to be unfolded unto thee, by keeping with the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," who alone can prevail; and I do believe, as thou dwellest deep with Him, thou wilt at times have to sing the song which can only be sung in Judah's laud, "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks:" thou wilt know thy habitation (being with the Father and the Son) to be a fortified one, secured from the noise of archers; for though these may shoot, yet shall they not be able to overcome in this sure resting-place, where the flocks of Christ's companions do indeed know a resting at noon. But perhaps thou wilt say, how shall I attain to this? If thou know not in the manner thou sincerely, I do believe, desires, go thy way forth in the tribulated path, even though it be pointed out to be first to the judgment-hall; for I believe those whose eye is single to the great Master, are not left in the dark as to the way in which they ought to walk: then other various dispensations, even until thou become nailed to the cross. As this comes to be the case, thou wilt experience that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints;" so wilt thou be enabled to fight under the banner of a crucified Saviour here, so as to obtain an everlasting inheritance with Him, when the conflicts of this life are at an end. Dear —— said in meeting yesterday, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm;" but "blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." Come, let us all, whether separated or not, seek for ability to go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, where He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for thereby shall we be enabled to fare well in Him.

S. LYNES.

PROBABLY TO THE SAME.

*Sligo, Third Month 15th, 1795.*

We have been longing to hear from you, and particularly about thy dear father; but we must have patience about intelligence from home now, as we are so far from you: it is, however, a consolation, that though we may be separated outwardly, yet nothing outward can hurt a love rightly founded. Your conflicts, I think, must be great concerning your dear father; but what a favour to be instructed where to look for, and to be sure of finding, help at such



times, if we rightly seek ; but we often ask, and do not receive, because we ask amiss. May we, therefore, seek for ability to breathe the pure language, “Thy will be done.” But oh ! what reduction it requires to attain to this in all things ; yet I believe it is the only way to be found in a state of acceptance, and of the number of those believers unto whom all things are possible. Well, let us leave the things that are behind, and endeavour to press toward the mark, that we may obtain the prize. I feel more towards you than I have ability to express. May you farewell.

S. LYNES.

To ———.

*Sligo, Third Month 16th, 1795.*

I feel so much love to thee that I think it almost a pity to miss this opportunity of writing, and yet I do not seem to have much to say. I may, however, tell thee, that I look towards thee as though thou wast in the deeps : well, my dear, here the wonders of a great and good Master are to be seen and experienced, I suppose in the best sense witnessed ; yea, and those who steadily abide there the appointed time, I believe, are enabled to bring up living stones of memorial, whereby perhaps, not only themselves, but many others may be instructed. But why should I talk to thee about things I know so little about myself ; but, if I could at all encourage thee, I should be willing to expose my weakness, which, I think, I increasingly feel to be very great. We have been to an appointed meeting here to-day : merciful help was extended, and I believe the people in general much satisfied. I like to join in the feeling of your consolations as well as depressions, and, when I am sensible of very little else, I think I sometimes feel a love for thee, thy brothers, and sisters, which is the case at present ; and I suppose this is a little symptom of life : “For to him that is joined to all the living, there is hope ; for a living dog is better than a dead lion.” Ah ! my dear, if we are but kept alive in the root it will do, let our provings be ever so great. May it be thy experience to have thy vessel so steered through every storm, as to be safely landed at the haven of rest at last.

Dearly farewell, saith thy truly affectionate

S. L.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Anner Mills, Fifth Month 5th, 1795.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

I was very grateful for the receipt of such a kind letter as came to hand yesterday, and wherein was so much information. . . . . My mind was under a peculiar feeling while Dr. H. was here, so that I thought it would tend to distress me if I did not offer a few sentences to him when we were alone, which he took very kind, he said. I felt quiet after. I heard he told somebody the mark was hit to a hair's breadth: it felt very difficult to me to give up to it, and what was said was in much weakness.

In the fresh feeling of much affection and regard,

I remain thy

S. LYNES.

TO HER MOTHER.

*Dublin, Eighth Month 24th, 1795.*

MY ENDEARED MOTHER,

Having arrived here about two hours, I am willing to let thee know as soon as possible, believing it will be pleasant to thee to hear from thy poor S. L., after being, perhaps, some time in suspense about her. We left Liverpool last sixth day, about two o'clock, so that we were more than seventy-five hours on sea: I was very sick the first night, and poorly most of the time, which was, I believe, increased by the great number of passengers on board the small vessel; there being, I suppose, above one hundred and seven, twenty-six of whom were cabin passengers. Not only the beds were full, but the floor also covered, insomuch that it was almost too close to go into without being sick: I stayed mostly on deck, notwithstanding, on first sailing, it rained hard. Instead of Thomas Scattergood and William Croteh, I had two other Friends' company here; they not being ready, I thought it much best not to wait in Liverpool; and come what will next, I can, through abundant mercy, feelingly acknowledge the Lord my God hath dealt bountifully with me, and my soul is at present bowed in gratitude. Oh! may it continue in this humble resigned frame; for indeed I have no right to expect other than afflictions and trials; these I look

for, now that I have returned to this land; and if, in mercy and wisdom, they should be handed, my heart craves to be so resigned as to be enabled to breathe the language, "Not my will, but Thine, oh Lord, be done;" so, by believing in the all-sufficiency of revealed Power, all things will become possible. . . . . All I coveted (if I knew my own heart) was to stay and return in the right time; which, if I may judge from the present peaceful state of my mind, was in good degree the case: but I am still about eighty miles from Amer Mills, so that I have to write again from thence. I wrote to M. S. and dear sister, since I left York; but thou wilt, I doubt not, tell those dear friends of mine, Joseph and Mary Smith, of the receipt of this; and wilt, I hope, let them know the contents, as I believe it will be pleasant to them to hear from one to whom they administered so much kindness for such a long time; and that language livingly arises, "God is not unrighteous to forget their labour of love;" because I verily believe it was acceptable, as though it was to one much more worthy. My very dear love is to poor ———. Dear love to ———, for whom I at times travail, that though, comparatively, there may be but "two legs and a piece of an ear" saved from the devourer, and even that in his jaws, yet, by submitting to that Power which is alone able to do it, the remains may, in abundant mercy, be taken from his mouth; yea, and by that living Divine faith, which produces that which pleaseth Him who hath been grievously offended, there may be a being made whole. Farewell, farewell, saith the heart of

Thy affectionate daughter,

S. LYNES.

TO HER BROTHER.

*Amer Mills, Fourth Month 29th, 1796.*

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

My mind is very often occupied about thee and thy precious charge; I wish you to be of those whom the Great Shepherd of Israel will, in the day of trial, hide in the hollow of His holy hand: then what watchfulness is necessary in order to mind and obey His will in all things—how closely should we cleave to His Providence! I have sometimes thought, if this is our happy experience, we shall know hard things to become easy, crooked things straight, and rough places plain; and I believe He will no more

forsake these than He did Caleb and Joshua in the wilderness, when, without murmuring, they encountered many difficulties, and at last got to the land flowing with milk and honey. Ah! my dear brother, will *He* not, whose “the earth is and the fulness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein,” care for thee and thy children; yea, thy companion in life also, if you only depend upon Him for help, and do all things as by His Holy Spirit? Salute —— for me; tell her to give up her heart to the Lord, and He will be unto her all she wants: let her take great care she offend not His precious principle in her heart, in word, thought, or deed. I wish thou wouldst write to me in return, and tell me all thou canst about you. I may not take up more time now in this way, so farewell saith

Thy affectionate sister,

S. LYNES.

TO ELIZABETH GRUBB.

*Cork, Eighth Month 11th, 1796.*

It was very kind of thee to write to me, and very like thee to express what thou didst about the Minute; and although I do not know that there is much at present in my mind to write to thee about, yet I feel that I love thee, and can fully believe thou canst and dost rejoice in anything that seems likely to tend to my relief. I trust I also could for thy sake rejoice, if thou couldst acknowledge cause for joy and rejoicing of heart in thyself, and not in another. This perhaps may at times be done unto Him who remains to be the help of His people without another intermeddling, and is, I believe, the reward of dedication of heart and abasement of soul. Dear —— is a striking example, in my view, of willingness to become a fool, for the sake of his worthy Master; which, I expect, will enable him to become wise in those mysteries only revealed to babes, and wise unto everlasting life, as he does not grow weary in well-doing. Bonds and afflictions await thy poor friend— of such a sort, I believe, as my natural disposition introduces me into, and which, to be sure, do not belong unto the Gospel: I seek to be delivered from these by aiming after more unmingled resignation of soul.

Here is all thy affectionate friend hath in possession at present to communicate; but I expect thou wilt continue to be near at times in spirit, if we are mercifully preserved.

S. LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Cork, Ninth Month 7th, 1796.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

I did not expect, when I wrote to thee last, that I should again address thee in or about this place (though I think it was left loose) nor did it seem very likely long together, that it would be the case: even since that time, great hath continued to be my distress; and on getting up this morning in order to set off behind J. R., it looked very trying. The prospect of leaving this city unrelieved I had got resigned to, which still looks likely to be the case. Dear H. H. is still with me, and is likely to be so whilst I am here.

Thou, it is probable, heard some way or other of our movements whilst dear J. A. was here. Last sixth day we went to Middleton, which I question being the case, had he not expressed some feeling respecting it. He took us to a school which appeared to be for the education of children in pretty high life: we had an opportunity to some relief amongst them, which seemed to them very new at first, but afterwards they got a little to understand our manner. From that place we went to the factory, just in time to see the people coming out to go home for dinner. They were requested to stop in a kind of shed near the yard, which is a large place: we sat down on some stone steps, and the people gathered round us: after a short time they were addressed, and appeared very quiet. I believe all or most who know J. A., of all descriptions, cannot but be taken with his loving and affectionate manner. Several expressed their great satisfaction at that time. From thence we went to the inn, and the time of holding a public meeting soon came on. It was large, and I believe tended to some relief. On seventh day we sat with a few who still remained of those who had some claim to the Society, but not in membership. On First day, great was the suffering of my mind in silence. J. took his leave of Friends, and I did not know, till after first meeting, of his being really likely to go in the morning. He said he was willing to stay a day or two, if I was fully come to a conclusion that this was the time for moving amongst the people at large here. I could not say so: it appeared very awful; and unless he was under the weight of it for himself, it seemed best to leave it entirely for the present. I don't know that I shall now go farther than my lodging, except to meeting, while

here, save that I have thought of seeing another school, that I mentioned to J. A., but way did not open before he went. I have also thought of seeing L. N.'s family once more, and a young woman whom we did not sit with; but unless way opens even for this, surely I cannot attempt it, and I hope would not dare. No one that has not been in the same spot can, I believe, conceive the situation of my mind; whether it is brought on by myself, perhaps remains to be one time or other made known.

With love to all at Amer Mills, I conclude. Thy

S. LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Miltown, Ninth Month, 1796.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

. . . . For aught I see at present, I am likely to proceed towards home to-morrow after meeting. I have frequently felt the weight of a public meeting in Cork pretty heavy upon me; and at times, since coming to it, thought I had a clear evidence of its being my place to make some attempt to move in it; but now all is one load of oppression and darkness that may indeed be felt; yet surely He who makes, for some, these things His chariots, and "rides as on the wings of the wind," can cause the change to take place, as easily as a man turneth his water-course in his field. It is likely, seeing I am now left as alone, my safety may be in retiring entirely from the field, though I do not feel clear of Cork: yea, there are other things which feel burdens hereaway; such as, I believe, were brought from home at first; but surely the ways of wisdom are inscrutable. May I be enabled to steer safely; and if I now return unrelieved, ought I not to leave all to Him, without prying into His secret things?

Thus, having pretty openly told thee my present situation, I may, in great sincerity, bid thee farewell.

Thy affectionate

S. LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Cork, Third Day Morning.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

It hath so turned out that I am here yet, contrary to my own and others' expectation. It is not without making some

attempts to get home, which felt so contrary yesterday to what I believed was right, that I gave it up.

I am at A. H.'s, where several friends accompanied me to call on James Abell, in order to fulfil a proposal I laid before Friends of the Select Meeting, last evening, but the morning proving so very wet, prevented it. I was desirous to lose no time, that I might then know whether home might be pursued. I thought it looked more likely on First day than now, when I was mercifully enabled to get considerable relief by some of the inhabitants, not of our Society, coming to our meeting, appointed at five o'clock for that purpose. On seventh day James Abell accompanied Hannah Hatton and myself, to the school mentioned in my letter to thee. The dear children (in number about thirty) behaved as well as any I have seen among ourselves, I think. Their governor and his two daughters sat with us: it appeared very new to them, but they were very kind. The former gave us a great charge before we went into the school-room, to beware that we said nothing improper; and told us it would be wisdom in us to let him into the secret. James told him it was my desire to see the children; when I said we had no secret in it, nor did I know that anything would be said by us; therefore could not tell him what might then be given us to say, if anything was. He expressed much satisfaction after it was over, as did his two daughters; but I suppose they thought it was only polite to do so, as they could make no objection.

I feel not a very little about your confinement; perhaps in great measure occasioned by my being from home; but really I do not know that I could do otherwise, without introducing myself into a state of condemnation. Now all that I can say is, that I feel a hope of having tried to act as well as I knew how. I cannot see the least glimpse concerning the time of my going: oh that I may be preserved from anything that would obstruct the spiritual sight. Farewell dearly, saith thy

S. LYNES.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Liverpool, Fifth Month 14th, 1797.*

We got well here about twelve o'clock last night; were thirty-six hours at sea. I was very ill the first day, so that I went to bed, and staid till within a few hours of landing; not finding

staying on deck would do, as I have known it before; however, I was better than some others; almost continually thinking of my dear friends in Ireland, sleeping or waking, some of you are nearly constantly with me. I must labour after depth of spirit, that so the will of my all-wise Creator may be known, and ability felt to obey. I feel a very poor creature indeed, at present: my help must be alone in Him who is from everlasting to everlasting. It is time to go to meeting: this is First day—we did not go to bed till two o'clock: we are at R. Benson's: their kindness is great. May you all dearly farewell; and it just arises to thee, my dear, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding."

S. LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*London, Sixth Month, 1797.*

I feel not satisfied, my dear mistress, to let thy brother leave this city without addressing thee again, if it is only to tell thee I continue to love thee and thine without dissimulation; and to add to this, that I am a poor, exercised creature, sometimes almost ready to style myself forsaken, and grieved in spirit; less than nothing (I expect thou canst understand the term) and altogether vanity. I wish to be preserved from saying, "What profit is it unto me that I have walked mournfully before the Lord of Hosts?" but the labour is hard, to get to pure unmixed resignation in all things; nevertheless, surely "in quietness and confidence" must be my strength, if any continues to be revealed, which, in the moment of greatest extremity, hath hitherto mercifully been the case.

I cannot describe what my soul feels for you all separately and together; please tell the dear children so. Oh! that I could convey to you the sensations which my mind is sensible of, in that which, I trust, neither sea nor land can divest us of. To the all-wise direction and providence of a faithful Creator and compassionate Father I recommend you, in tender sympathetic love, which, to the full, cannot thus be set forth. May we labour after that spirit and power, whereby we may receive capacity to keep our ranks in righteousness, and be made perfect in Jesus Christ, the great and holy pattern in all things: very dearly in Him mayest thou, and may you all, farewell. Thy

S. LYNES.



## TO ONE OF SARAH GRUBB'S CHILDREN.

[*London,*] *Sixth Month 22nd, probably 1797.*

MY DEAR ———,

I am much obliged by thy intelligent letter. It is amongst my little comforts to find A. B., J. J., and thy dear aunt Margaret occupy with their precious gifts: tell dear Margaret I love her dearly, and I love all the family. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall," yet I most assuredly believe, they may rejoice in the Lord, and joy in God, who offers to be their salvation. Oh! that holy preservation may be near to uphold the mind, that faith may not be shipwrecked in the greatest tossings conceivable. . . . . I love you all dearly: oh! if I could convey the solicitude I feel in a peculiar manner for all your spiritual good, I should not be backward. May the everlasting Arm be near you all; may He sanctify the exercise begun in thine, and at times felt also in thy dear sisters' minds, that so, in *all*, the seed of His kingdom may so have dominion, that "the glory of Lebanon may be given unto it; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon;" that things in heaven, things in earth, and things under the earth, may bow to the name of the child Jesus: thus I believe you will know His name to be a strong tower; and, your righteousness being of God, you will flee there, and find safety amidst your various probations, even as they may increase for your sanctification. My heart salutes you individually. Dearly farewell,

S. LYNES.

## TO ELIZABETH GRUBB.

*London, Seventh Month, 1797, First Day.*

It is in my heart to address thee, my dear, not merely by way of an acknowledgment for thy very acceptable and comfortable letter of 24th ultimo, neither for one received since from ———, for which I feel there is abundant cause to be thankful, seeing that, between you and me, neither distance nor time, heights nor depths, nor anything else, has yet broken the fellowship, begotten, I humbly hope, in the truth of our Holy High Priest, but I want to give thee any comfort or gratification in my power; and this afternoon, in

meeting, thou wast, for a while, much the companion of my thoughts : afterwards I forgot thee and all things else, in the pursuit of doing the will of our Heavenly Father ; for when my heart is warmed with holy fire, and the command issued to offer a sacrifice, I mean of that kind wherein we are obliged to appear openly in the cause of Him who liveth and abideth for ever, all outward objects seem to me to vanish, the mind being lost for a time in vision : this, according to my apprehension, was the case with me this afternoon at the Peel. Thou needest not suppose that I forget thee ; no, I remember thee at times to my comfort ; desiring also that it may please Infinite Kindness so to preserve, and even keep as the apple of the eye, that we may be one another's joy in Him, He being our Alpha and Omega. I believe He designs to bring about in its fulness, in thy experience, that "the fruits of the Spirit are love, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost ;" and, by enabling thee to pursue the path of holy rectitude, in Him who never fails to unfold it to the rightly reduced mind, make thee a star shining more and more in the firmament of His power here ; consequently of those who shall everlastingly shine in full lustre hereafter. He knows the secret exercise of thine and all our minds ; He graciously regards the groans unutterable, and, in His own time, will answer, if we wait patiently : His reward, then, is found to be with Him, and His work before Him.

I have not been trying to muster up anything of this kind for thee (that would be poor stuff) ; my pen can hardly run fast enough for the words, or the matter that arises in my mind : I long thou mayest not, in any measure, fall short of the inheritance designed for thee to purchase by an entire submission to the will of God, only fully known by the mind being centred in Him alone, and the dependence purely fixed on the revelation of His power in the heart.

All that happens to you or me, in inscrutable, yet unerring wisdom, must be in order that we may more fully know the habitation of our spirits to be invincible ; that, feeding on the flesh and blood of Christ, the soul may be nourished up unto eternal life, and that we may answer the end of our being here.

I doubt not but all thou sayest about Cork is true. I feel very solicitous at times about many things in Ireland, and at intervals almost forget I am not there ; but again when I look at . . . and some other secret exercises about places here, I awfully remember I

am not in Ireland. Was it not that, in deep conflict, my soul can, through mercy, make the appeal, that being here was not sought for by me, I should often “faint in my sighing, and find no rest,” when “grief seems added to my sorrow;” but at this moment, as well as other times, I feel that there is cause to magnify the Lord, and rejoice in God my Saviour, for He graciously regards my low estate.

Assure dear Hannah, with as much affection as I am capable of, that I cannot at present think it is the design of the Great Shepherd of His own sheep, this separation should be without its own peculiar use to us.

*Second Day Night.*—Thomas Scattergood has returned from Uxbridge, where he has been ill of a nervous fever. This letter was omitted to be sent yesterday, and I have nothing more to say, save that poor T. S. has been very ill all night. I am just going to meeting; my poor mind, yesterday and to-day, peculiarly tried; but unto whom shall we go at such times, but to Him who hath the words of eternal life?

To ———.

*London, Eighth Month 15th, 1797.*

I hardly know how to apologise for not writing before, as I gave my dear ——— to expect it would be the case after our Monthly Meeting, which was held last fourth day; and the result of it, with respect to myself, was to obtain a certificate for some counties in this land, particularly northward (this is the way it is expressed); and that day dear Thomas Scattergood came to see me, took me into a room from the company, and queried what was to become of the other affair—that of the families in this meeting. I said it must be left. “Ay,” said he, “two burdens on thy shoulders at once: well, thou dost not know what use it may be of, thy mentioning them both at one time.” So I told him my mind had been perplexed, lest it should not be right, as Friends thought it a mixture. He seemed as if he was aware of my feelings, and intimated how unacquainted people were (even those who often had, as it were, to sit in judgment) with these exercises or burdens, and the true nature of them; and also cautioned me against listening to the old adversary, when I might be out, if he should try to persuade me I was wrong, and had attempted what I could not accomplish—that of two concerns at once. He charged me to keep to my gift, let it turn

which way it would. My heart was abundantly humbled under a grateful sense of the care and wonderful kindness of Israel's Shepherd. I met with this dear exercised man again on First day, at Tottenham, where he made way for my relief in meeting, and took very kind notice of me afterwards; got me to go with him to Thomas Horne's, and, in a religious opportunity, spoke of some of the dealings of the Most High with him in his travels abroad, and said some present would know changes of dispensations, many strippings and deep probations of spirit; but there was no need to be discouraged. Thus He, who is everlasting in loving-kindness, either immediately or instrumentally, gives unto us what we stand in need of; and I feel a wish thou mayest be encouraged hereby, for I believe very many have been thy conflicts of late, perhaps in a peculiar manner. I have no doubt but many are the struggles of spirit that many of you feel in *visited* Clommel. I remember the conflicting meetings, the difficulty to get to the well of everlasting life; and can cordially sympathise with the little exercised flock amongst you, even in my sittings here and elsewhere, as well as at other times.

Since writing to my dear ——, my time has been fully occupied, pretty much between this house and my dear mother's, she being poorly, and desiring my company as much as possible; M. S. also wishing me to stay as much with her as convenient, she not being well, and often low-spirited. I have had many invitations to spend some time in families in and about this city; but I decline, as thou mayest suppose, and I hope not to accept anything of the kind merely as a visitor, except I believe it right; neither do I seem as though I might have any intimate but M. S.

To-morrow is the time I look towards setting out for Staines Monthly Meeting, without an expectation to return, and without a companion; about which I am a little encouraged, as T. S. mentioned to me it was better not to urge any one; and that, in America, he had sometimes known it best to go out alone, and afterwards somebody had rightly turned up as a companion. He said, "by keeping to thy gift, and being helped through *this* journey, it may make thee stronger for the next;" and he expected I should be helped through.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Buckingham, Eleventh Month 4th, 1797.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

. . . . You have perhaps heard of the way in which I now tread—a way which I knew not; a way, at times, which nothing could reconcile to my nature, but an apprehension of its being the will of Him who doth all things right. This makes crooked paths straight, and rough places smooth. I am hardly able to tell two days beforehand where I may be. The same friend whom I mentioned is still with me: she is a kind, sympathising companion. We have had many very large meetings; and although what I call preaching the Gospel is seldom got to, without obstruction of various sorts, partly on account of the mists of darkness wherewith many minds are clouded, yet it is generally a satisfaction that we meet with openness in some, and have cause to believe the petition is more and more answered—“Give ear, oh Shepherd of Israel; Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock, Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth.” Sometimes, after a meeting of more than two hours, the people can hardly be persuaded to withdraw, saying meeting is not over; and they often wish for another; but we seldom find this required of us, and are generally glad when, through adorable mercy, our lives are given unto us for a prey, so that we can escape with them to the next place, and come under renewed baptism for what is to come; nevertheless, at one or two places, partly for want of sufficient room, I believe, for those who would come, we have appointed a second, whereby more relief hath been obtained.

Many of the roads we travel are very bad, being cut across the country, and not very much used, except by farmers. The other day I went with some friends to seek a place in a large village, for a meeting, and was so frightened at the road, that I was obliged, as I thought, to alight from my horse, giving a friend the trouble of getting me over a sad miry place, as well as my horse, and then lifting me up again: I confess I was ashamed afterwards, and thought I had lost most of my courage; but I tell them, I never saw such roads in Ireland. We were once up to our horses' knees in mire, and at another time I *leaped* my horse. [Here part of the letter is wanting.]

We went the other day to see a great woman, to request leave for

the room over the market-place, for a meeting with the inhabitants of the town of Watlington. I was not easy without being one of those who went, and yet I came away burdened, and left the town so; but, next day, thought myself obliged to go to her, which, with another friend, I did; and she admitting us into her company, we had a very satisfactory opportunity, which she received well, and was very still while I was speaking. [Part of the letter wanting here.]

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Banbury, Eleventh Month 20th, 1797.*

Yesterday thy lively and instructive epistle of Eighth Month came to hand, and when I read it, I said in my heart, surely, though apparently out of date, it is come in the right time. I cannot help esteeming it a favour that I am not yet forgotten by some of those whose desires are, I believe, heard in an acceptable time. We stayed about Shillingford a long while, and I passed through bitter conflicts; I dare not doubt their being altogether best for me, and perhaps they helped to fit for what befel me from day to day, almost during our continuance there; for we had many public meetings, &c.—seventeen or eighteen since I wrote, and many among Friends, but have not seen it right to *appoint* any among the latter, except one at Buckingham, where we also had a meeting with the inhabitants in general. I thought it might be safely said concerning it, the Lord's power was over all, in an extraordinary manner. Some other meetings of this kind have been like it, and I think especially when we had them in large rooms, where the people have come in great numbers, and notwithstanding been accommodated, so as to be able to keep quiet. Such an one was at Abingdon, in the town-hall: I suppose there were fourteen hundred at least. We had before had one in the meeting-house, but could not be clear. This place (Abingdon) is six miles from Oxford, where we had three meetings with the people, all much favoured; and yet I am not relieved about that city. We tried for a larger place than our meeting-house, but could not procure it then.

Thou canst believe, without my saying much of it, what plunging my mind had there, and concerning it, when not there: it seemed as much as my faith or patience was equal to, yet I got some relief by going to visit the prisoners in the Castle; for I went under a heavy load indeed, and the Great Master was with me by His power,

and the poor creatures had the Gospel preached to them: they were very attentive, and seemed glad. Just as we came away, the word was in me like fire, to the keeper, for I believed he was not far from the kingdom of God; so I told him this kingdom was within him, and as he submitted to the simplicity of the Gospel, he would see all things clearly. Last evening a very large meeting was held in this town to some relief, although there was much to get through before the Gospel could be preached. I believe I was on my feet two hours and a half, and the farther I went, the more it seemed to make way in the people's minds; till at length, (blessed be His name, who hath promised to be with me while my eye was single to His power) truth was in dominion, and it seemed rather a disappointment when they were told meeting was over, though it was nearly nine o'clock.

Last week my dear friend Elizabeth Roper left me, which proved a great trial, as she had, for more than two months, been a tender, sympathising companion; but I was obliged to resign her, for she said her time was come, and it would be presumption in her to attempt going farther, though she loved me in a manner she had hardly known with any one before. She wept much, but I could not at all, though I *felt* much: however, another friend offered that day, who is with me now. I met with Ann Baker of Birmingham, and was not easy without telling her I wished her to consider about joining me, when we might meet at Birmingham.

The low spots my mind is in at times, thou knowest I cannot describe: if it prove at all like receiving the "white stone, wherein is written the new name which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it," my soul is bowed even in gratitude for the dispensation.

Dear Thomas Scattergood has been at Sheffield some time, of which I suppose you have heard, as it is said he had a meeting in a place which held three thousand people—that it was full, and many went away: this is not the only one, for he had many in that place, to the astonishment of the people, he was so filled with the power of Him who is almighty. . . . This I believe; we are never more peculiarly under the notice of the Shepherd of Israel than when the sensible enjoyment of His presence is the most withheld, in His inscrutable wisdom.

Farewell in the Lord thy God; may He hide thee in the hollow of His hand, and divest thee of all slavish fear, saith the heart of

Thy affectionate, though tried friend,

S. LYNES.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Birmingham, Twelfth Month 4th, 1797.*

Notwithstanding it is not long since I wrote to your family, perhaps not more than two weeks, dated Banbury, I seem inclined to address thee, having thought much of thee of late, and been desirous thou might not let thy spirits sink below the life of truth in thee: this I believe many do, which tends to no good, either to themselves or others. Oh! how I wish to be the least strength to any of you herein, if it is only by the deep inward attention of spirit in fellowship with yours. There are seasons when I think I am made partaker hereof with some of you, my dear friends in Ireland, for which fellowship I am thankful. Here I may acknowledge, great is the kindness of many friends towards so poor a creature; yet my attachment to a place where I knew many heights and depths for so long, and where, I humbly trust, through adorable mercy, all wrought together for a degree of furtherance in the great and necessary work of sanctification, is likely to exceed anything yet known here; although my dear, here likewise many proving times have been in wisdom permitted and appointed; yea, and what is more, and more than anything to be desired, the great "I Am" hath granted, as far as I am at all able to judge, resignation in a great degree, to these turnings of His allwise hand.

I believe the Most High designs there should be an arising, shaking from the dust of the earth, and putting on the beautiful garments; and that many of the dear young people are precious given up to His honour; acknowledging that "Worthy, worthy is the Lord God, and the Lamb who is redeeming them by His blood, to receive honour, power, and dominion in all, by all, and through all." Amongst other people, great is the openness in many to hear the Gospel published, though to this there remain obstructions; yet the power rises high in many meetings, in setting forth the purity and excellency of the glory of God, in the face or appearance of His Son Christ Jesus our Lord.

May you all dearly farewell, which we may through all, by keeping our ranks in righteousness. Do tell me how you and dear Ireland fare; I hear dismal accounts of it. Many attempts have been made for T. S., and some were for S. L. before, to get the town-



hall at Oxford, to hold a meeting; but they compared it to admitting the enemy into their fortifications: I suppose it would hold several thousands.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Birmingham, Twelfth Month 12th, 1797.*

MY VERY DEAR MISTRESS,

Yesterday I received thy valuable epistle, together with the acceptable additions from the beloved children. . . . . My dear companion's name was Elizabeth Raper; but she has left me several weeks, which was a close trial to us both, but she thought it was not right for her to come any further, and I afterwards thought it proved so, for she could not have borne riding on horseback, and some of the roads II. II. and myself went were impassable for a chaise. I had with me, for several hundred miles, R. E., of Amersham, an elder, and an elderly, yet active man; he manifested much fatherly regard and care, and said he had great satisfaction in giving up to come, though much in the cross to his natural disposition. I admire his innocency and openness: nothing he said hurt me, though he often freely communicated his mind: before we separated he acknowledged, that whilst we were together, he was frequently made sensible of something very comfortable when sitting by me, which I think a great favour.

Since I wrote thee last, have had a deal of travelling, and many meetings in very foul weather; I have been wet through several times, and for some miles the snow was so heavy I could hardly see, it coming so thick in my face; my companion, riding double, fared better. That day we rode from Easington, in Warwickshire, to Warwick, ten miles, to a ten o'clock meeting, and had another in the evening with the people who do not profess with us, which, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was large, and, in a good degree, divinely favoured, as was another the next evening at Coventry. Blessed for ever be that Power that doth all things right! Our journey to Coventry was almost dangerous, but we were not easy to stay at Warwick. A friend who accompanied us cut the snow several times out of the horses' feet with a knife, or they might have fallen. We got to this place, coming through a deal of water, from the great rain that followed the snow; sometimes we could see nothing, for a long way before us, but water. However,

we have been mercifully preserved from accidents or cold very much. My health seems bravely, except at times a pain in my chest.

Here I feel still bound, although I have sat some distressing meetings in silence, or nearly so, and in others have been a little enlarged in the gift mercifully vouchsafed; have also sat in fourteen families. What I have done has been through inexpressible pain, and in one instance, particularly, where I had to tell a young woman who appears in meetings, that hers was a floating ministry, and the Lord would have none such. Oh! I could not help it, let the consequence be as it might; the word was like a sword in my soul till I gave up. I remembered I could not choose what to do, and what to leave undone, and yet be accepted.

Dear Ann Baker says she feels her mind engaged to accompany me for a while from here; her precious gift seems to be used in much purity and simplicity.

My mind is often occupied about dear ———; tell him my soul feels solicitous on his account; so much so, that I have thought of writing to him. Oh! that he may be one of the believers, unto whom all things are possible; he must then assuredly believe in the simple revelation of that eternal Power that hath eminently visited and brought his mind under close exercise: so will the “mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs,” at the presence of the mighty God of Jacob. Oh! how different will the face of all things appear; his wilderness shall be made like Eden, his desert like the garden of the Lord: he shall have to say rejoicingly, “Let my Beloved come into His garden and eat His pleasant fruits.” “I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine: He feedeth among the lilies.” How is this, at the present moment, illustrated in my view on his account. I do think all he has to do is, simply and unreservedly to resign himself into the hands of a faithful Creator; not approving in part, and disapproving in part, the works of Omnipotence, but approving the whole, and saying, “Thy will be done.” Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as these are; these shall be clothed with the whole armour of light. Amen, saith my mind herein toward dear ———.

Didst thou ever know of so many out together on religious service in the two nations as now? I long we may accept the present large offer many ways of everlasting kindness, mercy, and truth.

I must conclude, although my heart is as full as I can express of love, of sympathy, and of desire for you all, particularly for thee:

“feeling has no fellow,” and I do hope thou feels I love thee dearly, dearly, and hope thou wilt remember me still. Dearly all farewell.

Thy truly affectionate

S. LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Birmingham, Third Month 5th, 1798.*

MY VERY DEAR MISTRESS,

My mind is much with thee and thine in sincere affection, and I trust, at times, in fellow feeling in your various conflicts, perhaps in the Lord's turning and overturning in the secret of your own souls, some of you particularly.

It seems long since I addressed any of you in this way; I hardly know why it should be so; but it is more unaccountable, perhaps, to you and to me, that the date of this should still be Birmingham, the same as my last, now nearly three months ago; but so it is. Yet, as thou hast (it is likely) heard, we have not been all this time here; we went to attend the Quarterly Meeting at Worcester, and were unexpectedly detained from this place about five weeks, passing through much probation, having public meetings, &c. Since our return we have had considerably more than a hundred opportunities in families, having frequently had two in one family, and attended many meetings, but have not appointed any, yet feel bound in spirit, and cannot rightly make our escape; if we could, I believe it would be cause of gladness. Many have been our trials here and various; perhaps I have never known closer proving of spirit on divers accounts; yet believe now, whilst I write, all things are designed to work together for good, if the intention is but pure, and resignation to the Divine will honestly endeavoured after in all things. I am ready to conclude, at times, I have many deaths to die, before the Divine will is wrought out *in me*; peradventure, in the progressive advancement of this painful, yet necessary work, it is that this Divine will may be wrought out *by us* and *through us*: well, Divine aid is the alone sufficiency; where else can we centre? unto whom shall we go? He hath the words of eternal life, even He who speaks in righteousness, and—oh! precious annexed language—“mighty to save!” He hath, my dear mistress, even to my soul, many a time since I saw thee, proved Himself omnipotent; for which, repeatedly, hath my mind been bowed in reverent submission:

in the moment of extremity He hath been my Deliverer. Yesterday (First day) was a time of uncommon exercise. I had been silent at several meetings and two burials, save a short testimony in one of them, and felt, on going to meeting again, poor and empty, without any expectation of being qualified to minister to others; but “whilst I was musing, the fire burned;” then I spake what flowed unpremeditated, not only in testimony, but supplication: but oh! between meetings, the suffering was unutterable, save in mental groans to Him who, I believed, existed; who knows all hearts. Thus I lay on the bed most of the time till we must go again, not knowing that He who hideth Himself in wisdom, would be pleased to put a new song into my heart, and command the utterance thereof in words, as was afterwards the case, both in meeting, and in a family in the evening: then I said, It is good to trust in the Lord.

I wish, as for myself for thee, dearly do I wish it, He may be thy all in all, sanctifying every secret or visible trial to thee. Many times of late, by night as well as by day, the language of my heart in effect is, “Bless her, oh compassionate Father; bless her and hers, not only with the fatness of the earth, but with the dew of heaven; that so there may be a pleasantness unto thyself, a holy verdure:” thus hath my spirit been wafted to thy habitation, when I have remembered the exercise of soul that assailed me there, at different times, in different shapes. When I reflect that I might have done better at some periods—have been more meek, more submissive, and have had thereby more true firmness, more fortitude, yet can I throw myself into the arms of adorable mercy and say, “There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared;” yet can I be glad in that His love unites us in spirit now, as it did at times, through all. The dear children *every one*, are affectionately in my thoughts, and poor ———: I wish her well, now and for ever, with all my heart. May all the dear children cultivate truest wisdom, by an inward attention to its dictates: I cannot now, with pen and ink, say how they individually come into my thoughts.

This may serve as a little testimonial of my continued, undiminished love, but I confess myself not equal to the *expression* of what my mind *feels* for you; in which I bid you farewell, hoping it originates in something that I could not of myself manufacture.

Thy sincerely affectionate

S. LYNES.

## JOHN BURLINGHAM TO HIS WIFE.

*Dudley, Fourth Month 26th, 1798.*

MY DEAR,

Although my brother is intended to be the bearer of this, and would inform thee verbally respecting me and our dear friends, S. L. and A. B., yet I do not feel excused without briefly saying, that yesterday is, I hope, not to be forgotten by us their companions, and I trust, many, many more. Thou mayest remember I told thee S. L. had spoiled my night's rest. I may say it was a very great trial to me, and not the less so, from seeing S. L. in such a distressed, low spot; which, more or less, continued until within a little distance of Wolverhampton. She neither saw nor spoke to any Friend there, except those at our quarters. On inquiry we were told the most suitable place to speak would be from the upper window at the inn, but that not feeling right to S. L., we left her to take the helm. She said to A. B., "do thou take R. B.'s arm; I will take J. B.'s;" so she led me the way into the market. After making a short stand, she began to address those around her, and had not spoken many sentences, when divers shed tears, struck dumb, as it were, with amazement; indeed the power was so great, and so evidently felt, that fear was taken from me. After a very solemn, but short opportunity (having hold of my arm all the time) she went more into the centre of the market, which is a very large one, and seeing a butcher's block, without asking any questions to whom it belonged, she and Ann mounted it, my brother and self standing on each side. A large audience collecting immediately, she addressed them for about one hour, to the satisfaction, I believe, of most that could hear her. When she got down, great was the anxiety of many to shake hands with her, which numbers did, and also expressed their thankfulness.

By this time the farmers, many of them, were gone and going to dinner; we therefore went to the inn, the people making way for us to pass respectfully: when there, S. L. did not seem quite easy in thus missing the farmers, but, understanding a number of them were dining at the ordinary, she concluded to offer herself to them as soon as they had dined. My brother went and asked them the question: the chairman immediately replied they, or he, had no objection. My brother and self accompanied S. L. and A. B. into the room. We

were asked to go up to the top, but S. L. declined, and sat down at the bottom. During a space of about ten minutes' silence, divers interruptions took place by people coming in. If I may give a description of S. L.'s engagement at that time, agreeably to my own feelings, both then and since, I must say that her elegance of language, pertinent matter, persuasive energy, and above all, the crowning authority and power, I think I never witnessed exceeded, if equalled. When she had done, she instantly began to withdraw; when the company, every man, rose from his seat, though silently, yet most respectfully; they showed, at the same time, good manners, and also assent to what they had heard.

On inquiry, we found the company she had thus been addressing was composed of gentlemen farmers, several attorneys, and one clergyman; the latter had heard her in the market: the chairman, we apprehend, was the high sheriff of the county. So we see how her language was suited to the company, and she knew nothing, until afterwards, as to who they were.

After the opportunity in the market, S. L. found other work. The Methodist meeting-house being offered, she did not feel freedom to go without seeing the towns-people: the offer was accepted, and those who belong to the meeting, say two thousand people, were *within* the walls. Many hundreds could not get in. I believe it was a favoured season; her mind pretty comfortably relieved, but she is withal, so worn down, she concludes to rest to-day.

I conclude in haste, and remain

Thy affectionate husband,

JOHN BURLINGHAM.

SARAH LYNES TO ———.

*Dudley, Fourth Month 29th, 1798.*

Ever since I received thy letter of 9th instant, I have longed to reply, but could not till now, not only because of engagements to fill up my time pretty closely, but because of the sore exercise of my spirit from day to day, in all which I can now rejoice and give thanks. When this joint letter of yours came to hand, we were at Worcester again, and my heart beat high on opening it. I had longed to hear of you, and how you went on, particularly as the sad doings in Ireland had reached my ears; yet, through all, I seemed to hope Almighty aid would be your support under every

difficulty—you, whom He hath gathered under His own holy direction; you, whose hearts He has disciplined to the cross of His dear Son. Oh! there are seasons when my spirit bows for myself, and for individuals in and about Clonmel particularly, that we may be of those whom nothing can harm, because they are simply and singly followers of *that which is good*: surely this makes the life pure enough to be “hid with Christ in God.” What, surely, what can we do better, than seek to rely in resignation on the simple guidance of that Wisdom which is infinite? for then it increases in us, and the more we are acquainted with it, the more we love it, and are made partakers of its bread, and the wine which it hath mingled: thus may we be helped on, and the soul nourished up unto eternal life.

My dear —— knows surely that my love and fellow feeling with her cannot by me be fully expressed. I fear she hath again been anxious in not hearing from me: it is not a want of inclination, but I may say,

“How can my pen pourtray the deep distress,  
How paint the anguish of a heart that bled,” &c.

Because of these most trying feelings of late, I could not tell you how much I remembered you, even through it all. I believe for more than a week I had not one quiet hour. I told thee of going back to Worcester; it was after attending a burial at Birmingham, at which there was a great multitude, and I was helped to set forth in a good degree, the efficacy of the living eternal power of God working in the soul, for its thorough sanctification, justification, and everlasting glory: this was the most relieving time to me of any in Birmingham. Next day was the Select Quarterly Meeting in Worcester, so we proceeded, and were detained, visiting families, &c., for three weeks. We had often the company of those of other societies at meeting, and appointed one for the topping people of the city, which was not very large; and although we had satisfaction in being “unprofitable servants,” doing that which was our duty, my spirit hath never felt relief in Worcester. We left it last third day after the Monthly Meeting, and next day had to go to Wolverhampton market, and speak to the people in two places, also to speak to a large number of what are termed gentlemen, who dined at the inn: we yet could not get away without a meeting in the evening, and it was thought fifteen hundred got into the house, and very many could not. I had another opportunity with my fellow-

travellers that evening, which closed the day, and next morning we came here to breakfast: had, that day, two private opportunities, and saw the next day's work, which, in prospect, seemed enough for nature, yet so it must be; for we went to the market-places at Stourbridge, had one family visit, and came here again next day, which was yesterday: and oh! we must needs go to the market-place here likewise, and so we did. We have this day (First day) been at two meetings, which, in consequence of the people knowing we were here, were crowded, but what is better, were much favoured: many came from the country round about, and I believe many of their souls were truly hungry and thirsty.

At Wolverhampton there were many hearts tendered, and we were sensible of much holy aid to fulfil all the apprehended will; yet as soon as this was done, my spirit as it were was again in the deeps: yes, my dear friend, and so it hath been nearly throughout this last week; but this evening I am quiet, and seem bravely, notwithstanding all. But who can understand these things? Very few can know what it means, or why it should be so; and I can't give thee such an idea of the dealings of the Most High with me as I wish; thou wilt, however, make my dearest ——— a sharer, and you must feel the rest, if you are permitted. It is the language of my spirit, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty," &c. Dearly farewell in the unmixed, inexhaustible source of all-sufficiency.

S. LYNES.

We return to Birmingham, and bonds and afflictions seem to await me everywhere. The Lord is our strength. Oh! He is great, and greatly to be praised. His is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever.

S. LYNES.

TO ONE OF SARAH GRUBB'S CHILDREN.

*London, Fifth Month 25th, 1798.*

I feel disposed to endeavour to tell thee a little about how my mind has been engaged concerning thee, and all the family at Amer Mills, from time to time: it is indeed in love unfeigned, accompanied with a desire that Heavenly Goodness may be with you, as an all-sufficient Helper, in and through all. I have not the least doubt of its being His design, therefore oh! that from day to day,



He may be simply and singly relied upon. I cannot suppose but your minds are individually and unitedly exercised before Him, and this is precious to my soul; for if this exercise is not flinched from, nor mixed with the natural will and wisdom, it will cause *all* things to be sanctified unto such; so that, in their spiritual measures, the depth of that exercise will so increase as to cause a dying daily, yet living; and the life of these is by faith in the *Son of God*: hence these are on their way to the blessed experience of being filled with all His fulness: the mystery of the language, "because my Redeemer liveth I live also," is to such unfolded.

Well, my dear, my heart is enlarged, but here I leave you all to Him who is omniscient and omnipotent, and will begin to say that the Yearly Meeting has now sat seven times; and though we may say that it surely doth not rain on every field at once, yet, speaking in a general sense, I believe the Lord Almighty hath so far bowed the heavens, and come down amongst us, as that He hath again evinced that this people He hath formed for Himself, and still designs they should peculiarly show forth His praise. May the present visitation of Divine love be accepted to us as a people; for if we, as it were, hold our peace, the stones of the street will cry out; seeing that, in the most expressive language, that of the whole tenor of the life of man, God Almighty will be glorified.

All the American Friends now in England, are here, and have exercised their gifts. Yesterday forenoon we did no business, for many were engaged in exhortation, or supplication; amongst whom was William Savery, who came to visit us.

I send by J. B. a little box, in which is a small portion of my knitting, while travelling; for thy dear mother, a few labels; for thy aunt, a watch string; for thee . . . (some words wanting.) I am almost ashamed of the colour, it being a new thing for me to choose colours. I excuse myself, and conclude, if it was to do again, I should have it otherwise: none of the knitting is perfect; constant attention could not be paid to it. I send to dear A., a thimble; to R. and J., a little watch-hook each: hope you will accept these trifles in the love meant. I have heard speak of "love in a nut kernel."

I have sometimes desired you might know that I am, in general, as well in health as when with you. I lately lost my voice, but have got it again. Farewell.

S. LYNES.

TO FRIENDS OF THE NORTH MONTHLY MEETING, WARWICKSHIRE.

*Sixth Month 10th, 1798.*

DEAR FRIENDS,

In the fresh feeling of that life and power which first gathered us to be a people, separated to serve the living God, and which, I humbly hope, drew my mind to visit you personally, do I now salute you; desiring you may so adhere to the precious gift of grace in yourselves, as to be increasingly made and kept alive in Him, who hath thereby called you to glory and virtue. I know that there is cause for some of you, who are standing first in the tribes, as well as others, to bend more implicitly to this Divine call, that, in the sight of the Searcher of hearts, you may serve Him in holiness and purity all the days of your lives; "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." There are many things that are not brought forth by the living faith of the Gospel of Christ, which the world even approves, which are, nevertheless, iniquity in the sight of God, and which are seen to be so by those who are quick of understanding in His fear. This faith, which works by love to the purifying of the soul, would keep you in holy order, when engaged about your lawful concerns; and in your meetings, whether for worship or discipline; for it is that which puts a man into the capacity for producing those works which please God, and a purity of dependence on the simple leadings of His own Holy Spirit. Who is there amongst men, brought into the practical part of true and revealed religion, that dare lean to their own understandings? Surely none; but, feeling sensibly their own inability, as men, to work the works of God, they ask for that wisdom which comes down from above, which "is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Oh! that you may thus ask, and you will receive, keeping your ranks in pure righteousness.

I remember that I told you these things, while present with you; but now, being absent, I endeavour also to "stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance;" letting it keep pace with knowledge, which is not a knowledge that puffeth up, but the simple unfolding of the Divine will. There are amongst you, who are near and dear to my life, in Christ: these are the little ones; unto these I now put the language, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good

pleasure to give you the kingdom." You, I mean, who "have none in heaven but Him, nor in all the earth you desire out of Him:" your foundation will stand through the shaking of the heavens and the earth; for, it being purely of God, it hath "this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." These among you are an oppressed remnant, but their fortress is the fulness of strength. Oh! that you who, though professing the same faith, are so far from the same practice, as to be the followers of the world in its bewitching and fluctuating spirit, may awake to righteousness, and sin not; may gather your wares out of the land, even coming out of Babylon, and be inhabitants likewise of this invincible fortress. How often hath this language been sounded in your ears before now, "To thy tents, oh Jacob; to thy dwelling-place, oh Israel!" and will He who is rich in mercy, and just and equal in all His ways, always strive with us? We do not know how soon He may deal with these according to their folly; and, because in the day of His mercy there was a turning the back, and not the face, He may, speaking after the manner of men, "laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh." I feel my heart enlarged to all in Gospel love, that those who are afar off may come near; and those that are near, may acknowledge the might of the God of His people the world over.

There are amongst the dear young people, male and female, who are near, and will be nearer, if they are faithful to what hath been, and is made known to them: these must look straight before them, singly eyeing that all-sufficient Power that hath visited their souls with its illuminating, quickening influence; so will they go forth and "grow up as calves of the stall."

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling," I commend you, with my own soul; desiring that, by His witness in yourselves, you may be able to know what part of these lines belong to you as individuals.

Your true friend,

SARAH LYNES.

To ———.

*Uxbridge, Sixth Month 16th, 1798.*

I want to repeat the assurance of my continued heart-felt solicitude for you, as well as to say, that I account it a favour

having, previously to my leaving London, another written testimonial of being in your remembrance still, amidst your anxiety and trouble in the confusion of the land. I was making ready for this place when it was handed me, at Joseph Savory's, having been most of the time of our stay in London, amongst my dear relatives, when not engaged in meetings, &c. My heart feels, but I cannot say what, with respect to dear Ireland; and particularly, my endeared acquaintance are much in my thoughts: thou art one of these, be assured; and I have prayed (if the sincere breathing of my soul may be termed so) that, in the Divine will, thou mayest be enabled to bear thy part of this heavy burden and heat of this day of sore-tossing; bear it, so as to be thereby deepened in the root of everlasting life. Now I have not the least doubt of this being the design of Him who doth all things right concerning thee, although thou canst not think it will be so, seeing all seems darkness and distress about it. Oh! learn to stand still, if thou possibly canst, in thy habitation, that thus thou mayest, in the Lord's time, sing of His salvation in thy soul; and may it be so with you all, dear creatures.

We went to the Monthly Meeting at Brentford; returned here, and oh! my dear, next day we were under the necessity of going into the market twice, to declare the counsel of the Searcher of hearts to the people. He was in this, and other things, all we wanted, though my faith was tried to a hair's breadth. Nothing, sure, can compare with this one thing in any of our engagements; all else, when this is full in prospect, looks comparatively small; but we can set up our Ebenezer, and say, "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." May He keep us and guide us all everywhere in His counsel, and afterwards receive us into glory!

I believe the Most High hath joined my dear yoke-fellow and me together; we don't see light on moving from this place. I wish to adopt the language, "Lord, make me quiet in thy will." It is thought many people will come to meeting to-morrow. Oh! that I may be preserved in my right allotment! I feel many of you as epistles written in my heart. The God of all true succour be with you, now and for ever, saith my spirit, bearing up in every exercise; even so, Amen.

S. LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Nottingham, Seventh Month 14th, 1798.*

MY VERY DEAR MISTRESS,

It hath been in my heart, for many days past, to give thee some written testimonial of my continued affection, and indeed, I may say, fellow feeling with thee and thine in this day of trial; by day and night you are much in my thoughts, with many others in poor Ireland. Past occurrences are frequently brought to my remembrance with heart-aching sensations, that many late peaceful abodes are now disturbed by the ravages of war; and peradventure, many more will yet share the same fate: nevertheless, the Lord is righteous; He will keep them so as that all things will work together for their substantial good; and these turnings and overturnings may hasten the time, when "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," will be the general breathing language of mankind in their conduct, because of the illustration and fulfilling of the Gospel dispensation. Oh! may the Lord of all power and pure consolation comfort you, every one, by His presence in the time of need. I must leave you individually to Him. I often most dearly commend you in my spirit to His providence, as I do at this time.

I often think, if I had left Ireland to escape trouble, great would have been my disappointment, for close conflicts have been my portion from time to time, since coming to this nation; some of which have proved equal to anything I *could* have formed an idea of, and beyond it: yet, with heart-felt gratitude to Him who doth all things right, I can say, He hath been *all* to me in the *needy* time; but oh! if I dare ask anything of myself, it seems to be that the work might be cut short in righteousness. I turn from the thought, lest it should be unacceptable to so gracious a God and Father.

Since leaving London have had to go to many market-places to speak to the people there, as well as having very large meetings indoors, most of which have been seasons of enlargement and of some relief, generally after deep poverty and searching of heart: thus am I led along, and it is many times the language of my heart when most relief is obtained, "I have done but that which was my duty to do." It is to my mind as clear as the day, that, let us be how we may occupied in this life, whilst we are unreservedly at Divine

disposal, and no longer, are we in the full discharge of this duty, which will bring its reward. Sometimes, in the public exposures, great openness is among the people; at others very little; but we have been for the most suffered to appear as long as seemed pointed out to our minds; as at Uxbridge, Amersham, Wycombe, Luton, and Northampton; but at Leicester, two very fierce-looking men would have had me down in their fury, almost without my knowing why; my not going until I fully understood that the mayor sent them, gave me an opportunity of just telling the people that I believed that opportunity would have its use, and that I was clear in the sight of the Most High thereby. We got quietly away from them all, and had peace: some of the people round were in tears before we were disturbed, and many appeared grieved in their hearts that I might not stay longer, but I thought the Lord would turn it to good, and so it was; for next day being First day, the meeting-house was crowded by persons from both town and country, and some of the topping folks that are seldom seen at such opportunities. The Almighty was pleased to appear in both meetings, giving authority in the awful line of the ministry, which yet did not thoroughly throw off the burden for that town, so we had a very large meeting next evening in an assembly room: I thought truth might be said to reign at last, for which our minds were humbly grateful. We had to go next day to the two jails and the infirmary, all of which we visited generally, and got away that evening to Castle Donnington, the abode of Ruth Follows: she appeared pretty well in health and cheerful—very lively in the ministerial gift. We attended a marriage next morning—the meeting-house very full of people, and truly comfortable it was altogether; but though it was easy to minister of the word of life amongst that large gathering of solid people, my mind was much tried with a prospect of returning that afternoon to Loughborough (a town we came through the preceding evening) to have a meeting in a warehouse, but help was near in the time of need, to my unspeakable satisfaction, and we got from Loughborough the next morning, proceeded to Derby, had a large meeting in the county hall same evening, wherein, though there was close doctrine to some, inward consolation was felt. We came here last night, after visiting the jail at Derby, and going to see a religious woman who earnestly desired our company: also paid a visit finally to the few who appear under conviction at that town, perhaps ten or twelve, who sit

down together in one of their houses twice on First day : there appeared something substantial amongst them, found through much searching of heart. I forgot to say we had similar engagements at Northampton, in the jails and infirmary, as well as having two large public meetings.

This place hath already been a scene of bitter conflict to my spirit, having had to go to two places in the market this morning. I have been straitened almost as unto death, till it was accomplished, but got through without molestation, though some would have had me driven away from the first place. My soul is now thankful for a little quiet so far, but to-morrow is a day in prospect to be dreaded much, unless there is ability to hide as in the bosom of Omnipotence ; for this is a great place, and the roof of Friends' meeting-house broke in, so that we are under the necessity of having two dissenting meeting-houses, one in the morning, the other in the evening. Friends think our having been so exposed to-day, will bring very many to us to-morrow : we know we are nothing out of holy help, so must leave all, if we can, to this power.

Dearly farewell all, as if named,

Thy truly affectionate

S. LYNES.

JOHN BURLINGHAM TO HIS WIFE.

*Nottingham, Seventh Month 16th, 1798.*

MY DEAR,

The seventh was a memorable day. We got to Leicester in time for the market, which we attended. After S. L. had been on her feet about ten minutes, the people *very quiet*, and *some in tears*, she was interrupted by one of the mayor's officers, who came pushing through the crowd, and ordered her to desist, saying it was by the mayor's directions. I told him I would call on the mayor, and requested he would be quiet a little time. Presently came two more, in a furious manner, like bull-dogs, and would have used violence, to all appearance, but the people began to interfere. S. L. told them, that under what she then felt, she was afraid of no *man*. She told the people she hoped she should be clear of their blood, and that some good would come out of this. Soon after she came down from the chair, a young woman belonging to a shop just by,

requested we would walk in. After stopping about ten minutes, we walked quietly to our inn. Many people were much displeas'd at the interruption.

James Cook (one of the corporation known to me) call'd on the mayor to tell him I intend'd waiting on him, to explain my friend's motives, &c. I do not know what he said respecting me, but the mayor began to make excuses, and to palliate the matter. S. L. desired no invitation might be given for First day; however I went to the meeting-house with other Friends, and by adjusting the seats, made room for about fifty more. In the morning James Cook was there, and divers aldermen, with other principal people. I believe none went away dissatisfied—many quite the reverse. In the afternoon many of the principal people who were there in the morning, came again, and many hundreds that could not get in; otherwise it was a very satisfactory meeting.

On second day morning I had my work allotted me in Leicester, which was to fit up a place for a public meeting that evening. I told Cook I preferred the hall, and, as I wanted to see the mayor, would run the chance of being refused. We call'd again and again, but could not see him, nor learn where he was: at last I saw the high alderman (mayor last year) who, I believe, was the man *most concerned* in the orders respecting the market. He told me, in pointed terms, how much he disapproved of preaching in market-places. I heard him out, and then told him he had now given me an opportunity of explaining that business. I then gave him an account of S. L. her general and particular engagements; also my views in thus leaving my home and family to accompany her. I told him various places where I had attended her without any interruption till the present, and that no disturbance took place *then*; the people being very quiet, and some in tears, till the instant the mayor's officers came to disturb us. I told him I was firmly convinc'd her concern was right; it had carried its own evidence with it. I begged him to consider what he thought could induce a modest young woman, as she was, thus to expose herself; that she saw a description of people in the market she could not see in any other way (which was an unanswerable argument). I adverted to myself, saying he must suppose it could not be a very pleasant thing to my natural feelings, to become a spectacle in a market-place. I felt ability to tell him my mind, and he seem'd not dispos'd to reply, only said he would give us credit for our good intentions: with respect to the hall, he



must refer us to the mayor. We called again—still not to be seen. No time was now to be lost; we therefore got another place, which had been used as a playhouse, now an assembly room: very close work I had to get it ready in time; I went without my tea. Before S. L. and A. B. came, near a thousand people, it was supposed, were collected. S. L. was on her feet in less than ten minutes, and after she had stood an hour, her voice mended to my admiration; she had much power and command of it: she stood nearly another hour: people seemed as though they were nailed to the floor. Her conclusion was very solemn. She adverted in a *very few* words to what had passed in the market; it was *short* but *striking*; I doubt not many felt it. I felt myself well repaid for the great exertions I found necessary in doing my part, although, compared with hers, but as the drop in the bucket. Third day she paid a visit to the gaols and the infirmary. . . . . On seventh day S. L. had two opportunities in the market, in the first with the butter-women: a constable came, and was much disposed to interfere, but was prevailed on to desist: that with the farmers was solemn and quiet. One farmer came thirteen, and another seven miles to meeting yesterday; I conclude in consequence.

Various circumstances seem to rivet me to S. L. and A. B. at present. I hope this journey may do instead of my usual recruit at the sea-side. I have much wished it might: I had rather be thus employed.

Thy affectionate husband,

JOHN BURLINGHAM.

SARAH LYNES TO HANNAH BURLINGHAM.

*Sherburn, Eighth Month 3rd, 1798.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have thought of writing to thee many a time since thy dear J. B.'s continuance with us, poor pilgrims, but thou knowest I do not like much of this as a matter of form; therefore hope thou couldst, without a written testimonial, be assured of my tender feeling with thee, yea, and with thine; and most heartily do I desire the Fountain of Good may be your all-sufficiency, not only now, in the absence of the nearest and dearest connexion in life, but also when he may be favoured to return. This, I have no doubt, will be your blessed experience, if your minds are seeking to centre in Him.

It hath many a time been the language of my spirit, when it hath been wafted to Catharine Hill, "The eternal God be your refuge," one and all. Now in order that we may be thus privileged, He who doth all things to us, and concerning us, right, sees meet to try and prove, not only by secret unfathomable dispensations, but also by more visible tribulations. Then let us, oh let us endeavour to leave all to Him, and say, "Thy will be done," thoroughly done: nothing like this, my dear friend; nothing so glorious in its effects: and though we have many a struggle to get to the "nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done," yet the struggle maintained in the grain of faith received, does it all in due time. Thus in blessing may you be blessed, and in multiplying may you be multiplied; for it is an increase in the increase of God, or of perfection leading to glorification. After this manner do I bid you all farewell in the Lord; and I may say, if it is any comfort to thee, that indeed I am not unmindful of thy dear husband's trying seasons in this arduous engagement with us, but I am pretty quiet about even the doing and suffering, believing it is all designed to be blessed to him for present and everlasting good; so I hope thou and thy precious family at home give him up freely, as one of the willing in Israel. None of us desire his stay (we dare not do it) longer than the pointings of that which cannot err, appear to (may I not say) demand it. While this is the case, home could not be a home to him, nor his company a blessing to you; and I have no authority to say anything respecting the space of time until he may return: I believe Best Guidance is near him.

Now with dear love I conclude. Love and a kiss to the children.

Thy sincere friend,

S. LYNES.

SARAH LYNES TO JOHN BURLINGHAM.

*Whitby, Ninth Month 10th, 1798.*

I was glad in thy return, and I was sorry: glad, in that thou wouldst be able to see for thyself how things were, and that it might make thy dear wife easier.

I have thought that the Lord's little ones must know what it is, as it were, to lay the body even with the ground, to be walked over; which, nevertheless, does not hurt the life, that life which is hid with Christ in God. "How pure," (says S. R. G.) "must be this life!"

How many are the dispensations, my dear friend, necessary for us, to be of those thus redeemed. Mayest thou so abide under all, as to know the grace thou hast received to be thy sufficiency in this work; and oh! may I! I was sorry in parting with thee, as a kind helper and dear friend.

Thy affectionate friend,

S. LYNES.

To ———.

*Sunderland, Elereath Mouth 3rd, 1798.*

Truly I have undergone many secret cogitations on your account: does this manifest a disposition not willing to leave you to the Lord's disposal? for I do not know. If so, then I have renewed cause to endeavour after greater acquiescence; for now I am also in fears and doubts, hunting even the newspapers for accounts from Ireland, peculiarly because of some of my much loved friends there.

At Newcastle we had to surmount much difficulty in the path cast up for us, as it appeared necessary we should not only have very large meetings, but go into the markets: in all we had cause to say, "What ailed thee, oh thou sea, that thou fleddest?" &c. The next place in view was Shields; there, too, had many large meetings; staid ten days, visited Friends, as well as others, and came here more than two weeks since. Many things have befallen us, but all now seem to be good. We had several meetings with Friends, and many with others, not only here, but round about, seventeen in all, besides having to go into the streets or markets. A. B. being ill, I had to go without a female, and obtained relief. Next day I wrote thus:—"Had, on my bed, to scrutinize concerning the engagements, and desire all in me might be done away that breathed anything out of the will of the Father, and that He would be with me in future. Oh Lord, Thou only knowest how my soul partook of the wormwood and the gall yesterday, in endeavouring to move in the line of apprehended duty in thy sight: Thou wast graciously pleased to support me in it, and bring me through it; for this, and all thy dealings with me, to this day, my soul blesses thy holy name." In the street a man spoke roughly to me, and bade me begone; that that was the place to sell, not to hear my nonsense. I stood till I felt the power, and then replied, he *must* be serious one day or other; and that was also the place to clear my conscience, the Lord God

having laid it on me; he said no more, that I heard of, and the people behaved well.

At Newcastle I met with a man who is not joined in profession with any religious sect, who appeared very glad he had heard me declare the truth, for he said it *was* truth, and his heart rejoiced when any spoke in the power of God, for all ministry without it is vain. He said he had a nephew, like himself, not easy with the forms of worship made use of by most people, who was endued with this power, although he naturally had an impediment in his speech, so that he spake to the tendering of many hearts, and was not sixteen years of age. Now, although I do not seem able, at present, my dear friend, to give thee much that will do thee good, yet, be assured, I feel much for thee in thy exercises and sore baptisms, and desire the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength, may be with thee continually, even though thou mayest not be permitted to know that He is near at times. The language now sweetly arises, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Do, when thou canst, give me a few lines, even if it should be like thy last, without beginning or ending, or rather without address or signature. Once more wishing thee God speed,

Thy affectionate friend,

S. LYNES.

*Same date.*—My dearly beloved H. G., how precious are thy few words to me: how do I long it may be as thou sayest, "that neither heights, nor depths," &c., may ever be able to separate us from the love we are partakers of, one with another. I am very well, and often very happy. We are going further on the sea-coast, where are no Friends, to have some meetings. At Tynemouth to-morrow. Farewell.

To ———.

*Warkworth, Twelfth Month 2nd, 1798.*

Notwithstanding it is only eleven days since I sent a few lines to thy sister, it seems as though I could hardly forbear simply telling thee, that in my exercises since, thou hast been, perhaps every day, the companion of my mind. I have remembered many of thy sayings of old, and felt thee near my spirit; indeed, it is not new to me thus to be thy companion, although it hath not been in

my power to express much of it: when I have been writing to others, I have almost wished thou couldst know how very dearly I have loved thee. Dost thou continue the same as when we were personally together? suffering both in mind and body, and supposing thou makest little or no progress, after all, in Divine life? that thou art not advanced in the experience of so dying to thyself, as to live to Him who died for us? If so, my mind can, even this moment, sympathize a little with thine, for it is a discouraging apprehension; yet is it not possible to be groundless? May we not think ourselves worse than God sees us, as well as better? Therefore my affectionate counsel to thee is, to dwell as little as possible on the past, and endeavour to take courage; thanking Him from whom all our blessings flow, for His unspeakable gift; even seeing thou hast a measure of that which was His tried apostle's sufficiency. Thou knowest it pleases Divine Goodness to work in a hidden way, in refining us for Himself: have we, then, more to look after than humble submission to His holy will in doing or suffering? Oh! that this may be thy whole endeavour, and I fear not for thee, but that blessed contentment will be granted thy panting breast. I view thee as one who would not knowingly be satisfied, either in thyself or others, with anything which is not of God's creating, or that has not the sanction of His Holy Spirit. I wish thousands were in this disposition; for surely in this seeking, the promise will be verified that they shall find: so for thee, my much loved friend, my heart says, the Lord grant thee ability so to acquiesce in simplicity with the secret turnings of His holy hand, as that thou mayest see of the desire of thy soul, and be satisfied in thyself. Thus I commend thee to Him who, having made man's heart, knows the most secret thoughts thereof. I will now proceed to say how we have got on. I think my last words were, "going to Holy Isle;" accordingly we made for it that night: it not being accessible, except when the tide is out, we had to wait an hour after riding eight miles in high wind and hail, that almost cut our faces: it was about six o'clock when it was thought safe to cross over on the sands, three miles: we had two guides, one a chaise-driver, who had often been there, and another, a fisherman of the island; but although they went first, if I had not believed we were in the way of our duty, I should have been in a most sad fright, for all before us was, in appearance, *sea*; and after awhile we got in deep water, nearly up to our horses' bellies. I was in perturbation; so much so, that I could

with difficulty proceed, and so was my A. B.; but I was almost in hysterics, my spirits were so affected. It was no light matter to have two heads of families, two young men—one expecting soon to be married—besides Ann and myself, in, what I thought, danger of losing our lives, and all on my concern. Well, we got safe over, and had two meetings next day, so as to liberate us the next morning, when the tide suiting, and by daylight, we got very well to the other side again: had two meetings at villages, two miles distant from each other, and it being moonlight, went five miles further to lodge. We have not been among Friends since at Shields; came to this place yesterday; have had two large meetings to-day, which is First of the week. These have been more comfortable than the last week's meetings, for truly they were throughout more laborious than I can describe: we have had also several private opportunities.

TO HANNAH HUNTLEY.

*Newcastle, Twelfth Month 11th, 1798.*

MY DEAR FRIEND H. HUNTLEY,

I want thee not to suppose, that with respect to me it is, concerning thee, “out of sight, out of mind,” for truly it is not so; my love to thee is, I hope, of that kind which “many floods cannot drown;” and particularly of late, thou hast been near. I wish thy encouragement, with my own, to go on in the way cast up for us, although many may be our difficulties within and without: thine differ from mine, and we both have our share. I was near saying however, I believe thou finds what thy capacity, in the Lord, seems equal to at seasons, and so do I. Oh! then, that we may be so wise as to endeavour to resign all into the hands of Omnipotence, for it is in Him alone that pure help and refuge is to be found.

While I thus write my soul is exceeding sorrowful; the Most High has some end in thus trying me, which may be hid from me. As far as I know myself, my fervent desire is to be found in His fear and counsel, and in that alone. So here I rest and proceed to tell thee, that we got here on First day evening the ninth, after being absent from Friends four weeks, having meetings to the amount of twenty-seven, and travelling nearly three hundred miles, many times on bad roads and in rough weather. My dear Ann Baker and myself are both finely; we have great cause to be humble and good,

for we are helped through many difficulties. I cannot, thou knowest, plan much, but it would be no matter of surprise to me if we were at York Quarterly Meeting again. We have been to the extremity of England in the north; so that does it not seem as if I would go the length of my chain, as my certificate extends only to England?

Poor Thomas Scattergood has received an account of the death of his daughter by the fever, in Philadelphia; he is very low I hear, notwithstanding he appears to bear this affliction with much fortitude and resignation. What a remarkably tried man he is! Well, none are proved beyond what they can endure, through seeking after holy aid; so may this be all our search, saith thy affectionate friend, in best wishes to all thy house and friends.

SARAH LYNES.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Darlington, Twelfth Month 21st, 1798.*

MY DEAR MISTRESS,

I wish thee to be assured my love is not diminished toward thee and thine; you are the frequent subject of my thoughts, yea, of my solicitude. I often fancy myself in thy family as heretofore, and a partaker of pleasure and pain amongst you: this is particularly the case in my sleep, as to pleasure and pain. I see I have never had too little of the former, nor too much of the latter; for oh! what nailing do we take to the cross; it is many times still hard to be resigned. Since writing to Anner Mills last, many and sore have been the conflicts of my soul; we have been amongst a people, many of whose hearts appeared so uncultivated as to need the plough; they nevertheless received us civilly in general: with some of them we had the satisfaction to believe they were measurably willing to be more given up to the great Husbandman. We were a month away from Friends; had in that time seventy-seven meetings and some private opportunities; also visited a prison, travelled two hundred and fifty-four miles north of Newcastle, and returned to Newcastle the ninth of this month. . . . .

Durham was a Nineveh to me; we reached it the fifteenth, and soon after arriving, had to turn out in the streets and markets (although it was snowing) to declare the word of the Lord to the people: how had my spirit been straitened till it was accomplished! I do not think I had ever, for so long together, endured so much

suffering as for many days was my lot, preceding this awful day; however, in deepest humility, I can acknowledge to thee, my much loved friend, that in the moment of extremity I was not forsaken: the Lord on high is indeed mightier than the noise of many waters. He was pleased to be mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance; although, whilst thus endeavouring to clear my mind in one of the most public places, a man came with much seeming consequence to endeavour to put a stop to it, this did not hinder in the least: I had, beside my dear A. B., several kind friends with me. . . . My strength was exhausted with exercise before going out, but afterwards I was bravely, and visited the prisoners that evening, forty-five in number, who appeared glad of the opportunity. Friends procured a room for a meeting next day, and gave notice in town and country, both verbally and by printed papers: some of the latter were put up in conspicuous places in the town, but these were all, I think, torn down before night. We thought this manifested a spirit of opposition, at which we did not marvel, as it is a town abounding with idle clergy; one of them, being also a justice, seemed to have no mind we should hold our meeting next day so publicly as we meant; so informed the person who granted us the room, he was liable to a great penalty by law; but after a little stir all was settled, and the meeting next day was large and favoured; at the close of this, we gave notice for another: this latter meeting was to great relief—truth got into dominion; the great Name was supplicated; the doctrines of the Gospel preached with Divine power, and very largely; women's preaching, election and reprobation, water baptism, and what is called the Lord's Supper, were particularized and clearly set open. Our souls bowed in gratitude for these two days' help and counsel, in which all man-made ministry was decried and set at nought. We had a precious season of retirement at our inn, and another at parting, with most of our company who had come to Durham, but were not for proceeding with us. George Sanders, of Whitby, has been our kind helper for nearly four months. Oh! that I may never forget my own nothingness in being helped within and without from time to time; this ought to abase me in the dust, and, if I know my own heart, it is not unfrequently the case. Well, thou wilt excuse my circumstantial way of writing; I have not at present any lively communication, and I thought you would like just to know how I get along.

The day after the Monthly Meeting here, we had a meeting five



miles from this place, and returned to lodge: this was such a meeting as I never before saw; for soon after we were in, two men, very much inflamed by liquor, thrust themselves in, and began to talk and laugh loud; they would not be prevailed on to go out, nor to sit quiet within, so Friends brought (unknown to A. B. and me) a constable. A. B. had just appeared, and warned the wicked to the awing them, in some degree, I do think: the constable ordered them away, but instead of obeying him, they went to fighting in the midst of the people. It became a dreadful scene of confusion and wickedness. I could not have supposed my mind would have been so tranquil in such a trying time; but so it was, that I kept my seat, and not once said in my heart, I wished we had not appointed the meeting. I believed it would settle, and so it did wonderfully, in less than half an hour, so that the men were kept out, and a good meeting it proved in the end: the fighters were wounded, but not very materially; and one girl got a blow on her head, but not so as to injure her much: it was a marvel to us that more mischief was not done, as they threw each other over the forms. Our G. S. saw the men the next day, and they appeared sorry for their conduct, so that we hope they will amend their ways. We returned here in a good degree of peace, attended Friends' meeting yesterday, which was at length lively, through long waiting; had a very large precious meeting last evening with the people of the town, and have appointed another to-day six miles off. We think it likely we may reach the Quarterly Meeting at York; have nevertheless enough to consider of before then: it is as much as we can do to live one day at a time.

Thus I have given thee a long history, but wish I had some intelligence to convey, rather of things not relative to my movements, but really I have not. I hear very little that I could write about; so, in a great deal of affection, I must say farewell, in best desires to all the family.

Once more dearly farewell.

[Not signed.]

SARAH LYNES TO JOHN BURLINGHAM.

*York, First Month 15th, 1799.*

MY DEAR FRIEND J. B.,

Not thy communication but thy silence, stimulates me to use the pen a little, partly to say, why hast thou ceased to give us a line at times? and partly to assure thee thou art affectionately in our remembrance, and frequently the subject of our converse. My dear A. B. wrote to thee from Allerton on seventh day, previous to two large meetings there, to which we went in fear and trembling, as indeed we mostly do to such assemblies; nevertheless, in retrospect, there is no cause for complaint; for the power of the Lord had the dominion in both meetings. Next day, at Easingwold likewise, the unchangeable truth got uppermost, although it was a time, as well as others, of decrying superficial religion, and forms without substance. We reached this city on the twenty-fourth, and have got through a visit to the families of Friends.

My heart is, even now, warmed with that love that is "strong as death," to that dear man of God, T. B. I most affectionately desire he may know the winding up of this life, so full of trouble, to bring him the blessed experience of having "fought the good fight, and kept the faith," that so the crown of righteousness may be for ever and ever the reward. And oh! that thou, my beloved friend, mayest likewise so fight as to obtain. How did the apostle fight? Was it not so as, from time to time, to keep his body, or nature, under; even in subjection to the Prince of Peace. My soul in, I trust, a little fellow-feeling with thee, breathes for thy acceptance with the Father of spirits, by thy thus maintaining the warfare. Let us believe in the power we feel within, which is of God; that, thus believing even in its sufficiency to work, in us and for us, to our redemption, we may yield implicitly thereto, and thereby stand in our ranks in true righteousness. I know many are thy secret cogitations, and perhaps the jealousy thou sometimes feels over thyself, may be, and is blessed to thee. May the Most High increase the travail of thy soul after Him, and grant thee therein the desire of thy heart. Yesterday we parted with our kind friend, that humble-minded man, George Sanders; it brought us to reflection, and nature was pained. I suppose we shall have two or three public meetings hereaway, and then make for Sheffield, where, I have no doubt,

bonds and afflictions await us; but ought these things to move us? No; I most assuredly believe, that when darkness and distress overtake any of us, we should endeavour to stand still, judging nothing till the light again appears, and that then we shall “see the salvation of God.” Oh how glad I am I can now say so!

Well, I have not much to add: may just say I have sat ten meetings here in silence, I believe rightly so, and have been glad in my beloved companion’s appearances in most of them. Now dearly farewell, saith

Thy true friend,

S. LYNES.

Remembering, with great affection, every one of thy sweet flock.

TO SAMUEL HULL.

*York, First Month 21st, 1799.*

MY DEAR FRIEND S. H.,

Very often of late, hast thou been the companion of my mind, in affectionate desire that thou mayest know the good Hand to be near, to sustain thee in every trial and difficulty which may be permitted to befall thee, and to lead thee on hereby in the way everlasting. I wish thee not to suppose in low times, that because thou feels thyself poor and stripped of good, thou art, in the eyes of Omniscience, cast off as one unworthy of His favour: this may at seasons be almost the conclusion in retrospective view, when former omissions and commissions may stare us in the face; when we may see that we have not come up in such faithfulness to the Holy will, as might have been the case, had we made use of the means graciously afforded: this scene *may* be sometimes magnified, in thy sight, beyond reality; but, my dear friend, shall we not endeavour to “leave the things which are behind,” even reaching forth unto those which are to come; keeping in view “the mark for the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus our Lord.” Surely, if this is thy engagement, thy strength will be renewed and increased in Him who is the fulness of strength. I feel His love in my heart for thee while thus writing, or I am mistaken; thy spirit is near to mine, in the tenderness which this love causes. I desire no temptation or trial may be found too hard for thee, but that, by dwelling near Him who hath visited, who has been as the bright and morning

star in thy soul, He may prove the Finisher, as well as Author of thy faith. I desire this also for thy dear partner in life; my love flows towards her. Please tell John and William I have not forgotten either of them or theirs, in dear love: the dear friends at Uxbridge and Amersham are near to us. We do not know when we may leave this York; we feel still bound in spirit: are now principally engaged in meetings and villages round about; but to-day has been occupied in visiting the infirmary and a spinning school. This concern lay heavy on me for some days; so that getting through it as well as we knew how, is some relief. To-morrow is the usual meeting day here; what is to come after I cannot say, but I hardly think that will liberate us: may we only aim at being in the Master's will, then *all* will be well. This is my desire for my absent friends, with my own soul. In this, farewell.

Thy truly affectionate

S. LYNES.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*York, First Month 26th, 1799.*

Perhaps it is a low time with thee—a time wherein thou mayest be ready to say, “How long wilt Thou forget me, oh Lord? for ever? how long wilt Thou hide thy face from me?” If so, mayest thou, my dear friend, endeavour to believe that His covenant is as sure with the night as with the day; so will He most assuredly keep thee in the hour of darkness, and in His time, cause the day to bring all its rejoicings to thy soul. How often hast thou known Him thus to work for thee! Why need I tell thee of these things, who am myself in deep suffering of spirit, in doubting and in fear? Surely it will not do to cast away our confidence, because of this being our condition; therefore I have said to my soul, “keep thy hold, and if thou perish, perish in this endeavour.”

I have been looking back, and do not remember such a succession of probations for so many weeks as has now been my lot; but is it not designed for some wise purpose, unseen by me? What I am surprised at is, that I appoint meetings, &c., in this state; but so it is; for since the visit to the families of Friends here, we have had many public meetings at villages round about; have also paid a general visit to the infirmary here, and to the city prisoners. In the former we had four solemn opportunities with the patients,

several of whom were much tendered; but one girl, in particular, who I suspected to be far from a good character, while I was standing by her, speaking, burst into tears. I had to tell her the arms of mercy were wide open to receive her. The portion of relief or quiet granted, from endeavouring to do this bit of work faithfully, was more reward than I looked for: my soul was deeply plunged into distress previous to this visit. We had one season with the superintendents.

I have heard of ——'s death, and that it was rather thought to be occasioned by the rough usage of some of the rebels. I should be glad to know as much of things of this nature as is proper to write. My mind is many times sorrowful about Ireland: and how is it amongst Friends? Are they increasingly of one heart and one mind?

28th.—Yesterday being First day, we were again with Friends in the morning: my A. B. was silent; I was not, although this silence had been my lot for ten meetings before, not all successively. We had a very large public meeting here last evening, which was favoured with light and life from the Lord God and the Lamb, so as, for the time, greatly to dissipate the gloom which had hung over my mind. We are to have another to-day, and perhaps one to-morrow.

If I should ever see Ireland again, how different the scene! Oh! what some of you must have passed through during such a day of treading down; my soul feels with and for you, in measure; I cannot to the full. Shall I ever see some of you to converse on these things, face to face?

I had a letter this morning from my former dear companion, E. Raper, very encouraging; her language is, "Thy love was never more precious than of late. I believe thou wast never more frequently the companion of my mind, in a degree of that sympathy which is far beyond words: my spirit is sometimes dipped into such a sense of the bitter cups handed unto thee, as a test of thy faith and obedience, and no doubt in mercy, to deepen thy spirit in the root of life, that, according to my small measure, I can say, 'deep calleth unto deep.' When the apostle was deeply tried, the encouraging language was, 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' and hast thou not many times been favoured with the blessed experience, when vain was the help of man—when the secret cry of thy soul has been, 'Oh Lord I am oppressed; undertake for me.' Thou

hast passed, and, I doubt not, art still passing through the dispensations of seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, heat and cold, day and night; and so long as the language of thy spirit continues to be, 'to do thy will, oh God, is my joy,' thou wilt, no doubt, again have to acknowledge, with songs of deliverance, 'He maketh my feet like hinds' feet.'" She farther speaks of her desire we may, at the winding up of all things, be enabled to appear before Infinite Purity as the prophet did—"I beseech Thee, oh Lord, remember now, how I have walked before Thee," &c. This, with more like it, has this good woman communicated; and, in telling thee that thou hast been oftener with me than every hour, for days past, I may say, all this is the language of my soul to thee, according to my measure; yet, perhaps, *I* could never find words to speak thus. I renewedly remember, in feeling feeble and stripped, while this work is in prospect of public meetings, &c., thy language to me once, "that thou hadst heard the best preparatory qualification for religious movements is, not to be sensible we have any;" in this I endeavour to rest, leaving all to Him who is omnipotent. Most affectionately thus do I commend thee to Him, with my own soul, my endeared friend, and say farewell.

TO ONE OF SARAH GRUBB'S CHILDREN.

*Sheffield, Third Month 17th, 1799.*

Thy late remembrance of me in the epistolary way is grateful. . . . . I think I have not a greater joy than to understand the numbers are increased, who are willing to account the reproaches of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of this fading world, whether of gold and silver, or wisdom and honour. . . . . My heart often yearns toward you in natural affection, and at times in something that will live beyond it; even feeling the purity of that influence which breathes undefiled rest. I long every one of you may be so obediently given to the will, way, and work of Omnipotence in you, as to know your souls anchored in Him, through the greatest tossings now attendant, or that may be attendant; and, as dear S. G. said, experience such an interest granted in Him, as to give victory over death, hell, and the grave. Ah! my dear E., this is being made "more than conqueror through Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us." . . . . .

We have been closely engaged for three weeks, visiting families

here, and taking meetings in course; none of the latter have been without many of the towns-people at large, and they have all been lively, which is a great favour. We have had more than one hundred private opportunities, but have not yet done: we may perhaps find work enough (without seeking any) till next fourth day week, when the Quarterly Meeting is to be held at Leeds. Dear E. H. is a precious companion to us—a sweet baptized spirit. She had many difficulties to encounter in joining herself to us; not among the least is her dear father's declining health: he seems gradually going to a better country. Oh! the inexpressible good to be felt near him, even as one who has well nigh finished his course, for whom a crown of righteousness is in store. . . . . Oh! may the God of all power be with you all. I feel more than I can express about you, in the present state of things: in supplication this afternoon my soul remembered you, in which I was and am glad; believing it was not of myself, in which, indeed, "dwells no good thing." . . . . .

Well, my dear, with a heart warm with affection, I most tenderly say, in the best sense of the word, farewell.

S. LYNES.

To ———.

*London, Seventh Month 1st, 1799.*

After wading through exercise in both meetings, to get at the pure life, and lifting up my voice twice in testimony and once in supplication, as also once in a religious opportunity in a family, I had the comfort of reading ———'s dear, kind letter, in this little cottage, to my endeared mother and sister, who were both, with myself, much affected with the manifested kindness and tender care coming from you. And oh! dear ———, while I contemplate the ways of Omnipotence, and firmly believe He does all things right and best, how is my sympathy excited with you in your late exercises, and perhaps in your present conflicts. I feel for you, but cannot help you; yet this is my comfort, you know Him who *can* help under the most crucifying dispensations. It is no doubt hard for you all, *at all times* to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,"\* yet, as this disposition is cultivated, does it not cause the mountains and hills to be

\* Alluding to the death of some near relatives of the friend to whom the letter is addressed.

removed? How does the language sweetly occur while I write, “with *everlasting* kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord,” &c. With respect to thyself in particular, I feel as though I almost dared to say, there are seasons to thy tried yet innocent, and in some precious degree, sanctified mind, wherein heaven is as brass, and earth as iron; well then—“Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer; although, for a small moment, I have hid my face from thee, yet with *everlasting* kindness will I have mercy on thee.” Surely thou well knowest this promise is to be our possession, through our keeping the word of His patience; let us therefore be encouraged so to do in the deepest affliction, when the ways of wisdom are totally past our finding out. I write this, not from having gained experience, but from a heart replete with desire that all the designs of Infinite Goodness may be fulfilled in and concerning my dear friend; and not only thee, but all of you, notwithstanding you may be more learned in Christ’s school (who suffered for us all that we can possibly suffer) than myself; and I know you can understand me in what I write, however deficient the expression of my feelings may be.

It is a great satisfaction to my relatives and myself, to be permitted to partake of each other’s society; and although it is my experience still that this is a state of probation, I am thankful to have been employed as hath been the case for nearly two years; and that the time for retreat was so clearly seen, as to admit of no doubt at all. I could hardly have believed it, had any body told me it would be so.

I have often thought of M. Peisley since coming home, for very many have been the solicitations of kind friends to go and recruit at their habitations, which are larger, and have attached to them more of temporal abundance than our little home; yet these things are all nothing to me; this seems the place for me at present. While it was my lot to travel about from place to place, many (as thou art aware) were the baptisms dispensed; and, at seasons, it was as if my soul was plunged into as deep distress as could be sustained with the degree of capacity granted me; and no example, however bright of itself, afforded lustre to my path; that not only the sun was in my view darkened, but the stars withdrew their shining. Oh! thou knowest it is hard to keep the faith and the patience at such times, but it is a blessed thing to keep constant, and be a true believer through all; far more blessed than we can describe: is it



not being a true believer, to endeavour to stand still in the dark? for it brings to the acknowledgment, even to the full, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all thy ways," &c. Yes, my dear friend, does it not increase our union and communion with Perfection himself? Now, in humility of mind it is my language, "Thou knowest, oh my heavenly, merciful Father, and unerring Guide, how I have followed Thee in my late travels, in the cross to my own will, and in thy fear and dread, into large congregations, into markets, unto the habitations and beds of the sick, and sometimes to the houses of the great, with a message from Thee; sometimes to individuals in the highway, at others, into gaols and prison-houses: this amongst those who are not professing the truth as we do; as likewise to those who do. Thou hast been pleased to make my feet as hinds' feet, and lifted up my voice like a trumpet, to show this people their transgressions—the house of Jacob their sins. Thou hast made me a comforter to the comfortless and the weak.

'For all I bless thee, most for the severe.'

I am now under a sense of being helpless, as the worm in the dust, without Thee! Oh keep me here continually, and be my all in all. Amen."

Thus do I also commend thee to the inexhaustible and unmixed Source of sufficiency, and say dearly farewell, in much love.

TO ONE OF SARAH GRUBB'S CHILDREN.

*London, Seventh Month 24th, 1799.*

It may perhaps appear long that thou hast looked for a compliance with thy request, to let thee have a little of my scribble; but now, time and inclination uniting, I am desirous there should not be any further delay.

Thou hast often been the subject of my thoughts since seeing thee, and my heart continues at times, both sleeping and waking, to glow with affection towards thee, together with thy dear mother, aunt, and sisters. It would be highly gratifying, in the disposition of mind I sometimes feel, to see you at Anner Mills; but as that must be left, I endeavour to picture you in idea: and oh! my dear, when there is ability sensibly to desire for myself the greatest blessing of all others, even Divine preservation, my soul cannot forget

you, my distant friends, yet who are in one sense near: may He who has not failed to do much for some of you, so be sought unto in all, as to be found as a wall on every hand. I want that we should be encouraged to feel after Him in our different situations and allotments, so that an increase in Him may be our experience. . . . .

I have continued to assist in keeping school, and taking in a little needlework, since the Yearly Meeting; so that my hands, with that and attending meetings together, have been pretty full. My mind has often felt sensations of gratitude to my Heavenly Father, in permitting me this little space of time without travelling, wherein I have enjoyed the society of my endeared mother, &c., in their humble dwelling; but there does not seem a probability of much continuation of it, for I was constrained, in our last Monthly Meeting, to leave with Friends a prospect of visiting families belonging to Gracechurch Street Meeting. . . . .

It seems nearly time to say farewell for the present, which I do in more tender regard than my pen will set forth.

Thy friend,

S. LYNES.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*London, Ninth Month 23rd, 1799.*

I am diligent in getting to my own meeting, but it takes a deal of time, and I am often hurried; but with all my troubles and bodily exercises at home, I am very frequently told how much better I look than when travelling; indeed I find home agrees with me very well. I left home this morning to attend our Select Quarterly Meeting, and it being a long way, have not got back to dinner. I am ready to conclude, my dear, thou resolved not to endeavour to give much intelligence of the state of thy own mind, when thou favoured me with the lines I am replying to; but although thou mayest think it of no use to try to convey thy feelings to any mortal, and yet secretly mayest lament thy state, which dost thou not compare to a wilderness? I say, nevertheless, He who gave Hagar to acknowledge, "Thou God seest me," even He regards thy low estate, and will reward according to the purity of the intention; so be consoled in hope, and trust wholly in Him, who gives "beauty for ashes," &c. I love thee much while writing, as at other times, and desire thou mayest be strengthened to stand in thy allotment.

I have now returned home, and have eaten my supper with mother, who is talking about thee, and asking what sort of a friend thou art : I reply, with my pen in my hand, "She thinks it a fine thing to be a preacher ;" at which she smiles, and wonders thou art so unlike the generality of mankind.

Friends in London take more notice of me than I could expect ; particularly J. G. B. and his wife, and R. C. and his.

Thomas Scattergood I understand is in the north ; but I don't know much about such good folks, so cannot inform you ; only I must say my Ann Baker is really likely to go into the land of matrimony before a very long time. I wish it may prove a blessing to her. You don't say anything like any of you setting off for that land : how is it ? Do you think of staying where you are all your lives ? Thou wilt think me in a droll humour ; well, if it is not unseasonable when this reaches you, I think it allowable ; but if you are in affliction, shall be sorry I gave way to my natural volubility. I am not unfrequently with you in my dreams, and long to have an interview with you when awake, but that must be left ; so in commending you to the allwise Disposer of events, with myself, I take my leave at present.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Stepney Causeway, Tenth Month 2nd, 1799.*

MY DEAR FRIEND SARAH GRUBB,

I have long wished to manifest my continued, undiminished regard thee-ward, by thus addressing thee ; and one pretty fair opening presented to my mind, which having been let slip, warned me against a second omission of the same kind ; for thou well knowest we cannot always feel ability for this employ. Thy family are the daily companions of my affectionate remembrance and solicitude : I do hope the eternal arm of Omnipotence will be your succour, even "although the blast of the terrible ones may be like a storm against the wall."

Yesterday, through the medium of a letter from my beloved H. G., I received the mournful intelligence respecting the secret workings of the wicked, in their plots and cruel designs ; how dear Clommel was by them intended for destruction : this account has awakened emotions of tender sympathy ; please tell her so, with my dear love

to them all; and while my mind has contemplated the subject, it has adored the wisdom of Infinite love and compassion. Cries are raised in my soul unto Him on your account, and I remember the declaration, "Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee," and, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed;" so that I am consoled in hope that you, who endeavour to love Him with all the heart, will experience His holy help in all adversity from without or from within; even should He see meet to vouchsafe this help in such a way that you cannot know He is near, but are ready to conclude He stands afar off from your cry; "For my ways are not your ways," saith the Lord, "neither are my thoughts your thoughts; for as the heavens are high above the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts." Sometimes I have believed my spirit has witnessed fellow-feeling with thine in secret travail on various accounts; and now how does my heart yearn, while writing, towards thee and thine with best desires; the extent of which I must leave you to conceive, for my pen will not reach the description: but while so desirous of not only the present, but eternal good of my beloved friends, let me not forget my own interest, by being too inconsiderate of my duty. Truly I find it a task daily repugnant to nature, to be engaged fully to stand open to holy conviction, watching against the many propensities that would frustrate Divine intention, were they given way to; and I am afraid at this moment, that since my return home, in a particular manner, the watch has not been sufficiently maintained; so that my present situation of mind is that of looking for judgment "to be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plumbline;" and oh! for acquiescence with the Hand that does all things right. Notwithstanding this acknowledgment, I may say that my soul has been not unfrequently bowed under conflict and exercise of various kinds, since being permitted to have the company and help of my dear relatives. One day lately, I thought my state might bear some faint resemblance in miniature to dear Job Scott's, when he describes it as making his flesh sore, or causing his body to feel as though he was ill.

When the visit to Friends' families of Gracechurch Street is to be moved in, I cannot exactly say, but feel it growing rather heavy: my natural disposition flinches in some degree from the arduous engagement, but it is only arduous by comparison; and I ought to be thankful that it is not to go into the public places, seeing that it

seems to be the Divine will that an easier track should be followed, at least for the present. . . . .

My pen scribbles the language of my heart, in commending thee to Him who can say, "Peace, be still," and the storm shall cease; oh! may He be to thee and many others among you (to whom I feel flowings of love) the source of all-sufficiency. Amen, saith thine affectionately

S. LYNES.

THOMAS SCATTERGOOD TO SARAH LYNES.

*Uxbridge, Eleventh Month 6th, 1799.*

DEAR SARAH,

I think thou and I have not exchanged letters since we were in Ireland together. I felt near sympathy and love towards thee then, and I don't know that it has diminished. My heart has gone with thee in thy arduous journies in the north; and following thee (in part) in the same line, the good savour thou hast left behind has been very pleasant. Oh! mayest thou be always preserved in the same meek and humble condition, a grateful receiver of the many mercies and favours bestowed on thee; for thou well knowest it is by being reduced into littleness and nothingness, that such are made instruments in the Divine hand. Thou hast been, in my apprehension, a child dandled on the knee; thou hast been favoured with clear prospects, and a heart given thee to answer them with cheerfulness. This was my situation when younger in the labour; but now I must be content with less sight, and walk by faith. The Master best knows what is best for His servants: perhaps it never may be thy lot thus to be tried; and however it may be, whether so, or continued in the wonted manner of open vision, be faithful and do thy work in the day-time.

I feel unity with thy prospect of the family visit: dwell deep, and thou wilt be favoured to speak the word faithfully. Bank not thy testimony, and then thou wilt receive the reward which the Lord gives to them that know Him.

My love to thy mother and sister, and accept the love and sympathy of thy poor, exercised brother in bonds,

T. SCATTERGOOD.

SARAH LYNES TO ———.

*London, Second Month 19th, 1800.*

I believe my pen had been employed before now, in acknowledging the receipt of thy last acceptable, relieving, but plaintive lines, had I not thought it very soon to write again, and it seems soon now; but being at Plough Court this afternoon, out of the noise of our little folks at Stepney Causeway, and withal having the heart-ache, am willing to please myself by conversing thus with thee. I have perhaps, nevertheless, very little to say worth thy notice, and do not apprehend it will be my lot to administer anything like the rod. Is it not said *that* is for the fool's back? and must not I be convinced of thy being one of that description, before I can think it thy due? However, my dear friend, I am sure of feeling enough desire for thy real good to be willing to speak to thy state, did I know it. If that be at this moment hid from me, yet am I aware that thy disposition to be jealous of thy own purity of intention may, and perhaps sometimes does, prompt thee to conclude differently to the true witness. Hast thou not, at seasons, found thyself out in this? Thou knowest I mean thou art apt to estimate below the *truth*, when measuring thyself; but I have marked the hand of Divine Wisdom thee-ward from year to year; how it has renewed thy faith and confidence in everlasting sufficiency, by its gentleness as well as constancy; and oh! saith my soul, may it never leave thee, but succour still every virtue, to the glory of Him who is worthy of glory, and to thy own consolation in Him.

24th.—I was interrupted in this letter by going to a public meeting, which Thomas Colley of Sheffield appointed; he has had several in this city, being here for that end. Thomas Scattergood is also here, and was powerfully engaged in a meeting T. C. appointed last evening, for the young people of our fold. T. S. and W. C., with three others, took tea with us, besides Joseph and Rachel Smith. Dost not thou think we were highly favoured? William does not think Friends of Graecchurch Street need, or should be in a hurry to remove me by recommendation to another meeting, though I now live in Ratcliffe quarter. I mostly trudge to town to meeting First and fourth days, perhaps two miles and a half, but am rather attached to that large mixed meeting, where I lately witnessed the holy oil to flow from house to house. I have more than once, after lifting up

my voice like a trumpet on First day morning, had an anonymous letter sent me, expressive of some disapprobation with the discourse, as they call it; but these things are not of much account in the balance, for I think they must be cowards and afraid of the light, who do not choose to let their name be added to their admonitions. But though I keep pretty much to my own meeting, it is not wholly the case. I sometimes attend Ratcliffe and others: was at Westminster on fifth day, at a marriage between Thomas Christy and Rebecca Hewlings. I went with a burdened mind, not intending to go to the house to dinner; but having no opportunity in meeting to get clear, was induced to alter my intention and be one of the company, without a wedding garment. We had a table nicely spread; but I wanted the best sauce (hunger) as is mostly the case with me on such occasions. After dinner nothing occurred to liberate me, and not till after tea, when we gathered into stillness; and several bore testimony to that which is unchangeably excellent, and Thomas Scattergood appeared in supplication; but I felt bound in spirit to the very last, when feeling the holy anointing to minister, relief was obtained. In writing thus freely to my beloved friend, I remember the language, "I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit;" and oh! that I may never move without Him, let the suffering be what it may.

I must bid thee now farewell; which I do with a heart warmed, even while I write, with that which breathes undefiled rest and peace in Him who is holy.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Settle, Fourth Month 5th, 1800.*

MY BELOVED FRIEND SARAH GRUBB,

Very often have I wished to write thee a few lines, for many months back. . . . I do hope not to be forgotten by thee, although so far and so long separated; on my part I can truly say my mind is often wafted into thy habitation, and visits you individually in tender affection and solicitude; desiring that the blessing of Heaven above and of the earth beneath, may be continued to you in the Divine will; that so His name, who is the great Superintendent, may be magnified, and your "peace may flow as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea." . . . .

The three Quarterly Meetings (Leeds, Lancaster, and Kendal)

were to me seasons of relief. I had attended three for York successively, when out with a certificate before; but after each and all of them, my spirit was deeply burdened, not being able to unload: now how different! And but for being of the same sentiment that I remember thy once expressing, that ministers were not often competent judges of meetings, I would say truth had the dominion, particularly at Leeds; and through great struggling and wading, at Lancaster and Kendal; the latter of which was, on the whole, more eminently favoured than that at Lancaster. I am glad of this employ between the two meetings here, for my mind is not in a state for company, and I don't like secluding myself from friends. On this account I often sit under painful inward conflict, while those I am with think all is smooth and well, or at least some of them.

If thou hast not already heard it, and it be worth telling, I may add, that since the resignation of my certificate, after last Yearly Meeting, I have been solicited for marriage by a young man of London. He hath got his final answer; my judgment being clear, that I might not encourage him. He is of good character, and in good business.

*Leeds, 7th.*—This is an odd sort of letter, but hope thou wilt receive it as the best written testimonial of mine endeared regard, that my shallow capacity is at present equal to produce. I write so little in general, that I have not enough practice to make much of it worth perusing. We sat with Friends at Settle yesterday morning, and their meeting-house was filled with others in the evening. Though for a while last night, in meeting, it seemed like going under the mountains to feel after the seed in the people's hearts, way was gradually opened, and life became predominant; for which my soul, in humble gratitude, praises that great Name, which is the place of refuge for the upright in heart.

I believe I shall remember you at your approaching Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. May everlasting goodness and mercy be with you. Amen.

S. LYNES.

TO HANNAH GRUBB.

1800.

My dear A. B.'s marriage was attended with sweetness. She appeared in testimony previously to their taking each other by the hand, and twice in the day afterwards: as I was to meet my



companion at Birmingham, I had the privilege of seeing her home, and staying at Worcester from seventh day till the following fifth, during which time I was mostly indulged with social satisfaction, but had one meeting with the people at large, and two with Friends. We made an excursion to Malvern, eight miles distant from Worcester, where we were delighted with the admirable display of the beauties of nature, in the country; but, without attempting a task I am unequal to, that of describing the scene, I hasten to tell thee that I think we had a mark that this innocent gratification was not displeasing to our Heavenly Father; for, as we had descended a little below the summit of the highest hill, sitting down to rest on a bank, an uncommon degree of Divine light and sweetness spread over my mind, under which I recollected a dream I had in the winter, and felt the opening of life to tell it to my companions, and that the reality was then my experience. I dreamed I was on an eminence, surrounded by my fellow-creatures in their habitations, and under great exercise for myself and them, when serenity and sweetness preciously diffused itself into my soul, and my tongue was loosened to sing "Alleluia, Alleluia." The relation of it, together with enlargement through the Gospel light vouchsafed at the time, broke us all into contrition. My dear Ann said a little matter, and supplication was poured forth, with thanksgiving and praise to Him who shuts and none can open, who opens and none can shut. We went home under the consoling persuasion that He mercifully cares for His little ones. I felt the incomes of love and life so strong, while thus, as it were, unbent with my dear Ann, that we reckoned it might be intended to answer the purpose of the forty days' food.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Carlisle, Ninth Month 8th, 1800.*

Somehow thou hast been uncommonly the companion of my mind for several days past, in a flow of love, and, I think, best fellowship; though these feelings have not been wanting towards thee at many other seasons, when I have not been prompted to disclose it, by sending thee a paper messenger. My consolation respecting thee and some others of my dear friends in Ireland and elsewhere is, that as they keep their ranks in righteousness, their habitations will be found invincible, through all their conflicts from

within and without. It has seemed to my unworthy soul, at times, as if I could behold many near and dear in the covenant of life, filling up their measure in the militant Church, under the holy banner of the ever victorious Captain; and notwithstanding some of these may not be in very conspicuous stations, I have no doubt of the reward being to such, equally with that of others who appear more in the front of the battle.

I want thee to gird up the loins of thy mind, and be strong in Him who hath hitherto been with thee, by His invisible power sustaining thy exercised spirit, when thou couldst not know it. Whatever thy present circumstances may be, my heart craves for thee a holy confidence in the Eternal Rock. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." I know, if thou couldst believe thyself one of this number, thy spirit would often have more rest from trouble; but thy endeavours in the Divine fear have not been, neither shall be in vain, in the fulness of sufficiency: so that, dear creature, however long and painful the struggle, persevere in the resolution, I will get me "into the clefts of the rock, into the secret places of the stairs," in desire to be again and again acquainted with that voice which is sweet, and that countenance which is comely; even to enjoy His presence, and receive His renewed instructions, who is to thee the chiefest of ten thousand. Do I not feel something of a certain evidence of Divine truth, that thus He will be still and increasingly to thy soul, "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the *everlasting* Father, and the Prince of Peace." Whether we meet again in mutability or not, I hope we shall be inseparable in the best sense—seeking an increase of acquaintance with, and in Him who is immutable.

You have many visitors lately from this land: it will be well if you are mutually edified. I wish it with all my heart.

We met with David Sands at Darlington, who was making for Scotland. He had been at York, principally to see a great woman who is likely to join Friends. I think her name is Elizabeth Sanderson, but she has the title of Lady. His visit was very satisfactory, she appearing in a disposition of mind willing to "endure the cross, despising the shame," though she suffers much from her connexions. She was about purchasing a stuff gown, and objects to costly clothes, equally with gaudy ones, which seems to me instructive.

Now, to tell thee a little respecting our pilgrimage, I think we have no reason to do otherwise than humbly thank God, and take

courage ; having hitherto been helped through. Yet, my dear friend, our conflicts have often been equal to the capacity granted to endure, so as not to make shipwreck of faith. At Darlington the bitter cup was drank of going into the markets, and declaring the Lord's word to the people : I dare not doubt of its being His word ; for, as with consuming fire, I think my own willings and runnings were surely subdued preparatorily. 'This I frequently find I am called to submit to, for how apt to be choosing and refusing is this natural mind ! We were unmolested, and there appeared to be openness to receive, in the second place especially, which was also the last. I go, as heretofore, visiting my dear fellow-creatures of most descriptions, whether in hospitals, in prison-houses, or at large in the world. At Appleby we had, besides a public meeting, a solemn season with the poor things confined in the gaol, who were not great in number, and, I believe, have suffered hard imprisonment, some for years. It was affecting to see some of their countenances so dejected, in going round to shake hands with them : four or five were laden with irons.

Lately my spirit hath been pretty much in secret mourning and lamentation, feeling my own frailty, and being sensible of the miserable condition of some high in profession, who, nevertheless, are making beds for themselves, and stretching upon couches ; yea, as to the spirit of this world, are taking in large draughts, like drinking wine in bowls ; even that wine which mystery Babylon presents in her golden cup : but these are not "grieved for the afflictions of Joseph ;" and when the gracious call is going forth, "Come out of Babylon, my people," &c., they are evidently asleep in a spiritual sense. Yet I remember that there are many under our name, whose spirits are very different in the holy sight ; whose tents are goodly ; whose dwelling-places are beautiful ; whose fortification is the fear of the Lord ; whose language is, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her : tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces," &c. ; and I have no doubt but this Zion of God, this true Church, will call a nation that she knew not, and nations that knew not her shall yet run unto her, because of the Lord her God, and because of the Holy One of Israel in the midst of her ; and I often feel grateful in being a member of this Society. My mind is more revived in writing to thee this evening, than it has been for many days, perhaps weeks back ; though I did get some comfort by weeping a few nights past, till hours after midnight, which did not unfit for next day's travel and two meetings. Yesterday we were

at Wigton; had a meeting with Friends, and another very large one with the people indiscriminately; came nine miles this morning to meeting at Moorhouse, and from thence here four miles. I feel pretty well on the whole, though I have no appetite, and am weak; but in expectation of some sleep curing me. I don't know what would become of me many a time, were it not for "balmy sleep."

TO ANN PUMPHREY.

*Allanby, Ninth Month 13th, 1800.*

MY DEAR A. P.,

We have wrought as hard lately, as at any time when thou and I were partners—gone to bed late and risen early, having sometimes two or three religious opportunities, and travelled four or five miles to a half-past seven o'clock breakfast. Doesn't my Ann think we earned what we partook of? Thy accounts, my dear, seem very pleasant about thy change of scene in life; I long for an interview with thee again, but must have patience. We were under the necessity of going into the market-places at Darlington, which thou knowest to be a very sore exercise, but Divine help was revealed in the needful time. We were unmolested, and in the corn-market there appeared some considerable openness. Thou mayest recollect how ——— spoke respecting the engagement of exposing ourselves in the markets, and seemed to think it might be better to visit the villages instead; but I assure thee, when I was under the exercise, she being at Darlington at the time, it brought her to the weeping cross in sympathy. It does me good to see the wisdom of the creature give way.

I should be glad of an epistle from thee, but I will not be unreasonable in my requests, lest I should encroach too much on the time of a wife and mistress. Thy S. L. cannot plead excuse in these engagements, but every sphere in life demands our time and talents, where we are solicitous to move rightly in them.

Thy very affectionate

S. LYNES.

TO THE SAME.

*Kendal, Tenth Month 24th, 1800.*

MY DEAR A. P.,

It is with difficulty that I can retire to address thee in this way, but not without strong inclination. It is likely thy dear S. P. is yet on his travels, and I wish this may reach thee while that is the case, as thou mayest often be lonely, however kind thy relatives are. I feel for you both in the necessary separation, but remember unto whom *all* things are to work together for good; and it may be well that you should live loose from each other, as from every temporal good or social joy.

Did not I mention, when enjoying thy society at Worcester, an apprehension that this journey would be extremely exercising to faith and patience: such was my secret sense at that time, and so it has proved, and is likely to prove. I have frequently, in recurring to my feelings then, remembered the declaration, "I tell you these things before they come to pass, that, when they come to pass, ye may believe." Oh that I may but be one of those true believers, unto whom all things are possible; for it seems to me that the dregs of the cup of suffering are yet to be drank of, as it relates to this turn-out from home.

How didst thou hear of the engagement in the market-place here? I need not attempt to describe the situation of either soul or body under it to thee; but may say the engagement is no easier by repetition. I think I suffer as much as ever about these things; perhaps more, if possible; as the fear of riots in the markets presses upon me, and also upon friends; yet this has not excused me, as they (my friends) cannot take the burden.

I am called upon to go out to tea. I must send my love in a bundle, and leave thee to unpack and distribute it.

Thy affectionate

S. LYNES.

To ———.

*Blackburn, Eleventh Month 20th, 1800.*

Since my last we have had many ups and downs, and been so closely engaged as hardly to allow time to do the needful for the

body. We staid at Lancaster three days, had two large relieving public meetings, besides one with Friends, and several family visits; and I have to tell of once more enduring the cross of going into the market-place, and speaking to the people. We also visited the castle, where nearly two hundred of our fellow-creatures were imprisoned: the chaplain who attended them was very kind, making the way for our admittance, and choosing to be with us himself. He afterwards thanked us for the interest we appeared to have in the welfare of the poor prisoners, and was at both the public meetings. I thought the different engagements at Lancaster proved more truly relieving to my spirit than is often the case; for which, and many other blessings, I desire to bow low in gratitude to Him whose hand is full of blessings, and who does not fail to dispense of them to His humble dependent children.

I think it is the genuine sentiment of my mind, that it is not right for me to expect to convert sinners, or to do any more in thus labouring, than to acquit mine own conscience of condemnation; if this may be the happy issue, surely it *ought*, surely it *will* satisfy.

TO SARAH GRUBB.

*Liverpool, Twelfth Month 19th, 1800.*

MY DEAR FRIEND SARAH GRUBB,

I sit down once more to assure thee, from my own hand, that thou and thine are not forgotten by me, although the fourth year is now revolving, and more than half gone, since I had a personal interview with thee, and but very little epistolary correspondence has passed between us; nevertheless, perhaps we have daily visited each other in mind. I am sure, on my part, this has been the case; and I have sometimes hoped we were near, in some precious degree, in that which is unchangeable. Oh! saith my soul, may this increasingly be our experience, however differently circumstanced as to the things of this fading scene; that so, being more and more leavened into the Divine nature, we may be presented faultless at last before the throne of grace, with exceeding joy.

Since last Yearly Meeting, my engagements in a religious line with my dear friend M. S., have been mostly very close: we have passed through some deep conflicts together; and at other seasons, through adorable mercy, been enabled to acknowledge the works of

the Most High are great and marvellous, and *all* His ways just and true. This has, I hope, endeared us to each other beyond even what natural affection can do. We reached this place a week back, and on seventh day, according to what I long expected, it appeared laid on me to go into the markets here; but Friends thought best to acquaint the mayor with the prospect, to obtain his sanction, which he altogether refused; saying, that if he had found such a procedure in the markets, he would have put a stop to it as highly improper. At this none can marvel perhaps, who employ their understandings in the matter, especially now; the minds of the populace being so generally discontented with the very high price of provision: yet the mayor at Lancaster stood by, while I was engaged in the public market there; and the one at Kendal readily granted leave. However, this prohibition was the means of excusing my poor bark the exposure; an exposure crucifying to my nature beyond description; and I was soon left without a doubt that my Heavenly Father accepted the will for the deed. On First day we were with Friends in the forenoon, and had a large meeting with others in the evening. Friends' meeting-house contains fourteen hundred people: it was a solid meeting, and Gospel ministry flowed rather freely. These are awful concerns, thou knowest; and I often think, in the forepart of a meeting, and many other times, Surely it is too much for me; but when the mind can leave all to Him, before whom all nations are but as the drop of a bucket, it finds an anchor in the midst of conflict. I found at Warrington, that by some means I had taken a heavy cold, but we went from house to house there, till it was time to set off to an appointed public meeting at Prescott. We reached Prescott in time, and a large meeting it was, being held in the town hall. My voice was nearly gone before it, yet the speaking part devolved upon me, which was got through with great difficulty, but hope no harm was done to the cause. We reached this place again on fifth day morning, and I have been confined since, but feel better this evening: after this night I hope not to give these dear kind friends the trouble of nursing me. Thou wilt probably conclude we quarter with R. and S. B., who have a large house, and large hearts; the latter being, I have no doubt, sanctified through many probations.

My dear regard is to my Clommel friends, and many others whom it will not do to particularize; but it is a consolation to me to find that friendship, founded on virtuous principles, is not dissolved by

distance or time, in the separation of the body. Farewell, my dear friend; may the holy Arm of Omnipotence surround thee and thine, in this day of perplexity and treading down, saith

Thy affectionate

S. LYNES.

To ———.

*Stepney Causeway, First Month 17th, 1801.\**

On reading my dear ———'s letter, how did my heart ache for the situation of some, and feel thankful that others were mercifully preserved: how complicated the emotions of my soul; but I centred here, even in reflections like these—"Thine arm is omnipotent, oh Lord. Thou art also the omnipresent and omniscient God. Thou knowest the depths of Satan. Thou wilt keep those that look to Thee; Thou wilt save them; yea, Thou wilt keep them, both small and great, 'as the apple of thine eye.' Thou wilt magnify thy power, for Thou wilt not give thy glory to another, nor thy praise to the work of men's hands. Through thy goodness and thy truth, all things shall work together for good to those that love and fear Thee; blessed for ever be thy name."

It is cause of thankfulness that dear ——— is so strengthened and favoured in his allotment; and oh that many more may be raised up, in this day, to the fulfilling the promise abundantly, I will put saviours, or watchmen, upon thy walls, who shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Through the varied scenes that are to be witnessed, they shall not be at rest or at ease. The serpent that beguiled Eve is beguiling very many from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus: well is it for those who keep their habitations in this unchangeable, ever blessed truth; for no enchantment or divination shall prevail against such; and though others may, for want of watchful dependance upon the source of all-sufficiency, wander in their imagination, and look for what they may call a higher and more glorious dispensation, they never will come at it: they may strain their eyes, as it were, even until they become blind, and so stumble at noon-day, as if it were night, but God hath revealed the last dispensation in the Gospel of His dear Son. Oh may this Gospel, this one eternal power unto the salvation of the souls of men, be more and more spread and illustrated in the world, according

\* Written about the time that many seceded from "Friends" in Ireland.



to His holy will and purpose, saith my soul; that so as it relates to the general, as the sun that riseth in the east, and shineth from one part under heaven, even unto the other part under heaven, the coming of the Son of Man may be. *His* coming may be, at whose name or power, every knee must bow, and every tongue confess, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth. I believe it is so with individuals who singly eye the light in them, that it comes to shine more and more, until the whole man is full of light; until all is brought into holy conformity, and leavened into the Divine nature.

Yesterday my dear companion came with me here; we had reached her habitation the night before, having been travelling about seven months. We have returned to comfortable homes in our different allotments in life; she to her worthy husband, and I to my dear mother, &c. No time was lost that I know of. I have much to be thankful for, yet am not sensible of a redundancy of heavenly good; far from it; neither do I wish for this, believing it is in Divine wisdom otherwise ordered. Thou art very kind in thy manifested care respecting thy S. L., as it relates to settling in life. I look upon changing my condition for a married life, as very important; and think I should not venture to do so, upon any other ground than that it was clearly in Divine wisdom for me: with this clearness, I apprehend we are not likely to mistake the person or place, but rather to be assured fully in these points.

To ———.

*Stepney Causeway, Third Month 1st, 1801.*

. . . . . This afternoon meeting has been, to my exercised mind, a season of renewed consolation. I had not long taken my seat, before the precious virtue of the heavenly life filled my soul, which continued most of the time; so that my heart thanked God, and took courage, in a resolution to trust in Him, and endeavour to do His will. . . . .

TO S. AND A. PUMPHREY.

*Stepney Causeway, Sixth Month 4th, 1801.*

Oh! my much loved friends, my heart aches with the thought that we are now separated; so that there is no way for me to be at the interment of our precious little H. She was indeed, a

sweet pattern of meekness and resignation ; my mind yearned toward seeing her again in mutability, but there was something that prevented—that forbid. I do not know clearly what this something was, but I do know that it was my earnest wish to be at Divine disposal ; and perhaps, when we endeavour thus to steer aright, we should also endeavour to leave the event, hoping that we shall be mercifully preserved from erring *greatly*. Thus I seek to console myself in the present instance, and be assured my spirit is with you, and will be so.

TO HER MOTHER.

*Bristol, Ninth Month 18th, 1801.*

MY BELOVED PARENT,

I wrote thee such a hasty scrawl the other day, I wish now to endeavour to send thee a few lines that may a little make up for it. Our dear John Hull came yesterday afternoon with John Wilkinson. I met with him just as I was going into a public meeting in this city, and was much pleased to see him. The meeting was large, and I think, highly favoured ; dear George Dillwyn was much engaged therein, both on his feet and knees : it is cause of encouragement to my mind, to see him so lively in his appearances of this kind ; through a dependence, no doubt, upon the never-failing arm of Divine strength ; for where people think they can do without so much of this, after being many years engaged in the ministry, I observe they dwindle into dryness ; and though their words may be very good, they are often *but words*. I think the Quarterly Meeting here, has been a time of refreshment to the souls of many : a remarkable solemnity was sometimes over us. I wish you may be favoured in the same way, if consistent with best wisdom, in yours that is approaching. . . . .

I believe my friends will not allow me to say much more to thee, my dear mother, at present ; they are continually coming in. Although I have written as fast as I could, I have met with many interruptions. This is not much better than the last.

I am

Thy truly affectionate daughter,

S. LYNES.

To ———.

*Congersbury, Ninth Month 21st, 1801.*

Since my last letter, I have been travelling on pretty much in the old way, with this exception, that all my engagements have been in doors; for this, and many other favours, I have abundant cause of humble thankfulness. We made but little stay at Bristol, but think it likely our lot may be cast that way again. I went to see ——— at his lodging at the Wells. John Waring took me in his chaise, and neither of us were sorry we went. A few minutes' solemn silence came over us before we separated, and I had to break this with a few sentences for his encouragement; believing the great and necessary work was being carried on, and would be accomplished to his everlasting joy, as he looked to the power which he had been made acquainted with. Oh! my dear friend, how my heart was contrited under a sense of Divine mercy in this visit—a man that once seemed to have little or no trust in God, now wooed to Him by His everlasting love; and through a yielding thereunto, is almost in the state of David, when he said, “Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.”

To ANN PUMPHREY.

*Plymouth, Tenth Month 11th, 1801.*

[After alluding to the death of a friend.]—These are awful mementoes, yet, until they are felt upon ourselves or our families, we do not, in a general sense, make the right use of them, nor always when this is the case; but where individuals are concerned to receive them as messages from heaven to invite us there, no doubt they will have the blessed tendency to loosen from all visible things; giving to the mind a holy indifferency, that it may more perfectly be devoted to the best of Masters. Oh! I am ready to say, when will this be my attainment? for even now, for a few months I seem as if I was afraid to leave all to the Lord, respecting my dear connexions at home. I know nature is allowed to feel its attachments in pure subjection, but I am afraid I feel them without this; very, very often apparently forgetting, that with all my care, they must and will be conflicted, as well as myself; and that, if their sufferings are

in the will of Heaven, and they look to Him, without whose notice “not a sparrow falleth to the ground,” He will keep them *in* all, and deliver them *out* of all.

To ———.

*Perran Walk, Tenth Month 31st, 1801.*

Now I may say a little of our travels. We left Plymouth on fourth day, and got that evening to Landrake, having been with Friends in the forenoon, which was a farewell season. We had a public meeting the evening before, that finished such, and glad enough we were to find a liberation. I thought, after we had left the town of Plymouth, I felt as clear in my spirit as it was possible to be, but no rejoicing either, on account of any *extraordinary* manifestation of Divine power through me; for, on taking some retrospective view, I was ready to think that had not been the case; but I find that a quiet mind is indeed a great treasure. I may say that we proceeded, having meetings on the way, at Saltash, Landrake, Germain’s, Ashingford, and Looe: all these with other people, and one with Friends at Germain’s; so that in steering for Liskeard by First day, we took six meetings in three days, travelling mostly on very bad roads; but I don’t know that ever my animal spirits were better to persevere through difficulty, or my mind much more calm under similar circumstances. Thus are we helped along from time to time; but there are seasons, my dear friend, wherein my mind and body seem nearly to have exhausted all their strength; notwithstanding my friends often think I get along easier than many, because my conflicts are not very apparent. On fourth day we got six miles to a meeting of Friends at Mivagissy, and had a public one in the evening: this, as well as some other opportunities of the kind, was almost like a meeting with our own Society for stillness; the people in this county being remarkably serious, and observing a decorum that excites surprise, when one looks up, and sees them exceedingly incommoded for want of room; but there wants a ceasing from their own works in their religious exercises, the sense of which amongst them, is often oppressive to the life. On fifth day we reached this place, and have had a public meeting, chiefly with the dependents of the friend at whose house we are (*viz.*, George Fox) and who owns, or has a considerable share in copper mines here. I suppose about one hundred and fifty people collected on the occasion. They seem to be much of the description I have hinted at.

TO ANN PUMPHREY.

*Falmouth, Eleventh Month 13th, 1801.*

MY DEAR A. P.,

. . . . It is pleasant to reflect on the likelihood of thy getting a little into church service abroad. I wish goodness and mercy may be with your band. Perhaps you are now in the engagement; if so, no doubt there are low seasons appointed and permitted; for I am of the mind that the seed lies low in some parts where you may visit; yea, very low: but there is nothing for the Lord's servants to fear, with any slavery, who are simple-hearted and faithful; whose confidence is in Him, the fulness of strength. But although I thus scribble to my dear Ann, I am weak, and very weak: have lately thought that there is great need for me now to beware that I get not into too easy a condition of mind; for I have not quite such close exercise as when we were fellow-travellers, as it does seem to me that the dispensation of visiting market-places is fulfilled; I have not been once engaged in this way on this journey: what a favour! yet thou wilt conclude that all is not smooth. No, my dear, there are still sources of unspeakable conflict; but nothing ever was like what I have just now alluded to, and of which thou wast often a partaker with thy S. L.; except, to be sure, the affair relative to that great place in London, Paul's, which was even worse than markets.

We have lately been holding public meetings along the country as heretofore, but with this difference, that I have passed through several places, and felt nothing to cause us to stop; whereas it was once uncommon to miss one place; and somehow we have met with very few hospitals and prisons, as in time past, so that my way has been more plain; but in some meetings, chiefly made up of Methodists, particularly in this country, I can scarcely live: the seed immortal is deeply oppressed with, as I conceive, their lifeless performances, in which they evidently place so much confidence.

My heart salutes thee in much love and religious fellowship.

Thy truly affectionate

S. LYNES.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Falmouth, Eleventh Month 21st, 1801.*

For several days past thou hast been my companion in meetings and out of meetings; yea, a sweet sense of the cleanness of thy spirit has covered mine, so that I thought it no harm to tell thee so, with a salutation of heavenly love in that life which triumphs over death, which is precious, being begotten of Him who was, and is, and is to come; the never-failing source of sufficiency to the waiting soul; such I believe thine is, therefore trust thou in the Lord thy God for ever. No doubt thy trials are many; the faithful among you must often be plunged as into the deeps; but there is a power which is "mightier than the noise of many waters;" this can enable to stand, as with the ark of the testimony upon your shoulders, in the bottom of Jordan, the appointed time, and to bring up stones of memorial from thence: this has, no doubt, from time to time, produced the acknowledgment, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us:" but why should I thus write to thee, who am very weak?

From Perran we came here; sat their First day meetings in silence on my part; were housed on second day; turned out westward on third day, taking two meetings at Redruth on fourth, one of which was with the people of the town. In attempting to set forth the dangerous state I believed some to be in, my spirit obtained no relief; for, if I am not mistaken, the word was not mixed with faith in many that heard. This is the place where dear Catharine Phillips lived and died, but it is not always in such spots that the true seed flourishes the most; we may be in this, as in *all* things, instructed; but I am not saying respecting this place, "There is none righteous; no, not one," although my mind was oppressed; perhaps we did not see the cream of the people. Enough, however, of Redruth; and now let me proceed to say, that the following day at Marazion, we had a very open meeting; it was also very large. In that day's favour, the language of my soul was, "My spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the low estate of His hand-maiden." On sixth day a meeting with the people at Penzance; laborious, but powerful and weighty in the end: a public meeting at the Land's End on First day; hard to get through, but it ended well; blessed be the Lord! He measurably softened the stony

hearts. I walked after meeting to see a dying young man: my feelings were awful, yet, in deep retirement, I believed all would be well. "Cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned," &c., comforted my mind respecting him. He died next morning. He was not one of our name—had been led away from the path of virtue by bad company, but his sufferings had been great and availing. I thought I never was more sensible of the powers of the world to come, than as I sat by his bedside.

The reflection was and is pleasant, that we are on our way home, having been to the end of the earth this way. We have had four public meetings in this town, all large; and one in particular, very relieving. I thought it was a little like old times with our worthy predecessors, as was also a large meeting at Penrhyn, when the pressure was such to get in, that it caused a little disturbance. I was on my feet, but took my seat in consequence, after saying that it might be better for some one to go and inform those who were without, that there was no room; but I soon rose again, telling the people that no mind need be unsettled, for I felt the power of God over the meeting; and all ended well, even in thanksgiving and glory to Him who is only worthy. I went to this meeting under peculiar discouragement, but had not well taken my seat, before my mind was sensible of the everlasting truth being in dominion. Oh! may my soul lie low before the Lord. I could not have commanded this display of His excellency. No; *I* am nothing, but He can arise as the sun in its strength, and comfort and animate His true seed, that all may redound to His own honour. I feel the same openness to thee as ever; desiring the living breathings of thy spirit for my preservation—a poor child. From hence we think of proceeding to Wadebridge, taking meetings among other people in our way, and so to the north of Devon, where there are few or no Friends, bad roads, &c.; but if the great "I Am" is with us, no doubt difficulties will be surmounted. No rest for me yet, but I am, at this moment, sensible of that which, in some degree, can say, "Not my will but Thine, oh Father, be done." I have every reason to resolve—

"My life (if Thou preserv'st my life)  
Thy sacrifice shall be,"

for He hath caused "Jordan to be driven back, and the mountains to skip," when I was without might, and when things were permitted to weigh down my life: when I was almost crushed under the heavy

burden, then He kept me from removing my shoulder from it; and in His own time *He* removed it, showing Himself to be omniscient, and omnipresent, and omnipotent. Eternally adored be His great name, saith my soul. Let us pray for each other, that we may so abide under the baptizing influence of truth, as more and more to be of the babes in Christ, desiring to be “fed with the sincere milk” of the holy word, that we may grow thereby. That in this day, God may have those among you and us, who are pillars in His house, is what my mind craves.

We are here with Friends who are very hospitable, and I think, growing in the root of living virtue. At present they are under very great affliction. But whilst we see that affluence and poverty are alike open to spiritual adversity, yea, to sickness also, and to the varied family and private cross occurrences of life; whilst this all tells us that our rest is not *here*, what a consolatory reflection, that, in rightly yielding to tribulation, it is the means of strengthening the union with uncreated Purity; of preparing to join the heavenly host, where peace reigns triumphant, eternally triumphant, when these few moments terminate!

JOSEPH GURNEY BEVAN TO SARAH LYNES.

*Newington, Twelfth Month 5th, 1801.*

DEAR SARAH,

I believe thou mayest rest assured that I do not forget thee, and that thou art near to what I call my best feelings; but they are not always—far from always—uppermost. I rather think travellers, as they want more supply, have more; but they must not expect we, poor stationary folks, can always pay them in their own coin. . . . .

There are one or two things, respecting which I am not disposed to say much; but rather, as we read Mary did, to ponder them in my heart. One is, thy respite from some trying exercises; the other, thy future prospects. As for me, I think I can judge best of the past, or, however, better than of the future; and therefore, am disposed to say, that the little personal share I had with thee therein, (which was only actually at Croydon, though, may be, mentally at Dunstable, t’other day) has endeared thee to me as much as most things. I don’t think I have told thee how I fared after we parted there. I began to think, before I had got far from the inn gate, that



I loved thee too much; but then there arose a pretty lively appeal to Him whom we sometimes desire to call our Master, that I loved thee for His sake: so I jogged on in some tenderness of mind, and had also a very pleasant ride next morning towards Hertford, from the same cause. While I am writing to thee, and thinking of the satisfaction it must be to thee to be thus excused (as above) there came into my head a few lines I once put on paper, in imitation of a thought expressed by a Heathen poet, to this effect, "Snatch joyful the present pleasure, and leave the future trouble." Methought, why may not the Christian say the same? so I went a little on, somewhat thus—

The cross endured, the Christian blest  
 With incomes of returning rest,  
 May seize the peaceful calm, and praise  
 The Guardian of his stormy days.  
 And while his memory brings to view  
 The troubles he has travelled through,  
 He finds his gratitude increase,  
 For past protection—present peace.  
 And e'en if future troubles rise  
 In prospect to his watchful eyes,  
 With humble confidence imprest,  
 (Tried armour of the faithful breast)  
 The threatening future fails of force  
 T'avert him from his steady course.

If thou canst pick anything out of these lines thou art welcome. Well, fare thee well at present.

Thy affectionate friend,

J. G. BEVAN.

SARAH LYNES TO ANN PUMPHREY.

*Melksham, First Month 20th, 1802.*

MY DEAR A. P.,

My love toward thee is undiminished, though the correspondence between us is not so frequent as before thou wast married. I have often had thee very present with me in spirit, well aware, that although the dispensation we are individually under is, in some sort, different, we can unite in the acknowledgment that this is a world of trials, a fight of afflictions; and oh! my dear, if we are but working our way to the fairer inheritance, it is worth all the present suffering; so that I wish we may let patience have its perfect work,

while it is our chief concern that obedience keeps pace with knowledge. My heart is enlarged in best affection towards thee, dear creature.

We have indeed used all diligence of late; holding meetings very quickly in succession, and travelling hard: but one of those trying exercises we had together, is more wearing to the frame than a great deal in the usual way; and I may acknowledge that one of these overtook my poor tribulated soul at Bath, a few days since; for after having five meetings there, it was required to go into the Pump Room, amongst the giddy and the gay (a great number of whom were there) and stand as a sign for a while, without saying a word; and then to declare, as the Lord by His Spirit gave utterance, for about twenty minutes; beginning with these words—"I deem no further apology necessary for this conduct, which may appear so strange to some of you, than that I am here in pure obedience to my God." Oh! my dear Ann, the conflicts this sacrifice cost me were thoroughly equal to any capacity given me to endure.

I have been almost worn out; my animal spirits much exhausted; but a day or two mostly recruits me. We are to hold a public meeting here this forenoon, one at Devizes this evening, &c. &c.

Thy truly affectionate

S. LYNES.

TO THE SAME.

*Stepney Causeway, Fourth Month 20th, 1802.*

MY DEAR A. P.,

I find it impracticable to visit all my beloved absent friends by letter, to whose dwellings my spirit is often wafted in feelings of sincere love, but I let it suffice to do my best, and leave the rest; believing, that while mercifully preserved on the right foundation, neither distance nor time, sea nor land, shall be able to separate us from the love, begotten and cherished in the fear of the Lord. Thou well knowest, my dear Ann, that my time has not been mine own for years past, nor do I feel it so yet, notwithstanding the family visit closed yesterday. I have had, since coming home, three hundred and thirty-seven sittings of this kind.

I hope, that in fetching water for others, thou and thy fellows have been watered at times. I think, were it not for the brook by

the way, in my late engagement of a similar kind, I had many a time fainted. We are mercifully dealt with.

I am thy truly affectionate

S. LYNES.

TO THE SAME.

*Stepney Causeway, Seventh Month 14th, 1802.*

MY DEAR A. P.,

Think not that thy S. L. is less mindful of thee than heretofore, because of the delay in writing.

In being informed of the bodily suffering thou hast experienced, I assure thee, my dear, my heart ached; but I summed it up thus: it will weigh amongst those things that help to sanctify the better part; and is, therefore, instead of being unnoticed by the Most High, precious in His holy sight. Ah! my dear Ann, it seems to me a favour to believe that it is the prerogative of the King immortal, to recognize the common occurrences of life, to take account of all our little affairs: surely, if we sanctify Him, the Lord of hosts, alone, and if He is our fear, our dread, we shall be taught by Him to esteem this a great blessing; and have to acknowledge, that although, at times, we seem almost crushed under our exercises, yet He "weigheth the mountains" to us "in scales, and the hills in a balance." Thus may we learn to trust His providence, and rely on His infinite wisdom. My heart very tenderly salutes thee, and commends thee to so good and gracious a Creator, in whom I know thou hast, in some precious measure, learned to confide, and whom thou hast been taught to love. I desire, that wherever we are, we may be enabled to remember each other for good. I almost hoped, at one time, to have seen thy face ere I embarked for Ireland, but now it does not look likely. My mind has been, and is much humbled in the prospect before me; and it was not without many tears that I laid it before my friends in the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings. They have furnished me with expressions of their concurrence, and my credentials breathe forth desires for my safety. Farewell.

Thy

S. LYNES.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Youghal, Eleventh Month 27th, 1802.*

We have got through a large public meeting here, which I think thou wouldst very well have liked to have been at, had it happened in thy way; for we were mercifully overshadowed by the wing of Almighty kindness, which would have all to be gathered. My heart was so full of matter that I could scarcely keep my seat while the meeting collected. I had to speak, with no want of utterance, for nearly an hour and a half: the meeting ended in solemn supplication. We have, I think, been helped with a little help from time to time: it would be ungrateful to distrust, or cherish unprofitable discouragement respecting the future, but really these prospects of public exposure are things that weigh down the mind very considerably. Thou hast thine exercises in another way, and I doubt not of their being as great as mine: we are differently dealt with; we differ in our dispositions and complexion of mind, yet we have one common Father and Protector, to whom, with the simplicity of children, we may individually look for all we want. This appears to me to be an unspeakable privilege. Let us, my dear friend, strive to lay our secret cogitations, our cares, fears, doubts, and sorrows, in His holy bosom.

J. G. BEVAN TO SARAH LYNES.

*Stoke Newington, Twelfth Month 4th, 1802.*

DEAR SARAH,

Though I believe I love thee as much as usual, I don't seem to have much to say to thee; and yet I begin to think it long since I said something; and I have also apprehended thou wouldst not be so well pleased that I had let thine lie by so long. But consider the evenness of staying at home furnishes less intelligence to an absent friend than the variety of travelling. This variety, however, is, I hope, on thy part, accompanied with an experience of the same gracious help which is alike wanted, and which comes alike to the devoted, conflicting mind, unaffected by the succession of scenes; even the mercy which is ancient, and ever new. So be it to thee, my dear child, saith my soul most cordially—very cordially, however, for it is difficult to say what is “most,” and therefore I am often afraid of dealing in superlatives.

I think to send off this to-night, and am rather less vacant in mind from other things than I like to be, when writing to thee, my dear friend; but I am clear, that among the mass of things with which my mind is furnished, there are always, I trust, at bottom, genuine good desires for thee; and now, that thou mayest be preserved during the remaining part of thy journey, in fear, in humility, and in confidence in the power that has hitherto supported. I feel something of the importance of endeavouring to meddle with thee. Receive none of my words further than they answer to truth, and when thou hast leisure and freedom, let me know where thou art, and how it fares with thee.

I am sure (as far as we can well in absence, without special revelation, be sure) that thou dost continue to believe me

Thy very affectionate friend,

J. G. BEVAN.

SARAH LYNES TO ANN PUMPHREY.

*Clonmel, Twelfth Month 15th, 1802.*

MY DEAR ANN,

The cheering account of thy family which thy last paper messenger brought, was salutary to thy S. L., who often, very often visits Worcester in idea, and breathes for the "blessing of the everlasting hills, and of the deep that lieth under," for some of you in an especial manner, through your continued and increasing love to the cause of truth, which I know, with its great Author, has been made dear to thee and thy S. P.; yea, the prosperity of the Lord's work has often been more desirable in your view, than the increase of earthly substance to yourselves. Let us be encouraged to go on, seeking first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, trusting in the promises.

Thou knowest how I used to be led along, when it was our lot to be together; when we partook together of the "wormwood and gall," in some most trying exercises.

I have, with humble gratitude, to acknowledge that my way now seems less rugged; the dispensation of so much public exposure being, I trust, through the holy efficacy of the Spirit, fulfilled, and, in Christ Jesus our Lord, finished. Thou canst better conceive than I can describe, the release my poor mind experiences in being excused going into the streets and markets, the prison-houses, and the

asylums for the sick ; yet my soul hath sympathy in secret with the woes of my dear fellow-creatures, and from this I feel no desire to be exempt. Since coming to Ireland, I have not been without seasons of probation, but may tell thee, my dear friend, that it never was my lot to witness more glorious liberty in the sacred office of the ministry, than at some meetings with Friends hereaway ; and then we are not yet out of Munster Province, so that I know not what is to be met with in the other two. If, in adorable mercy, preservation is vouchsafed on the right hand and on the left, all will be well, come what will come ; and I think this *mercy* is all my soul dare ask.

Farewell, my dear, farewell. It does me good to feel so much attached to thee. Thy dear S. will take a part.

I am thy affectionate friend in gospel bonds,

S. LYNES.

TO HER MOTHER.

*Dublin, First Month 2nd, 1803.*

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

I left Clonmel last sixth day week, in company with my beloved H. G. and her brother Joseph : we travelled in a post-chaise to the Leinster Quarterly Meeting. Joseph is a very sensible young man, so that, what with his intelligent conversation, and the reading of Cowper's Poems, which John Grubb presented me with, we had an entertaining ride. We needed something of this kind to take up our attention in a close carriage, for there is very little in the country we travelled through, especially at this season of the year, to occupy one's mind ; yet a part of the County Carlow is very fertile, and the scene beautifully diversified. The Quarterly Meeting for elders and ministers began on seventh day, and the whole was concluded on third day forenoon, with a meeting for worship : it was thought to be a time of renewal of strength to many, wherein the purity of the testimonies given us to bear, was held up to view, and Friends encouraged to attend simply to the holy principle, which led, and still leads to the support of these precious testimonies. Several of the seceders attended, and the call was reached forth to them to embrace the unchangeable truth, which perhaps some of their poor bewildered minds have never yet done, although they once held it in profession. It pleased my heavenly Father to baptize my spirit,

and prepare me for enlargement of heart and tongue, in the Gospel of Christ, in these meetings; blessed be His Name! He chooses the "things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." His is the power and glory for ever. We had a public meeting for the people at large on third day evening, in which strength was given to illustrate the doctrines of Christianity. I was concerned to acquaint the people that, as an associated body, we held these truths as they are recorded in the New Testament; and that we believed in both the New and Old, which are like one continued chain, held together by links.

I understand this testimony was a satisfaction to some not of our Society, who were acquainted with the departure of individuals from what they, at one time, professed to believe in. Both the meetings here this day have, in the end, been seasons of relief, in being enabled to minister of the word of life. I desire a grateful heart for the many mercies bestowed; and oh! may you also continue to witness the mercies of Providence to be new every morning.

We may stay here a week longer; I think I see two public meetings for me to hold in this city, and some families to visit, beside the meetings in course. Oh! may Divine Goodness be near to help. Without Him we are nothing, and can do nothing.

I have written my beloved mother a long letter, and may now close it with bidding thee and thine most dearly farewell, and am

Thy truly affectionate daughter,

SARAH.

JOHN GRUBB TO HANNAH PACE (FORMERLY HANNAH LYNES.)

*Clonmel, Fifth Month 28th, 1803.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is, I trust, with a mind bowed with awe and fear, under a sense of the importance of the subject, that I venture to address thee on a matter which, perhaps, from thy knowledge of the precious friendship and unity of spirit that has long subsisted between thy beloved daughter Sarah and myself, may not be much of a surprise to thee, viz., to avow my near and tender attachment for her, and the desire of my heart to obtain her as a companion in the closest and most endearing connexion in this life. It is now nearly six years since I acquainted my beloved parents with this prospect, and obtained their consent to move in it at a suitable time, which my

late honourable father thought was not *then*, on account of my endeared friend's religious engagements. In his sentiment I acquiesced, and have been solicitous to wait for a right opening to take another step. I have lately apprehended, that on dear S.'s release from her late gospel bonds in this land, it might be seasonable to lay the matter before thee for thy consideration; and I hope the time is not far distant, when I may be permitted to converse with thee more fully than can be effected through this medium; and have an opportunity of informing thee of any particulars respecting my circumstances and situation in life, that may be desirable to thee.

In the mean time, if thou feel no objection, may I request thee to hand the enclosed few lines to my precious friend? and now I shall, with the salutation of affectionate regard, bid thee dearly farewell; desiring that the same good Hand that has, I trust, laid the foundation of a closer connexion and more intimate acquaintance, may continue near for our help and preservation, in and through every situation in life; and finally give us an inheritance amongst those that are sanctified.

I am

Thy affectionate friend,

JOHN GRUBB.

SARAH LYNES TO JOHN GRUBB.

*London, Sixth Month 29th, 1803.*

. . . . . It is a comfort to believe that we, and the matter that engages our deep attention, are under the notice of an allwise and merciful Creator: this I am abundantly persuaded of, amidst all the various cogitations that fill my mind. ——— told me, among other things, that thou wast "*gooder*" than myself. Well, I desire to follow after thine attainments. I have the comfort of hoping that thou wilt help me; and if we are but making advances in the right way, I believe we shall look with a holy indifference at what man, as man, shall think of us.

I think that some of those seasons we have lately enjoyed in each other's society, when we felt the sweet influence of our heavenly Father, like a sanction to our attachment, may, from time to time, be recurred to for our mutual and united strengthening. . . . .



TO THE SAME.

*Isleworth, Seventh Month 9th, 1803.*

. . . . . Sometimes I think it would be a want of right confidence in me, were I to doubt this matter going forward and being accomplished, because it seems to me to have been, and still to be in the ordering of that wisdom which is profitable to direct, both with respect to time, and the circumstance itself. I write my thoughts simply, having only in view to assure thee, that notwithstanding the prospect of separating from my near relations and friends in my native land is trying, I am disposed to mind a right opening.

I spent two nights agreeably at J. G. Bevan's: he and I took some very pleasant walks alone: he desired I would make as good a wife as ———. I thought I would do my best in filling up the important station, but felt, as I often do, a fear of falling short. . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Isleworth, Seventh Month 16th, 1803.*

I seem now almost as if already in Clonmel, my mind is so much in the prospect of the settlement intended for me. I often view myself a member of your meeting, and wish for holy preservation; yea, that if I do go, our habitation may be like his where the ark was, which, it is said, was blessed. I well know that this is thy desire also, even so to conduct, as to come in for the blessing which makes truly rich. I trust, at times, I feel thee near in that which is of a more exalted nature than what is felt in the affectionate part, and which is more binding than any outward ties: thus I thought my spirit longed to impart to my dear friend something of the favour granted in being lately, in unmerited mercy, permitted to draw near to Him whose holy bosom is the repository for the cares, the sorrows, and conflicts of His own children, who are born, not indeed of the will of man, but of Himself. Oh! how have I longed to partake more largely of this pure nature; yea, till the whole lump is leavened: but though it has, after low seasons, pleased Divine Goodness in this manner a little to replenish my soul, and fill it with holy desires, yet I did not intend to be quite so copious in the acknowledgment of it. . . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Uxbridge, Seventh Month 20th, 1803.*

Ah! my endeared friend, our attachment is not indeed “the sudden impulse of a moment,” but (as thou says) hath its foundation in the deeps, and hath been proved by many storms. Oh! may He who hath already blessed it in measure to thee and me, continue to bless it as a thing of His own (dare I say) preparing. Many of my dear friend’s expressions are the fruit of a religion purchased alone by resignation to the Divine will—the religion of Jesus Christ. Alas! what would, what could a union like that which we now hope for, be to either of us without such a possession? . . . .

JOHN GRUBB TO HIS SISTER ELIZABETH GRUBB.

*Islsworth, Ninth Month 9th, 1803.*

. . . . . The meeting yesterday was crowded. Many friends from London and neighbouring meetings attended. We sat under the gallery; Joseph Bevan by me, acting the part of father. I thought much of you at home. Mary Bevan and Mary Savory appeared in testimony, before we moved to enter into the solemn covenant. *After* this a considerable silence followed: the meeting then seemed about to break up, when I found my dear S. was under considerable exercise. She stepped up into the gallery, and was, I think I may say, favoured in a remarkable manner, to preach the Gospel to the people. She said it was “unexpected, and a cross to her, to have to move in *that* line *that* day; but it was her chief joy to be found faithful in doing the will of her Heavenly Father; and the solemn covenant being now entered into, she felt her mind drawn in Gospel love to the people,” to whom she spoke a considerable time, so that it seemed like one of her appointed public meetings. She sat down a short time in the gallery, and then returned to her seat *by her husband*.

Mary Bevan moved afterwards in supplication, and then my dear S. in the same line; we retired soon after. The meeting was very quiet and solid, though it was very warm, and much crowded in some parts. Upwards of one hundred signed the certificate, exclusive of ourselves. The bride was again engaged in the exercise of her gift after dinner. The day was throughout, I think, marked with that quiet and peace which is so comfortable to my mind, and

I hope satisfies it, without seeking for much beyond. We have no other intention than to go by way of Holyhead; and for the sake of the precious charge committed to my care, I believe I shall not be willing to go to sea with a contrary wind. My dear love to each of you, and I am

Thy truly affectionate brother,

JOHN GRUBB.

SARAH GRUBB TO HER HUSBAND.

*Clonmel, First Month 4th, 1804.*

. . . . . My first letter this year is to thee, my dear. Nothing could exceed in my heart the tender emotions which it has felt since thou left me; but I give thee up to God, whose thou art, and whom thou serves. He hath, I trust, instructed us, individually and unitedly, that He ought to have our affections primarily, and that He is a rich rewarder. Surely His goodness and mercy will follow thee, and repay thy simple dedication. . . . .

TO ELIZABETH GRUBB.

*Myrtle Hill, Second Month 25th, 1804.*

I think it would have done thee good to have been with us in our late peregrination among the Western hills, although I believe thou wouldst have got many a fright. We often talked of thee when on very bad roads: I think that from Skibbereen to Bantry exceeded all; there were not only many rocky hills, but some deep places that, had we been on horseback, I think we should have concluded were impassable in a carriage; but no accident happened, which we esteemed a great favour. We had a very large crowded meeting in a store, to satisfaction; some of the soldiers were particularly solid. At Dunmanaway the meeting was held in a Methodist meeting-house, and we thought it a very good one: that at Inniskean was attended with some extraordinary power in ministering to the people: it was held in a mill. That, and the meeting at Passage, cost me a great deal of previous suffering; but I have as much satisfaction now in reflecting on them as any others, I think.

## TO CANDIA BURLINGHAM.

*London, Sixth Month 1st, 1804.*

It afforded me considerable satisfaction to see thee at Worcester, although the time was so short. I sometimes think we do not want a great deal of time to find out whether we can salute each other, as those who are advancing in the path cast up for the redeemed. In this high and holy way I trust thou, my dear, hast experienced thy feet initiated; and if sensible that there has been in anywise a slipping, as it were, a little aside, to gratify the unsubdued will and affections, I would not have thee be too much discouraged; for, as my mind hath been turned toward thee, I have believed that thy Heavenly Father is near to help: therefore look to Him, my dear, and seek to give thyself wholly into His keeping; then will thy strength be increased to stand against everything, however small in itself, that oppresses the pure life in thee: thus wilt thou come to the experience of the promise, "I will be as the dew unto Israel (saith the Lord): he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." Oh! it is a precious thing to know the Divine presence to be as dew, and to increase thereby in spiritual strength and beauty. I know thou believes it to be so, therefore mayest thou follow after it, saith my soul!

I believe this has been thought, by some solid Friends, to be a favoured meeting, wherein the young people were not forgotten.

Farewell, my dear. I am, in much sincere regard,

Thy friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Youghal, Ninth Month 9th, 1805.*

. . . . . I have thought, what do any of us want more than rest—perfect rest? This is what our immortal spirits aspire after, while we find that it is not to be obtained by any earthly good. If this peaceful state is ours at last, surely it seems to me to be worth suffering for, even by the privation of anything not eternal in duration; yes, health itself. So let us be encouraged in thankfulness of heart to press forward toward the place of our rest. . . . .

TO ANN PUMPHREY.

*Clonmel, Twelfth Month 2nd, 1805.*

MY BELOVED A. P.,

It is with peculiar satisfaction that I observe, from time to time, the undiminished regard with which thou continuest to think of thy S. G. Were it not so, my feelings would be poignant; for it is trying to love without a return of the same lively sensation. Perhaps my mind is almost daily with thee; I know it is often many times in the day, for thou art as a dear sister to me. Sometimes I think what an unspeakable satisfaction I should esteem it, to have it in my power frequently to visit thee personally, but even then I could scarcely name my feelings *sympathy*, because our circumstances are not similar. I know not what it is to be a mother, much less to be sensible of what, from time to time, this station (however honourable) must have introduced thee into, of anxiety, of hope and fear alternately; and oh! when the hand of death took from thy bosom a darling infant son, what must not thy S. have felt likewise! Well, but I was going to remark that your conduct under these vicissitudes, as evinced in thy letters to me, hath afforded me instruction, as well as, on your account, *comfort*; and may I not say, thankfulness?

It is a fine thing, a great dignity conferred, to be not only united in the solemn covenant of marriage, with one whom Heaven does not disapprove, but also to bring into the world beings designed for usefulness, and the glory of God here, and eternal happiness hereafter.

My mother G. grows more and more feeble, as must be expected now, for she is of a pretty great age; she has lived an honourable life, and brought up many worthy children. Farewell my dear, dear creature.

S. G.

JOHN GRUBB TO STANLEY PUMPHREY.

*Third Month 9th, 1806.*

DEAR FRIEND STANLEY PUMPHREY,

My dear Sarah has proposed my occupying a part of this sheet in writing a few lines to thee, which I willingly comply with; and acknowledge thy kindness in transmitting us such a particular

and interesting account of the last illness and final close of our beloved friend.\* It tendered our spirits, whilst we could, I trust, measurably rejoice and give thanks, in knowing that this humble, diffident servant of her dear Lord and Master, was so animated and strengthened by His almighty power, during the last awful conflict, as to triumph, even gloriously, over death and the grave.

How does this reflection tend to blunt the edge of nature's sorrow! Thou must, I think, my dear friend, have felt it as a balm to thy afflicted soul, even the unshaken evidence that the dear departed spirit is centred in those mansions, where, as she so lively expressed it, "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." May her pious, innocent example, be a means of leading us who had the privilege of her company, either in a greater or less degree, to greater attachment to that principle, and acquaintance with that power, that did so much for her; that so we may experience something of what the Apostle did, that in all things and everywhere, we are instructed.

Farewell saith thy friend,

J. GRUBB.

J. G. BEVAN TO SARAH GRUBB, THEN TRAVELLING IN SCOTLAND.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 12th, 1807.*

DEAR SARAH,

It is time for me to notice thy welcome letter, and probably no topic of it is more interesting to thee than thy child. Often, I dare say, thy mind turns to this little darling; and the tender emotions of a young mother are often felt. Nor would I have thee check them unduly, any more than indulge them unduly; for whilst thou canst believe that thou still prefers thy Redeemer to thy offspring, I consider thy maternal feelings in a manner sanctified; and I view thee, and in degree rejoice in thee, as an object of Divine compassion and approbation. Oh! Sarah, I think I feel now the preciousness of being the Lord's loving servant or handmaid, who thinks nothing so delightful as to be helped by Him in His own business; and I desire for thee that thou mayest, from time to time, as He sees meet, have such renewals of attraction to Him, as may bind thee closer and closer in His covenant of love and life. So be it for you both; for, in going along with my pen, I wish thy

\* Ann Pumphrey.

husband to partake of any encouragement to perseverance, if any I can give. With love to you both,

I remain

Your affectionate friend,

J. G. BEVAN.

SARAH GRUBB TO ANNE GRUBB.

*Arbroath, Fourth Month 1st, 1807.*

I have no doubt but thou feels for us in this our separation from you, and in our awfully trying engagements. I thought in meeting last evening, of what the Apostle said of fighting with beasts at Ephesus, for indeed there seems something of the same nature now to combat with. Although the Gospel day has so long since dawned, the people, in too general a way, cherish dispositions opposed to the purity and simplicity of this dispensation; but I must acknowledge, through Divine mercy, we are enabled to speak in the authority of truth. The meeting at Dundee was held in the Methodist meeting-house, as no other commodious place could be procured. We understood that the Methodist preacher prayed in their meeting for a blessing on what had preceded. We are to hold a meeting here this evening; indeed we scarcely can get through any town without one, but I hope we are given up to it without murmuring; nay, are rather thankful to have the knowledge of the Divine will concerning us, and I believe that none of you ever felt nearer or dearer to us than now. Our little darling is, thou mayest be sure, the very frequent subject of our thoughts. No mother could feel more exquisitely than I do, but I endeavour to turn my own attention and that of my dear J. G. from the subject, or it would tend to disqualify for religious service. On the whole, I think there is nothing that could make this journey tolerable, but being at times favoured to come to the resignation of all into the Divine hand. Oh! my dear sister, I do not wonder that S. G. should call this state a "harbour," for how tossed and tried we are without it. . . .

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Aberdeen, Fourth Month 15th, 1807.*

John told my brother Joseph of our setting about the little family visit at Kinnuck; it was accomplished on seventh day,

I believe, to mutual satisfaction; and on First day we had rather a long meeting with Friends, which I thought was, in the end, favoured: perhaps one cause of its length might be, that both visitors and visited went to meeting with rather large expectations that we might be refreshed together, and so had to wait in poverty till near the close. They seem in general, I think, a nice, simple-hearted people, and some of them very tender. We parted in much love.

We were quite hurried to get to Inverary, to a meeting appointed to be held at four o'clock: we did get there pretty near the time, but, on riding up to the inn, I perceived that the meeting was gathered, which affected my spirits a good deal. The people seemed rather raw and ignorant, but we had to acknowledge the sufficiency of that Divine Power which ever stands by its own cause, and returned with grateful hearts to Amos Wigham's, with him and his kind wife, who accompanied us on horseback.

We gave up to have a meeting in a large assembly room here, and to confine the notice to people of the higher class: it was attended by many of this description, and proved a season of much enlargement of heart in Divine love, wherein I humbly hope truth was exalted. Now think, my dear, how it was with me, when, after all this, a cloud seemed still over our prospects of moving forward; so we fixed to stay and have another meeting that evening in the same place, and one at the old town to-day, a mile and a half off, and to attend the Monthly Meeting here to-morrow: thus we see how little we can depend upon our own exertions to get forward. The meeting was large, and the doctrines of truth opened with great clearness, and much Gospel authority. Perhaps none of us ever saw so large a meeting, composed principally of gay, fashionable people, male and female: several of this description went from here to our meeting to-day at Old Aberdeen, which was appointed at twelve o'clock, and wherein new matter was given, in the holy freshness and heavenly life; and, as in the other two instances, much solidity was observed on the part of those who attended. The meeting this day ended with a very solemn covering, after my husband had lifted up the voice in supplication. In the first meeting we understand there were seven or eight of the clergy present.

Our dear little babe engages our affectionate solicitude very strongly. I often think how hard it must have been to Abraham, when he was called to surrender his only son. My heart is often



more deeply affected in our present circumstances, than I choose, or think would be right to suffer to appear.

TO MARTHA BREWSTER, WHEN ON A RELIGIOUS VISIT IN  
IRELAND.

*Youghal, Ninth Month 1st, 1811.*

BELOVED FRIEND,

Poor and weak as I am every way, I cannot help coveting thou shouldst know that very often thou art the companion of my mind, I will not say in fellow feeling, because it is not likely I can be fully aware of thy tried state; but I have felt, and do feel much for thee, yet have no doubt but the Shepherd of Israel continues graciously to watch over thee and care for thee: "Many," it is said, "are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." I have remembered that Job is spoken of as being deeply sensible of the sufferings of his own body, so that many other things were comparatively light; but, in this sore temptation also, he served the Lord; and that Hand which is invisible supported him, and brought through all. So, my dear friend, though thou mayest be ready to say, with another of the Lord's children, "Thou hast hedged me about that I cannot get out; Thou hast made my chain heavy," yet will the same Divine Hand bring forth, in His own time, and prove His covenant to be perpetual, never to be forgotten; for He will be Himself "the glorious Lord, a place of broad rivers and streams," in thy blessed experience. But do I forget myself? I write to one of the experienced handmaids of Jesus, and I am, when proved, apt to sink too low: this hath been the case of late, for mind and body have seemed more exhausted than I almost ever remember to have felt: to be sure the depression of spirits that has accompanied me might be attributed to physical causes, and then, in these sinking times, the unwearied enemy does not fail to whisper discouragement. Sometimes, however, in thinking of thee, and other of my friends, whom I much prefer to myself, I have felt such a sweetness, and so much love, that I have almost termed it fellowship: and then I recollect that "to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion."

My John's dear love is to thee; he and I sometimes recur to the

precious little season of retirement we had when thou wast about leaving us, and think we have traced in thy communication the marks of a true prophetess.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Dublin, Fifth Month 1st, 1812.*

. . . . . I continue to look towards London, although this prospect is with much dread of sea-sickness, and very great reluctance to stay from home; but if we will not move in the light while we have the light, it may be withdrawn, and leave us in darkness and sorrow. I wish thou couldst know how greatly my mind is exercised in this city, and in thinking of London; indeed it seems to me that the right-minded, and especially the active members among us, have great need to go down into the deeps, and wait the Lord's time; depending singly on His holy arm, to bring them where they can erect their Ebenezer before the people.

I have remarked, since coming here, that Friends' tables are very consistent; and that coming out of meetings, and other times, they seem glad to speak to each other in love. . . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Bangor Ferry, Fifth Month 9th, 1812.*

This morning I wrote a few lines, informing thee of our safe arrival at Holyhead, after a passage of upwards of thirty hours. Part of the time was particularly distressing to me. I thought of thee and our dear children, and that I could fly to you; but on endeavouring to look beyond these feelings, to Him whom I thought I was obeying by attempting such an undertaking, I found, after a hard struggle, something of the calming influence of His Spirit, through which the soul can be resigned to suffer; so that after this, things were made much easier to me, and I became reconciled to my situation. We came thus far agreeably, so far as anything can be agreeable, in my present state of being an exile from thee, my love, and the children; but I have no consolation to look to, save the invincible Rock, which no doubt will still prove a place of refuge, if my poor mind does but flee to it. . . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Birmingham, Fifth Month 12th, 1812.*

It feels a little trying to sit down again to address thee, without receiving one line from thy dear hand since we parted; however, I must tell thee a little more of my journey; and indeed there is no way I can be employed just now, so desirable to myself as that of talking to thee, in the only way within reach at present. Oh! I feel this coming over to be just such a sacrifice as it was in anticipation—hard to the natural mind; but herein is my stay—I have to place the whole account to religious duty; and however I have been tossed and tried since our hands separated one from the other, I now assuredly believe it is no delusion, no fancy, or imaginary dream; therefore I trust in the Lord, and stay myself upon my God and thy God, whose sweet presence I was favoured to know, when in the chamber with our dear little ones, as they lay asleep the morning I left them.

The journey through North Wales is not so pleasing to me as through South Wales, but the loftiness of the rugged mountains strikes the mind with something of solemn grandeur: there are also other bold views to be seen, passing along—cataracts, deep rocky vallies, torrents rushing along the bottom, amazingly rapid; and much that might be dwelt upon by the pen of a traveller more capable of painting scenery than thy poor S. G. On First day morning we had our little silent meeting together at Capel Curig: thus we were literally the “two or three,” and I thought how precious were a few moments of true quiet.

TO THE SAME.

*Ratcliffe, Fifth Month 15th, 1812.*

Thy feeling so calm on going home is, I think, a confirmation of the rectitude of our united conclusion, that it was best for me to come, and for thee to stay. It is not anything short of Divine power that could make these hard things tolerable to us; let us then be encouraged to trust and believe in Him who is faithful. I esteem it a great favour that thou canst give me so good an account of thyself and the precious children.

My dear mother is come, and we have had an interview up-stairs.

She seems, I think, very nicely; and thou mayest be sure, rejoiced at our meeting. Her faculties seem very bright and clear.

18th.—Yesterday I was at Ratcliffe Meeting in the morning, which was very small, yet not silent, for four of us women Friends had something to communicate—Mary Capper and Mary Lewis of the number. I went to dinner at J. Capper's, where I met my dear friend J. G. B. I thought him less altered than I expected, and less dim too. He said he was glad to see me, as far as he could be glad in anything. He spoke of thee with much affection, and of thy gift in the ministry with much unity.

I want to tell thee of our meeting with Henry Hull, first in the meeting-house, then at Mildred Court. He said he never visited any place he could reflect on with greater satisfaction, than his visit to Ireland. He saluted me as though I had been a near relation. This dear man has received no account from home since twelfth month.

TO THE SAME.

*Fifth Month, 1812.*

Thy letter comforted my heart, and really humbled me under a sense of the unmerited kindness of our merciful Care-taker. Yesterday and the day before were rather fatiguing to me. On fifth day morning I closed my letter to thee, and went to the women's meeting, where I felt much that seemed likely to be communicated, but only made a few observations in a concise way, now and then. We dined in a large company, at T. C.'s; and short as the time was, had a religious sitting, the vocal engagement of which fell on me; but what was very much more formidable, I expected, that on going to meeting again, I should have to ask liberty to visit the men's meeting; which came indeed on me in a powerful and weighty manner, so that I mentioned it immediately when the meeting had opened by the reading of the First Minute, and M. D. directly offered to accompany me. When we sat down in the men's meeting, I thought the word of the Lord was like a fire within me; and when I spoke, it seemed to myself as if it not only made its way through every obstruction, but that the pouring forth of it caused the earth to tremble. M. D. spoke for a short time, after these effusions had flowed from my full heart; and then I kneeled, and came away under the feeling of what is said on this wise, "Serve the Lord with

fear, and rejoice with trembling." I was, however, favoured with quiet; and again, in the women's meeting, had to make a few remarks in the gift bestowed; but nothing like setting my mind at liberty, full liberty.

This family (where I now write) are very kind; the father and mother improving characters: indeed many of my old friends are so, which is a great satisfaction to my mind; and here are many, very many nice young people to be seen at this assembly.

TO THE SAME.

*Ratcliffe, Fifth Month 28th, 1812.*

I have had many painful cogitations since I left home, but then I know that I am here in the obedience of my will to the Divine will, or else I am ignorant indeed respecting everything good. When the epistle for Ireland was read in meeting yesterday, Martha Brewster spoke very nicely, and addressed us who had made the sacrifice in coming over. I think the conclusion of last night's sitting was favoured with a sense of good in a remarkable manner: all the meeting-houses were open in the morning. I went to Devonshire House. M. P. was much helped to speak, at which I rejoiced, for I love to see the aged crowned with life in the ministry.

I am very anxious to lose no time, but I must also try not to make any cause of regret to myself, as I hope this visit to England will serve me for many years: we are, to be sure, short-sighted though, after all.

P. S. (Afternoon.)—I kept this open till after post time, and now, my dear and ever-valued husband, I have received thine of seventh day last: it is as a cordial to my heart: I was ready to prostrate myself before the Lord for this renewed mercy to my poor mind. The meeting this morning was a time of favour on the whole.

*Fifth Month 30th, 1812.*—I fixed to write this morning, but have scarcely been able to collect my thoughts, in sympathy with our dearly beloved Henry Hull, who has a most affecting account from home. He has lost some of his nearest connexions by a malignant fever: the tender tie of husband and wife is dissolved; one of his sons is no more; his mother is also gone, and some others not so immediately of his family. I have not seen him since the mournful tidings reached his hands, but I understand it is the younger of the

two sons: it is, however, difficult to learn all the particulars, as the family where he lodges have taken him into the country. I spent most of the time out of meeting yesterday with him, and tried to comfort him about not hearing from home. Alas! how short-sighted we are! but probably the mind of this dear friend might be in some degree prepared for trouble, as he seemed very anxious about home.

The men's meeting is now over: *we* concluded last night. We came to William Allen's to dinner. William Grover said that they had a very precious, baptizing time this morning. The singular trial of dear Henry Hull was spoken of, which had a moving effect upon the meeting. The unerring wisdom of that Providence who had inflicted this dispensation was alluded to; so that W. G. said, under the influence felt, the mind could become reconciled to almost anything. The conclusive Minute of the meeting is such as Friends could formerly write. It speaks of the goodness of the Almighty, and ends in giving praise and glory to His Name. Ah! my love, what an unspeakable, unmerited favour is such condescension! The women's meeting has been, I think, much owned too; and many important truths declared "in the demonstration of the Spirit, and of power."

TO THE SAME.

*Bromley, Sixth Month 1st, 1812.*

At the last sitting of the meeting of ministers and elders, dear Henry Hull's case caused many tears of sympathy to flow. His certificate was produced, and some alterations and additions made, in consequence of his afflicted and singularly trying state. We came down to Ratcliffe to lodge, and were at meeting there yesterday morning, when I was much opened into different states. In the afternoon Henry Knight took me to Plashet, to visit dear H. H.: he was on the bed; seemed unable to speak to me, but wept and groaned. I sat by him a while, and tried to comfort him by putting him in mind how different this sorrow was from that of our relations departing from what is good. He showed me the letters conveying the sad tidings: they were most movingly expressed. Everything seems to have combined to make the affliction the most moving to the sensibility of the human mind. The dear young man his son, had a prospect of marriage with a young woman who loved him entirely. He charged his relations to look upon her as a sister. Dear Henry

showed me a letter he had managed to write to his eldest son yesterday forenoon, which I mean to get a copy of to show thee. I staid with him instead of going to meeting in the afternoon, which I believe was acceptable to his poor tried mind.

Thine of last third day is just arrived: what a mercy that thou hast such comfortable intelligence for thy poor wife, who so dearly loves thee and our little ones. Surely it ought to encourage me not to make too much haste home, which I can hardly help.

*Tottenham, Sixth Month 4th, 1812.*—A friend who has spent some time, within a few days, with Henry Hull, says he is quiet. This dear man appears to bear his singular trial with holy acquiescence, while his nature feels it as much as can be conceived.

Joseph Bevan is gone up to the Meeting for Sufferings. We took a farewell of each other, and had a sweet little opportunity previously.

TO THE SAME.

*Gloucester, Sixth Month 9th, 1812.*

Thy cordial salutation, how sweet and pleasant to thy own wife, so long separated from thee; and that thou canst say you are well, I esteem a great mercy to my too anxious heart, which is generally in a pant when I am about to break the seal of thy letter. To have such a companion for life, who can feel for me every way, oh how humble and good it ought to make me.

I have gone through a great deal with the many solicitations of friends to stay a few days longer; the one half I can't tell thee, but being, according to Rebecca Bevan's phrase, "very stoical," I was not easily dissuaded from my purpose; and did not suffer the warm solicitations of friendship to prevent me from making all the good speed in my power to return to thee, and the precious charge mutually ours.

When we got to H. K.'s, we had not anything whatever in readiness for our journey (seventh day morning, about ten o'clock) but about one o'clock we were prepared without any unpleasant hurry: spent some agreeable hours with these dear friends, taking dinner and tea with them, and parted under a solemn, sweet covering of Divine love. First day at Uxbridge was not spent in idleness; for besides the two meetings, which were remarkably favoured, we had four private opportunities; and separated under a truly desirable,

heart-tendering feeling. We had a religious sitting with divers friends at Wycombe, who called in after breakfast—left Wycombe about nine o'clock, and got in here late. I mean to step into all the Friends' houses here, which are but four in number. They want me to let them go to meeting to-morrow instead of next day, but I do not choose to give them any such precedent.

Poor dear Henry Hull is to be at Uxbridge to-day. He has received divers letters from home, since the very mournful account more than a week back: the latter intelligence is of the soothing kind, the disorder having pretty much disappeared. All the remaining family he left were in usual health, only his youngest son had met with an accident, the wheel of a waggon having gone over him, but from this he was recovering.

TO THE SAME.

*Milford, Sixth Month 14th, 1812.*

I have just received thy letter, and as I have a few moments before the packet sails this evening, I wish to say that we are waiting here for a fair wind; as it seems nearly contrary, we are at present loth to go. Nancy and I are well—were at Haverford West Meeting this morning. We staid their meeting at Gloucester on fifth day; came on to Newport afterwards, having concluded to come by Neath, which would put us in a way for calling on friends. We breakfasted at Cardiff, at the house of Thomas Redwood, who attended Yearly Meeting. He is come from among the Methodists. He, his wife, and eldest daughter, are in membership with Friends. We had a religious opportunity with them, and another in the evening at Peter Price's, where we took tea. With this latter visit divers of the family were much affected.

The depression of my mind after parting with my mother and sister, has been very great; perhaps partly owing to my affectionate sympathy with them. They, as well as many others, seemed to think my stay very limited, after an absence of five years: indeed, my dear, what I have gone through with the earnest entreaties of my friends on this side the water, hath tried me a good deal; but I always kept firm, and did not, I think, stay one day, or half a day that I could avoid with propriety, when I might proceed toward our dwelling, to meet thee, and to return to the duties of our dear family. What to do now about leaving this place I cannot tell,



but, after all our haste, to be kept here is dull. My dear sister feels it as well as I.

I think, with respect to myself, my baptisms have been many and deep in this journey; but then I do not know that ever I was favoured with more Gospel authority in the exercise of the ministerial gift; never was I more sensible that it is the Spirit of Christ which speaketh through His anointed; that they are but the channel which conveys the living water.

I had put this in my pocket, intending to go this evening, but there has come on a storm, and the wind has changed more against us, so that we must try to have patience.

TO THE SAME.

*Milford Haven, Sixth Month 16th, 1812.*

Well, my love, we must endeavour after resignation. *Here* we are still, the wind being quite contrary, and sometimes very high. I wrote a few lines to thee on First day, and added to them yesterday forenoon; after which we concluded to go, but a storm coming on, not only altered *our* minds, but that of the captain, who is still detained here.

We are kindly cared for (at Daniel Starbuck's) and do not know that we could have done better in any respect, relating to our movements; so that, as our being here is nothing of our own, we must endeavour to be quiet. I write this, to run the chance of its meeting thee before I get to thee.

I shall try to look to the Lord, whose name is a strong tower, and hope thou and the rest of our dear relatives, will do the same. This detention certainly proves particularly trying, but let us remember that all things can be known to work together for good.

TO THE SAME.

*Waterford, Second Month 4th, 1813.*

I have not forgotten my promise that you should receive some intelligence from me by this post, and may tell thee sister Hannah has been able to get out to-day, and we have taken four families. My dear sister has spoken beautifully in each of the sittings. The first visit was to E. Ussher's. I hope it may please the

Almighty to strengthen our dear H. ; indeed I think there was some ability to pray for it to-day. I believe she is not sorry she made the sacrifice in coming. I am trying to cheer her what I can, and I recollect that it is frequently the case that one gets a deep plunge in the onset of an engagement of this kind.

*Third Day.*—We have sat in four families to-day. H. has been more enlarged in her gift this day, than I recollect to have been witness to before. She so evidently raises the life in families, that her company is very desirable.

TO THE SAME.

*Waterford, First Day.*

H. is evidently separated by the Master for this work, receiving the fresh anointing in almost every opportunity. She supplicated in meeting this day.

*Second Day.*—The meeting last evening was but small, I believe partly owing to the inclemency of the weather: it proved rather a laborious time, although the people were very quiet, and many Gospel truths were declared. John Wigham followed me in testimony; there was no offering in supplication. I whispered to him at the close, to give notice for to-morrow evening, which he did with great sweetness and propriety.

The visit to Friends' families here, so far as it is gone through, has tended much to the casting off a load, with respect to me; for I have been made willing to say anything which was clearly opened, and I think, in "treading as upon high places," have known what it was to "dip the foot in oil," so as that nothing has been crushed or hurt that was truly alive, and even so as not to offend those who may have been opposed to the plainness of the Gospel of truth.

*Waterford, Second Month 15th, 1813.*—We have paid sixty-five visits, but I find we have about thirty, at least, yet to pay; which, along with the meetings, will be likely to take up this week fully, and may be next First day may finish or wind up.

I found, before meeting yesterday, that my mind was in a way likely to produce something weighty and powerful; and indeed the second gathering of the people was much to my relief in the end. The meeting was large and solid: I think it was what Job Scott would have called "blessed and glorious."

*Waterford, Second Month 18th, 1813.*—As Hannah intends writ-

ing herself, I need not say much about her; but I often thought, since coming here, you would have been surprised if you had heard her in the gift, it was so beautiful.

I often conclude, that when we are at home, and not so sensible to the incomes of light and life, we may be as acceptably filling up, in our measure, "that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ," for the body's sake, as when occupied in the way thou and I lately were together.

*Waterford, Second Month 20th, 1813.*—I think of thee and our dear little children a great deal, and very tenderly, but I hope soon to have the comfort of seeing you and enjoying your company, though I fear not on second day, as my mind dwells a good deal on a public meeting for the higher classes, which would not, I believe, answer, except in the middle of the day. As for to-morrow, I really think it is likely to prove enough for my strength, without seeing those not in profession with us, for I feel the awfulness of going to meeting in the morning already.

I want to tell thee a little about the meetings yesterday; indeed I think we may say that truth rose into dominion in both: that with heads of families was very searching, and yet baptizing. John Wigham said a little in that opportunity, in unison with what I had been engaged to declare, but no one spoke to the youth beside me: it was an open time, and helped to remove the load from my poor heart. And now, only for to-morrow and the next day, I should be pretty light; but I must have patience, and try to be simple-hearted and faithful, trusting in the Lord alone, who knows that I desire nothing in these engagements, but the advancement of His glorious cause, in me and through me.

To ———.

*Clonmel, Twelfth Month 16th, 1813.*

Thou mayest be sure, dear friend, that my mind is often led to visit some of you in idea, and to sympathize in measure with you in your sorrow, which I doubt not is still very deeply felt, and will continue to assail the heart, at seasons especially, to the awakening every tender emotion; but while this is the case, and that the assistance which our late beloved brother\* afforded in the affairs of

\* William Wright of Cork.

Society, is much missed among you, I trust the unmixed and inexhaustible Source of wisdom and strength will prove His all-sufficiency again and again. When we consider, that although it pleases Him to make use of instruments, with Him is the power to work with or without these, does it not strengthen us to leave all to Him, and trust in Him, the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength?

To ———.

*Clonmel, First Month 13th, 1814.*

I am loth to let my J. G. go to Cork, without saluting thee in this way, if it is only to say how much I desire to be present in spirit, with Friends, at the approaching solemnity in your city; for although absent in body, I am not without feeling much travail of soul, that the unchangeable truth may be exalted among you. Oh that those who prefer the Lord's blessed cause to their chief joy, may get down deep in their spirits, and feel after the pure, meek life of Jesus, that they may move therein, and in it dwell. It is thus that the followers of the Lamb have ever become victorious with Him; and mayest thou be encouraged in the remembrance, that to those who thus wait, the full assurance of Divine aid is granted; as in the language, "Fear not; lo, I command thee; go forth; be humbly bold." These words, by dear Job Scott, have often proved strengthening to me, when I have been hesitating and reasoning, because I was a child.

I am glad that there is a memorial of our beloved W. W., thinking that such a life ought to be recorded, to the magnifying that Power which is all-preserving, all-sanctifying; and in the hope that hereby others may be induced to enrol their names among the disciples of a crucified Lord.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Clonmel, First Month 16th, 1814.*

My mind is much with thee, and at the Quarterly Meeting, though no doubt it will be small; several have, however, risked much difficulty to get to it, through this inclement weather; and I trust the Ancient of days will be graciously pleased to give His little ones to become as David, and the house of David as the Angel of His presence, for His great and adorable Name's sake, and for

the encouragement of these in His right way, even the way everlasting. Thou feels the weight of things, and art well acquainted with making sacrifices for the sake of that cause which is above and over all worldly considerations; and I do believe thy reward is sure; that the promises of the Most High will be sealed in thine experience, with an everlasting seal. Thou knowest that it is said, "ye have need of patience, that, having done the will of God, ye may inherit the promises."

TO THE SAME.

*Clonmel, First Month 21st, 1814.*

. . . . . If you are detained in Cork till after First day, I trust it will turn to the glory of the Great Name; and oh! saith my soul, may the end of this memorable Quarterly Meeting be eminently crowned with life—*that* life that by its purity, its meekness, its wisdom and patience, wearies all its opposers, and eventually triumphs over the combined powers of darkness; showing itself to be invincible.

I think it is no loss to thee to be a good deal at thy lodging, and I had such a sample of the christian-like hospitality there, that I believe thou mayest be easy.

To ———.

1814.

Oh! my dear ———, look with a single eye to the Holy Leader; steadily follow Him through all: ever wait for the glory that goes before the Lord's redeemed, anointed ones; but wait not for man, nor tarry for the sons of men; so shall the same glory be thy rereward. Thus will the light be about thy path, and about thy bed; even thy rest being that prepared on high, it shall assuredly prove itself to be a glorious rest, when thy mind has been bowed down; yea, when thou hast lain under heavy pressure, and hast reproached thyself as the cause, I have believed that even these painful feelings would have a tendency to deepen thee in the root of the Divine life. In our infancy in the ministry we are sometimes dealt with as by stripes, whilst yet Divine compassion is such, that as a father pitieth his child, so doth the Lord pity us. He evidences that He knows our frames, and remembers that we are dust; thus, in the gentle chastisements of His dear children, doth He give them increasing capacity to call Him Father, and so feel that they love Him.

## TO HER HUSBAND.

*Dublin, Fifth Month 3rd, 1814.*

I wrote a few lines yesterday; thou wouldst see that it was not likely for us to sail last evening, the wind being contrary, and I fear it is very much so still. I am very desirous of getting away, on several accounts.

After thou wast gone, I felt very solitary to be sure; I retired to my chamber, and turned my heart to Him whose wisdom, I believe, hath separated us. I was made sensible of some precious ability to supplicate His great Name, that He would be with thee, my beloved partner, comforting thee by His love, and upholding thee by His power; yea, and I had renewedly to hope, in His mercies, that we might yet be blessed and consoled in each other. The dear children were also brought into remembrance, with sweetness.

## TO THE SAME.

*Fifth Month 12th, 1814.*

We are likely to sail this day. I feel much better satisfied to make the attempt to-day than I have done yet. My sweet little children, as well as thyself, are much the companions of my mind; sleeping and waking, my love flows to you.

*Shiffnal, Fifth Month 14th, 1814.*—I have not before addressed thee since I was favoured to arrive on this side the water. At Holyhead brother Samuel wrote, which I thought would inform thee as much as I was then able to do, for I was, as usual, exhausted with sea sickness. I consider it among the many mercies of a gracious Providence, that I was enabled to give up to cross the water when I did, for I do not believe that there was a day since the Yearly Meeting, when we should have had only sixteen hours passage. We have got on very well; indeed I am much better than I could expect, but am desirous of getting as fast as I can to London.

## TO THE SAME.

*London, Fifth Month 16th, 1814.*

I feel far away from thee and my children—perhaps the further on account of the length of time it is probable I may be detained on this side the channel; but I trust we are both enabled to

look to Him who can sweeten every bitter cup, and make hard things easy; indeed, when I consider the glory and excellency of that cause, on which account we are parted, I do not wonder even at the constancy of the martyrs.

My fellow travellers were very agreeable, and I am now among those who are as attentive as possible, and seem as glad to see me as though I was their own; but I feel a secret sadness underneath all, in being separated from you. The meeting I was at this evening was, I thought, very extraordinary; and that this forenoon held more than four hours, yet it did not appear very tedious: there was something felt, I think, of the overshadowing of the heavenly wing. What a mercy it is that, in a collective sense, we continue to experience the circulation of the Divine life!

I went to see J. G. B. before meeting; he appears to me to be many years older than when I saw him last.

*London, Fifth Month 19th, 1814.*—I have ventured to kneel once in the Women's Meeting, and, yesterday afternoon, spoke in testimony to some relief; but it is a dreadful thing, speaking in these great mixed meetings; for, although we are all members of the same Society, many and various are our conditions. E. C. is very careful not to take up a great deal of time, yet she has sweetly and livingly appeared in two sittings. This day I came to Ratcliffe Meeting: it was small; it was searching labour, and yet comforting and encouraging to the few honest hearted. My dear mother is with me; she looks wonderfully well and handsome.

J. G. B. said I was to give his love very sincerely to thee, and added, "I love him above other men in your land."

21<sup>st</sup>.—Now I may tell thee that, after I had written to thee, and said that I found it a dreadful thing to speak in these meetings, I had indeed to venture again, and *that* after Friends had sat long and were weary; but I rose with saying, that I knew Friends were fatigued, yet that if it pleased the Lord to cause His power to arise into glorious dominion, we might almost forget the inconvenience of the poor body; so my Almighty Helper made the way for me to proclaim His word with awfulness.

TO THE SAME.

*London, Fifth Month 24th, 1814.*

When closing my last to thee on seventh day morning, the twenty-first, I had it on my mind to visit men Friends, and so it continued through First day; and yesterday I proposed going to the opening of the meeting in the afternoon. A message was accordingly sent in writing, and a written answer returned—that it was not a suitable time. Well, a second proposal was made this morning, and agreed to:—it was a time of much invitation and warning, yet were the Lord's servants encouraged by the revival of His promises; in short, I was strengthened to get through, to my humble admiration. It was a sacrifice indeed to give up to go and visit my brethren in so large an assembly.

On First day I was in a full meeting, at Gracechurch-street, in the morning, and likewise at Devonshire House in the evening; at the latter I do believe were one thousand seven hundred people. I could not but yield, in both these instances, to the *powerful influence* of Gospel love, and was enlarged; indeed my tongue hath been, as it were, much loosened to speak of the Lord's goodness, and of His wonderful works, at this Yearly Meeting; neither hath my soul been without its baptisms; for all I desire to bless and praise the Holy Name. Now I want to tell thee that A. Jacob, who has been a most attentive and affectionate fellow traveller up to this city, seems constrained to offer herself to go further; it is not my seeking, but it feels very comfortable to me, and therefore I hope it is right. Dear G. S. is here; he kneeled to-day, in Southwark Meeting, in very lively and solemn prayer, which brought me likewise to prostrate myself, with these words, "Amen and Amen, Lord God Almighty, holy and true, who art worthy of all honour, glory, dominion and power, for evermore."

*London, Fifth Month 28th, 1814.*—I do not think I ever was at such a Yearly Meeting, for the covering of solemnity, and proceeding in the business with so much life and harmony; the meeting-house was more crowded, too, than ever I remember to have seen it before; there was scarcely a gathering that many were not obliged to stand.

I told Friends last evening that I thought we could now rejoice in those tribulations, which had been the means of bringing some of us to this Yearly Meeting; inasmuch as we felt the heart-contriting



influence of the love and power of our Holy Head ;—that if we were ready to say, (as I had penned to my beloved companion in life) that we wondered not at the constancy even of the martyrs, might we endeavour, when separated, to feel, often to feel, after the same precious sense of good which we had partaken of together, &c. E. Coggeshall had spoken before in testimony, and, immediately after I sat down, she kneeled in a lively prayer, which was the last vocal offering ; and the pause which ensued after the reading of the Conclusive Minute was very solemn and sweet. Thy quickness of understanding in these things must make up for the deficiency of my pen, for I cannot give a just description of the meeting ; many, however, were in tears.

*First day, 29th.*—I have been to Devonshire House Meeting this morning ; it was largely attended by Friends and others, and thy S. G. was largely engaged among them, to advocate the cause of righteousness. Blessed be the Lord, who maketh His strength perfection in our weakness !

G. S. seems to be a brave advocate in the ministry of the doctrines of Christianity.

To ———.

*London, Sixth Month 2nd, 1814.*

How often have I recurred to the few minutes we sat together in the car, when I felt as if I was going to make a sacrifice of every temporal comfort, and when *but little* of the best stay was discoverable to my poor mind : *then* there was, nevertheless, a little that I could just lay hold of, which I felt before leaving my pillow in the morning ; and then thy tender heart, my dear friend, was touched with my sorrow, and thou tried to comfort me. *Now* I can, through adorable mercy, already acknowledge, that what I have seen of the goodness of the Almighty towards His people, was worth some bodily suffering, and some deprivations too. This Yearly Meeting has been favoured with more of the overshadowing of Divine love and ancient power, than was ever before witnessed by me in a collective sense ; for it was the case from sitting to sitting. And now I must ask thee to salute ——— for me : I feel affectionately desirous of her growth and establishment in that which is immutable ; may she be humbly bold to follow the leadings of Israel's Shepherd, so will she never be forsaken of Him, but have to rejoice

in His mercy, and be glad in His salvation. Can we ever be too much dedicated to the Lord, who hath granted us so much of His grace; who hath richly endowed us with noble faculties, and designs that we should be ever with Himself?

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Colchester, Sixth Month 7th, 1814.*

First day at Chelmsford was a laborious day to me; what I had to do was trying, yet I felt as though I had discharged myself faithfully. We then went immediately to the prison, to visit four of our young men, who were there on some military account. They were all under the age of twenty, except one about twenty-two. We had a meeting with them, but I thought they were not all alike; one of them, however, seemed to me to be a very desirable youth. I hope they may each be deepened by this occurrence.

Thou wilt not be surprised to hear that we had a public meeting in the evening; their large new meeting-house was greatly crowded, and a very solemn time it proved; yea, it may be said that the power was in glorious dominion; blessed be the Lord!

On coming here last evening, dear John Kendal sent for me to his room: he sits up but little now, but his mental faculties are unimpaired: he knew me directly—we parted in love. I had not been long from the Select Meeting until he again sent for me, and said, “My dear friend, it is with reluctance I can part with thee; what love I feel—I never loved my friends as I do now,” &c. The Select Meeting here was, I believe, as large as our Yearly Meeting of the same description. I had to speak in testimony and supplication, rather tending to desire more fervency of spirit. The Quarterly Meeting is now over; there was a meeting for worship first, of nearly two hours and a half. I sat rather long in silence, and indeed I thought it required deep indwelling to be clear in the Shepherd’s voice, which at length put forth in rather a searching testimony: there was much to wade through, but eventually truth was above all, and a blessed invitation went forth to the youth. Dear Isaac Stephenson and his wife are here; also a woman Friend, who is blind, from Norfolk, named Sarah Bleckley. She and I visited the Men’s Meeting: the Women’s Meeting was likewise favoured with lively counsel.

## TO THE SAME.

*Coggeshall, Sixth Month 9th, 1814.*

I may, through mercy, say that my health is as good, or better than when we parted, though my head has not been quite well, these two or three days, owing, I believe, to the great exercise of my mind; for I need not tell thee, that to visit meetings, greater or smaller, requires deep digging. When the life is, however, found, and rises into dominion at last, it is enough. We were at their Week-day Meeting yesterday at Colchester, and had a great public meeting in the evening. They were both extraordinary seasons indeed, for the word of the Lord went forth with great power; but with respect to the evening meeting, I never knew more openness, nor the deep mysteries of the kingdom more clearly unfolded to my view, than while speaking to the people. Oh! how glad they seemed to hear the real truth declared; and never was my poor spirit brought nearer to the throne of grace in solemn, fervent prayer, in which it felt as though the many hundreds collected joined with one accord. All glory be given to Him without whom we are nothing; may His own works praise Him more and more, saith my soul! And oh! how pleasant it is that my beloved husband is endued with capacity to travail for the prosperity of the one same blessed and glorious cause! May the unfailing Source of help be thy sufficiency. I have, I think, in the opening of life, had sometimes to tell the people in public, that I have left a tenderly beloved husband and some precious children, in obedience to the will of my God, which hath affected many minds.

We went to take leave of dear John Kendal in his bed, and I have sat by him different times, much to my edification and comfort; indeed he seems in such a very precious state of mind, that to be with him is like having a foretaste of heaven. Anne Jacob saw him twice, and was wonderfully struck with his heavenly-mindedness. He is now in his eighty-ninth year; his faculties quite bright, and his heart overflowing, as he himself said, like an overflowing stream, with love. On my taking leave he said, "Farewell in our gracious Redeemer." He seemed loth to part, but said it must be, though he did not think we should ever meet again here on earth.

11th.—Since writing the foregoing, I have got through what seemed to open as religious duty in this place. Yesterday we sat

with Friends in the morning, and, as it respects my exercise, the meeting was a time of deep wading; and yet, as I said, I thought I heard the panting of the babes in Christ, and I was mercifully favoured to visit the different conditions to my relief. Friends are not numerous here. We had a meeting with the inhabitants more at large last evening; it was gathering all the time, which tried my feelings much, but I do not expect all smooth. It seemed a good deal like pulling down old buildings, and, as I think somebody says, "I was sometimes afraid that what little life I felt, would be smothered in the rubbish."

To ———.

*Ipswich, Sixth Month, 1814.*

. . . . . I think dear John Woolman says, when he was peculiarly plunged into suffering, "I remembered that I had called *Thee Father*, and I felt that I *loved Thee*." . . . . .

I have been led to consider that those whom Divine Goodness designs to dignify, and enable to speak to others of His ways, must have their sore exercises, that they may speak *that* they know, and testify *that* they have seen, and their hands have handled of the good word of life. . . . .

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Ipswich, Sixth Month 15th, 1814.*

Thou says what a pleasant account R. F. gave of me; thou knowest, my dear, that I consider a cheerful demeanour due to society, as far as it can be maintained; therefore I often have a smile on my countenance in the midst of sadness; yet I cannot say but sometimes the weight of sadness is removed; but oh! when the afflictions of the Gospel, and the full sense of my absence from you, both press upon my heart at once, I am almost incapable of assuming an air of pleasantness.

I sent thee a letter from Coggeshall, since which we have been at Kelvedon; lodged at Mary Proud's—we could not, I think, have more real attention paid us in any place. There is a Friend of that meeting named Joseph Docwra, who had one child, a son of about eighteen years old; he was at this place, and taken ill, on which account he was removed home, and, after three weeks' indisposition,

it has pleased Divine Wisdom to remove him from his mournful parents—he now lies a corpse. Thou wouldst be astonished at seeing a letter I have perused from his father: it is written in a disposition that evinces so much resignation and true composure. They are very nice Friends, and this youth was of exemplary life.

At Kelvedon we had two lively meetings, one with Friends in the morning: at that in the evening, great was the enlargement in Gospel love, even as a living stream.

TO THE SAME.

*Woodbridge, Sixth Month 16th, 1814.*

We arrived at Ipswich about two hours before the sitting of the Select Meeting, at which I was silent. The sittings of the Quarterly Meeting were trying, yet I ventured to speak in that for worship, and close, searching labour it was, wherein the fall of Babylon was set forth, and the lamentation of her great men, and the merchant-men, &c.; yea, and I was enabled to offer up living prayer to God, yet my spirit remained burdened, but in the evening I visited the Men's Meeting, &c., and through plain dealing, wherein I thought it was "dipping the foot in oil while treading on high places," I became in a great degree relieved; for though we are required to "show the people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins," how can we reach the heart except we take along with us this holy softening influence, which is like precious oil?

The Women's Meeting was visited by Isaac Stephenson, and I was engaged to follow his testimony, which also tended to unburden my mind. Yesterday I was at their Week-day Meeting, and again engaged in a warning testimony and fervent supplication, the produce of much deep wading of spirit. We likewise appointed a public meeting for six o'clock in the evening, as I could not believe it right for me to stay from the Week-day Meeting here, eight miles from Ipswich. The evening was unusually close and warm, and the meeting very large, so that not only I, but hundreds besides, were overdone with heat; but oh! this was as nothing, for the Lord was graciously pleased to overshadow the assembly with a wonderful sense of His Divine power, while I was as a channel through which the glad tidings of the Gospel were conveyed to many souls, and which proved to them as living water to the thirsty. Thus was it a blessed, heavenly meeting, ending in prayer and thanksgiving.

We are here at a simple dwelling, belonging to a nice, plain looking Friend, named Martha Jesup. The meeting this morning was small, yet not without laborious exercise. One is appointed for the inhabitants at six o'clock this evening.

TO THE SAME.

*Norwich, Sixth Month 20th, 1814.*

I assure thee that were I to give way to what I sometimes feel, of the sense of my separation from thee and our precious little ones, I should almost weaken the powers of my mind through this means; but then I remember that good soldiers of Jesus Christ endure hardness for His cause sake, and so I try to get above these feelings, and so I would have my very dear husband endeavour to do, and quit thyself like a man.

I shall write again and again, as way continues to open for my procedure in the arduous path in which I now renewedly tread. I find it is the same way I took many years ago, wherein it pleases the Lord to try my faith in His power, and to place my dependence on Him alone; and often, very often, doth He fulfil what dear ——— predicted in our parlour, for "His Name is magnified as in former years."

Well, I think my narrative left off at Woodbridge, where we had a public meeting; the people were collecting all the time, but truth triumphed at last, and the meeting ended with solemn prayer. Next day we went, as proposed, to Lowestoff, calling at a Friend's house, the only one on the way; but were excused having any public meeting, which I esteemed a favour, as I wanted rest of both mind and body. We were now nine miles from Yarmouth; word had been sent to Friends there, that we should be with them seventh day afternoon, and they were requested to find some more commodious place than the meeting-house for a public meeting. When we arrived, we found they had accepted of the theatre, and distributed seven hundred printed notices, so there was nothing for it but to be quiet; yet thou mayest be sure the exercise was increased by the kind of place we were to meet in; and, on the people's rushing into the theatre in the evening, all was terrible noise and confusion; however the house was soon filled, and then they shut the doors, and as many were thought to go away as the house contained.

I was certainly much stayed on the Lord throughout, and when

I began to speak to the people, they were soon quiet, and there was no more confusion or bustle, though many were sadly pressed. The sight of such a large number, so close together, was awful; but my blessed Master gave me to speak “in the demonstration of the Spirit, and of power,” and all was well; glory to His Name!

To ———.

*Norwich, Sixth Month 22nd, 1814.*

. . . . . Many are my conflicts, and deep the wading of my spirit, as I pass along in these parts, yet I have great reason to be thankful for the assistance which is renewed from time to time, so that, in the present solemn engagement, I can say, “when I am weak, *then* am I strong.” We have had many favoured meetings with those who do not profess as we do; indeed the power has been over all in most of these assemblies. With Friends sometimes I am put in mind of that part of “Pilgrim’s Progress,” where he tried, I think, to awake some who had taken up a rest by the way; but alas! the efforts used were in vain. . . . .

TO HER HUSBAND.

*London, Sixth Month 27th, 1814.*

When I closed my last at Norwich, I had not time to tell thee much about the Quarterly Meeting. My exercise in it was great, but the power in expressing my feelings rose high. I visited the Men’s Meeting too, and requested the members of the Select Meeting to meet me at the close of the first sitting of the Quarterly Meeting, when I cleared my mind of a great weight I had felt toward them. We had a meeting with Friends of Norwich, and in it I was enabled to invite them to a close attention to the principle by which *that* meeting, which had not been the most consistent, might witness the language verified, “The last shall be first.” The public meeting was rather more laborious than perhaps would have been the case, if the notice had been more freely circulated, for the people were very long in coming.

We arrived at Bury next evening, and found Martha Brewster very poorly; she has, however, a certificate for Scotland: she is a true Christian, I think. We had a meeting next day for the people at large, and stopped Friends at the close, which seemed to answer

very well, only I knew there had not been enough notice given, which is no uncommon thing as we pass along. After being at Maldon yesterday morning, we came on here, and I attended Select Meeting this forenoon.

TO THE SAME.

*London, Sixth Month 29th, 1814.*

Ah! I have indeed often thought it was well for sister Hannah to be centred in her eternal habitation of repose, yea, I trust more than repose; for surely her conflicts are succeeded by everlasting glory. Hers was no common mind: perhaps there does not a day pass without my having this, my beloved friend and sister, much in my remembrance. May I not say she is the companion of my mind, and hath been so, ever since her purified spirit took its flight.

Last night I went to see my long known and beloved friend, J. G. Bevan. He appears to be rapidly declining; his legs swell, and his debility is great, but his mind appears to be in a very desirable state, and his temper so pleasant, that his company is quite delightful, although I am sure he is a great sufferer.

And now I may just tell thee, that the large Quarterly Meeting yesterday *was*, in the first sitting, extraordinary to me. For a while I sat as much a blank with respect to any Divine opening, as it was possible to be, but, suddenly and powerfully, I was sensible of the sacred impulse to speak, beginning with, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the whole city of God," and was led on to describe the purity and clearness of this river (as in the Revelations) and those who were of the city of God; also, in a searching testimony to the earthly-minded and negligent, and to show how the Almighty would work with respect to the state that is called, as it were, *first*, to show forth His praise; that these, in continuing to rebel and refuse, will be rejected, and the stones of the street raised up; for that the Lord will exalt His truth in the earth, and be glorified, &c. The visited children that were disposed to yield thereunto were addressed.

TO THE SAME.

*London, Seventh Month 6th, 1814.*

Last sixth day I closed a long letter to thee, since which time we just took a ride of thirty miles to attend the Quarterly



Meeting at Guildford, and returned this day, so that I only now received thy sweet and valuable lines. Oh! how thy account of the Preparative Meeting warmed my heart. I do hope that our young people, favoured with so many merciful calls, may be induced to yield to *that* power which offers to form and sanctify them for the most glorious purposes. My heart yearns toward many of this class in our land. On First day I was at two meetings at Gracechurch Street; that in the morning was very much crowded. Such a meeting as this was, I think occurs but seldom: I had no painful reflections on my own account respecting it. I told them I was thankful I had not been among them in excellency of speech, but in the plainness of the Gospel. The meeting in the evening was for other people, and proved relieving in the end: blessed be the Lord, truth had the glorious ascendancy and reigned triumphant. After meeting, a foreigner asked many questions about me, &c. Being acquainted with the motive that induced *us* to separate, he seemed very earnest indeed to know more about Friends, and asked, "What books do you study to enable you to preach?" and upon being informed that we preached not from study, but depended on that which can give the immediate capacity or ability, he wanted to know where he could obtain any of our writings, whereby he might learn more of us; so he was directed to a Friend's house for some, and I have not heard of him since.

Dear John Hull is thought to be mending. I saw him on First day: he was very tender in his spirit, which, thou knows, is nothing new with him.

Great is my portion of suffering in this city, where the Divine economy is so grievously broken in upon, that the works of the visible creation are abused, and great is the bondage and oppression under which both man and beast groan.

This is the place where many enrich themselves at the expense of much health, and what is worse, of virtue too, and are absorbed in the things that perish. Here likewise, how hardly do many earn a poor pittance for themselves and their wretched offspring. Hundreds of these seem regardless of all else but trying to get a bit of bread anyhow (not like our poor Irish, who will gain a little knowledge of the world they live in, because they will *stop* to enquire). But what do I say? Is not a *great*, great deal doing to enlighten the poor, and better their condition? and are not very many engaged in advocating even the cause of their brethren in distant nations? Ought

not all this, together with other considerations of the pleasing kind, make glad? yet I cannot be glad in London, but am ready to say, Oh! the mischief of vast and populous cities; for still *depravity*, and its consequent misery, stalk before me daily.

To ———.

*London, Seventh Month 8th, 1814.*

. . . . . When I first went to Ireland, it was under very unfavourable circumstances as to much outward consolation, but it pleased the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to grant me patience, and, in the end, to bless me with spiritual and temporal blessings; so that I could long since say, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden;” and indeed I feel myself unworthy of all His mercies and of His truth.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*London, Seventh Month 12th, 1814.*

I have taken leave of my dearly beloved friend, J. G. Bevan; it was a solemn and affecting parting. Yesterday morning was the time when we finally said farewell. *He* wept and *I* wept. I had previously spoken to him in the line of ministry, when he seemed greatly tendered indeed. I told him that thou wished, if it was suitable, I should give thy love to him, to which he replied, “Oh always suitable, and always acceptable.” Ah! my dear, he is almost gone, I think. His mind is in a most desirable state. I thought my feelings respecting him *delightful*.

On First day I was at Devonshire House both morning and evening. Many of us will, I believe, long remember the meeting with Friends in the morning; for the word was declared with great power, as much so as I ever recollect, I think, and divers were much broken. In the evening there were not less, I fully believe, than eighteen hundred people, and many went away for want of room.

*Usbridge*.—Many have been my conflicts in that vast and populous city (London); now I have left it, and my poor mind and body want rest.

I heard on second day that Thomas Scattergood was no more. He was only four days ill: his disorder was a fever. He was mostly sensible.

TO J. G. BEVAN.

*Usbridge, Seventh Month 15th, 1814.*

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND J. G. B.,

When we parted, I did not expect so soon to address thee, but on saying something to dear John Hull of thy having written to him, he appeared surprised, for he has not received thy letter; and as his disappointment is great, he requests me to tell thee so, and likewise to say that he thinks of thee much; that this day, as he lay thinking of thee, and remembered the humility of thy heart, he recollected with sweetness the passage of Scripture, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." This dear friend has been very ill for two days past, but is better this evening. He seems to be in a very desirable state of mind, and told me that he was not sorry for this trying dispensation, believing it to be in mercy.

And now, my endeared friend, suffer me just to say, that I believe I shall long remember our last interview; for although the very tender emotions of my heart found their way in some sort of expression, I have scarcely ceased, I think, to have thee before my view, with some blessed assurance, as I apprehend, that the Lord thy God is with thee, and will be with thee, so that all thy painful feelings will be, in His time, turned into everlasting joy and consolation. Why then, should I yield, as I do, to that tender sorrow which some felt in taking their leave of another apostle of Jesus, so that it drew from him a language like this, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?" but thou wilt, thou must forgive me, my long precious beloved friend, and bear with my weakness.

I long much to hear of thee; I might have a few lines at High Wycombe, addressed to Thomas Edmonds. My dear Rebecca will surely spare a few minutes, when her attention is not requisite for thee, just to relieve my anxiety.

I have been very much indisposed since leaving London, owing, I believe, more to mental than bodily exertion, although I had much of both. We attended Monthly Meeting here on fourth day; were at Amersham Meeting yesterday, and are going to a public gathering here this evening. The time approaches, and the thing is awful. I must take my leave, being, in more affection than I can convey through this medium, thine,

S. GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

1814.

Thou asks, am I acquainted with feelings of fear, &c., on waking, with respect to a subject that was agreeably concluded on over night? I can tell thee that I am not wholly ignorant hereof, but then I do not mind these morning clouds, for if I did, and make very minute observations, as of the wind, I fear I should neither sow nor reap; so I would not have thee take too much notice of these feelings, only, when a thing is comfortably concluded on, leave it so; this will save thee a deal of unprofitable thought.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Hilh Wycombe, Seventh Month 16th, 1814.*

We arrived here last evening, having taken a solemn leave of dear John Hull. Oh! my dear, it is very affecting to see him so disabled, for thou mayest remember that he was very active, and to be among Friends and others there, and feel the loss his illness is to community, is really cause of sorrow; but he is in a sweet, resigned state of mind, and his beloved companion in life much supported.

And now let me say, as is often the case, I really feel myself a poor creature, and sometimes am ready to sink into discouragement, in these awful engagements of holding meetings, &c.; but knowing that nothing can be gained hereby, I rather try to commit myself into the Divine Hand, and hope in the Lord Jehovah, that He will keep me from being *greatly* moved, and renew my strength of mind, yea, and of body too.

Thy recurring to the language uttered in supplication on my account, is particularly seasonable. May it please the Most High to hear thy prayer, and grant me preservation, even for His own blessed cause' sake.

TO THE SAME.

*Buckingham, Seventh Month 21st, 1814.*

Thinking of Burford is a great lesson to me, for had I not been in too great a hurry, when there two years ago, my mind had now been more at ease respecting it.

Since writing the foregoing, we have been at meeting here. Oh! what an awakening opportunity it was. The meeting was appointed

for Friends *only*, and they are but few in number, but I was engaged to speak twice on my feet, and then in solemn, fervent prayer. A nice little man sat next me, a minister; he and his wife have but £20 per annum to live upon, I understand. My last to thee was closed a short time before the public meeting at Wyeombe: the meeting-house was full; many went away for want of room: it was very warm indeed, but I did not mind the inconvenience of the poor frame. Many, I believe, were thankful in being there. On second day we partly rested, but two or three private opportunities occurred; for which, however, if I had not believed that truth required it, and opened the way, I should have thought myself very unfit.

We went to meeting at Tring yesterday, six miles on the way here; where, though I felt very poorly, I was engaged both in testimony and supplication in an encouraging strain, but I did not know that things were as high as sometimes; yet, when I lifted up my eyes, oh! the tears of tenderness that were strewing all about me; and when we came out of meeting, almost all the young people were wonderfully broken; some of them took my hand, and could hardly speak for weeping. It was truly delightful and consoling, to see that the power of the Lord had reached them, and that they were so near the truth. I need not tell my endeared companion in life, that nothing belongs to the creature of glory or praise, but to the Lord alone.

I feel trembling of heart now, in looking toward the meeting this evening, because it is a great and awful thing to call the people together, and to attempt to speak in the name of the King immortal; besides I am but weakly, yet I know that if the Lord require this of me, He can strengthen mind and body—to Him I desire to look.

TO THE SAME.

*Worcester, Seventh Month 26th, 1814.*

The public meeting at Buckingham was not so large as was expected, yet there was a good degree of life attending, for which my poor mind felt thankful. I believe many were impressed with the truths of the Gospel. First day was spent at Birmingham with our Society, the two meetings being both such as interested my feelings much. I was largely engaged in the ministry among them, and after supper we had a precious season in the family where we lodged. After feeling what I did in that opportunity, I found

myself quite at liberty to leave Birmingham, so we moved toward Worcester on second day. After we had got near Bromsgrove, the men Friends proposed that *they* should be at the trouble of driving, by dividing us; the change had not been made many minutes, till the horse which I was behind stumbled and fell, jerking us out. None of us were, however, materially hurt, that we know of; I am bruised much more than the others, and feel more shaken with the fall, but am able to get on without much difficulty. Anne, dear creature, behaved with great fortitude and affection on the occasion. It was a very awful thing to happen, and I consider it a great mercy that none of us were killed on the spot, or more hurt than we are. On our getting to Worcester I went to bed, but got up in the evening, and appointed a meeting for yesterday at ten o'clock; it was attended by Friends and some others, and was a solemn, heart-tendering season.

TO THE SAME.

*Gloucester, Seventh Month 29th, 1814.*

We had the meeting at Tewkesbury as proposed; a few attended who were not Friends, and it was favoured, in some precious degree, with life, especially in solemn supplication. After supper several friends came in, and a religious opportunity occurred; divers young people being there, for whom I felt much Gospel solicitude.

I seem clear of this place, for the present, however; having been enabled to use plainness with Friends yesterday morning, and had a pretty full and living meeting in the evening with others, although it thundered and lightened at times, during the whole of the time we were assembled.

Probably this may be nearly or quite the last time I address thee, till seeing thee once more.

TO A NIECE WHO HAD THE CARE OF HER CHILDREN IN HER ABSENCE FROM HOME.

*Swansea, Eighth Month 2nd, 1814.*

It is matter of great consolation to my mind that you are preserved in usual health, and causes my poor heart to flow with gratitude to *Him* who graciously takes cognizance of us, and *that* continually. Ah! my dear, He knows what it hath cost me to leave all, and to continue thus long absent; but, blessed be His Name!

He still grants the resigned state to me; even now, that I am so near you, I believe my line is to turn my back upon Milford, when favoured to meet thy uncle there, and move toward Bristol, taking some meetings by the way. My love is to my precious children; I hope they are willing to resign their dear father to come over the great deep, to be engaged in the service of their Heavenly Father, and to help their poor mother, who likewise desires to be given up to serve the Lord.

TO THE SAME.

*Gisborough, Ninth Month 14th, 1814.*

I often feel desirous that thou thyself mayest be comforted, both temporally and spiritually, which I trust will be the case, as thou endeavours to live up to what thou knowest of the Divine will, and art earnestly desirous of *growing* in that which is unchangeably good. I wrote to sister Nancy the other day; my health had then been poorly for many weeks, so that I got along with more difficulty than any can imagine, but those who know how to sympathize with the low and afflicted. *Now*, through Divine mercy, I am considerably relieved. Oh! what a blessing is health! I am a poor, tribulated, absent sister, separated from my dear children and family, in, what at least I believe to be, the bonds of the Gospel.

TO A. E. AND A. GRUBB.

*Probably 1814.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,

It is depressing to my feelings that we should be so separated. The *occasion* of our being deprived of each other's society renders it additionally trying.

The dispositions of Divine Providence are, however, unerring; let us try to acquiesce in His dealings with us. He takes judicial notice of us at all times, and will not fail to reward our humble resignation a hundred fold. When brought low, may we wait in *faith* for brighter days; so will the Sun of righteousness arise, in His own due time, and dissipate all the clouds of dismay; yea, He will come "with healing in His wings."

Your affectionate sister,

S. GRUBB.

## TO HER HUSBAND.

*Cork, First Month, 1815.*

We have got on remarkably well, and accomplished the journey by three o'clock. T. and M. W. appear glad to see us. I have not been in good spirits to-day, but I studied my little French book a good deal of the way, and almost had the conceit to anticipate the reading of Fenelon and Guion *some day* in their own tongue. These pious individuals had surely learnt to possess their souls in patience, which I greatly fear I am deficient in; but if I fast from spiritual as well as temporal delight, let me fast in secret; I will try, as it were, to "anoint my head and wash my face." So, my dear, if thou hears that I am very cheerful, remember this resolution.

*First Month 15th, 1815.*—M. H. is here: she supplicated at the close of the meeting yesterday, that it would please the Almighty to be with us during this Quarterly Meeting; and, with respect to this morning, it has seemed to be the case, for there was considerable life felt in the offerings that were made. I had thought that maybe I might be silent in the assembly; and that, if I knew anything of what was good, things were going on very well, for which my mind felt grateful; but I soon after began to fear, that if I held my peace, some confusion would cover me, for interrupting the eurrent of life, in the stream of ministry, which I thought I saw flowing sweetly, proceeding from the Source of all good; so I ventured on my feet.

## TO THE SAME.

*Cork, First Month 17th, 1815.*

I got through my little *say*, respecting my late journey, to the satisfaction of my mind; it was comprised in a very few words. M. H. went with me into the Men's Meeting, where I was enabled to allude to thy joining me on the other side the Channel, and it seemed with clearness.

The Select Meeting was a remarkable time. The state of Youghal Select Meeting came first; then a concern spread about Friends in the ministry, that they should avoid sounds, tones, &c., and several spoke. At length cousin Margaret Grubb expressed something, so exactly answering to what thou wrote about the ministry (mixed



with caution) and even mentioned those words, "The time of the singing of birds is come," that my poor heart beat violently, and the impressions were such as to induce me to tell Friends of thy exercise, and to ask leave to read part of thy letter, which was readily joined in with, and seemed to bring with it great solemnity. I came in here directly on our breaking up, and wrote this, my hand and heart still trembling with what I have felt this day.

To ———.

*Dublin, Third Month 6th, 1815.*

I think I can hardly do less than acknowledge to the kindness and mercy of the Great Shepherd, who caused me intelligibly to hear His voice to come to this city; for He is making good His promise to be near to help. My health is better than I had any reason to expect, and above all, He is affording His light, the aid of His Holy Spirit from one visit to another: sometimes His blessed power rises into glorious dominion, to the melting and tendering such as have been too negligent in time past.

I often think of the encouragement handed me by some of my friends before I left home, and find they were right in their belief that the Lord would be with us, although we have indeed to be baptized, and rebaptized for ourselves and the visited. Think not, my dear ———, in what I say, that I rejoice as one that putteth off the harness; no, I find it still fast about me; but I extol and adore the wisdom and power of Truth in its leadings; desiring to be fully subject thereunto—surely nothing else can keep us in the way in which we should go. Oh! how awful a thing it is to move in the manner which we profess to be called to.

To ———.

*Dublin, Second Month 27th, 1816.*

My dear mother's hope is similar to our own, that we may get well through here, and return to you in peace; but there seems a great deal to be done and suffered, previously to our meeting you again. We are still prosecuting the visit, and with humble gratitude I may say, we are helped with a little help. Oh! it is an awful thing to visit families: no one knows what I pass through, nor how

languid I feel; yet, at seasons, I trust I shall be brought to acknowledge, with respect to this engagement, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in mine eyes."

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Dublin, Third Month 11th, 1816.*

Yesterday was pretty fully occupied, for we had a public meeting at Meath Street, besides the two meetings in course at Sycamore Alley, and we visited an individual at the rise of the first. I was mercifully helped to get through, without more fatigue than when less engaged. These religious opportunities were all attended with Divine life and power. The meeting at Meath Street was very large, and many children getting in, they became very noisy after I sat down, and the meeting was near a close, upon which I rose, and remonstrated with them; they listened quietly, while I told them how the Almighty destroyed some wicked children formerly, who mocked at what was good, &c. I then found my way open to supplicate the Great Name, all which time a good degree of silence was observed, but they began again to laugh, &c., which renewedly brought me on my feet to speak to them for their conduct, and the meeting became solemn on separating. On the whole, we have great cause to be thankful. They went away in an orderly manner. It was a very large meeting, and in a part of this great place where the people are least civilized.

TO ABIGAIL GRUBB.

*Dublin, Third Month 16th, 1816.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

Often, since coming here, I have thought of writing to thee, but was discouraged, lest I should not be able to do it in such a way as to interest thy feelings; and I have very often told thee and our other dear sisters, that you are in my affectionate remembrance; indeed I think much of you, amidst my own struggles to get through the mass of religious concern which was before me on leaving home. Thou, my dear sister, art, I trust, filling up thy day's work another way; and if this be the case, I believe eventually it will matter little by what means we are brought to receive the sentence of, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things:

enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Many, I believe, are thy secret cogitations, and perhaps thy fears at times, respecting thy own spiritual state; but my mind is often comforted in looking toward thee, hoping that thou hast obtained a precious degree of life, even as through death; though this life may be "hid" (from thy view at times it is) "with Christ in God;" so that my dear sister, thou hast reason to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Surely He whose name is Almighty, will be thine all-sufficiency, as thou looks to Him; for "the needy shall not always be forgotten, nor the expectation of the poor perish for ever."

We are by degrees lightening the load, or breaking through the *mass* I mentioned with respect to this place. *It* may seem rather a large expression, but really, my dear sister, it felt no less to me, nor did I ever more clearly see the impossibility of accomplishing what was before me, but as the Divine Arm was extended marvellously for mine help. I have often been much discouraged, from my feelings of body, but when I have in every sense found I was weak, then was I strong; for the Lord hath made His strength perfect in weakness. Oh! blessed and praised be His ever adorable Name! It matters not how we are reduced if He is exalted, and His truth reigns over all, in us and through us. I sometimes hope it may ultimately be so here, as indeed it often is in families; but, though some living testimonies have been borne in meetings, and some solemn supplication vocally offered up to the Father of mercies, it still seems to me that we have only been, as it were, going round the walls yet; that the time has not yet arrived to proclaim, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Whether we may be thus permitted to rejoice, in everything yielding to the Divine word or not, I desire to leave; the will of the Lord be done.

We held another very large meeting at Meath Street, last fourth day evening, which was very solemn, and the truths of the Gospel were largely opened: there being thirsty souls present, it seemed to me that they heard the word with joy. It does not feel as though that meeting had closed these public and awful engagements. It appears that we have paid one hundred and forty visits in families, and yet there remain above forty. I was thinking that may be tomorrow week would clear us out.

Thy sympathizing and affectionate sister,

S. GRUBB.

TO A NIECE.

*Dublin, Fourth Month 29th, 1816.*

Please give my dear love to brother and sister Davis; I know they will think of us who are assembled here, and some of us poor things especially. My dear brother's tender sympathy has proved a cordial to my mind, when almost ready to conclude myself fainting—tell him so, and he will understand it. Oh! if we are members of the one mystical body, we shall feel with and for each other, in seasons of sore trial.

To ———.

*Belfast, Ninth Month 16th, 1816.*

Yesterday we had as large a public meeting as I ever remember to have seen, except once; and it was, I think, a time of renewed help, even wonderfully so: among more than a thousand persons there was not the least noise, and a very remarkable solemnity in silence before we separated. I was almost surprised to find a continued weight on my spirit after all, but the issue is that another meeting is appointed to be held this evening, at the Academical Institution, quite at the opposite end of this large and populous town. It is a very fine, strong building, and every way calculated for the purpose.

I have now again to look deeply to the inexhaustible Source of help and strength. It is a marvellous thing in my eyes, that any one so insignificant, yea, I often think, even despicable, should apprehend herself called to these awful engagements; but God “chooseth the weak things of this world to confound the wise, and the foolish things of the world to bring to nought the understanding of the prudent,” and it is not for me, a worm, to say, “What doest Thou?” but be this as it may, my dear ———, I think no one ever felt more humiliation and awful fear than I do. The baptisms of my spirit are, at times, such as may be termed agony. Oh! may Divine mercy and goodness strengthen to endure hardness, as one who would willingly be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

*Ninth Month 17th.*—The meeting yesterday evening was very much crowded, and proved another season of Divine favour. I was comforted in hearing the voice of my dear companion, and to find that his testimony had the effect of gathering the assembly into

solemn silence. I thought, in the meeting, and afterwards, that the pure, simple doctrines of the Gospel were gladly received, even as it is said, "Doctrine shall drop like rain, and speech distil as the dew;" and really I was ready to conclude it was worth all I suffered, to be sensible that thus the Almighty is graciously pleased to make way for His truth in the souls of men; but I soon get down again, as was the case this morning before I rose from my pillow; yet I do endeavour to be still, and wait as a servant, disposed to receive fresh commands.

We have now taken solemn leave of this family. There are two children, a son and daughter, nearly grown up: they were affected to many tears in the opportunity. We had also the company of a very solid man, an officer, whom A. W. brought to breakfast: most of us shed tears of contrition, in which he joined, and took a most tender leave of us. He appeared to feel my J.'s supplication, for he asked that all present might be enabled to bear the cross, and strengthened to pursue the line of holy direction; alluding to the text which speaks of being strengthened out of Zion.

To ———.

*Dublin, Ninth Month 30th, 1816.*

Thine which conveyed to me the moving particulars of dear ———'s last hours, met me here on fifth day evening. I had previously received the affecting tidings of her removal, by a letter from home: it overtook me at Drogheda, a large town twenty-four miles north of this city; we were just then preparing for a meeting with the people, and had procured a place that would hold two thousand persons; think then, my dear, what my feelings must be, when under such an exercise, to receive the intelligence that ——— was no more. I staid pretty much in my room at the inn until meeting time came; the house was about half filled, and I was mercifully assisted to get through that great exercise, to my humble admiration. We were, to be sure, comforted in reflecting that thy dear ——— had given those around her reason to believe she was going to be released from all trouble, but thou knowest my tender feelings would be greatly touched. I obtained relief in tears, for though I also believed she was gone well, how could I but feel sorrowful emotions? Well, my dear, she is gone; and I desire to

prostrate myself, in grateful acknowledgment, to that Providence who hath, I trust, in wisdom and mercy, taken her to everlasting rest. Oh! what should I do but for this consolatory hope?

To ———.

*Mountmelick, Third Month 26th, 1817.*

It has pleased the Most High to give us great liberty of spirit in a very solemn meeting. Oh! how the stream of Gospel ministry flowed in its purity and in its plainness, and how did it pass all obstruction, and break through, until it became, in the blessed power, as a river that could not be passed over. The meeting ended in solemn, fervent prayer; and in thanksgiving and praises to Him to whom alone belongs all the glory.

My dear companion was considerably enlarged, and endued with living authority, to the rejoicing of my spirit; but, my dear ———, we were not to dwell here; we were filled to be emptied, and empty we are till again filled. May we wait on the unmixed and inexhaustible Fountain.

To ———.

*Moate, Fourth Month 4th, 1817.*

I cannot tell thee how constantly I am thinking of thee, nor how much we converse about thee, amidst our great exercise of mind in this journey. Now it always seems to me that thou wouldst find most relief, in endeavouring to look from thyself, and thy deeply depressing feelings, to Him who “carried our sorrows and bore our griefs.” Do try to commit thyself entirely to Him, thy blessed Saviour, who is ever ready to receive us, as we seek resignation, and to grant us this great *gift*. Oh! I have often experienced, that when I sought willingness to suffer as long and as much as the Lord pleased, my distress was mitigated, and those painful feelings, which proceed from some derangement of the system or frame, were more easily borne, because He can make hard things easy, and, with the balm of His Divine love, sweeten the bitterest cup; therefore “we glory in tribulation also,” &c. I know, my dear, thou hadst better not allow thy mind to dwell so much on the way in which thou art affected. I forget who says, “Art thou in trouble [or darkness] heed it not (or to this effect); for if thou dost, it will but increase

upon thee ;” and then recommends looking up to Him who is above all : now I can write thus to thee from a degree of sympathy, for I know what it is to be tried in the very same way ; and to look from one’s self to the Lord, who can gather us up to Him, out of, and away from all darkness and sorrow, is that in which we receive capacity nobly to endure, and say amen to all His dispensations. So, my dear, farewell in Him, who is, I believe, permitting thee to be sorely tried, that He may bring thee to a fitness to walk with Himself in white raiment.

I am thy truly affectionate

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Clonmel, Sixth Month 19th, 1817.*

However we may be drawn by our natural feelings, to account for sorrow from causes that are secondary, it is surely much our interest to look beyond all these, to Him who can give us to be of the number to whom all things work for good. Does dear ——— feel after the dew which can cause a growth and increased fruitfulness, to the praise of Him who hath called her with a high and holy calling ? There is no one thing relative to the religious state of our Society in this land, more discouraging to me than the want of tenderness and true humility so seldom seen amongst our youth. Much of this precious sense of the Divine influence is not, I think, to be met with in very many places where it has been my lot to visit within the last year and a half ; but if an individual here and there, mercifully and peculiarly met with, would fully submit to the power, I believe these would have many followers.

To ———.

*Blenheim, near Waterford, Third Month, 1818.*

Well, he is gone ! (Dr. Atkins) a truly valuable member of the community ; happy, however, for him to be taken from the evil to come, to be admitted into the realms of eternal light and life, with the redeemed of all generations. How can we, with these sublime views of his change, continue to mourn and lament his loss ? Shall we not rather give thanks ? and oh ! shall we not earnestly desire

that *we* likewise may so run as to obtain; looking steadfastly to the same power, even the Lord Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Cork, Third Month 16th, 1818.*

It would be unnecessary for me to attempt a full detail of my distress in the way to this city, and, should I even make the attempt, description would fail me; suffice it to say, that whilst my beloved companion united with me in awful silence, at the little inn on this side Rathcormack, I thought I distinctly heard the Divine voice, saying, "Thou hast resigned thy all to me, I will care for those who are left." I need hardly add that this was enough; the way to proceed on our journey was clearly opened, and I did not dare any longer to look back: were it not for the solemn remembrance that this voice which I allude to, is a "still small voice," I had not passed on from Rehill, nor even have proceeded as far as that place; but the Lord is "not in the earthquake," nor "in the whirlwind," nor "in the fire." Well, my dear friend, it is not for us, poor, short-sighted beings, to query why we are thus conflicted, but to seek after patience, and repair to that Name which is "a strong tower." Yesterday was, I think, a day of some good tidings to Friends here, for we had to believe that it is the good will of the Most High to bring about a blessed revival in this meeting. We took a solemn leave in the afternoon, putting Friends in mind that this is more than "the third time" that we have come to them, and have not spared; the meeting closed after fervent prayer, and committing all to the Lord. My poor frame was and is sensible of much debility, but I will not talk much of that now. It looks as if Youghal lay in our way to a quiet return home, so that, although it is trying to think of going there, especially after our summer visit in that place, yet it is no doubt better to check the disposition to reason against the simple openings of truth, lest we should darken Divine counsel. Now, while I seem to write as one who had confidence, it is under a sense of as great weakness as was ever my experience; neither did my poor mind ever dwell more on my own nothingness and insignificance every way, than in this little turn-out from home. Surely it is no wonder that I should be greatly afraid of missing my way, or letting go my hold of that wherein only there is safety.



To ———.

*Dublin, Third Month 28th, 1818.*

In the evening of yesterday a meeting was held for those not in membership with us, at Sycamore Alley; the meeting-house was pretty full, and it proved to be a time of renewed favour. I was very much exercised previously to it, and greatly exhausted after it, but it was so well got through, I have only to be thankful. I think we have had one hundred and sixty family visits, and last night's meeting was the fifth, so that one would think we were near a close; but I look towards First day with considerable weight on my mind, and have only to do as I have often been instructed, commit my all to the Lord, whom I have ever found worthy to be trusted in; but oh! how great is the reduction of the creature which these things require, and the will must be crucified again and again.

How often, since coming here, have I thought of Paul's going up to Jerusalem, and wished to imitate his example.

On First day morning we had a very large meeting, wherein great solemnity prevailed, and the members of our Society were addressed in Divine authority, much to the relief of my mind. In the evening we had a crowded house, and I thought all my preparatory sufferings light, compared to the delightful sense of the dominion of that eternal Power, which was gloriously manifest from first to last. The meeting closed in great stillness, after solemn supplication, wherein many secretly united, and one or more uttered, Amen, Amen.

Thus my dear, we have indeed reason to bow low before the great and mighty Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength. He is indeed worthy to be praised and trusted in. Everlasting high praises to His adorable Name, saith my soul.

To ———.

*Dublin, Fourth Month 26th, 1818.*

Oh! that my dear children may love and fear God. Oh! that their minds may be tender and contrite. It is the first blessing their father and mother ask for them.

I miss my beloved brother (Davis) wherever I go; no marvel that I should do so here. Ah! we could converse together in great christian freedom, for He was a disciple of Him who exhibited pure

meeekness and true lowliness; and who, for poor sinful man, became of no reputation. Very few of these disciples appear to be left to come up to this general assembly, but there may be hidden ones, who, in the fulness of time, may be prepared by the same Divine Power to confess Christ before men.

To ———.

*Clonmel, Fifth Month 4th, 1818.*

The important business I communicated to thee, as we walked together, almost absorbs my mind and that of my dear husband. We hope to sit down again with our friends here in a few days, that they may have an opportunity of waiting on the great Leader of His people with us. I much desire they may be favoured to see and feel where we are, on what ground we stand, and to whom our eye is turned individually; indeed I seem as though I could not endure to act without the unity of my dear friends. My month has been closed, as to the ministry, ever since Yearly Meeting, which has likewise been the case with my J. G., except in a short petition the first meeting day after we came home. The prospect before us is truly awful, both as it relates to ourselves and the present stripped state of the Society here; yet how shall we dare to say, "What doest Thou?" or how can any of us choose or refuse? Is it not our interest to leave all to the Lord, simply pursuing that path on which the light shines with clearness; for in a little while this will prove of the greatest consequence to us all? I endeavour to keep in view, that to the obedient followers of the crucified Immanuel, tribulations will cease and difficulties come to an end, being succeeded by that consummate felicity which shall never end. May we therefore press after this pure and perfect obedience unto life. Oh! may not only we who are seniors be so engaged, but the dear children, Moses-like, choose rather to "suffer affliction with the people of God," than to enjoy "the pleasures of sin" for a moment; having an eye to the glorious recompense of reward.

MARTHA USSHER TO JOHN AND SARAH GRUBB.

*Waterford, Eighth Month 29th, 1818.*

My dear and valued friends John and Sarah Grubb will, I hope, excuse the liberty I take, in addressing a few lines to them

before their leaving this land, of which sad news I did not hear till yesterday.

Though I think I may say it has troubled me much, even like unto parting with my own flesh, yet I have been kept from murmuring, by this language passing through my mind, "Cannot the Lord of the vineyard do as He pleases with His labourers? Knows He not best where they are most wanted?" If the part they have been so long digging and watering, bringeth not forth fruit, the labourers will be taken away from them; yet, considering myself as one of the most undeserving and unprofitable, I cannot but mourn. My dear husband, too, returned from Clonmel last Quarterly Meeting, so tendered and comforted by both your ministry, of which he has often since spoken, that, on his account too, the prospect of such a loss is truly discouraging.

I know I am not worthy to take up any of your valuable time, engaged as it must now be, yet I could not resist the desire I had to be revived in your remembrance, and to crave that you would, my dear, dear friends, intercede for me, a poor worm, and for my dear husband, when favoured with access to the mercy-seat. With dear love to S. R., to your daughter, and Jonathan, I remain, my dear friends, in affection that unites beyond the narrow bounds of this life, and that distance cannot lessen,

Your friend,

MARTHA USSHER.

I purpose returning to Cappagh on fourth day. Had time permitted, what a favour my dear husband would have esteemed it, to have seen you both.

SARAH GRUBB TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MARY DAVIS.

*Swansea, Ninth Month 15th, 1818.*

I assure thee, that with respect to thyself and some others in dear Clonmel, the proverb of "Out of sight, out of mind," is far from applying to me; indeed, thy prediction relative to our journey has hitherto been so fully verified, as to make some of us remember thee with more than common interest; but, had this not been the case, I believe I should have continued to feel thee near, in that under which we were mercifully allowed to separate. Oh! my dear sister, could we ask for more than was granted in taking leave?

The omnipotent Lord manifested the sweetness of His love, which calmed the natural feelings of the mind; this was, I think, the case throughout, in parting with our friends; otherwise our poor minds could scarcely have sustained the trial. I have frequently thought of S. R. G.'s poem,

“How can my pen pourtray the deep distress,  
How paint the anguish of a heart that bled?” &c.

Even in getting to my dear friends and old acquaintances here, I still feel like a stranger in a strange land with my family; but I have believed that the Lord graciously designs to sanctify it all, and by and by, as we are faithful, to give us brethren and sisters on this side the Channel too; so that we ought rather to thank Him, and endeavour to take courage, than to look at the gloomy side of things; indeed my dear John is marvellously supported, and enabled to trust for the future; for all which I wish to be grateful. We do esteem it a favour to have the sympathy of our friends in this time of peculiar trial of faith. Well, my dear sister, I hope thou and some others will be enabled to pray for us, that, in all, the Great Name may be exalted.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Bury, Tenth Month 3rd, 1818.*

It must be some departure in ourselves from the all-preserving influence of truth, which can take away the love of Christ Jesus our Lord. Oh! how is my heart at times filled with a sense of this love to many of my friends, whom faithfulness to our heavenly Leader hath prompted me to leave, and come over here like a pilgrim; and how has my loved companion been made willing, from the same cause, to unite with me in this great and awful movement, not finding any true peace another way. Well, my dear friend, we have surely been led out by the same Divine Hand which was with Abraham, and, in our measure, known Abraham's Friend to be ours. What a mercy! I do feel sweet peace, while endeavouring to procure a dwelling here: if this calmness be a little lengthened out to us, I think we may do well enough in a humble dwelling; indeed I never did desire great things. How do I desire that truth may prosper in dear Ireland. Nothing could support me in the tender regret I feel in this separation, but a consciousness that it is in pursuit of duty, and in order that the day's work may keep pace with the day.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Bury, Eleventh Month 28th, 1818.*

My beloved sister will perhaps think me long silent, especially considering the mournful event\* which has taken place since the receipt of her sweetly acceptable letter to me, but really the feelings of my mind have surpassed the power of expression.

Oh! my dear sister, I not only deeply sympathize with the partner of my life, and with his bereaved relatives, in this sudden stroke, but I feel myself also an object of pity, as being likewise bereaved and plunged into a state of astonishment, which requires to stand still, to cease from reasoning, and retire to the Lord: in endeavouring to do so, and in nothing else, have I found quiet; yea, I think the still small voice hath been heard, saying, This also is in wisdom, and in mercy too. I am mostly under a load of depression from day to day, but when I go and sit down in our little meeting here, it is wonderful to me how the Lord breaks in upon my spirit; and it is almost invariably my lot to minister of the things of His kingdom, and our little company are measurably contrited together. Our late dear sister Nancy used to love to hear of the spreading of truth, though in ever so small a degree: she delighted most in the things of God, and made them her primary concern. Oh! the many ways in which she sought to promote the coming of Christ's kingdom, as well as the temporal good of community; and yet how has it pleased unerring Providence to deprive us all, for ever, of such a friend. Oh! how inscrutable it is. Our minds derive some solace, however, in learning that the same Providence has hitherto wonderfully supported your minds in so great a trial. My dear John appears to bear this affliction too, as becomes a truly christian mind; for although nature deeply and poignantly feels this final separation, that it is even as "wormwood and gall," yet he is enabled to have reference to the Lord as dispensing it, and I have reason to believe that it is in some degree sweetened by the infusion of Divine love. Oh! this is as healing balm; may it continue to be vouchsafed to you, our loved relatives on another shore. Surely, without it, we are as a broken vessel; at least I know, in the absence of this heavenly virtue, I am ready to style myself such. Oh! the inexpressible tenderness which, I think I may truly say, I feel towards you all.

\* The death of Anne Grubb.

Very often I place myself in mind among my friends, with whom I was most intimate in dear Clonmel, and seem to want to mingle my tears with theirs, not only in affectionate sympathy, in tender sorrow, but in mourning for want of those who are valiant in the Lamb's army. Dear R. speaks movingly of the stripping time being come. The Lord hath truly done strange things. It is a loud call to those who remain, to give unto Him "glory and strength, to give unto Him the glory due to His name." Who can say but that then He will do more for His heritage than any of us can ask or think? but, if His all-powerful, chastising hand, be not seen in these things; if blindness that has happened still remains, we may fear that yet further deprivations will be permitted, and a day of desolation overtake, so that it may be said, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" My dear sister knows that my soul hath long travailed that the former might be the case.

And now suffer me to repeat my humble hope, yea, sometimes I think sure confidence, that the God who hath been with thee all thy life long, the Angel of whose presence hath conducted thee so far, still graciously designs to be with thee, to lead thee safely through all, to the "fountain of living waters, and to wipe away all tears from the eyes." Oh! when we can look into the regions beyond this vale of tears, how do our souls seem to receive fresh vigour to run the race set before us, however difficult it may at times be to us; for we are gathered up to Jesus Christ, who trod the path before us; and we receive of His heavenly virtue, His Divine nature. This living substance, this flesh and blood, which giveth life, is worth waiting for. My dear sister, farewell in Him, who only can communicate it; and may you all farewell in Him.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Haverhill.*

Our minds have been revived this evening, in a feeling of that which is separate from defilement. Oh! how truth has reigned, in one family in particular: blessed be the Lord, who changeth not, and whose truth is the same that ever it was, and leads into the same obedience unto life. We saw a dear child about eight years old, in tears this afternoon, while Gospel ministry flowed to her and the rest of the family, as a flowing stream.

To ———.

*Wellingham, near Lewes, 1818.*

Never admit a thought that it will do for thee to pass along as others do, in a line of mediocrity, and so get to rest and peace at last, without the exposure which is the lot of some for the truth's sake; rather say in thy heart, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" so will the dispensations of a gracious Creator be abundantly blessed to thee, and thou wilt escape that state of cloudiness and insensibility, which, sooner or later, overtakes the soul which is not given up to the service of our great Master. Clearness of vision is mercifully granted to all those with whom, in early life, obedience keeps pace with knowledge; and the joys of the heavenly kingdom are the certain portion of all those who do not cast up a way for themselves, nor limit the Holy One of Israel; but who, in simplicity of heart, follow a crucified Saviour. It is thus that we come to experience the rough places to be made smooth, and the crooked paths straight; yea, that we are taught to sit down in the kingdom of God, having fellowship with all the faithful seed, even as with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob: in this kingdom is found joy, gladness, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody; and thus we see that all our sufferings are more than compensated, because this is the joy which no man, nor any number of men, nor devils, can possibly take from us. This is the sense of that everlasting kindness with which Divine Goodness hath mercy upon His chosen, for He saith, "For a small moment have I hid my face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee."

I speak of the good things of the kingdom, as revealed and granted in this life, but I speak not as being myself full and abounding at present, yet as being content in the will of my Heavenly Father, who best knows when and how to dispense the riches of His grace. Oh! that mine eye may be ever turned to Him, and my dependence only on His arm of salvation.

To ———.

*Bury, Second Month 1st, 1819.*

Remember that the promises of God are not yea and nay, but they are yea and amen for ever. Therefore is it said, "Why sayest thou, oh Jacob, and speakest, oh Israel, My way is hid from

the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God," &c., &c. ; and then, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall, but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." Thus, as we wrestle with Him, and aspire after Him, the fulness of strength, He surely is known to give us to rise superior (I was going to say) to all that torments us. Oh! there is nothing like endeavouring to wait upon God. All the advice of earthly physicians will be unavailing to thee, but the Physician of value will come with healing virtue, at an unexpected moment, as thou looks *from thyself* up to Him. What can I say more? This is my firm persuasion.

I know the effect of thy complaint may be counteracted, by first of all recollecting how unworthy *self* is to take up so much attention; and waiting upon the Lord would give a very lively and instructive recollection hereof; and then there would be capacity to exert thyself in the cause of religion, and for the good of civil community. Ah! my dear, have not many in this glorious cause suffered cruel tortures of body? and what if thou, by the permission of Providence, sufferest perpetually what, to thy apprehension, is even worse than the greatest actual pain: is it not for thee to endure all in reference to Him, whose capacity for suffering was greater than that of any of the children of men? so that there is nothing we can feel, but He has felt for us, in a body of flesh, and to a greater extent. Ah! thou must try to come near Him in thy spirit, that He may give thee to wait His time, as did the woman we read of, who still importuned Him, and was His humble suppliant, until her *faith* had the testimony of Divine approbation as a seal: the moment of relief arrived, and she rejoiced in the Rock of her salvation.

Thou sayest thou knowest thy suffering is not from want of resignation to the awful stroke permitted, in the removal for ever of thy loved sister. I believe thee; but there is no doubt with me, that the poor frame is still more susceptible of those peculiarly distressing feelings, to which we can give no name sufficiently appropriate, nor can any comprehend them, save by the experience of their trying effects; hence the need there is to repair *fully*, and with all possible speed, where description is not requisite, in order to receive a *sure remedy*.



TO MARY DAVIS.

*Southgate Green, Second Month 11th, 1819.*

Many, very many have been my sore conflicts of mind, since we took leave of thee, my dear sister, and many, no doubt, have been thine; but if, in all these things, we become “more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us,” tribulation will but more intimately unite us with Himself; giving us to discover, with increased clearness, that state which is altogether the workmanship of God, even the holy city, the *new Jerusalem* which cometh down from Him out of heaven, and which is *prepared* as a bride adorned for her husband. Some near and dear to thee and to me, have, through suffering, become already prepared, and entered into the joy of their Lord; when *we* can scarcely hope for the same consummate felicity, when *our* poor souls are left in darkness and distress, let us wait on Him who hideth His face, whose glory is veiled as in an impenetrable cloud; let us importune Him with unutterable sighs. Oh! surely we shall hardly be cast off for ever! Is not He, to whom we have been accustomed to look, a Friend to the needy in their distress? Ah! my dear sister, none, whose experience has not been alike painful, can form any just idea of the sufferings of my poor mind, even now; but to whom shall we go in our trouble, save unto Him who hath the words of eternal life? These feelings, so repugnant to our nature, may be a necessary ordeal, to prepare the vessel, as a channel through which the holy oil flows. Oh! my soul, have patience. I would not, however, have thee suppose that thy poor friend has not known other and more joyous moments in this place; yes, my sister, I have felt the power in dominion in my soul; I have witnessed the reigning of the immortal seed, when waiting upon God. At one time in particular, in solemn silence, I could say, my Beloved “cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills;” He made haste to help me; there was no obstruction suffered to prevail—I was mercifully favoured to see Him, the Lord my God, sitting upon His throne: I knew that the Lord Jesus Christ had taken unto Him His kingdom, and my heart sang Halleluia. Oh! do thou ask for me, that I may be as willing to suffer as to rejoice, when such is the mind of my Heavenly Father, that His own works may yet praise Him, in, by, and through me.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 19th, 1819.*

Many times, since leaving your loved shore, I have hoped that the step we took would not appear a hasty one to thee, as it truly was not to us; but then we wished to accommodate our movements, so far as was at all consistent with our peace, to the views of our dear friends; some of whom were hard of belief, with respect to the necessity of our coming over before spring; so for a while, we said little about it, till at length it felt as though the anger of the Lord would be kindled against us, for disobedience and inattention to His *fit time*: thus we were at length made willing to risk all things, in giving up simply and freely, unto the manifested will of our sure Leader and heavenly Guide; and I may confess to thee, my dear friend, that I have not since repented this full surrender, nor has my loved companion in life. Oh! how fully did he acknowledge to the sense which was on his spirit, some time before he left Clonmel, that, in refusing to yield implicitly to our duty in this thing, we were in danger of being plunged into still greater trouble, and real perplexity: and I may tell thee that he has repeatedly testified to the goodness of the Lord, in enabling us to yield obediently to His sacred command, such as was uttered to Abraham, in the language of, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred," &c. Yes, my dear friend, if we are not able to distinguish this same eternal, unchangeable voice, how then can we be of Abraham's seed?

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*London, Fifth Month 21st, 1819.*

*Fourth Day.*—The meetings were laborious and dull to me, my mind being under considerable exercise and weight, and, as it were, shut up, not seeing any way to move; but I heard some friends say there was a solemnity, especially on our meeting together. I found, as I have ever done, that it is safe to be quiet in one's spirit under suffering, and as in a cloud; and I was resolved not to "stir up, or awake" the soul's "Beloved, until He pleased;" so yesterday morning my bonds were broken, in solemn prayer, in the Women's Meeting, and I had a draft to sit in that of the Men's. Oh! it was an awful time indeed: the Lord gave me to feel it so, in unloading among the brethren.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month 24th, 1819.*

If ever we meet again in mutability, may it be with an increase of the heavenly image and holy likeness! The inscrutable dealings of a gracious God bring to this, as we humble ourselves under His mighty hand; and so we may come fully away from our fallen and undone condition, and be made meet for union and communion with the Author of our salvation.

My heart is very sensible of much affectionate and religious solicitude in the welfare of my dear friends among you; the Lord will, indeed, work for the honour of His name in Ireland, whether the privileged members of our Society will be faithful or not; but the people can never come to anything higher, or more safe than that with which we profess to be acquainted. May the dear young Friends be induced to retire from the delusive, fluctuating spirit of the world, and turn their views to the city of the great King, even Zion, beautiful for situation, when beheld in the true light. She indeed is on the sides of the North, but her foundation being sure, no storm, no trial, shall ever prove too mighty for her. Oh! then, may we not, with holy propriety, say to our beloved youth, "Walk about Zion: mark ye well her bulwarks: count ye her towers. God is known in her palaces for a refuge," &c.

This Yearly Meeting has so far not been left without best help, and what bows my heart most of all in gratitude is, that solemn silence covers us at times. In this is the power and the life, which were before words, and remain when words shall cease; but I consider that we are condescended to in unmerited mercy, for we are too generally of the revolvers and backsliders, and I find that the people love eloquent orations better than to yield to the anointing, which is truth, and no lie. Something I hear, which induces me to say, Truth is truth, though *all men* forsake it.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month 26th, 1819.*

I trust some of us at least, are as epistles written in each others' hearts, not with pen and ink, but by that influence which remains to be all-preserving, all-sanctifying. How have I desired

that this unchangeable power may be more and more known to thee, my dear, after this manner, that so thou mayest grow up in Christ Jesus our Lord, unto the glory of God, for such I believe thou knows is thy calling; and what if thy spirit is often plunged into conflict, and that thou shouldst, at times, be ready almost to conclude there is no such thing as being established on the Rock of ages.

I have often been similarly tried, and I believe all who wish to serve the Lord are at seasons thus proved; yet if, in such temptations, we endeavour to cease from our own cogitations and arguments, this everlasting foundation is again and again revealed to us, and we are mercifully enabled to build thereon, so that no storm overthrows our dependence. Be encouraged therefore, to "trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thy own understanding;" so shalt thou know assuredly for thyself, that in Him, "the Lord Jehovah, is everlasting strength."

When dear young people give up all to the Lord, it makes way for unclouded prospects in religion, and they escape many perplexities; and if Divine Goodness sees meet to prove them in any singular manner, it is only that they may be more richly qualified to show forth His praise.

We cannot find our interest in anything short of giving all up to best direction, and sometimes I think, should it please the Lord to lay us on a sick bed, we should then be thankful that He had enabled us to be dedicated to Him in health.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*London, Fifth Month 30th, 1819.*

Ah! loved Clommel, shall we not call loudly upon the dear *young* Friends, to turn with all their hearts to that Power which is undiminished, and which never did change, being in itself immutable? Oh! shall we not entreat those who are in the prime of life, to cleave closely to the Rock of ages, which is a foundation that never can be shaken; that so all things of a painful and sorely distressing nature, may but tend to their establishment, instead of their being greatly *moved*; that the Lord, in the riches of His goodness, may yet raise many up to evince that "truth is truth, though all men forsake it." I have a travail and care on my spirit, that the truth may prosper in the minds of many, and that the still threatening time of more withering and dryness, may be averted (as it were)

by visited souls fully giving way to that redeeming influence which follows them. . . . .

It was a favour that I became relieved of a very heavy burden only a few hours before being quite laid by; for I had it on my mind for days, to speak the word faithfully in the Women's Meeting, as I had been enabled to do in the Men's, in an awful strain, relative to the state of our religious Society; and so now I have not that to weigh me down; indeed I never recollect attending a Yearly Meeting where my share of the burthen felt more fully equal to any capacity of mind and body to sustain; but I have been pretty quiet and easy on this bed, for I thought I felt nothing like condemnation, having endeavoured to do the Lord's work in His time and way, so far as I was favoured with the knowledge of His holy will; but then my movements are not so much in the smooth way as some, and I get hints to try to be a little more like others, lest what I say should not be well received; and yet again I am the same thing, for when the Lord raises me up in His power I fear no man, having humble confidence in His Name: but I believe none know the depth of my sufferings, nor how much I am permitted to have the sentence of death in myself. May He, who only is able, keep me from falling, lest, after having preached to others, I become a cast-away. We take a deal of suffering to bring us to a holy and blessed establishment in the immutable truth, but it is mingled with consolation. I hear that Friends had a few minutes in the last sitting of the Yearly Women's Meeting, of solemn silence, which, as it far surpasses all words, is cause of humble thankfulness and living praise.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Spalding, Eighth Month 17th, 1819.*

We have been very diligent hitherto, having had twelve meetings, divers of them with the people at large; and many visits to families have fallen to our lot, although not in the regular way of family visiting; and I may acknowledge that so far, I have thought all previous suffering more than compensated by the gracious help vouchsafed, from time to time, in giving a clear sight and sense of things where we have been engaged, and also ability to speak thereto, "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power;" yet it is often through inexpressible wading of soul, that the seed immortal is visited where it lies, and strength obtained to lift up the voice, to

lift it up, and not to fear; yea, and then the mind is introduced again into a sense of great wretchedness (may I not say?) in seeing its own unworthiness and incapacity for anything truly good. Without an endeavour to be still, I think I should surely be incapable of cherishing the grain of faith to believe that a poor creature dare make any further attempt to proceed in so awful an embassy.

To ———.

*Ross, Eighth Month 31st, 1819.*

We have long talked of being at G——, but have been hitherto withheld; indeed, our path has been one peculiarly exercising to our faith, having seen but little before us; so that sometimes, I believe, our friends have rather marvelled at our want of capacity for planning with respect to our movements; meetings with people at large have presented one after another, much to the baptizing of my spirit, and reducing the creaturely will; some of them have been very relieving seasons, wherein truth was in blessed dominion; at other times, great has been the labour of spirit and suffering with the immortal seed under oppression, when the power has not risen very high throughout the meeting; but I am not sure that the life of truth may not have been as effectually visited at such seasons, as at those wherein more sensible consolation was witnessed; for no fountain can rise above its level, and where the precious life of Christ lies low in the souls of men, it is a mercy to be kept with it in the ministry of the word, wherein we are sometimes made instrumental to the removing that which obstructs its arising.

To ———.

*Calne, Ninth Month 10th, 1819.*

After my husband closed his letter at Gloucester, we went to the meeting-house and sat about three-quarters of an hour, but very few of the people coming, I found that what I had told Friends in the morning was realized, that a meeting in that comparatively small house would not be likely to answer my purpose, but I yielded to their wish to try it. We told the small company collected how it was, and that it was probable they would be informed next day, of the time and place for holding a meeting with the inhabitants. Accordingly, through much discouragement from with-

out, we got the town hall, and a large meeting it proved to be; and perhaps one more largely favoured I never knew, for the doctrines of truth flowed freely, even without obstruction, I believe for an hour and a half at least, and the meeting closed in solemn silence, after a few sentences uttered in living prayer and praise: so that, after all I had passed through in that city, the language was raised in my mind, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Bury, Twelfth Month 1st, 1819.*

. . . . . While I was busied in my family affairs, my loved parent was taken ill, and alas! in one week from this seizure, she was gone for ever. Dear creature! she was very sweet in her spirit, and soon gave herself up, saying that death had no terrors for her; and sometimes her joy was so great in the prospect of a glorious eternity, that she sang praises, with a melodious voice, unto her God; so that it was delightful to be with her. . . . .

We are indeed tossed and tried; our building seems to be shaken to the very foundation; yet I believe that there is a foundation that can never be removed; and if we are but found thereon, all our besetments and every storm, as from the north and the south winds, will but have a tendency to fix us firmer on this invincible Rock; so that I wish we may take courage to commit all to the Lord, in that humbled state wherein we can say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I have long been persuaded that trouble doth not leave us as it finds us: we are either more intimately united to that Purity which is uncreated, or we are more widely separated therefrom; now, in proportion to the tenderness of spirit which becomes ours under suffering, so are we grown and growing in the heavenly image, and holy likeness; so that I know of nothing so desirable as a broken heart and a contrite spirit; and, if we wait in passiveness on the Lord, I believe He will give it.

Do tell me how it is among my dear friends around thee; whether there is anything like revival, or ability to gird up the loins, and become valiant for the unchangeable truth. I should be glad to hear of many breaking forth, as on the right hand and on the left; being separated from the hindering things, and chosen for service. I feel much interested in the welfare of many in dear Ireland; thou mayest

tell my friends so, and that my loved partner and I have not an easier path to tread, than was the case when on the same shore with you. But it is perhaps much as we expected: it was not with a prospect of finding the way to the kingdom less tribulated here, that we gave up to come, but that the day's work might be known to advance in some measure with the day, and that we might have the answer of a good conscience. Very little settlement, as in a ceiled house, has been ours since our residence in this country; and when abroad, we find comparatively little to answer to the life, the heavenly anointing which is given at times in the work of the ministry; to be sure, we have at seasons known it to be over all, especially in large public meetings; blessed be the Name of Jehovah!

To ———.

*Southgate Green, Bury, First Month 23rd, 1820.*

I wish, if possible, to encourage thee to cast all thy sorrowful feelings on Him who suffered, who *died* for thee. Oh! do try in everything which afflicts, and which besets thee, to have reference to thy dear Redeemer, thy Saviour: it will prove of infinite advantage to thee, for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man," what God hath in store, and will assuredly unfold to this state: how the darkness of His Divine providence will all come to be light in due season, when He shall see meet to reveal His righteousness in the sight of His sanctified children; having, through dispensations abundantly inscrutable to their understanding, changed them from glory to glory, by His own eternal spirit. Endure therefore, the present groaning as under heavy bondage; yea, be glad and rejoice therein, as coming upon thee for thy refinement; designed to incorporate, as it were, into the very nature, the essence of Jesus Christ, the immaculate Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; who washeth us in His own blood, that we may be without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; even ultimately faultless before the throne, with exceeding joy. Ah! can we expect thus to reign with our Lord, unless we submit to suffer, as well as to do anything He pleases? not that I believe Him to be the Author of evil, but, by His permission, much befalls us, unto which we are ready to give this term; and how impatient are our spirits under trial, until calmed by the Divine influence, which it is much our interest, as well as duty, to wait for. I think thou speaks



of feelings, which thou seems to marvel should be thine: dost thou forget, my dear ———, that He who was holy, harmless, and undefiled (not like us poor frail sinners) felt an infinite weight of trouble, of anguish inexpressible, for our sakes? Dost thou not call to mind, that when the nails had pierced His hands and His feet, that when lifted up on the cross to suffer a cruel and lingering death, He, the dear Son of God, cried out to His Father, “Why hast Thou forsaken me?” Thus hath He trodden the tribulated path to ineffable glory, as it were before our eyes, that we may be encouraged to follow Him *through all*; to come to be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Oh! let us try to conclude, when seemingly abandoned by all that is good, that, if we perish, we perish at the feet of our Lord, as humble suppliants; while yet no words can possibly describe the mournful, the painful state in which we lie prostrate.

Thus, having thought a great deal of thee, I watched for a little openness in my mind, to pourtray my tender solicitude, my affectionate feelings of sympathy, as well as my blundering pen is capable of.

I write this on First day afternoon, previously to a public meeting which, in great awfulness, we have ventured to appoint in this town. I might tell thee a deal of my own deep exercises, and of travail which has been my portion mostly, for several months, but perhaps this is not expedient; I shall therefore add but little more, than that we are now beginning our engagements, for which last Monthly Meeting liberated us.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Earlham, near Norwich, Third Month 31st, 1820.*

. . . . . I have, ever since leaving dear Ireland, as well as before, cherished a consoling hope that the Lord is at work in many minds, unseen as yet, but to be made manifest in due season, for His great Name’s sake, and for the support of those testimonies which are of the unchangeable truth; for whether, by mingling with the world, we, as a people, still fall away more and more, or not, the fundamental principles which we profess will be embraced; yea, the time will come to Ireland, when they who sit in darkness shall see great light; and to them that are in the shadow of death, light will spring up; blessed be the Lord! I know, that for Zion’s sake,

thou mourns before Jehovah, but I humbly trust, the more of this, and the more glorious the preparation to put on “the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;” and when we come to receive “beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning,” how does the season in which we have suffered, seem to have been but “for a small moment:” thus may thy Redeemer, who hath mercy on thee, gather thee with His everlasting kindness into a union with Himself, which shall never be dissolved, saith my soul. . . . .

Our line of religious duty has not been confined to our own Society, but we have many *more* public meetings; most of these latter are seasons, wherein He who “leadeth Joseph like a flock,” sends forth His light and His truth among us: sometimes it is over all; yet this is seldom the case, but through considerable labour; but, when the obstruction comes to be removed, *even* by word and doctrine, it is an unspeakable favour. . . . . With respect to Friends, I confess my poor mind is scarcely ever fully at liberty. I often think of what Job Scott said, “There is a deadness and a form which my spirit hardly rises superior to the oppression of, during the whole of a meeting;” but I believe that the Gospel will more and more spread, both in this and other nations. I look forward to Yearly Meeting with something of dread, not joy; for it is hard for the little, lowly seed of life to rise into dominion; it being a time and place wherein there is much want of true simplicity; but it is well that we should keep in view, that “unto us it is given, not only to believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, but also to suffer for His sake;” there is a portion of suffering dispensed in His time, for His sake, though not like what befel the first Christians. It is now *spiritual* imprisonment, and *spiritually*, the Lord’s servants are sensible of being stoned, and of being wounded. May we dwell deep in spirit with the eternal Power, in which alone is our preservation! Surely the sons of Zion will be raised up, as against the sons of Greece; and the truth must be spoken, although opposed to the wisdom of the wise!

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*London, Fifth Month 27th, 1820.*

The winter is gloomy, but it hath its own peculiar benefit; it teaches us to reverence the Divine Hand, and to feel our dependence thereon. I love to see my friends made sensible of the necessity of waiting for that Divine voice which, in due time, is heard in the

soul truly chaste to God; even saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." May this be thine and your happy knowledge of the righteousness, the mercy, and the truth of Him who is for ever the covenant keeping God; yea, "the joy and song of many generations." Perhaps my soul never adored His wisdom and power more, than now that I am at times under great weights and burdens; but again He "leads me to the Rock that is higher than I," and He Himself sets my feet above all the mighty billows, and gives me to sing the new song, even to string the harp of victory and say, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." Oh! it is a most blessed thing to come to know that the Lord's own works, and they alone, praise Him. Let us, therefore, my loved friend, lie low before Him; seeking to say amen to all His dealings with us, even in the darkness of His providence, that He may work in us, both to will and to do, according to His good pleasure; so shall we witness Him again and again, to make darkness light before us, and the crooked paths straight. The rough places shall be made plain, for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed. These are times abundantly worth waiting for, even as long as that Wisdom which is infinite, shall please.

I have not yet seen Ireland forgotten by Him whose bowels are said to roll toward His people with compassion unmerited. Oh! Ireland, how many of thy children are under the peculiar eye of Him whose name is Almighty, in order that He may raise up, separate, and qualify for His service; and whether our Society come to be more conspicuous through faithfulness or not, I believe that one day the Lord's own true Church will be seen "coming up out of the wilderness, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners;" for the darkness shall not be able to endure its glorious light, and shall therefore flee before it; blessed be Jehovah! Some of the sittings of this Yearly Meeting have so far been agreeable, even, I think, beyond some former times; the business being less interrupted, and sometimes there has been the overshadowing of good in an humbling degree; but there is, nevertheless, much danger awaiting us as a people, of our not increasing in brightness, according to our high calling in Jesus Christ. We are yet faithfully warned—may we receive it.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month 27th, 1820.*

Oh! that we may be more and more gathered, for I believe we have temptations which, if yielded to, will scatter, will lay waste and destroy; will even hug us up, and being of the subtle serpent, will press out the pure, innocent life. Something of this kind I have had to declare, even as the word of the Lord; for it weighed me down, and was like a fire within me, day after day, and night after night, until the Lord my God opened the way to lay down my burden for Friends' acceptance, in which I find some relief; but still my poor mind is sensible of much travail. Oh! that the will of my Master may take the place of my own will, until He set up and establish His kingdom, an everlasting dominion, in my soul, and until He fully give me to endure all things for His Name's sake; that there may be a filling up in my measure, however small, that which remains of the sufferings of Christ for His body's sake, which is the Church.

To ———.

*Folkestone, Tenth Month 30th, 1820.*

The Lord's dignified servants are rendered such through baptism, and those who are raised highest in His power, have their proportionate deep plunges: so do the works of an Almighty Hand praise Him in these and through these.

That such is thy calling I cannot doubt, therefore put it not from thee, nor choose a path for thyself, lest thou frustrate the Divine purpose, and be found among those who rob God of His honour, their own souls of inestimable treasure, yea, and the Church of Christ of that portion of service designed it, by these being placed in their own allotment there.

We have not yet seen Nathan Hunt, but hear of him as a valiant in the most glorious cause. I thought, on leaving dear Ireland, that the Lord would be pleased to send His messengers, one after another, to your nation, and my spirit is often made thankful in its having been the case. It is a proof of His fatherly care, and that He is still looking towards many, to raise them up for His Name's sake.

Poor Clommel! I do believe there is a little seed, in a tender

state, under the gracious care of the great Husbandman, and designed to bring forth fruit to His praise. My mind has sympathy herewith: it seems to me to lie much among the dear young people. Oh! may these be so watchful over their own hearts, that there may be room for this immortal life to grow and increase, and to over-spread all: so may there yet be a revival, and the Lord may place His name amongst you: indeed, wherever the lot of these may be cast, as to the outward, they will glorify the Holy Name by bringing forth much fruit.

It is a consoling reflection, that while with you, I endeavoured to act faithfully, according to my measure, and feel clear of dear Ireland in my spirit.

The public meetings are, I think, mostly much favoured with the resurrection of Divine life, the doctrines of the Gospel being opened "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Our prospect is through Sussex, Hampshire, &c.; so into the West. At this season of the year it looks particularly formidable as to the outward, but I trust we shall be cared for. I think we never had a more tender parting with our dear family than this time.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Bury, First Month 14th, 1821.*

During our late journey into some of the southern and western counties, thy dear brother and myself passed through many difficulties and trials, some of which are only known to Him "who weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." There were seasons when my feelings put me in mind of what a servant formerly said, of being "pressed above measure, and beyond strength;" and yet have I not been entirely crushed: thus that which seems too much for us, poor creatures, is rendered possible; and, in all these things, are we made "more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved us and given Himself for us." Oh! adorable love of our dear Redeemer! He gave *Himself for us*; whereby He hath shown us that the way to life is through death, and encouraged us to continue with Him in trial, that He may give us to triumph over all suffering; and that, not only at seasons in this life, but in the end for ever and ever, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But my dear sister, we have had not *only* to suffer in fulfilling our duty for months past; there were occasionally a few

hours, particularly in public meetings, when we were made glad in the sense that the kingdoms of this world are more and more becoming the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. How are the combined powers of darkness made to feel the spreading of light and life, so that they are very busy, mustering, as it were, all their forces against the truth; which, in many instances, renders the labour in the Gospel very painful and hard, for the minds of many are entrenched against the simplicity of that which only can stand.

With respect to our religious Society, we attended but few meetings where we had reason to believe the seed immortal was in dominion, yet in the general we were enabled to visit this seed where it lay, which we esteem a great favour in passing along; and notwithstanding our backsliding, I trust it may yet be said, "Oh! Israel, who is like unto thee?" but my fears have been many, lest, through the subtlety of the serpent, we should more and more lose this distinction, and become mingled with the world in its spirit; and lest his various transformations should even prevail with many, unto the removing them from their places, like the dragon with his tail drawing down the stars from heaven; for we have become so wise and so liberal, that, even with divers of those first in rank amongst us, many things, once deemed highly inconsistent with our holy profession, are yielded to with impunity. It seems to a few, that some inexperienced minds are in danger of going out to meet *that*, and of settling down in that which the true spirit of the Gospel leads from; and so a scattering day, even in this respect, appears to threaten, and in many ways are we likely to be spoiled.

But I want to tell thee that my mind is frequently sensible of fellow feeling, in thinking of thee: I trust, that as often as is meet for thee, the eagle's wings are mercifully granted thy waiting soul, to rise superior to the most depressing sensations, as a foretaste of that everlasting prize which awaits the finishing thy course, when the sanctified spirit shall be eternally united to those who are made perfect through suffering, and are singing Alleluia to the Lord God and the Lamb, whose is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, world without end. Oh! it is a blessed thing increasingly to know, as we pass through time, what it is to be so resigned to the Divine will in all things, as to witness our Redeemer to take unto Him His great power, and to reign over all in us.

Some of the public meetings were so very still, that when the power had got up into dominion, on requesting the people to retire

into themselves, that we might commend each other to the Lord in silence, the solemnity has been so great, without any sound whatever, that it is like what we sometimes feel at the close of a great Yearly Meeting, and the congregation seem loth to separate at last. Oh! how far does this exceed all words; and what a testimony does it seem to me to be, to silent worship.

To ———, IN ALLUSION TO THE AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH OF  
HER FATHER.

*London, Fifth Month 26th, 1821.*

. . . . . I have put my soul in your soul's stead, so far as I had capacity, or that the difference of our circumstances would admit. My spirit has been lifted up in secret for you, to the God and Father of all our mercies, that He would be pleased to prove His sufficiency to you, in such a moment of extremity; this, I trust, hath been the case, not only in giving an assurance of the change being a glorious one to your tenderly beloved parent, but granting you the humble hope of His own fatherly care and protection, as you continue to love Him.

Oh! how abundantly inscrutable are His dealings with us, His poor creatures; truly He hath "His way in the sea, and His path in the great waters;" and yet He shows Himself, to His humble dependent children, to be "mightier than the noise of many waters." My mind is made thankful in believing that this is your individual and united experience under the present dispensation; and however, at times, the overwhelming surge of affliction may appear almost too much for nature to sustain, surely the everlasting arms of the omnipotent Lord will be underneath, and in due season, the darkness of His providence will be made light unto you; therefore, my dear children, sink down deep in your spirits, and wait upon the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength. He designs that all things should work together for your good. Oh! be simple-hearted, dear creatures, and look singly to the Lord, and you will indeed find that He even fills the wide chasm made by the relentless hand of death; that while this awful undeniable messenger separateth for ever the desire of the heart, and the delight of the eye, He who remaineth is the never-failing, never-wavering Friend, providing everything good for you, spiritual and temporal. How are friends raised up for us sometimes, in an unexpected manner, in our probationary state of being, so that we are ready to acknowledge that

we lack nothing; thus I trust that He who is "the Judge of the widow, and a Father to the fatherless," will make way for you, dear children. How did my nature long to be with you, in the very heart-melting scene you have witnessed. I thought there would be some melancholy satisfaction in mingling my tears with yours, and witnessing the last sad duty performed, of committing to the grave the dear remains of my friend your father, but I felt that the Lord had separated us.

The Yearly Meeting has, I think, so far been remarkably solemn. Dear Huldah Scers has frequently opened her mouth amongst us, "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." She is a precious woman. Nathan Hunt was led forth in living testimony divers times, in the Select Meeting. They were days to be remembered on various accounts. What a solemn covering was over the minds of Friends, when George Withy mentioned his prospect of visiting the American Continent, and when William Rickman gave in a short account of his travels there. How different a thing it is to be an anointed ambassador for the Author of our salvation, from that of speaking for hire, or divining for money. I do not know that the contrast was ever more striking in my view than of late.

I was very grateful for a few lines received from cousin Margaret Grubb; so was my dear husband: they tendered our spirits. The mention she made of the consoling sense respecting thy beloved father's preparation for so sudden a call, bowed my mind in thankfulness; and my dear, thou knowest, that as he was ready to put off mortality, and be swallowed up of life, his dear mind was spared the pang of separation from his precious family, and may be many feelings that otherwise might have pressed on his mind, in the last hours of life, whereby he might have suffered, and wherein you must have suffered with him. Oh! how infinite is the wisdom and mercy of the Almighty. I have thought in this thing, it will yet be found to call for thankful acknowledgment.

It is instructive to find that our dear cousin Margaret Grubb is dedicated as she is, and willing to be spent still, in advocating the ever blessed cause of her dear Master, though now in the decline of health and vigour. Oh! surely, while the props of nature are giving way, the building of God is going forward; "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I think her crown of rejoicing will be great and glorious in the end. It is a brave thing to serve the Lord from youth to old age.



To \_\_\_\_\_.

*London, Fifth Month, 1821.*

In the Select Meeting William Rickman gave a short, sweet, humble account of his visit to America. I thought I could have said, it was enough; the Master had been with him, and He had increased him in His own increase; and the heavenly image and holy likeness were more and more upon him. I was glad to believe that this dear friend's spirit is centering in that good in which it may, ere a great while, be lost for ever.

29<sup>th</sup>.—For my own part I cannot approve of these great committees, but others think differently. Last First day my dear J. G. and myself were at Devonshire House both morning and evening; I believe they were good meetings, the morning one particularly so; for I thought the life ascended higher and higher, until it rose into dominion, and we parted with hearts full of praise unto Him who only is worthy. . . . .

An address was brought into the Women's Meeting, calling the attention of the inhabitants of Europe to the iniquitous traffic still carried on in the persons of the African race. This introduced my mind into great feeling that we might all be found so co-operating with the Divine purpose in ourselves, that qualification might be received to promote the coming of the kingdom of Jesus in the earth, by our individual obedience and dedication to the Lord in all things. This was *my* concern. This day we have attended Peel Meeting. I think truth did rise above all, but it was through hard labour for a while, and plain doctrine was declared.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Eighth Month 9th, 1821.*

We heard last night that the poor Queen was dead, and this morning the account is confirmed; but no doubt you will have the intelligence before this reaches thee. How very awful the thing seems. The paper this morning tells us, that she desired, in the last hour, not to be disturbed; that she was going to a better world. I suppose the King is now in Ireland, and that your city hath made great preparations for him. It is very humbling to remember that he also must "die like men, and fall like one of the princes." Alas! how fleeting, how fading, how empty are all the pleasures of a delusive world!

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Spalding, Eighth Month 17th, 1821.*

It is worthy of remark, as affording encouragement to persevere in prayer, that when the disciples appeared to themselves to be in imminent danger, and cried unto their Lord, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" He was "asleep in the hindermost part of the vessel;" thus, according to their creaturely ideas, regardless of the perilous situation of His followers; but the sequel proves that it was not so, for, in due season, He was mercifully pleased to arise for their help; rebuking the boisterous winds, and the roaring of those mighty, raging waves, which seemed ready to swallow them up. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. But how I write! as one strong in the faith; whereas I feel myself amongst the weakest, and am almost afraid, that one day or other, I may make shipwreck of faith. At other times I think I see the possibility of "hoping against hope," and seek for ability to say in my heart, "Lord if I perish, I perish at thy feet; and I will trust in Thee, though Thou slay me." Indeed I am often drawn to feel after the invincible foundation, and to desire, above all things, to experience that it standeth sure; having this seal, the Lord knows them that are His. Oh! how frequently am I brought into darkness, and not into light; and then again, in the needful time, light shines in obscurity, and the darkness is as the noonday.

To ———.

*Southgate Green, Third Month 26th, 1822.*

I trust thou knowest what it is to experience painful feelings sent in mercy, or I should say permitted, according to my own idea; for surely nothing comes immediately from the Source of happiness but what is truly joyous. Thy mention of divers dear friends in your city is what we much like. We hear little of our dear friends on that shore which we left from a sense of duty; and whatever some may think of it, we know, that did we see the way back in the light of truth, as we did to leave it, our return would be with alacrity; but the Lord knows best how to dispose of His poor little ones, who cannot go one step without Him, but are like the helpless infant; therefore we desire to trust in Him in simple dedication, not doubting but that, if it be His sovereign will to lead us

back to Ireland, He will open the way Himself. After thy letter to me in Yorkshire, we pretty directly turned our faces homeward. I thought I never held meetings in so much weakness of body, at any preceding time; however, we were in mercy helped along, and reached home in the tenth month, with a humble sense of having done what was required of us. Dear William Tuke, of York, in his eighty-ninth year, appeared in the full possession of his mental faculties, but quite blind. Oh! how precious it was to sit by him: his spirit appears to be quite ready to take its flight to the glorious regions of Divine light and life, whenever the awful mandate is heard to put off the mortal man. This dear patriarch is cheerful and intelligent, even as a youth. . . . .

I hope ——— and ——— are learning increasingly from Him who was meek and low of heart, when, in His adorable love, He took upon Him our nature, and suffered for us. The humility of Jesus Christ is the ground and foundation of all true religion; yea, it is the very life of virtue and piety: without it, in vain is all our pretence to the knowledge of God. My heart's desire is that the great Disposer of events may, in His compassion, avert the tempest that seems gathering in your land, and turn the evil purposes of wicked and hard-hearted men to good account; but surely His great Name is, as much as ever, a strong tower to the righteous.

As I was waiting upon the Almighty the other day, and thinking of Ireland, my heart was sensible of much sorrow for the dark, distressed state of the people, when suddenly my inward and spiritual eye beheld, as I thought, a light shining over the nation, like the sun in a clear day, and I had to believe that the time would come, when the darkness would be dissipated by the arising of the Sun of righteousness in the might of His glorious power; and I became sensible that many of the poor deluded people, being kept in ignorance and gross darkness, were not so highly culpable in the sight of Omniscience as appeared to us; and my cries were to the Lord, that He would be mercifully pleased to pardon many of their offences, and illumine them with His grace. But how accountable must many of their pastors be, and those who influence the minds of their fellow-men out of the true fear of God!

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Kennington, Fourth Month 12th, 1822.*

The Lord's dear little ones are conflicted; even such who have none in heaven but Him, nor in all the earth beside Him; who really possess every blessing with reference to the Giver of all good, and in *Him*.

Now if those who choose the Lord for their portion, and the God of Jacob for the lot of their inheritance, have their faith thus tried, surely it is only that they may experience the trial of it to be more precious than of gold which perisheth, and so endure to the end. Many times I have a hope thou hast been sensible of our real fellowship with each other, when I seemed as if I could not convey it in words: indeed I am much of the mind that those who are mercifully preserved in the blessed oneness of the disciples of Christ, are truly helpful to each other in their varied exercises, even without outward demonstration of it, and when far separated in person; so then, if we are but of the *living* stones, we shall be fitly joined and compacted together, growing unto a holy temple in the Lord; and He will walk in us, and dwell in us; we shall be His people, and He will be our God. Is not this enough, let it cost us what it will of suffering, to bring us into such a desirable state? Since I wrote to thee, my endeared sister, many, very many, have been my tossings, even as on the mighty billows; but I humbly trust some of these painful dispensations have tended more and more to reduce the will of the creature, and bring into child-like dependence on my heavenly Father. Oh! for a considerable time I lay as "among the pots," during this last winter; but I thought may be the Lord would raise me up in His own time, if it was my endeavour to wait upon Him for preservation, that I might be kept chaste in my love to Him, who had been to my soul the chief of ten thousand; and so He did, blessed be His Name! for I distinctly heard His voice again, and felt His power, giving me to ascend with the "wings of a dove," which are indeed "silver, and her feathers of yellow gold," even of that which had been tried in the fire; so it is good not to cast away our confidence, when we may seem to ourselves to be as a broken vessel.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Bury, Sixth Month 10th, 1822.*

General indisposition has been my experience ever since coming back to this spot, so that I have more than once thought it was high time to quit the field of battle. . . . My dear love is to your sweet flock. Tell dear \_\_\_\_\_, the eldest, that the way to be happy is to be good, to cultivate an early acquaintance with his Maker, and live in His fear. I love you all tenderly. Thou and thy precious companion have a great charge, but I trust you desire to wait at wisdom's gate, and that it will not be in vain. May Divine Goodness bless you in blessing, and multiply you in multiplying, to the benefit of your dear offspring, and to the prosperity of His cause more at large.

I should have liked to have spent a little time with your dear aged father and mother, if way had opened for it. They are abundantly blessed many ways, particularly in their children. How thankful I should be to see mine bending to the root of life, were they matured; but I am convinced it is not too soon for me to watch every opportunity of encouraging their minds herein.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Reading, Tenth Month 7th, 1822.*

Thy state of health must have been a trying dispensation, but I trust it has, like other dealings of a gracious Providence, been blessed to thee, and possibly through thee to others; for as dear Job Scott says, "Sickness is a service which many owe to God;" and if, by a patient, humble submission to His Divine will, we can but finish our service to Him in our day, it is enough, be the work designed us marked out as it may, by that wisdom that cannot err. Sometimes, in contemplating the happy condition of those beloved relatives, now in the enjoyment of uninterrupted rest, who are made perfect through suffering, and reflecting on the trials of time which *we* still feel, I am sensible of something like groaning in myself, and longing to be delivered also, notwithstanding the awfulness of the subject, and my natural dread of the dark passage, "the valley of the shadow of death."

I hardly need tell thee that the present are truly fearful engagements, and that my mind is much led down into baptisms; yet

through all, I have to acknowledge to the almighty aid of Him whom we desire to serve, and whose to be. Most of the meetings have been times of peculiar favour, as much so, I think, as I ever remember; although to visit the immortal life, where it lies, requires great abstractedness of mind, like sitting “in the mouth of the cave, with the head wrapped in the mantle.” Oh! sometimes, when in this situation, how clearly has the state of meetings and individuals been opened to my mind, even as plain as ever I saw the face of another with my natural eyes; and in many of those assemblies made up of a mixed concourse of people, their condition variously has been felt and spoken to, in authority, which hath produced the language in my heart, “This is the Lord’s doing, and marvellous in my eyes.” But oh! my dear sister, what awful ground a true Gospel minister stands on, in the sacred office! It puts me in mind of what the Majesty of heaven said to Moses, “Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground:” indeed we must be thus unshod, as it were, to receive and communicate messages of grace. And for my part I find, from time to time, the preparation as needful as if it had never been known before.

TO MARTHA KING.

*Tenth Month 15th, 1822.*

Many a time since we parted, I have looked back to that hour with solid satisfaction, for I trust “deep did call unto deep at the noise of the water-spouts;” being sensible of true sympathy with each other, in the floods of affliction allotted us in our various situations and spiritual callings. What a precious thing true unity is! We feel strengthened in it and by it, to persevere in the line of dedication to Him who has a right to dispose of us as He pleases; indeed it is in many ways “a good and a pleasant thing.” I humbly trust, my dear friend, that this privilege will continue to be ours, whether together, or separated in person; surely it will be so, as we individually keep near that Power which hath already done much for us, and at times hath been marvellously displayed for our deliverance from the waves of tribulation.

As to our engagements amongst those not professing with us, I think I never had more blessed meetings than in this journey. The doctrines of the Gospel flow freely almost from place to place,

and such is the gathering influence over us, that it seems to me, that while these doctrines are declared, the solemnity increases until the Divine Power is over the meeting as a canopy, under which we mostly sit in silent, heavenly enjoyment for a short time. This stillness I consider as a proof that the Lord is bringing the people more and more to a sense of what it is to worship Him without vocal sounds, and in it my spirit feels a holy joy.

To ———.

*Witney, Oxfordshire, Tenth Month 17th, 1822.*

The present system in this country seems to be, to give the youth amongst us all the learning their brain can possibly be exercised in, and all the polish that would render them fit companions for the great people of the world; but I think that, even with respect to these things, we should let our moderation appear unto all men; nor do I see that there is much prospect in the general, of the attention of young persons being so turned to the Divine principle in themselves, as to make it very likely for us as a Society, to have those valiants and ornaments produced, which I believe to be consistent with the will of Him who first gathered us to be a people. I wish dear Ireland may yet be favoured with the native simplicity and purity of the Gospel, which prepares for the reception of the holy anointing, the pouring forth of the Spirit to the exaltation of the great Name, and the edification of the Church. There are very many amongst you largely gifted by nature, who, if they did but fully yield to Divine grace, would be eminent indeed, in that cause which is “dignified with immortality, and crowned with eternal life.” If the time should come for us to meet on your shore, I shall expect to see much improvement with respect to some of my friends, for surely great has been the labour bestowed since we left Ireland.

After my return home I was many weeks very weakly indeed; my strength seemed nearly exhausted, yet not feeling clear of some places about London, and being sensible of an enlargement of prospect to these parts, we could not see the way to resign our certificates, but in the faith, requested more liberty of the Monthly Meeting; so when way clearly opened, we left our dear children once more; committing them to the gracious care of Israel's Shepherd. As usual, we sat down together to wait upon the Lord just before

separating: it was a precious time, so that, although our dear children had anticipated our absence very painfully, I believe they gave us up freely to the service of Him whom they felt to be goodness itself.

I may now tell thee that we have had many meetings on this journey with those not professing with us, as well as with Friends; they have mostly been, in the end, seasons of some considerable relief: I think the real state of things has been come at and spoken to, in the blessed authority of the unchangeable truth. Those meetings which we have held with a mixed company have generally, if not always, been very crowded, and yet so still, that except by sight, one would hardly have known that many persons were present. In nearly all these opportunities, the living power has come into glorious dominion, after all the baptisms and strippings attendant on such engagements; for I think, from time to time my spirit is brought into a deep sense of my own nothingness, even in a peculiar manner; and oh! frequently before meeting breaks up, my heart is made glad that the Lord alone is exalted. What a solemn sense of His goodness is mostly afforded in awful silence, toward the latter end of a meeting crowded with people sitting and standing; the bodily feelings are lost in a sense of the Divine influence. For ever magnified and praised be Israel's God; He is more and more bringing the people to the experience of true spiritual worship, even in the silence of all flesh. Whether we, as a Society, will become more spiritually minded or not, I cannot say, but God will be glorified, and truth and its testimonies exalted in the earth, even until all nations shall flow unto the mountain of His holiness, which is set on the top of the mountains, and above all the hills. The dead forms and empty professions, whether amongst us or others, must yield to the living substance, and the eternal power; but I fear that many under our name will wither more and more, and be taken away; so great is the oppression of the life, and so dry are many meetings, as to their general condition; so that I am often ready to say, Oh! where is the living sap from the living root? and while much is doing in works of benevolence, by our members, there seems but little of that fruit whereby our Heavenly Father is glorified.

I hope the poor people in Ireland are much relieved by the late exertions and great munificence of many in this country, and I believe that kind Providence designs to open the eyes of those, in many instances, who have been in darkness, yea, whom gross dark-



ness has covered. Somehow, I cannot but look forward for Ireland with hope of blessed days, through the influence of the Gospel of light and life, and my very soul says amen. We have, on this journey, lodged at the house of two aged Friends—William Atkins and wife, who knew me when travelling this way four and twenty years ago. The age of W. A. is eighty-five, and that of his wife eighty-eight: their faculties are clear: they were delighted to see me again, and were both at meeting with us: the state of mind in which they are is truly desirable; we took a solemn, and I expect a final leave in this mutable state. It is encouraging to see the christian travellers so far safe on their passage to a glorious eternity, for they seem to have weathered many storms, and to have cast anchor in the haven, waiting for a joyful landing on the blissful shore.

TO ELIZABETH GRUBB.

*Eleventh Month, 1822.*

I find it possible to travail in spirit, and sympathize with my friends, without any outward communication; and were not this the case with some toward myself likewise, perhaps it would be worse with me than it is. Thus, as members of one body, may we be a mutual help and strength, wherever our outward allotment is!

When the time may come that we shall meet face to face I do not know, but if it were in the ordering of Divine Providence, it would be pleasant to me beyond what I can tell.

I hope thou art somewhat relieved from those very distressing feelings, which have borne down thy mind, and almost absorbed those faculties so peculiarly bright, and, I have no doubt, designed abundantly to glorify the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

With a heart glowing with affectionate gospel love I salute thee, and say farewell.

To ———.

*Near London, Eleventh Month 16th, 1822.*

The more thou art abstracted, and drawn into a state of waiting upon the Lord, the more thou wilt come to see Satan, the accuser of the brethren, cast out, and, as it were, bruised under thee, by the power which is above every power; and thus thy great and mighty Deliverer will bring thee up into the light where there

is no disquiet; thus shalt thou be made an heir of His gracious promises, who "giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength;" and having learned resignation therein, thou wilt be enabled to invite and encourage others to adopt the acceptable language, "Not my will, but Thine, oh Father, be done;" so shall thy soul yet be filled with heavenly joy and consolation in His service, where perfect liberty is known; so shalt thou be enabled to bless the hand which has been laid heavy upon thee in affliction. Let us be diligently watchful with that power which can yet rebuke all unclean spirits, while herewith we guard against our own untoward tempers and dispositions, that would lead us to murmur as the children of Israel did in the wilderness, and were destroyed of the destroyer; and to "tempt Christ as some of them tempted" Him, and were destroyed of serpents.

Oh! my dear child, there is a possibility of treading upon scorpions still, in the eternal might of our Redeemer, and of knowing what it is to be preserved, so as to overcome every hurtful and deadly thing.

And now I would just say that my dear companion and myself are about returning home, having endeavoured to fulfil the will of our Heavenly Father, in an engagement of nearly eleven weeks in visiting Friends and others, in divers counties hereaway. We are very sensible of weakness belonging to us poor creatures, while we have to acknowledge to the dominion of the power of truth in most of the meetings, even in a marvellous and glorious degree. I never knew it so generally so in any former visit, more especially among those not professing with us. Sometimes these meetings have held long, and the longer the more solemn, while the doctrines of the Gospel have flowed freely; and often I have had to say to the people, "Were I speaking to you from this time until midnight, and then to day-break, it would all be to invite and gather to the influence which you now feel; the blessed power and presence of God. Let us sit under the heavenly canopy in reverent stillness, a little while, and feel its preciousness, beyond what words can set forth:" and so it has been many a time—oh! for ever praised and exalted be Israel's Almighty Helper. He is doing much, while He convinces us that without Him we are nothing, and can do nothing.

[About the same date.]—Does trouble spring out of the ground? Is it thus a spontaneous thing? Surely no, but every particle of its weight passes through the scales in which the mountains are weighed,

and the balance which is in the hand of the Dread of nations; even lest there should be more than could be supported by His dependent little ones; so that, with the temptations or trials that assail us, a way is made for our escape.

To ———.

*Stockwell, Eleventh Month 17th, 1822.*

It is a favour that such is the oneness of the Church of Christ, that all the members of the body, as they are kept by His power, are enabled to feel with and for each other, even without that outward knowledge and intercourse, which is, nevertheless, very precious, and truly desirable in the Divine will.

Some of our meetings have held nearly three hours, but it is enough that the Great Name is exalted, and the Eternal Power raised by its own might into glorious dominion.

I much desire that we may be more and more united in the inseparable love of our dear Redeemer, and that He may hold us in His hand for evermore.

In low times we are perhaps ready to call in question that which we have tasted and handled of the word of life, as being really such, but "he that thinketh he knoweth anything, knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know;" therefore does it please the Lord to eclipse all former experience of His goodness before His dearest children, that they may learn, from season to season, to depend on Him alone.

TO HANNAH HUNTLEY.

*Witney, Eleventh Month 17th, 1822.*

It is with feelings of tender sympathy that I have heard of the trying dispensation allotted thee, in the illness and decease of thy son. No doubt thy affectionate and religious solicitude has been great, but I trust thine Almighty Helper has given thee to see of the travail of thy soul, and be satisfied, as it respects the exit of thy dear child. I have thought much about him, and feel a humble hope that his sufferings of mind and body proved as a furnace, wherein He was chosen, and that all is well. Thy dear son was not insensible to the awfulness of his situation, and I trust the inward groan, the unutterable sigh, were graciously heard and answered, by the eternal day opening to his view. I hear he has left six dear

children who are orphans; may they be the peculiar care of the Heavenly Parent!

It is with considerable regret I give up the thought of seeing thee on this journey, but our way does not appear to open to visit Burford this time, nor some other places in this county.

Thus I wished to salute thee, my dear friend, both in sisterly affection, and in that love which, many years back, united us together, and which outlives all sorrow. I write this by candle-light, and cannot see so well as when thou and I were fellow-travellers, *four and twenty years* ago, but hope thou canst make it out, so as to understand it.

I remain, with sincere regard,

Thy sympathizing and loving friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*High Wycombe, 1822.*

I hope, my love, thou art so good as to find thyself happy. I think much of thee, as well as of thy dear sister and your brother. We have had nice accounts from J., which I consider a mercy from kind Providence, and I feel glad to resign you all to the Almighty, in order to be engaged in His service, in His own will and way; because, however dearly we may love one another, we cannot promote each other's happiness, but as we are engaged to do the will of our Heavenly Father; and we shall be very glad indeed to go home, when He pleases that it should be so. On First day we held a meeting with the people at Leighton, in the evening, which was much crowded; many standing within doors, and very many without, standing in the yard quite still.

I had a great deal to say to them of the goodness of the Almighty, which they listened to with great seriousness and attention; and then we were all silent for a little while, being sensible of the Divine presence, beyond what any words can tell. After this I believed it right to supplicate, and at last we separated with much solemnity, feeling that we dearly loved each other in the love of our great Creator.

Next morning we came on to Berkhamstead; there we appointed a meeting for the people, which was quite as favoured as that at Leighton; and the people who could not get in, stood outside at

the windows, and listened the same way. They were very still, but there were two men who came in early, that seemed to intend to be rude, and would sit at the women's side, up near the gallery; however they appeared to grow quite serious after a little while, for I believe they felt the Lord's power that was over the meeting, and so all was well. Farewell my love.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Bury, Third Month 30th, 1823.*

“All things work together for good to them that love God”—there is much in it. We are hereby given to understand that *none* of our painful feelings pass unnoticed by the Judge of all the earth, whose wisdom and mercy are infinite, and we may be assured He is the rich rewarder. To be accounted worthy to be tried in the furnace, and to have it heated to more than the usual degree, is the way to become of the fine gold; for while “the fining pot is for silver, the furnace is for gold;” and it is to such that the living, eternal word goes forth, “I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”

The creature will feel distressed, when it feels that it must be nothing, that the Great Name may be all in all. We must be willing to lay our bodies even with the ground, to be walked over, to feel ourselves as the dust, again and again, if we come to be altogether of God's workmanship, and His works praise Him through us, as well as in us; and most assuredly He will favour the dust of Zion, and honour those in whom He delights.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Bury, Fourth Month 7th, 1823.*

Although it is not very easy for me to write, yet I take the pen with pleasure to address thee, my friend, my old acquaintance and *tried friend*, who has often felt for me, and for whom I also often felt, and still continue to feel; having no doubt that many are thy low times, and even perhaps, at seasons, the language of thy mind may be, “From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous; but I said, My leanness, my leanness: woe unto me!” Now it is encouraging to recollect, that this distressing state was that of Zion, the Lord's own precious seed;

and indeed, were these not tribulated, how could it be evidenced, to the glory of God and their salvation, that they are His chosen, and that He keepeth them as the apple of His eye? I believe, my dear sister, that even so will He keep thee, and grant thee the reward of the faithful; for who hast thou in heaven, but thy Almighty Helper; or in all the earth besides Him, that thou desirest? seeing that thou hast long since proved that good is to be found in Him, and that even our temporal blessings are possessed in Jacob's God, whom the righteous choose for their portion, and for the lot of their inheritance. I frequently think how pleasant it would be, if I could sometimes sit down by thee, and unbend as in days that are past; but seeing that is still prohibited, it is a favour that we can make use of this substitute for personal interviews, and a yet greater favour that neither distance of space nor time diminishes our mutual love, nor separates us from that which is in itself inseparable, even the unity of the spirit of our Heavenly Father in Christ Jesus, who are one, and whose people are one, through all the floods of temptations, and the waters of affliction or baptisms; indeed all these painful feelings do but tend to strengthen the true fellowship which is the bond of peace. Many times, in my distress, have I thought of thee and some others, knowing the sympathy that would be excited by my illness, especially towards my precious partner; and I trust your tears and prayers have not been unavailing; he has experienced the everlasting arms to be underneath in the deepest distress, and witnessed the succour which no human aid could afford. Oh! how awful was that season when I thought the ties of nature were about to be dissolved for ever; when, for a moment, resignation to such a stroke was veiled from me; when I looked to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, to enable me to say amen; when my very soul clung to life, for the sake of my dear husband and children; for I saw nothing retained against me that could hinder, or stand in the way to glory: my sins appeared to be washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and to have thus gone beforehand to judgment: but let me tell thee, my loved sister, that *that* which is impossible to the creature, as such, was made possible in my experience, by Him who taught me once more to believe—to believe in His righteousness, and in the perfection of His wisdom, as well as in omnipotence; so that I could commit, not only myself, but my all into His hand, as into the hand of a faithful Creator. It was then, oh! that was the moment when I received the spirit of prayer in the unerring will of

God; I asked Him to spare me to my family for awhile; and then I heard His Divine voice—*I knew* it was His—“I will spare thee.” I bowed in humble gratitude, and said, “I thank Thee, oh! I thank Thee.” Yet was my mind fully sensible, that in the dispensation which had overtaken me, I had suffering inexpressible to pass through; indeed I had not previously any idea that human nature could sustain the distress of the whole animal system, which has been my portion. Oh that it may have a tendency to leaven all my dispositions, more and more, into the heavenly nature of Him who was nailed to the cross for our transgressions; for surely it is not for nothing that we have to pass by the gates of death, nor drink as of “wormwood and gall;” but what should I have done, had it not been for a measure of that healing balm which sweetens every bitter cup? or where should I have found repose, had not that blessed influence, which made the Psalmist’s bed in his sickness, condescended to be near, a present help in the needful time? Oh! I still feel, that without my Saviour I am nothing, know nothing, and can do nothing: when He withdraws Himself I am, in my own sight, truly despicable and wretched; and to this sense of my condition am I often left, but my soul resolves, in His fear, to wait upon Him, and not distrust Him, for I have never found a better way.

To ———.

*Stockwell, Fifth Month 5th, 1823.*

May it please Divine Goodness to increase the number of those amongst the dear youth, who are “skilful in lamentation,” and valiant in the most glorious cause. There is occasion for it here too, for few comparatively are prepared for the Lord’s service, for want of co-operating with His power in the heart. My soul is often poured out, as it were, before the Most High, that He may be pleased to visit our dear children with a peculiar sense of His love; well knowing that it is not enough to be preserved in a state termed innocent, but that, if any are brought into a fitness to glorify Him in their right allotments in His Church, it must be by an acquaintance with the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Dover, Sixth Month 25th, 1823.*

The very serious accident ——— met with, affected me with awfulness on hearing of it. What an escape he has had! All these things are teaching, and should prove incitements to entire dedication to the service of Him who holds our breath in His hand, and whose right it is to dispose of our time and faculties as He pleases, even to His own honour and glory.

. . . . . I feel much for \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, but yet have a hope that all their difficulties may work together for good. Our Heavenly Parent sees meet to suffer us to be tried in a way most repugnant to our natural feelings, that we may become conformable to His Divine mind, and that the lowly seed of life in us may gain the ascendancy.

I suppose your relatives are now with you. It is pleasant to associate in true friendship: from such intercourse our intellectual enjoyment is heightened, and we are reciprocally benefited. I believe that such is the design of our great Creator. Dear \_\_\_\_\_, please say to her, that notwithstanding the happy prospect now before her, as to temporals, her felicity will be much enhanced by a willingness, in all things, to become a humble follower of Him who hath exhibited a perfect pattern of self-denial and true lowliness of mind. Oh! how precious is true gospel simplicity.

27th.—I wrote most of the foregoing on fourth day, but was unable to proceed, from pain in my face, ear, &c. I had this pain the day I left you, and mostly since; but it increased so much for two or three days, as greatly to impair my strength, and was attended with loss of rest and appetite; so yesterday I sent for a surgeon, who soon relieved me in degree, by making a deep incision in the roof of the mouth, where he said an abscess had formed, that at once accounted for the great suffering I had felt. I am much better to-day, and hope soon to be restored to my usual state; but thou seest all these things are against my progressing in health as we hoped for, by coming all this long way from home. To speak plainly about our coming again to the sea-side, I can only say, that had I not sought Divine counsel, as I mentioned to thee, it would have been doubly discouraging, since our tarriance here, to meet with so much obstruction to using the means for promoting health and strength; the weather has been unfavourable, and it seems as if I could not



keep from catching cold; but I may confess to the goodness of Divine Providence, in that His power has, I think, been exalted in some meetings which I have been able to attend, including the Quarterly Meeting for worship, and also in some more private seasons of religious retirement.

We had the satisfaction of seeing Steinkopff for a few minutes yesterday morning. I was under much suffering, lying on the sofa, when this heavenly-minded man spoke comfortably to us: he addressed ——— very impressively and sweetly. I had never met with him before: he and his wife went pretty immediately to the packet, and sailed for Calais.

This Dover is a wonderful place, or rather the surrounding scenery. How grand is the view from the Deal road! The lofty and venerable castle, the cliffs, the majestic opening between them to the sea, contrasted with the verdant fields in the valley at the right hand, the interspersion of trees and villages, with the river gently gliding along, all inspired my mind with delight, and raised my heart in praise to the Author of nature, while my body was in pain. Surely these beautiful prospects must be doubly pleasing in vigour of body, &c.

To ———.

*Eighth Month 4th, 1823.*

I hope thou hast the reward of peace, in thy obedience and submission to thy Heavenly Father, who is, I humbly trust, preparing thy mind to be a dedicated servant of His, a good example to those around thee, wherever thou art, and to have the blessed reward of the righteous, even in this life. Thy painful feelings, my precious ———, are His baptisms, dispensed to thee for thy good, that thou mayest be as a clean vessel in the house of the Lord.

I would encourage thee to look to thy dear Saviour, who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, that by His stripes we may be healed. Oh! how glad I am that He hath measurably made Himself known to thee, dear ———, and that thou lovest His appearing.

To ———.

*Norwich, Ninth Month 24th, 1823.*

I ought to esteem it a favour to be employed at all by the Great Master, or to be made sensible of what is His blessed will

concerning me, yet I wanted to get home and be hidden. We had a brave meeting at Tivtshall. I do not think I was much short of two hours on my feet. It seemed to me that the power of truth rose higher and higher, until it triumphed over all, to the great relief of my mind. May the Lord have all the praise of His own marvellous works.

I feel my detention in this city very much. I am a poor insignificant creature. It must be that the weak things are indeed made use of in the great cause, or surely I had been left out. Oh! how do I dread the engagements now before me! I am so weighed down under a sense of my own insufficiency unto any good word or work; and yet, in reflecting, surely it is here I rest in my spirit—that the sufficiency is not of us, but of Him who calleth us into His work.

To ———.

*Twelfth Month 25th, 1823.*

There are times when the tried vessels, in possession of living faith and holy patience, can adopt the language, “When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold:” such should not, therefore, be too much cast down in a sense of being, as it were, *alone*: this is a part of their proving, even to feel their situation as a peculiar one, and their path as untrodden, that the Great Name may be abundantly magnified in and through them.

To ———.

*Probably 1823.*

It seemed to me that the savour of thy mind in returning from ——— was sweet and acceptable in the Divine sight, and so I humbly trust it remains to be.

The dealings of inscrutable Wisdom thee-ward have been of no common kind. He hath dispensed much that is peculiarly trying to nature, because He hath set His love upon thee, and designs to qualify thee increasingly to glorify Him.

Oh! be humbly bold, when required in any way to serve the Great Master, who has enabled thee to be a shining light among the people in thy daily conduct. He would, I believe, give thee, as it were, to exclaim, “Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

Look simply and singly to Him, and He, even the Almighty One,

will sustain thee by His invisible power, give thee faith and courage, and bring thee through all, to His praise. Amen.

This morning, during our few moments' retirement together, I felt thee, as I believe, very near my spirit in the Lord; and then it opened to me, that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

My mind became convinced that thy Saviour and Judge, who sees in secret, accepts the sincerity and uprightness of thy heart; and I had to believe, that by patiently continuing to do as well as thou knowest how, in the midst of weakness and frailty, thou wilt, by and by, come to the reaping season, and have to rejoice in heavenly treasure. So my dear ———, faint not; be of good courage, and thy Redeemer will strengthen thy heart.

We, poor creatures, are not dealt with according to our deserts, for then our spirits would utterly fail before the Most High, but we are favoured with the adorable, unmerited mercy of Him by whose stripes we are to be healed. Lay hold, then, of the hope set before thee, and gird up the loins of the inner man, and stand for the truth upon earth.

To ———.

*Probably 1823.*

Oh! my beloved ———, art thou growing in grace, and in saving knowledge? Is thy acquaintance with thy Saviour more intimate than was the case in days that are past? Remember that we either advance in true and vital religion, or else we lose ground, which latter is of lamentable consequence.

Surely the Most High designs thee to be a dignified instrument in His hand, and the earlier thou art prepared for this, the happier for thee. Do thou try to be inward with thy dear Redeemer, and, as I have said before, never let a day pass without endeavouring to prostrate thyself before Him. This would lead thee to great humility and self-denial, and enable thee to take up the cross daily, in nothing more than in this one thing, of governing the temper, wherein thy mind would be disposed to oblige all around. I know thou often wishes to be what thy Heavenly Father would make of thee, and be assured this is not impossible; but we must "*strive* to enter in at the straight gate," because our corrupt nature would hinder us.

My soul often commends thee to Him who is able and willing to do exceeding abundantly for us all, even more than we can ask or

think; therefore let not thy tender mind wander from Him, thy blessed Redeemer, who has powerfully visited and called thee, and made thee to feel His unmerited love.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*About the same time.*

Having been desirous of entering into all thy painful feelings, and sympathizing in those dispensations which inscrutable Wisdom may see meet to prove thee with, my dearly beloved ———, my mind has often been, and continues to be turned to the Lord on thy behalf; and sometimes, when I am ready to petition for thee, that the present occasion of uneasiness to thy mind may be removed, I have felt my natural wish for thy temporal enjoyment yield itself to the Divine will; for I believe thee to be the peculiar care of thy Heavenly Father, who “chastens every child He loves, and scourgeth every one whom He receiveth;” therefore be not dismayed if He “refines thee, but not with silver;” if He chooses thee in the furnace, even trying thee as gold is tried, that thou mayest be holiness to Him, the Lord.

Look to thy dear Redeemer in all that is humiliating, and remember that His visage was said to be “marred more than any man’s, and His countenance than the sons of men;” and may He bless, preserve, and sanctify thee!

TO A DAUGHTER ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

1824.

MY DEAR CHILD,

Having some experience in the path which now opens to thee, I wish, if possible, to be instrumental in affording thee instruction and encouragement in thy future steps through life. Take, therefore, the affectionate counsel of a tender mother.

Place the fear of God continually before thee; have reference to Him in all things. He hath not only given thee a being, but endowed thee with a good understanding, and granted thee many blessings: let it be the sincere language of thy heart, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?” so will He teach thee His Divine law, and enable thee to delight therein. Thus wilt thou possess religion; real, vital christianity. It is the greatest of all treasures; befriends the godly through this world, and leads them to a better.

What are we without religion, even in our best state? We know not how to estimate our existence, nor any of the blessings offered; how then can we truly enjoy them? In distress, in sickness, in the dark and gloomy seasons which will overtake us sometimes, in the course of our journey, what have we to flee to for safety, if unacquainted with the Name which is the power of God? Therefore, my dear child, “get wisdom;” “forsake her not”—“the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.”

Never give way to a fretful disposition. To repine at the crosses and difficulties attendant on our probationary state, betrays a little mind, and want of resignation to what Heaven permits; besides, it renders things trying in themselves, still more bitter; therefore, whenever tempted with peevishness, seek, with all thy might, to be quiet, and wait upon the Lord, who will bring thee near to Himself, and convince thee, that with Him who is light, there is no disquiet; and so He will grant thee peace. Thine enemies are thine own natural evil propensities: to overcome these in the Lord, is a most glorious victory. Thy dear Saviour is able and willing to grant thee this victory with holy triumph.

Give no place to an envious disposition; it would corrode thy mind, and prevent the incomes of heavenly love. The sweet and the bitter are more equally dispensed than man perceives. We cannot of ourselves promote our happiness, but, by watching against all wrong things, we may become strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, to avoid all that would render us the authors of our own misery. Be assured, my precious child, that if there is not tranquillity in thine own breast, from suffering the all-regulating principle to operate there, thou never wilt find true felicity in any situation which may fall to thy lot; and while a kind Providence may permit thee to be surrounded by temporal good, thou mayest be without capacity for enjoying His bounty. Be wise, therefore, and submit early to the humbling power of truth, that it may be well with thee in time and in eternity, which is the desire and prayer of thy affectionate mother.

And now, with respect to domestic economy, let me say, for thy future comfort—do everything in its season: although it may seem very often, at the moment, as if this method was inconvenient and troublesome, thou wilt find thy account in it. Thou wilt hereby save much of thy precious time, and avoid confusion and hurry. Make suitable arrangements, and be sure to observe them. Have

few servants; treat them kindly, but give not up thy own judgment to gratify their will, lest thou lose that government which is essential to the comfort of a family. Be industrious, but be not in the habit of doing that thyself, which properly belongs to the servants; for this only renders them negligent. Be sure to manage everything with frugality and prudence; thou wilt have the more to spare for the needy. Look well to thy household in all things. Let thy countenance be as sunshine to thy family, through the calmness of thy temper.

Be not over anxious in trouble, but endeavour to leave all to the Lord, in doing according to the best of thy capacity; and thus let thy whole life bring glory to Him who is worthy of all glory, honour, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Chelmsford, First Month 4th, 1824.*

It is one of our greatest comforts in our passage through life, to have that intellectual intercourse which is the product of true friendship, such as I trust ours is; having, for its basis, that love which none of the vicissitudes of a mutable world can destroy, and which, I trust, strengthens with an increase of years, while these do not fail to bring with them new trials. No doubt thou canst acknowledge to fresh difficulties within the five years of our separation, which thy mind had not anticipated, and so can I; but if all these things tend to whiten our garments, and render us more fit to walk with the Lamb immaculate, we may even rejoice therein, and give thanks. Thou wilt say, that if we could believe this was the case, it would be cause of rejoicing indeed. I admit that there are times of great darkness in the providence of the Almighty toward His poor creatures, wherein we seem to be abandoned from good, and even as though His mercies were "clean gone for ever," yet even then it behoves us to exercise faith and patience, whereby we are brought into a condition of mind to hope against hope, and eventually to be glad in all these sufferings; and if the weakness of the poor frame be such, that we fear it incapacitates for heavenly mindedness, I believe that our upright, though feeble endeavour, to draw nigh to the fulness of strength, is an acceptable offering, and will not go without its reward; for "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." What a consolation, that thus we have the holy

compassion of the Highest, whose regard is unto the lowly; so do not be too much cast down, my loved friend, my sister, for I humbly trust thou art one of these lowly, and that, seeing the best life hath been preserved hitherto, the command will still go forth, in all thy strippings and provings, "Touch not the life." Many times does my mind commend thee unto Him who has condescended to be with thee in six troubles, who surely yet waits to be thy sufficiency through all.

*We* are at times sensible, through the unmerited kindness of the Great Shepherd, that our feet are still guided in the way of peace. My dear companion has, at times, been enlarged in the heavenly anointing, in this place.

To —————.

*Clonmel, Fourth Month 5th, 1824.*

The meetings, both in Dublin and here, have been times of very deep digging; the spring of life lies low, and that of the ministry in unison with it; but through a great deal of labour, the power made its own way, even into some dominion, in each meeting; and in that of First day morning here, it was over all, to the praise of the great and ever adorable Name: many felt it, and worshipped the Lord in the blessed sense hereof. Divers friends have said to me, speaking of the things that have happened here since our residence in England, they were previously set forth with great clearness; one said, "as plain as if they had been left in written characters on the gallery."

At Coalbrook Dale we were detained from fifth day night until second day morning, finding a stop in our minds, after having seen Friends together on sixth day, even after preparing to leave the place. It was much against the natural will and wisdom, to give up to be there on First day, but I know too well my own short-sightedness, to reason away my sense of duty; so besides meeting again with Friends, we had a large public meeting, and I think I never was quite so near sitting down without proceeding with what was before me, in any meeting where this was not really the case, when suddenly the power arose, and a very favoured time it proved, the people's minds being at length awakened to a sense of the truth; but the poor frame felt the effects of this hard battle, for it was immediately after this that I had the first attack of spasms.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Dublin, Fifth Month 1st, 1824.*

Thy truly kind and interesting lines met me here, and would have been noticed in this way before now, had not my mind been much conflicted, respecting whether to give up attending the Yearly Meeting in London or not; having felt considerable exercise and concern about visiting families in Clonmel, and seeing Friends in Cork. This latter prospect is likely to be pursued, it appearing to be in the way of our feeling clear of Ireland; and thou knowest how very awful it would be to me to cross the water, and apprehend that anything here was left undone.

The Yearly Meeting here is now got through, except that we expect to-morrow the meetings for worship will be very large, as being the last day of Friends meeting together, and many of other societies attend at such times. I do not know whether I may be permitted to get out or not, having taken a heavy cold, which affects my lungs, and has nearly deprived me of my voice.

Our minds are much affected in sympathy with the state of our Society in this land, for although there are a few up and down, who feel the weight of things, we think that fathers and mothers are greatly wanting; the number being lessened within a few years, and the dear young people without many examples to look to. It is, however, a day of powerful call, and of tender visitation, which evinces that yet this religious Society is not forsaken; and the meetings have closed very solemnly in this general assembly. The Quarterly Meeting held in Clonmel, for the province of Munster, was also a memorable time in the conclusive sitting. Ah! poor Clonmel! "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in His anger," may indeed apply to that meeting; and yet there is, as it were, a very small remnant, who sigh and who cry, to whose supplications I believe the gracious ear is bowed, and who, I hope, will yet be a blessing there.

*Second Day 3rd.*—Yesterday was a memorable day to me, and perhaps to some others. I was very poorly in the morning, and my voice far from clear; the soreness and tightness of the chest considerable; but wishing to get to meeting, I ventured, and to my utter astonishment, found my voice as clear as usual, and no pain in speaking for a very long time to a large crowded audience; the power of truth rising higher and higher, until the dominion thereof



was generally felt; and although I was on the bed most of the time between the meetings, and took but little nourishment, I was enabled to be at the second, and to declare, with a strong voice, the doctrines of truth again very copiously; the meeting-house being greatly crowded, and many not of our Society attending. The meeting ended in thanksgiving and praise, after which I came to my lodging, and again lay down, but was in a large company of Friends here after tea, wherein supplication seemed called for, and was uttered audibly. Thus, my dear friend, I have been prepared to say, "This is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes." This day I keep house, being hoarse, and fearing to inhale the air in an open carriage like ours, or else we might have been on the road to Clonmel. My chest is very sore, and in a state of irritation.

I think this Yearly Meeting has been much favoured on the whole. Notwithstanding the many things to obstruct the circulation of the Divine life, it did make its way in most of our gatherings, to the humbling our minds, and to the honour of the Great Name.

I feel much interested respecting that with you now approaching, and desire that Friends may be sensible of the humbling power of truth among them, and that true simplicity may be abode in. . . . .

Oh! how do I long that thy beloved partner may be "chosen," as well as "called," even as it relates to his own place in the Lord's Church. Is it not almost time for the man of business to be left for the man of God? I know that my dear friend, thy husband, loves that which is unchangeably good, and desires its prosperity, but I want him to be more fully at liberty for the Lord's service.

TO MARTHA KING.

*Clonmel, Fifth Month 26th, 1824.*

There are many precious children in this nation, whose hearts are sometimes tendered, but how applicable is the language, "The daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness;" and how many young men there are, who are strangers and aliens to the commonwealth of Israel: some of these, husbands and fathers, who acquaint not themselves with the Shepherd's voice, and who are stumbling upon the dark mountains. But our painful feelings are not without an accompanying hope that it is a time of renewed visitation to many; and sometimes, in meetings and families, truth has reigned triumphantly, to the praise of the

great and adorable Name of the long-suffering Creator, who, whilst He shows the house of Jacob his sins, and Israel his transgressions, is calling out of everything that stands opposed to His blessed kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy. . . . .

My sense is, that if there be not a turning to the Lord with full purpose of heart, the prophets, the true prophets, will be dumb, and not able to speak, and *that* because of the people continuing to join themselves unto idols; and the Lord will yet make the remnant of Jacob as a dew among many people, and a remnant it will indeed be; and the Lord will more and more send forth His light and His truth in this island, so that those who sit in darkness shall see a great light, and they who are in the region and shadow of death will behold the springing up of light; and, in their believing in the light, shall they see more light, and take the places of the once highly favoured and powerfully visited ones; and the Lord will yet be glorified in Ireland.

To —————.

*Chelmsford, no date, probably 1824.*

Indeed, my dear friend, I do remember thee before the Most High in my prayers, and I remember *thine too*, notwithstanding the need I have myself of the prayers of those who desire well for that cause which I so publicly profess to advocate; for truly there often seems occasion to ask that it may not be said, “a standard bearer fainteth,” even with reference to thy poor correspondent; but it is encouraging to recollect that even a great and deeply experienced apostle of Jesus said, “lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway;” which shows that he had to combat with temptation at that advanced period of the christian life: shall *I* then (far behind him) expect to be exempt from besetment, or a humiliating sense of frailty? Let me rather cleave to the same Power which was his sufficiency, and that of all the children of God in every age.

So you got on nicely the day of the marriage. We spoke of your company many times in the course of that forenoon. I am comforted with thy account of the wedding altogether. I think we often find a solemnity on the occasion of marriage, as a sanction on high to the ordinance, seeing it is of Divine origin. I wish that these young Friends taking each other in marriage, may be a time of solemn

covenant to them both, with the Bridegroom of souls; and that their desires may be circumscribed by the same spirit which influenced Jacob to ask, not for the great things of this world, but that the Divine presence might be with him in the way that he took, which evinced his concern to be found in the right way; and so he was blessed, and made a blessing in his day.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Sixth Day, 1824.*

I must send thee a line, both to acknowledge thy sweet letter with the grapes, and also to let thee know that our dear boy is going on as well as we could expect. He desired I would give his love to thee, and express his obligation for thy kindness to him: he enjoyed the grapes very much.

. . . . . I remember that the blessed Master said, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Oh! may we not cease to call upon Him, and patiently wait for His arising, when there shall yet be a calm. He hath often brought my soul out of adversity, and given me to rejoice in His mercy, and be glad in His salvation; and shall I not even again praise Him as the health of my countenance, and my God?

*First Day.*—May the dew of Heaven abundantly rest upon your spirits, and those of your dear children; that it may be witnessed as far surpassing all the fatness of the earth, and render you fruitful unto His praise, who created us for a great and glorious purpose, even that we should give unto Him glory and strength; the glory due to His name in this life, and reign with Him in joy ineffable, in the world of spirits. So dear friends farewell.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, 1824.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . Well, we are come home at last (from Ireland) but we were perhaps never more sensible of the need of best guidance, than relative to our return, as to the right time and way; indeed we were detained much longer than, at one time, was expected, but not in the pursuit of temporal gratification, for of this we partook of very little during our absence; it was in religious

engagements, and often in sore travail of spirit, that our time was filled up; nevertheless we can acknowledge, that to be at Divine disposal is our interest as well as duty; and although this excursion has cost us considerable every way, we find the retrospect produce a quiet which is worth obtaining at its own price.

I suppose your family circle is now complete. This is pleasant, especially when we see the design of a temporary separation answered in a good degree. My heart's desire is for you, that, above all things, you may seek to be conformable to the Divine will; for it is in pursuit of this knowledge of the power of God that we are most truly blessed, and made a blessing; otherwise we may make researches in vain for true felicity; grasping as at phantoms, and pursuing shadows.

I long to know how it is with our Bury friends in general, and what sort of meetings you have; whether or not the heart-tendering influence of truth is much felt among you. I hear M. F., senior, is very ill, which awakens tender emotions in my heart, both on her own account, and that of her sweet, amiable daughter: the feelings of the latter must be poignant in the threatening separation.

Thou wilt please give my love to all our friends around thee, and be assured I still love thee so well, that I can in truth subscribe myself

Thy friend, in undiminished regard,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Seventh Month 13th, 1824.*

And now for something about poor Ireland. I certainly cannot say I saw that improvement which I looked for among the peasantry: they and their habitations looked as wretched as ever.

With respect to Friends, I thought the Yearly Meeting, though much favoured, upon the whole, with the extendings of Divine love, which is all-inviting, nevertheless exhibited much cause of mourning, even beyond what I feared. Clommel was a suffering place to us, in visiting the immortal seed, and so was Waterford. We found less to press us down in Cork, although it is a very large meeting, and there is no minister belonging to it now, nor any elder among the men: the living power of truth had the ascendancy in both the meetings we attended in that place; and indeed, in each place where

we visited, it triumphed at times ; so that it was a season of renewed visitation to many, Garryroan not excepted, where the word of the Lord was like the lightning from the east, which illuminates and breaks through all obstruction, to the exaltation of the Great Name.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Chelmsford, Eighth Month 1st, 1824.*

We may be restrained from expressing our sympathy, even when it is strongly called forth ; and I am aware that Best Wisdom sometimes permits that outward demonstration of our fellow feeling should be much hidden from each other. How often is my mind brought into travail for your meeting in dear Clonmel ! The retrospect of our late visit is peaceful, nor would I, as an individual, have avoided the suffering and labour for any temporal advantage that might have been gained by staying at home, although there were seasons when I seemed pressed almost beyond strength, and out of measure ; and I really thought, that merely as it regarded myself, I could have been willing, in the Divine mind, to have laid down my natural life for the sake of Ireland, could it even in degree promote the gracious purposes of the Almighty, with respect to many in that nation ; for great and glorious indeed are these purposes.

What a pity that the want of obedience on the part of those powerfully *called*, should prevent their being *chosen* ; yet is this mournfully and conspicuously the case ; and I often fear it will still be so, because I see the hindering things still prevail, and many are overcome of evil, instead of overcoming evil with good. . . . . The cup of life is mingled with the bitter, as well as the sweet ; and were it not so, we should be ready to forget that this is not the place of our rest, that we are but pilgrims and strangers here below, and ought to be diligent in seeking another and a better country of uninterrupted bliss, where joy unspeakable and full of glory is the eternal portion of those who, “having come through much tribulation, have washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Oh ! animating consideration ! Is not this worth a world of trials and a fight of afflictions to obtain ?

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Ninth Month, 1824.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Quarterly Meeting here being now over, it seems almost time for me to acknowledge thy kind letter, inviting us to attend that of Suffolk, to be held at Bury. Were we influenced by our affectionate feelings *alone*, they would lead us to sit down once more among you, but circumstanced as we are at present, there seems a propriety in our staying at home, unless prompted to leave it by a sense of religious duty. Nevertheless, my dear, kind friend, be assured of our interest in the welfare of those among whom we have so often experienced the overshadowing of Divine love, and for whom, in our measure, we continue to travail; desiring that the purity and blessedness of the immutable truth may take the place of all that stands opposed to its Divine nature. This large Quarterly Meeting has been a time of great excitement to my mind, so that I feel to want a little quiet. We have, nevertheless, to be thankful for the renewed mercies extended in a collective sense, for I think we may say that the meetings yesterday closed under a precious sense of the goodness and power of our blessed Master.

With love to thee and thine,

I remain,

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, probably 1824.*

DEAR FRIEND,

Let me just say that I do not forget thee, and that my desire is for thy advancement and establishment in Divine grace, seeing *that* is not like this mutable world, but ever enduring in its nature, and soul-satisfying. Now, if we come to a holy settlement in the truth, it must be by obedience keeping pace with knowledge, for we cannot of ourselves *choose the time* for offering the sacrifice of the natural will, in those things which may be pleasing to the flesh, any more than Saul could meet Divine acceptance by sparing the best of the sheep and the oxen, to sacrifice in Gilgal, instead of where and when the Lord commanded him; so see that thou be

faithful in whatever may be manifested to thee in the light of Christ, that in this light thou mayest come to see more light, and that thy example may shine forth to the bringing others to glorify the Name of Him who is worthy to be honoured with all we have and are.

. . . . . We have had many trying circumstances since I saw thee, dear ———, but my faith is not shaken with respect to our coming to this place in the will of our Great Master; and it is a mercy to be enabled to rejoice in His salvation when outward things look gloomy, and to know that He maketh the feet like hinds' feet, to run the ways of His requirings. . . . .

I remain affectionately,

Thy sincere friend,

S. GRUBB.

To ———.

1824.

Dear and precious child, what a favour it is to be, as it were, singled out, as one peculiarly tried and sifted, that so, the precious being separated entirely from that which will not endure the fire or the sieve, the Lord's own works may abundantly praise Him, and the soul be enlarged in capacity for living joy, in proportion to its sufferings. How often does my mind desire for thee the meekness of Divine wisdom, in every varied feeling, that, enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, thou mayest become increasingly valiant for His Name; not that I would have any of us suppose, that because we have been brought through fire or water, we therefore know anything, save by the fresh unfoldings of truth; but if there be a continuing in Christ, then is there also a waxing stronger and stronger in His Name, unto His own glory, who is all in all.

Somehow, in thinking of thee, a few words of James Naylor's occurred to my remembrance. I refer thee to Sewel's History, where thou mayest find him speaking to this effect:—"There is a spirit that I feel, that delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. It sees to the end of all temptations; its crown is meekness; its life is everlasting love unfeigned; it keeps its kingdom by lowliness of mind in God alone; it can rejoice though none else regard it, or own its life." Please to take notice, that when I thought of these things, I had not recollected reading the passage for years.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Tenth Month 5th, 1824.*

We are now about going out a little to visit some of the meetings constituting this Quarterly Meeting.

. . . . . There is much of a dead calm which overspreads our meetings, and which sometimes the power of truth rises superior to, whilst at other seasons it continues throughout, to the great grief of the minds of those who are diligent in labour. Oh for some old-fashioned Friends' meetings!

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Eleventh Month 11th, 1824.*

[After alluding to illness in her family]—Thus it is permitted that we should be tossed with tempest . . . . but I hope against hope, for I can appeal to the Searcher of hearts, that we have desired to do His will (even perfectly) here on earth, as it is done in heaven, and have counted nothing too near to part with, to follow the leadings of His Holy Spirit; so that surely He will not now utterly forsake us, though “He maketh the clouds His chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.”

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, First Month 16th, 1825.*

Having been favoured to get through the family visit in this meeting, I seem more at liberty to talk a little in this way, than while under the weight of that important engagement. . . . .

I was able to be at meeting to-day, which proved to be the winding up time after the visit to individuals. I rather looked for it this day week, but no way opened. To-day the key of David was known to unlock the gates, which, without Him who alone has this key, must remain insuperably closed.

I do not think, my dear friend, that our being here at present, can be any other than in the providence of the Most High, for notwithstanding the many trials with which we have been assailed, there seems a settled persuasion, ever since we came, that our steps were not directed to this spot by our own understanding; besides, our service for the Lord lies much this way. How long it may continue



to be the will of our Heavenly Father to permit the same feelings to attend us, I trust we desire not to know, for it ill becomes us to take thought for the morrow. . . . What should we do but for the humble hope that the Father of mercies takes cognizance of His poor creatures every moment, and directs all the occurrences to which we are subject, for our good ?

All our love awaits thee ; mine especially to thy dear partner, for whom I continue to travail that he may be enabled to have his attention primarily turned to improving his Lord's money ; that the answer of "well done" may be joyfully received in its fulness at last, as well as in measure now. Do salute him for me in the Lord.

TO MARTHA KING.

*Colchester, Second Month, 1825.*

I assure thee, my dear friend, it is no light thing to be a member of Chelmsford Meeting, which is large and interesting : there are, indeed, burdens to bear, something like standing in Jordan with the weight of the ark upon the shoulders, until the people pass over. Our late visit to the families was attended with relief : the Lord revealed His power and spirit from time to time, so that the authority and love of the Gospel made its own way, and was generally in some degree of dominion ; and some of the succeeding meetings have been highly favoured, the contriting influence of truth spreading and prevailing over all. We have also visited many other meetings in this county, in all which I think we may say Ancient Goodness was near, so that the ministry of the word flowed to the people like a living stream. It would now seem as if I had written fine things with respect to our getting on, but oh ! I often feel left to a sense of my own nothingness, in a manner more humiliating and depressing than I can tell thee. It is the Lord's power that I wish to magnify, and if I glory, it is in my infirmities.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Third Month 7th, 1825.*

I am persuaded thou hast not been without thy share of sorrow since we parted, but I trust the language of the Great Master to His disciples formerly, may apply—"Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy ;" "and your joy no man taketh

from you." So it is worth being a partaker of the sufferings of Christ, to have this joy that He giveth, in its full fruition, to all eternity; but not only in the end of time is it the portion of the righteous, a foretaste is given now, and is as a brook by the way, replenishing the weary traveller, and giving fresh vigour to run the race set before us. Say not, my dear sister, that this brook is closed to thee through thine unworthiness, but remember that even the seeking, panting soul, is permitted to feel something like the tongue failing for thirst, yet, in the moment of extremity, the promise comes to be fulfilled, "I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them; I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." Surely He who sees the integrity of thy heart, will give thee to be one of those who inherit His promises; therefore lift up thy head in hope, and doubt not but the very feeble endeavours of thy mind are accepted by our gracious Creator.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Fourth Month 8th, 1825.*

I can remember nervous suffering so severe as is by no means to be described: I tried hard to lean on the bosom of the Lord Jesus (who was for our sakes a man of sorrows once, in a body of flesh) and, through His mercy, I did obtain a little quiet, but how transient, how momentary was the rest! Ah! it was permitted to be interrupted by that part in which our poor souls groan, being in bondage, and longing to be delivered; "not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon."

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Fourth Month 24th, 1825.*

Thy little note is sweet to me; it breathes unabated love and true friendship. . . . I hope thou, my dear friend, mayest, in a few months (may I not say weeks?) have to be thankful for another precious gift added to those already sent, and for thy health being mercifully preserved. I wish this joy for thee and thy dear partner (in submission to the Divine will) even as I should for my own near relatives. It is said in Scripture that children are "an heritage of the Lord;" so then He sends them that we may be en-

riched hereby ; and when we consider that they are beings designed for eternal glory, should we not, even in this view of the subject, account it an honour to be entrusted with them, besides the use which they may be of in their passage through time, both in civil and religious life ? All these things ought to cheer thee, my dear friend, who hast so many blessings, and who, I know, desirest to number them with reverent humility before Him from whom all good comes.

There is a Bible Meeting now sitting in Chelmsford : it will be well if both speakers and hearers all mind what that good book tells them, and then they will not be of those who say, “ Lord, Lord, open to us, for we have done mighty works in thy name,” but who, for want of conformity to the Divine mind, are not acknowledged, after all, by the Lord of life and glory. . . . . I do indeed, my dear friend, feel deeply interested in the happiness of your dear ———, which happiness we know depends upon an obedient attention to the secret call of the Heavenly Father, which saith, “ My son, give me thy heart.” We who are parents are often made sensible that this obedience is an act which we can in no wise perform for our dear children, but let us pour forth our prayers that the Almighty may be pleased to draw them with the strong cords of His love, that they may feel powerful inducements to be His, by unre-served dedication. I feel sometimes a little encouraged to hope that our intercession is acceptable, and that, in consequence, the Father of mercies does visit our offspring by His *special* grace.

To ———.

*Stockwell, Fifth Month 21st, 1825.*

In the first sitting of the Yearly Meeting, dear Martha Smith was enabled to supplicate that the Divine presence would be with us : her offering was evidently the means of bringing solemnity over the meeting, and I really think it continued to the close of that sitting, which thou wilt join me in acknowledging was a good beginning to the Yearly Meeting ; and I believe that many do feel this to be an uncommonly still time, and much favoured. . . . .

Yesterday I was at Devonshire House. The meeting held about three hours, and was a highly favoured season. Many not of our Society attended : the doctrines of the Gospel were clearly and largely opened, and truth did appear to be over all.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Sixth Month 1st, 1825.*

The Yearly Meeting was, on the whole, a time of much favour, even to thanksgiving and praise. I was often put in mind, from what I felt, of the ancient, compassionate, and moving language of the Heavenly Father, respecting His people formerly—"Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord."

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Same date.*

How often is it the case, that in endeavouring to follow the leadings of truth, and to do the Divine will, we find the verity of the declaration, "Ye have need of patience;" may we be enabled to keep the word of patience still, for I believe this to be the way for us to be kept in the hour of temptation, which does come, and must come, even to try all that dwell upon the face of the earth. There were two visits to the Men's Meeting (during the Yearly Meeting) and, what is singular, I was present at each; for in the first instance, dear Martha Smith, of Doncaster, proposed my going with her, and the second was a visit that I had to pay to our brethren near their conclusion; both tended to my relief, for my exercise was great, and in the first I was witness to the overflowing cup of dear M. S. in an extraordinary manner. I want to say a little of this Friend. She was about five years in a low state of mind, which she described in the Select Meeting, as darkness blacker than that of midnight; and said that the dragon's mouth was wide open to swallow her up, so that no language could be found sufficiently appropriate to set forth the distress she was in; and that in a moment the light broke forth, dispelled all her gloom, and she could sing Alleluia to the Lord God and the Lamb, her great and mighty Deliverer. I have been with M. S. sometimes, out of meeting, while in London, when she was also like a vessel that must have vent to declare of the Lord's goodness and power, and to invite all to partake thereof. Strange as it might seem for me to go twice to visit our brethren, especially as I was much opened and enlarged the first time, I could not rest without making the attempt the second time;

and indeed it was quite a different thing from the first, for it was speaking to those who had been witness to the goodness of the Almighty during the Yearly Meeting, and to some hundreds who were added to the number there when I went before. Oh! it was a solemn time indeed: there came such an awful silence over that large assembly, and under this it separated—praised be the Lord!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Sixth Month 5th, 1825.*

I am comforted in knowing that Divine Providence has been pleased to give thee the continual feast which a contented mind affords, and I hope thou art favoured often to feel His good presence to be near thee, who is thy Heavenly Father, “in whose presence is fulness of joy; at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore;” not indeed like the fading pleasures of this transitory world, but ever enduring in their nature, and soul-satisfying.

I believe thy tender mind has sometimes felt it to be so, and that thou art not without understanding, in some degree, of what I now write; and I wish to encourage thee to wait upon the Almighty, to experience His goodness and power to be near thee, which will more than make up for all thy trials, my dear child; and so He will give thee of His Holy Spirit, still more and more to enable thee to serve Him in thy day; yea, if thou seek Him, He will dignify thee, and make thee as the “King’s daughter, all glorious within;” and thou wilt have to acknowledge that all the dealings of the Most High with His children are in wisdom and mercy; and in learning to put thy trust in Him, thou wilt know that everlasting strength and all-sufficiency are with Him, the Lord.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Eighth Month 30th, 1825.*

The *most* desirable state of mind before the Father of mercies is that of true contrition, for He hath said through His prophet, “I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”

Trials we must have in this world, and what a favour it is, when they tend to unite us more closely to Him who, for our sakes,

became a man of sorrows, and was acquainted with grief; whose life exhibited a perfect pattern of true humility, and submission to the will of the Father. Surely it is they who have fellowship with Him in suffering, who shall reign with Him; being even joint heirs in His unspeakable glory. Oh! adorable mercy, vouchsafed to poor, unworthy man! How does the thought of such infinite love melt our hearts!

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Eighth Month 31st, 1825.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am glad thou couldst write me so comfortable and kind a letter as I received the other day from thy pen; I say comfortable, for I thought it breathed a disposition to be directed and supported by the unerring, all-sufficient principle with which thou art not unacquainted, as being in us a monitor and guide: that thou art low and afraid of missing thy way I am not sorry for, thinking these feelings may induce thee to cry the more mightily unto the Fulness of Strength, where no sincere soul supplicates in vain. I dreamed lately that thou wast indeed low, and felt the need of an assurance that thou wast one of those who so run as to obtain. I wish it may be so. Remember, my dear friend, that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but the persevering soul, or those who hold out to the end, shall be saved. Oh! that thou and thy dear husband may be much acquainted with the waiting state to which the promise is, they "shall renew their strength; they shall mount upward with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." . . . . .

Dearly farewell, saith

Thy affectionate friend,

S. GRUBB.

TO HER CHILDREN.

*Hereford, Ninth Month 15th, 1825.*

I often think of you, my beloved children, in looking round at the beautiful scenery as we ride along, in this county and Worcestershire; almost wishing you could set your eyes upon it. About Malvern it is delightful. I remember being on some of those high hills before I was married, and writing to Clonmel about it,

when I related how our company sat down on the grass, and had to adore the Author of the visible creation, while we admired His works.

I think it likely we may have a meeting here to-morrow, in a great new town-hall. Richard Burlingham and wife, from Evesham, are with us. I hope you will be a little family of love, and the God of love be with you, my dear children.

We must learn to bear trying feelings, even the sense of our own frailty, with patience, and in a humble hope for a perfect change of heart. So farewell, all of you, saith your affectionate mother,

S. G.

TO THE SAME.

*Charlbury, Ninth Month 24th, 1825.*

The public meeting was held at Birmingham, to our comfort, it being a living, powerful time. Many friends at Birmingham recollected my former labours in and about that place; and many, whose company I had in those days, both in and out of meeting, came to shake hands with me, on seeing me again, expressing their love, and saying they were much pleased; indeed my hand was quite swelled with taking so many of theirs. I do try to commit you into the good hand of an Almighty Being, believing that what He permits is for our real benefit. Farewell, my dear children.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Tenth Month 4th, 1825.*

. . . . . I know that the times of refreshing are worth waiting for, and I am not disposed to work myself up into a belief, that because I have been engaged in so solemn and sacred a work as the ministry, I must therefore of course be sensible of heavenly consolation, immediately on my retreat as from the awful field of battle.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Twelfth Month 4th, 1825.*

What a long time it is since I communicated a word to thee in this way, but not so in spirit, for my mind is with thee more often than the day; indeed it often seems to me, that I travail with thee in some degree, and of late feel more easy about thee, than was

the case some time ago; for even when it was not with me to send anything by way of letter, I thought thou wast in a situation which felt to thyself to be that of hourly jeopardy, and my heart has been lifted up in prayer to thy God and mine, that, for His Name's sake, He would be pleased to help thee with a little help, yea, to encompass thee by His own omnipotence, that nothing might either harm or hinder thee. Now I feel encouraged to hope that thou mayest adopt the language, "In all these things we are made more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us, and given *Himself* for us." Be thou therefore strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, even when thine own weakness is present with thee; and hope against hope, for the trial of our faith is more precious than of gold that perisheth.

Poor ———! *His* death put me in mind of Jane Pearson's address—"Lord, the wickedness of man is great," and the reply—"My mercy is greater."

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Twelfth Month 25th, 1825.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . It is gratifying to me to be assured of thy continued affectionate remembrance, and I can assure thee that I have not forgotten to love thee, nor to desire for thee every good that our allwise Benefactor sees meet; and may the same blessing be with all thine. It is pleasant that thy dear husband and thyself could attend the late Quarterly Meeting, and more so, that you had to experience true profit therein: may you more and more eye the leadings of truth, even in *all things*; counting nothing too near or dear to give up for its sake; so will you be increasingly blessed, and made a blessing. Ah! my friend, what will all the world be to us in a little time, when we must answer to the solemn inquiry, "What hast thou done with thy Lord's money?" when having faithfully occupied with our talents will prove of infinite and everlasting advantage to us. But it was not with a view of writing thus that I took my pen, yet we ought to endeavour to "provoke one another to love and to good works." I am not sorry that thou caust mourn the want of more Divine life and energy among your little company. I can believe that you often sit low, but dig deep, and persevere in labouring;



so will the inexhaustible source be opened from time to time, to the refreshment of the weary soul. . . . .

Farewell my dear friend, and believe me to be, as ever,

Thy affectionate and grateful friend,

S. GRUBB.

TO MARTHA KING.

*Second Month 14th, 1826.*

A letter received yesterday prepared us for the mournful tidings which came this morning. You know that we do and must feel for you, but the consolation of so full an assurance that the sanctified, redeemed spirit, for ever rests in the Lord, cannot fail to mitigate even thy sufferings, in the loss of one who was given thee for a companion, by the mighty hand of Jehovah. I need not say much now, hoping to see thee. I had been much with you in mind, for two or three days before the affecting intelligence arrived; and the very morning it came, I had thought I would write to thee. I waited in deep retirement two or three times that day, and could come at nothing more than a sense of sweet quiet; so I said in my heart, the will of the Lord be done; in life or death, all is well. Farewell, my very dear friend; my spirit commends thee to Him who is a strength to the needy in their distress.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Third Month 26th, 1826.*

Although distance by sea, as well as land, separates us in person, I trust we sometimes commune together in spirit, meeting at the feet of our Divine Master, who is omnipresent; beseeching Him on behalf of each other, as well as on our own account, that He may preserve us by His power, and pour the consolations of His love into our souls in His own time, which is ever the best time.

. . . . . Thou speaks of being much distressed at times, and even that it is seldom thy lot to experience delight, by being brought into the presence of thy soul's Beloved, where there remains to be fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are those pleasures which endure for ever; yet, my dear, I hope the everlasting arms are underneath, to sustain thee in all thy painful feelings, and that having to drink deeply of "the wormwood and the gall," thou mayest profitably remember it in days of less suffering, and be able to strengthen

and encourage others to take the cup of salvation as it is offered, and to call upon that mighty Name which is thy confidence. And now, having but little instrumental aid, it is my hope that thy standing may be the more firm, even upon the Mount Zion which cannot be removed. Oh! how tenderly do I feel for thee, being situated as thou art, and called to so great a work; yea, my heart yearns toward thee in the love of our dear Redeemer, to whose safe keeping and succour I am engaged to commend thee, and indeed thy dear sisters too. E. is as "the King's daughter, all glorious within:" it is said of such an one, her raiment is of wrought gold. Oh! saith my soul, may the King of kings dignify you more and more with this clothing, which none can bestow but Himself; and may you thus evince yourselves to be of those in and through whom His works praise Him! Ah! He is worthy, my dear children, that all we have and are should be dedicated to His honour, all the days of our life.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Fifth Month 1st, 1826.*

The funeral of our late worthy friend, M. P., was largely attended. It is a happy release to the dear departed, whose purified spirit was no doubt fully prepared to join the triumphant Church in those realms of glory, too dazzling for us whilst inhabitants of these frail tabernacles. It is comforting that some of the dear youth promise, by their dedication, to fill the places of individuals who rest from their labour.

. . . . I seldom can speak of *enjoyment*, when retreating from my feeble efforts for the exaltation of the great and glorious cause of universal righteousness, but I am content in the Lord's will. He is, in His own due time, a rich rewarder.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month, 1826.*

Oh! my dear, I may tell thee that the Ancient Glory has indeed descended amongst us in different meetings, and the Most High has been for a spirit of judgment in a remarkable manner.

There are many nice young people at this Yearly Meeting. It seems, with us and you, a peculiar time of favour to this class, and of pouring out of the heavenly anointing in the ministerial gift.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Sixth Month 6th, 1826.*

I take the pen to comply with thy kind request to be informed how I got through my visit to ———. First day forenoon was very exhausting to me, the meeting at Devonshire House being rather long and exercising, and then I went immediately to the man's house, ——— and ——— kindly accompanying me. He readily admitted us, although he was up-stairs on the bed. He seemed full of talk: I requested him to be still, and then cleared my mind to him, and immediately after retired, without any further conversation. I was enabled to speak very plainly, and in an awful strain, so that I hoped he felt what I delivered, as a warning to prepare for his latter end.

Be assured, my dear friend, that my mind is frequently turned toward thee, and thy beloved partner in life, desiring that every painful feeling may be blessed to you, and through you, by your becoming more and more the Lord's servants, as I assuredly believe to be His design. You are increasingly dear to me I trust, in that which endureth, even when the joys and sorrows of time shall terminate for ever.

I hope you were comforted together by the visit of Isaac Stephenson and his amiable consort.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Seventh Month 7th, 1826.*

. . . . . It is a great and awful thing to be a vessel moving in Him who is the "glorious Lord, the place of broad rivers and streams, wherein goeth no galley with oars, neither doth gallant ship pass thereby."

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Chelmsford, Eighth Month 13th, 1826.*

I assure thee, my dear child, that many times my soul commends thee to Him who is everywhere present; and strong are my breathings to Him, the Lord, for thee, that thy mind may be endued with grace to enable thee to keep those good resolutions which I know thou hast formed, but which Divine power alone can fulfil.

I hear there has been a very nice letter from that dear, worthy American, Isaac Hammer. I did not doubt but his Divine, all-gracious Master would be with him, for he seemed to me to be in pure dedication to *His* call, and with the eye of the mind continually turned to the heavenly anointing.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Eighth Month 18th, 1826.*

And now let me say that I much hope none of the things that are from without, move thee from the steadfastness which is in Christ Jesus our Lord; may they rather have a tendency to give thee to stand more firmly on this invincible Rock; may you individually experience the truth of that scripture, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed." How wonderfully has the Almighty dealt with you! He has not withheld His chastisements, that you might know you were His by adoption; neither hath the washing-pool been closed, whereby you might be presented a fit offering unto Himself, prepared as clean vessels to receive of the holy things which pertain to His kingdom; and how hath He, your Heavenly Father, borne up the drooping spirit, when some of you have been ready to faint! May you not then well say, "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation;" and doth He not require that there should be a willingness to show forth His salvation, in His own way, according to the pointing of His heavenly anointing?

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Ninth Month 2nd, 1826.*

I have thought, for some days, when looking toward you, how greatly the Psalmist was tried many times, and how he always found refuge in the Lord his God. One time I think he says, "Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged: oh bring Thou me out of my distresses. Look upon mine affliction and my pain." I believe that the same everlasting Source of sufficiency will hear and answer your prayers, my dear cousins; and again my soul fervently commends you, individually, unto Him.

Well, my dear, let us all look beyond secondary causes of trouble,

perplexity, and outward loss, to Him who can turn them all into blessing; who hath His way in the clouds, and in the thick darkness; so will His righteousness be revealed in His own time, when He will give us to offer to Him the tribute of thanksgiving, and we shall learn more and more to trust in His holy name, who is worthy for ever and ever. Amen.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Same date.*

I remember a time when I was under most trying feelings, when my soul distinctly heard a language like this, "Have patience;" and with it, as I turned to the voice which spake, my mind was enabled to sink down into resignation and quiet; willing that the creature should be mortified and brought into the dust, which is so needful for us, that, in all things, the eternal power of truth may be set up and magnified.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, probably 1826.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By some mistake I find we have brought away a pocket handkerchief, which I conclude belongs to thee; surely thou mayest suppose it needful to have an eye to us next time we come; but are we not (to use an Irish phrase) *honest thieves*, as we return the goods?

. . . . . It is pleasant to take a little retrospective view of our late turn-out among our friends: I do not love you any the less for it; indeed I have a hope that some of you are rather nearer in union with that Spirit, which brings the disciples of a crucified Master into the eternal fellowship of light and of life; which nothing here below is of itself able to dissolve. Let us all endeavour to make still further progress in this happy experience, by standing fully open to the Divine mind in all things. . . . .

I subscribe myself

Thy—*your* affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Chelmsford, First Month 17th, 1827.*

None of us ever come to be well-grounded in righteousness, but by tribulation; and I well know there are times when we seem to be alone in what we feel, thinking no one ever was introduced into similar distress: this is in order that we may cleave closely to the Almighty as our Friend, and not look too much outward. Surely He who, in the days of His personal appearance among men, carried our sorrows and bore our griefs, is pleased to care for thee, and designs that thou shouldst know Him in the character of Comforter as well as Saviour.

I hardly need tell thee that my mind is much with thee, greatly desiring that *that* good work which is begun in thy heart, may be carried on and completed, to thy enduring consolation, and the glory of the Great Name.

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Chelmsford, First Month 30th, 1827.*

I wished thy dear father to write to thee this time, but he told me he knew not what to say, and he thought once a-week quite too often for us to write. Thy father and I finished the family visit here last First day, having paid sixty-six visits, besides the dividing of many families, where they had servants and apprentices. We think it may be right to sit with the families of the other two meetings which belong to the Monthly Meeting. . . . .

Remember, my love, that the more the capacity is enlarged to suffer, the more joy also it can receive when the night of sorrow is past; when the happy morning of delight dawns upon the mind. While I wish thee to be resigned to the dealings of thy Heavenly Father with thee, it is also my desire that thou wilt not unnecessarily give way to distress. Remember that fear hath torment, and cast it off, possessing something of a holy indifference as to what may be thought of thee, save by Him who knows the heart. We must even be content that *good* people should not highly esteem us. May Divine compassion and love be with my dear child, saith her affectionate mother.

## TO MARTHA KING.

*Fourth Month 13th, 1827.*

I find I must be satisfied with the failure of these bodily faculties, sight, hearing, &c. : the poor tenement gives way, but sometimes I see, with an eye of faith, as “through a glass darkly,” something in store, ever-enduring in its nature; a life which lives through death; faculties of the immortal part, which, instead of decaying, increase in vigour; endowed with capacity to know and enjoy Him who was, and is, and is to come—the Author and Source of every good; and then again I know nothing, and am in a state of trembling, and abhor myself most truly.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month, 1827.*

I believe that none can fully comprehend the distressing feelings of one daily sinking under indisposition, but those who are the immediate subjects of it; yet I know that your minds partake, in no common degree, with the object of your tender solicitude, in her sufferings. I hope, however, that you experience the support of those everlasting arms, which are ever underneath in time of trouble, for the strength of the Lord’s tribulated children, whereby their heads, as it were, are kept above the billows. May He who pitieth those who fear Him, comfort and strengthen your hearts; even He who, in the riches of His mercy, will vouchsafe to be the portion of your dear sister for ever. Oh! I do humbly trust that the God of all grace is very near to you now; that He will be more to you than you can ask. How often does my spirit commend you all into the holy arms of His protection, yea, and salvation! He remains to be a Father to the fatherless, and a Friend that adheres more closely to His humble, submissive ones, than the nearest outward connections can do.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month, 1827.*

This morning the women’s meeting-house has been well filled, without much crowding; and I think there is some cause to hope that the great Legislator, to whom many of us look, even as the

eye of the servant to his master, has not turned away from us as a people, but is still disposed to do us good.

It is indeed by a surrender of our all to the Lord, that some of us can be prepared to attend this annual solemnity with any degree of courage, such as we ought to feel, if soldiers of Jesus Christ. Great is the exercise of my poor mind, as in former times at Yearly Meeting; yet when I can see things going on well, I am repaid for all. It seems to me that the Women's Meeting has increased in weight. We seem, at times, permitted to dwell a little under a sense of that want of spirituality which prevails in individuals, in too general a way, and consequently in our lesser meetings scattered over the counties; but if I am favoured with anything of true discerning, the Great Master is pleased to bless the united exercise of those who are engaged in a secret travail after the resurrection of the ancient and everlasting life of truth; so that this well springs up again and again, to the watering of the flock. Oh! blessed be Jehovah!

Our ministry wants correcting in many instances, yea, purging: the Lord do the work, saith my soul, or else this glory of true, living gospel ministry, may withdraw more and more, and reach the mountain hard by, instead of spreading and prevailing among us, so as to induce those not immediately of our outward fold, who nevertheless are gifted to preach Christ, to come and say, "Let us be called by thy name." The Lord will send forth His word in the earth with authority, "in the demonstration of the Spirit," and it shall reach the heart, whether the ear of man be gratified, yea or nay. But let me not forget that the blessed anointing is pouring out in this day, on the children of our Society, so that some of them cannot hold their peace; which shows how unwilling Divine mercy and wisdom is, to remove the crown of righteousness and of true simplicity, wherewith He hath, with His own hand, crowned His people; and I have thought, during this Yearly Meeting, it may yet be said, "Who is like unto thee?" as applying to our community: indeed all who embrace the Gospel receive the same unction which we profess to wait for, and to be influenced by; and the testimonies of this Gospel are as immutable as itself. . . . .

I tremble for the future sittings of the Yearly Meeting as it regards myself, a poor, burdened creature; but if the Lord and His truth be exalted, it is enough.



TO MARY DAVIS.

*London, Fifth Month 20th, 1827.*

What a blessed thing it would be if ——— should become eminently separated unto the Great Master and His glorious cause ! This is never the case, but through peculiar suffering. We have been rather on the watch for information of the release of our precious Elizabeth Moore : a happy change I fully believe it will be for her ; and the more she has been buried with Christ by baptism into death, the more gloriously will she reign with Him, her Saviour. How truly comforting it is to my best feelings, to think of this dear child of heaven, which I have long done much more often than the day. Thy account of dear ——— is reviving and precious. Oh ! may the unslumbering Shepherd watch over her by day and by night ; enabling her to meditate in His Divine law through each, even in the night of adversity and in the sunshine of joy ; and may she be eminently qualified to call others home to Him, the Lord. On fourth day morning we met as a Yearly Meeting. Yesterday the summary of the answers was brought in. While we have these statements, which give the Yearly Meeting to understand how things are among us, as to the outside, I feel desirous that we may get down to that heavenly source of intelligence, by which we may be able to feel what condition we are in, as a religious Society, with respect to an advancement in the truth ; and so be prepared to sympathize and render some true aid to the body, while we prostrate ourselves in the presence of Jehovah, with whom is everlasting strength. Vocal labour has often devolved upon me : I am sensible of the effects of such exertion on my lungs, but I consider it a great favour to be anointed for the solemn work of the ministry ; yea, I magnify mine office, while I feel that to me belongs blushing and confusion of face.

To ———.

*Dover, Sixth Month 25th, 1827.*

Thy kind letter has been forwarded to this place. We came off sooner than was at first intended, as I found myself so debilitated that I lost all prospect of attending our Quarterly Meeting ; indeed the use of my limbs seemed fast leaving me, nor have I yet recovered from the pain and weakness which the fatigue of attending

Yearly Meeting appeared to produce, although considerably improved within the last few days.

The situation of the house we lodge in is most beautiful; having a full view of the sea, the scene is ever varying. Another family is here, occupying the drawing room, &c. Last First day they came to the afternoon meeting, bringing one or two with them. They told me they understood I spoke in our meetings, and they and some of their friends wished to hear me. I replied that our meeting-house doors were always open for any who pleased to give us their company; that our meetings were often held in silence; that I could not say it would not be so when they came, for we waited upon the Lord, and if we felt anything arise in our hearts to speak, believing that He would be with us in what we had to say, then we spoke; otherwise we considered it right to refrain from words. They, however, came, and I was engaged in the ministry a considerable time. . . . .

At Rochester, being there on a First day, and some not of our Society coming in, I think I had to speak altogether, morning and evening, more than three hours. That was to have been a day of rest, but it proved one of much exhaustion of strength, as to the body; yet I can say that the Lord is worthy to be served, even with our latest breath.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Eighth Month 26th, 1827.*

It has been trying to my feelings, so long to withhold a word of sympathy in this way, since the removal of our precious Elizabeth; I trust, however, that you are individually assured that my heart is deeply sensible of the poignancy of that suffering which has been yours, under so proving a dispensation, and the chasm which still continually presents itself; but when we consider the weight of glory which the dear departed inherits to all eternity, in the room of shackles, often hard to bear, from a decaying mortal frame, shall we not rejoice and give thanks? ever adoring the name of Him who was her invisible strength, sometimes her song, and who, in the riches of His grace, did become her salvation for ever.

## TO HER BROTHER.

*Chelmsford, Eleventh Month 6th, 1827.*

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

I do not like to omit addressing thee with a line or two, if it is only to say that I think much of thee, with sisterly affection : we are separated in person, but I trust united in spirit ; going on, as it were, hand in hand, in the tribulated path which terminates in everlasting rest : how sweet will be that rest, seeing it is prepared and bestowed by Him who hath washed us in His own blood, and given us to have fellowship with Him and the Father ! I humbly hope that I am not in a presumptuous spirit, while writing these lines ; being well assured, that if we partake of the rest prepared for the people of God, it is all of His free mercy. That I sympathize with thee, my brother, is no marvel ; I have something of the same feelings (which are of a trying nature) both in body and mind, being greatly depressed, at times, with infirmity : this complaint, which pervades the system, affects my nerves very much ; I often fear, too, lest it should put on the form it once did, when I was brought near to the grave ; but why *fear* ? it is the flesh which shrinks from such extreme suffering ; besides, I think my constitution now is so weakened, that there would be no probability of my sustaining such an attack ; but I will endeavour not to anticipate, only to stand disposed to meet the Heavenly Father's will, who doth all things right.

Perhaps thou art aware that my dear husband and myself are engaged, at times, in holding meetings with the people at large, in this county : it is truly a great and solemn work ; I may, however, gratefully acknowledge that we have so far been favoured to experience the Divine Master to stand by His own cause, and assist His poor servants to labour faithfully. It is surprising how a mere nothing, like me, should, from time to time, become a channel for the word of life to pass through, or even that the physical strength should be sufficient for the exertion, seeing I am really often very poorly, and equal to little in common-place matters. I must tell thee that the opposer of all that exalts the kingdom of Jesus, has seemed to me to stir up his wrath against even the feeble attempts we, poor things, are concerned to make for the promotion of righteousness and truth ; he has been permitted to beset me with divers discouragements, so that, at times, I have well-nigh fainted ; but the

Lord hath held me up, and enabled me to resist the attacks of the grand adversary, so that I can say renewedly, "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation."

I must now say farewell, being thy very affectionate sister,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Chelmsford, Twelfth Month 14th, 1827.*

Thou knowest that it is sometimes the case that the Lord's dearest children are permitted to feel distress to that degree, that they are ready to exclaim, "Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" indeed it seems to me that those who are designed to declare most loudly concerning the efficacy of living faith, have their portion of this precious virtue most nearly tried, in order that they may prove it to be an anchor, both sure and stedfast, in the greatest tossings; even when the waves and the billows may roll over our poor vessel; so be not over-much cast down, but endeavour to do thy best, and leave the issue to Him, by whom "Wisdom is justified of her children." The enemy of our peace and of God's glory, would sometimes whisper murmuring and rebellious thoughts into us, and almost make us believe that they originated with ourselves, that we might despair of victory over ourselves; whereas the Lord knows how we abhor such gainsaying, and desire to have our wills wholly lost in His Divine mind; and if we quietly turn from the evil suggestions of the old serpent, looking unto the Fulness of strength, I fully believe, that in all these things we shall be made "more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved us, and given Himself for us." Oh! how cheering the hope that eventually we may triumph over all that could prevent our consummate happiness, and that for ever and ever! What are a few fleeting years, even were they replete with sorrow, when put in competition with eternal, ineffable joy? Let us take heart, and humbly endeavour to commit the keeping of our souls to the blessed Redeemer in well-doing, even as unto a faithful Creator and High Priest.

I have not, to this day, discovered a better way than to trust in the Lord my God, even should He slay me. To whom shall we go? Shall we not still wait upon Him whose words are gracious, and who hath indeed the words of eternal life? Will not His heavenly ear of pity be open to our cries and sighs, all helpless as we are? Yes;

and He will yet give us to confess, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

. . . . . We may be humble without undue depression; nay, I am inclined to think that the meekness of Christ leads *from* a disposition that way.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Twelfth Month 14th, 1827.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Had I not expected to see thee, on the moving occasion of dear ———'s interment, I think thou hadst received a line from me before that occurred, for I wanted to tell thee that thy letter was very acceptable, and did me good. I love to see that thou art not faring sumptuously every day, even in spirituals; for we are so apt to forget our own frailty, that to be constantly at the banqueting house might render us less hungry and thirsty after righteousness, and so less diligent in seeking, and asking, where our dependence is for every good.

It was much my desire to be with Friends last fourth day week, at ———, and had arranged matters accordingly; but near the time appointed to leave home, my dear husband was attacked with a complaint occasioning much pain: this discouraged me, and made me hesitate; so that when the chaise was ready, instead of going toward ———, I went in it to meeting here; but so strong was my attraction to be with you, that after meeting the chaise was again brought to the door, and again my dear J. G. was in great pain, after having been rather better; then my heart failed me, and I quite gave up leaving him, but did not feel lightened by it; and what is remarkable, when it became too late for me to set forward, he grew better, and has been pretty well ever since. Thus, I said to myself, "Oh! thou of little faith"—indeed, my dear friend, the little grain of this virtue which may be in my possession, has, in a particular manner, been tried of late . . . . . Yet thanks be unto Him who giveth the victory, when I have gone forward, I have had the acknowledgment raised within me, "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us."

. . . . . Hoping soon to have the pleasure of verbal communication, I bid adieu for the present, and subscribe myself

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO MARTHA KING.

*First Month 6th, 1828.*

I am still prevented from making progress in the great work before me, of holding meetings with the people in this county. My faith is often nearly tried, but is it not said, "the trial of your faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth?" I have truly passed through much probationary exercise since I saw thee; and again there have been times when all these things are comparatively light in the scale; the love of God, and a glimpse of the glory that shall be revealed, preponderating, to the unspeakable joy of that part which shall live beyond the grave.

I think few have to wrestle like myself, with Him who alone can bless. Perhaps my mind is naturally more prone to wander from the Source of good, than is often the case with such as love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, as I humbly trust I do. Sometimes I think how glad I should be to have a soul as innocent and resigned to the Divine will, as my friend; yet who knows but we may meet by and by where, instead of fighting with the enemies of our souls, all is triumph and joy in Him who said to His disciples, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world?" Even so, my endeared friend. Farewell.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, First Month 12th, 1828.*

Few meetings of Friends have ever been more faithfully laboured with than this, or more covered with power and glory than has many times been the case here, through the ministry of the eternal word. Surely it would be no marvel if another dispensation came, even wherein there would be a famine of this word; for I do not apprehend that, take us altogether, we are as much improved as we ought to be.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Third Month 5th, 1828.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It often seems remarkable to me, that when thou wast with us, there should have been so much interruption to our social comfort: it was as if the pleasant pictures *were* to be spoiled; we did,

however, as I humbly trust, mingle, in some measure, in a higher joy, even the joy of which the holy Author of all happiness spake to His followers, and told them that no man could deprive them of it. After all my sorrowful feelings many ways, I do believe that the more unhesitatingly we deny ourselves, take up our daily cross, and follow Christ, the more of the heavenly treasure, peace and joy, is laid up in store for us, poor and frail as we are. So be encouraged, my dear friend, to endure mortification and suffering in the will of Him who hath undoubtedly called to a preparation for His service. . . . .

My movements for many months past, have been marked with peculiar uncertainty; perhaps for the further trial of my faith, and to prove whether I would endeavour to stand in the dedication or not, under feelings very trying to nature. It was much my desire to prosecute the engagement of holding meetings with the people, so as to be released from the service before now, but that has been impracticable. . . . .

Thou hast probably heard of the awful event of ——'s decease. We trust he was prepared to go, as he seemed to be more and more fit to live; being increased, I hope, in the increase of God, although he made no great show, being rather a retired character. How true it is, that "in the midst of life we are in death." He was only forty-five years of age, and industriously engaged for the maintenance of his family.

Thy truly affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Dublin, Fourth Month 26th, 1828.*

I am glad thou couldst pray for me; perhaps I never stood more in need of such intercession. We have got through the sitting of the Select Meeting this morning. I think it was a good time: Friends appeared truly glad to see me, and enquired with much interest for thee. Brother Joseph gave in the report of the meeting for elders having been held, and when he mentioned that the Society in this land was favoured still with a living gospel ministry, I felt thankful, and had to express something of it.

2S/z.—We were at Sycamore Alley both fore and afternoon, and I think that it was, upon the whole, a day of favour: in the morning

the power of truth rose higher and higher, until it was in dominion. This day has been very exercising, but the good thing predominated in both meetings.

TO THE SAME.

*Dublin, Fourth Month 30th, 1828.*

This day we have had a meeting for worship, which was, I think, a remarkably favoured time. I never experienced the ministry of the word of life to have more of a gathering effect, until the blessed and glorious power of truth was over all, for some time, in profound silence.

I have hoped that thy prayers for me have been availing, for I think I am unloading by degrees.

*Fifth Month 3rd.*—Now I have to tell thee of the conclusion of the Yearly Meeting, which was with solemn silence yesterday evening. Friends say this has been a remarkably favoured Yearly Meeting. R. Fayle told me the other day, that the Men's Meeting was one of the most solemn they had known for a long time, and without much preaching.

I visited the Men's Meeting: it was an open, solemn season. When leaving the meeting, my way seemed clear to say farewell, and to let Friends know of the affectionate solicitude which the partner of my life had felt and expressed to me for them, before my coming to this Yearly Meeting. I believe it was received in that love which he feels for the Society in this land.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Fifth Month, 1828.*

Well for thee, my dear, that thou loves the immutable truth! mayest thou continue to do so! so will it be thy comfort and support in times of trial, when thou art under the sensible feeling of deprivation, with respect to many things that are gratifying to the youthful mind. Thy Heavenly Father has seen meet to afflict thee, or rather suffer thee to be afflicted in some measure, but He hath drawn thy mind near to Himself, perhaps even making thy sufferings a means thereof; so that I hope thou knowest what it is to commit thyself into His holy hand, in the acknowledgment that He knows best what is best for thee. May this disposition continue to be thine; so will all things work for thy good, and thou wilt be enabled



to preach righteousness in thy life and conversation, and have thy reward both now and hereafter.

It is not always those who are qualified to be the most *conspicuous* religious characters, who are the most acceptable with Him who sees not as man sees, but it is those who are wise enough to be obedient to the Divine will, who shall “shine as the brightness of the firmament; and those who turn many to righteousness shall be as the stars for ever and ever.”

Now if we do but come to eternal glory at last, no matter what we have to pass through in this world; for time, compared with eternity, is but like the drop from a bucket in the ocean—it is lost there. Yet, my dear, I would have thee partake of every temporal enjoyment which may be thy portion, in the will of the Almighty Creator, who giveth us of all things “richly to enjoy.” Improve thy natural understanding by suitable books and study; it will make thy time pass more pleasantly; but do not risk thy health by these things: it is not worth while.

To ———.

*Same date.*

. . . . . The Epistle from Philadelphia is thought to be particularly satisfactory. It is comforting that Friends on that side the Atlantic find strength, in a Yearly Meeting capacity, to express themselves so decidedly encouraged to persevere in the good old way.

To ———.

*Chelmsford, Seventh Month 28th, 1828.*

I am still led forth with the invitation of the Gospel to the people, to come to the dear Redeemer: speaking, however, in these lofty barns is very exhausting, the labour of the voice being much greater than in those houses usually occupied on such occasions; but if the power reaches to the people’s hearts, and inclines them to seek the Lord, all the rest is but trifling in comparison.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Chelmsford, Tenth Month 16th, 1828.*

May Divine power and goodness keep thee, my dear sister and friend, and enable thee to strengthen the weak, to hold up the

hands of those who war against the enemies of Israel, and give thee thy reward into thy bosom; may He bless thy children and thy children's children! Come health or sickness, life or death, thy beloved brother, as well as his partner in sorrow and joy, do desire to be found in that allotment which Best Wisdom appoints. My present trials appear to me to be like the breaking of the sixth seal, when there was "a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars fell from heaven, as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs." Occasionally I hope that I may be come thus far, and then there is but one more seal to be opened; and on its opening, there is "silence in heaven for half an hour."

To ———.

*Hastings, Eleventh Month 14th, 1828.*

What are we without tribulation? How erring! how wandering! I blame myself for the absence of that holy confidence, that humble trust in the name of Jehovah, which would give me to be less moved in affliction, and perhaps teach me gratitude for the blessing of having it in our power to do so much for the promotion of health, instead of grieving that there is occasion for it.

I look toward Chelmsford with a longing desire still to call it home, if this might be in the Divine will; but for a considerable time past, I have felt as if my rest there was breaking up, and almost as though no more place remained in it for religious labour, except in winding up; and what shall we say, but "Good is the Lord," and "Let Him do as seemeth Him good."

If it be right for us to pitch our tent elsewhere, I hope the same glory will go before, and be the rereward, which has been vouchsafed in previous movements. Now thou knowest, that be this in ever so small a degree, the certainty attending it stays the poor mind, enabling it to trust in the "Strength of Israel."

To ———.

*Probably 1828.*

My dear friend's letter gladdened my heart, not only to find that thou hadst such a very agreeable return home, but that thy mind is so fervently turned toward Him who has already done much for thee, and who is waiting to perfect His own work in thy

happy experience. It is indeed, as thou remarks, no easy attainment to the creature to say, "I am the clay, Thou art the Potter;" but the more we endeavour to commit ourselves to our great High Priest, the sooner we find the truth of His assertion, "My yoke is easy, and my burden light." I have missed thy company much; it has, however, been grateful to my feelings to believe that our union in Christ is rather strengthened than otherwise, by the late opportunity we have had of conversing a little on matters of the first importance to us, and waiting together on the Lord. We frequently felt His presence, contriting our hearts, when we belonged to the same meeting; and I hope, that although this latter is no longer our lot, we may be favoured to remember each other as at the feet of the Omnipresent Saviour still, and to feel that we are even one in Him. Be faithful, my dear friend, from time to time, to the small but clear manifestations of the Divine Mind, and the Lord give thee a crown of righteousness to wear, even in this life, unto His own glory.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Clapham, First Month 6th, 1829.*

I am resting in this warm house, having some cold, but it has not hindered me from finishing the family visit in Kingston Monthly Meeting, which I am thankful to say is now got through, and I humbly hope without doing harm to that which it is our first desire to promote and cherish. Many very favoured visits we have had: the meeting at Croydon on First day was also an awakening, powerful time; and yesterday at Wandsworth, was the most so of any we have attended there. I was very, very sorry to miss dear ——— and ———. Ah! my precious ———, we are sure to retrograde if we do not advance in the Christian's path, especially after the extraordinary manifestations of the love and power of our dear Redeemer.

I think, sometimes, that if I can but see you, my dear children, grow in humility and in the fear of the Lord, which is growing in the truth as it is in Jesus, it will abundantly repay me for all my exercise of mind in the cause of religion, and all that I feel in leaving my dear family.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*London, First Month 10th, 1829.*

Having such very close engagements in family visiting, my mind and body are weary, or I should have replied to my dear ——'s letter before now, which I was very glad to receive. We have nearly got through Wandsworth Meeting, and, I humbly hope, have been assisted by the Great Helper of His people. Some of the visits have been very extraordinary, the love of our compassionate and dear Redeemer being displayed to our admiration, and to the deeply humbling of our spirits, even in gay families. This is that they may be brought away from their foolish things, to the meek and humble Saviour, who wore a garment without an ornament, even without a seam.

To ——.

*Wandsworth, First Month 17th, 1829.*

I may say that my help and strength has been in the Lord, who was pleased, in very early life, to give me a sense, that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," and was my Rock and my Deliverer in those days. I went through almost more than I can remember in my past life, both by day and night, for a long time, before coming on this present concern; so that I thought of one who spoke of being "pressed out of measure, above strength;" but now, with all that I have to introduce my mind into exercise, I seem raised above it; so that I can go forward with a degree of cheerfulness, in this weighty and arduous work; having received of that which may be compared to the eagle's wings, and to find my place in the high rock, far above the mighty waves of the sea. I think, in an especial manner, way has been made in families to declare the word faithfully, and in gospel love, which is like holy oil, and has spread to each individual, almost without exception.

To ——.

*Clapham, First Month 24th, 1829.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy truly affectionate communication handed me yesterday, confirms me in the belief which I had, before receiving it, that I am not forgotten by thee, even when a season of long-continued

silence between us occurs; and I can assure thee, that with respect to myself, I frequently visit thee and thine ideally, and I trust with an interest as strong as when we used to meet two or three times a week.

It is very pleasant to find that thou canst speak of your dear children with the prospect of much comfort in them; this must indeed be esteemed by thy dear husband and thee, one of your greatest blessings. It is my fervent desire that their beloved parents may be so increasingly and intimately acquainted with what the weapons of the Christian's warfare can do, as to enable them to teach the children the use of these: the scripture saith "they are mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; to the casting down of imaginations and every high thing; to the bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Then, when all is subjected to Him who is worthy to reign and rule, the soul comes to be enlarged in a capacity to sing His praise, and to ascribe unto Him salvation and strength; serving Him, the Lord, "with a perfect heart and with a willing mind." We have, indeed, too few among us so prepared; for instead of the *whole* heart being dedicated to the Most High, the things of time and sense engross it chiefly, and leave little ability to offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

We cannot, my dear friend, but mourn this, in our passing along in the present solemn work which engages us; there are, however, exceptions, which is cause of humble gratitude to the Great Preserver of men, who, in adorable mercy and infinite love, hath appointed salvation as walls and bulwarks, to all that will accept it on His own terms.

The strain of thy letter is such as convinces me that thy mind has not become insensible to the goodness and power of thy dear Redeemer, who visited thee in early life; and in His being, at times, to thy spirit like the dew upon the grass, is evidencing His design to render thee more fruitful unto His glory.

I am indeed glad, in a fresh and living sense, while I write, that notwithstanding the flatness and dryness in which thou mayest often find thyself, if thou wait fervently on the Strength of Israel, He will cause thee to grow before Him, and in His garden, as the lily—and more—to send forth the roots like Lebanon. Thus may thy spirit *deepen*, and so be able to stand in time of storm or trouble; yea, to stand through prosperity and adversity, to the honour of the ever-

blessed Name; and I may say these are my desires for thy dear companion in life too.

We are in gospel bonds hereaway, nor do I, at present, see to the end of it. . . . . Our work lately has been visiting families, many of whom are not, in appearance, the least like Friends; but gospel love reached to these, as well as to others. It has indeed been a time when this Divine principle manifested itself largely, and when it penetrated the obdurate heart, while in a disposition to resist its influence. . . . .

With love to friends,

I remain thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO HER CHILDREN.

*Bromley, Third Month 3rd, 1829.*

May Divine Goodness be graciously pleased to protect you, every one, from all that could harm you! He will indeed keep you from evil, that it may not grieve you, if you are watchful, and concerned to look to, and pray to Him, the Lord, your Saviour and Redeemer. I often think of that scripture which saith of Zion's children, that they shall be "all taught of the Lord," and great shall be their peace. This peace is worth obtaining through great humiliation and suffering.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*London, Fourth Month 4th, 1829.*

Although the time is short since we parted, yet when that very great interest is felt respecting each other which is the case with us, it is even some relief to write.

My mind is much with my precious family, while, for the Gospel's sake, I am induced to give up the gratification of their society; but we have no doubt of its being best for us all, for whatever is in the ordering of Divine Wisdom turns to our real advantage.

Let me charge thee and each of you, to mind what is right and be found in it, at the risk of your own reputation, or honour, or pleasure: this is what becomes us, and is worthy of us all. I charge thee, my dear child, mind not foolish or high things; for if thou dost, thou wilt ensure to thyself the sorrow of this world that

worketh death; and besides reproach the name of Christ, thy Saviour, and bring upon us, thy anxious parents, much distress.

I am not easy that thou shouldst mimic the vain customs of a delusive world, for that brings the mind into the bondage of corruption, and disqualifies for the free service of an all-beneficent Creator.

TO THE SAME.

*Uxbridge, Fourth Month 13th, 1829.*

We took tea with Sarah Angel, who appeared much gratified with our company. I went to the China closet, to see the old round dish that was sent with dessert on the day of our marriage, filled with various kinds of fruit: it looked as if it had hardly been out of its place on the shelf, for *five and twenty* years. I made divers calls at Staines on invalids, and met with some old schoolfellows of mine. They were glad to see me, although we had not met since those days of sorrow (at school).

Fifth day being meeting day at Staines, we attended it: it was a good and instructive time. Not feeling liberated, we had a meeting appointed for other people on sixth day, which was also favoured, being very solemn indeed. Friends and others seemed much comforted. We had a precious meeting indeed, here, and very large. The life of truth was over all.

May the Most High have the praise of His own works! We are nothing, but He is great, and greatly to be praised.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*London, Fourth Month 17th, 1829.*

Hitherto, in this journey, I may acknowledge that the Strength of Israel has been a present help in the needful time. Last First day we held a large meeting with the people at Uxbridge. Previously to going to the meeting-house I felt so poorly, and devoid of all sense of anything but my infirmities, that were it not for the remembrance that I was nothing but a mere channel, which no good could pass through, until it issued from the inexhaustible Source, I should have been wholly faint-hearted. It, however, pleased Infinite Goodness to occasion the doctrines of the Gospel to flow freely and largely to the hearers, and His own holy anointing to soften their hearts; so that once more my soul adopted the

language, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

It seems as if the Divine Hand was turned upon us as a people, that the dross, the tin, and the reprobate silver, may be purged away. This is the day which hath for years been declared of, in the spirit of prophecy. Yet will the Refiner bring forth a remnant who resemble the gold, with its own lustre, and bearing the inscription of "Holiness to the Lord."

TO MARTHA KING.

*Fourth Month 25th, 1829.*

The large general meeting in the City I went to under much exercise and weight upon my mind. After a considerable time, I found my way to stand up, when my bonds were indeed broken, and my tongue loosened, so that I had largely to declare the word of the Lord among us as a people, even in the blessed and living authority of truth; this tended greatly to the relief of my oppressed spirit. My dear J. G. had also a precious, solemn time; beginning with the query, "Will ye also go away?"

Perhaps thou wilt wonder, after all this,\* that I should say I only feel as if I had commenced as a labourer in that extended field, nor do I see to the end; yet where is the place which my natural inclination does less desire to be found in? But the will of the Lord be done.

To ———.

*Clapham, Fifth Month 21st, 1829.*

To sit in families under a sense of religious duty, and while assuming the character of a gospel messenger, is indeed an awful thing. I feel it so, even increasingly, the more I am engaged in it, and the longer I continue in the sacred office of a minister of Christ; so that I seemed a little prepared to sympathize with thee, my dear, in thy early going forth in this way. I trust it tended to unburden and strengthen thy own mind, while some enlargement in the precious gift committed to thee, has resulted from the dedication; and that the minds of the visited have been made sensible of the renewed offers of our Heavenly Father's love. . . . .

S. G. had visited all the Meetings composing the London Quarterly Meeting, except two.



If we are called upon to advocate a cause ever righteous and glorious, should we hold back because iniquity abounds, and the abomination of desolation is seen standing where it ought not? Would not that look like coldness of love?" . . . . .

*The following Letter to Elizabeth Grubb, arrived shortly after her decease.*

TO E. GRUBB.

*Clapham, Seventh Month 2nd, 1829.*

MY DEAR AND LONG AFFLICTED SISTER,

Having learnt that thou wouldst like to receive a few lines from either thy brother or me, I am induced to address thee in this way, which I should have done before, only that I feared that thy present weak state was such as to render it difficult for thee to bear the excitement of an immediate communication of this kind. We have indeed felt much for thee. Thou hast been tried with the absence of the invaluable blessing of health for many years: under this deprivation, all sublunary enjoyments are much enveloped as in a cloud; thus has the sunshine of life been less thy portion than falls to the lot of most; neither, perhaps, have the consolations of an eternal and glorious world been as sensibly poured into thy soul, as thou hast supposed was the experience of many; but my faith is strong, that in this late evening of thy day, the healing wings of the Sun of righteousness will be known to the immortal spirit as all-sufficient; even giving strength to rise superior to all depression. Oh! I trust, my sister, that *He* is with thee, who became for our sakes "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" for "Himself took our infirmities" even more heavily than we are able to bear them for ourselves. What matchless mercy! What unbounded compassion towards us poor unworthy creatures! Farewell, my beloved sister; yea, I believe thou wilt for ever fare well in thy Saviour, thy Redeemer.

I remain thy truly affectionate sister,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*London, Seventh Month 14th, 1829.*

Oh! how I love to see the young people embrace religion fully! I know it is their truest happiness. I wish, my dear, *thou* mayest be careful of thy *words* and *demeanour*. I often think of you, while I am engaged to declare the truth to the people, and enforce the necessity of watchfulness unto prayer, that we may live to the glory of our Creator. Great is my travail for my children. The Almighty has done much for you—blessed you abundantly many ways. Oh! that all His benefits may be regarded, and your hearts yield to His power, that so you may be His; which I know would render you more happy than anything else.

To ———.

*Clapham, Seventh Month, 1829.*

There are times when our faith seems all but shipwrecked, yet as we endeavour to be still, we are kept from being cast away, we hardly know how; only we are sure it must be that the true Pilot has not deserted the vessel, as we feared was the case; and even if this extremity be brought on by outward circumstances, it still brings us to hope against hope, and fixes our dependence more firmly on Him who is unchangeably just and true. Shall we give way to a disposition unprofitably to dwell upon the weakness of our nature, and so let go our hold of Him who is invisible, because we see that some stars in the firmament, which appeared of greater magnitude than ourselves, have fallen? No; but rather let us look well to our own abiding; let us watch, with all vigilance, against everything that would have a tendency to occasion us to begin to wander, in the least degree, from that sphere in which Consummate Wisdom hath seen meet to place us; and then the dragon will have no power to draw us down, but we shall see *Him* in dominion, of whom it is said that He declared, “I will punish Leviathan the piercing serpent, even Leviathan the crooked serpent, with my great and strong sword; and I will slay the dragon that is in the sea.” Thou wilt not consider it in any degree arrogance, to speak of our being stars in the firmament. I believe we are all called up into such a state, and that, as we become obedient, the Divine hand is known to bring us thus to experience its great and glorious work; yea, and to exhibit, in our measure, His own beautiful harmony, His blessed order,

His holy economy, who is God over all, blessed and glorified in all His works.

Now, while I write thus, I can freely confess, that it is not from any feeling of a redundancy of heavenly virtue vouchsafed to me, but from a sense of content in my own sphere, as a very little star, while I can rejoice in seeing others more largely gifted and qualified to serve, and to magnify the great Creator of all things, visible and invisible; to whom my poor soul ascribes all honour, might, majesty, and renown; and unto the Lamb, one with Him to all eternity. Amen!

Very abundant testimony hath of late been borne to the immutability of the truth as it is in Jesus, and unto its all-sufficiency to keep us, and to establish us upon itself as an invincible foundation. It seems as if our Heavenly Father had afforded, very especially, the demonstration of His Spirit and power for this purpose, so that many could not but subscribe thereunto, after all their doubts and fears. . . . . The Great Dispenser of gifts does not all at once remove the spirit of prophecy from such to whom it has been granted; in this respect His long-suffering is evinced; but unless there be a returning to that from which these may have begun to fall, the gift leaves them by little and little, and the man's part is sometimes substituted, and the devil's part too; for Satan knows what we are, and, by his influence, his servants sometimes know it too. Did not one cry out, when possessed with a spirit of divination, that the Apostles were (as they indeed were) "the servants of the Most High God," who showed the way of salvation? and do not men of quick perception, who are in the obedience unto unrighteousness, often recognize their brethren in ungodliness, even where they may not have much, if any outward knowledge of them: knowing more of "the ruler of the darkness of this world," they often more readily discover his subjects than those do, who are in the allegiance to the Prince of peace; yea, I believe that they can sometimes speak to the condition of men, not indeed in the holy and heavenly anointing, but in a spirit at variance with it, while it mimics its very language. . . . . Tell ——— and ——— not to be too faint-hearted in the way which I trust each of them have entered, believing it to be the only way from earth to heaven, but, having begun to climb the ladder, to persevere, and when any may think themselves ready to slide back, to endeavour to cling more closely unto the defence; like taking hold more firmly, and with

both hands, of the ladder whose top reacheth unto heaven, although the bottom is upon the earth. Oh! thus is Christ, the way, represented, who condescends to our earthly condition, to raise us up into His own heavenly, joyous kingdom.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Eighth Month 20th, 1829.*

We are all well, and desire our dear love to thee; feeling much sympathy with thee; but I hope thou hast the love of thy Redeemer to comfort thee, which is best of all. He suffered for us. "It pleased the Lord to put Him to grief," even Him who knew no sin. Do not think, my dear, that thou art visited with this singular and sore dispensation in displeasure; I believe it is far otherwise. "Be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart."

To ———.

*Eighth Month 22nd, 1829.*

I *do* pray for thee, my dear child, fervently and frequently; prostrating myself before the Lord on thy account; and I am well assured that He has set His love upon thee. Oh! that thou mayest be raised up to magnify His eternally excellent Name.

How very gloomy thy situation must be! True, the goodness of the Lord is great, in reconciling thee to thy lot; and I humbly trust that the Sun of righteousness has arisen, to dissipate the very dense cloud which has been so long hanging over thee, and felt, as it were, breaking upon thee.

Oh! may the healing, which is in the heavenly wings, reach thy soul, comfort, and strengthen thee to go forth and grow up as one peculiarly cared for!

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Near London, Tenth Month 13th, 1829.*

What labour and sorrow we have in this probationary state of existence! I often am ready to marvel at the world in general seeming to neglect the consolations of religion, for what would become of some of us, were it not for that balm? yet very little of the *sensible* enjoyment of this unmixed good has been my experience for a long time, only I endeavour to hope that its hidden

virtue keeps the soul from sinking. Never, in my recollection, was my poor mind more near fainting than of late. Oh! how have I feared for that cause which it has been my engagement to advocate so publicly! in what condition have I many times gone to those very meetings which I considered myself constrained to appoint! Alas! I have thought, that did the people know my entire emptiness and want of all things, except the least and almost imperceptible grain of faith, they surely would not come to meet me. Multitudes have indeed attended on these occasions, ignorant, totally so, of *my* helpless state, without the renewed, holy influence of that anointing which teacheth all things; by which even so poor and mean an instrument as myself has been assisted to evidence, or bear testimony to the truths of the everlasting, unchangeable Gospel; yea, in the demonstration of the eternal Spirit of God, and with that power which is of and from this source.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*London, Eleventh Month 30th, 1829.*

How nice it is to pursue a little study, to vary your employ, and to store the mind with useful knowledge! It is much to be hoped that the powers bestowed will turn to good account, by being sanctified through the operations of Divine grace. — is not among those whose gifts are very few, or of the lowest in kind; may thy mind be strengthened to devote thyself entirely to the dear Redeemer, whom thou hast loved from a child, because He first loved thee. Oh! that He may ever be, to thy susceptible heart, the “chief of ten thousand;” so will thy life be happier than in joining with the spirit of the world, in any of its presentations, or attractive and delusive pleasures.

Yesterday morning at Gracechurch Street, it was a remarkable time for the extension of the power of truth. In the evening a very great meeting was held with the people in the same house; and oh! for ever praised be the Helper of the helpless, the Strength to the needy, it was a blessed, heavenly meeting: it ended with increased solemnity, a measure of which had been over us from the commencement of our gathering together.

I feel these things to be very weighty on my spirit; not less so for their frequency; nor, indeed, can I desire that it should be otherwise; my prayer is that the Almighty may be graciously pleased

to conduct me through the work to His own honour, and the abasement of the creature; while, in a sense of my great weakness, I am ready to adopt the language, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The meeting was very large at Devonshire House; I believe there were not less than sixteen hundred persons present, perhaps eighteen hundred, and very many went away for want of room. I thought it a good meeting, which was cause of great thankfulness, for it was a mixed multitude.

To ———.

*Stamford Hill, Twelfth Month 12th, 1829.*

The work allotted me is truly awful. Sometimes I think of that condition, described as "standing on a sea of glass, mingled with fire:" the harp is given at seasons, even there. Oh! my dear, I am already in travail about the meeting at Tottenham to-morrow evening. May Almighty Goodness lend His all-sufficient aid in the needful time, that His Name may be magnified over all! . . . . .

. . . . . As regards family prayer, I desire that the restraining influence of the Spirit of truth may keep away from us the strange fire, which, wherever it is offered, occasions death.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Wandsworth, Twelfth Month 25th, 1829.*

I often think of you when my mind is turned to the Lord in secret prayer: it is the breathing of my soul, that it may please Him to draw you by His love, near unto Himself; to give you to acknowledge, that "in His presence is fulness of joy; at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore." There are no pleasures like these, my beloved child. I often wish that each of you may be particularly engaged to lift up your hearts to the Almighty, morning and evening, to implore His preservation, and that He would give you to grow in grace and saving knowledge.

To ———.

*Near London, Twelfth Month 31st, 1829.*

. . . . . Being brought low is frequently a preparation to being raised up to stand on Zion's Mount, with the trumpet to the mouth, to proclaim the word of the Lord; even to give a certain sound in the ears of the people.

. . . . . We have prosecuted our views of religious service from time to time, both among Friends and others, as perhaps thou hast heard. Last night had a very full meeting at Esher, about nine miles distant from this place. Our hearts are sometimes filled with a grateful sense of the Lord's power and goodness, on these solemn and important occasions; finding the people glad to receive the living gospel truths declared; at other seasons we have to exercise faith and patience, while there is much labour called for, without the consoling evidence of the word having free course.

Since I last wrote to thee, my dear, I have, at times, been brought into much conflict, and deep, painful exercise of mind. *Now* I am favoured with a measure of the calming influence which continues to manifest itself down to the present age, and even to such a worm as myself; the same that it was in the days of the early Christians, when they knew it to hush all their fears, while on the boisterous waves.

#### TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Probably* 1829.

I just want to put thee in mind that when we, poor erring, sinful creatures, are sensible that the weight of our transgressions is a burden "too heavy" for us, it is by no means a mark that we are forsaken, but rather a call to endeavour to come to Him who knew no sin, and yet, in adorable loving-kindness, took upon Himself the iniquity of us all; that so, in His blood, we might be washed thoroughly from all our pollution and vileness. We find, that for want of watchfulness and obedience, we have incurred a debt which we are altogether unable to pay; but, in humble application to the Lord of glory, who is unsearchable in goodness and mercy, we find, in due time, that He is as willing as able to release us from it all, to pay the great debt for us by His atoning sacrifice, and to set us free from the load that has so sorely oppressed us.

Thine is no new condition, no solitary instance of being borne down with sorrow and shame, in seeing thy sins set in order before thee; it is even the case, in a greater or less degree, with all who are found in that repentance which is not to be repented of. I knew it well, early in life, and often since. To this day, at times, I blush in secret: I feel that to me belongs confusion of face. Even when my past sins rise up before me, and the latent corruption of my heart disgusts me, I could sink into a state of discouragement which

would unfit me for imploring the mercy of Him who died for us ; but knowing that such is not the design of our Heavenly Father, I am induced to resist the accuser, the enemy of all good and of all peace, and to cleave to the Protector of such as feel the need they have of that salvation which they cannot purchase for themselves.

Thus it is, my dear ———, that having known the terrors of the Lord for sin, I am induced to persuade others to repent and live ; and I consider this to be one great use which is to be made of my own shame, and confusion, and oppressive weight, under a sense of being found in the transgression ; even to invite others to the “ Fountain which is set open in the house of David, for sin and for uncleanness.”

Let me say that I fully believe thou mayest be brought to the same conclusion, that it is thy duty, instead of giving way to too much discouragement, to suffer the painful dispensations thou hast passed through, to prepare and stimulate thy mind for persuading and warning others to break off their sins by repentance, and their transgressions by amendment of life.

We were at Devonshire House Meeting third day, Peel yesterday, and have appointed a public meeting at the latter place for this evening, and one at Gracechurch Street for First day.

TO MARTHA KING.

*Probably 1830.*

MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,

I scarcely am allowed a few minutes to salute thee, being in haste to depart, but I want just to say, “ Be of good cheer ;” for surely the “ light afflictions which are but for a moment, are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed ” in the fulness of time. What is the present life, when compared with an eternal state ? only like a drop of the ocean. So toil on : thy reward is sure, in holding out to the end, in patient continuance in well doing. Thou art travelling home, never more to be weary or faint, nor to want any comfort or joy. The Lamb shall feed thee, and bring thee to living fountains of water ; and “ all tears shall be wiped away.”



## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Clapham, First Month 20th, 1830.*

And now, my dear ———, let me advert to thy plaintive language respecting thy own condition of mind. Be assured it has been, and continues to be, the condition of many, even that notwithstanding a degree of willingness to be found faithfully following the crucified Redeemer, and to love Him entirely, the weakness of the natural part often gains ground, so as to occasion painful remorse: thus “the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak;” and hence the exclamation of one who was warring a good warfare, “Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” and yet we find that he *was* delivered, even as he persevered in watching the soul’s enemies, and combating with them; using “the weapons that are not carnal, but mighty through God,” to the “bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.”

The same victory will, I trust, be thine through the same means, which ever works the same end. That we should be jealous over ourselves is acceptable to the Lord; and to find ourselves inclined to give the affections too much to perishable objects ought not to occasion despondency, but humble us indeed, and prove an incitement to apply with increased diligence unto that power which is above every power; for “if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous:” may we draw near to Him, and endeavour to cast our burden upon Him; for He hath testified that He will in no wise cast out such as come to Him. He requires, not that we should look always *upon* our transgressions, but *beyond* them unto Himself, the living Fountain, in which all that is offensive may be removed for ever.

The days of youth are indeed those days wherein we may so come to Christ, as to witness a preparation for walking with Him in white raiment, through every stage of life.

As we progress in the spiritual life, the garments of righteousness and of salvation become whiter and whiter, and the capacity enlarged to speak the inviting language of example—“Come and have fellowship with us; for verily our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Christ Jesus our Lord.” Yea, it will be evident, to the glory of the Great Name, that we know what it is to be purged from our sins in the blood of the Lamb. Be encouraged, my dear ———,

to hope that better days are in store for thee, seeing thou dost long after a nearer acquaintance, a more intimate union with thy Heavenly Father.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 15th, 1830.*

. . . . . Oh! if my dear children are united to their Redeemer, in the eternal covenant of His love and life, what cause of rejoicing it will be to their precious father and myself. We never desired great things for them in the world, only that Christ Jesus our Lord, might be to them "the chief of ten thousand."

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Stoke Newington, Fourth Month 15th, 1830.*

. . . . . Yet it is true that "affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." No, no; it is not a spontaneous plant; it is permitted to be sown for us; to grow up and mature, until it produce what is bitter in the mouth, but is as wholesome medicine, that proves ultimately conducive to the health of those who receive it. Thus is the soul strengthened, so that ability is known to "withstand in the evil day, and having *done all*, to stand."

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Stoke Newington, Fourth Month 17th, 1830.*

. . . . . I know exactly how it is to think that the tide of opposing things is so overwhelming, that we cannot move forward in the line of religious duty; but, after all, as we hold our peace, the Lord fights for us, and afterwards we sing His praise. How glad I am that thou hast found grace to help in time of need, and art now going forth in the cause of Zion's King! Much do I desire thy enlargement in the Gospel, and that relief which Infinite Wisdom may see meet for thee. It is no more than I expected, that thou art again raised up, and constrained to visit the seed of life in places situated away from thy own home.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*London, Fifth Month, 1830.*

Yearly Meeting, second week.—Once more Friends have cause to be humbly thankful, in a sense of the condescension of the

Great Head of the Church, in giving us an evidence in our general assembly, that He hath not cast us off from His presence, nor taken His Holy Spirit from us; indeed it has been a remarkably favoured time so far.

This morning the subject of private prayer was introduced, when some of us expressed a concern that we might be cautious how we encouraged any vocal supplication in the time and will of man, lest we should be found going back again into those mere lifeless offerings, from which our Society has been called away. I hope Friends understood each other, and that the matter closed agreeably.

Now I may confess that it seems to me that we, as a people, are called to still greater humility and perfect dedication; which, if we come to, will draw down the Divine blessing in an abundant degree; we must, however, be abased before the Lord, either in the extendings of His love, or by His judgments being poured out among us still more conspicuously, and more heavily than we have known of late.

#### TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Sixth Month 4th, 1830.*

Thy brother's character seems to be formed for the best example to others, so that, wherever his lot is cast, the influence cannot but be good; his mind appearing to be regulated by the all-regulating principle with which we are individually favoured, and which it is the interest of every one to submit to, and abide with. What a comfort to thee, my dear child, that early in life thou too hast become acquainted with the unspeakable gift of Divine grace, which is the sufficiency of the Lord's children in all their privations and sufferings! It often seems to me that thou art the peculiar care of thy Heavenly Father, and if thou continues to love Him, thy consolation will be great; for He will give thee to be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of His house, and thou shalt drink of the river of His pleasures. . . . .

Thus will the Lord, thy Maker, more than compensate for any outward and temporal gratification which, in His inscrutable wisdom, He may have seen meet to withhold. It was in my heart to salute thee with this little word of encouragement, and to assure thee of my continued love.

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sandford Place, Seventh Month 18th, 1830.*

Last evening the parcel arrived with the feast of letters, we each receiving one. My dear S.'s to me is grateful to my heart. What occasion of thankfulness there is, in the renewed mercies of our Heavenly Father! He hath evidenced that He heard our prayers, and hath led us hitherto by His own Divine hand; so that I hope we can all say, "It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes."

## TO THE SAME.

*Sandford Place, Eighth Month 21st, 1830.*

I wish thee not to avoid any right sense of just reproof from the inward monitor, and that I may be able more fully to understand thy condition, and, in the Divine will, be instrumental to aid thy mind. I know, my dear, that, in order to our becoming decidedly such characters as our Almighty Father would have us to be, we must pass through trying dispensations; and the best thing to be proposed, under feelings of this nature, is patience; which, when truly exercised, not only works experience, but bears up the soul, when tossed as with tempest, and not comforted.

I have no apprehension that thou art utterly forsaken of the great and good Shepherd, who looks after the wandering lambs, and gathers them with the crook of His judgments, so that they come to love the fold of safety, although it confines them from many outgoings which afford a momentary gratification to the natural mind. I would have you often commit yourselves into the hands of your Heavenly Father. If you have *words*, use them: if not, seek them not.

## TO ———.

*Stoke Newington, Ninth Month 2nd, 1830.*

. . . . . We have indeed a merciful High Priest, who pities our infirmities. A minister of the Gospel has trials to pass through, peculiar to that calling, and which are also humiliating in no common degree; but, so far as my experience has come, I would by no means shrink from such feelings, for they have a powerful tendency to prepare for intimate communion with Him who was

reviled, who was spit upon, and whose blessed words were deemed the words of one possessed with a demon! Further—I am abundantly persuaded that increased qualification is eventually known for exalting that Great Name which was blasphemed, and continues to be so at this day. I write not this with any particular allusion, for we are much ignorant of thy concerns of late. When dear sister——so kindly wrote to me about the mournful bereavement in their family, the task was so great to her, that she entered into no other subject. Ah! my dear, how deeply affecting is the dissolving of these ties—the most tender and endearing earthly relationship severed as in a moment, by the scythe of death! How does it invite us to live loose from every perishable object, and to set our affections on things above; things ever-enduring and soul-satisfying, in which kindred spirits, released from mortal shackles, find all that was wanting here below, to give them consummate happiness; every alloy being for ever removed! And ought we not to rejoice for those who are already entered into this perfect state? . . . . .

. . . . . We do not feel as if we had missed our way in coming here, after all our conflicts on the occasion; indeed I think both my beloved husband and myself have felt, and continue to enjoy true quiet, many times, under our present humble roof; and this, thou knowest, is better than great riches; yea, it is possible to rejoice in the Lord, and be glad in the God of our salvation, when temporal blessings are removed.

TO ROBERT FAYLE.

*Stoke Newington, Ninth Month 17th, 1830.*

MY DEAR COUSIN,

Thinking as I do, of thee for many weeks past, with affectionate interest, I may as well tell thee so. Inscrutable Wisdom has seen meet singularly to prove thee and thy dear companion in life, by permitting the interruption of that almost invaluable blessing—health, and by removing from your parental charge, repeatedly, the endeared objects of your tender, yet pleasing solicitude. The Divine Parent saw meet to take these lovely children to Himself. The Giver of every good gift hath a right to dispose of His own; and He knows when and how to deprive us of these beloved ones, so as to profit the bereaved. My heart has heaved the sigh of sympathy, and felt with you as a sister, in contemplating these piercing strokes

to our nature, even while I have desired that you might be enabled to refer all to Him, without whom a sparrow falleth not to the ground, and who said, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." But who is it that our Heavenly Father chastens? even those He loves, and "scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." That He hath, in a precious degree, received thee as His child, I have a comforting belief; having accepted thee in the Beloved; in Him who is our adorable Mediator and Redeemer; and surely it is His gracious design to increase the preparation of thy spirit, for still more intimate union and communion with Himself; yea, ultimately to present thee faultless before the throne of His glory with exceeding joy; joy very far exceeding all the painful conflicts of mind and body, which tend to sanctify and fit the immortal spirit to live and reign in glory ineffable, with Him who hath washed thee in His own blood; to whom the purified spirit ascribes salvation for ever and ever. I salute thee in more fellow-feeling and tender regard than I have ability to set forth. My dear husband having written to thy brother Thomas, I shall not burden thee with many messages of love, only to thy wife, our cousin, whom we do remember with thyself, as being in adversity; but we are comforted in the belief that the Most High will graciously evidence that He sees you in adversity, and watches over your souls, to deliver in His own time. Our love is to your dear children. May Heavenly Goodness manifest His providence as being abundantly over them!

I sometimes view, with peculiar interest, thy valued present to me many years ago—a seal with the motto, "Fideli certa merces."

Farewell, my dear relative and friend; long known and increasingly beloved by thy far distant, yet nearly sympathizing friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Third Month 27th, 1831.*

I have been at meeting to-day. It was an extraordinary meeting: the stream of gospel ministry flowed freely along, and near access was felt in prayer.

He who hath "His way in the sea," whose footsteps are not seen, hath been my help in suffering. I can say that I have risen at the midnight hour to supplicate His mercy, and to beg that I might be kept by His power; that, for the sake of my beloved husband, for

the sake of our dear children, but above all, for the sake of the truth itself, nothing might really prevail against me, to render me as a broken bow.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, Fourth Month 14th, 1831.*

We have rejoiced in the tidings of thy being enlarged in thy ministerial gift, and that the power of the Lord is with thee. I hope thou, and thy companion in the service at Waterford, were much relieved by that act of faith and obedience. Cousin T. Fayle must be much alive to his bereavement, his dear and only brother being taken away; but how must the afflicted widow feel this separating stroke! Oh! it is very moving. R. is a general loss likewise. He was one of the few active, consistent members of our Society there; but who shall do other than give thanks on his behalf, in the belief of his having become an inhabitant of the fairer city, where “none can say, I am sick;” neither is there any more pain, nor tears; but the full fruition of joy unspeakable, and full of glory? Ah! my dear, if we do but come here at last, what are the most trying and inscrutable dispensations we may pass through, in fitting us for such eternal peace, ineffable delight? As Job Scott said, “lighter now than vanity, except as they are clearly seen to have contributed largely to the sanctification of the soul.”

To ———.

*Ipswich, Fifth Month, 1831.*

. . . . . The meeting is got through, and I am much relieved, feeling truly thankful; for it has been all I could wish—a multitude of people, and the power of truth rose higher and higher, until it was in blessed and glorious dominion. . . . .

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Stoke Newington, Sixth Month 4th, 1831.*

No doubt thou frequently feels the infirmities attendant on advanced age; this is part of the labour which, if rightly submitted to, meets its reward in a world to come, “where the weary are at rest.” Be of good cheer, my long-loved sister; take the few remaining steps of thy race with a humble hope of eternal repose in a mansion of glory. Thou hast loved thy God and Saviour many

years; in thy measure travailed for Zion, sincerely desiring the prosperity of this true Church, wherever found upon the earth; and I trust the testimony will go forth concerning thee, in the day of righteous retribution, "She hath done what she could."

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sandford Place, Sixth Month 21st, 1831.*

Oh! my loved children, I was often, in my early days, unrefreshed in spirit, after having waited on the Lord of glory in the very best manner I was capable of, during the time set apart for public worship; but I can say that we do serve a good Pay-master; yea, that it highly behoves us to be given up to Him in all things, for He is from everlasting to everlasting, "faithful and true." I do not know why, but it seems with me to tell you, my precious children, that the prayer of my heart has this day been, in a peculiar manner, "Oh! Lord, lead me in the *right* way to the end: rather take away my natural life, than that I should cease to be thine hand-maiden; and I beseech Thee, bless my children after me, and render them capable of thy sacred impressions." Now my dear ——, do not think that this serious detail of my feelings is a prelude to my being freed from the shackles of a mortal and probationary state of being. I believe no such thing, but, in our separation, I pray for you; and I have little doubt that the omnipotent Lord is watching over you for good. You may and ought to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, even in your secluded situation, by your example among those where your lot is cast; and this is what we wish for you, that your reward may be great.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Colchester, Tenth Month 2nd, 1831.*

I have transacted the main business I came here about, and I did think myself, that the aid of "the Comforter," the Spirit of truth, helped to make things easy; and indeed, I have throughout felt quite cheerful, and my physical powers renewed, as well as the spiritual strength; all of which I esteem as unmerited mercy to one of the weakest of the Heavenly Father's family. I am just come from meeting. On sitting down with Friends, and inwardly gathering to the unfailing Source of good, I found my mind nearly united



to a few simple ones—meek and lowly ones—and sat delighted in the sense of it, although I knew that I was not among valiants or mighty men, and also that many exceptions to those children of God were present; but oh! I have been for once permitted, as it were, to celebrate the Mighty Name with harp and pipe, even on the holy mountain. I thought it like a song in the night, for how is the day turned into the shadow of night, in this time, among us! We were favoured with another living meeting in the afternoon. I thought of Job Scott's terms, "blessed and glorious."

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Tenth Month 13th, 1831.*

I address this to thee, acquainting you with my getting home well, and finding all here nicely. I read "Keith" nearly all the way, while the daylight lasted. He seems to be a very enlightened Christian, and to have gone deeper in his inquiry after truth than the generality of writers. His "Evidence" of the truth of the christian religion, derived from the *literal* fulfilment of the prophecies, is most interesting: at the same time, in a solitary instance here and there, he seems to lean more to the understanding of the *mere man*, than quite suits me. . . . .

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Lexden, Eleventh Month, 1831.*

. . . . . I am persuaded it is our *reasonable* duty, even to suspend our worldly concerns, to render to our all-beneficent Creator that which is as the first-fruits.

I often think we have great reason to be thankful in being blessed with every earthly comfort, and we ought to number our blessings. Many are made sorrowful in grey hairs, by things that have not come nigh us.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, 1831.*

The meeting at Tottenham on First day evening was much crowded, Friends having taken pains to circulate the notice widely; and what is above all, the Great and Eternal Fulness was graciously pleased to bless their labour and my exercise, without which all

would be fruitless. Oh! it was a good meeting. My spirit felt relief indeed, in opening the doctrines of the Gospel to the people, largely, and with living, blessed authority. Then a precious silence ensued: again, thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, were offered up to the throne of God and the Lamb; after which, and a solemn pause at last, the meeting closed. My soul is encouraged to confide in Him who is the strength of His poor dependent ones, and to ascribe unto Him all might, majesty, and renown; to lie low before Him, and to wait for the fresh openings of His mind and will.

TO THE SAME.

*Stoke Newington, Seventh Day Evening (probably 1831.)*

I need hardly tell thee that I have thought of thee continually, and also of thy dear brother. The aspirations of my heart are to the Author of blessing on your behalf, and *that* very frequently. Surely He will care for you, even as your Almighty Father. Be encouraged to serve Him, the Lord, with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. Never be ashamed to confess the holy Redeemer in all His manifestations, and faithfully follow His leadings. None of us can do better than this, nor can anything short of such dedication render us as happy as we may be, even in the things of time.

I rather dread to-morrow, lest there should be anything out of joint as it were, or the christian cause not exalted: but it is better not to anticipate, but to be inward with the Lord, both now and then.

*First Day Afternoon.*—The funeral to-day was attended with more parade than suits my ideas of christian simplicity. I had no active part to take, but I felt in silence, especially at the graveside, a full assurance (as I believe) that the innocent spirit was glorified through the blessed Redeemer. I said in my heart, Oh! the silence of the grave! and yet I heard the songs of heaven; I heard Alleluia to the Lord God and the Lamb; yea, I heard praise from that very spirit which had, so early in life, taken wing, and fled to the realms of eternal bliss. Oh! my children, life is worth living, when it brings to this consummation of hope, and centres in the eternal reality of happiness.

Much do I bear you on my heart; yea, before Him who is

omnipotent and almighty. You know that even this separation is that we may prove to the world, that we love Christ before son and daughter.

To ——— .

*Stoke Newington, Second Month 12th, 1832.*

. . . . . We are not young now ; may we be more and more of those who are made wise unto salvation ! It is the converted, the humble, simple-hearted, who are thus favoured. How delightful to see those who have entered the last stage of life, growing in the heavenly nature, becoming increasingly prepared for an everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of glory !

To ——— .

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 3rd, 1832.*

Thy precious letter, received this morning, has much contributed to our comfort. We are truly glad to find that thy dear mind was favoured with the most enriching blessing—peace ; at least, that in some measure this was thy portion ; indeed I hoped it would be so, when I bore thee on my heart before our compassionate Father, whose omniscience beholds the sincerity of thy soul. True, thou hast found thyself to be a frail, erring, sinful mortal—where is the child of God who cannot confess to the same discovery, and conclude that such an one is utterly unworthy of the least of the mercies of a righteous and gracious Judge ? Some of these, least willing to screen themselves from that light which shows *all unrighteousness* to be sin, have so felt the terrors of the Lord, as to become willing to persuade men to submit themselves under the cross of Christ.

I hope thou wilt yet have to speak well of the Almighty Name, for that He will give thee grace and glory, and will not withhold any good thing from thee ; no, nothing that is best for thee ; nothing that would prove a *real blessing*. Oh ! it seems to me that thou art taught of the Lord, and wilt yet be taught of Him whose name is “Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and Prince of Peace.” Indeed I think I have the promise, that if thou maintainest thy integrity, and seekest to love God entirely, great shall be thy peace and comfort, even in this life. Be patient, my dear ———, and endure the trial of thy faith with noble

fortitude; having thine eye singly to thy Saviour, who, in a body of flesh, felt all the infirmities and sufferings of human nature, that through His blood our sins might be purged, and by His stripes all the wounds inflicted in any way upon us, might be healed.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 8th, 1832.*

According to my engagement yesterday, I begin a letter to thee this day. After we saw thee quite off, we went to ——'s. They were talking of the observation of the fast day impending, and —— appeared undecided about closing the shop-doors; saying that "the thing should be seriously considered," &c.; but I replied, that if we fully understood our religious principles, and embraced them, it did not appear to me that we had the case before us as something new; rather as that with which we were well acquainted, and knew how to meet according to our christian profession; and that I should have supposed, at his maturity of years, he had come to a decision on such points. For my part, I was of the old school, I said, and did not now find that it was necessary for me to call in question the propriety of the high standing our religious body had always taken in such matters; being clearly convinced that this is not the *true fast*.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 16th,\* 1832.*

MY DEAR ——,

This being the twenty-first anniversary of thy coming into existence, I feel particularly inclined to talk a little to thee. Early this morning I recollected the circumstance, and have dwelt with peculiar delight on that happy morning, when my infant was brought to my view as a boon from Heaven; in some degree filling the chasm which the bereavement of my sweet Joseph had made in my maternal feelings.

In proportion to the depths of sorrow, so are the heights of joy which affect our hearts. I was glad, even beyond the usual pleasure of which the mind is capable, on the occasion of receiving such a treasure, because I had, not many months before, suffered all that a mother could endure, of tender and not inordinate grief, in losing a

\* Ten years from this date, viz., Third Month 16th, 1842, S. G. entered on her everlasting rest.

lovely infant from my breast; snatched away by the unrelenting hand of death, almost before I was able to realize my situation; but I have thee, my child, still; so at least I trust; and that thou wilt be spared to the end of my pilgrimage. May religion influence the good understanding of my precious ———, and correct the defects of a heart that feels everything too keenly. May she be altogether what her Heavenly Father designs she should be, and thus have the truest enjoyment of this life, and everlasting riches, and honour, and glory, in the world of spirits. With dearest love,

I remain

Thy own tender mother,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 18th, 1832.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . Thou didst not, in thy remarks at the Yearly Meeting, on the desirableness of silence, minister discouragement to me: I am one with thee, in wishing that we might separate under the *immediate* covering of the heavenly wing. I *was*, however, discouraged, and cramped in my exercise; and thought I discovered in part where it arose. It was in a quarter from which I have, for years, been accustomed to find a damp to my exertions in pursuit of religious duty, but I desire to leave it all to the Lord. . . . .

It seems to me to be a day of perplexity and of treading down; a day of gloominess and of thick darkness; a time wherein opinion takes the place of faith to an alarming degree; which is manifest in the want of unanimity respecting our testimonies, and in the contrariety of practice, as relates to some of them in particular. It is indeed a trying time many ways, and puts me in mind of that scripture, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" but surely the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, and although He may permit these to be much tried for a season, He will one day bring them forth as gold; yea, I believe that the remnant among us, who keep fast hold of their integrity, will yet appear in the same brightness that the sons of the morning did, and show forth the praises of the Most High, as was the case with Friends before the gold became dim, or the fine gold was changed. May the simple-hearted therefore strengthen themselves in their God, even in this

evil day, though it may yet show itself to be still more an evil day, and notwithstanding terrible things may be spoken in righteousness, by the Judge of all the earth. . . . .

. . . . . We hear that the cholera in London is lessening. Should the visitation be comparatively slight, it is not for our deserts, but for mercy's sake, and to evince that an offended God is "slow to anger."

Trusting to thy indulgence for my procrastination in writing, and for the freedom now taken,

I remain

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Fourth Month 9th, 1832.*

. . . . . I have been anxious about you on divers accounts, not knowing what company you might be introduced into, under your present circumstances, nor how far you might be enabled to show *decidedly* that you were not ashamed of the meek and lowly Saviour, nor of *His words*. This latter testimony for the truth, I have indeed frequently prayed that you might see the propriety of bearing with true greatness and firmness of soul. With earnest desires for your preservation and furtherance in the path cast up for the redeemed, I take my leave.

TO THE SAME.

*Stoke Newington, Fourth Month 14th, 1832.*

I think that First day is a day wherein we may be particularly brought near to those we are bound to by religious, as well as social ties, inasmuch as it is a day especially set apart for retirement from temporal pursuits, and when we wait much on the Lord. Be assured that thou and thy brother are very present with your dear father and myself, at all times. Think of us to-morrow evening: a large meeting is appointed at Devonshire House. The *two* here have been much favoured. Many of our poor people attended both. It was my wish, and, after the first, theirs too.

Though our allotments are distant outwardly, thou art ever with me in mind.

TO THE SAME.

*Stoke Newington, Fifth Month 1st, 1832.*

The meeting on First day was very large, and got through *well*; truth making its own way, until it rose into blessed dominion. I hear there are many inquiries where the next is to be, but I never mention a meeting until I cannot avoid doing so. I got home very comfortable in mind and body, only a little fatigued; and I am very thankful for being helped through these formidable engagements.

The meeting at Westminster was the most favoured of any I have had, so far as I am capable of judging. There was great enlargement, and such relief to my poor, oppressed spirit, as I had not known for a long time, either among Friends or others.

Oh! my soul magnifies the mercy, and wisdom, and power that is not of man, but of the Lord our God!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Stoke Newington, Fifth Month 3rd, 1832.*

We are glad thou engages thy time and talents in things likely to benefit thy fellow-men, and bring glory to the great Creator; and much hope thou wilt have the leadings and assistance of that Divine influence which can do all without us, but nevertheless prompts our minds to useful acts, and enables to labour in the cause of righteousness and truth; that this may spring forth in all the earth, to the praise of the Great Name, and to the happiness of mankind.

Yes, my dear ———, thy sensibilities are indeed strong and quick—more so than can promote thy own ease; but never mind; go on as well as thou canst, and thou wilt yet be happy.

The principle of grace, with which we are endued, is all correcting; and, as thou grows in this, thou wilt increase in wisdom, and be formed for the glory and honour of thy God; and great will be thy peace in a world of trouble and perplexity. Farewell, my dear ———.

To ———.

*Fifth Month 11th, 1832.*

I hope, my dear ———, thou wilt avoid engaging in *too many* benevolent plans or pursuits: it may be overdone, and rather

weaken than strengthen the best life in individuals; and I think I have seen the gift of the holy anointing turned from its own channel, by great devotedness to these things, to the disqualification of some for advancing the cause of truth in the way designed by infinite and unerring Wisdom. At the same time I quite believe that thy philanthropy is regarded by the Judge of all the earth, and the sincerity of thy heart will no doubt meet its happy reward.

I do, my dear ———, desire thy encouragement in everything given thee to do by the great Giver of all good, and wish the work of thy hands to prosper.

TO MARY DAVIS.

*Stoke Newington, Fifth Month 23rd, 1832.*

It is with feelings of peculiar sympathy that I take the pen to address thee. I want, if possible, to hand thee “a cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple” of our Lord. I seem fully persuaded of thy willingness to accept of even such refreshment to thy panting spirit, should it be sent by never so poor a servant. I still hope thy faith will be so renewed as to enable thee to rise superior to depressing thoughts and feelings; yea, to “mount up with wings as eagles,” and to “finish thy course with joy:” then life will be found to have been worth toiling through, and all its afflictions appear light in the balance, because of “the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory” “which shall be revealed.” While inhabitants of these earthly, frail bodies, we often groan, and feel that we are in bondage, because our infirmities are heavy upon us; and I believe we sometimes know not how to discriminate between their pressure and another kind of weight, and think that we are suffering the displeasure of our Judge, and that we shall not know Him as our Saviour; while, at the same time, He is sustaining the spirit by His invisible power.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, Fifth Month 30th, 1832.*

. . . . . I hope, as thou launches forth more fully, as a vessel steered by the all-skilful hand of thy Lord, and freighted with the things of His heavenly kingdom, thou wilt find even thy bodily health improve; thy mind having to rejoice at times. . . . .

To some of us this Yearly Meeting has been a trying time, beyond



what I can remember; for the lowly life has, in my apprehension, been borne down by that which, with a specious appearance, seems to me to be much devoid of substance. I have once more been constrained to sound an alarm, and set forth our danger; which some believe, and many set at nought.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, Sixth Month 8th, 1832.*

Feeling much for thee in thy tried state of mind, I want to tell thee, that in endeavouring to look to Him who knoweth our frame, and remembers that we are dust, I have had renewedly to believe, that as thou seeks after patience in tribulation, thy peace will, by and by, be great indeed.

He who has shown thee that vanity is inscribed on all earthly things, will, in establishing thy soul in godliness, grant the living experience that it is profitable unto all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that also which is to come. Oh! my dear ———, I well know what it is to be shut up in darkness, as in a low dungeon; to be hedged about that one cannot make their escape, and to feel the chain heavy; but, I say it again, be patient in tribulation, stedfast in hope, and thou canst not think how the Almighty Arm will be made bare for thee, to bring thee, in due time, into a large place.

In Sarah Grubb's journal we read a beautiful verse, in which she thus writes:—

“When heaven seems brass, and earth, with iron bars,  
Doth hold its cheering goodliness from thee,  
Then with a calm, resigned mind, give up—  
Freely surrender all thou eallest thine.  
No longer rest on Jordan's banks, but with  
Stability step in, and learn to know  
That stones there are, which for memorial serve;  
Then bring them up from thence, as proofs where thou  
Hast been, and therewith raise thine Ebenezer.”

I have thought that those endowed with more than ordinary talents are peculiarly tried, ere they come to devote all to the Lord, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Then He is pleased to say, “I have refined thee, but not with silver. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”

Ah! my dear ———, thou art designed to be a golden vessel. Be not dismayed; the Lord is with thee, even when He hideth His face.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Sixth Month 18th, 1832.*

We had a very full meeting yesterday at Peckham, in the evening, and a time of Divine life and favour it was, to the humbling our hearts in the presence of the Most High. The people were, I believe, nearly all of the upper class of community; and when, at last, I bid them all farewell in our dear Saviour, they bowed their heads, and looked very serious. Oh! these are truly weighty engagements, and should be felt as such to *all* who enter upon them; but how must it be with such a one as I am? for truly I find that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.

All important and weighty as these concerns are, they give some heavenly delight to the soul, when one finds the minds of one's fellow-mortals impressed with the solemn truths of the Gospel. This Gospel leads down into great abasedness of the creature, and exalts the Creator, the Redeemer, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

TO THE SAME.

*Seventh Month 5th, 1832.*

Yesterday we gave in to the Monthly Meeting the Minute, as expected. The first meeting was remarkable; I had so much enlargement in the ministry, and yet the congregation was small. Thy dear father uttered a few words kneeling, after we had returned the Minute, and I had to follow in the same line.

I am glad thou values Job Scott's Journal. He was a great example of dedication, and knew well what it was to renounce his own will. He suffered with his Divine Master, and obtained a glorious crown that will never fade away. We want such among us now: there are very, very few who hate their own life as this valiant soldier did, who stood in the first rank of the Lamb's army in his day. We are now reading George Fox's Journal again: thy father enjoys it, and I am gratified too, in reading it to him.

Thou mayest rest assured, that even for *your* sakes, I am disposed to take care of myself.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Leaden, Eighth Month 20th, 1832.*

Ah! we had not been more than a very few days separated from our dear Newington friends, ere the sad tidings reached us, of the awfully sudden removal of poor \_\_\_\_\_ from all he held dear in this world; leaving his bereaved widow and near connexions to mourn his loss to them. My heart has indeed ached with sympathy, both by day and by night, in looking toward the circle in which he moved, as a husband, a father, a son, and a brother. I have been tenderly touched with sorrow, and have dwelt upon the emphatic language, "All flesh is grass." Thy testimonial of the christian fortitude with which the afflicted widow bears this more than common stroke from the hand that waits to sever the nearest ties of nature, has afforded me some comfort. May Almighty Kindness pour into the wounded spirit the healing balm of His heavenly love, which, while it renders the mind all passive and resigned to the sovereign will of our Heavenly Father, brings down the high places, and prepares the soul to worship, to praise, and to give thanks as in "Jerusalem, the quiet habitation;" producing the language, "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints." My tender love is to her, to whom all things once owned by him she loved, must seem to wear the garment of mourning. Tell her to be encouraged to look to Him who takes judicial notice of all her sighs, and the inexpressible feelings with which she views the dear pledges of their mutual affection. Tell her to pray that her Maker will be her husband—the Lord of hosts is His name. Oh! may she also beg of Him to be a Father to her fatherless little ones. He is a God hearing prayer.

My love is likewise particularly to our dear friends \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. I have thought much of them in this sore trial, which I am persuaded they have largely shared with their sister; and as none of these tribulations leave us as they find us, I tenderly desire for them, that they may feel an increase of firmness, as to their standing on the sure Foundation, the Rock of safety in the boisterous sea of life.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Leiden, Eleventh Month 4th, 1832.*

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

It is long, very long, since thou and I have communed in this way; I trust it has not been so in mind. As for me, my thoughts are frequently turned toward thee with affectionate solicitude; yes, more than merely affectionate feelings fill my heart, in remembrance of thee and of thine.

I should be glad to know how you are in bodily health, and if you wax strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might; that so the soul's enemies may be vanquished, even the most potent of them; which are also the enemies of truth, and of all real peace. The world seems to gain much ascendancy in the present day among us, as a people, both with parents and children; so that little room is left for the simplicity, purity, and meekness of the Gospel of Christ; and we have few noble standard-bearers, and few of our children promising, by their humble deportment, to become valiant upon earth, in the great and glorious cause of promoting the kingdom of the Redeemer among men. Is it not so? I wish I could take a more encouraging view of things immediately relating to our Society than I am capable of doing, when my mind is in an abstracted state; but fear takes hold upon me, lest we should be assimilating more and more to spiritual Babylon, in too general a way.

Shall not we who are parents, endeavour to see, in the light which deceiveth not, how it is in our own families, as well as in the Church? and is it not for us to labour with our dear children, to bring them to a just sense of the necessity of taking up their daily cross, if they would have a crown of everlasting righteousness and joy; and if, indeed, they would be owned by the Saviour upon earth, as His people? Oh! my dear friend, I often fear lest I should not say, in the loud language of example, Follow ye me, as I follow Christ; yet it is my earnest desire to bear about in this body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that His blessed life may also be made manifest in my mortal flesh. Nothing will do, after all our speculations, but a dying to self, and living that life, of which an eminent Christian speaks, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." If *we* are without this knowledge of the great work of regeneration, it will, nevertheless, manifest itself through others; for the

true Church must take the place of the false, and all that appertains to "Mystery, Babylon" must fall, as certainly as God is true, righteous, and just.

I know not how it is that I have suffered my pen to run on thus, but my heart feels interested in those I have long loved, that they may be found walking worthy of the high vocation wherewith we are called. With love unfeigned,

I am

Thy sincerely attached friend,

S. GRUBB.

TO MARY DAVIS.\*

*Lexden, Eleventh Month 12th, 1832.*

MY LONG BELOVED SISTER,

I may say that thou hast been brought very near to my best feelings of late; and when I remembered the many years which have been measured out to thee in a world of probation, and how thou hast been enabled to maintain thine integrity through all, my heart has been made thankful to the Great Dispenser of every good; and in His love, which I have felt flowing towards thee, my spirit has said, "God speed;" wishing that thou mayest be enabled to descend the hill of life, with firm reliance on Him who is the staff of old age, to His humble, dependent ones. Of this description I fully believe thee to be; and, when present with thee in mind, I have thought, and am sensible of some humble assurance, that the state of a little child fit for the kingdom of heaven, applies to thee, my dear sister. Do not, oh do not be afraid of the dark valley to be passed through, as at the foot of that hill, down which thou art taking some painful steps; endeavour to look beyond all suffering, all darkness, to those regions of joy and light where redeemed souls for ever live to praise His name, who hath purchased for them eternal rest and peace. But possibly thou mayest be ready to say, there is little or no ability to lift up thine head in the blessed hope of everlasting felicity; even so, I cannot but believe that the preparation is going forward, however imperceptibly, to rise superior to all depression, and wing thy way to glory. I long for those powers of expression which some possess, to describe to thee, my sister, the

\* Mary Davis died on the 12th of First Month, 1833.

sweetness, the sense of the innocent life that accompanies my thoughts of thee; which makes me hope that the leaven of the pure, heavenly kingdom, is rendering thee more and more like itself; and I do commend thee to Him who, in His love and mercy, hath paid for us poor, frail creatures, a ransom which we could never purchase for ourselves; the benefit whereof all do richly partake, who, like thee, do love Him, our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity; so, my dearly beloved friend and sister, farewell, in thy Saviour and mine. Thy dear brother's near sympathy and affection is with thee, which he wishes thee to be assured of. We are all three in the last stage of life, and shall we regret that it is so? True, we see that we have proved ourselves to be poor, erring mortals; but yet, could we bring ourselves back to even middle age, we do not know that there would be one defect less to blot out of the book of remembrance, when the final settling day should arrive.

Should all be remitted and cleared off, it is mercy, mere mercy; for which our immortal spirits will be prepared for ever to sing Halleluia to the Lord God and the Lamb.

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, Twelfth Month 11th, 1832.*

I sit down after a day of company to address thee, feeling assured that thy mind is sometimes turned toward thy poor old uncle and aunt with affection, and that therefore thou wilt have no objection to receive a little fresh testimonial of our regard for thee, and our other dear nieces.

I begged for a letter from thee in mine to our mutual, endeared *friend*, and near relative, thy aunt Davis. Poor dear creature! she is, I suppose, about to land in a glorious eternity, after being safely conducted over the sea of life, even through some storms and difficulties, permitted her in common with others; notwithstanding, to the transient observer, she may have seemed to glide along more smoothly than many; but every heart knows its own sorrows, and sorrows we must partake of, in the nature of things, as it regards our present state.

I often think how I should like to sit half an hour with you; but dost thou not think, that as members one of another in the Lord, and even when there may not be any outward intercourse (no, not in this way) we may nevertheless be helpful to each other; yea, and

*that* when not aware of it ourselves? Surely there is such a thing as being found in the precious oneness of the living body, in our various outward allotments; then are not these a strength and assistance one unto another, through the sufficiency of Him who is the holy Head? I sometimes hope I derive benefit from the members of the Church militant who are even altogether unknown to me.

Ah! poor T. F.; how inscrutable is his removal! and now our friend G. R. taken from his loved family and his usefulness. It has been for many months, and still is a truly awful time: such a one as some of us, who are far advanced in life, never saw before.

The noisome pestilence, how has it brought many to the grave, and occasioned much affliction to survivors; while it has been most signally marked, as sent by Him whose ways are past finding out. One has been taken and another left, under circumstances exactly similar, like "two women grinding together," &c. Some of those to whom the last messenger has come in the form of the dreadful cholera, were no doubt prepared for the sudden and unlooked for summons; while they were concerned to glorify their Creator and Judge "with their spirit and with their body," remembering they were not their own. Others appear to have been the servants of sin to the last; yet these all no doubt had their twelve hours allotted them, wherein to do their day's work. We will not sorrow for the first class as without hope; no, let us rather give thanks that they are taken from the evil to come. We may and ought to "lay it to heart;" yet with a reverent acknowledgement that the Judge of all the earth doth right.

Oh! my dear ———, I think that the righteous are indeed taken from a day of overturning, at least among ourselves as a people; for it seems to me our departure from the true and ancient standard almost generally, is becoming more and more apparent, from the foremost in rank down to the children. Alas! I do not recollect to have been so much of a mourner in all my life, with respect to us; and will not the Most High visit for these things? But enough; there remains to us that which is immutable and safe to attend to and build upon; and there are preserved those who have no other dependence, and who will prove themselves truly wise in their choice and in their obedience, when the sandy foundation will be discovered and shaken, and all will give way that has been erected on it.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Twelfth Month 29th, 1832.*

Thinking thou and thy dear brother will look for some tidings from us to-morrow, I may just state that a meeting is appointed at Devonshire House, for the lowest class of the people, to begin at six o'clock. I feel rather nervous, which is no wonder. I am not, however, without some degree of faith and humble hope, that the great Almighty Helper of the little ones, the poor and needy, is ordering all things for the best, as it relates to me, and the work in which He sees meet to engage His handmaiden; yea, I trust that all things will work together for good. I sometimes think of the text, "He that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me." I know my dear children will wish me well through so important and so arduous an act of obedience to the will of my Heavenly Father. May you turn your minds to Him on behalf of His own great cause, and on behalf of His poor nothing as I am.

TO THE SAME.

*Stoke Newington, First Month, 1833.*

We are right glad of thy lines written yesterday. What a kind Providence we have over us! He does not permit us to be introduced into more solicitude or exercise of mind than we can (with that capacity He has given us) sustain. I was sorely baptized on seventh day night and yesterday, which I believe was preparatory to the meeting last evening. I am much better since that was relievingly got through. It is indeed an awful thing to meet with many hundreds of one's fellow-creatures; a mixed multitude whom we have dared to call together in the love of God, while we are wholly dependent upon Him who puts forth, for any good word or work.

. . . . . When I wait on the great Author of our being, and of all our sure mercies, and think of you, my mind is not disposed to doubt the gracious providence of our Heavenly Father. Trials we must have, but, as we profit by them, joy comes likewise in its season, as summer succeeds the winter, and day the night.

I long very much to be with you. It is a great comfort to receive such good accounts of our dear absent children; indeed I esteem it one of those mercies which call for gratitude to our Heavenly



Father, and encourage to perseverance in the path of duty, in dedication of all to Him from whom we receive every blessing. I have no doubt of your good desires for us, and for the cause in which we are engaged: I hope you will remember us in the Divine presence. I never felt more sensible of my own insufficiency for any good work or word than is now the case. These offerings are in a measure of that faith or belief which renders things possible, that otherwise, or without it, could not be entered upon. The meeting at Gracechurch Street was very solid, ending with great solemnity. Some came to speak to me before leaving the meeting-house, who expressed their satisfaction, and said they attended the one I had there some months ago. The sufficiency for these *fearful* engagements being in that power which puts forth in the work, I have a humble trust that it will be given in the needful hour. The everlasting Fountain of life and light is my sole dependence.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, First Month 13th, 1833.*

We hope thou wilt be able to get through this perplexing time without injury to thy best feelings. I would have thee allot a short time every day, to commit thyself into the care and keeping of thy Almighty Father; that thy tender mind being brought into a little retirement, thy strength may be renewed in Him, the Fulness of strength; so shall thy soul be preserved from taking harm by the distracting concerns of business. I believe thou art called upon to serve the Lord thy God conspicuously in thy day, and I should be sorry to have thy mind too much occupied or absorbed in the things of time. I take a tender leave of thee, commending thee to the care of Israel's Shepherd.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Second Month 5th, 1833.*

On First day we had the company of dear Daniel Wheeler at both meetings. He took tea here. We found his conversation truly edifying and interesting: he was all resignation under his trials, and spoke as if he was not only filled with an assurance that his endeared wife was centered in everlasting peace and rest, but that he had a sense of the sweet calm that reigned in his family under accumulated trial. He gave us a beautiful and instructive letter to

read from a son. I was ready to say, "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

. . . . . In my deep retirement yesterday, I sought to present us all before the mercy-seat of our Great Judge, and to pray for preservation and deliverance, when the text was brought to my remembrance, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." It comforted and strengthened my mind, for I thought, that although we cannot see the good of our crosses and exercises at the time, yet those who trust in the Lord find eventually that things come round to their real benefit.

TO THE SAME.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month, 1833.*

We had a very large meeting at Westminster on First day evening: it was, like all the rest held since our return from you, remarkably solemn, and favoured with the holy anointing, both as to utterance, and in the silent part. My soul bows in humble gratitude before the Most High; praising Him for His goodness, and for His wonderful works, even to the meanest of His servants.

Lately thy dear father and I went to Tottenham Meeting, for I found my mind drawn there, as thou knowest I do sometimes to other meetings than my own. I had satisfaction in endeavouring to fill up the portion of exercise allotted me, and that with a single eye to the Great Head of the Church. We dined at C. W.'s. I very much enjoyed being in her company, and visiting her commodious, but truly humble dwelling. Your father desires me to say he has, for J., John Barclay's Diary of Alexander Jaffray, one of the Scottish Commissioners of Charles the Second; to which are added particulars of his subsequent life, connected with memoirs of the rise, progress, and persecutions of Friends. We are now reading it, and think it a valuable production. . . . .

Altogether yesterday was a sweet day to me; a day of some degree of ability to give thanks, and, although with trembling, to rejoice. I was relieved from bodily and mental suffering, and favoured to have two nice letters, which conveyed comfort relative to all my dear children. I desire to number these things among the many mercies received from our gracious and heavenly Father, and I also desire to

stand open to His blessed will, in crosses and trials that may yet await me. Surely He knows best what is meet for us, and what will eventually promote our truest interests !

TO THE SAME.

*Third Month, 1833.*

Thy letter received to-day is indeed a comfort to us: though I should be truly glad did our lot fall together, I am much comforted in the consciousness of thy being in thy right place, and for the present, at least, may we not hope it is the case with us all? I must assure thee that I am ever with thee in my mind; but, what is better, I humbly trust that our heavenly and omnipotent Father watches over us all for good. May we remember one another before the throne of His mercy! . . . . .

TO A FRIEND WHO WAS BECOMING CONSPICUOUS IN POLITICAL  
AGITATION AND EXCITEMENT.

*Stoke Newington, Third Month 2nd, 1833.*

DEAR FRIEND,

Some unknown hand having sent us a paper, in which is an address signed ——, I conclude it is the production of thy pen, and am exceedingly alarmed for thee. A highly professing Christian; a member of the Society of Friends; yea, a minister among a body of people remarkable for their peaceable lives! Surely this address is altogether inconsistent with the name of Christian! What has a follower of the holy, meek Jesus, to do with political parties, or with the striving one with another, of the potsherd of the earth? Ah! ——, it was once different with thee: “Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen; and repent, and do the first works;” or else further desertion of good awaits thee, wherein thou mayest look for light, and behold darkness; and thy soul may be more and more in a state of alienation from the Divine life. Oh! I am sensible of much solicitude on thy account. “Be sober, be vigilant;” “be watchful.” Is not the lion, even now, roaring for his prey with respect to thee? Retire, oh! retire out of all ferments, and wait upon Him who saw thee in thy tender years; who accepted the unfeigned humility of thy heart, and anointed thee for His service; yea, sent thee forth in His great Name, and gave thee

fellowship with His chosen ones; opening thy way to proclaim His living word in His own blessed authority. Oh! I cannot but mourn over thee, who art fallen by little and little, who wast as a star in the firmament. Where hast thou wandered? Into what hast thou come down? Is it not into the corrupt, earthly nature? and art thou not, in measure, now under the government of that spirit that rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience? Oh! I entreat thee, in the love of the Gospel, lose no time in humbling thyself before the Lord: put thy mouth as in the dust; yea, hide thyself, until the indignation of Him whom thy conduct reproaches, pass upon the transgressing nature; if so be thou mayest come to know thy garments again washed and made white in His blood, who died for us that we might live; and who said, "My kingdom is not of this world; else would my servants fight."

My husband unites with me in this communication to thee; desiring it may be received as a solemn warning to consider and amend thy ways. So saith

Thy sincere friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Third Month 19th, 1833.*

May Divine Love draw thee into a preference of heavenly things still more manifestly in the sight of men, for I know thy heart does primarily value those things that are spiritual, and are not seen. Dost thou recollect our friend ——'s address to thee, wherein she repeated how the scripture speaks of Joseph, the "fruitful bough by a well;" and how this Joseph was shot at, and deeply tried for a season, but eventually triumphed, and was abundantly blessed. I hope it will be thy case, and that thou wilt increasingly become a blessing.

TO THE SAME.

*Fifth Month 13th, 1833.*

Thy sweetly acceptable letter met my eye on returning from town, where we had been; the Morning Meeting occurring to-day. I am most truly glad to perceive that the bent of thy mind is to that sacred influence, which is our protection and safe guidance through a world of temptation and intricacies.

Many, many times is my heart raised in prayer for thee, to the great and good Shepherd, whom I am aware thou desirest to love entirely. Often draw near to Him in spirit, and commit the keeping of thy soul to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator; even in suffering according to the will of thy Heavenly Father.

I trust and hope that good things every way are in store for thee, as thou encouragest and cherishest the excellent virtue—patience.

Yesterday we stood round the grave of dear little Thomas Reed. I thought it a time of consolation, the evidence being granted of his tender spirit having found a prepared mansion in the regions of eternal light; and I had to believe that the gift of resignation was not withheld from the sorrowing relatives. On the whole it was a day of considerable labour to me, having to speak largely in our own meeting, previously to entering the grave-yard; and then in the evening we had a very great public meeting at Hackney. I believe it was held under right influence, and I feel satisfied.

TO THE SAME.

Well, my dear ———, I have often told thee, that as thy heart, thy all, was committed to the Lord from time to time, I fully believed He would bless thee, and render thee a blessing in thy day. I still have this faith respecting thee. The committing ourselves without reserve into the hands of a faithful Creator is, I know, a great sacrifice, and that which not even a parent can do for the most beloved child, but it is that in which our truest interest lies; therefore it behoves us to seek ability from the Fulness of strength, to make the free-will offering in this way; so shall we receive grace and glory, and no *good thing* will be withheld from us.

TO THE SAME.

Do, my dear ———, endeavour to cast all thy care upon Him who is always caring for thee, even when thou considerest thyself the most abandoned from His presence. Wait upon Him in the silence of all flesh; feel after Him, thy Redeemer, patiently and perseveringly; so will He be found of thee in His own due time, even as a very present help; and thou wilt clearly discover that His everlasting arms are underneath; that thy drooping spirit has been sustained by the invisible power of thy Redeemer, thy Saviour. . . .

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Leiden*, 1833.

For weeks past I have expected to hear something of thee and thine, but am still disappointed, which induces me in this way to enquire after your welfare. Think not that I can be wholly indifferent towards those to whom I have once attached myself; this is not in the composition of my nature. Amidst the many and painful conflicts which for months have been my experience, and even those solemn and weighty duties in which I am engaged, my mind often, very often, turns toward thee and thy dear husband, with your interesting family; wishing you all the truest happiness to be enjoyed by probationers, and which I know is out of our reach, save as we come to love God entirely, and so become conformable to His blessed will: then they who have but little of this world's goods possess "the pearl of great price;" while the seemingly favoured ones, who may abound in the outward, prove, that without the one thing needful, the soul wanteth; yea, is in leanness, in poverty. . . . .

TO A FAMILY WHO LIVED NEAR J. AND S. GRUBB, AT STOKE  
NEWINGTON.

1833.

Sarah Grubb takes the liberty, in christian love, through this medium, to express her sincere regret, on hearing that her friends Glennie contemplate removing to beyond the Atlantic. Much does S. G. desire that the family she now addresses may be rightly guided in so great and arduous an undertaking. The scriptures tell us that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" and in another place, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delighteth in his way."

Many are the unforeseen difficulties to be encountered by strangers in a strange land; under the pressure of which, there is nothing so safe, so comforting and precious, as an acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ, who was "meek and lowly in heart," and has invited us all to learn of Him, that we may find rest unto our souls in this wearisome world. Thus parents being themselves subjected to the Divine will, are prepared to train up their dear children in the love and fear of Almighty God; whereby one is helpful to another, and families harmonize together; being endeared and united in that which neither crosses, afflictions, nor even death itself can dissolve.

The writer of these lines heartily wishes for her neighbours, to whom she sends this farewell salutation, every blessing seen meet for them, by Him whose is "the earth and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein;" believing, that as His counsel is humbly implored, all will eventually be well.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Colchester, 1833.*

We have got through another public meeting, one having been appointed here for last evening. It was very large, and we have thankfully to acknowledge to the condescension of our gracious Master, in being renewedly a very present help in the needful time. Oh! it was a good meeting, crowned with a solemnity that I trust will long be remembered by many. I was very much exercised before the meeting, and was brought low indeed, until it pleased the Lord to raise me up once more, in His power and blessed authority. *How* I marvel that such a mere nothing should thus be constrained to engagements so truly awful! Some remarked to thy father how much they wondered at the stillness of such a congregation; saying they never knew the like before.

TO ONE DEEPLY TRIED.

*Sixth Month, 1833.*

The state of the poor weak frame sometimes occasions those dispensations, sent in best wisdom, to be in some sense misunderstood. Now thou considerest that all thy distress is in consequence of unwatchfulness. The grand accuser is not wanting in his insinuations, that he may prevail on us to despair of being found worthy (through unmerited mercy) of the gracious care and safe keeping of Him who wounds to heal, and in whom it is our duty and interest to confide; even as one did who declared, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Now it is not like a brave combatant with the world to sink so. Rise up nobly against the cruel assaults of the enemy of peace. "Take unto you the whole armour of God," saith an experienced servant and follower of our Lord; even one who knew what it was to be pressed beyond strength, and out of measure.

No strange thing has happened to thee, my ———. These fiery trials are to fit us for the Master's use, by convincing us that the

trial of our faith is more precious than of gold that perisheth. Look at the text alluded to above, which speaks of the armour. And now I commend thee to Him who carried our sorrows and bore our griefs, in a body of flesh, and who loves thee, my dear and precious ———.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, Sixth Month 6th, 1833.*

If we had been much edified together, the fatigue, &c., of such close work as our late Yearly Meeting might be thought little of; but, on the whole, this annual assembly has proved more discouraging, in the review of our state in this land, than I have ever known it. I am sorry to say that I fear many of the most active among us, are going back into things which our community, in the beginning, suffered much in coming out of. Where this will end time must reveal. Surely we shall yet be a distinct people; at least this is my humble hope. The same testimonies will, however, be borne, and the same standard flocked unto, which have been upheld by this people; for they are of the everlasting, immutable Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We never had so much company before, which may be in part accounted for by the existing state of things among us: some came, I trust, as we read was the case formerly, when “they that feared the Lord spake often one to another;” then again we are visited to be reprehended for our plain dealing in meetings, and because we cannot go with the present stream of communication, which seems to us to carry off from that pure, dependent state, in which there is an abiding sense of the truth of that declaration of our holy Helper, “Without me ye can do nothing.” I have often thought, for weeks past, of poor Lady Guion, when people scarcely left her any time for rest and quiet; but we may retire to the measure of the Divine gift in ourselves on all occasions, and wait upon the “still, small voice” of truth, which is a great mercy.

TO MARY CAPPER.

*Stoke Newington, Sixth Month 10th, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy salutation of love by letter is precious to us, as the long-continued friendship thou hast evinced has always been; and now I may say that this address of thine is reviving to our minds. How encouraging it is to see those who made many sacrifices in early



life for the truth's sake, not rest in past experience, even of the Lord's goodness, but be as those who remember, that "he that thinketh he knoweth anything, knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know;" and even in old age, are concerned to go on learning of Him who said, "I am meek and lowly in heart." Ah! my dear friend, this Yearly Meeting has exhibited much thou wouldst grieve to see, and thy dear lines to us convinced us of thy sense thereof. We have not indeed been able to see eye to eye, but we have widely and manifestly taken a different view of the state of our religious Society. Some of us thinking with thyself, that we see a sorrowful departure from primitive or godly simplicity, not merely in the external appearance, but also in that of higher importance, even christian doctrine, I am glad that thou canst so fully subscribe to the "anointing which is truth, and is no lie;" the unction from the Holy One, as an internal evidence manifested in the soul. What shall we do, if we suffer ourselves to be drawn from this blessed Spirit of the Saviour of men, or the measure of it which is given to all, for our profit? Where, but within our own hearts, shall we find the Comforter and the safe Guide? Surely the holy scriptures direct us to Christ within, the hope of glory; but *now* we are told, that in looking for *inward* direction, we subject ourselves to error; and that the Gospel is to be found in the scriptures, where there is "clear, comprehensible truth," and "a direct message from God." True, the scriptures come by inspiration of God, yet, in my view, the same inspiration must be with us, to give us to comprehend their spiritual meaning and application; because the natural man, by all his head knowledge and finite capacity, even though he may compare scripture with scripture, and acknowledge to their harmony, is, nevertheless, the natural or unregenerate man still, without the operations of the Spirit in his soul; even that which is the Divine gift to all men, and which, I conceive, brings all who adhere to it, into a converted state, whether they be favoured with the inspired writings, which tell of the blessed and holy Redeemer, or whether they be ignorant of them. Must it not be our experience, in order to partake of the benefit of the death and sufferings of Christ, to be brought into obedience unto righteousness? and what can do this for us, but the power of God, or name of Jesus, which is immediately made known to us by inward revelation thereof? In short, my dear friend, I feel alarmed in seeing that we, as a community, are in great danger of leaning to the understanding of

man, in this day of the truly surprising “march of intellect;” and that, for want of trusting in the Lord with all the heart, we are going off greatly from first principles; intermingling indeed with that which is not distinguished by gospel simplicity, but which has a tendency to bring us to be satisfied with many things, out of which, as a people, we were brought by a strong hand and a stretched out arm, which delivered from the iron hand of cruel persecution, as well as from all false dependence in religion. All will not, however, thus return, either to the maxims and customs of the world, or to the beggarly elements, to be again brought into bondage; a precious seed remaineth, and will remain, however hidden, in which the real life of the crucified Immanuel will be found; and who will by and by come forth, and shine as the children of Him who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all. Yea, I believe it shall yet be the earnest inquiry, relative to such as abide in the truth through all, “Who is she that looketh forth as the morning; fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?” Ah! my long loved friend, I am persuaded that thou dost know what thou professest; and the possession of the truth as it is in Jesus, has been thy primary concern in the different stages of life: thou hast now, at times, the certain evidence of having been kept from following “cunningly devised fables;” and I humbly trust that the saying of Him who enabled thee to separate thyself unto Him, from all that is found in the apostacy, will be realized to thee—“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” Amen, saith thy ever affectionate friend

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Eighth Month 13th, 1833.*

At Chelmsford I was disposed to be found simply attending to whatever might be required of me, whether in silence or words; but the meeting was not to the refreshing of my own soul. At the close of that with Friends, a public meeting was proposed and agreed to, which proved very relieving to my poor burdened spirit. The ancient, the everlasting power was truly in blessed and glorious dominion. The house was full: it is calculated to hold eleven hundred. I was full of heaviness before this meeting, but came back to the room where, three hours before, I had groaned, and sighed, and prayed, with a heart now replenished with gratitude and praise. . . . .

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Leaden, near Colchester, Ninth Month, 1833.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy interesting and sisterly communication of last month, merited an earlier acknowledgement. I am glad thou hast been enabled to fulfil the prospect of religious service that was before thee. We shall surely find our account in minding that the day's work keeps pace with the day, that in the end we may be ready to enter into rest; yea, a fixed, glorious rest from all our labour. I think I never knew such a trying time in my day as the present. Some of us seem permitted to find peculiar difficulties in pursuing our course. . . . . I cannot close my eyes to the wide deviations from our ancient testimonies, which is, I believe, fast levelling us with the world at large. I grieve, I mourn over these things in secret. Sometimes I tell my sorrow publicly, under the constraining influence of gospel love; and I have a word too, for the bowed down ones; but I am told again and again, that my views are not correct; in fact that there is no occasion to take up such a lamentation for us in this day. Since I saw thee I have received divers visits, which have not been of that kind most likely to strengthen my hands to do what they find to do; but through all, I could only endeavour to sink deep in my spirit, and seek to have my reasonings hushed, my painful cogitations silenced, that I might distinguish the voice of the true Shepherd. . . . .

Some of us see the necessity of being ranged conspicuously on the side of primitive Quakerism, and warning faithfully of the danger of things creeping in, that from their nature and tendency must divide; must indeed, separate, whether there be an outwardly drawing the line of division, yea or nay. In fulfilling the will of our Heavenly Father, we must endeavour to leave *consequences*, and run the risk of being ourselves wounded by the arrows of the archers, and perhaps even carry the marks of our engagements with us, like scars from head to foot, to be seen to the end of our day.

. . . . . Ah! that which is opposed to the truth soon gains ground, when at all disseminated. Truth, however, will obtain the victory in the end, and triumph over all. Oh! that those who continue to hold it most dear, may never barter it for any consideration whatever.

I am thy sympathizing and affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Leaden, Ninth Month 26th, 1833.*

It was peculiarly joyous to me to find, by thy letter, that peace and heavenly delight attended thee in resigning thy certificate. How does even a short period of this Divine sense of consolation compensate for any sacrifice or suffering attendant on obedience to the will of our Heavenly Father, and inspire us with a desire still to run the ways of His requiring! Mayest thou be strengthened to work the work of thy day as it passes; not procrastinating, lest weakness ensue. I find it very necessary for me to use diligence still, for the Lord's own fit opportunity is not at human command, and it would be sad to die a fool at last, through negligence.

The meetings we have had with those not of our Society, have been truly unburdening to my heavily laden spirit. As for those we have sat with our own dear people, but little relief has been obtained.

In the large Quarterly Meeting at Chelmsford I found my lips entirely sealed, and that at Bury was not like former times. I did speak, and found myself constrained to allude to the occasion for sorrow, because of great departure from primitive purity and simplicity, &c.; warning of the consequences hereof; speaking also of the incalculable mischief already produced. . . . .

Thou mayest see how hard it is to get along now, in the line of service allotted me. Sometimes my nerves are much affected, so as to deprive me of rest, which thou knowest to be extremely distressing.

My husband and I returned yesterday to this place, after attending London Quarterly Meeting, to which I felt attracted. In that of Ministers and Elders, I was enabled to declare plainly what the fashionable doctrine now preached among us, would lead to; and to warn us of the danger attached to leaning to our own understanding in spiritual things, &c. This great Quarterly Meeting looked awful to my mind, but I knew it was to follow my Master I gave up to go so far in order to attend it, which was every way a sacrifice. As regards the Women's Meeting, I have brought the burden of the word back again, although I felt like a vessel wanting vent; yet I do feel conscious of having endeavoured to stand faithful.

To ———.

*Lexden, Tenth Month 21st, 1833.*

Some do indeed appear to be followed by trials and crosses attendant on a state of probation, much more closely than others; and exactly in the way too, which their natural feelings most shrink from; but we find it a vain effort to desire the choice for ourselves, with respect to those tribulations that we do know are to be met with in our pilgrimage; neither can we conclude on what is best for us; so that after all, our only refuge is the eternal Rock of salvation, in every exigency; and yet we find it frequently extremely difficult to flee there, away from all the extreme sensitiveness and disquiet of the poor, frail creature. Nevertheless it behoves us to seek this "shadow of a mighty Rock," in the weary land where we sojourn; this covert from heat and from storm; even He who is also "as rivers of water in a dry place;" for should we not otherwise perish?

I hope nothing will be able to move you or us from our steadfastness as to the faith in the revelation of our holy Redeemer, by His Spirit in our souls as an abiding principle of light and life; and oh! may nothing be able to prevent our increased acquaintance herewith. I am indeed made abundantly sensible of the very great frailty and weakness to which I am subject; yea, which for the most part encompasses me about; yet to whom shall I go, or to whom shall any of us turn, but to Him who carried our sorrows and bare our griefs in a body of flesh; and who is in us, our all-sufficiency, although He often appears for a season to be deaf to our cry; and when the vessel is tossed on the mighty billows, and we are doing all in our power to help, is, as it were, "asleep in the hinder part of the ship." Ah! He will in due time "arise," and evidence that the cry of the poor, and the sighing of the needy, is not in vain.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Eleventh Month 19th, 1833.*

No doubt you remembered us and our solemn engagement. It was a very crowded meeting, and it is thought hundreds went away. It proved a time of labouring in the Gospel, and I believe may be acknowledged as a season of renewed favour. I remarked to this family that my work had been pulling down old buildings;

that the dust was choking, and the crumbling walls in some apparent danger of breaking the head: thy dear father replied, "*Thine* was not broken: it was a good meeting, and ended well." They say the states of the people were remarkably spoken to, which they knew to be the case from their acquaintance with circumstances. The meetings at Bardwell and Bury proved solemn times to my exercised mind, but hoping so soon to see you, I need not now enter into particulars. As for ———, it is very remarkable; but I rejoice that you are favoured with a just sense, that all these things are under the control of that wisdom and power that is inscrutable to us.

TO THE SAME.

*Stoke Newington, Twelfth Month, 1833.*

This day, on returning from a meeting by ———, like a conclusive Quarterly Meeting, your joint letter lay on the table in the parlour, which of course I was ready to open with eagerness; and may now assure thee you need not suffer a moment's anxiety about us. . . . .

Yesterday we gathered in about as large a body as I have ever seen at the Quarterly Meeting here. First ——— kneeled. After this offering, Elisha Bates stood up as soon as appeared suitable. He spoke nearly all the rest of the time we were together, which was until about a quarter past twelve. He is indeed mighty in the scriptures, beyond any one that ever I heard. Oh the eloquence with which he spoke! Really it did *seem* to bear down all before it. I never, in my life, witnessed the like. There is, nevertheless, a *but* in my mind. I have heard the most decided applause and approbation, and I have *not heard anything else*.

A conference such as I wished for, is proposed by Thomas Shillitoe, and I hope will shortly take place. The meeting to-day was very large: it held two hours and a half: the vocal engagements were chiefly by ——— and ———. I have been wholly shut up except in the Select Meeting, but I quite believe I am in my place.

To ———.

*Stoke Newington, Twelfth Month, 1833.*

I fear, lest by the powers properly belonging to the mere man, attempts should be made to work the works of the Holy One, who, we may recollect, said to His followers, "Without me ye can do

nothing." Oh! my dear, there seems but little now to be met with, of that pure, simple, deep waiting for, and moving in the ancient and everlasting power, which was so eminently our dependence once, and our glory too, as a people. The work of new modelling us by human efforts goes on, and the cry of peace and prosperity is loud. Safety appears to me to be proclaimed in the midst of danger. . . .

In the country where we have laboured of late, I have found some considerable enlargement among those out of the pale of our community; and at the Quarterly Meetings for Essex and Suffolk, some way was made for me; in Essex, to call from a worldly spirit, and warn very forcibly against the approaches of that which would deceive "with enticing words of man's wisdom," with which I did believe they would be assailed beyond what they yet had met with; but in Suffolk I found a strong opposition to the simplicity of the pure Gospel, and had to go forth, as it were, sword in hand, against this subtle spirit, Oh! it was a sore combat, yet I found that there was a gaining ground more and more, until at length victory was indeed obtained, and truth triumphed gloriously: still I had to say that I feared there would be a rallying again in the camp of the enemy, because of the pride of man; but oh! the sweet peace that, after this engagement, flowed into my heart! It was indeed more than a compensation for all I had suffered; and early next morning that declaration of our dear Lord was livingly applied to my soul, "Your joy no man taketh from you."

In the Select Quarterly Meeting in London, I felt constrained to speak of our dangerous state, and call from that which, however specious, was making the head sick and the heart faint, in our body as a Society. I felt a mighty current against my testimony, but was enabled to deliver it faithfully, and to invite from all that would insinuate itself as an evil disease, yea, a noisome pestilence walking in darkness—more to be dreaded than that which laid low the earthly tabernacle, and brought it to the silent grave.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Twelfth Month 29th, 1833.*

Poor Daniel Wheeler has been tossing about with contrary winds for many weeks, near Spithead. He has written some very instructive letters to different friends, and sent them from the ship. He seems to be in a most desirable frame of mind. What a

brave thing it is, my dear ——, to be entirely resigned and devoted to the Divine will, as is the case with this dedicated servant of the Most High.

Be assured I bear thee on my heart continually. I much hope thou waits upon the Lord. It is good to retire every day, once or twice, and prostrate ourselves in secret before Him who sees from the beginning to the end of all that relates to us, His creatures, and I am persuaded designs to overrule all for the ultimate good of those who seek His guidance, and who love Him as thou desirest to do. Farewell for the present.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, First Month, 1834.*

I hope in two or three weeks to be with you again, and take my pleasant walks with my precious ——. Thy dear brother has our sympathy and our prayers. Let us not give way in the least to a disposition of discontent, or as thou properly styles it, “murmuring:” who knows, but if we do so, the same *fulness* may be dispensed, which was the case with the ungrateful and impious people who hardened their hearts in the wilderness travel; even notwithstanding they had seen the Lord’s wonderful works; and so it pleased Him with whom nothing is impossible, to bring upon them great abundance, and with it great cursing; for while in the midst of this plenty, death came over them. How far preferable is it to have the best life preserved in the trial of faith, than to become carnally minded, and without this holy keeping; although we might accumulate wealth, and therewith feed the sensual appetite. Oh! I am glad in the assurance that none of us are craving after *great* things; and I do humbly trust that the Most High will appear on our side one day, and convince us, one and all, that He giveth to those who love Him, “grace and glory, and doth not withhold any *good* thing”—anything that is really good for us.

Let us, as thou sayst, “number our remaining blessings;” yea, may we not forget—

“E’en crosses from *His* sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.”

I shall be glad, I think, to get to quiet Lexden; hoping we may be comforted in each other. I think of you individually, and with most tender interest; and I do ask a blessing for you, my dear children.



## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*First Month 9th, 1834.*

Yesterday was our Monthly Meeting. I think the meeting for worship was a good time. I was glad to be there, although I had been but middling since First day, with something of a cold.

I think a deal of thee. Surely thou art under the peculiar care of thy Heavenly Father, who marks thy sincerity and love to Him, and who hath made thee measurably acquainted with the coming and power of thy Redeemer, even in thy own heart. I would have thee seek to strengthen thyself in His mighty Name, and do His will faithfully; then all will ultimately be well with thee.

I fear poor Daniel Wheeler cannot yet get off. I heard a beautiful letter from him the other day, and as I have thought much of him, it seems to me that he is a chosen vessel unto the Most High. They are greatly to be felt for: they live on board the vessel, and are often drenched with rain, and the sea finds its way into the lower parts of the ship; dashing with violence from end to end of the vessel, so that they cannot keep dry, nor use exercise. We ought to wait upon the Lord on their behalf, in whom dear Daniel resignedly places his whole confidence, while yet he is much alive to his situation.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Stoke Newington, First Month 13th, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I scarcely know how to think that thou wast refreshed, and thy faith confirmed, by what was dropped this morning in the ministry. It was the language of my heart, "This will not do;" for it appeared to me to be a cry of peace, peace, where no true peace is.

I could not subscribe to the communication as being "heavenly," yet it seemed to me to be the exact *semblance* of it. Is there not a danger of endeavours being used to gain over a champion to that which is estranged from the cross of Christ, and the commonwealth of Israel? I was reminded by what occurred in meeting to-day, of what fell to my lot to express in the Yearly Select Meeting; that there might be so fine an imitation of precious gems, that none but connoisseurs could discover the counterfeit. Oh! the depth of this

species of Mystery Babylon's devices. It seems to surpass in subtlety almost anything that has ever tried our Society, and is calculated, in a wonderful manner, to beguile the unwary. What need we have to dwell where the spirits can be tried, whether they are of God, and where our own spirits can be kept subordinate to the pure, meek, yet steadfast principle of truth. Ah! it is indeed an awfully trying time, but "the cup of trembling" will one day be taken out of the hand of an afflicted remnant, who are willing to be "of no reputation," that they may stand firm to the immutable testimonies of the Gospel of our dear Lord and Master; continuing to "fight the good fight" of faith; to profess a good profession before many witnesses; laying hold of that which sees to the end of all darkness, sorrow, and perplexity; and is the eternal recompense of those who grow not weary in well-doing. So mayest thou, dearly beloved friend and brother, be kept by, and fare well in Him whose thou art, and whom thou dost serve; even the Lord God and the Lamb; to whom be ascribed all might, majesty, and renown, for ever and ever. Amen.

SARAH GRUBB.

TO HENRY HULL.

*Lexden, near Colchester, Second Month 2nd, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND HENRY HULL,\*

My husband's sight having failed a good deal of late, he wishes me to take the pen and assure thee, that it is very pleasant to receive from thy hand some testimonial of continued remembrance and brotherly love, after a lapse of time nearly amounting to *three and twenty years*, when we had the privilege of thy company, and could exchange sentiment, or compare views in the freedom of children of one family. Not less grateful to our best feelings is the sense which covers our minds, while enjoying thy communication, that the unchangeable power of the Most High has kept thee in a state prepared to sympathize with His Church militant, and to travail for the preservation of our poor Society; that it might not slide from the sure foundation unto which it was originally gathered, and on which it stood safe and strong, through the fire of persecution in the days of our forefathers.

We do not marvel that thou shouldst bestir thyself to inquire concerning the rumour of something like schism amongst us in this

land. The testimonies given the people called Quakers to bear, have long been too lightly esteemed by many under our name; yea, by some filling very conspicuous stations in this community. And now there seems to be no inconsiderable leaning to *that*, out of which the sons of the morning of our day as a people, were brought by the strong hand and mighty arm of Jehovah. Alas! alas! we are fast going back to Episcopalianism; little being wanting, with many, to range on this side, except partaking of the outward ordinances of that Church.

Faith in the atoning sacrifice is abundantly enforced, while there is little said inviting us to yield up the *will*, with the *affections and lusts, to be crucified*. But without this knowledge of the power and Spirit of Christ, what will a literal faith do for us? or how can we learn duly to appreciate the adorable love and mercy which brought the Son of God among men, in a body of flesh, to live a life of sorrow, and die in ignominy and in agony for sinful man—the just for the unjust? They tell us that we are come now to the dispensation of reconciliation, and to that which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel, &c., &c. Yes; but how can we, as individuals, experience this; or how receive the ministration of justification, save as we know the day of the Lord to be come to our souls, which burneth as an oven, even inwardly and powerfully; wherein all the proud, and all that doth wickedly, is as stubble, and the root and branch of the corrupt tree is destroyed? Truly some of us have not so learned Christ, as to conclude that He doth the great work of salvation for us without us, or that we have nothing to do with co-operation. But fleshly indulgence is what we naturally wish for, and here is a newly devised bait of the serpent to ensnare us in this country; for he knew that the same make and shape in the way of temptation, which laid waste in America, would not allure here just now, and he has succeeded in a sorrowful degree; so that there are those in the ministry who appeared to be established in the true faith of the Gospel, who, for want of dwelling deep with the humbling power, preach up a literal Gospel, as well as a literal faith, to be comprehended by the human understanding alone; at least this is what I gather from their sermons; but sometimes it is the case that the most orthodox among us can by no means object to the doctrine held forth, and yet the life seems wanting, even “the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.”

Thou wilt believe that it is a very trying time, and has occasioned

the lowly, the faithful ones amongst us, to go mourning on their way. This hath been the case for a long while past, yet there are those who, trusting in the Lord, and not leaning to their own understanding, are indeed "stedfast, immovable." I have a firm hope that a remnant will be found adhering, through all difficulty, to the invincible Rock, against which, the very highest authority declares, "the gates of hell shall not prevail." But oh! how is the innocent life now trampled upon! How is the mystical body of Christ despised within our pale! Surely if the members are set at nought, so is the Head; and I am persuaded that the true Christ is crucified afresh, and put to open shame, under the very pretence of extolling Him. We have indeed the "lo here," and the "lo there," come with power, but concerning which, we had need attend to the warning and prohibition, "Go ye not forth to meet them."

Whether these things will bring to any outward line of separation or not, is yet to be proved. Great want of unity is apparent. We who do not profess to see further than our first Friends did, and who consider that the boast of greater light on gospel truth than they were to speak of, is not safe, I say, we are styled "ignorant," "prejudiced, and "uncharitable." But is not the straitness in that which thinketh it knoweth anything without the Spirit that searcheth all things, even the deep things of God? And is not that out of the true charity, which denies "Christ within, the hope of glory?" It has been my painful lot, from year to year, for many years past, to utter a warning voice in our annual assemblies, and at other times, against the very things that are come upon us; but I was told again and again that I must be mistaken, and recommended to endeavour to look on the bright side of things, &c.; and even now, in effect, the cry is, "Prophesy peace; prophesy smooth things;" or else keep silence.

My dear husband and I, with our family of three children, removed to this country in 1818; residing at Bury, in Suffolk, five years; at Chelmsford, in Essex, six years; and since at Stoke Newington, about four miles from London, where we have lived four years, and which is still our home.

The motive for leaving Clonmel, in Ireland, was no other than to be found following our dear Master; nor have we taken any fresh steps of the same kind in this land, without the same thing in view. It has not been very pleasant to our nature to be thus thrown about, nor to relinquish my husband's prospects in business, yet we must

acknowledge to a portion of that peace in making the sacrifice, which is of more value than outward ease, or than all the treasures of this world. Many, very many, have nevertheless been our trials of various kinds. We are now in the last stage of life, still moving about a little in religious service; holding at present a certificate for appointing public meetings in this county and Suffolk. We have never been long at a time without active engagements from a sense of duty, since we last saw thee.

We are much pleased to find thou hast temporal as well as spiritual blessings bestowed upon thee and thine. May He who has been with thee to this day continue near! May He who has redeemed and delivered thy soul out of all adversity, still prove thy sufficiency; guiding thee in the remaining steps down the hill of life, even by His counsel, and afterwards crown all thy labours and sufferings with ineffable and eternal glory. So farewell, saith

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Fourth Month 29th, 1834.*

I sympathized with the state of thy dear mind when we parted. Oh! my dear ——, what is like the tendering influence of truth on our hearts? I had rather that my dear children were favoured with this than with thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of gold and silver. Do thou be encouraged to conclude that all things relating to thee are ordered in the wisdom that cannot err; so wilt thou marvellously be delivered from perplexity and woe, and the Lord will be magnified through thee, as well as in thee, more than has even yet been the case. . . . .

TO MARY CAPPER.

*London, Fifth Month 27th, 1834.*

DEAR AND PRECIOUS FRIEND,

Thy lively communication, received a few days since, has done me good. How sweet is the sympathy of a mind regulated by the pure principle of Divine grace placed in our hearts! Few letters that come to my hand are fraught with so much encouragement as thine; so genuine is the desire breathed by thy expressions for our preservation every way, and that the good cause may prosper in, by, and through us; and so evident is it, that He who was thy morning

light is now thy evening song; as well as that He remains to be like dew which keeps thee fresh and fruitful still. Yes, thy address to my dear husband and me seems to invite us forward in the race set before us, while we often feel far from either swift or strong. Sometimes I cannot run, only wade through difficulty and much impediment; yet so far my poor mind can acknowledge that they who wait upon the Lord renew their strength; that herein ability is received to mount upward too at seasons, even with wings as eagles; to run, and not be weary; to walk, and not utterly faint. The present is a time peculiarly calculated to depress some of our souls; for yet, within the borders of our religious Society, we find there is too generally a sliding from that situation in which Infinite Wisdom and Power placed our early predecessors; when their light shone as from the hill of the Lord, and men, seeing their good works, were induced to glorify our Heavenly Father. Oh! we are indeed sadly mingled as with the crowd, and it looks as if this might be more the case.

We have heard a great deal of preaching already during this Yearly Meeting, but really we can select but little that has been like the old sort; even as an Apostle spoke of the true gospel ministry, when he said, "Not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

I could say much more in a plaintive strain, but forbear—let me watch well over my own heart. Besides there is room, amidst all our occasions of sadness, to be humbly thankful that the sure foundation is kept to by a living remnant, and also that a little, yet firm faith is vouchsafed, that the ancient testimonies of the immutable truth will continue to be upheld by at least a few, and the standard raised in its own dignity and simplicity; for let the great and the learned among us say what they will, of further light being manifested to them on gospel truths, than was known in former days, surely, as there is nothing beyond the meridian brightness of the Gospel, and that it was long since proved the sons of the morning of our day as a people, were brought to this, that which has stood the test of ages will stand through all, being truth and righteousness unfaillingly; and it requires not the torch of human reason to search it out.

I remain, I trust in that which knows no change,

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Fifth Month 29th, 1834.*

MY DEAR ———,

I have to acknowledge thine written on First day, which was indeed truly grateful. I know you all think of us, and I trust desire our help in the spirit of true prayer. As for me, until this day, my mouth has been sealed in silence in our Women's Meeting; but at length "the word was like a fire in my bones, and I could not stay;" and this I was engaged to tell them. I had a brave time of unburdening, which I am sure you will be glad to hear. Notwithstanding I feel that I have not lost more than a *part* of my load with respect to this Yearly Meeting, and whether any further way may open or not, must be left. On First day our meetings here were very large. In the morning I had to lift up my voice like a trumpet for perhaps nearly an hour, which brought considerable relief to my exercised and oppressed spirit. I certainly do not see that things are any better with us this year than last, although there appears to be a disposition to accommodate the mode of expression to the wish of those of the old school; but however cloaked up, the same thing exists which prevents our being united in spirit, and feeling that we are each other's joy in the Lord.

*Sixth Day.*—Now I have to acquaint my precious children with further relief being mercifully granted me, by a visit to the Men's Meeting, in which I had to allude to former messages being delivered there in the Great Name, warning against that which has already in part come upon us, and inviting from the subtlety of the serpent, &c., &c. Oh! what a mercy to be enabled to do the Lord's work without deceit, or keeping back *part* of His counsel, however little may be required, or however mean the one employed! Oh! my loved children, already I feel as if an almost intolerable weight was laid down among my own dear people, to whom I have often been sent, and they will not hear; for they will not hear Him who sends by whom He will send—sometimes the things that are *not* (like myself) to bring to nought things that *are*; but I find the unity of a precious few amongst us, who are glad that I am enabled to speak *boldly*. And I do believe there will yet be those preserved who will evidence that they are kept by the power of the Lord on that foundation that cannot be shaken; and that the same testimonies given to our early predecessors to bear, will be upheld and flocked unto,

even though many among *us* may be of those that were first, but shall be last. I had to speak of the holy propriety of keeping to plainness of language, dress, &c., as well as of doctrine; which those who do the will of the Father become acquainted with, beyond all reading, hearsay, or study. I must conclude, as we are going to the last sitting of the Yearly Meeting. The Select Meeting to-morrow I tremble to think of.

I am, most tenderly,

Thy affectionate mother,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Stoke Newington, Sixth Month 3rd, 1834.*

Many now see their mistake in supposing that we only *imagined* causes of uneasiness in our Society, for things are manifesting themselves more and more; and yet there is every effort made to put a covering over the false spirit, so as to render it like what it professes to be. The mask, however, will and must fall off; and I think is removing already, in some instances. Oh! I have suffered much since I saw thee last; and during this annual assembly my bonds were great and heavy. I thought it unlikely that they would be loosened at all, until First day week last, when I had to stand forth in our First day Morning Meeting, and then again in the Women's Meeting, the day before it closed. Next day I was under the necessity of avowing a concern to visit the Men's Meeting, and also I have found my way to obtain some relief in the Select Meeting; so that my spirit has been much eased in an endeavour to speak the word faithfully. . . . .

It was upon my spirit to propose, once more, that Friends should hold a conference, which I ventured to do in the Divine fear: it was, however, rejected. My husband revived the words of scripture—"Sanctify ye a fast; call a solemn assembly," &c. . . . .

All the error of those who oppose the true ministry of the Gospel can be met, with the humble boldness which the Gospel furnishes; but I confess to discover a jealousy in *some* quarters, with respect to one's being rightly influenced and guided, is hard to bear; after having, *through much suffering*, endeavoured simply and singly to follow the Shepherd's voice; however, in waiting still upon the Lord, "as a servant's eye is to his master, and that of the hand-maiden to her mistress," I was favoured with this intimation, to



remember that *one* is our Master, even Christ, and that all we are as brethren; therefore it was for me to mind my Master, while I may hear the brethren; and I was to be deaf and blind, save to the light that is self-evident, and to the voice from heaven.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sixth Month 18th, 1834.*

Thine by yesterday's post is very interesting to us; and the way in which thou speaks of meetings, &c., differs not at all from my own views of things. It is for us to dwell deep in our spirits with that which is of the truth, and it will preserve us every way, and give us to try the spirits whether they are of God.

Let us humbly trust that all things will be for our ultimate good, as our hearts are really given up to the Lord.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Leaden, Sixth Month 27th, 1834.*

Thou wilt not be in any doubt of my bearing each of you upon my heart continually, nor of the earnest desire I feel that you may know a blessing to be stamped upon your present visit to the land which gave thee and thy dear sister birth. . . . .

It is an unspeakable favour from the great Head of the Church, that true, living Gospel ministers are yet raised up in that land, and sent forth in the High and Holy Name.

I may now tell thee that we came down here under feelings of quiet, having, I hope, endeavoured to be faithful to manifested duty, both in the Select Quarterly Meeting, and at other times. I stand no higher in the estimation of those who have long opposed me, for these late effusions of my heart, which have gone forth, I humbly trust, with innocent boldness. Dear Thomas Shillitoe looks poorly and low. I almost fear his days may be shortened by the present state of things, he suffers so much.

TO THE SAME.

*Leaden, Seventh Month 6th, 1834.*

I have tried how far I could visit you in mind, from time to time, in Clonmel; and often say in my heart, that were we poor mortals gifted with *second sight*, we might *sometimes* be glad; but

with a mind of my complexion it would, I fear, greatly increase the propensity to solicitude, already too much alive. Thou and I must try and not feel things too keenly. I have fancied you much gratified by the society in which you have been, and with the views you have seen—those of simple nature; some of them bold and grand. . . . .

I apprehend there are inward and nearly indescribable sensations and emotions, occasioning no inconsiderable conflict; and for which there remains to be no repository like the bosom of Him who was, *in all points*, tempted as we are, yet without sin. Oh! may my beloved children find rest and consolation in Him, even by leaving all to follow Him. One said, “let me first do this,” and another “that;” but we may instructively take into account that the present time only is ours; and the reply to these excuses evinced that *prompt* obedience to the call was requisite, and this remains to be the case.

I write between meetings. We have been favoured with a living, powerful meeting this morning. I went there devoid of every sense of good.

Since the Quarterly Meeting at ———, I spoke to a friend or two of the Morning Meeting; suggesting the propriety of their interference; but it seems things are still to be let alone! Where are our judges and counsellors?

To ———.

*Leaden, Seventh Month 27th, 1834.*

Oh! my dear ———, I feel good for little; but such a one is nevertheless often raised up in the mighty power of the great and awful “I AM,” to declare His truth: latterly this has been the case with much humble boldness. I feel clear and eased in my spirit a good deal, with respect to London, &c. Many are sadly beguiled, which it pleased the Great Master to enable so mere a worm to point out clearly, and with almost invincible authority, before we came down here.

I had, at Yearly Meeting, divers hints to keep “in the quiet,” after the Captain of the Hosts of Israel had put weapons into my hands (all weak without Him), and strengthened for the battle.

May Heavenly Goodness keep Ireland from the grievous snare that hath caught and entangled so many in this country!

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Leaden, Eighth Month 15th, 1831.*

My love flows freely to you, our dear friends, and I thought to have come and communed a little with you, but have been prevented. I quite anticipated taking the corner seat by dear \_\_\_\_\_, and that we might together feel ability to rise above all transitory things, for a short time; and I hoped, be baptized in His presence, who remains to be as "a place of broad rivers and streams."

I may tell thee, my true, sympathizing friend, that I never experienced more of the living power of truth, in the exercise of the gift bestowed, than since coming down here this time; from meeting to meeting it has been so, with scarcely an exception. I have indeed been a wonder to myself; for no one could sit down more empty, or a greater blank: and oh! the word would come, like the bubbling up of a well of living water, or like the flowing tide; and then again, when it receded, I was dry as the sand on the sea shore.

I have been very abundantly convinced that the authority and heart-melting influence of the Divine Spirit is indeed distinct and separate from all that is of the mere man; and no more at the command of even the best informed and most sagacious human being, than the descending of rain, or the flowing wave.

. . . . . I think we are not without fellow-feeling with those who remain on the invincible foundation, who must in this day find the building tried indeed; and must, if faithful, suffer with that which is oppressed, while the spirit of Goliath vaunts itself.

I cannot but secretly mourn at what seems to me to be holding back among you, instead of, as it were, "coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Eighth Month 25th, 1831.*

. . . . . How vain are all human efforts that are now making to give people faith; a *literal* faith it is, which we find so much recommended as essential to salvation. Surely true faith is a gift from the Highest, and must be waited for with diligence, and creaturely abasement.

TO ELISHA BATES.

*Near London, Ninth Month 12th, 1834.*

DEAR FRIEND,

As I mentioned to thee after meeting last evening, I feel much regret, that during thy visit to this nation, some of us have been shut out from thy society. As an individual I can truly say that my heart has been, and still is, sensible of tender love toward thee, and interest in thy passing along, as a brother, and as a minister. Thy often interrupted health has given me affectionately to sympathize with thee, knowing from experience how trying this is; and perhaps increased by the remembrance of the wide separation from home. I am, however, aware that those of the social circle in which thou hast moved, are not only *disposed* to alleviate the suffering permitted, but abundantly calculated to do so.

Now suffer me to pen a little of my sense of deep interest respecting thy engagements in word and doctrine; having never before addressed thee on paper, and fearing there will be no opportunity for verbal communication. Perhaps both thou and I think that we speak under the same influence that enabled our first Friends, called to the ministry, to preach *Christ*: we do, however, differ with respect to our views, if I gather what thine are from thy communications in the gallery; for it seems to me, that while thou recommends and enforcest faith in the outward coming of the Redeemer, and in all that He did and suffered for mankind, in that prepared body in which He offered Himself up a propitiation for the sins of the whole world, thou dost not call us unto His inward coming, by which *all* may partake of salvation through Him, even those who are without the privilege of the Holy Scriptures; and unless we who have them, and profess belief therein, come to this revelation of the Saviour in our hearts, we are yet in our sins. I have never once heard thee preach universal grace, and I confess, as an individual, I cannot recognise thy ministry in the anointing; for it does not seem to me that the power of God and the wisdom of God is evidenced therein, while exposition of scripture, in the "wisdom of words," is largely set forth. Oh! my dear brother, I am sorely grieved for thee. Was it always thus with thee? I know not how to rest in my spirit, without acquainting thee with the pain that I feel, lest thy best judgment should be warped. Great is the influence of one circum-

stanced as thou art: would it not be sorrowful to become the instrument of bringing any to rest in that which is short of the gospel dispensation? I am, in a sense of travail of soul for thy truest interests, and with sincere affection, thy real friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Stoke Newington, Ninth Month, 1834.*

We have been at the Morning Meeting: I had ability to deliver what was on my mind both yesterday and to-day. I have not been once at meeting since coming, without being permitted to unburden.

Thy account of the increase of disease at Colchester is affecting. I expected something would come there, and a year ago was led to say so in public. How glad I am thou couldst keep in view the notice and care of Him whose tender mercies are over all His works; without whom even a sparrow falleth not to the ground! It is, as thou remarks, very awful indeed; and we can only find rest in committing ourselves into the Divine Hand. It is thus, that come what will come, we need not be afraid for ourselves with any amazement: no, not "for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." . . . . .

Many rather gay Friends seem glad to shake hands with me, although despised by some who make a very high profession as Friends. I think of being at the General Meeting at Hereford, and have obtained credentials from the Monthly Meeting yesterday.

To ———.

*Lexden, Ninth Month 13th, 1834.*

I am glad to find the disposition allotted thee of late has been so peaceful. It made me think of poor John Bunyan's "delectable mountains," which, though the pilgrim might not stay there always, were no doubt the means of strengthening his faith for *after difficulties*, as well as *present relief*. . . . .

Many are my probations, but I wish to find, that to be in *that* work allotted me is my element, as it were; in *my* measure, to say, as George Fox did in his greater measure, "I am in my holy element in the Lord's holy work." Oh! I do delight in being despised and

rejected by those among *us*, to whom the stone laid in Zion is a “stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence.” I have much to share of that which sets at nought the simplicity of Christ, and yet in word enforces faith in His blood; but it feels to me there is a trampling under foot His lowly, innocent life.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 14th, 1834.*

If the love of father or mother, &c., more than Christ, renders us unworthy of Him, surely the preference being given to our own reputation, and ease of the natural mind, must indeed render us utterly unworthy of the love and favour of Him who, for our sakes, became a man of no reputation; being as He was, “despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”

TO HER HUSBAND.

*High Wycombe, Tenth Month 2nd, 1834.*

I thought thy letter breathed a sweetness which nothing short of the heavenly dew could produce—that this will never wholly be withdrawn from thee, I fully believe. No, no. The same blessed influence that has been with thee all thy life long, will still preserve the immortal part in a state in which the Lord smelleth a sweet savour; even as the same integrity of heart is still maintained, which hath hitherto been mercifully thine.

The Quarterly Meeting in London was very formidable in prospect. My spirit was bowed down greatly on second and third days; and I rose on third day morning with an awful weight upon me. Under this I went to meeting, where I sat in great exercise of spirit before the Lord. It was long ere I found my way to utter anything. W. R. and W. A. both spoke. My way being clearly made straight for me, I stood up soon after the latter Friend took his seat. It was truly awful work. I had to lay things open, as they were opened to me, in the freshness of the Divine life. It seemed to me that the authority of truth was almost *invincible*. Error was detected, and Mystery Babylon’s devices set forth; and her deceivableness of unrighteousness, her making *likenesses* of all that is found in the true Church, and her artful contrivances to pass for the Lamb’s Bride, were all described (as I believe) in the demonstration of the eternal

Spirit. My mind was abundantly relieved—yes, more than for a long time past; yet a remaining sense is with me, that few could go all the way with me; but if ever the Captain of Israel's host gave the victory in my experience, He gave it *that day*. All the praise and the glory be ascribed to His adorable Name. Amen.

My physical powers were so exhausted after this meeting, that I was not able to attend that for discipline; and missing dear Thomas Shillitoe from the gallery, walked slowly to P. B.'s to enquire for him. He had been ill in the night, and was then asleep; so I waited some hours, and after seeing him, went to my lodgings.

Yesterday morning B. Reed brought us to Uxbridge to meeting. It was a remarkable time with Friends, and I could see no way rightly to escape a public meeting in the evening. This also was much favoured, and very large.

We came here to-day. William Hull, and John Hull's wife, accompanied us. The meeting has been to me truly wonderful, as hath now been the case in every opportunity for speaking in the Great Name, since I parted with thee.

I have ventured to appoint another meeting here for the people this evening, under which I now lie again very much bowed.

TO THE SAME.

*High Wycombe, Tenth Month 3rd, 1834.*

The public meeting yesterday was long gathering, and I did not see my way to stand up for a considerable time, which I afterwards attributed to the circumstance of *all* not having arrived whom I was to address. In the end the meeting proved very large. Many respectable inhabitants were present, as well as others of different classes in community; and once more “my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour,” who, I humbly trust, led me safely through the engagement, to the exaltation of His truth, which again was *over all*. Oh! what a living sense of the power of the Most High, and of His infinite love, covered that large mixed assembly, as well as the previous one at Uxbridge! I did not know that these formidable engagements were likely to fall to my lot on this journey, which always plunge me into baptism peculiar to the service. May I be enabled to stand faithful in doing or suffering the will of my Great Master; and oh! may He keep me from all that would in the least degree dishonour His holy, excellent Name!

The two meetings I have yet had with Friends were remarkable for an opening into the different conditions of souls present. They each held long, and although mine exercise was deep, and sometimes sore and painful, I have found great relief in being mercifully enabled to mind my Guide, in the truly dangerous steppings in the line of ministry. Oh! how fearful a thing it is to be led clearly to speak to the state of things amongst us in this trying day.

I lodged at Anna Hull's at Uxbridge. After visiting Friends at meeting, the young men called on us so kindly, and appeared so willing to assist about getting the public meeting, that I felt glad, not merely for my own sake, but likewise for theirs; as their taking interest in these things looks well with respect to some religious sensibility.

The family where we now are, are as kind as possible. My companion is a very agreeable Friend to travel with. I quite hope his coming is in right ordering.

*Evesham, First Day.*—This morning the meeting here was, I think, as those I have before mentioned: various states were addressed. A public meeting is appointed for this evening in the town-hall, Friends' meeting-house being far too limited for the number who wish to attend. Thus, from time to time, I do not escape these trials of my allegiance to our Immortal King. Very far from what would be my own choice are such concerns, as thou well knowest.

The meeting lies heavy upon my mind. Oh! may Divine Goodness be a very present help in the moment of extremity; and may the same precious influence accompany thee and our dear children!

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Evesham, Tenth Month 6th, 1834.*

I seem to feel it so long since talking to thyself, that I embrace an hour for this employ—it seems more like a month since leaving you than scarcely ten days. R. and A, B., as well as many others whom I meet, welcome me most cordially within their borders. We had a *very, very* large meeting in the town-hall, or shire-hall, at Evesham on First day; concerning which I have to acknowledge to the mercy of our Almighty Helper, who was eminently with us, after all my previous suffering, and deep sense of the fearfulness of these steps, even under the full conviction of duty.



*Ross, 7th.*—The dear old woman Friend here received us with joy. The public meetings exhaust me a good deal, but what could life be spent in to so much advantage, as being given up in body, soul, and spirit, to the Divine will? Surely it is this that produces real comfort *now*, and enables to lay up a good foundation against the time to come. Oh! that my beloved —— may more and more be put into a capacity for adopting the poet's holy resolution—

“My life (if thou preserv'st my life)  
Thy sacrifice shall be.”

Thou hast felt the loving-kindness of the Lord, and known His call, “Give me thy heart:” let *all* thy affections be centred in thy dear Saviour.

*8th.*—Well! the dreaded engagement of last evening was got through with safety, the great Captain being the bow and the battle axe; yea, the shield and buckler; blessed be His Name! Oh! I humbly trust truth had the dominion.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Hereford, Tenth Month 8th, 1834.*

I closed a letter to thee at Evesham on First day, before going to the great meeting there. My soul was under baptism and exercise for the service when writing. It proved a time of renewal of strength in the Lord's work, for I humbly trust He raised the power of truth into dominion.

I had thought of getting through Ross without a meeting with the inhabitants, but found it would not do; my mind being made sensible of the secret intimation to seek an opportunity to invite the people unto Him who is “the way, the truth, and the life.” They were long gathering, but I believe the Lord was eminently present; opening, through a mere nothing, the truths of the Gospel, and drawing the congregation to the blessed influence of the spirit and power of Christ in them, that there might be the hope of glory by and through Him. The Friends here (many of them) are so loving, and seem so thankful that we have met, it is contriting to my mind.

Yesterday did indeed seem to be “a day that the Lord had made.” I could not find my way to stand up early in the meeting, but seemed to myself like a vessel heavy laden, waiting for the tide to get under weigh safely; and at last rose, and was helped wonderfully to declare the truth, to my own great relief, and, I believe, to the arousing of

the careless, and comforting and strengthening the precious seed, that felt unspeakably near to my life in Christ. The meeting held nearly three hours, and closed very solemnly, after near access in prayer and thanksgiving: many not Friends were present. Perhaps I never felt more exhausted than when this great meeting was over, nor more as if I had been taken into the hand of the Great Master for His own purpose, as a mere channel, and was now again quite empty, and poor, and weak in my own eyes. I had thought that it might be enough, so that I looked toward being excused from holding a public meeting; but no—I must have one this evening in the shire hall. Oh! I hardly thought that so much of this was in store for me; how should I have been able to support the weight all at once?

TO THE SAME.

*Worcester, Tenth Month 13th, 1834.*

We had a very great meeting on sixth day evening at Hereford: I found it rather laborious, but we had best assistance, and a sense covered the assembly of that influence which is stronger than all that gainsays it. I was under the necessity of appointing a meeting for the inhabitants here last evening: it was crowded to excess, and as at Hereford, many went away for want of room. Here also I found it somewhat laborious, the people's views being very much outward; yet, through Divine mercy, I seemed led safely through a long testimony to the spirituality of the gospel dispensation, &c. We had here likewise a precious covering, which increased, and the meeting closed; prayer and thanksgiving having been offered up to Him who remains to be the Helper of the helpless.

I have been this morning to visit dear old J. P., who is in his ninety-fifth year. He seems in a heavenly state of mind, and appears so patriarchal, that he quite resembles the ancient Jacob, according to the account of him left on sacred record. Yesterday we dined at T. B.'s. They have a son who is greatly afflicted, but oh! my mind was led to behold transcendent loveliness in him, which did enliven my soul, and I had to tell him so.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Uxbridge, Tenth Month 18th, 1834.*

We had a crowded public meeting at Charlbury, which was a remarkably impressive, indeed I may say awful time. The

people were mostly of the peasantry, but were very quiet. The meeting closed with prayer and praises to the Most High.

At —— yesterday I thought the life of religion was very low: had to call the people to more diligence in the great work of salvation. I felt a deal about a public meeting there; it, however, seemed clear to me that there was no auxiliary, and that, for want of this, I might be excused; as if a meeting was appointed, there seemed no probability of sufficient notice being given.

20th.—The meeting at Jordan's has been much owned and favoured. More came than could get in, and they stood outside with their umbrellas up, for it was wet.

TO THE SAME.

*Stoke Newington, Eleventh Month, 1834.*

We went to Croydon as proposed. Our quarters were at ——'s: her house is like a model of what belongs to self-denial in furniture, &c. There seems to be much genuine humility in her character: she is exceedingly kind to us. We began the visit to the families on fifth day (at Devonshire House); are going on diligently. Your dear father generally speaks in the families. . . . .

This is thy time of life to mingle in suitable society; it improves the mind, and opens the way for acquaintance with passing events, which cannot fail to be useful, both as to the present time, and also in regard to the years to which life may be lengthened.

We are in usual health, but begin to feel rather exhausted, and look toward getting to you soon. If it please the Great Master to give us a little rest of mind and body, we shall be thankful. Perhaps I never paid a religious visit anywhere, that occasioned me more deep exercise of mind than this in which I am now engaged; indeed I do not recollect any quite so laborious, for the life of religion is very low in families, and often in meetings too; but if we are getting on with our day's work, and preserved from injuring the precious cause of truth, it will prove an unspeakable favour.

TO J. II.

*London, Eleventh Month 13th, 1834.*

More frequently than the returning day, do I remember thee and thy dear family. I have looked for some account of dear, suffering ——, and your circle generally, but have met with no

one to give me any information, nor have I received any letter from Uxbridge since we parted.

I do feel much interested respecting you, and want greatly to be able to visit you in idea as you are situated. We know that the will of the Lord is best for us, and that it is not to be controlled, but submitted to; therefore the more we seek resignation, the more will wonders be wrought for us; our hearts being prepared to adopt the language, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." May the Most High be pleased to lend the aid of His Holy Spirit, by which hard things are made easy, and the bitter cup is sweetened; and oh! may He bless tribulation to you, my long, tenderly beloved friends, and to your offspring; accepting the travail of the parents' souls for their dear children, and the sigh of some of the children for others of your family, whether under the same roof or not.

Farewell. I am, in the bonds of the Gospel, and while sensible of weakness and much trembling,

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Leaden, Twelfth Month 12th, 1834.*

I thought the Quarterly Meeting at ——— very exercising, and could not obtain relief in the meeting for worship, where, after divers had spoken, my dear J. G. uttered a few lively sentences, which it seemed right for me to allude to, and a little apply to the condition of many. In the Women's Meeting there was more liberty. I should have been glad if the shutters had been raised which separated us from our brethren, but had not courage to make the request, after hearing in London that some disapproved of my doing so, when there before.

Please let our dear friends in ——— know of this letter, and that the retrospect of our late engagements in that quarter is not without a humble hope that we were getting on a little with our day's work. I am persuaded that such as you and ——— must come in for the reward of disciples, in your willingness to assist those who professedly go forth in the name of the Great Master. As for me, I seldom am in any other state, on returning home, than under trial of faith, which is now the case; and I feel deeply my great unworthiness to

rank among the soldiers of the Lamb, or to be noticed, as I have recently been, by those whose first concern it is to honour His blessed cause.

It does not appear to me that Essex Quarterly Meeting is wholly clear of the mischief of novel doctrine. My spirit was sensible of its existence, and borne down under it, as well as with a great deal of the prevalence of the love of the world, and the things of the world; which, it is to be feared, with many almost excludes the love of the Father. Oh! how oppressed is the pure immortal seed; and through what labour of soul does the rightly exercised mind visit it; and how long it often is before such rise superior to that which bears down the life of God in our meetings! Yet is He, the Mighty One, still with those who wait upon Him; yea, and He will be with them, to His own praise and the edification of His people; blessed be His excellent Name!

The query naturally arises with me, Why should I go to Suffolk? but I desire to leave all in the hands of Him whose right it is to dispose of us from time to time; and should so poor a creature be called to suffer with Him who said, "The servant is not greater than his Lord," &c., and, "It is enough for the servant that he be as his Master," surely my soul shall rejoice and give thanks: my wish is to be just what He pleases, no matter how despicable.

To ———.

*Leaden, Twelfth Month 21st, 1834.*

If I never wrote thee a word, nor had verbal communication with thee, believe me thou art engraven on my heart, all trembling as it is in these perilous times. . . . . My dear friend ——— is frequently in my remembrance, with religious and affectionate solicitude that his race may not be rendered more difficult than ought to be the case, by any undue pursuit of things relating to the present life. Time is short, and the clay is clogging. Oh! my soul yearns towards this long-loved brother, with tender and fervent desires that he may "so run as to obtain." . . . . .

The Quarterly Meeting at Ipswich on third day was to me a memorable time, for my Master raised me up in His own authority, so that I seemed, in my measure, as an adamant, harder than flint; or as a brazen wall before that which opposed itself to the truth: the relief this season afforded may be better conceived than described.

It is, under any circumstances, cause of true rejoicing to be brought into the capacity to endure hardness, and suffer reproach for His sake, who, in adorable condescension, and love unutterable, became a man of no reputation, for a sinful world.

It is with feelings of deep and tender sympathy, that I hear of the continued sinking of nature with respect to dear Mary Hull; but a humble hope attends my mind, that the purified spirit wings its way to those regions where temptation and sorrow are not known. Still, who can but be moved at the ravages of sickness, of suffering, even unto death? It involves the affectionate parent in poignant grief; the brother, the sister, the friend, in the sense of a mournful chasm, not to be filled by any earthly gift; for whatever blessings may be added to a family, "that which is wanting cannot be numbered." May the Eternal Fulness Himself be graciously pleased to sanctify the trying dispensation to dear William Hull's family, and enable survivors to rejoice in His mercy, and be glad in His salvation.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*First Month 2nd, 1835.*

MY DEAR ———,

I cannot help feeling the separation from thee just now a good deal, but apprehending it cannot well be otherwise in right ordering for a few days, I must leave it. I have ventured to appoint a public meeting for First day evening, at Gracechurch Street; thy sympathy will again be awakened: the expression of it in thy communications already received, is sweet to me.

May our loved ——— endeavour to accept the gracious invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Ah! it is coming to Him, and learning of Him true meekness and lowliness, that renders hard things easy; for, in resignation of soul, we are then able to cast all our care upon Him who "hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Truly "in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," amidst the many trials and perplexities of life, which none escape, however varied in form, or hidden from mortal eye.

And now, hoping, trusting, expecting, and believing we may very soon meet, I subscribe myself

Thy very, very affectionate mother,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Leiden, First Month 15th, 1835.*

I left London very much depressed. Perhaps it never fell to my lot to obtain so little substantial relief in any previous going forth as a minister; notwithstanding it cost me great conflict and suffering to leave home, and also again to show myself in London; but it behoves us to become willing to endure the misconstructions even of those we greatly prefer to ourselves, when our words and conduct too, appear to them to be erroneous, while we can appeal to the Searcher of all hearts, that we have nothing in view that is of a sinister nature, or that desires anything contrary to His holy will.

I suppose thou dost not think that anything was elicited at the Morning Meeting, calculated to render Friends of the old school less uneasy than they have long been, respecting the novel opinions that are afloat. I confess that my apprehensions were rather confirmed, for there seemed to be a disposition to cover and gloss over the unsoundness, so as to make it less tangible than when so much caution in expression was not observed: however this likewise will, sooner or later, be detected, and made manifest by that Spirit which "searcheth all things, even the deep things of God;" yea, "the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place," however we may fortify them in the strength of that wisdom which is from beneath.

To ———.

*Leiden, First Month 25th, 1835.*

How grateful it was to receive a letter from thee, just after my setting out on the journey westward: the encouragement held out helped to strengthen my faith: what was expressed relative to my leaving my dear family, at a time when pestilence was carrying off divers around us, was very striking, and thy words had been previously in my own mind. It did indeed please Infinite Kindness to spare us the trial of any "evil coming near the dwelling," which was left under an awful sense of the constraining influence of gospel

love; and perhaps it never fell to my lot to obtain more relief in any engagement of the kind, than was the case generally by my labour on *that* journey. On arriving in London, however, after the accomplishment of what had been before me, I could not see the way home; a field of further labour opened there, but how different have been my feelings in getting through the service! But little openness appeared in the minds of the visited, except in a few instances, either as to families, or exercises of a more public character. Oh! I was greatly oppressed. . . . . I felt much exhausted in coming back from London. I fear the evil root is spreading and strengthening itself in a hidden way. What the end will be time must reveal; but certainly there seems little room now for the simple way of preaching that Friends have always been distinguished for in their ministry. I am glad of the extract from Wm. Law's writings which thou sent me. I recollect being pleased with his sentiments many years ago. He appears to have been a deep-spirited Christian.

I was greatly treated by the company of R. B. for some days, in my late journey to Hereford, &c. How sweet and refreshing it is to be able to recognize the precious life of truth immutable, one with another.

To ———.

1835.

Mayest thou, and may thy dear wife be enabled to put on more and more strength in the name of the Lord; to prove yourselves faithful burden bearers in the present oppressive time; that, as labourers in the Lord's vineyard, you may reap and receive wages, and gather fruit to life eternal! It is not for us to seek obscurity when such may not be our allotment in Divine ordering; nor to flinch from reproach and shame for the sake of our dear Master, and His ever-glorious cause. While writing I remember dear R. Reed, and consider, that in her measure, she is given up to serve the Lord in solitude; and although she may not conspicuously bear the burden and heat of the day, yet, in that way appointed (as this is held on in) the "penny" is made sure; even *that* which is soul-satisfying, and more than which, who can obtain?

To ———.

*Lexden, Second Month 10th, 1835.*

You have both been fellow-helpers of us, from time to time, in our feeble efforts to fulfil public duty, in obedience to our



Divine Master: may He be known graciously to recompense your labour of love, and may we be more and more united as children of the same spiritual family; even in that which knows no change, and which cannot be divided! Do tell dear R. R. that she is often in my remembrance, and I feel for her sufferings, amidst my own pressure, which sometimes seems almost beyond strength; so that I fear lest the hold should be let go, while striving to cleave to the invisible and invincible arm of Omnipotence; but still, at times, there is a hope felt, sure and stedfast; and I do conclude that we had better hope even against hope; for when there seems nothing present with us to cheer our drooping minds, it behoves us to watch against casting away our confidence, and so being beguiled of our reward. . . .

I fear there is a confederacy among us, which hath not the sanction of His spirit, who still sustains the name of "Counsellor," with those who feel that without Him they can do nothing. But surely "the Lord will do a marvellous work among this people, even a marvellous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of the wise men shall perish, and the understanding of the prudent shall be hid;" even when the simplicity of truth, its wisdom, and its power, shall be raised into dominion again. How shall the meek then rejoice in the Lord, and the poor know what it is to joy in the Holy One of Israel! "for the house of Jacob shall not be ashamed," seeing that the dependance of this wrestling seed is in the Lord alone, in whom is strength everlasting. It is exceedingly gratifying to us to receive intelligence of our dear brethren and sisters, and to know when and where the right thing prevails.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Third Month, 1835.*

I have but a short time to spend in this way, but am desirous of acquainting our dear children with our welfare, during this Quarterly Meeting. Yesterday and to-day have been times of renewal of strength to some of us. I was favoured with a brave, courageous time, both days, in defence of our ancient principles; so that I feel easy, which is no small mercy to so poor a creature.

My dear love is to ——— and ———. I am glad in the hope their simplicity in religion is blessed to them. May they maintain it! "The Lord preserveth the simple." It is a precious thing to

be sincere, humble, and faithful, in the sight of Him who sees not as man sees, and whose ways are declared to be infinitely higher than the ways of man, even as the heavens are higher than the earth.

TO THE SAME.

*Fourth Month 1st, 1835.*

I have been with you in thought almost unceasingly, since we parted; and often, very often, have my petitions been put up to the Lord on your behalf. No doubt, my dear, it is, as thou art favoured to see, much better for us to submit to the will of our Heavenly Father, than to please ourselves; for He does indeed know, and *He only*, what is for our real interest. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." And if the teaching is sometimes by discipline, severe to the natural part, seeing it is in wisdom inscrutable to the understanding, but perfect in itself, the "torment" is worth enduring. "Wisdom tormenteth with her discipline." Your poor, insignificant mother can subscribe to this truth from living experience. I should have had less peace now in my old age, but for having been, in early life, and many a time since, disciplined under the cross of Christ Jesus, my dear Lord and Saviour. Neither can we make choice of our trials, but must endeavour to leave all to Him who, in His own body, "bore our griefs and carried our sorrows."

TO MARY CAPPER.

*London, Fifth Month 26th, 1835.*

Thy sweetly encouraging and instructive lines must be acknowledged. How truly kind it is of thee thus to remember us from year to year; and how precious is this manifestation of thy continued sisterly, yea, christian love! Here we are once more attending the Yearly Meeting. Our family are much struck with thy communication, so lively, and so adapted to our present circumstances. The thoughtfulness which attends me has a tendency to impair my health: I suppose, however, that this shattered tenement will hold out just long enough.

My dear husband heard thy letter with grateful feelings. Probably thou hast heard of his having nearly lost his sight, but the inward eye is not dim. He has nobly evidenced clear-sightedness during

the present Yearly Meeting, and a trying time it is! Oh! the want of true simplicity, of best wisdom, and of keeping to the power of truth! It seems as if there was danger of idolizing the human understanding now, and bringing all things to the test of reason; so while we say we see, our blindness increases to an alarming degree; and not a few (it is to be feared) are stumbling upon the dark mountains, having wandered from the safe abiding in the lowly place; comparable to the situation of the people of the Lord formerly, when it was said, "As the vallies are they spread forth," &c.

Again and again has the right thing been raised into the ascendancy over that which would have taken its place, and which sought to keep down the lowly life of the Lord Jesus. We have been thankful in feeling that it was limited; but oh! there remains to be great occasion for lamentation.

I was constrained to request a meeting to be appointed for our youth, which the Yearly Meeting complied with; and where, I humbly trust, we felt the gathering arm of Him who is the good Shepherd, and who careth for His sheep. This concern, so truly formidable in prospect, has much relieved my poor, exercised mind.

How happy for thee to be brought through the ocean of life to thy present calm haven; waiting to be safely landed in those regions where all is peace; yea, joy unspeakable and full of glory. So farewell in the Lamb, who doth lighten that country; and who, with the Father, is the everlasting light and glory thereof.

I remain

Thy affectionate friend in tribulation,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

1835.

. . . . . Divers in the last stage of life are removed from labouring in the spiritual harvest, who, I have no doubt, have gathered fruit to life eternal, and thus their works follow them. Now we look for preparation and qualification in the rising generation, and in those of some maturity of age; that they also may "reap and receive wages," even soul-satisfying reward, while employed by the Great Husbandman in the whitened fields. The operation of that power that can fit for service has been known (blessed be the Lord); may this be abode with, and fully submitted to! . . . . .

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, probably 1835.*

How very interesting is thy account of our beloved friend. Oh! it is indeed sweet and precious to be able to see a soul sinking into the Source and Author of all real, lasting enjoyment! I have long been without a doubt that this prepared spirit of hers would find "*joy unspeakable and full of glory.*" A glory suited to the capacity of all the Lord's redeemed is given them to the *full*; and whether the five-talented, the two, or even the *one*, the joy of their Lord is soul-satisfying, is *full* of glory.

I think I visited this congregation pretty thoroughly in the morning, standing perhaps an hour. I was marvellously helped—no merit of mine.

## TO THE SAME.

*Probably 1835.*

It is with thankfulness we receive the pleasing account of you which thy letter conveys. Oh! may our Heavenly Father enrich you with spiritual blessings, to His own praise, and your stedfastness in Him who is "Alpha and Omega," in the experience of His poor children, as they seek to be faithful in His sight.

So our dear aged friend has departed. Dear creature! How sweet! how happy! No more sense of the sinking of nature under a wasting disease; no more suffering of mind or body. My heart is ready to say, "Blessed be the Lord, who, in the fulness of time, releases His dear children from the shackles of a mortal frame."

This morning, at ——'s, we met our friends —— and —— . The latter ministered to us all. She spoke to my real condition, and encouraged me to believe that the armour of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left, with which it had pleased the Most High to clothe, would still be the covering; the weapons being "mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong holds," &c., &c.

To ——.

*Lexden, Sixth Month 21st, 1835.*

I want to know how it was with one, who at times felt the tendering influences of the love of a crucified Saviour. How glad shall I be to find that the survivors had the consolation of an assur-

ance that the spirit was mercifully accepted in the Beloved; not that I consider such a manifestation *necessary*, nor that it is always given, when even all is well, abundantly well for ever; but oh! when the Comforter is heard to say, "iniquity is pardoned;" the warfare is accomplished, heaven is obtained; how does this lessen the poignancy of that sorrow which the severing hand of death brings to a sympathetic, affectionate heart! We have now passed much of our day, and in the retrospect perhaps we see that we might have improved it more, and have spent it better. I know that it is so with me, that I am at times ready to be "dismayed" at the seeing of it, and bowed down at the awful call, which even the infirmities of years proclaim, "Set thy house in order," &c.; but let us be encouraged to press toward the mark for the prize; hoping, that as we are so engaged, we may win the crown that fadeth not; for great and unfathomable are the tender mercies of Him who is our Judge and our Saviour too.

To ———.

*Lexden, Seventh Month 5th, 1835.*

. . . . . Truly it is no light thing to come up to the great city, at least to some of us, who have found it a place of great oppression, and of combat, with very little auxiliary; not but what I appreciate the brotherly kindness, the affectionate attention and help of which I have been, at times, an unworthy partaker; but oh! how few there are, willing to come forth nobly in the cause of our adorable Captain and Chief; *hating* their own life for His sake and that of the Gospel! . . . . .

There have long been wanted more efficient arrangements in London and elsewhere, for the suitable care of travelling Friends, in that way which would bring the expenses to the national fund. In divers instances the expense of travellers is too heavy, even to oppression, in poor Monthly Meetings. I wish, and have wished for years, that the subject might claim the attention of the Meeting for Sufferings.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 16th, 1835.*

The Quarterly Meeting yesterday was very small. There seemed a little way to open for me to unburden, which I thankfully embraced. I think the meeting was favoured in degree.

Whether under any peculiar exercise of mind or not, my dear children are present with me, in fervent desire for your preservation and establishment in the blessed, unchangeable truth: and I believe that the many conflicts permitted to attend you, are surely designed to have so desirable a tendency, that you may be settled in that which outlives all sorrow and disappointment, and which certainly renders hard things easy, and sweetens the most bitter cup. . . . .

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Tenth Month, 1835.*

. . . . . It is when we are drawn from expecting to be satisfied with things that are seen, and are temporal, having our affections set upon things that are not seen, and are eternal, that we come into the possession of substantial happiness, and a peace that remains, even under the tossings and trials that are to be met with in this chequered scene, and which we all have to witness in some way or other. . . . .

I have thought, how different is our situation from that of the immediate followers of the blessed Immanuel, who were "in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness," &c.: who went about in goat skins and sheep skins; "of whom" indeed, it might well be said, "the world was not worthy." . . . .

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Twelfth Month 6th, 1835.*

As for our beloved brother in another part of the world, D. W., it is really marvellous how way is made for him, from time to time, to bear testimony to the power of his Divine Leader, and to show the insufficiency of all that properly belongs to the mere man. Oh! it is this simplicity, this keeping to the wisdom and power of Christ Jesus the Lord, that will indeed promote the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth; which kingdom *must* take the place of that of darkness, until all is put down that opposeth itself to the righteous government of Him, whose appearance among men produced the language, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men." How I wish that all who profess to be ambassadors for the Immortal King, would "cease from man;" but there seems to me to be occasion for jealousy, lest, acting *out* of the influences and movings of the anointing, some, even under our name,

should lay stumbling blocks in the way of such as are enquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. I trust, however, (with thyself) that wrong things are more and more discovered, and the subtlety of the serpent marked, so that his real character is not hidden from many honest-hearted ones within our borders, who perceived not, for a while, that he was laying waste amongst us, as a religious Society.

I observe thy remark that our American brethren have got before us—yes, because we closed the eye, shut the ear, and hung down the hands, as regards the mischief which had so long been at work. . . . .

Many religious communities, as well as their individual members, have not yet seen the fulness of the gospel dispensation; and if these live up to what is made manifest, in and by the light afforded, I never could doubt either their usefulness, or their acceptance with Him who opens the mysteries of the heavenly kingdom to His little ones, as *they* are able to bear them.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Second Month 12th, 1836.*

. . . . . I have a letter from ———: she is rather low herself. ——— and wife have resigned their membership. . . . . Never fear! there will be Quakers still. I hope, however, many will follow the example of these Friends, that we may remove what hath let, and will let, the great work of the Lord, while it is mixed up with the Society. . . . .

The Lord of glory bless you, my children; but first, and above all, with that which can alone give you to grow in grace. I often looked at you in my mind lately, as getting on well, *when* I could be quiet from the cogitations of my natural disposition. What should I do, were it not for the strong Tower, to which such a poor, feeble creature, may flee, and be secure, while the floods lift up their voice without? Oh! what I feel about thee! It seems to me it is indeed required to dedicate the *whole man* to Him who is worthy of *all*; to bear the needful preparation, and to be found *faithful* in His service. He would indeed lead in Wisdom's ways, whose ways are pleasantness, and her paths peace. Yet this is that Wisdom which at first tormenteth with her discipline. It is all in order that she may deal out her bread, which nourishes and strengthens the

inner man ; and that there may be a partaking of the wine that she hath mingled ; even for the replenishing and gladdening that part which cannot be satisfied with anything short of the uncreated substance. . . . .

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Second Month 27th, 1836.*

And now, my precious ———, let me charge thee to endeavour to get nearer and nearer to thy dear Saviour, who would increasingly give thee to walk with Him in the “fine linen, clean and white ;” the righteousness of those who resign themselves to be sanctified by Him. Ah ! this clothing is worth having ; purchased for us by the blood of the Lamb immaculate, who freely grants the lovely robe to all who are willing to submit to the refining operations of His blessed Spirit. It is true that we must come through much or great tribulation, to obtain the rich covering ; and surely thy youthful days have been, often and many, days of deep suffering : thou hast been as one that went down to the sea in ships : hast seen “the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep :” thy bark, all tossed and tried, has been like “a drunken man,” who “reels to and fro ;” and again thine Almighty Helper delivered thee. He designs to show forth His own glory through thee, as well as in thee. Oh ! stand at His disposal. He hath brought thee through a day of cloudiness and of thick darkness ; of perplexity and treading down : shall He not be magnified in giving thee now to stand on the “sea of glass mingled with fire ;” (a state of danger) but where the harp of victory is found in the hand, with the song in the mouth, “Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints ;” who shall not fear thee ?” &c.

It is profitable to retire each day, and, in nothingness and in silence, seek the Lord. It helps us. It may not seem to profit at the time, but it no doubt is praying in secret ; and our Father who sees in secret rewards us openly, by correcting our proneness to trifle away the strength of the mind, and checking our natural temper ; for there is something in all which requires the regulating power of Jesus Christ, who was meek and low of heart.

I hope thou art aware that my soul breathes this advice in unspeakable tenderness towards thee. So farewell.



To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Third Month 20th, 1836.*

. . . . . Oh ! the wisdom of this world ! what mischief it does by meddling with that which it cannot comprehend ! but I do believe that the simplicity of the Gospel will yet prevail over it all, even within our pale ; and Babel builders will be confounded, as indeed they have ever been.

I wish not to anticipate the coming Yearly Meeting : there is, however, a class very active at such times, who can accommodate themselves to circumstances and to persons too, so as to hold fast their own reputation. These try my feelings greatly, for it is such who, not being decidedly and openly for the good cause, and that which changeth not, nor avowing themselves on the side of those who have gone away from us, are secretly retarding the work that must divide and scatter, and remove all that will not bear the scrutiny of the light ; and many dear young people are staggered by their means.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Third Month 24th, 1836.*

My hope is that the Lord is already beginning to heal us as a people, and that He will speak to us "with stammering lips and another tongue," than *that* we ourselves have chosen ; that *all* may fall and turn backward, that is in the contrariety to the Divine will, and oppresses the precious life. I cannot do with that spirit, too prevalent now in a sort of middle rank, which turns with the wind, like a vane ; not having the stedfastness which is in Christ, but pleasing *self* ; unlike Him whose cause they would fain have it believed they espouse. If Christ "pleased not Himself," as the scripture testifies, how can we be His disciples, who would not risk the loss of all things, that we "may win Christ, and be found in Him?" Perhaps there is nothing that we find more difficult to surrender, than our esteem with those whom we really prefer ; even as serving the Great Master with manifold gifts bestowed upon them, while our own appear to ourselves to be few, and comparatively very small ; but I believe that it is essential to our acceptance with our Judge and Saviour, that we should be single-eyed, and if He calls to it, fight His battles single-handed, like little David with his sling, and the smooth stone from the brook, "hastening and running" at

the Lord's fit opportunity, without hesitating to discover what such and such will think of us.

I am longing to receive some intelligence of our dear tribulated, yet dignified brother, Daniel Wheeler. Surely prayer, begotten of the Most High, has been and is often put up on behalf of one so eminently endued with faith to persevere, in the dedication of his *all* to the promotion of that truly grand object, the reception of the kingdom of Jesus, by all nations; so that the will of God may be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven. . . . .

Since our Monthly Meeting, I have had some further engagements of this awful nature (holding public meetings) and through renewed mercy, to much satisfaction and abundant relief; which latter continues but a short time. Oh! the baptisms of my soul! I frequently feel such suffering, and apparent desertion of all good, that it is indeed only by endeavouring quietly to keep hold of the shield of faith, that I dare to prosecute the view of meeting the people, an unprepared, unqualified handmaiden, until the power arises, like the bubbling up of a well of living water, and reaches forth to their conditions, even as streams, in the abundance of that love which would refresh and baptize, and gather all to the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

. . . . . It is very evident that, of myself, I am indeed but a worm; and this worm sometimes has the foot of man set upon it.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, 1836.*

It gladdens my heart to peruse those lines which acknowledge to the insufficiency of self, as to the performance of anything, however small, for the ever glorious cause of that truth which we (as a people) profess, and which will stand to the end of the world. If, in all things, we learn to have reference to our own Almighty Helper, we shall experience Him to be a very present help indeed, in the moment of extremity. Thy poor mother can testify to that wisdom, that power, that simplicity, in which we can do all things; for it is not *we* that speak or act, but the Spirit of our Father within us. I was engaged in the gift committed to me yesterday, and in almost every meeting that has occurred since leaving you; the Lord of the harvest being pleased to fill the cloud, and *command* the rain. . . . .

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Fourth Month 3rd, 1836.*

Oh! my dear ———, keep close to the power and the wisdom thy mind is instructed to revere, and which assuredly dwells within. As for the things appertaining to this life, no doubt all will be granted that is meet; in seeking first the kingdom of heaven (as thou desirest to do) all other things will be given; for our Heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of all these things.

We are much pleased with the remarks made by thee and dear ———, on the letter from ——— [a letter from an individual expressive of disunity]: there appears to be no use whatever, in laying myself open to controversy by reply, only simply acknowledging the lines addressed to me. Tell dear ———, that so far from being moved by them, my mind was in sweet peace, sitting down in meeting to-day, and I was led forth to minister to those present; nor would I have you discouraged at *outward*, any more than *inward* crosses; for nothing shall offend those who love the Divine law, which is of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and which setteth free from the law of sin and death.

I hope thou art designed to be one who “warreth,” and who is not to be entangled with worldly cares, to the hindering of pleasing Him who hath chosen thee to be a soldier.

Farewell, my dear and precious ———.

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Fourth Month 13th, 1836.*

Sometimes, when I feel considerable depression, I think surely there is no occasion to be “afraid with any amazement.” We have a compassionate Judge, who is also our Saviour and Father; and when I endeavour to flee to Him, away from painful cogitations about things of this life, I find that, gathering near as well as I can, His Name proves indeed a strong tower of safety, and my mind is at least in measure quieted. . . . .

We are indeed come to strange times (as regards our Society) but of this I am persuaded, that the standard of truth, ancient and new, cannot be lowered by the wisdom of man, or any of the devices of the serpent; though a disposition may prevail and be operated upon, to square things to the notions of such as are “wise in their own

eyes, and prudent in their own sight." Let us be simple and humble; keeping with the lowly life of Christ Jesus in our own hearts; then will it keep us from all that could harm us.

Be assured I bear you on my heart before Him who is omnipotent as well as omniscient; and of whose mercies, I humbly trust, you will partake as I have done all my life long unto this day, a poor creature as I am. My dear, my very precious child, may it be shown thee in due time, that thy labour to be faithful to thy soul's Beloved is not in vain in Him, thy Saviour and thy Judge.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month 22nd, 1836.*

I am glad of the clearness afforded thee in thy views as to passing events among us as a Society, both in this country and yours. I am also made to rejoice that thou art counted worthy to suffer in advocating nobly the cause of *truth*; a cause "dignified" indeed, "with immortality, and crowned with eternal life." I humbly trust that nothing will be able to move thee from thy steadfastness in "Him who was, and is, and is to come;" but rather that, enduring the contradiction of that spirit, opposed to the simplicity which is in the holy, heavenly anointing, thou wilt be endued more and more with wisdom and strength that cometh from above; "and so stand fast in the Lord, dearly beloved."

In the prospect of finishing our course, now so nearly run, it is consolatory to see a few of you, in the prime of life, giving up your names to be lastingly enrolled in the list of those who fight under the banner of the Lamb, and to mark your willingness to endure hardness for His sake, even as good and valiant soldiers. Oh! what signify all our trials and buffetings, if we may but know a continuing with our dear Lord in the temptations which were His; seeing that He appoints unto them a "kingdom;" seeing He grants them "a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away." Yea, and during the stay of His devoted followers in a probationary world, I verily believe that He gives them the dominion over the powers of darkness; "He sets them upon thrones," and granteth gifts; enabling them to be judges in Israel, and counsellors among His people. . . .

In our Women's Meetings we have at times a stream from Babylon's waters, which maketh sad the Lord's heritage; but oh! it never fails to produce its own deplorable effects. . . . .

——— says as much as that we have been wrong from our beginning; particularly as regards our views of placing the sacred writings secondarily; that is, as a rule of faith and practice, but not the *primary* rule. But the long-disguised Episcopalianism is at last showing itself in its true colours; and indeed all things seem to be searching out, that the way may be prepared to discern between that which serveth the Most High, and that which serveth Him not; and all these novel doctrines will, before a great while, be as a fading flower, I do believe. Oh! some of us are prepared to have fellow feeling with you in your Yearly Meeting, if it were only from what we ourselves suffer at this. . . . .

I trust, through all, that the immutable truth sometimes shines forth, as the sun dissipates the clouds in the firmament.

To ———.

*London, Fifth Month, 1836.*

I had a very awful requiring, on fourth day morning, of a visit to the Men's Meeting, where my Great Master opened the way for me to lay down a heavy load indeed; and for which relief I felt and feel humbly thankful.

I still hope the little humble ones will be comforted and strengthened, by the all-tranquillizing influence of the Spirit of truth, spreading over them before this annual assembly closes. . . . .

[The following is the substance of what was delivered by S. G. in the visit to the Men's Meeting, alluded to in the foregoing letter; and has been supplied by a friend who took it down shortly after.]

“I am come among you, a poor, weak creature, laden with a burden, the weight of which cannot be expressed even by the tongue of the eloquent, much less by mine; but I must endeavour to lay it down.

“The time is now come, often foretold, when the Lord would descend amongst this people as the rain, the storm, and the overflowing flood. It must indeed be acknowledged that a weighty shaking has come upon us. There are among you those who have been as fruitful branches, but for want of abiding in the root, and retaining the sap, are withering, and will wither.

“The foundation of every individual in this Society will be discovered, whether it be ‘upon the rock,’ or ‘upon the sand.’ ‘Who-

soever heareth my sayings,' said our blessed Saviour, 'and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built an house, and *digged deep*,' (Friends, you do not like the trouble of *digging deep*) 'and laid the foundation on a rock.' The Jews heard this saying of Christ with their outward ears, but, having their inward ears closed, they would not build on Him, the Rock; and when the rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew, they fell.

"How painful were the sufferings of our forefathers in coming to this foundation! Their opponents were strong in the words of scripture, like those formerly who thought that in them they had eternal life; to whom our dear Saviour addressed these words—'Ye search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me; and ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.' Thus, though they studied the scriptures, and imagined they were skilled in the knowledge of them, yet, resting in their outward knowledge, they would not come unto Him of whom they testified, and in whom alone there is life. You, too, study the scriptures by the strength of your rational, intellectual faculties, and doubt not you comprehend their meaning; and here you stop: you refuse to come unto Christ in His inward and spiritual appearance; you will not hear His voice speaking in your hearts, and are therefore rejecting Him.

"Man is a dark, benighted creature. By his natural powers he cannot know himself; he cannot discover his way out of the fall, into a lasting union with his Maker: his heart is deceitful above all things, he must therefore come unto Him who searcheth the heart; and how doth He search the heart? by His Spirit; 'for the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God.' 'For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.' The light of Christ is imparted to each of us; a measure of the same Spirit that gave forth the scriptures. When Adam had transgressed the commands of his Maker, he lost the Divine image in which he was created; he died to the heavenly life he had in God; but our Lord Jesus Christ, in His infinite mercy, entered into his heart, as the true light, wisdom, and power; and it is only in His light that we can see light.

"Oh! my friends, there were some in ancient days who said one to another, 'Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly;'

‘let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven.’ Some of you are laying hand to hand, and shoulder to shoulder, to erect a tower whose height may reach to heaven; beautiful indeed to the eye, and of fair proportions; and you are saying to others, ‘Come and behold what we are doing; join yourselves unto us, and we will show you the gospel path unto heaven; a path full of charity and love; an easy and a comfortable path, wherein ye may avoid the cross;’ but ‘say ye not, a confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, a confederacy.’ Oh! beware of that subtle spirit which would lead you from the pure truth, under such delusive pretensions; for though these talk of the unity of the Spirit, it is not the cementing influence with which Christ unites His disciples in precious fellowship. And I am commanded to tell you that, as in the instance of the tower of Babel, the Lord came down and confounded their language, so will it be with the Babel-builders amongst us; for when they come together, they will not understand each other’s speech; and their building on the sand will crumble to pieces, and they themselves will wither, wither, wither; and be scattered to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west.

“And oh! let me earnestly entreat you of this description, in the love of the Gospel, to stand still and see what you are doing. I believe there have been times when some of you have seen, in the true light, that you were wrong, but the pride of your hearts would not suffer you to acknowledge it; but remember, it is an awful thing to tempt the Lord your God: you know not how long these convictions may be granted you; and ‘if the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!’

“And now, my beloved young people—you, dear children, on whose behalf I have often raised the secret petition in my chamber, and the more public one in the assemblies of the people, be not dismayed at the prospect before you; for I have to tell you (and I wish you to take notice of it, and to write it down) that all this that now causes so much stumbling and perplexity, and produces such a sensation, will fade away, and the authors of it will go back to the world and the beggarly elements; and on looking round, you will wonder and say, ‘What is become of the great work that was doing, and where are the authors of it? for we cannot discern a trace of it.’

“What became of those who, in former days, caused divisions in this Society? Were they not all blighted and scattered?

“And ye, faithful ones, to whom the principles of truth are yet

precious; who love the pure cause, and are often bowed down in spirit on its behalf, you have no cause to fear; for though you be left as the gleanings of the grapes of the vintage, yet shall you be planted on a very fruitful hill; not one of self-exaltation, but a hill above the level of the spirit of this world; and you shall spread abroad, and increase, and flourish; for this Society was planted 'a noble vine; wholly a right seed;' and it is not the will of the Almighty that this people should ever cease to be a people.

"I brought nothing with me into this meeting, for I remembered our Saviour's command to His disciples, not to take thought how they might speak; with the promise, 'for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.'"

TO MARY CAPPER.

*London, Fifth Month 24th, 1836.*

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND,

This day thy precious, sweet letter, was handed me. Oh! how truly cheering it is to witness and contemplate the state in which Divine Goodness has kept thee to this day! I can look back to my childhood, when I first saw with wonder the tears flowing from thy eyes in meetings; when thou wast an example to many, of nobly denying self, taking up the cross, and following Him "that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself," and who has been pleased to lead about and instruct thee ever since; yea, He has kept thee as the apple of His eye; and so I humbly believe He will keep thee to the end; guiding thy feet, the few steps which remain, and ultimately granting an entrance into those blessed regions where none can say, "I am sick;" where there is no more pain, neither any more sorrow; but the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne doth lead to living fountains of water, and all tears are wiped from the eyes for ever and ever!

Some, in this our day, are almost ready to adopt the language, "Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people;" for truly there is amongst us that which lays low the pure, innocent life, that ought to be in the ascendancy; yet my faith is that better times will come, even to this religious Society. There is, I do believe, a living remnant left, who, in being preserved through the shaking which has come terribly upon us, will shine



forth by and by, even as the light, and many will come to its brightness, so that there will be Quakers still; those who hold the precious testimonies of the everlasting Gospel in their primitive simplicity and unmixed purity. And surely it is unto the truth as it is in Jesus, that the nations must come, in the fulfilment of the prophecy, "The kingdoms of this world shall be the kingdoms of God, and of His Christ."

We have had some favoured meetings, amidst the opposition to the first principles of Friends, at this our annual gathering. Yes, at seasons, the Lord's own blessed presence and power has been over all, to His own praise; to whom all honour and glory belongs, now and ever. Amen!

My husband sends thee much unfeigned christian love, in which I tenderly unite, and remain

Thy ever attached friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month 15th, 1836.*

Thy kind letter met me last night, on returning from our Ipswich Quarterly Meeting. There was also one from M. W., acquainting me with the departure of our much loved Thomas Shillitoe. While I feel it to be very moving, that we should thus be deprived of a prince in Israel, in these times of dismay, I rejoice for his escape from all suffering, and that his measure was filled up, not only as regards his own safety, but the good of the Church. Oh! may his dear children and grandchildren walk in his steps. His example has said, and his memory will yet say, "Follow me, even as I have followed Christ." Ah! he was a valiant man for the truth upon earth. As "the sword of Saul returned not empty, and the bow of Jonathan turned not back from the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty," so was it with him: he was faithful also unto death, which could not be said of Saul. How weighty, how glorious is the crown he wears for ever! Blessed and adored be the name of his Divine Master on his behalf! Amen.

Will those who have added to his bonds of later years, feel that they touched the Lord's anointed with unhallowed hands? Whether this be the case or not, I believe that they, and many more, will be obliged to know that a prophet has been amongst them.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month 21st, 1836.*

So our dear honourable elder in the truth, Thomas Shillitoe, has made his escape from this sea of troubles, into which we are introduced as a religious Society. It is cause of giving thanks on his behalf, yet he must be missed; for he had attained to the state of "a pillar in the temple that should go no more out;" and is it not lamentable to look around, without being able to discover the same preparation in others for upholding the building, even as those formed by the all-powerful and skilful Hand to supply the places of such? It is quite my apprehension that dear Thomas's days were shortened, by what he had passed through for years previous to his departure, on account of the things that have happened to the children of his people. Others are still mourning out their days, under inexpressible pressure of spirit; yet I do believe that, in this thing which has appeared amongst us, the head has already received a deadly bruise or wound; for it is indeed of "the beast that goeth downward," although it hath caused so much wonder; and oh! it will come to nought, insidious as it is; strong as it makes itself, or may yet show itself; for I fear it will spread further, and, having "a mouth speaking great things," prevail much, where it is not seen in its own character.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, 1836.*

My mind is just now at liberty to enjoy your society, and for anything of this world that is *truly* enjoyable; for although I had a deep baptism about yesterday's engagement, the meeting was so good, the blessed, eternal power of truth was *so gloriously* in dominion, that I feel almost like one who was loosened from fetters of iron, and delivered from the dark dungeon. Oh! my dear children, there is nothing that gives capacity for knowing, in experience, the definition of the term *felicity*, like being *wholly* devoted to our God and Saviour; *to be, to do, or to suffer His will*. His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. . . . .

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Seventh Month, 1836.*

There really is nothing in this world so precious as the union granted to redeemed souls with the Lord of glory, the Spouse of His Church. Oh! I know thou wilt subscribe to the truth of all this, therefore wait upon that power which can enable thee to take unto thee "the whole armour of God," that thou mayest be able "to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Stand therefore, having the loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and the feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith the fiery darts of the wicked are quenched; and take (in the eternal power) the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance. Thus, my dear ——, mayest thou be put into the blessed capacity to stand fast in the Lord, as dearly beloved of Him, and in His family! Oh! I know that, when thy heart is tendered by Divine love, thou art aware of the comparative insignificance of every mundane thing: keep with that which contrites: this is wisdom, Divine wisdom; a fountain of life, preserving from the snares of death. Let her not go, but hold her in thy right hand. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness," (true pleasantness) "and all her paths are peace."

Yesterday I avowed my concern to have a meeting at Boxford on First day: it is in preparation, about seven miles from hence. Oh! that nothing may dishonour the immutable truth!

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Seventh Month, 1836.*

. . . . . How desirable it is, and how essential to our peace, to commit our way to the Lord, and that our will should be conformed to His blessed mind! Much as there may be yet to do in any of us to attain to such a condition, surely it behoves us to seek earnestly after it, as our only safe state. Yes, this is the way to have peace in the midst of trouble, finding the soul anchored in the Eternal Rock. Life is compared to the ocean or sea, where are many dangers; but if we have Him abiding with us, who can do all things, though our bark be frail, He will, in our reliance on Him,

conduct us safely through all, and land us on the shores of uninterrupted repose, and delight ineffable.

What a pity to venture on steering our own course, by which folly we are sure to be much injured and out of the way! While I think I could suffer anything for others, still I know that, to be happy, we must each suffer for ourselves; even enduring the crucifixion of the will, with the affections and the lusts, that we may no longer live to ourselves, but to Him who died for us; whom the grave could not hold, but who rose again, displaying His omnipotence; who remains to be the resurrection and the life, to all who are willing to be buried with Him, by baptism into death.

The meeting was held at Melford on First day. It was very large and quiet. Thy dear father says, "If there can be a good meeting, it was one." I found, in my labour, that no fountain rises higher than its level. There was not an elevated sense among the people, of the beauty and splendour of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I had to be where they were; yet was it "a good meeting." I have thought of a village about five miles from Bury, for next First day, where the sign of "The Manger" is attached to a small public house, and where I believe James Parnell was refused admittance. I forget the name of the place.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Seventh Month 21st, 1836.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . It is much to be regretted that E. B. is not arrested in his course, appearing as he does, to wish to pass for a minister among us as a people; whereas he and his adherents are at complete variance with our principles. Nothing could be more straight-forward than for the Morning Meeting, or Meeting for Sufferings, to correspond with America, and have the great apostate disowned as a member of our Society. I am grieved beyond what I can describe, at the apathy which seems to pervade us as a body, while truth is trampled upon, and laid waste in so great a degree. We have few indeed, who appear to be so accoutred with the whole armour of light, as to be valiant in its cause, and able to stand firm against the attacks of that spirit which hath "a mouth speaking great things," filled with the deceivableness of unrighteousness; but surely there is a remnant of the true seed, who will shine forth by

and by in the kingdom of their Father, even as the light which is terrible to darkness, “as an army with banners.” May we not hope that the darkness will flee before it, and that the language will be produced, from blessed knowledge of the power which is above every power, “Thanks be to God, who always giveth us to triumph, through Jesus Christ our Lord!” May we both hope and quietly wait for the period when this shall be given as a song of victory; at the same time attending to all the motions of the Divine life, in our high calling of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Farewell my dear friend.

I am, in much tender sympathy,  
 Thy affectionate friend,  
 SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Sulbury, Seventh Month 22nd, 1836.*

Great hath been my exercise of mind lately, in various ways. I am liberated by my Monthly Meeting, to hold meetings with the people at large. There is one impending about six miles from hence. No Friends live near, nor in the other places we have visited. It is truly awful work, yet hitherto the Lord hath helped us. And is it any wonder that the feet of the messengers should be turned from those who have persisted in quenching the Spirit, and despising prophesying, unto such as are glad in the Gospel being sounded forth to them?

I know not how long this engagement may be filling up, but thou wilt believe me when I say, that as soon as the motion of life ceases therein, I shall be glad to resign the work into the immediate hands of Him whose own cause it is, and not man's. . . . .

Oh! the unwillingness that judgment should be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plumb-line, in discriminating between truth and error, light and darkness! but the Lord will evidence that He is turning His hand upon us; and I trust that, as a people, it will yet be known that the dross, the tin, and the reprobate silver, are taken away. Do thou, my dear ———, be encouraged, in the hope of witnessing the ancient lustre to return upon the gold that has become dim, and the fine gold that is changed, through corruption and neglect.

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month, 1836.*

The evening Meeting at Halstead was crowded to excess: I believe as many went away as were in-doors. We met the people turning back as if the meeting was over, when we were going; and we could hardly get to the gallery. All the passages, &c., were quite full, and once more, I humbly trust the power of the unchangeable, eternal truth did rise into dominion, to the honour of the Great Name: but oh! it is fearful work in which I am engaged. I come to nothing in myself through deep baptism, but the Great Master gives me to be bold as a lion in His cause, where the people are prepared to receive the truth. Think what a poor timid creature I am naturally, and adore the all-sufficient One, who is mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance, at seasons, beyond all gainsaying.

That at A. was not so large as would have been the case in fine weather. Many were on their way from Boxford, where we had had a meeting, and were obliged to turn back, it proved so extremely wet; but the meeting did tend to my relief. It seemed to me that the minds of the people were very shallow, and even ignorant, as to religion; but as more came in, and I endeavoured to do as well as I felt able, things improved; the life of truth seemed to me to reach to the hearts of many, and I was like a vessel that got off safely with the flowing tide. I had to offer up thanksgiving and prayer near the close: the dear creatures assembled attended to my request (as in other places) to keep solemn on my taking my seat; and I humbly trust all was well. The person who let us have the barn was very civil to us: he also said he did not care if both squire and parson took him to task for it.

I am glad thou advised ——— to employ herself; anything else is injurious to both mind and body; for, as thou sayest, it is not the design of Him who has bestowed faculties upon us, that they should not be used. I am pleased you have read the life of that great man, yet humble Christian, William Penn; and more pleased that it interested you so much. Oh! for our dear young people *daring to be right!* then we should soon have a precious revival in our religious Society, and it would shine forth in ancient lustre and beauty; the gold that has become dim would resume its true brightness, and the *fine* gold that is changed, its original splendour, to the praise of the

great and everlasting Name of Him, who was magnified over all amongst our forefathers.

I am not surprised at the intelligence of —— and others. Yes, it is “all in the confusion,” as thou expresses it; the very confusion of “Mystery Babylon.”

TO THE SAME.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 21st, 1836.*

We had a meeting, as proposed, on First day, at Lavenham. It was large; very many went away for want of room, and the place being much crowded, some at first were not so quiet as could be wished; but the authority of truth rose higher and higher, until it reigned over all. I had to stand long; afterwards to kneel; in the close of which Alleluias were sung, yea, even *sung* to the Lord God and the Lamb. I found the people so gathered under the power, that although the meeting had held more than two hours, they were by no means glad to be told it was concluded, and separated in a solemn manner.

I was abundantly relieved, for great and deep had been my conflicts and baptisms previously: yet the peace, in due season, flows as a river, in fulfilling the Divine will. It is as the “pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,” all refreshing and sweet. It is here that those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ lie down; even resting by the still waters.

I had not long to enjoy this quiet: this Quarterly Meeting came on, and its accompanying exercises. Yesterday I *could not* hold my peace: was led forth and much enlarged. Once more it seemed to me that the seed of life everlasting was set over the heads of all who opposed it, and the hidden works of dishonesty shown in the light; and the youth invited, and warned to be separated from all that could keep them from their Saviour, and so destroy their peace.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Ninth Month 21st, 1836.*

Oh! there is nothing like living under a sense of our own insufficiency, and looking to that unction from the Holy One which teacheth us all things, and which, as thou observest, is “truth, and is no lie;” is, in other words used by thee, “the unflattering wit-

ness." Where thou hast suffered loss has chiefly been in concluding too hastily or readily, that others were as ingenuous as thyself, and so trusting their professions beyond what they deserved. This has brought thee into trouble again and again, but the gracious eye of Israel's Shepherd has watched over thee; He has reached forth the crook of His judgments, and raised the voice of His love, and I believe has not had to deal with one wilfully wandering; one whom, I humbly hope, He yet cares for in the sheepfold, and whom He will feed in the pastures of life, making strong for Himself.

Thy tender and humble expressions put me in mind of what the children of Israel were given to understand, when Moses addressed them in the language, "Behold I set before you this day a blessing and a curse: a blessing if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, and a curse if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God, but turn aside out of the way."

I humbly trust the first will indeed be thy happy experience, and I would have thee thank the Author of all blessing, as I know is thy desire, and take courage; committing thy way to Him thy Saviour, who will direct thy paths, in the eye being turned to Him; yea, He will guide thee by His counsel through every intricacy in life, and afterwards receive thee into glory.

TO THE SAME.

*Ninth Month 30th, 1836.*

. . . . . Just now I recal to mind that Christopher Healy, from America, told us in the Select Yearly Meeting, in a very impressive manner, to "let nothing move us from our steadfastness in Christ Jesus." And oh! my loved ——, instead of anything moving thee, may thy steadfastness increase! for surely "flesh and blood hath not revealed to thee" that to which thou makest so full an acknowledgment, but our Father who is in heaven; and who, I trust, designs to accomplish His own work in thee. He has already brought thee through many painful feelings, like the furnace being heated to try and *refine*, and now He would *choose* thee. Be faithful to every manifestation of His will, who would thoroughly sanctify, yea, who would dignify with the blessed gifts and graces of His Holy Spirit. I have often thought that thou hast been privileged in having dear, affectionate ——, with thee in thy conflicts; and may you be bound up together in the Divine life and love everlasting.



To ———.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 30th, 1836.*

How brotherly it is of thee to remember my dear J. G. and self, among those who continue to feel interested in knowing how the Yearly Meeting's Committee fared in the late combat! Yes, it is a warfare to those who wish to be found having their loins girt about with truth; and indeed they find the necessity of taking to them the whole armour of Him who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all. Such as these, deputed by the Society in the important business alluded to, must have proved that they had to "wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." We have not heard if all attended who were under appointment, nor if all were of one mind and of one heart; but if this is happily the case, I am persuaded a great work must have been effected in some individuals of your number, since your last visit to Lancashire, and this change is more than I dare hope, as relates to divers; but surely the great Head of the Church doth evidence that He is not unmindful of the labour of love, as it regards those who, in integrity, have done what they could. Nevertheless it is a grievous thing and bitter, that so much weakness and indecision should pervade us as a community; that even those who have, for years, shown themselves not of us, but have gone into things, which it cost the sons of the morning of our day, their liberty, their property, their health, yea, sometimes even life itself, to testify against, are still retained members of our Society. Where is the ancient zeal for "clearing the truth before the eyes of the people?"

We have held a good many meetings in the country, mostly occupying barns for this purpose. Sometimes these have been as much as a mile from any village, but the people have shown great readiness to come. I think it may be said that in each of them the power of the Lord had the dominion, sooner or later; and although many of the poor dear people were wholly unacquainted with Friends' meetings, they behaved very becomingly. Oh! the love that overflowed towards those who assembled! I have thought I could be willing to suffer with and for them, could it avail, or could it raise their minds at all up to Him, who would have all to come to the knowledge of Himself, and be saved.

Alas ! for —— and a few more, once enlightened ; for they will not see from whence they are fallen. Oh ! my poor heart seems sometimes almost agonized, in thinking of some ; but let me look well to myself, for I know there is need.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month 5th, 1836.*

Oh ! the darkness that must have taken the place of light, with poor E. B. and a few more ! It is truly awful. Yes, I should like, with thee, that his own conviction of the inutility of ceremonial performances in religion should be placed before him, and the pure views he has expressed in his “Doctrines.” . . . . .

How truly lamentable are these things ! Thy letter, received this morning, has excited fresh, or rather increased sympathy with thee. Remember what George’ Fox says—“Art thou in darkness, heed it not, or it will increase upon thee ; but wait in that which brings up into the light,” or to this effect. . . . .

May you be established upon that Eternal Rock and Foundation, against which all the combined powers of darkness can never prevail ! Mutable as is this world, and strong its temptations, as are those of the flesh and the evil one, grace divine is stronger than all.

TO THE SAME.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month 18th, 1836.*

Thou wilt be pleased to know that the Quarterly Meeting at —— was memorable, for the Lord’s power, and His immutable truth, were set over all opposition ; and yet individuals are just in the same confusion they have long loved ; professing and recommending *charity*, while out of its spirit ; and seeking to unite light and darkness, yea, Christ and Belial. They must be let alone, as to any conference with them now ; there remains no room. Our Monthly Meeting at Bury was favoured with life, in a renewed invitation to the different states present. . . . .

To ——.

*Lexden, Tenth Month 26th, 1836.*

It would be sad to me, couldst thou suppose thy old friend had forgotten thee and thine. No, I still continue to feel an affectionate and religious solicitude in your welfare ; and much do I

desire that each of you may be laying up a good foundation against the time to come; that so, when nothing will stand any in stead but an interest in the Lord of glory, He may be found "a covert from heat and from storm, an hiding-place in the day of trouble; as rivers of waters in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Since the Yearly Meeting I have had to endure much affliction of body, and inexpressible exercise of mind; for divers things have pressed me down, so that I frequently remembered the expressions, "pressed out of measure," &c.; but still, when it has pleased the Lord to make way for me to lay down the burden of the word of life in meetings, either among mine own people or others, my spirit has been eased; and for a little while I have found what it is to "mount upward with wings as eagles; to run and not be weary," &c.

Oh! it is indeed a day in which we must, at least ought to be willing to mourn and lament in secret for the desolations, and even abominations that there are within our borders as a people; the scattering, the outgoing on every hand; and, what appears to me worst of all, the disposition of some to temporize still, and shake hand with that which should be testified against, for the clearing of truth, and yet would also make a fair show as to maintaining the principle of Friends. Surely such a spirit holds the truth in unrighteousness; and, for self-reputation, there is dissembling; but it must all be searched out, for the controversy of the Most High is with everything that cannot bear the light; and I do believe that when we are thoroughly sifted and cleansed from the chaff, it will be seen that "not one grain is fallen to the earth;" and all will redound to the honour of His Name, who remains to be the strength and salvation of His people; and He will evidence that they are "a people near to Him, the Lord."

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Twelfth Month 2nd, 1836.*

. . . . . From the improvements in navigation, and other circumstances, I have often been impressed with the idea of the nations of the world being brought into more intimate acquaintance with each other, and, as it were, blending their interests; so that possibly, one day, mankind may become more fully sensible of what it is to be one family. And oh! how nice the thought of being one fold, and having one Shepherd! Ah! this would make the globe a

paradise; and I believe men would not have to contend with conflicting elements then, and that there would be nothing hurtful nor destructive. But I had no intention of writing thus when I began, but to encourage thee to be very inward with that which (thou well knowest) is alone able to preserve thee on every hand. I humbly trust thy sincerity in the Divine sight will be accepted, so that, as thou art watchful every moment, nothing will be able to influence thy dear, tender mind, to thy hurt.

My heart commends you to the care of Israel's Shepherd.

To ———.

*Leiden, Twelfth Month 29th, 1836.*

My spirit is made measurably *glad* in the persuasion confirmed, that the Lord is with His people; that He will "turn their captivity;" that "Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad," even in that which His own holy, omnipotent hand createth. Oh! now I trust some of us, who have seen many days, and much vicissitude, may lift up the head in hope, as regards the people (whom I think I feel near to Him) from whom so many of us have nevertheless most grievously departed, that the time will come, when the language of the prophet shall be fulfilled, where, speaking not his own words, he saith, "Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God," &c. Since the text occurred to me, I have looked for it. Only think what blessings are pronounced upon the true Church, in its visible and gathered state among men. Read the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah. Surely the least of the family, the abased ones, who are made willing to own their Lord, when in the character of a man "of no reputation," may "thank God and take courage," as dear ——— said.

It was much my desire, in your company, that, in the dignity of the truth unchangeable, you may each stand with increased strength, against all that shows itself, or may yet be discovered, as out of the precious unity, held in the li'e, in the light, in the love everlasting. May I say, that really it was my humble belief, while with you, that, in waiting upon the Lord, you are individually made to partake, at times, of His gracious promise to such, even to "mount upward with wings as eagles;" rising above depressing thoughts; finding the soul in the high rock, that is out of the reach of the troubled

sea. Here is the secure hiding-place, known to those who are given up to suffer for Jesus Christ's sake. So in Him, my dear friends, I bid you farewell.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Second Month 20th, 1837.*

Thinking that thou wouldst wish to have some intelligence of us after the journey to Bardfield, I take the pen to-day. I am thankful to say that the meeting (though very close and warm, being much crowded) was an open, good time. The Lord's power did seem to be over us: great attention was manifested to what was delivered, and we separated under a lively sense of Divine goodness. It was half-past ten when we got home; a very moonlight night; and when the people were dispersing and going home, the rain had ceased: afterwards it came on again.

I shall continue to bear thee and my dear ——— upon my heart, as our Almighty Helper may enable me; that I may travail for you, desiring your preservation and furtherance in the way so clearly cast up before each of you—a high and holy way, raised above the wilings and runnings of the natural man, and in which the mind is sensible of a holy indifference to both the frowns and the laugh of this vain and delusive world; accounting it true honour to suffer shame, and even be persecuted for Christ's sake, who promised that those who left what was dear to them for His sake and the Gospel's, should receive an hundred-fold of the comforts afforded in time, with persecutions, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

I was concerned to hear that ——— was going to take his family to London. They may possibly receive a little more money, but I fear their temptations will be much increased, and the inducements strengthened to barter the well-being of the soul, and all the best interests, for the sake of this present world.

Should they not be gone, tell them that, in the love of God, I charge them to live in His fear; for "the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, preserving from the snares of death." If they value true happiness for themselves and their poor dear little ones, they will seek the approbation of Him who can bless a little that a man hath, and blast a great deal. I cannot but feel much about them.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Second Month 21st, 1837.*

I have wished once more to send thee a line expressive of my remembrance, and also of my sympathy in the late chasms which have been permitted to be made in your circle. Poor dear Ann Cruikshank and Rebecca Christy being snatched away from all they held dear in this world! Yet these are not times to lament the safe departure of our friends; let us rather take the injunction formerly given, "Weep not for the dead, but weep sore for him that goeth away;" and it is to be feared the annexed will apply, with reference to some taken captive in our day, "for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

I suppose dear Alexander Cruikshank bears this severing stroke with christian resignation, in the full persuasion that the Judge of all the earth doth right. I fancy him saying amen, under the dispensation, and maintaining that meekness and quietness of mind which so peculiarly distinguishes him in his walk through life. I feel much for Thomas Christy in his bereavement. Dear man! how solitary he must feel! It was a comfort to me to hear of his late loved companion expressing herself as having a clear prospect in the awful hour of separation, and of the testimony she bore to the evil effects of a too ardent pursuit after the things of time.

How many around us have been summoned of late to give in the account of what they have done with their talents! I do not remember the like. We are every few days hearing of some in our religious community, about to be interred; and our fellow-mortals at large, how are they swept away! The prevailing epidemic has been an awful visitation, sent, no doubt, as the rod of correction, for the great departure of heart which too generally has caused that good to be withheld from us, which an all-beneficent Creator designs for us, as we love Him entirely.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Third Month 11th, 1837.*

To-morrow we think of going to Colne, to hold an evening meeting with the people at large. Perhaps, when that is accomplished, I can more clearly discover about Coggeshall; but I am

persuaded that all *my own mere striving* to know what is right avails nothing, so I only lend an ear and eye to the guidance which does not fail to attend the watchful soul. . . . .

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Near Ipswich, Third Month 20th, 1837.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . It is no easy matter to learn the lesson of being “careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, making the requests known unto God;” or leaving all to Him in waiting for resignation under every trial.

I observe thy concern respecting our present condition, amidst the conflict and solicitude felt in consequence of thy sister’s severe illness. It is truly painful to witness those we tenderly love, sinking under disease: these things are, however, attendant on a probationary state of being, and no doubt the righteous find *that* for ever, as their joyous portion, which makes life worth living, with all its sufferings, in every shape, dispensed by Him who “afflicts not willingly, nor grieves the children of men,” but sends just what we need to fit us for union with Himself. What a mercy that *all* things, without exclusion, “work together for good to them that love God.” Let us then, in the ability vouchsafed, however small, gird up the loins of our minds, and “hope to the end.”

As regards the sad schism within *our* borders, I trust that which openly and vauntingly declared itself against the principles of Friends, has already begun to wax feeble; but what is to be done with that spirit that is still temporizing, and standing between the decision of truth, and that which seems to expect to be made perfect in the *letter*, after having known what it was to begin the great work of salvation in the *spirit*? I cannot think that this middle rank will be able to escape the scrutinizing power of that living *word*, which is quick and powerful; sharper than any two-edged sword; dividing asunder even with such accurate discrimination, that it is compared to separating between the joints and the marrow.

I was at the last Quarterly Meeting in London, and enabled to clear my mind once more, both in the Select Meeting, and that at large. It seemed to me, that although something had been done, in a Society capacity, to put down that which defies the armies of Israel, yet that “the *best* of the sheep and the oxen” were reserved;

and there was Agag in his gorgeous attire, saying, "Surely the bitterness of death is past." And although my soul heard the pleading, "Yea, we have fulfilled the Lord's command," yet had I to declare that mine inward ear was assailed with "the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the oxen;" and to say, "What meaneth it?" I do not know how far I may be excused being at their next, but I am not allowed to be much at rest, as in my ceiled house. I was last week at Essex Quarterly Meeting—have held a great many meetings with the people at large, in that county and this. A very great one was here last evening, which was to me a time of renewal of strength indeed, and wherein the immutable truth was largely and powerfully declared. Oh! the seed immortal did reign, to the glory of Him who told His disciples that they could do nothing without Him. I am here to attend our Quarterly Meeting to-morrow. My dear husband is not with me, being very feeble and dim-sighted; but I trust the inner man is renewed, and that his spiritual faculties are clear and vigorous.

I am

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO HER SON.

*Fourth Month 8th, 1837.*

Thou and thy dear sister have my sympathy, as well as tender love; and often does my soul breathe to the Father of mercies for you, that you may still be led about and instructed by Him, and, like Israel of old, taught to soar aloft as upon the eagle's wings. Do read the text, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest," &c.

How pleasant it will be when we can see the advance of summer! We have now passed six months since the commencement of winter, and really I think these few last days exceed in severity of weather; but let us remember the covenant with the seasons, and look forward to the flowers appearing on the earth, &c.

I seem wonderfully spared going out to meetings these few months. I cannot expect the exemption to last much longer, but hope to be kept in a waiting state, even "as the eye of the servant to his master."

We are reading the life of William Penn: it is what my J. G. much likes to hear. We have got as far as his recal from Ireland. Dear young man! what true christian fortitude he possessed, and what devotion of heart to his Maker!



To ———.

*Sudbury, Fifth Month 11th, 1837.*

. . . . . I am led to enrol the prospect of recovery among the many mercies of a gracious God, which have been made known to so unworthy a handmaiden, from time to time. It is not but what I was favoured with a sense that, as related to myself, it were better for me to depart; for I did believe that I should be for ever with Christ my Redeemer, who hath washed me in His own blood. Oh! eternally magnified and praised be His adorable Name! He would have all come to the knowledge of Himself, and be saved. . . .

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Fifth Month 15th, 1837.*

I am constantly thinking of thee and dear ———, much desiring your progress in the way cast up for you; the path of the redeemed of the Lord. They “shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.” Yes, for they deeply experience the judgments of the Most High upon the transgressing nature, and also His adorable mercy and loving-kindness; so these learn in the school of Christ to sing the song, “which none can learn but the redeemed from the earth.”

Do thou, my dear ———, dwell under that power which, in measure, yea, a precious measure, has already been so dispensed as to work redemption to a certain degree for thee. To be created anew in Christ Jesus, and established in the righteousness which is His own, often proves a work of considerable time; of years told over and over; but do not grow weary nor faint under it, for its blessed effects and precious fruits are worth waiting for with all perseverance. . . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Fifth Month 23rd, 1837.*

. . . . . Yesterday I was very much discouraged about stopping from home, feeling quite as if my health would not admit of my attending the Yearly Meeting, but was favoured to rest last night, which appears to have built me up again, so that I have sat through this morning’s meeting of nearly four hours. Yesterday I

found my way to express, in the first meeting, what appeared to me to apply to our state as a part of the body at large; and then I met our friend ——, but did not go to the second sitting. . . . .

TO THE YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS NOW ASSEMBLED.

1837.

BELoved FRIENDS—BRETHREN AND SISTERS,

Being prevented by illness from mingling with you at the present time, I take this method of evincing the interest my heart is sensible of, for the prosperity of truth, and the maintaining of our ancient testimonies in their own character, in that life and wisdom which is eternal.

First, I would address those who endeavour, in the fear of the Lord, to uphold that standard which may not be lowered to meet the views of such as do not come to the fulness of the Gospel of Christ. Deep is the sorrow, and many are the baptisms and sufferings of the faithful, in the present day; but the Great Head of the Church will bless their exercise and travail, to themselves, and to the edification of the body; therefore “let nothing move you from the steadfastness which is in Christ.” These will be enabled to adopt the language, “Our feet shall stand within thy gates, oh Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.”

And oh! may all beware of choosing a path that looks pleasing to the unanointed eye, and as though it must end in life and salvation, but not being straight and narrow, to the aspiring, unsubdued mind of man, will, sooner or later, be found to diverge into the broad way that leads to destruction! An insidious spirit, ready to draw from the true fold, is still amongst us in different degrees; but the Lord will more and more discover it, by that which searcheth all things; however secretly, and with whatever subtlety it may now be at work. It hath done, and is still doing great injury to the rising generation of this people; “a people near unto the Lord.”

Its voice is causing many of them to go from hill to mountain, as scattered sheep; and great will be found to be the responsibility of those who have induced them to turn a deaf ear to the monitions of the Good Shepherd in their own hearts.

And now, dear children, do you turn inward to Christ your Redeemer, who died for you, that you might have blessed union with Him, and be valiant for the truth upon earth; and ultimately find an interest in Him, which brings to the full fruition of eternal glory. The Lord hath not cast off His people, but is still willing to gather and to own them amongst the nations; and the "Gentiles shall yet come to His light, and kings to the brightness of His rising."

In that love which hath, during my day, enabled me to give up my little all, for the sake of Christ, and His everlasting, immutable Gospel, I tenderly salute every one of you, and bid you farewell.

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, 1837.*

Finding myself in much need of *daily* retirement, and full prostration of soul before a merciful and all-sufficient Helper of the helpless, and so often experiencing much composure of mind and temper, from waiting upon Him in secret, I highly recommend the practice to my precious children.

The Quarterly Meeting was to me trying. I had to speak a considerable time in testimony—others followed. The meeting had then held pretty long, but it seemed right for me to promote silence again, and then kneel; when I was longer in that posture than ever I remember to have been without utterance. At length I had to break forth, "What wilt Thou do for thy Great Name?" as the language of some baptized spirits; and to allude to those who had already perished "between the porch and the altar;" crying, "Spare thy people, oh Lord; and give not thine heritage to reproach;" and to ask a blessing on the travail of the true servants and handmaidens left, as well as that those who were dead, might yet speak to the hearing ear.

The youth were livingly brought into remembrance, and this Society (Friends) were alluded to as the *visibly* gathered Church, &c. In my offerings I seemed to have ability given from the Fulness of Strength, but still I came home with a heavy heart, finding little to console me.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month 24th, 1837.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . I was so ill, both in London and since, as scarcely to be able to put pen to paper; indeed it was under much weight of indisposition that I left home, but my mind being drawn to the Yearly Meeting, the attempt was made. On second day morning I attended the Select Meeting, and communicated what was on my mind; after which I was not able to stop, and did not get to the afternoon sitting. Had an interview that day with our friend \_\_\_\_\_, and managed to sit pretty nearly through the truly fearful meeting of third day, where I was the first to express anything but unity with the concern laid before Friends. Many followed me in the same strain. . . . .

I was not at the adjournment, but understand that more objected then. However, the prospect was ultimately encouraged, and a very full certificate issued. I may say that my place seemed to be *that which I stood in*; in decidedly giving my judgment, as an individual, that it would be best to lay the concern aside at present. I fully concur in the belief of some valuable Friends, that the disaffection in this country arose out of the unsound writings, &c., of the Friend in question.

. . . . . I confess that nothing short of an acknowledgment of error, and deep sorrow for the past (though done with good intentions) appears sufficient to satisfy my tried mind, with respect to one so influential, and whose sentiments on things of great importance to us as a body, are published to the nations. . . . What occasions me the most sorrow is, that in this day of sifting as from sieve to sieve, we have, in a Society capacity, retarded the great work, and owned much which the Great Lord of the heritage has appointed should be winnowed away. Oh! the consideration hereof weighs down my spirit; and because there appears at present no remedy, my soul weeps in secret places, and I go mourning all the day long; yet there is, at times, a humble but sure hope, that there will be a discerning more clearly between thing and thing; between the covering that is not of God's Spirit, and that which He prepares and grants to those who are truly watchful, and dependent upon Him alone. I trust that, among our youth, some see with an evidence indubitable, that nothing will avail but a new heart; which cannot

be effected, save by the inward operations of the hand of the holy Redeemer, who sitteth "as a refiner with fire, and as a fuller with soap."

I was particularly struck with thy allusion to my not being without knowing tribulation; for at the time I received thy letter, I was pressed down with painful feelings, which increased until what I had to suffer (particularly in the great city) became fully equal to any capacity afforded to sustain it; but my poor mind was mercifully favoured to witness, that such a helpless worm was under the notice of Him who "weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;" so that not an atom too much is permitted to come upon us. I shall be glad of further information from thee of how thou fares, and whether thy dear sister is still a sufferer or not. I trust that if patience has already had her perfect work, or still a little may remain to be effected, as the service due to a Master richly rewarding, the immortal spirit triumphs over all, through Him who conquered, and still is known to conquer, death, hell, and the grave.

Believe me to be, very sincerely,

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*London, Seventh Month 17th, 1837.*

We do continue to love you, and desire an increase for you in that which makes strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Few there are who seem, in this day of perplexity, of darkness, of cloudiness, and of treading down, to be prepared to put on strength in the name of the Lord; to take indeed the whole armour of God unto them; being girt about with truth, having righteousness for a breast-plate, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, and above all, the shield of faith, whereby the fiery darts of the wicked are quenched; nor do many among us know what it is to have the feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; for how do a multiplicity of things, pertaining to the present life, prevent a full dedication of all to the Most High, that He may work both to will and to do, of His own good pleasure. No doubt the disposition is felt with more than a few, which led one to enquire, "What shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" but when it is found that the purchase-money is their *all*, then comes hesitation

and sorrow. But why do I write thus? It was not premeditated; yet I often look round in my mind, and am ready to query, Oh! where shall we go to find valiants in Israel? or where may we *hope* that, in a rising generation, there are those so humbled under the Almighty hand, as to promise a restoration of judges as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning? But enough of this plaintive song. I know that the seven thousand shown to the mournful prophet of old, were *only* seen in the light of truth; and may we not hope that the same Power which preserved them, has many hidden ones now reserved to Himself, that may yet shine forth as the light, in the kingdom of their Father; evidencing that they live under the government of His Holy Spirit.

I wish your visit to Ackworth may be productive of satisfaction, and encourage a prospect of useful and truly baptized members of the Church of Christ, from among the dear children. Often do I desire that our little ones may be deeply impressed with a sense of the necessity of having the heart tendered; the living, eternal word, inwardly revealed as a hammer, to break the rock in pieces; that so, in early life, the stony heart being removed, and a heart of flesh given, they may manifest a susceptibility as to the best feelings, and be so wrought upon as evidently to become what they are, by the grace of God. This is superior to all that can possibly be done by human efforts, in cultivating the rational powers, and in storing the mind with outward knowledge and literature, however good in its place all this may be. My love is to dear —— and wife. I was comforted in their simplicity, and desire after best guidance, when last with them. May they keep near to that which can alone build them up in safety, and give an inheritance among all them that are sanctified! It is the simple whom the Lord preserveth through all.

And now, my dear friend, may I say that my husband and I do wish to sympathize with those among you, who desire to pray for the prosperity of Zion, and the peace of Jerusalem; which can only be promoted by judgment being laid to the line, and righteousness to the plumb-line; not by passing over that which meets not the line measured out by the truth. What is your Monthly Meeting doing with delinquents; with persons gone back to the beggarly elements, as if, having begun in the spirit, we could hope to be made perfect in the flesh? Are these faithfully laboured with, in the love of the Gospel? and if they refuse to lend an ear to wholesome counsel, are their works testified against, to the clearing of truth? Sometimes

I am ready to conclude, that if the retrograde steps of some are not reprov'd and condemn'd *officially*, the hands of some who would have been made use of to this end, will be weakened more and more; until their holding back, from what is termed charity and the like, but what, in reality, is slavish fear, causes them to be beguiled of their reward.

Oh! that, in the Quarterly Meeting of London and Middlesex, there may be found such as, through deep humiliation, may be raised up in a righteous zeal, saying, "Here am I; send me;" even in handling the discipline, that it may be put in practice, in the blessed authority of the Gospel; and acted in, under the influence of that wisdom which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, without partiality and without hypocrisy, full of mercy, and full of good fruits;" for in all this, there is nothing that would admit of bartering one of truth's testimonies for the ease of the flesh, or sparing that life which is to die by the sword of the Lord. No; Agag must yet be hewed in pieces, and there must be no sparing the best of the sheep and the oxen, on any fair pretence whatever. May the great and mighty Jehovah arise, in His own time, and by the means which He shall choose, for the deliverance of His people from whatever brings into bondage, and oppresses the precious seed! Amen.

To ——— .

*Sudbury, Tenth Month 16th, 1837.*

Now I beg the favour of some information relative to thy health, and how both thou and thy wife are getting on in your journey through a world of vicissitudes, in which it is very evident we have no continuing city, but are to seek one that is to come; which indeed hath foundations, whose "builder and maker is God." Yea, we are to prepare for an inheritance therein, as the first concern of life. Then will He who gave Himself for us, be graciously pleased to "present us faultless before the throne of His glory with exceeding joy." Here is the recompense for all our suffering, in resignation to the will of the Father. Surely the weight of glory that shall be revealed to the ransomed ones, far exceeds *that* of sorrow and pain endured in this probationary state. The last public meeting was a few miles from Colchester, for the cottagers scattered through that part of the country. Never did I go to a meeting under more suffering, my mind having been for days bowed down,

as if the woes of the wicked were upon me; and perhaps never did the word of the Lord, through so mere a nothing, flow more freely to the people, nor reach to their states more fully, so far as I have experienced. The meeting was very large. They came several miles in some instances. Many were outside the barn, very quiet; and I really think it might be thankfully acknowledged that the power of the Lord was over all—to Him alone be the praise, for indeed His own works do praise Him! My dear husband and I attended the Quarterly Meeting at Bury, which was a time of painful exercise, although I found the anointing *with* me, in the vocal labour that fell to my lot. Few seem to me to remain amongst us, who persevere in the path cast up for the self-denying followers of Immanuel crucified. Few indeed, in this good old way, in which our forefathers were as a shining light; and yet I hope we still have hidden ones secretly embracing, yea, *purchasing* the ever blessed, immutable truth, on its own terms: not wishing to enter into, or repair to argument, to convince them of that which is self-evident, but simply submitting to Divine grace, that what they are, they may be by it. I humbly trust that the Great Head of the Church will bring such a state more and more into view, to His own glory, and the edifying of the body in love; even that love which is in Christ Jesus; which “neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,” shall be able to separate those from, who trust in the Lord with all the heart, and lean not to their own understanding.

I feel a jealousy lest truth should still suffer, for want of clear discernment in the leaders of our people; and indeed, for want of that fervent charity, that would by no means compromise the principles held so dear by the first Christians, and by our early Friends, after a long and dark night of apostacy.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Earl's Colne, 1837.*

. . . . . We have enjoyed each other's company, and taken Isaac Pennington as a third. Oh! *that* dear man! Little did *he* dwell upon his bodily ailments, which were often grievous; but his mind was over them in the Lord; so that it might be said he lived above the sufferings of a delicate frame, subjected to hardships



and privation which looked likely to terminate his earthly existence. I hope to be instructed. Nothing can exceed the kind attention of my dear friends of this house. May they be rewarded; as I believe what is done is truly in the name of discipleship!

To ———.

*Sudbury, Twelfth Month 23rd, 1837.*

. . . . . In *bonds* have I been most truly, and *thou* hast been *bound* with me, and *I with thee*. Neither of us are disposed to want sympathy towards such as are in adversity, not forgetting that ourselves are also in the body. Old and almost worn out as I feel, my spirit does yet travail with and for thee; I trust in that which outlives all pain and sorrow. I may now adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, "The Lord hath chastened me sore, but He hath not given me over unto death." I trust *now* the dispensation is changing. I had quite resigned my child for a better inheritance than the present state of being affords. I could not desire to hold her, if Inscrutable Wisdom saw meet that she should make her escape from all temptation and suffering: true, my heart was bleeding, but I said amen to the Divine will. I tried to be still in my spirit, and not to reason on my singular affliction; so I hope the everlasting arms have been underneath, invisible to me. . . . .

Above all have I sighed and mourned for the state of things among us, as a Society. I do believe there never was such general falling away; such erring in vision too, and such stumbling in judgment: scarcely any true discernment seems left us. The acts of the Society, in some instances, have been utterly inconsistent with our principles; so that it may be confessed that, in our sanctioning what is irreconcilable with the truth, even in a Society capacity, we have given away our strength like Sampson, and we have surely "changed our glory for that which doth not profit us." Some tell me to recollect "the cause is the Lord's." This I do not forget; but some of us are commanded to sigh in measure, like the prophet, who was to sigh deeply; yea, to the "breaking of his loins." Others see nothing to sigh for. . . . .

I had a letter this morning from a friend, chiefly to enquire what was my view of the text in Peter, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy," &c. He mentions receiving a tract on "Misinterpretation of Scripture." I should just wish him to know that I have

seen it, and entirely differ, in my views, from the author. It is like the "Beacon." I often feel as if this tenement was giving way; but still think, with thee, my "strength may be renewed" a *little*, both naturally and spiritually.

Do thou be valiant, and fight the Lord's battles, in His own spirit and eternal power; all flesh being silent before Him. So dearly farewell.

TO HER SON.

*First Month 2nd, 1838.*

Well, my dear ———, I wish, with thee, that our *late*, and indeed *present* trials, may have a tendency to strengthen our best resolutions, as they have exercised our faith and patience in no slight degree: but what a mercy it is to be kept from casting away the shield, or arraigning Divine Wisdom, even when without a living, sustaining sense of our painful feelings being noticed by our Heavenly Father; of whom it is said that His compassions fail not, therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed—the generation of the wrestling seed. Jacob wrestled for the blessing of the Most High, through the night of darkness, even until break of day; and to him the language of mercy and justice eventually was, "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." How encouraging to perseverance! . . . . .

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*First Month 10th, 1838.*

I am glad thou canst hope for a continuance of that providence which has hitherto been over thee in a remarkable manner; so that though tried and tossed mostly for years together, the everlasting arms have been underneath, invisibly sustaining and carrying through, to the fit time for deliverance. Do thou be indeed watchful, as thy letter so sweetly expresses is thy desire to be, "over every word and thought, as well as deed." Nothing else will do for us, poor, erring creatures; and this watching is the unceasing prayer, graciously regarded, and answered by preservation. So be encouraged in thy holy resolutions, and the Lord bless thee, to His own praise and thy lasting peace. No doubt He will order thy steps aright, in thy looking to Him.

To ——— .

*Sudbury, First Month 14th, 1838.*

. . . . . Oh! that the young people would pursue ardently the things that are most excellent, and as worthy of them, while their energies are in full vigour; for shall we offer on the altar of God only that which is as the refuse? Oh! may it be forbidden! As regards my own state, it is much my desire that all which may be still left me of fading and diminishing strength, may be first devoted to the Guide of my youth, and Him who hath been pleased to permit me to experience “great and sore trouble,” but mercifully kept me from making shipwreck of faith.

To ——— .

*Sudbury, Second Month 7th, 1838.*

Truly thou art still disposed to act a sisterly part toward thy poor friend. Most of those with whom I have been intimate in my day have left me: thou art not one of these. May it yet be proved that our friendship is on the basis which the vicissitudes of this life do not shake, much less destroy.

I have long felt deeply interested in the best welfare of thyself and family, as I trust thou art well aware. Much do I desire that the things which are of this world, may not be suffered to choke the word in the inward parts, and render unfruitful toward God in any instance among you. How soon will all be over with us here! and then we must give account of what we have done with the gifts bestowed; and whether we have, above all, sought to glorify God with body and spirit; remembering they are *His*—not *ours*. . . . .

It is no small consolation to me to be assured that there are indeed a few amongst us as a people, who are precious in the sight of the Great Head of the Church; spared in the day that He makes up His jewels, even as a man spareth his son that serveth him; for “they shall be *mine*, saith the Lord.” Of this number I trust dear ——— is one; and that there are others, in Scotland as well as here in England, and elsewhere likewise. Notwithstanding the shaking of the earth, and of the heavens also, that we have felt and do feel, the righteous, who keep their ranks under the banner of the Lamb, will “shine forth as the light in the kingdom of their Father.”

To J. H.

*Sudbury, Second Month 8th, 1838.*

BELOVED FRIEND,

Thy unlooked for testimonial of continued remembrance and love, received yesterday, claims an early acknowledgment. I assure thee it is no small comfort to me to know that I share thy sympathy, also that of my dear friend, thy husband. Many times does my mind recur to years that are over and gone, when you kindly noticed the poor little messenger, who was running to and fro, in obedience to what appeared to be the will of my Heavenly Father. I have never ceased to love you since, nor to feel my heart, at times, glow with gratitude, for the true kindness, help, and hospitality met with at dear Uxbridge. Some who befriended me, are gone to receive a recompense of reward for their labour of love in many ways; and some who remain, are filling up their measure, and coming through great tribulation, in, or for, the full preparation to be for ever clothed in the white raiment; their garments being washed indeed, in the blood of the Lamb.

It is with much satisfaction that I find thee bearing testimony to the all-supporting hand of the Most High, both as relates immediately to thyself, and those nearest to thee, in this world of trouble: and most truly glad am I, that none of thy immediate family have departed from the first principles of Friends. Nothing better will be discovered, wherein to partake of that rest which is prepared for the people of God; and those who have gone from these principles, into notions and speculations, must, I am persuaded, feel at seasons, the want of an acquaintance with the leadings of Christ, the great and good Shepherd, who maketh His flock to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth them beside the still waters. Nothing, nothing will give true peace, but taking upon us the yoke of Him who, in that prepared body, learned obedience by the things which He suffered; who says, "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart;" with the gracious promise, "and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Thy account of dear —— (although affecting with regard to her sufferings) is sweet to me, as she seems to increase in that which outlives all pain and sorrow. How kind of dear R. F. to mention me, as feeling interested about my health! Ah! she is a precious plant in the Lord's heritage, fruitful to His praise! Thou remarks, "What a small remnant we are likely to be, as a Society!"

Yes, small indeed ; but I trust that the scripture may yet be verified, in the little few who keep to the ancient and abiding foundation, “The remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people, as a dew from the Lord.” I think, with thee, that amidst all our defection, the principle of truth is spreading in the world ; yea, it will gain ground more and more, although the various sects of Christians are too *showy* in religion (if I may say so)—not enough concerned to feel after and embrace the substance, while high in profession.

We have a third class in our Society, who appear to me to stand at present in the way of our arising in ancient simplicity and brightness, more than those who have separated themselves, and even opposed the old school with much violence ; and that is the class who would compromise, and if possible, mix up light with darkness, that there may be no breach of what they miscal charity, love, and unity. Oh ! this daubing with untempered mortar ! It must all be judged down, sooner or later, by the wisdom and power that is from above ; to make way for the immutable and blessed truth, as it really is in Jesus !

May the Lord be magnified in all His works, for He pulls down to build up, and He wounds to heal.

I have not written so long a letter these many months ; the employ does not suit me well.

I will now take leave, in the feeling that

I am thy sincerely affectionate,

Though deeply tried friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO MARY CAPPER.

*Clapham, Fifth Month, 1838.*

DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND,

Thy sweet and precious letter has done me good. Oh ! how delightful it is to see that some hold on their way, in this day of grievous wandering and backsliding ! This Yearly Meeting convinces us that we are still too generally a revolting people ; and my portion of labour has been much in the line of laying open our condition, and calling back the wanderers, and the rebellious ; for it seems to me to be a day of renewed visitation. The heavenly wing is extended to gather into safety, while yet many are not prepared to come under it, for want of being sensible of their danger, and their

own helplessness. There is, nevertheless, a little band of humble, simple ones, who feel their entire dependence upon the Almighty Helper; and these are very near and dear one unto another, whether gathered in one place, or wherever they are, and however circumstanced. Among such is thyself, kept, through Divine mercy, in the holy oneness; maintaining the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: and although some of thy steps, now late in the race, may be very heavy and painful, I do believe thou wilt find the end to be crowned with peace and full satisfaction, in Him who giveth not the race to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but sealeth the salvation of the persevering, and rewards them with His glory for ever. So mayest thou be enabled to thank Him and take courage; for "say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."

My children feel the tender regard expressed for them in thy communications to me. We seek not great things for them, any more than for ourselves, either as to temporals or spirituals, but true Wisdom, whose ways are pleasantness, and her paths peace. Many are the baptisms, even in youth, known to such as yield to the preparing power, which brings to a holy settlement on the sure foundation.

It is very sweet and confirming to some of us, as to our faith, to see Daniel Wheeler returned safe and sound in every sense; and to hear him tell, in a few sentences, of what he has seen of the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deeps; and to testify to the sufficiency of Divine grace, as he has witnessed it in himself and others. He says that if he had entertained any doubts before (which was not the case) concerning a measure and manifestation of the Spirit being granted to all men, they would have been removed by what he has seen among those whose situation in the world left them in ignorance as to the outward, yet acknowledged to the reproofs of the great and good Spirit in their own hearts.

I may now take leave of thee, my very dear friend; and remain, I humbly trust, in the fellowship of the Gospel, and also as a partaker with thee in tribulation,

Thy affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*London, Fifth Month, 1838.*

There was company not of our Society at dinner yesterday—five persons. I was constrained to address them and all the rest present. This sacrifice brought much peace to my mind. I was led to declare how the people called Quakers had gone back again into the world, &c., &c. I have not yet found my way to utter a word in this great assembly. My state, as relates to the ministry committed to me, has put me in mind, for these two days, of Joshua, when he was to compass the walls of Jericho, but to do no more until he received fresh command as to time, &c.; then the walls fell down of themselves, as the will of the Lord was abode in, and the fulness of time waited for: so I trust patience will be granted me, and a strict adherence to Divine direction, in my little way of serving Him. . . . .

I have now, since writing the above, been to meeting at Devonshire House, where my mouth has been opened in a rather short testimony, and to some relief to my exercised spirit. I found it needful to be *very* careful to mind the right time, both in leaving my seat and in taking it again.

There is now a strong endeavour to bring us to unite both in word and in thought. We have need to be “wise as serpents,” as well as “harmless as doves.” There never was a time among us, when things were just in the same state; when nothing but standing single-handed seems at all safe. We dare not look for that assistance one from another, that used to be strengthening; and yet no doubt those are still left, who “maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.”

## TO HER HUSBAND.

*Near London, Fifth Month 23rd, 1838.*

Yesterday afternoon it seemed required of me to express humble thankfulness that, after all, the Almighty is willing to “cover us with His feathers,” if we are but disposed to come under the extended wing; but that He will have nothing thus protected, that feels not its own helplessness; nothing that has self-sufficiency, or sees not the danger of being away from the Heavenly Parent, even for a moment—repeating the text, “How often would I have

gathered thee," &c. Then I had to declare that He who is a "jealous God, and will not give His glory to another," would yet send forth His word to sift us, and take away, and blow away the remaining chaff, by "speaking terrible things in righteousness;" for "What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord?" Oh! the mixture, the mixture that is amongst us! It is seen in our sitting together, it is painfully to be *felt*; but how precious is the sense, that a living remnant is preserved on "the foundation *already laid*, another than which cannot be laid." How near and dear are these one unto another, in the everlasting love and life of truth!

Before I left the meeting, I feared to withhold a warning and call to examine our motives in attending these meetings, which we were privileged to have the opportunity of doing; putting us in the remembrance of the possibility of partaking with the disciples outwardly; even dipping with them, in the presence of their Lord, in the same dish, and then going out for the purpose of betraying the innocent life, in the darkness, and with a kiss; and how He who is truth declared, "It had been good for that man, if he had not been born."

This morning Daniel Wheeler's certificate from the Morning Meeting was read, and the Minute of same Meeting on his lately returning it; also testimonials from missionaries, &c., of his labours being most truly acceptable. D. W. then gave in a concise account of the merciful dealings of the Most High with him in his travels, and how he had been helped along through great difficulties; while he often had to say to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my brother and sister. There was a Minute made of the account rendered in by himself, and of Friends' thankful feeling respecting him. It was all very beautiful. That which dropped from his own lips was heart-tendering, and abundantly satisfying. Oh! the dear servant of the Lord! He is as humble as a child; while capable of ascribing glory, and power, and dominion to the Lord God, and the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne.

TO THE SAME.

*Stanford Hill, Fifth Month 27th, 1838.*

Feeling inclined to attend Newington Meeting to-day, I am here. The meeting was very large: divers spoke. It was a very exercising season, but I felt relieved in some measure. D. W. came



to me afterwards, and asked where I was going to dine; for, said he, “thy people are my people.” We were led harmoniously to labour.

28th.—This morning, in meeting, my way opened to encourage Friends who had the weight of things, to be like those who bore the ark of the testimony on their shoulders, in the bottom of Jordan, until the people all passed over, that we might be able to bring up the stones of memorial; in the Lord’s time raising our Ebenezer, &c. And before the meeting closed, I laid before it my concern to see Friends together (if practicable) both men and women; also those who have lately gone off. I know not how it may be: there is no house belonging to the Society large enough. The Men’s Meeting is to be acquainted with it this afternoon.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*London, Fifth Month 29th, 1838.*

Yesterday I was obliged hastily to close my letter. There was a deputation from the Men’s Meeting, to tell me my concern was most cordially united with, and that the Yearly Meeting was disposed to do anything that might meet my views. I have had but one poor night, with all my fearful exercises in this momentous prospect; for such indeed it is to me. I have often thought what a mercy it is to be thus cared for; also that my sufferings in the winter were truly permitted in great wisdom, not merely for my own sake, but for the sake of the great and good cause. Indeed I believe that if we are entirely the Lord’s, to be, to do, and to suffer what He pleases, we shall all find that we have to experience something of what the Apostle spake of, when he said, “I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, for His body’s sake, which is the Church.”

We used to speak of these things together. Mayest thou be qualified to promote the spreading of that kingdom which “is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” Let patience have her perfect work, and all things will have a tendency to fit thee for the Great Master’s use. His service, although very mortifying to the flesh, is nevertheless truly honourable, and truly peaceful. Thou hast had much to pass through, and mayest still be plunged again and again into the deeps; and yet has not the Most High evinced His care over thee, as a tender father careth for a precious child;

that, being rightly disciplined and instructed, ability may be given to “bring forth things new and old, out of the heavenly treasury?”

There is no chance of the women’s house holding the numbers likely to come, for even to-day it was crowded to excess; but I desire to leave all to the control and guidance of Infinite Wisdom. I well know that all my own thoughtfulness is unavailing. Without Divine aid we can do nothing for His honour, who remains to be all-sufficient to those who humbly trust in Him.

TO A NIECE.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month 20th, 1838.*

Although I cannot doubt thy being assured of my tender sympathy with thee, as a mother watching the sick bed of a beloved child, yet do I wish to tell thee that my mind is indeed very much with you; and it is my heart’s desire that this very trying dispensation may be blessed to each of the family. Our Heavenly Father sends afflictions in His love to us; designing to give the sense to our souls, that we are truly adopted by Him; and we read, that “as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust:” so then He will not lay more upon us, than He giveth us ability to support. I know thou and I both keenly feel illness visiting our families; but oh! when it brings to the extremity of suffering, in seeing one who made a part of our flesh and our bones, obliged to yield to the cold, relentless hand of death, this is indeed hard to bear; and only mitigated by resignation being granted, and by the consoling belief that *that* which is torn from us, is dearer to the Lord than it was even possible for us to witness, as regards our affectionate attachment. This, I trust, is thy consolation, and that of other near relatives of dear ———. Is he yet struggling with mortality? or has he dropped these shackles, and taken wing; soaring above every painful feeling, and resting for ever in the arms of his adorable Redeemer? Do let me know how it is with you.

I remain thy affectionate, and feelingly interested aunt,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*London, probably Sixth Month, 1838.*

There appears to be far less disposition to oppose the right thing than for many years past. A restraining influence has been felt, as regards the vaunting spirit that showed itself so much latterly; and I do think that I never knew more precious fellowship than was felt by the real Friends, one with another. These are endeared to each other, in a still greater degree, by what they have suffered, and continue to suffer for the truth's sake; for there remains much to deplore, that has a tendency to scatter the flock, and to beguile such as look outward for instruction and satisfaction, instead of having the eye to the heavenly anointing that is truth, and no lie. Great has been the exercise of my mind, and the weight brought upon me; but I have, through Divine mercy, been enabled to lay down my burden in two great meetings, one for the men, and the other for the women; together with those who have recently gone off from us. Oh! it was an awful engagement. I had to lay things open, as shown me, or as the gift led to it; and to hold out an invitation to come to the pure, inexhaustible fountain, away from all that is as muddy waters; declaring that the Great Head of the Church would render unavailing every effort to new model us as a community, and renew us in the original character of our Society. I was strengthened to speak for four hours, with but little intermission. Thus are we still followed; the word not going forth, "Let Ephraim alone; he hath joined himself to idols." I do humbly hope that better times will come to this people, to whom the Most High hath declared, "You have I loved, and you will I punish."

Thou seest I am raised up again in the service of my Great Master, to whom I desire to devote my failing energies, as I humbly trust the prime of my poor day has been His.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Seventh Month 23rd, 1838.*

The parcel from my beloved friend came to hand on seventh day evening, in which was enclosed thy note, acquainting me with the dubious state of your dear son's health. My heart is alive to sympathy; and how should it be otherwise than peculiarly so, as regards you—friends long known, and as long rendered dear

to me; I trust not from selfish motives, but from an interest which, on early acquaintance, was produced in my heart, as to your real felicity. Kind indeed have you been to me—particularly thyself; entering into my feelings of solicitude, excited from time to time, by adverse circumstances, especially such as related to illness. How then can I but feel keenly the present anxiety, occasioned by the somewhat precarious state of a child claiming constant, tender attention? Yes, I do indeed enter into the hopes and fears which must assail the minds of the dear parents; yet am I made thankful that the dear object of your care is endued with patience under suffering. Oh! surely Divine Wisdom does indeed dispense that which is best for us, while we know not what is in store to be revealed; only believing through His mercy all will be well with those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Often, very often do I remember your dear invalid, when prostrating myself and my all before Him who chastens every son whom He loveth, and even *scourgeth* all whom He receiveth. No doubt there is much to correct, much to be taken away, like being purged from dross, that the ear may be open to the discipline of the cross of Christ.

May patience yet have her *perfect work*, that the whole will of God may be wrought out, to His glory who worketh all in all, and to the peace of the soul panting after true rest.

To ———.

*Leiden, Eighth Month 9th, 1838.*

Will my beloved friend excuse my anxiety to know how you are getting on? I want to enter into sympathy with ———, not only as the son of friends dear to me, but also as one for whom my spirit has often been introduced into exercise and travail, that he might so come under the Divine hand, as to be formed for the praise and glory of his Redeemer; and possessing that peace which even the sufferings of the poor frame cannot deprive the Lord's dear children of. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

What an uncertain world is this! Is not Dr. S.'s removal truly awful? Is it the case that our dear friend ———, has avowed a concern to visit Van Dieman's Land? I should be glad to hear more than the mere rumour. These are days of extraordinary occurrences, and times when, from various causes, the nations of the earth

seem, as it were, to be drawing nearer to each other; may we not hope, preparatory to there being "one Shepherd and one sheepfold." Oh! that our children may yet be instrumental to this great end and blessed design of the ever faithful and all-beneficent Creator; not that I desire gifts for them otherwise than is altogether meet in the Divine counsel. I well know that we may, and have no doubt many do, serve the Lord in obscurity, by submitting to His will, and in all things having reference to Him." Job Scott says, "Many serve the Lord in sickness, and death is a service we *all* owe to God." What remains for us is, that we seek "to have that mind in us, which was also in Christ Jesus." The dear Son of God, while in unutterable anguish, submitted to the purpose of the Father; saying, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Resignation is a gift to be waited for, and is never withheld eventually from the soul that perseveringly seeks it; and oh! when obtained, how does it prove like a harbour of safe anchorage, after being tossed with tempest, and bereaved of comfort; and how is the land that was far off, now seen with an eye of faith!

To ———.

*Leaden Mill, Ninth Month 13th, 1838.*

Day after day have I been engaged to seek the Lord on behalf of your son; and while desiring sincerely that nothing may be spared that ought to be given to the hammer, the sword, or the fire, my prayer has been, that so far as consistent with His will who doth right, the sufferings of the dear invalid might be mitigated. Oh! I have not forgotten that we have to do with a Judge who "will not contend for ever, neither will He be always wroth; for the spirit would fail before Him." He remembereth mercy in the midst of judgment, to such as fear Him; may nothing prevent His great and gracious desigus from being answered in this sore trial. I look further than to the immediate object of affliction; I look round upon the dear and interesting family of which he is one. I want that the painful dispensation should prove a blessing to all; that the things of time may not have more than their due place in the mind; that the things of eternity should be primarily pursued; that no pleadings of the flesh should prevail, to the retarding of the great work of redemption, but that from living experience the song may be sung, "which no man can learn, but those who are redeemed

from the earth." Oh! for deepening in the root with thee, my dear friend, and with thy loved partner in life; that your fruit may more and more be unto holiness (unlike the still unholy world) and the end eternal life. All helpless as I am, it is my concern to wait on the Fulness of strength on my own account, and to be enabled, in the Divine will, to comfort them who are in trouble, with the same comfort wherewith my Heavenly Father hath comforted myself. And it is my desire to remember such as are in adversity, being in the body likewise, and therefore continually subject to adversity.

May your dear children, every one, be taught to look at our dependent state as finite beings. We have nothing that we have not *received*. The air we breathe is not our own, any more than the portion of health vouchsafed. How humble we ought to be; how meek and low of heart; and it is such who are truly exalted. Oh! for your family being dignified with the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit; that every natural endowment being sanctified, they may be found of the number on whose characters "Holiness to the Lord" is inscribed, by the Divine finger.

I often think of my last pleasant visit to you; and how interesting to me was the parting with some in particular. "Things most excellent" were, I believe, thought of reciprocally; even things whereby one may edify another. May these things be more and more in the ascendancy with each of us!

#### TO A NIECE.

*Leaden, Ninth Month 16th, 1838.*

It is with much concern I find thou art still disposed to dwell on the late trying scene of dear ——'s sufferings and removal, with gloomy reflections; and I now take the pen to say that I do believe the dear child is in as much enjoyment as his innocent and purified spirit has capacity for; therefore do leave it as much as possible, believing in the mercy of Him who saw meet to bereave you of one He lent you for a season, and has fitted for an early exit from this world of temptation and sorrow. Dear youth! if, in the struggles of nature, he was as though pursued and worried, we may well attribute the distress to a weight of disease pressing on the animal system, and by no means extending itself beyond the poor, afflicted frame. Surely he loved the Lord, and even longed to be

with Him for ever : then he saw, beyond all his conflicts, into that kingdom, none of whose inhabitants can say, "I am sick;" and where there is no sorrow, but all "tears are wiped from the eyes." Do, my dear, wait upon the Source of all consolation; and may He enable thee with true christian confidence to adopt the language, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Truly my heart feels deeply for thee. Let me entreat thee not to ruminate on the painful *past*. Thy tenderness has been almost too great, and couldst thou have known how to prevent anything likely to be injurious, thou wouldst most gladly have done it; so now leave the subject, and turn thy attention to present duties every way; and may the trying dispensation be blessed to each of your circle! The Great Superintendent of the universe does not design our ruin, in permitting trouble to assail us, but that, being "chastened and not killed," we should be the more prepared to cleave to Him, as our Heavenly Father, and cry to Him, in the language of "Abba;" being His adopted ones, and dearly beloved of Him.

Thy truly affectionate aunt,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO HER SON AND DAUGHTER J. AND E. G., SHORTLY AFTER  
THEIR MARRIAGE.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month 27th, 1838.*

MY DEAR J. AND E.,

Having been but poorly since my return home, and the complaint affecting the nerves a good deal, I felt almost incapable of addressing you before. This day I am favoured with less of that disqualifying indisposition, and gladly take the pen to assure you that my mind has been much turned towards my dear children at Lexden; earnestly desiring the best of all blessings may be afforded, now that I consider you as entering together into the concerns of life; requiring the daily, hourly guidance of an allwise Director. Oh! it is like a vessel untried, launching forth on the mighty ocean; unable of itself to steer aright, or combat the difficulties it meets; but as the great and good Master is on board, some confidence may be humbly entertained; for even when He seemed not to heed the

conflict that His disciples experienced, when in danger, He was their safety and their deliverer, in their calling upon Him.

May you, my dear children, never consider yourselves capable of steering your own course, but look to Him whose ways and thoughts are infinitely higher than those of finite creatures, even as the heavens are higher than the earth. Yet is this the day of your might; this is the time to seek the Lord that He may be found of you, so as to put into a capacity to serve Him with a *perfect* heart and with a willing mind, in your day; to give unto Him the glory due unto His Name. It is not with our failing energies that we are to expect so to walk worthy the vocation wherewith we are called, as to be prepared for that happy testimony as applied to us, uttered by the great and just Judge, "Let her alone; she hath done what she could."

The way to ensure Divine approbation is to live each day in conformity to the holy mind of our Creator, as we may be favoured with His leadings, by a simple reliance on the grace mercifully vouchsafed; making every sacrifice called for at our hands; not despising the day of small things. I am almost sure dear E. will (in minding the day of her visitation) see the necessity of self-renunciation; which begins with a little, but which is not complete until we come to adopt the language, "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

And dear J., has not the Lord permitted your union, that individually and unitedly you may acquiesce with His will, and assist each other to ascend the holy mountain, where He is not only as refreshing dew, but where He teacheth His ways, and strengthens the resolutions to walk in His paths—the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace.

I do not know if you were told of our being mercifully permitted to draw very near to the throne of grace in your dwelling, immediately preceding our leaving that dear spot! Oh! it *was* precious! You seemed to be placed before the Father of mercies as children for whom His blessed Spirit yearned, that you might be His in time, and for ever. We were made truly thankful for being brought as it were into a cloudless atmosphere, in petitioning for you and for ourselves, under a sense that we are poor, helpless beings; that without Christ we can do nothing; but that nevertheless, through His strength, made perfect in weakness, we are able to do all things according to His will.



All our dear love is to you. Do, my dear children, watch over your own hearts and one another for good. And the God of Jacob defend and bless you, and the Almighty Helper of Joseph be with you. Amen, saith your affectionate mother,

S. G.

*Without date.*—It seems to me that our Heavenly Father has a gracious regard towards you both: the feeling was precious to me under your roof. Trials we must all have in this probationary state, and they are designed to work together for our good. Oh! how sweet it is when the Most High smells a good savour in the dwellings of His dear little ones, as I hoped yesterday was the case. Farewell, my dear children.

Your ever sympathizing and affectionate mother,

S. G.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Eleventh Month 20th, 1838.*

Many times, both by day and by night, my poor heart is raised in aspirations to the Most High, on behalf of some of you in particular, and for the family together, that the Divine visitations may be known; and oh! that they may be humbly received and abode under; proving like the refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap.

The Great Hand would thoroughly effect the work designed; watching its progress Himself, and not permitting anything to harm the soul thus preparing for perfect union with Him: delivering, in due time, from the most painful feelings, and granting an entire fitness for His own use. How gladly would I see or know, that every member of thy family were as the purified and precious metal, bearing the inscription of "Holiness to the Lord," in characters so legible that they might be read even by all who may be conversant with you; or how I should rejoice in witnessing the blessed work of the "Fuller with soap," making whiter than snow, even where, in passing along through life, and coming in contact with the spirit of this world, there may have been a partaking of its nature; for as it is hard to touch pitch and not be defiled, so it is hard to mingle with that which is opposed to the true spirit of Christ, and not be corrupted. It is high time for some of us to see that, through adorable mercy, we have on the wedding garment, the fine linen,

clean and white, which will bear the scrutinizing eye of Divine justice.

And may the dear young ones be aware how it behoves them, as they value their truest interests, to yield to that living power and influence which regenerates the soul, and leads into a separation from conformity to this world, in its vain, yea, its evil customs, its friendships, and its foolish fashions; all which, while they alienate from the love of God, are themselves passing away, and will leave their votaries nothing but vexation of spirit. It is those who receive the Redeemer in the way of His coming, to whom *power* is given to become the children of the Highest; born again of that which is incorruptible; for they can overcome every obstacle, in believing implicitly in the appearance of Him who bade His disciples to be of good cheer, for, said He, “*I have overcome the world.*” . . . May *we* be kindred spirits in that world where there is no groaning, being in bondage! May we be prepared to rejoice in dropping these mortal shackles, and being for ever at liberty to praise and glorify the Lord God, and the Lamb, who has washed us in His own blood! The like desire lives in my heart for all thine. I want such as your sons and daughters to range themselves nobly on the right side of things in their day, through the preparing hand, which qualified many in the early period of our Society, to show their fervent love to the cause of truth; in which cause they became, in some instances, “*lion-like men.*” For although there are, I trust, in all religious professions, those who are promoters of the coming of the Redeemer’s kingdom on the earth, living up to the light afforded, yet does it seem to me that this people are peculiarly called to exalt the testimonies of the unchangeable Gospel, even in its meridian effulgence. Let not our children conclude, that if there ever was utility in our plain and peculiar manner of life, and unceremonial worship, *that* has long since ceased; for surely the Lord will have a simple-hearted people still, and a people who hold christianity in its native purity: yea, our offspring are designed to come forward, and practically adopt the language, “*I am the Lord’s;*” glorifying Him with their bodies and with their spirits; for He is worthy of their energies, while in their full vigour, to be sanctified for His own blessed purposes, and that all His gifts should redound to His honour. Do give my sincere love to all, and say that I am persuaded there is no real peace, or lasting and solid satisfaction, out of dedication to Him to whom we owe our life and breath. So farewell.

To ———.

*Twelfth Month 30th, 1838.*

It is with much concern we find that dear ——— is so unwell. How abundantly inscrutable are the ways of Divine Providence! and yet no doubt they are all “just and true.” Thou seemest to acknowledge this in thy affecting lines received last night. Amidst all my painful feelings, it is no small comfort to me that you love the Lord, and can believe for yourselves, that He deals with you in wisdom, which being infinite, that which is finite cannot comprehend it. Thou, my precious ———, hast been again and again taught to leave all in that Hand which hides the children of the Heavenly Father in the day of trouble. When Zion mournfully spake, “The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me,” this was set forth as being utterly out of the case; even more impossible than that a woman should forget her sucking child; for He who is love itself declares, “Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.” As for thee, thou hast been marked out, as it were, for disappointment and trial; being again and again thwarted in thy earthly pursuits; yet do I believe that all thy tribulations are to prepare the way for thee to hear the language, “I have refined thee, but not with silver. I have *chosen* thee in the *furnace* of affliction.” Here is where the most precious metal undergoes the preparation for the service of the Great Head of the Church, or is made fit for being one of the vessels in His house; bearing the inscription, in legible characters, “Holiness to the Lord.”

It is cause of rejoicing that thou hast reference to Him who knew no sin, yet took our manifold infirmities and transgressions upon Himself, that we might find rest and salvation in Him. We cannot indeed bear the whole weight. He knows it, and saith, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,” &c. Oh! what a mercy that His holy bosom is the repository of all our sorrows and perplexities!

My prayers are to the Source of all strength and consolation, that He may be your sufficiency.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*First Month 4th, 1839.*

What thou hast, remember thou hast *received*; if indeed, it be of that which is good; for “every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights;” and the strong are to bear with the weak, and all are required to be willing to compassionate the faults of others, and even to suffer with and for such as err. Thus, my dear, wilt thou be prepared for a pillar in the house of the Lord; able, through uprightness and humble dependence on the Fulness of strength, to support considerable weight in the building, the Church; whose workmanship is that of an all-skilful hand, redounding to the honour and glory of Him who is mighty, and whose wisdom is consummate: who requires passiveness on our part, that He may make us what He would have us to be. The groundwork of all that qualifies for serving our Creator is humility. What a sad thing it is, that in this day, some stars in the firmament, even amongst us, a highly favoured people, are in a wandering state from their allotted sphere. All this is for want of abiding in true humility of heart, and is a great grief to the little, lowly ones.

TO ONE WHO TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN THE SECESSION FROM  
“FRIENDS,” AT THE TIME OF BEACONISM.*Sudbury, First Month 13th, 1839.*

To \_\_\_\_\_.

. . . . . Thou wast as a star in the firmament; not of the first magnitude, yet, in the allotted sphere, promoting and exhibiting the lovely economy of Him who is the Author of all true harmony and order in His own works. Oh! that, if the things which belong to thy soul's peace be not for ever hid from thine eyes, thou mayest receive of the true “eye-salve,” and look from whence thou art fallen; seeing clearly how thou didst lend thyself to the suggestions of a luciferian spirit, which first caused thee to become as a wandering star; when thou never meant, in that early time of thy departure from the truth, to be brought so far off as is now the case; but, strengthening thyself against the strivings of the seed of life within thee, that would have humbled thy heart in a sight of thy outgoings, thou didst become more and more prepared

for the attacks of the cruel adversary, who was watching thy unwatchfulness, and who at length assumed the form and character of “the dragon,” who is declared of, as drawing down some of “the stars of heaven to the earth.” He has been but too successful with thee and others; bringing into that which is of the earth, earthy, from the Heavenly One, even Christ Jesus, the Heavenly Man; whom you extol in words, but whose government you deny in conduct; and the spirituality of whose doctrine you set at nought, as assuredly as the wise builders ever did set at nought this very Christ, “the Head-stone of the corner,” and the “Foundation already laid, another than which no man can lay.”

Many professing the great and awful name of Christ, “who gave Himself a ransom for all,” are now “worshipping they know not what.” Because of the hardness of their own heart, some, once enlightened, are taking darkness for light, &c.; for they know not that they are glorying in their shame, and that they are of those “who mind earthly things.”

Thy dear wife, as well as thyself, did walk lowly with the lowly Jesus once: then you walked safely. Had there been an abiding with the crucified Immanuel, He would not have failed to declare unto you, as you were able to bear it, “all things which He had seen of the Father.” He would have deepened you in true, vital religion; and clothed you more conspicuously with “the garments of salvation,” and the “robe of righteousness.”

Should this expostulation from a trembling one be received, and the heavenly anointing, the unflattering witness for *truth*, answer, or be allowed by you to answer to what I have penned, in tender travail for you, then shall I have cause to rejoice for all the painful feelings which have long been mine, in mourning over your state, both day and night, before the Lord; in whom I long that peace and rest may be found by each of us. Amen, saith thy true friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Second Month 6th, 1839.*

. . . . . We want often to pass through the fire, and through the floods, that we may be fully prepared to receive the blessed language, “But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, oh Jacob, and He that formed thee, oh Israel, fear not: I have

redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name. *Thou art mine,*" &c. Such are heirs indeed of His promises, although they may wait for the fulfilment thereof, through many tribulations.

It is no small joy to me, who am now much laid on the shelf, to find that the Great Head of the Church is raising up those whom I believe to have received from Him, more than ever were entrusted to myself, of His gifts, for His own honour, and for the promotion of the most glorious and worthy cause on earth. Oh! may He prosper the work of the hands of all who wait for His qualifying power: living in Him spiritually; moving in Him; having their being in Him. . . . .

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Second Month 16th, 1839.*

I feel much for my dear husband and H., in concluding to leave them for a season; yet seeing me daily drooping under indisposition, occasions great solicitude on their part; and what I labour under incapacitates me for contributing to their comfort; so that I hope, should it please Divine Providence to restore me to a tolerable degree of my former strength, by the projected change for a while, we shall reciprocally find ourselves rewarded for giving up to a painful, temporary separation.

We are both feeble now, and likely to be subject to infirmity attendant on old age. It is often a consolation to me that I feel not reproached with a want of early dedication, few as my gifts have been, and little as I have done for the promotion of truth and righteousness. It is, however, delightful to my soul to take a retrospect of the gracious dealings of the Most High with a poor worm, all wretched without Him; in whom I do still desire to live, and move, and have my being, in the most exalted and important sense. May you be qualified to serve the great cause more effectually than it has been my ability to do! May you be of those who abundantly labour; who receive wages from the all-beneficent Rewarder, and who gather fruit to life eternal! Amen.

To HER SON.

*Second Month 20th, 1839.*

Having this morning received rather a poor account of thee and E., I am inclined to send an early reply; feeling much with you, and desiring to minister comfort, if possible.

What a world of trial, what a fight of afflictions we have! This warfare, however, will be sure to terminate in victory, if we “commit the keeping of our souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.” May it be each of your happy experience, as well as my own! We cannot do better; and there is, even in this present life, “great recompense of reward,” in not casting away the confidence. We must endeavour to hope, as I perceive thou dost, that we are visited with trouble in mercy. It is my faith that not an atom of the weight that presses upon us is unnoticed by Him who “weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;” who, even when those great hailstones fell, spoken of in Revelations, appointed to each its own proportion, not to destroy that which would redound to the glory of His name, who is righteousness and truth, but to make way for the establishment of His own kingdom. Surely it seems to me that our Heavenly Father has you under His peculiar care; waiting to come, and to take unto Him His great power, and be known to reign over all in your happy experience; that so the song of praise may be received; even “Alleluia” to the Lord God and the Lamb, who sitteth upon the throne.

Thank Him for past mercies, and take a little courage. Wait daily upon your Almighty Helper. Prostrate yourselves and your *all* at His feet.

On second day I came here. Before leaving home my suffering was great from nervous pain, which continued most of the journey in degree: I am, however, better since my arrival here, than has been the case for weeks back. Much do I hope that the change of air and scene will be of use.

I am told that —— enquired after me, and remarked how grievous it is, that at my time of life, I should be under such delusion, and thereby deprived of happiness; for that *I could not be happy*. Were I to consider it worth while, I might let her know that, through my manifold and various tribulations, I do witness that it is a true saying, and worthy of acceptation, which we read in scripture, “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.” All false peace will fail, and all false and polluted rest will be broken up, while that which is perfect remaineth for the people of God.

I would not have thee be unnecessarily cast down in the retrospect [of what thou alludest to] but leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forth to those that are before, in the little strength

afforded, press through every difficulty toward the mark, for the prize of thy high calling of God in Christ Jesus. So, my precious J., farewell. My dear and best love to E., who will take her share of this.

TO THE SAME.

*Second Month 27th, 1839.*

Remember that my mind is constantly with you, and my consolation is that your Heavenly Parent is dealing with you in wisdom and mercy; so do not be too much discouraged. Remember that scripture, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

What a journal is Thomas Shillitoe's! I never found in any one, more of attention to Divine guidance *in all things, and always*; nor more plentiful, blessed results and precious fruit, from being wholly given up to the Lord, in body, soul, and spirit; through all perplexity, trouble, and sore exercise of faith and patience. How unspeakably glorious must be the crown he now inherits for ever and ever, after bearing his cross so faithfully to the end of time!

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Clapton, probably Third Month, 1839.*

I am much better, which, with other favours, demands gratitude to an all-gracious Providence—

"Good, when He gives, supremely good;  
Nor less when He denies."

My chief prayer for myself is, to be endued with a meek and quiet spirit, in which I can say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," oh! my Heavenly Father!

———'s state interests me much. May it not be possible that she should feel it wrong to put the negative upon the proposed union? and is it not better to hope she will be enabled to discern the will of her Heavenly Father? Many thought I was under a cloud when we wished to leave Ireland, and see how it has proved otherwise. . . . .

I wish Friends may be careful not to mar the work on the wheel, with any who may be newly convinced, but there is a disposition to caress too much.



I hear the ——— conference with Friends last evening was not to satisfaction, which I am sorry for. It was indeed a fearful concern. They wanted a Fox, a Penn, or a Barclay. We should surely depend on nothing short of what was, to the sons of our morning as a people, tongue and utterance, mouth and wisdom, which none of the adversaries of truth were able to gainsay, when these valiants were called to controversy by the Great Master.

We had, the other day, a visit from an extraordinary man, ———, which I wish to tell you a little of. At present he is without being united to any sect, having given up his chapel, and ceased to preach publicly. He appears to see with our first Friends very much, as to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Some of his writings put me in mind of Isaac Pennington, so deeply spiritual. He took a seat by me on entering the room, and poured forth the effusions of his heart like a perpetual stream, for a length of time; I never knew the like exactly. Several times I hinted that we must again and again be emptied, all which he most freely admitted, but said that *now* he could not confess to any other than a fulness not his own. To me he said, on rising to depart, I was "older in the truth than himself;" and repeated, "This God is our God: He will be our Guide even unto death," &c. "If," said he, "your Society does not rise up out of its present unbending state, and serve the Lord with holy fervency, He will *shake* you and *shake* you, until He bring you to nothing;" to which I replied, "We *have been* shaken and shaken, and the purifying hand is still upon us; and it is my belief we shall not cease altogether to be a distinct people," &c. He expressed himself as being "very glad the Great Hand was felt to be upon us for good;" and thus we parted. He appears to be about fifty-five years of age; is a married man; was, when about twenty years old, an infidel; and became enlightened by the immediate influence of the Spirit of truth in his own heart; and was kept from running after the "lo! heres," &c.; and is still afraid of looking to *man*, either by books or otherwise.

TO HER HUSBAND.

*Clapton, Third Month 19th, 1839.*

On First day I attended Newington Meeting: was largely engaged in the ministry, much to my relief; a very solemn sense of the Lord's power and love being over the assembly. ——— turned

to me when the meeting closed, saying, "This is marvellous." Ah! it is when we are weak, that we are strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might: to Him be all the praise, saith my soul. Amen. It is indeed good to be "Worm Jacob," waiting, again and again, for the time when the joyful language is heard, "Fear not, for I am with thee, to deliver thee." . . . . .

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Clapton, Third Month, 1839.*

I went to the Quarterly Meeting "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling;" and there have I been raised up this day, to speak "in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power," for more than an hour and a half. It was a very extraordinary time. The standard of truth and righteousness became conspicuous before the people, and the gainsayers were much silenced, as I *felt* to be the case. Towards the close I had to make acknowledgment on my knees, to the dominion of the truth amongst us; and to supplicate for the hastening of the day when all "nations shall flow into the mountain of the Lord's house; it being established on the top of all the hills." This address was short and living; ending in praises, yea, *high* praises; even Alleluias. . . . .

To ———.

*Fourth Month 11th, 1839.*

Before receiving thy sorrowful letter of yesterday, it was in my heart to write this day. Although I am constantly thinking of you, poor dear afflicted ones, such has been the exercise of my mind in a religious way, that I seemed scarcely qualified to take the pen to you, especially as our arrangements were not quite settled. Now we have concluded to hold a meeting here on First day evening for the people at large, and on second day to set out, hoping to spend third day with you.

I wonder how my dear ——— is in health, amidst the cloudiness, the storm, yea, the whirlwind which sometimes surrounds; and how dear ——— is in mind, under bodily weakness. Nothing was withheld by me when last with you, for nothing arose to communicate in the anointing; yet I felt deeply. Ah! the ways of Infinite Wisdom are indeed past finding out. The Most High "maketh the clouds His

chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind;" yet in the end, His dear children, His adopted, His chosen seed and generation, are given to see that all the while He was coming for their salvation, even when it might seem to their natural minds that certain destruction awaited them. How then, does it behove us to trust in the Lord with all our hearts, and lean not to our own understanding.

We cannot but feel deeply interested about you, while we may be ready to say, "If the Lord help not, whence shall I help?" But oh! I humbly trust He does and will help—most effectually.

To ———.

*Fourth Month, 1839.*

I want to mention what is in prospect for me. I went to Haverhill yesterday, and, in attending the Monthly Meeting, informed Friends of a prospect of going to the General Meeting for Hereford, Worcester, and Wales; also, should strength be afforded, then to proceed to attend the Yearly Meeting in Dublin. It is an act of faith. I have not felt the poor body in what might seem a fit state for such an undertaking, yet I well know it can be made to answer the end by Him who can, in every sense, give power to the faint, and increase might to them who have no strength.

It is now time to get ready for meeting. Farewell, my very dear ———. May the "everlasting arms" be underneath in all thy exercises.

To ———.

*Dublin, Fourth Month 30th, 1839.*

. . . . . Oh! heaven is worth attaining through all that prepares for an inheritance there; through all which purifies, and prepares to adopt the language, "Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?"

. . . . . The meetings hitherto have been favoured times, at least so far as I have witnessed. On First day they were solemn seasons; that in the evening particularly so, and very crowded. I had five meetings on the way to Holyhead, which proved lively opportunities, although some were very searching. Many of a more private character have also fallen to my lot, both in England and here. Sometimes this poor frame is much exhausted, but on the whole, I get on with more strength than I could reasonably have expected.

*Fifth Month 1st.*—We are just come from the usual meeting for worship, which was long, and from some circumstances, rather trying. There is, however, a weighty body of Friends still in this land, who have at heart the prosperity of truth, and who are willing to suffer with the suffering seed, like being “grieved for the afflictions of Joseph,” for that which is unjustly imprisoned, under, or by “the accuser of the brethren.” This grand adversary is attacking our Society in this nation with a bait entirely new, and not easily defined; but I trust he will be “stilled” before much devastation takes place. I feel a great travail and exercise on my spirit with respect to it, and I believe others do the same. Oh! that the heavenly ear may be mercifully bowed to the sighing of the heavy-hearted. It may be that Friends had scarcely trembling enough mixed with their rejoicing, when they saw themselves spared from that which prevailed so much to our hurt in England. If ever there was a time in which “he that thinketh he standeth” should “take heed lest he fall,” it is peculiarly needful now.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Dublin, Fourth Month 30th, 1839.*

I feel sincerely for thy dear mother in her afflicted condition of body, and for thy dear father, as the tender partner of her life with all its probations. And you, their loved offspring, partake, no doubt, according to your capacity, with them. What a comfort it is to have children susceptible of affectionate interest in the feelings of their parents, and in all that concerns them; and to see our dear children alive to their best interests too! Thou, my dear, art favoured to choose the Lord for thy portion; the God of Jacob for the lot of thine inheritance: keep this blessed inheritance by continually watching against all that would beguile thee of thy reward, designed thee in this world *measurably* as a foretaste of an everlasting possession, in store for such who hold out to the end. I trust and believe that all will be well with thy mother by and by. That scripture presents itself, “For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.” Our sufferings, while pressing heavily on us, seem more than momentary; but will doubtless, when eternal joy and peace are about to take their place, prove short indeed. . . .

## TO HER HUSBAND.

*Dublin, Fifth Month 1st, 1839.*

First day was a memorable one, the evening meeting being as open and as favoured as any I can remember. On seventh day there seemed a quiet over Friends in the Select Meeting, and I was engaged, both on my feet, and in a solemn address to the Almighty One; especially begging that He would own us in the more general assembly. The meetings of Women Friends have also been favoured, so far as I witnessed. The kindness of friends is very striking; I believe there have already been hundreds to see me.

Thy last letter is very precious to me. I believe thy reward will be sure in thus giving me up. I do indeed bear thee on my heart, and hope thou wilt still be comforted. He to whom we have dedicated ourselves and one another, is the source of all consolation and strength. He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

I have been rather hoarse since First day with long speaking: it is a wonder my lungs hold out as they do. It seems indeed, as dear S. remarks, as if Divine Providence raised me up for this service; and He makes the way for me. Cousin S. F. is truly hospitable and kind; we have every accommodation.

TO ———, A FRIEND IN IRELAND, WHO TOOK A CONSPICUOUS PART IN THE SECESSION FROM "FRIENDS" IN THAT COUNTRY, ABOUT THIS TIME.

*Dublin, Fifth Month 7th, 1839.*

DEAR ———,

How is it that we have not (as heretofore) enjoyed each other's company during this Yearly Meeting? We used to "take sweet counsel together," and could rejoice in the all-preserving power of truth, while yet we were in trouble.

Thou didst admit that I was the same still. I sent to thy lodging yesterday morning, to ask thee to come and take leave, but thou hadst left town. Ah! I think thou dost not feel towards me as formerly, and my views are just those that I have always had in my religious profession, and in which we have been so strongly, and so long, sweetly united. Day and night do I travail for thee, that thou mayest see how it is with thyself and others. There is at present a cloud over thine understanding, and until it be removed, thou canst

not admit of having fallen into error. Oh! wait, deeply wait upon Him who is both able and willing to enlighten thee again: then would all those who were tenderly united to thee in the truth, receive thee with joy; I for one. It would be like healing balm to be able to feel thee in the same precious nearness again; thou who stood so long as an upright pillar. What has warped thee? There is a remedy. There may be restoration, if, without delay, all is yielded up into the hand of Infinite Wisdom and Strength; and if there be an acknowledgment of having unguardedly given way to that spirit which is seeking to sever instead of cement. This noble confession will do much good, and may be instrumental to bring back wanderers, and to keep others from going out.

Once more let me say, my loved friend, that which would interrupt our wholesome discipline, is out of the life of Christ, who is Head over all to His Church, and who loves His Church as His own body. Beware how thou lends thyself to anything out of the holy harmony, out of the blessed life, out of the true light, out of the inseparable love of God. Oh! may He make manifest to thee that this breach of unity in this nation is all done, and doing in the dark.

I thought of poor James Naylor, and the women's deceitful cry with him, when he was getting under that grievous delusion, concerning which he owned he felt unable to come out; but we see the hand of the Lord brought him out, as he came to lean upon it; his eyes being anointed to see himself in bondage and in error, and his heart bleeding with sorrow. He did not intend to do wrong wilfully, but giving way a little to an unrighteous zeal, was led on until he came under a dense cloud.

Ah! dear ——, consider these awful things, and be timely warned. Take not thyself away from us as a Society, but retrace those steps that have caused thee to turn thy back on the fold. So dearly farewell.

I remain, with love unfeigned,

Thy sincere friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO THE SAME.

*London, Fifth Month, 1839.*

Ah! my dear ——, thou art indeed mistaken. I did the very reverse of lending my ear to reports calculated to impress

me unfavourably, as regards thee or others. It was my care to be preserved from judging anything, until the Lord should be pleased to come.

I can say that, before seeing for myself how things were, my mind was much disposed to hope that thou wast as free from undue bias, as thou art from insincerity; but I became convinced, in the opportunity R. B. and myself had with thee and the other friends, who so kindly gave us your company, that there was a dimness, and a disposition given way to, which, if not checked, would lead from true meekness, and submitting ourselves one unto another in love; maintaining the good order of society, without which there must be confusion, and, instead of church government, anarchy. So then, is it not better to bear our burden patiently, even if we see that, in some respects, acts of monthly or other meetings, are not in accordance with our individual views of what is right? waiting thus to know what interposition may come from the Great Head of the Church, to satisfy our exercised minds.

I am persuaded it is our place, as members of the body, to be subject to the body. Who ever prospered, in the best sense, by either going out, or acting in a way to be disunited? Especially, when did such as have once shown themselves deeply concerned for the upholding our principles, in their native character of simplicity and purity?

There is, in *this* Yearly Meeting, much remaining to be done away, before we are prepared to assume the lustre which attracted the minds of many in our early times, and induced men to glorify Him, whose workmanship we were in our beginnings.

I believe the Divine hand is upon us in this day, for the great end of again refining the gold that has become dim, and the most fine gold that is changed, that He may be honoured, and His own dear people made glad in Him, and one with another.

May we be willing to bear our allotted portion of exercise and suffering; keeping our habitations in the truth, and "committing ourselves to the Lord in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." So farewell, my long-loved friend, and believe me to be sincerely thine,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month 8th, 1839.*

I seem capable of little that is likely to interest others, and truly glad and thankful I am to learn that some, in the vigour of both mind and body, are prepared to advocate the great and blessed cause of truth, both among us as a Society, and more at large. Others, I humbly trust, are under the forming hand, and will become overflowing vessels likewise. It continues to be my lot to labour in the ministry of the word, both in my own particular meeting, and in the general assemblies.

How cheering is thy intelligence of some of the engagements and dedication of divers gone forth on the most important errand, even that of inviting souls to Christ. And again it is truly consoling to find that ——— keeps his hold of that invisible arm, which enabled him to bear his testimony against the innovating notions and erroneous principles which threatened blindness to himself, as well as scattering to others. May the Great Head of the Church abundantly bless the true magnanimity evinced by his confession of the “Son of man before men,” and of his own imminent danger of denying the inward and spiritual manifestation of this Saviour of men. I wish that many may be induced to return, who have wandered as wandering stars in our day; but oh! the humility, the great mortification of the mere man which becomes necessary, almost brings one to the mournful language of the prophet, as regards some, “there is no hope;” and the wilful blindness of others leads to the painful conclusion, that they are not likely again to come out of captivity, or see their native country.

My spirit is made sorrowful too, on account of the absence of tenderness in our youth. Where is the heavenly dew that did once descend on the branches of our vine?

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Sixth Month 30th, 1839.*

I think of thee as one moving in the sphere allotted in best wisdom, and therefore, in thy yielding to the will of thy Heavenly Father, thou art, in thy measure, promoting and exemplifying the beautiful economy of His government and blessed work; and I would have thee encouraged in humility and holy fear, where-



unto thou hast already attained unto anything good, to mind that same thing which has so influenced thee, and walk by the same rule; that so, holding out to the end, thou mayest receive the precious prize.

. . . . How pleasant it is sometimes, as in the sunshine, to see beyond this vale of tears, although as through a glass darkly, into the world of joy unspeakable, and full of glory, where all tears are for ever wiped from the eyes, by the hand of the Lord God Almighty. Farewell.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Seventh Month 12th, 1839.*

It seems peculiarly inscrutable to me that we should necessarily be so widely separated just now, but still there is some stay to the mind in the consciousness of doing as well as one knows how; and it behoves us to learn to trust in Him whose compassions fail not.

I have dwelt much lately, with reference to thee, on the dealings of the Most High with His people of old, when they were in the wilderness, where they were so marvellously cared for. Oh! the love, the gracious regard manifested! "He led him about; He instructed him; He kept him as the apple of His eye." "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." Thus is He waiting to do for us, in the wilderness of this world, as we are engaged to look to Him; yea, to choose Him for our portion, and for the lot of our inheritance.

Be assured you are not forgotten by thy tenderly and deeply interested mother,

S. G.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Brecon, Seventh Month 18th, 1839.*

The Select Meeting was held last evening. It was more of a searching time than I anticipated. Friends are very kind and attentive to poor me. I write this with a trembling hand and heart; the weight of religious exercise is awfully heavy.

*Hereford, 19th.*—There were three religious opportunities at the inn, with the great company at Brecon: it was, on the whole, a time

of suffering to me. There seems to be cause for mourning, within the compass of this General Meeting. My spirit did not rise altogether superior to the oppression felt; yet there is a precious remnant among Friends hereaway, as well as in other places. Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention of these Hereford friends. May they be recompensed from on high, for they are succourers of many!

Last evening a person supped here who attends Friends' meetings—mayor of the town. Some of his family have come among Friends. I had a remarkable time. I am now writing in a very beautiful house, situated in a spot truly delightful, above the town; commanding a very fine view of both town and country. What rich scenery there is in this county of Hereford! . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Worcester, Seventh Month 21st, 1839.*

At L—— Friends seem to be of the old school. I was much comforted in the family where we lodged, to see them so simple in every respect. They have four dear children. At the meeting at L—— there were, I understand, three preachers, dissenters; and what is remarkable, without knowing *that*, I had to speak particularly on the ministry of the Gospel; yet somehow I have not been able fully to lay down my burden there or elsewhere, lately. . . . .

To ———.

*Sulbury, Ninth Month 10th, 1839.*

Great is my desire that the dealings of Infinite Wisdom may be blessed to each individual among you, so as to induce more perfect dedication of the gifts bestowed by Him who grants five talents to some, while others receive but two, or even one. May we all keep in mind that the period is approaching, when the solemn query will be heard, "What hast thou done with thy Lord's money?" Oh! that it may not be found buried in the *earth*, or otherwise than having answered the blessed purpose of the great Donor.

Often, very often do I long to know if thy health and spirits are a little recovered from the depression unavoidable under circumstances such as thou wast long tried with; and which terminated, as regarded the object of tender care and sympathy, with such a lively

hope of eternal rest and peace; so that there is occasion to rejoice and give thanks, rather than lament the loss of his society, much as you must all feel it.

I cannot fully express the earnest desire of my heart for those who survive their loved brother, that there may be a disposition cherished to pursue, in the *first* place, things most worthy of them, and which make for peace. How does all that is perishable and transitory, sink into comparative insignificance, before the view of that which concerns the soul's welfare, here and eternally; and how truly dignified is the state of such as serve the Lord "with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind!" Without this devotedness to the Most High, what would even the wisdom and greatness of Solomon avail? It would not, it could not give man to be found in the situation answerable to his high calling of God in Christ Jesus; even that of being "made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour." Tell your dear children the old woman they paid such kind attention to, when it was our lot to meet, always thought as she now writes, since ideas were at all formed in the youthful mind. May they timely, yea, without delay, be so wise as to "lay up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come;" that, should they even live to old age, they may possess substantial happiness: that "when the grasshopper feels a burden," the intolerable burden of disobedience be not their portion.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 16th, 1839.*

It was very kind to address thyself to me in an epistle calculated to raise the mind into a feeling of encouragement, that the blessed seed of the heavenly kingdom would yet reign within our borders; and that the true followers of our great and good Master may hope, *even now*, that "the cup of trembling" will be taken out of their hand in the Lord's time, despite of all that oppresses the Divine life. My faith, though one of "the least of all," has been, from the commencement of the terrible shaking we have witnessed, and which is still felt, that the "Most High" will yet show Himself on the side of those who "stand still" from all the efforts of the mere man; that these shall "see the salvation of God," being prepared to say "amen" to His permitted, as well as appointed dispensations; ascribing unto the Lord God and the

Lamb, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might.

Deeply interesting to my feelings are the contents of thy letter, and much do I desire the interposition of Omnipotence, to stem the torrent which is laying waste the Lord's heritage in no common degree. Overturning must come; and again overturn He will, and still overturn, until *He* reign whose right it is, even the "King eternal, immortal, invisible; the only wise God." Yet how mournful it is that, under the mask of promoting the kingdom of Jesus, it should be betrayed and dishonoured, as in this day; and the very life of Him who exemplified meekness and lowliness in a body of flesh, trampled on and persecuted. Oh! how delightful the thought that we *yet* have those among us, who are willing to be the companions of Him who, for the sake of *fallen man*, made "Himself of no reputation:" with Him they ascend Calvary's mount, and when, with Him also, they are followed and caressed, they withdraw and hide themselves, as He set the example; not striving, nor crying up their name among men, but the very reverse. "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street."

I wish we may be humbly bold in the Lord's cause. Were this more general, I think, with thee, there would be less of squeamishness, and *that* fear which is slavish; for "perfect love" casteth this out, while false love cherishes so great a bane to the edification of the body, and the advancement of truth.

To ———.

*Ninth Month, 1839.*

Thy letter received this morning, gives a more discouraging report of poor, dear ———. It would seem a favour if her sufferings were not much further protracted, but how consoling it is that the mind can stay itself on Omnipotence, and thus know a safe anchorage on the rock of eternal salvation. What thou writest of your state reminds me of the scripture, "We glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope," &c.

How wonderfully hast thou been sustained, my dear ———! Surely "this is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes." May the everlasting arms continue underneath all the billows that pass over; and I humbly trust this will be the case.

What a balm in life is true, vital religion ! To such as possess this treasure, the name of the Lord is indeed a strong tower : they run there in adversity, and are safe. Dear children, may this be your refuge from storm, your hiding-place in the day of trouble.

Farewell, my dear ———. I am, in tender feeling for thee and thine,

Thy affectionate

S. G.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month 4th, 1839.*

In this dispensation of the Gospel of Christ Jesus our Lord, by whom is come “grace and truth,” we are convinced that tribulation permitted to the faithful, is no mark of Divine displeasure. We may even glory therein, knowing by experience, what great things it worketh in and for the passive, resigned soul. Oh ! it is an honour to be made mighty to suffer in the will of the Lord : we may be brought the nearer in blessed union with Him who “was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief ;” and all for our sake : yea, “He was cut off, but not for Himself.” Many will follow the Great Captain of our salvation, while “Hosanna to the Son of David, hosanna in the highest,” is sung with delight and triumphantly, who nevertheless leave Him, rather than become of no reputation for His sake, and partake of His sufferings and anguish.

There is no doubt much existing that calls for our “speaking the truth in love ;” that love which breathes lasting “good will to men ;” especially to those among men respecting whom we cannot but feel *much affectionate*, as well as religious solicitude. We are not to spare these any more than ourselves ; and is it not the heart-felt petition of all who would be found eventually in the holy likeness and blessed image of Christ, “Let not thine hand spare, nor thine eye pity” that in me, which militates against the reigning of the seed immortal ? Thus it seems to me that *true* “charity begins at home,” and in exercising it, we may promote a “growth in the truth,” in our own community ; even through Him who remains to be Head over all to His own body ; “from *whom* the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint suppliceth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in

love." Here is no preference given to "men's persons because of advantage," but a holy and precious oneness; the real, not nominal unity, of the one Eternal Spirit. Oh! how precious a bond is found in this! indissoluble by death itself.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Lexden, Tenth Month, 1839.*

What a favour it will be if poor E. is but gently let down into the arms of the relentless, cold messenger; and this is what she asks in submission. Oh! it is truly delightful to see her as she is, brought into humility; that humility that goeth before honour, the honour from above; a dignity beyond all the glory of a fading world, granted in its various degrees, even as the soul's capacity becomes fitted for its participation. Last evening, in sitting by the bedside, I was put in mind of the lark ascending, and still rising higher and higher; singing as it goes, the praises of the Sovereign of the universe. . . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month, 1839.*

I had to exhort Friends to-day, to mind and keep to the overshadowing of heavenly goodness, with which we are favoured, sometimes early on gathering; and to express my belief that it would (as cherished) *increase*, even until we became baptized as one body, witnessing the Lord Jesus Christ to be our head and our life. Oh! what should we do without religion; the religion of the heart; true, vital Christianity? wherein *self* becomes of no reputation, and in which we really and sincerely *hate* that in us, which militates against our becoming wholly subordinate to the Spirit of truth. I am without the shadow of a doubt, that this state of submission to the Divine mind brings to the rest, to which we are invited by the blessed Son of God Himself—"Come unto me," &c. Watch well thine own mind, my precious child, that thou mayest be favoured with lasting peace. . . . .

I do not know but I may be prevented attending the General Meeting at Hereford; and if this be the case, an incomparably more exalted Christian than myself experienced what it is to be "hindered," before it came to my turn.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Eleventh Month, 1839.*

. . . . . At length the scene closed for ever, and the sufferer\* was released from all her pain, and sense of oppression and sinking. The spirit seemed joyfully to take its flight to the happy regions of eternal life. Nearly the last word articulated was "glory." Ah! my dear, to part with those we dearly love, for even a better world, brings sorrow indeed; and the severing stroke makes the heart to bleed; but how different the feelings in seeing any dear to us wander from the true sheepfold, and the pastures of Divine life, unto the dark mountains as it were, among beasts of prey. Oh! for these I mourn, as well those among you, as in this land: for *some* especially my soul is very sorrowful, because they had known the protection of the Good Shepherd in no common degree, and were delegated by Him to encourage and invite others into the right way.

Truth, however, knows no change, and its Author is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Nothing will do for any of us but to learn of Him. He teaches meekness and lowliness of heart, whereby rest may be obtained, the "yoke found to be easy, and the burden light," because it consists in taking the Divine will upon us instead of our own.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Eleventh Month 17th, 1839.*

Your little company are very present with me. Much do I desire that a blessing may attend your present lawful and likewise expedient pursuit of health. A privilege it is indeed to possess a tolerable share of that which, in my estimation, stands first on the list of sublunary enjoyments; for without it we are rendered more or less incapable of taking pleasure in the creatures of God, while we may see much in His visible works to call forth our adoration.

This morning (as well as many others) being early awake, I had my thoughts wafted to \_\_\_\_\_, with an earnest, religious, and affectionate solicitude that He might be with you, who filleth all space, and who taketh cognizance of us in every situation; that He, I say, might be with you as Guide and Protector; yea, as the promised Comforter—the Holy Ghost, whom the world cannot receive, because it is not congenial to its spirit; therefore the world knoweth

\* Her daughter-in-law, E. G.

not this Comforter; it doth not acquaint itself therewith, for it is opposed to its nature; the one being heavenly, and the other earthly; the one being of eternal duration, the other perishing with the using. Set thy affections on things above, my dear ———, yet mind thy duty in temporals; for a neglect of the latter indicates that disposition unto which a woe is attached—"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

We have many calls on our energies, even from the sphere allotted us in best wisdom; let us then watch, lest, while we sleep, the enemy sow tares among the wheat, and we be mixed up with what must be burned or consumed. Oh! my dear, my loved ———, I want thee to profit abundantly by the permitted, as well as appointed conflicts and disappointments experienced. Thou hast been dealt with in no common way, for the Most High has designed to refine thee, *but not with silver*; to choose thee in the furnace of affliction, that thou mayest be as *gold*; as the gold seven times refined, on which "Holiness to the Lord" may be inscribed, even in characters peculiarly legible.

Now it seems to me that the grand adversary of our peace, and of the glory of the Lord, is watching for a moment when thou mayest be a little, a very little, and inadvertently off thy guard, to succeed, if possible, in his attempts to bring thy poor dear mind into a depending state; or, failing in that, to divert from the true centre, by alluring and bringing to created objects, in which present relief may be experienced; which, if joined in with, would frustrate the will of Him who would that we should know all things to work together for our good; yea, and for the promotion of His glory.

To ———.

*Twelfth Month 19th, 1839.*

I do believe that, in thy bowing with submission to the will of Him "who doeth all things well," He will distinguish thee as one who fears Him; and thinking of thee, the words that occurred to me on my bed yesternight were, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him." ——— fears my name. I will care for him in this his extremity, as he is engaged to look for protection where *thou* hast ever found it. Thus my mind has been stayed amidst much tossing as with tempest, even in sympathy with thee, my dear ———. Oh! fall to the Rock that is



higher than thyself; so will it prove a refuge for thee now, and in every time of trouble.

It seems as if I could not give up the prospect of being in London at the next Quarterly Meeting. I commend thee in my mind to thy Heavenly Parent, whose watchful eye is not to be put in competition with that of the most tender earthly connexion. Trust thy Father above, I entreat thee; and try to leave all painful cogitations at His feet, who groaned, who sighed, who wept, who agonized in a body of flesh, in sympathy with, and in a great degree even *for* suffering humanity. Ah! He knows that we cannot bear the load which presses on us sometimes, without being crushed, therefore a way is opened to come to Him, when heavily laden, and under great oppression, and to learn of Him meekness and lowliness of heart. Come, my dear ——, come to Him, thy Saviour; “a covert from heat and from storm; a hiding-place in the day of trouble; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and as rivers of waters in a dry place.” Farewell.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Near London, Twelfth Month, 1839.*

. . . . . I was very dull and weighed down in mind: went to meeting heavy and sorrowful: I thought never was my mind in a more burdened state, and sat under it a considerable time in silence. After some time I stood up with a clear opening, but soon found my way closing up; and mentioned to the meeting that, although the constraining influence of gospel love induced me to leave my seat, it would not do to stand among them without the ability was given from above to deliver what was my sense of things; and I *did* sit down, in which my poor mind felt peace. I leave thinking how far any enlargement may be mine; believing that, if watchful enough, right guidance will be vouchsafed: and should it be my place to come home even as I left it, I trust my mind will be enabled to exercise patience and faith too. I have felt leaving you very much indeed this time, yet am enabled to commit my dear family to the care of our Heavenly Parent, omnipresent and omnipotent. . . . .

To ———.

*Clapton, Twelfth Month 27th, 1839.*

The interview with thee this evening has proved quite a relief to my mind. How few there are with whom one can unbend, and speak freely to on subjects of great interest; *but there are a few* who, in the Divine fear, take sweet counsel together in this day, as formerly, and feel the strength of true unity. This is indeed a "good and pleasant thing." May we be favoured to witness it through all trial!

To ———.

*Sudbury, Twelfth Month 31st, 1839.*

In the midst of all I have met with to try me, within the last two weeks, "Jerusalem is found to be a quiet habitation;" repairing to which, my soul feels ability to praise the Most High, in permitting His poor handmaiden to be buffeted, and even *grieved sorely*; believing all will work together for good.

Farewell, my dear friend. The language of my heart is, "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*First Month 22nd, 1840.*

It is not well, my dear and precious ———, to dwell on little occurrences beyond their due weight. Common-place and every-day matters are not to be overlooked, because in these we may find either domestic comfort, or what I should call the very reverse: then we are to know that it is binding on us to observe our greater duties in the first place—"doing the one, and not leaving the other undone." This is my motto through life.

Let me entreat thee to remember, that we are called upon to be prepared to say, from living experience, "Faint, yet pursuing." It is only as we wait upon and obey Him who waits to be the strength of Israel, that this can be the case. Israel is the seed or generation which did wrestle, and doth still wrestle for the Divine blessing, even through the darkest season, all night, until the "breaking of the day." My dear ———, believe it, "The expectation of the

poor shall not perish for ever;" therefore "Gird up the loins of thy mind, and hope to the end." It is the girdle of truth we are to take, and *that* I know thou valuest and believest in, as enabling to stand uprightly. Put on the whole armour of God. Read of it as set forth in the Holy Scriptures; and may the ever victorious Captain be with thee, my dear ———: may *He* give thee to go forth against the vaunting Goliath, who has already enabled thee to be too strong in Himself for the paw of the lion, or that of the bear.

Ah! my dear, let nothing rob thee; let nothing beguile thee. "Be watchful, be vigilant, be sober." Be not too much depressed, neither give way to any presentation, promising relief to thy suffering mind, out of the will of thy Heavenly Father, thy Saviour and thy Judge.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*First Month, 1840.*

Yesterday it seemed best for me to attend the funeral at ———. At my request the company staid a few minutes after the meeting broke up, and I had to speak in a way that could not be done with propriety in a large, mixed assembly. Many tears were shed, although things were *plainly* set forth. As for the departed, I had to say that, "in fear and trembling," it was with me to express my belief that the preparation for rest, yea, joy beyond all which this world affords, was mercifully experienced, although unseen by mortals. I told the bereaved Friend there was no more for me to say to him (when he turned back to take my hand) except that I believed I should remember him before the Source of all-sufficiency.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Second Month 18th, 1840.*

I am aware thou hast been singularly dealt with, yet the trials allotted are, no doubt, such as, in Best Wisdom, are most adapted to work the end designed. May patience have her perfect work, that thou mayest be brought forth, in thy Heavenly Father's time, as into a large place; partaking of the glorious liberty of the children of the Highest. My soul does send up aspirations on thy behalf, to the throne of grace; desiring thy help and thy stability through all.

Do thy best, my dear, and try to commit the keeping of thy soul to the Lord, who graciously compassionates us in perplexity and tribulation.

I had cherished some hope of being free to return home, after the great meeting on First day in the City, but am yet in the bonds of the Gospel hereaway. Have been at Southwark Meeting this morning, which proved a fresh opportunity to relieve my mind a little of its burden; yet do I feel that, in my measure, I am bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus; craving that His life may abound also in this mortal flesh, to His own praise.

It is not in meetings only that I have weighty exercise, but, without much intermission, I do indeed go bowed down in my present allotment, and yet cannot desire it otherwise before the period arrive when my Great Master may give permission to put off the harness, and witness some rejoicing in His mercy and in His salvation.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Probably Second Month, 1840.*

The Morning Meeting is over. I have had close work there, but feel peace. . . . .

Oh! what a time that meeting was to me! I came to it under great exercise. Had addressed the young people at Clapham this morning, including their visitors; and had a meeting with the servants last evening. . . . .

I do hope that the hand of the Almighty is turned upon divers in this day, to prepare individuals for advocating the blessed cause of truth in its own character; and my mind is in some degree comforted in the belief, that the Great Head of the Church has condescended to regard those who have turned to Him in His smiting us as a people; and that He is turning His face towards us, in our *still* deplorable condition; so that, while sadness is the covering of my poor spirit, in beholding the desolations made by the grand adversary, who watches his opportunities to pull down and destroy that which has been established among us through much persecution, I can feel the tribute of gratitude arise in my heart to the compassionate Judge, for that He is visiting "this vine, and the vineyard which His right hand hath planted;" even after "the boar out of the wood, and the wild beast of the field," have occasioned such devastation; and they who have passed by, seeing the "breaking

down of her hedges," have plucked her with impunity. The prayer of my heart is that yet the branch, made strong by Omnipotence for Himself, may be renewed and bring forth fruit, to the glory of His Name. It seems to me that yet the precious has to be distinguished and separated from the vile *more thoroughly*, before complete restoration is known; perhaps especially so with us, who may be now reckoned *first*. "The last shall be first, and the first last." How nice it is for me to have those at home, and *a few* here, who can feel for me under my exercises! They are *great* for my capacity.

There are some who keep with each other in spirit, through all the overturnings to be met with; but where do they stand, and where is their shelter? Is not the Rock of ages the sufficiency of such in all their exigencies? Yea, that which remaineth because it cannot be shaken, is a "hiding-place in the day of trouble; a covert from heat and from storm; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; and also as rivers of waters in a dry place."

TO THE SAME.

*Second Month, 1840.*

Yesterday I had a brave time in the morning at Newington Meeting. I went there much weighed down, and not looking for ability to speak; but, waiting on the gift, was constrained to leave my seat, and stand, I think, nearly an hour. My spirit was much baptized for the evening's work,\* which, through adorable mercy, was, I think, well got through. I cannot say the power was in all the glorious dominion I have at times known, but the truth prevailed; and it was a time of awful warning, and invitation too, to come to the Saviour. "Oh London!" was in my voice repeatedly; and, "this great, this wonderful city;" "this metropolis;" "the mart of all the earth." Then I had to quote Cowper, "Thou great resort, and mart of all the earth," on to the end of the passage; and to say that God was jealous of His honour, for the idol, mammon, had taken the place of Him, the only true God, and *that* in a great degree: that I believed the Almighty was now *frowning* over this populous city; that the clouds had again and again been filled with tempest, and yet He had manifested His compassion: that now He was calling, that there might be a turning to Him who had in degree smitten, that He might be glorified over all, &c., &c.

\* A public meeting at Devonshire House.

I understood it was doubtful if there had ever been so large an assembly there. It was thought the people were remarkably still. There were two thousand notices sent out and distributed very extensively. I believe your prayers were heard and answered, for the meeting. It was different from my last of the kind in that great house.

TO THE SAME.

*London, Second Month, 1840.*

There is, almost without intermission, in my present visit to this city and its vicinity, a labouring under a sense of the bonds of the Gospel, to the bowing my spirit as with a weight of suffering; only after meetings, for a very little while, I am eased in measure. This I account a great relief, like a brook by the way. I do feel myself among the very least and the weakest, of those whose first desire it is to be the Lord's. May adorable mercy and goodness still follow me, a poor creature; or how can I hold out to the end? . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

*Uxbridge, Second Month, 1840.*

I am a little cheered by meeting with some *real* Friends here, but have a dread of to-morrow, and much more dread of getting back to London, not knowing what may be in store for me there; yet I do try to rest in the will of my dear Master, who no doubt hides the future for wise purposes. I am doing what I can to get home without a burden, but cannot promise myself that it will be so. When I get home, I hope to take a little ease, of which my frame seems to stand in need, for there has been much to wear me. Let me not complain, however. What is there to complain of? The Lord has been pleased to make my way for me, and I have found great place in the minds of some gay young people. . . . .

To ———.

*Sudbury, Third Month 6th, 1840.*

. . . . . This morning early, being long awake, I remembered the scripture, "What be these, my Lord? These are they who have come through great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It was

strengthening to my poor mind, for I am still in tribulation; while it seems to me that, having done as far as made known, the Master's will, I am permitted to suffer; yet I hope with a degree of cheerfulness, and in the full persuasion that there is nothing worth living for, out of the Divine mind. . . . .

TO HER SON.

*Sudbury, Third Month 22nd, 1840.*

MY DEAR J.,

Thou art much in my remembrance, and how should it be otherwise with thy mother? a mother who bears her children on her heart before the Lord, in desire that their chief concern may be to approve themselves unto Him. He sees not as man sees, and His ways are infinitely above our ways, even as the heavens are high above the earth. Oh! that my dear children may never forget their daily dependance upon Him for right guidance, and for ability to "serve Him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind;" remembering that, "if they seek Him, He will be found of them; but if they forsake Him, He will cast them off for ever."

We may be drawn from Him so many ways, that it highly behoves us to watch every avenue of the mind, lest we be beguiled, and so the Divine purposes concerning us be in any way frustrated. Do thou watch, my loved J., my precious and only son, do thou watch diligently over thy own heart, that thou mayest be one of those whom the Lord keepeth day and night.

But why do I write thus? Thy trials have taught thee that there is no safety but in the care of the Good Shepherd. Ah! my dear, He still cares for thee, that thou mayest be His entirely—not at thine own disposal, but attending to the voice which keeps from all that would alienate from Himself. Mind and listen attentively, so shalt thou know that there is power in His word to preserve thee on every hand, and to sanctify all thy sorrows in thy blessed experience; giving thee to acknowledge to the righteousness of His dispensations, in His permitting thy pleasant pictures to be marred by His coming in the day of awful visitation, and in thwarting thee in thy projects, which appeared to be both lawful and expedient. Oh! that all things may but work together for thy good, my son; that He who is Lord of all may be magnified in His dealings with thee, and in His will through thee.

I attended the Quarterly Meeting at Ipswich, through a deal of suffering from pain in the limbs, &c. ; but am glad I gave up to be there. This day I can scarcely stand, so that I was obliged to relinquish the idea with which I rose this morning, of attending our own meeting. I am really much of an invalid, neither do I think that medicine can help me. Thy dear father seems nicely, dear man, but very feeble: his dear love is to thee. I must now lie down for a while, and try for a little more ease, by change of position.

Farewell. May goodness and mercy follow thee all the days of thy life, saith thy sympathizing and tenderly affectionate mother,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ———.

*Third Month, 1840.*

My mind is often with you in sincere and earnest desire that nothing may harm any one among your circle as a family, especially such who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity. Now those of thy household who profess to love Him much, do love *sincerely*; this is my impression. Some there are, who have much to be forgiven, who, if they will come to the feet of Jesus, and wash these sacred feet with their tears, and wipe them with the hairs of their head, will “love much,” and be forgiven *all* their transgressions. . . . .

Ah! what would thy dear ——— and ——— have done under their tossings, and in their distresses sometimes, but for this Rock in a weary land? the eternal, unchangeable Rock. Nothing can move it; let us all, and individually flee to it therefore.

My dear brother in tribulation, this refuge is for thee. The world may be compared to a wilderness, to a dry and thirsty land, in thy experience, where no water is, no refreshment for thy poor, weary, thirsty spirit; yet is there for thee “rivers of water in a dry place.” Only do not say in thine heart, “It is for those who are *able* rightly to seek what would relieve them; not for me, who have no power.” Remember, the Lord “giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.” Wait on Him, and be of good courage.

I hope, with thee, that the liberty for marrying first cousins will still be withheld by the Society. Those who let their affections out in this way do, I apprehend, bring themselves under a cloud; and



it would be much to be regretted, should such a thing come forward and be received, so as to render the body of Friends responsible. This is my humble view of the subject. Perhaps I speak this by permission only.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Fourth Month 7th, 1840.*

. . . . . How often do I think of the necessity of making use of the day, of walking while there is a little light; to get on, even feebly, with the remainder of my travel through the wilderness of this world; for it would be deplorable should the night come before I have finished, and stumbling be my experience, not knowing how to make straight steps. My poor energies are failing, and I feel like a worm, and a worm on whom the foot of man has been set; yet so long as any renewal of strength is mercifully given, it is my desire to move on in that path opened to the view by the Guide of my youth; trusting that the same will be the staff of old age.

To ———.

*Fourth Month 9th, 1840.*

What clearness would be given, if indeed the true "eye salve" was applied for; but how sorrowful that a substitute is so much introduced; even human prudence and worldly wisdom! Sometimes the language forcibly occurs, "What wilt Thou do unto thy great Name," in the midst of this people?

I did attend the Morning Meeting under fearful and deeply exercising feelings, and was enabled to lay down a heavy burden in a searching testimony. I trust, with thee, that the Great Hand is laid upon some, however hidden, to prepare them as standard-bearers, who dare not have recourse to expediency, but who may be found faithful in the Church; nobly standing for the honour of truth in their day; for surely this immutable, eternal truth, must prevail over all error.

Farewell, my loved friend. We seem hastening toward the period when, I humbly trust, faith and hope will be consummated, and joy unspeakable and uninterrupted be our blessed portion for ever, through matchless and adorable mercy.

## TO HER HUSBAND.

*Hereford, Fourth Month 20th, 1840.*

The public assembly in the evening was large, and truth was largely set forth; yet, while sensible of being clothed with its authority, I found myself among those who were much unacquainted with the operations of the power in themselves, and whose attention was too easily diverted from what was going forth to them in the love of the Gospel; so that I had to put them in mind of the importance of my visit to Hereford, both as regarded myself, and those who heard me. It was on the whole, however, an impressive, solemn time. The meeting with Friends in the morning was favoured, and an awakening season. I *sat* during my communication in that opportunity, but was able to stand in the evening, for which I was made thankful. On the whole my health is improved, and I may acknowledge to much peace, in labouring according to the ability granted; so that there is encouragement to bear all things, and to be given up to the Divine will invariably.

Having seen Friends collectively at the General Meeting seems an abundant relief, for my way was largely opened to lay down my burden there, and I understand it was an uncommonly full attendance from all parts.

To —————.

*Fifth Month 6th, 1840.*

. . . . . Bitter indeed are those feelings with which we mourn over what is without remedy; thinking, that were it possible to recal past scenes and occurrences, we would gladly act a somewhat different part from what we now reflect on. Oh! I am one who can adopt the above expressions from painful experience; yet is there a balm for our wounded spirits—oh wonderful! the matchless love of Him who took upon Him our nature; who Himself was *blameless*. This love is the healing balm, for He takes upon Himself that which would be too much for us to bear. Let us therefore try to lean upon Him, and repose our agonized spirits in His holy bosom.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month 10th, 1840.*

Your great city is indeed a place which occasions my poor mind much deep exercise. I have, however, resigned the Minute granted by my Monthly Meeting, believing the way to do so opened with clearness. At present I am without anything of this kind liberating me for religious engagements, yet is it my desire to have the inward eye to our unerring Guide; even “as the eye of the servant is to his master, and the eye of the handmaiden to her mistress,” that the mercy of the Most High may be still made known; for oh! what should I do but for it? . . . . .

We met my loved partner in life quite as well as when I left him. It is, however, very affecting to see him so helpless, and his sight nearly gone, but I believe that the “inner man is still renewed day by day;” and if I may be permitted to see him in his everlasting mansion before my own departure from hence, I think my poor spirit could give thanks in his being spared the bereaving stroke, under which he would be likely to suffer beyond description; but my heart subscribes to the language, “Thy will be done;” for our Heavenly Father is consummate wisdom, as well as omnipotent; and He is pitiful to His poor children who fear Him.

To ———.

*Sixth Month 16th, 1840.*

Do tell me how it is with thee, for I am sensible of tender solicitude about thee, beyond what I can put into words. May the Shepherd of Israel be thy keeper. He sleepeth not by day, neither doth He slumber by night; so that, if thou lovest Him perfectly, thy heart may confide humbly in His protecting arm. Oh! how has He loved thee! This has been evidenced in His not permitting thee to take thine ease, but suffering thy attention to be aroused, from time to time, to the language, “This is not your rest;” even showing how vain it is to seek any fixed repose in what earth affords.

Well, my dear ———, may all the dispensations of unerring Wisdom be blessed in thy experience; inducing or inciting thee to set thy affections on those things that are of eternal duration, and soul-satisfying. Thus mayest thou be prepared more fully for the

service of our Divine Master, ere thy energies begin to weaken, or the meridian of thy day pass.

Dear William Hull "passed quietly away," his son tells me, in a letter giving the intelligence of his removal. He was one who kept the faith, who fought the good fight, and, I believe, has won the crown of everlasting righteousness, through adorable mercy.

Farewell, my loved ———, and believe that I bear thee on my heart.

To ———.

*Sixth Month, 1840.*

. . . . . The true leadings of Christ are gentle, and the sure voice is heard in the stillness: then, however small it may be, there is safety in attending thereto, and in being guided by it. We are not to mind the great and strong wind, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but to let them all pass by, because the Lord is in none of them. Oh! may each come to the experience of what it is to be broken, even thoroughly so, that they may be "built up in the most holy faith;" that faith by which victory is obtained over the potent enemies of man's felicity. Farewell, my dear brother, in the Lord. I believe He is near thee, and that His everlasting arms are underneath, however imperceptible to thyself. Then fear not the waves that sometimes seem ready to swallow thee up, but look to Him who "is mightier than the noise of many waters."

To J. H.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month 23rd, 1840.*

MY DEAR AFFLICTED FRIEND,

Although my way did not open to mingle personally with you last sixth day, on the mournful occasion of committing to the grave the remains of thy dear husband, I was nevertheless much present in mind. The removal of my dear and long known friend was no surprise to me, after the very poor accounts which repeatedly reached us; and indeed, when my lot was cast among you some months back, his race seemed nearly run: what a mercy that he was enabled to *pursue* it in his day, through many difficulties; being one who held out to the end! How glorious a prize is won! It was grateful to me to learn that thy dear partner was *gently* let down, as the letter mentioned "he passed quietly away;" and while the be-

reavement must leave a chasm which nothing earthly can fill, yet is there much to mitigate the sorrowful feelings of thy heart, and that of thy family, who are capable of reflecting on the happy exchange from a life of anxiety and of groaning, in the earthly, worn-down tabernacle of clay, to a mansion of eternal rest and peace. As for thyself, I trust that He who has vouchsafed the Angel of His presence unto thee all thy life long, as unto one who feared Him, will not now leave thee, but continue to uphold thy spirit by the right arm of His power, and in His matchless love, lead thee on to an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away; even as a kindred spirit with the dear departed. Thou (as well as he) hast passed through much tribulation, and I do believe that, in each case, the robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb; so that, however unworthy in thy own estimation, I do hope thou wilt be prepared to walk with Him in white for ever and ever.

Thou hast some dear children who are precious in the sight of Him who seeth not as man sees. May you be mutually a comfort to one another, and remember, in every trial, that although sorrow shall endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning; that the darkness and the light are both alike to our covenant-keeping God. I have not improved in health since coming home. I humbly hope that the decay of the poor frame will have the effect of inciting to diligence, as to preparation to meet the awful summons to come before that tribunal from which there is no appeal. Farewell, my long-loved sister. May we each be mercifully favoured to hear the sentence at last, of "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I remain

Thy sincere and sympathizing friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To -----.

Seventh Month 31st, 1840.

Couldst thou know of my low, suffering state, it would suffice as to the *seeming* forgetfulness of one so near and dear to my best life; although *this* life has been, and still is, much hidden from myself; for many are the suggestions of the adversary of all true peace, which, if listened to, would occasion shipwreck of faith. It is not safe to lend an ear to any *strange* voice therefore, for we are

unacquainted with it. We have endeavoured to hear Him whom we *love*; whose voice is sweeter than any music on earth (even the softest and most fascinating) and whose "countenance is comely," surpassing that of any of the children of men, although these are His workmanship. Ah! my dear friend, when there seems to be a *dense cloud* between our soul's Beloved, and our prayers and sighs to Him, let us not say in our hearts, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." Let us not thus lean to our own understanding, but trust in His mercy and providence, who leadeth His children in paths they have not seen, and in ways they know not; for they are as the *blind*, yet servants of the Lord; and they are *deaf*, yet are His messengers. It will not do for such, even for ambassadors of the Prince of life, to have to say, "I see," except with the anointed eye; or "I hear," unless as the ear is "wakened to hear as the learned" in Christ's school, which is no easy thing to our nature.

To —————.

*Sudbury, Eighth Month 3rd, 1840.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thine of the thirteenth ult. was the earliest intimation received here, of the escape from all "the evil to come," of that singularly devoted, chosen servant of the Lord, Daniel Wheeler, whose course was marked with trials of no common weight in the scale of human suffering; yet how like Job was the bent of his mind! for *he* was prepared to adopt a language, at once ascribing righteousness, and wisdom, and praise to the Most High. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Thus this great and good man "kept the faith, fought a good fight;" passing on through a world of probation, *finishing his course in the fulness of time*, and has won a crown which eclipses the splendour of the richest earthly diadem, and which shall never, never fade away. Oh! how delightful is the thought of such glory! Words would fail in the attempt to set it forth, and it is too dazzling for us to behold in all its refulgence, while inhabiting these decaying tabernacles; yet is there an evidence indubitable accompanying the view, "seen through a glass darkly." Thou wilt unite with me in the confession, that even this sight is frequently veiled from us: yes, even our prayers (at times) seem not to penetrate the thick cloud with which the poor mind is covered. It is for us to bow low, under

a sense of our own helplessness, and wait on; for “Hast *thou* commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the dayspring to know his place?” The “faithful Creator,” the mighty God, is known, to those whose eye is singly and constantly turned to Him, to keep His covenant with the night as with the day; for the darkness and the light are both alike to Him.

My love is to thy dear ———, and your precious little flock. May the blessing attached to the persevering soul be yours; and to the dear young man, thy assistant, I desire to be kindly remembered; and to each of the circle in thy family, whom I have seen and felt interested about. To them that “*follow on* to know the Lord, His going forth is prepared as the morning; and He shall come unto them as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth.”

Thou, my dear and *truly disinterested* medical friend, wilt almost naturally look for some account of the state of my health. I fancy the nervous system is weak and irritable, but I seek after “a meek and quiet spirit,” *so high in its value*. I am able to assume cheerfulness in demeanour, for which my mind feels truly thankful. . . . .

I remain

Thy sincerely affectionate and obliged friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Eighth Month, 1840.*

Give my dear love to J. H., and say I do not forget her and hers. She has a variety of sorrow, but I trust all will be turned into joy by and by. She is stepping on toward the end of her race; sometimes far from *lightly*, but looking to Him who “giveth power to the faint,” and “increaseth strength to them that have no might.” . . . . .

Our united love awaits thee, my ———. Thy mother prays that every trying feeling may be sanctified in thy experience, and tend to bring thee nearer and still nearer in spirit, to Him who is the “chiefest among ten thousand.” Look for the text quoted to thee years ago, “I will allure her,” &c. Thy dear father says he has prayed for thee, if he knows anything of prayer: indeed, my dear, he need not have put in that “*if*,” for his heart is sensible of aspirations to the Most High, on behalf of himself and others. We had

rather an extraordinary afternoon meeting yesterday : thy dear father was strengthened to kneel. It seemed to have the effect of bringing solemnity over us.

To J. H.

*Sudbury, Eighth Month 30th, 1840.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy sending me a *written* testimonial of thy remembrance was more than I could look for, under the pressure of sorrow which at present is thy portion ; and while the acknowledgment is made to Divine support under accumulated trial, I can believe thou feelest often as if the furnace was heated beyond past experience ; but surely He who suffered for us in a body of flesh, goes before His *afflicted*, yet *chosen* ones, even while these are *in* the ordeal : as we read of the three faithful ones in the midst of the fire, “the form of the fourth is like the Son of God,” so they were unhurt ; yea, more, they lost the bands which were upon them before, or when cast in : thus was the arm of Omnipotence magnified *through* His poor helpless children, as *well* as *in* them. It is in my heart to say to thee, “Fear not,” for I do believe that the promise is to thee, “The flames shall not kindle upon thee,” neither shall the floods drown thee. Why ? Because God hath said, “*Thou art mine* ;” and, “I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.” Surely His redeeming, preserving power has already done much for thee : thou hast good ground for hoping that, having been kept, and in due time delivered by the Almighty Hand, as “in six troubles,” the same all-sufficiency will yet be known ; thine eye being in the same waiting state for the “mercies that are new every morning,” coming from Him whose “faithfulness is great.” It seems to me that the savour of thy spirit is sweet and clean. I am ready to say, She is more what I *wish* to be, than what I *am*.

Dear, dear R. F. ! we ask, in submission of our will, that she may be spared to all around her ; while yet we do not forget *that* teaching word of our dear and holy Master, “Ye know not what ye ask.” Oh ! the deep baptisms the Lord’s precious ones have to pass through ! Oh ! the bitter cup they have to drink of, as years revolve ! and to be enabled to *continue* with Christ through all temptation or proving, is indeed that which sorely tries the faith, and exercises the patience : but it is not suffering *alone*, which



Infinite Wisdom dispenses to His own; their consolations abound likewise; and I fully believe that the truly dedicated, lowly followers of the crucified Immanuel, would not barter their privileges, and peace, and rest in the soul's Beloved, for all the ease, the fleshly indulgence, the transient joy and gratification of such as seek their "good things" in this life, too regardless of pursuing the "one thing needful."

I feel yearnings towards thy children, even in that (I trust) which outlives all sorrow, and all temptation. In this feeling salute the partner of dear ——'s life, and say that I have a little hope he not only reveres the innocent life of his Redeemer, but desires to cherish it in himself. May he *grow* in grace, and in saving knowledge! Thy longed for sons and daughters, not particularized, are far from being forgotten by me: there are of them *clear-sighted*, and some preparation is experienced to be skilful in lamentation in this day. . . . .

The rejecting of the Lord's commandments must be punished, that it may be made manifest, "to obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken, than the fat of rams." Oh! the pleadings of human wisdom that I fear are still with us as a Society! Oh! the gorgeous array which takes the place of the true glory! For Israel's King is *higher* than Agag, "and *His* kingdom shall be exalted."

My love to —— and —— . I believe affliction hath been sanctified in that quarter, and I trust the raiment of wrought gold will yet more appear; all dross, all tin, all reprobate silver purged away; and the work of that hand conspicuous, which engraves, "Holiness to the Lord," and, "the Lord our righteousness."

Farewell, sister beloved, in Him who pities those who fear Him; who "remembereth that we are dust."

Thy sympathizing friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To ——.

*Ninth Month 4th, 1840.*

If we should mark out for ourselves a line in which to move for the honour of truth, we then interfere with the work of Infinite Wisdom; yea, we *mar* this work.

May —— be strengthened to submit the whole man to *His*

hand, who condescended to wash the feet of His disciples, and who, when poor Peter said, "Lord, Thou shalt never wash my feet," made this awful reply, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me;" how quickly then did this man respond, "Lord, not my *feet* only, but also my hands and my head;" and how instructive that which still followed, "He that is washed needeth not, save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." Thus, if a merciful Saviour and Guide do but take from us that which we may contract, in our walk among men, and give us to walk more in His blessed company, the invitation is louder, "Follow me, as ye see I follow Christ." . . . .

My mind is often led to visit mentally many parts of our fold as a people, and earnestly do I desire that our tender lambs may not be induced to gather where there is not safety; and to pray that the arms of the Good Shepherd may be extended and opened to them for their preservation.

To —————.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 14th, 1840.*

I am glad that it is given thee and thine to refer the preservation of your son through so many dangers, to Him who takes cognizance of His creature, man, every moment; and who follows him with love and mercy, yea, with *chastisement*, in this *love*, and in this *mercy*, all the day of visitation, for complete redemption from sin, and the corruptions of the world. How often has my poor heart sighed after ———, in his peregrinations far off; desiring the care and protection of the Great Shepherd for him, not more on account of his traversing different climes, and so being subjected to outward dangers and difficulties in *person*, than on account of the mind being often in peril many ways. Surely now, should this dear youth give himself wholly to follow Christ, he will be prepared to exclaim, "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." What is life without (in effect) speaking such a language? for we cannot otherwise answer the end of our existence on the earth. *This* state of being is soon at an end, with all that can be enjoyed or acquired, of a transitory nature; therefore to live here without glorifying the great Creator with the body and with the spirit, is to render life a mere bubble, and to have no well-grounded hope of eternal, soul-satisfying delight. . . . .

I am much as usual in health; have symptoms of a decaying tabernacle; sometimes humbly hoping for the assurance, “that when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved,” a building in the heavens, which is of eternal duration, may be prepared by the Divine Hand, for even such an one as myself. Thomas Shillitoe said, “I am going to a good home”—“all in mercy”—“no merit of mine.”

To ———.

*Ninth Month 22nd, 1840.*

. . . . . May Heavenly Goodness grant thee more and more of that which is declared to be of great price in His sight, who sees not as man sees, even a “meek and quiet spirit.” There is no situation in life, in which we can realize the *comfort*, the joy of temporal good, without this inward regulating of the Divine principle; and thus it is that “the meek shall inherit the earth.”

The votaries of this world may possess *all* that earth affords, but be devoid of the capacity to *use* and not *abuse*, the providence of Him who is Sovereign of the universe. But I write not these things to thee, my loved ———, because thou knowest them not, only that thy best resolves may be strengthened, and that thou mayest be encouraged to confess thy blessed Master nobly, who said, “Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.”

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month, 1840.*

Now my loved ———, our Quarterly Meeting has closed. I have remembered dear Samuel Emlen’s saying, when visiting families in London, “The Thames has not been set on fire *to-day*.” We have no authority for acknowledging to the *marvellous* display of Divine power, and that the fire from above “licked up all the water of Baal’s worshippers,” yet were we not left *quite* without the Holy Spirit; its quickening virtue was felt. In the meeting preceding that for discipline there was long silence. ——— kneeled—another pause—then thy mother stood, beginning with, “Friends, the Lord *will* have a *lowly* people.” I was led on, with tender expostulation, and with a call to come home to the heavenly gift, the *lowly* life; to follow Him who took not upon Him the nature of angels, nor the splendour of princes, but who appeared in this world in “the form

of a servant;" who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

We have had a larger meeting here this morning than I have seen, except on some extraordinary occasion: it appeared to me to be an extraordinary time in the *best sense*. We have before felt the celestial showers here, and as yet but little fruit. When the Lord of the vineyard will command the clouds to rain no more rain upon this part of it, I cannot say, but really it is lamentable to see our present condition.

Hast thou seen the "Memoirs of Susan Huntingdon," an American? I have just read it. What a remarkable woman! highly talented, and possessing vital religion, which was her balm in afflictions of a very poignant character, and which pursued her path through life in an uncommon manner. After all, how soon her race was run! It seemed a pity that this dear servant of Christ had not an apostle among her people, who could show her the more excellent way than that of adhering to types and shadows.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 23rd, 1840.*

. . . . . Such as live the nearest to our Great Master are not distinguished by exemption from suffering, or from being subject to humiliating dispensations, but, by Divine support, and in due time, there comes deliverance, that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in their mortal flesh, *more and more*; and that all things appertaining to these, His followers, may redound to the glory of His own excellent name.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Ninth Month 28th, 1840.*

Although there seems little new to communicate, I wish to assure thee, in this way, of my continued, daily remembrance, with unabated tender interest in all that concerns thee. Truly, more often than the morning, is my heart raised to the Father of mercies on thy behalf, that He may fit thee for His service, and engage the prime of thy life therein to His glory.

Many have been thy sore trials, and deep thy baptisms already:

oh ! that the great end hereof might be fully answered ; for it is not *exclusively* as regards thyself, that the great work of redemption and salvation should be accomplished, but that this necessary work should, through thee, be promoted in thy fellow-mortals. I know that thou art a good deal tied to business, but with a mind like thine, by no means grovelling, and a spirit far removed from what may be called “ money-getting,” I can scarcely conclude thy engagements are likely to produce an injurious effect. I once heard of a Friend saying of a person obliged to use great industry, that there was, through all, sweet incense ascending to the throne of glory, from the heart of that individual. Be encouraged, my dear ———, to hope for the same heavenly-mindedness.

And now I seem to be come to the end of my little fund for writing, except dear love to thee.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Ninth Month, 1840.*

Thy letter received yesterday, gratifies us much. How glad will thy mother be to see thee again in the fulness of time ! . . . Ah ! my dear, did I not tell thee I saw the gorgeously attired Agag coming forth amongst us, with the language, “ Surely the bitterness of death is past ?” and so it seems ; for what else mean the eloquence, the mouth which utters fine things ; things pleasing to the natural ear, but void of the *life*, the *power*, the *demonstration*, which is of the *spirit*, not the *mere letter* ? . . . “ With stammering lips, and another tongue, will He speak to this people ;” so *dwell deep in thy spirit*, that thou mayest discern between that which serveth God, and that which serveth Him not ; and when that which is out of the Divine life gives thee pain, *bear it* ; and He, the rich Rewarder, will reward thy patience, and grant thee more and more of the heavenly anointing, which teacheth, so that we may “ know all things.”

So thou attended the Quarterly Meeting at ———. Dear ——— ! I should be glad of some of her company. Ah ! how few there are who can say to the great, the learned, the wise, the noble among men, “ We have not *so* learned Christ ;” for it is common, ah ! too common, to try to learn Him, without learning *of* Him ; for He saith, “ I am meek and lowly in heart.” Now, as this meekness and lowliness is the groundwork of all true religion, does it not behove us to submit to the experience of “ the axe ” being “ laid to

the *root* of the tree?" that, as in the fallen nature, we cherish pride, and are repugnant to that which annihilates *self*, the heart being prepared for the growth of the true seed or "root," our "fruit" may be "unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." This likewise produces peace to all those who seek peace, and pursue it, in a way to find it; even in humble acquiescence with the Divine will.

TO THE SAME.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month, 1840.*

I look to that protection for thee every way, which, without presumption, I humbly may style, "the Rock of my salvation," hitherto. Thou dost not want to be told that we dearly love thee. May we look from all *created* things, for true and settled comfort or peace, even to the *uncreated* power in which our consolation and strength is to be found!

In my walk this forenoon, on the Cornard Road, I saw a poor worm. It lay in the path, exposed to the foot of man. It seemed to be my brother or sister; for oh! I thought, *how like myself*, thou worm of the dust, just in the way to be trodden on! I will put thee in a place of safety: so I removed it; and, rather unexpectedly, found there was *life* in it, though it looked battered, and almost covered with dust.

I do not wonder that the First day Morning Meeting wearied thee. I am confirmed in my judgment, long since formed, that [some among us] are Episcopalian, not Quakers.

Thy views, my dear, are correct (I will venture to assert this *without the shadow of a doubt*) as to the appointed means of our salvation. Would it not be derogating from the character of the Creator, to conclude that *He made man sinful*? He who pronounced all His works "good," "very good;" He who is goodness itself! He who is perfection itself!—yes, my daughter, it would. But, seeing that our first parents fell from that happy and dignified state, in which they were formed by the Divine Hand, they entailed upon their offspring, *not sin*, but the *propensity* to sin: this propensity, as yet, is not wholly overcome, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" and thus "in Adam all die." But it is as unsound to assert that we are born into this world in a condition polluted by iniquity, as to say, that He who *so pitied*, and *so loved mankind*, after the fall, as to send His beloved, and only begotten

Son into the world, to propitiate for the sins of the world, created man for destruction. As thou remarks, we ought to be thankful, and accept with humility the way of escape pointed out by matchless mercy, without presuming on the impossibility of things *not revealed*; for “things *revealed* belong unto us, and to our children; but *secret* things belong unto God.” We may be assured that “as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;” by which I understand, that all are visited by the quickening virtue of the Holy Spirit: now, as this is the spirit which giveth life, so we may all come from sin and death, to holiness and life, into the holy image and blessed likeness, in which man was originally created.

Ah! we have few amongst us now who are clear-sighted, and who, therefore, do not “err in judgment, and stumble in vision;” but still there are *a few*, or we, as a people, had become extinct. Our ministry is much in the mixture. Our “silver” is become dross, and our “gold is cankered.” Even some of the *real metal*, which has come through the fire, has great need of being melted down again, that whatever is contracted, which will not stand the ordeal, may be removed.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month 5th, 1840.*

My dear, kind friend E. M. gave me the first intimation of the exit of that valiant in the Lamb’s array, Daniel Wheeler. It may be confessed that he sacrificed his life to the ever blessed, and most glorious cause, and that he died in the field of battle. I have no idea that *such a man’s* laying down his bones in a certain place is without a peculiar call to that part of our community, to see how far they are found in the same faith, in the same *self-denial*, and giving up of *all* to the Lord.

. . . . Do thou tell me, if thou canst, how far are we sensible of the cloud being dispelled, which hath covered us in the season of the Lord’s anger; and whether the joyful language applies unto this people, “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” Could my spirit be assured of this being the case, then would gladness fill this fluttering heart; for methinks it would be more to me than the possession of all earthly good, yea, even of health itself; or to be as Moses in his last old age, whose “eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.”

## TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month, 1840.*

Thy remark that "there is *One* who remains to be no respecter of persons," is comforting. It is the *same*, the *very same*, who for our sakes "made Himself of no reputation." Ah! were it not for that which weans from dependance on *man*, yea, the *best* of men, all support had long since failed thy mother. We must learn to live without being as the *ivy*, which clings to something near, in order to flourish, or to be borne up. It is sorrowful that poor M. W. should seem likely to sink under her present complaint, like her late brother; yet if it be the will of Providence to take dear children out of a world of temptation, in their state of innocence, we ought to submit, and for their sakes rejoice.

It is with pleasure I now address thee in London; not half the distance from us that thou hast been so many weeks. *This* is a state of vicissitude in which we are placed, so that the language cannot fail of being loudly proclaimed in our ears, "Here we have no continuing city." Oh! that, through all, we may be seeking one that is to come!

The post which brought thy note this morning, conveyed one from our dear friend Hannah Southall, giving some circumstantial account of the illness of her dear brother, Richard Burlingham. He appeared to be sinking fast, and perhaps his spirit has, ere this, taken its flight to those regions where no darkness can come. "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come," in the *fit time*, and we should consider and weigh the removal of such; yea, and see how far *we* are preparing to fill up the vacant seats in the house, far exceeding in glory that of Solomon's, which was nevertheless glorious, as a *type* of the beauty and order of the "house from heaven," built up by the "Greater than Solomon;" whose wisdom, power, and economy, are consummate. Many have been the painful feelings of thy heart, my ever dear ——; mayest thou profit thereby, and become "settled and established in the truth," which remains immutable to all generations! Thou hast great cause to commemorate the gracious care and providence of the good Shepherd towards thee, as one of His poor, helpless lambs, and to trust in His mercy. We live in a world of trouble, but the "Comforter" and "Preserver of men" is omnipresent, and hath all power; may our



trust be in Him! We wish to be found in the will of our Heavenly Father, and that our children may be found therein in all things: this is "choosing the Lord for our portion, and the God of Jacob for the lot of our inheritance." Oh! happy portion! Oh! rich inheritance—soul-satisfying, never-fading!

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Tenth Month 30th, 1840.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In returning the letter from \_\_\_\_\_ which, with brotherly kindness, thou sent for my perusal, I may acknowledge that the sentiments he expressed, on reading "Barclay's Selections from Pennington," are such as I should have anticipated; while they cannot indeed be comprehended, save by those who know from experience, that the heart of man (as man) receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God. I suppose \_\_\_\_\_ does not join himself in membership with any religious community: he is certainly with Friends in principle, almost to a hair's breadth, yet there seems to me to be something lacking, to make him quite an Isaac Pennington, and I can scarcely define in what the deficiency consists: perhaps there is more fulness, less sense of hunger and thirst, or of fasting, as in the *mournful absence* of the Bridegroom, than one would look for, in a disciple who is *tempted*, yet *continues* with the Great Master through all trial: but mind, I judge not, only wish to be understood. The carpenter's letter is truly gladdening, and very interesting. As thou didst not consider his illness alarming, we may hope that his life is spared, and that he may have to tell others what the Redeemer has done for his soul; or, should his day's "work be cut short in righteousness," that it is all in wisdom and mercy, from Him who sees the end from the beginning, and who giveth some to be like Sampson, that slew more enemies dying, than in all his life-time before.

No doubt thou art one, as well as thy dear \_\_\_\_\_, among the many whose souls are deeply affected, in viewing the stripped state of our Society. Dear Richard Burlingham's removal is as a place left in the militant Church occasioning lamentation, for that a prince in Israel must no more be seen amongst us; and ah! how are the seats of such left vacant, even from year to year, for want of those

rightly prepared to sit down in the heavenly fellowship, under the blessed government of the King immortal! for He will accept none in the linsey-woolsey garment, too much worn in the present day. No, He will have Jerusalem in her beautiful attire, in the true wedding garment, made white by being washed in the blood of the Lamb, and which is granted to those who come through great tribulation. Let us hope that there remains a remnant of such, seen in the light of truth, occupying their seats among the servants of His house, the "greater than Solomon's;" yea, and that there are of our children under the Divine Hand, who, as they abide with the power, will be brought forward in due time, and richly qualified to show forth the praise of Him who first gathered us to be a people, and who may be instrumental in bringing others to see for themselves, the wonderful economy and glory of the Church, the very type or representation of which, made the Queen of Sheba confess that "there was no more spirit in her," in taking a view thereof. Well, dear friend, I have now penned a long letter, which my eyes, and general sense of weariness, admonish me to close.

Thy sincere and grateful friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Twelfth Month 16th, 1840.*

Shouldst thou, my brother, be permitted to give up the view that has so long tried thee, I can joy in *thy* joy, as coming from the compassionate Judge, who requires of us that "perfect love that casteth out *fear*." No doubt the ordeal thou hast endured, proved thoroughly equal to any strength or patience afforded; but oh! how watchful, how careful is the Refiner! "He shall *sit* as a Refiner and Purifier of silver." He sits to watch the critical time for removing the precious metal from the fining pot, that it be not injured.

The sons of Levi were to be tried as gold and as silver, that they might offer an offering unto the Lord in righteousness. I trust this is not inapplicable to thee. The offering of thine *all* seems to me to have been made, through the preparation appointed; and if my poor mind be influenced aright, the sacrifice is *complete*, and is no *partial* offering. I should be sorry to presume on anything of this

solemn and fearful nature, as of myself, or as knowing anything without the Lord; and dearly and tenderly commending thee and thine to Him,

I remain

Thy sincere and affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Twelfth Month 22nd, 1840.*

I think a deal of thee, and much hope thou wilt be rightly directed and helped through difficulties, as hath before been thy experience; that Divine goodness and mercy may follow thee all the days of thy life. We must be inward and watchful, as thou knowest, in order to be thus favoured, and that all our steps may be “ordered of the Lord.”

Each dispensation of Divine Providence has a time to be fulfilled in our passing along, and is designed for our establishment in the truth. We had need take care and endeavour to possess our souls in patience, having faith in the promises of Him who hath the name of “Faithful and True.” Oh! that my ——— may rely on Him, and wait for Him with whom all things are possible.

To ———.

*Sudbury, First Month 24th, 1841.*

Yes, I bear you on my heart in tender solicitude, and sympathize in the afflictive dispensation lately permitted to come upon your whole family, by the illness of thy loved husband; and while there may be no utterance with the tongue, I cease not to remember you in my prayers. Often is that language before me, “All things work together for good to them that love God.” Oh! that we may seek to love Him with the perfect love that casteth out fear! come what will come, all will then be well with us, and bring to the blessed experience, that truly (without exclusion) all things work together for our good.

My very soul has travailed with and for the dear sufferer, who must feel his situation to be an awful one. Could I sit by him, I have sometimes thought it would, in some sense, answer my desires; but I can commend Him to the omnipresent and omnipotent One, who orders all things in wisdom, and whose omniscience has noticed

thy dear partner, when he could deplore his own defects, and yet appeal to the God of knowledge, "Thou knowest that I love Thee."

And now, my loved, tried friend, farewell in our Almighty Helper; the eternal Refuge in every storm; who weighs every atom of our painful feelings in His righteous balance, as we look to Him for succour.

To ———.

*Sudbury, First Month 31st, 1841.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy testimonial of remembrance of me is consoling to my heart. . . . Oh! we had need be endued with that wisdom that is of an opposite character from *his*—"the crooked serpent;" even what comes "from above;" which, while it is "gentle, and easy to be entreated," gives true discernment, and penetrates the false covering, however gilded, and calculated to deceive.

Well, my dear friend, we are yet favoured to see a few *overcomers*, who are made pillars in the temple, hewn out and established by an almighty, all-skilful Hand. What a mercy! Yes, "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars."

It is my humble trust that yet the Great Head of the Church will separate more manifestly that which doth serve Him, from that which serveth Him not; even the precious from the vile, to His own glory; bringing the righteous to shine forth as the light in the kingdom of their Father; evidencing that they are truly under His government, whose right it is to sway His sceptre in the hearts of the children of men, and whose dominion is for ever and ever. Amen.

S. G.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Second Month 11th, 1841.*

I am truly glad of the relief afforded you; rejoicing with thee and thine, as I have also wept with you in my heart. Oh! the mercy, the wisdom, the power of our Heavenly Father, who wounds to heal, who breaks down to build up, who chastises to make us cry, "Abba, Father;" even becoming His own dear children, "born, not of flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

How often have I thought (under a sense of sympathy in the sore trial of thy loved husband's illness) of Saul being "found among the

stuff," and called forth; having been told by Samuel that he should be turned into another man; and so it proved, after the vial of oil was poured upon him. Thy husband seems to me to be in the hand of Omnipotence. Oh! the endearing love of our holy Redeemer! how sweet it is! how uniting! beyond all the ties of our mere nature.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Second Month 12th, 1841.*

Often, in looking towards some of you, my long-loved friends, I see a sadness of countenance, or at least I think so; a sadness not altogether on account of yourselves, but something like putting on sackcloth and ashes, although not very perceptible to beholders: but do we not want those in this day, who may indeed be styled "mourners in Zion?" Was there ever more of the transformations of him who, in so many and various ways, seeks to bring into that state that "calls evil good, and good evil; that puts darkness for light, and light for darkness; that puts bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter?" and how many are beguiled and deceived, so that we are ready to say, Alas! who shall stand? We can truly say, in our own religious community, "All is not gold that glitters." Oh! for some Daniel Wheelers, some Thomas Shillitoes, and John Barelays, to be raised up among us; more in substance than show, and yet evidencing the refinement which the most precious metal endures, and how it is prepared for use, and hath the true stamp upon it!

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Second Month 19th, 1841.*

Thou seemest now to be enabled to leave the past more than was the case for years, and art favoured with a considerable degree of tranquillity of mind, in which I rejoice. That sore bereavement that has befallen thee being still keenly felt, I do not marvel at: "that which is wanting cannot be numbered;" and a chasm such as the severing hand has been permitted to make in thy family, must, I apprehend, remain a source of tender sorrow, until eternal joy for ever reigns in the soul, and more than compensates for the losses and vicissitudes of the present state of being. . . . .

Thy feelings in the Morning Meeting respecting what was produced, were such as I should expect. It is well there are a few left,

who are jealous lest the ancient standard should be lowered by unskillful meddlers in things too high for them. Oh! how tried my poor mind is, under a sense of a want amongst us of true discernment; and even in my very secluded allotment here, I think my inward eye sees a covering in our Society that is prohibited in the truth; a mixture as surely disapproved in the sight of the Great Head of the Church, as ever the forbidden linsey-woolsey garment was of old; and which must one day be taken off, for the all-scrutinizing eye will not wink thereat.

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS RECOVERY FROM AN ALARMING ILLNESS.

*Sudbury, Third Month 31st, 1841.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy testimonial of remembrance cheered me, in the confirmed report of health being restored to thee, and thy strength nearly what it was, previous to the visitation of illness lately thy experience.

I am indeed glad to be prepared to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," as well as to "weep with them that weep." Thy dear wife must feel much relief, and I believe is at heart humbly thankful for the mercies still extended to your family circle. Oh! how needful it is for us to keep in view the *end* of those *means* our Heavenly Father appoints for our being qualified to cry, "Abba, Father." Mayest thou, my loved friend, be very watchful, and, like Enoch of old, and like Abraham, walk in the Divine presence; henceforth renouncing the world; remembering continually that it is utterly impossible to serve God and Mammon. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Neither will it do to cherish forgetfulness of what an Almighty hand hath wrought for us, after we have witnessed His wonderful interposition, and have sung His praise. Let us not plead *necessity* for holding back anything from the Giver of all good: this would be calling the blessed Master "an austere man," &c. *We must have nothing* that we call ours, and then we shall "possess all things;" an attainment which often appears impracticable to the mind of the natural man. Well, I want thee to be one of those who walk worthy of this high vocation. "Be perfect and entire, lacking nothing."

To persevere in pressing toward the mark for the prize has been found possible, and still remains to be so: be *that* thy constant aim,

my brother; so will thy God forbid that anything whatever should prevent thy *so* running as to obtain the glorious prize. Farewell in much sincere desire for the real good of thyself and all thine.

I remain affectionately thy friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*London, 1841.*

Thy letter written yesterday I have now read to my comfort. Oh! my dear, there *is* a resting-place for us in this wearisome world, even the holy bosom of Him who "hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." What a mercy! It seems to me that the scripture is in some measure verified, even to me, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." I have had deep baptisms, but there is occasion to adopt the precious language, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Many private exhortations, salutations, and sometimes living prayer to the Source of all-sufficiency are offered.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Fourth Month 1st, 1841.*

Thou bids me think of thee: I do so, particularly in thy present state of deep consideration, and that with respect to a matter, that, if carried forward, can only meet a change with the termination of life, with one or the other more nearly concerned. Thou knowest that I have always felt love for thee, as a dear child who loved thy Heavenly Father, as well as that natural affection has been kept alive in my heart through our long separation. There seems even now a savour from thy spirit sweet to me.

I have only to say, take heed that all thy steppings are in that light which never did, nor ever can prove an ignis-fatuus; and may He who sees the end from the beginning, guide thee by His counsel; thus rewarding the sincerity of thy intentions, and granting thee the peace which passeth all natural conception!

To J. H.

*Sudbury, Fourth Month 14th, 1841.*

DEAR, AFFLICTED FRIEND,

Thou wilt believe that, for some time past, my tender sympathy has been more than usually alive toward thee and thine, on account of the severe illness of thy precious daughter, which has at length terminated in the removal of so sweet and lovely a branch of thy family; but what shall we say? Is it not permitted in that wisdom which remains to be consummate, and that love which is infinite?

Often are we ready to fear that the severing hand is sent in displeasure, when indeed it may be because the Lord accounts His dear children worthy to be made mighty *to suffer*, as well as *to do* His blessed will. No doubt, in due time, the *darkness* of His providence will be made *light* before such as fear His Name.

As for thee, it certainly appears to me that great honour is conferred on thee, in having been instrumental in preparing the way for some of thy loved offspring to join "the innumerable company of saints and angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect," (among whom is thy late dear partner in life) who for ever sing "Alleluia," and ascribe "salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

Somehow I feel as if thy dear spirit was already partaking of that purity, described by the being "arrayed in white robes;" for through much tribulation are they measurably washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb; yea, I trust are still more and more surpassing the snow—so admirable as *that* is to the natural eye. The Lord give thee to say "Amen" in every trying dispensation; to number thy remaining blessings, and to give thanks for His mercies. Some of thy dear children, yet in a probationary state, are favoured to know the God of Jacob to be their Refuge as well as their Guide; these are, no doubt, some consolation to their loved, bereaved mother. There are of those that the Lord hath given thee, not only by nature, but also by grace, in answer to thy prayers, who have some experience of what it is to be "buried with Christ by baptism into death;" and who, I trust, witness His reigning over all, at times, and are in a precious degree prepared to reign with Him.

Tell dear ——— that I remember her with joy, and that I trust,



amidst every conflict and exercise, she may receive the salutation, "Hail! thou that art highly favoured," &c. How truly dignifying is the truth! Let her loved ——— be encouraged to possess the truth and hold it, by giving the full price for it, and never bartering it for aught else.

Farewell, my long-loved friend. I do think we should be thankful that another of thy dear family was made ready for a mansion in eternal glory.

I am thy sincerely sympathizing and attached friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

#### TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Fourth Month 15th, 1841.*

I trust the Shepherd of Israel will continue to protect thee on every hand, as thou lovest and fearest Him. Walk through life *lowly*, so wilt thou walk *safely*, dear child; and may thy spirit be more and more deepened in the best things, to thy own establishment on the invincible foundation, and to the praise of Him who hath called thee to glory and virtue. Amen.

To ———.

*Fourth Month 16th, 1841.*

Somehow I want to put thee in mind peculiarly of dear John Woolman's remark, "In this world, which may be compared to a thorny wilderness, how precious, how comfortable, how safe are the leadings of Christ, the great and good Shepherd!" May He be thy blessed Guide and Protector always, and on every hand! May He make the rough ways smooth, and the crooked paths straight for thee! I much desire you may ascend together to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; where He teacheth of His ways, and gives ability to walk in His paths: His ways being those of wisdom, and His paths too, they are pleasantness, and they are peace; for how high and holy, how new and living, is the way cast up for the *redeemed* of the Lord to walk in! separate from all that stands in the contrariety to that which is of the holy, harmless nature of the Redeemer Himself.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

1841.

I do believe our ministry now requires an ordeal that would take away, not the dross only, but the tin and the reprobate silver: yea, in no very slight degree, has our very "silver" become dross, and our "gold is cankered."

The day will come when every substitute for the reality and dignity that is in the immutable truth, will be as stubble; for "what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." The superficial observer may mistake the one for the other, but that "Spirit which searcheth all things," where it is received and heeded, discovers the emptiness of the chaff, and the fulness and weightiness of the wheat; therefore these must be separated, the one from the other, that the wheat lose none of its usefulness by the mixture.

Let us each remember we can do no better than to follow the Lamb perseveringly, whithersoever He goeth; even if it be to Calvary's Mount. To be with Him in suffering is the way to reign with Him in glory.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Fifth Month 7th, 1841.*

. . . . . We must all be in earnest for the presence of the sure and skilful Pilot on board our vessel, in order to steer clear of the manifold dangers that lie in the way, or to which we may be subjected.

We are ignorant and powerless of ourselves; even the wisest, the most knowing, and the strongest of men. . . . .

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Fifth Month, 1841.*

The Yearly Meeting now commencing affects my poor mind *awfully*, yet do I not see that I ought to be one of those present. I am nevertheless *deeply interested*, as regards the concerns of our religious community; desiring that "the unction from the Holy One" may be with Friends, "teaching all things." Oh! there is much to correct within our borders; yea, there is a great deal of "tin and reprobate silver" to be purged away, before we "arise and shine" in the original lustre of this Society. I feel

afraid lest "mighty works" should be pleaded, as spreading the knowledge of the Redeemer's kingdom, and lest creaturely activity should assume the character of gospel labour. May the "*watchers*" be faithful to their trust. Oh! may many go deeper in their spirits to feel with the innocent life, which doth not strive, nor cry, nor lift up, nor cause the voice to be heard in the street. Ah! my friend, my dear, kind brother, the Great Head of the Church is requiring a *humble*, yet faithful acknowledgment of His interposition for His poor, helpless servants.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Fifth Month, 1841.*

It is truly kind of thee to remember thy poor, afflicted correspondent, as evinced by an address since thou and thy dear daughter gave us your company, on the mournful occasion of interring the remains of my beloved one. The tender sympathy of a brother who has drunk of the same bitter cup, is peculiarly grateful. Thou dost not even yet forget "the wormwood and the gall," then no wonder it should be very fresh with me. May it not, however, be a part of those ingredients, seen meet by the all-skilful "Physician of value" to be mingled for us, that the immortal part may be strengthened thereby: then let us resolve, as one did of whom we read, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." At the same time we are not required to render the potion more trying to our nature, by adding our own bitter self-reproaches from time to time, until our feelings become almost intolerable. Shall we not watch against such a propensity, lest it weaken our faith, and we become less qualified to pursue the path cast up for us?

Come, my brother, we are both alike tempted to dwell upon omission in gone-by days; with the temptation there is, however, a way to escape; only let us come to Him who is able and willing to "do exceeding abundantly for us, above all we ask or think:" but indeed, while endeavouring to encourage thee, I am myself much depressed; seeking refuge in the hiding-place in the day of trouble. When we seem to ourselves too devoid of strength to run there, it remains for us to wait for the fulfilling of the promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall *renew* their strength."

To J. H.

*Sudbury, Fifth Month 20th, 1841.*

MY TENDERLY BELOVED FRIEND,

Inured to sorrow as I know thee to be, my mind is assured of thy sympathy with me and my remaining family, when I acquaint thee with the departure of my dear husband, who is gone to his everlasting mansion of rest and peace, as well as *thy* precious partner in life, and more than one of your sweetly endeared offspring. Last First day morning all our family expected to be at our worship publicly. I had assisted my loved J. G. as usual to dress, and he walked down stairs to breakfast. H. pointed out some alteration in him, and we sent for the doctor and for our sons, who were here in a few minutes. Presently, however, my beloved one became unconscious, was carried to his bed, where he revived a little, and recognized us all; but soon after lost all power of reflection, became restless, and then sunk into a state of stupor, from which he never revived, yet lived two days. . . . Perhaps I have entered too much into the detail of this trying scene, but it is to a sisterly friend, who can see that, in this world, we often have to meet with what is very severe to our nature, and who knows the sensitiveness of some minds.

He was one of those who became as "a little child," fit for the heavenly kingdom. Sometimes, since I saw thee last, I have had to exercise closely the little grain of faith vouchsafed; even that which remains to be "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Under this sense of what the true faith really is, I cordially salute thee; hoping that both thyself and thy poor correspondent may eventually be favoured to enter that state where there is found uninterrupted and perfect felicity, faith and hope being consummated; as we believe to be the ease with each of our nearest earthly ties, now dissolved. So farewell, saith

Thy sorrowful, yet ever affectionate friend,

SARAH GRUBB.

To —————.

*Sudbury, Fifth Month 30th, 1841.*

. . . . . No doubt all has been ordered in that wisdom which cannot err, and in adorable mercy too. *My* love, the only

one I ever loved, so as to wish to be united to in the solemn covenant of marriage, became insensible to every effort to relieve him, made by any mortal, and breathed out his natural life; in consequence, free from being aware of the pangs of that stroke which was to sever our earthly union. For this my heart became thankful—even that *he* knew nothing of the rending asunder which was so hard to me to endure with quiet acquiescence: yet no murmuring thought was permitted to enter my mind.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Sixth Month, 1841.*

I had much rather drink this bitter cup in separation, and go softly the rest of my days in sorrow, than that it should have been his lot. So thou seest I am able indeed to say amen to what is dealt out in this dispensation, by the hand of an allwise and compassionate Judge. Think not that I mean to say I have any other than a bleeding heart. Yes, I feel deeply the wound inflicted, which has left half of myself, and I sincerely conclude, taken away *that* half which was the most purified and made meet for the holy kingdom.

To ———.

*Sixth Month.*

I feel stripped and lonely; missing my loved companion much, with whom I travelled so long in the path of life, and who was very tender of me, and thankful for our union as well as myself; and although his mental powers were giving way in some degree, through the infirmities of age, yet I loved to be near him, and assist him what I could. Ah! he has left me to take some weary steps without him, but my children are all very attentive to their widowed mother, and my mind is consoled in contemplating the felicity of one almost dearer to me than myself, and that felicity uninterrupted for evermore. There often seems to me to be granted something like heavenly fellowship with the spirit at rest even now.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Sixth Month 18th, 1841.*

Although my eyes are rather painful, I send just a little salutation to thee, wishing thee to be assured of my constant sense of interest and love as regards thee. I do indeed commend thee to

the "Great Preserver of men;" to Him who keeps in the hollow of His hand all those that fear Him, and look for His gracious care.

Be very watchful, my ———, wherever thou art. Remember our adversary watches over our unguarded moments, to draw us from the Good Shepherd; be thou therefore "sober, be vigilant;" let thy words be seasoned with grace. Thou knowest not how thy Heavenly Father may make use of thee in His own cause, and to the forwarding His designs as regards others.

To ———.

*Dorking, Seventh Month 30th, 1841.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy loved brother's letter, which I now return, is indeed just suited to the state of things amongst us in this day, and very instructive, not only as regards the youth receiving the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, but with respect to every class turning inward, and obeying the teachings and leadings of truth. What a sad thing it is that such a striking testimony to the inefficiency of all that man can do by his own powers, should be withheld from the public! Oh! my heart cordially unites with the views held by our late highly gifted, and highly valued brother. Would there were more raised up, and faithful like him! What a glorious crown he now inherits eternally, in that he was "faithful unto death!"

S. G.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Eighth Month 20th, 1841.*

Thy letter cheered me in some respects, finding that thou and thy dear husband were permitted to enjoy that blessing which, in my estimation, stands first on the list of *temporal* good, even health; and hoping also that the valuable boon is considered by you to be that which, with all you have, and all you are, is at the disposal of the Giver of "every good and perfect gift." It is my concern that, while the energies of life are in vigour, each of you may stand at the disposal of our Divine Master. None will ever have to regret being His, entirely His—possessing all in Him: so will He realize the language to these, "Fear not; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through

the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." That thy husband should accompany thee in thy religious engagements from home, is in accordance with my view.

Now I may tell thee that, since my J. G.'s removal to his eternal home, I am sensible continually of my widowed state. Ah! none can tell what such a severing is, but those to whom it is sent. I am always sorrowful, yet rejoicing at his being fixed in his happy mansion, and that he knows nothing of my mourning as a dove. I am far from repining, yet my affectionate feelings are much awake; full as much now, as on his departure. . . . I am very far from well, but desirous that my last days may be such as will not discourage others from resolving—

"My life (if thou preserv'st my life)  
Thy sacrifice shall be."

Thou and I think alike about our poor, degenerated Society. I only wish that they who are not of us would go right out, and leave a little band, who are united in the Gospel of the lowly Jesus, and who cannot do mighty works merely by extolling Him in name; yea, are faint without the renewings of the Holy Spirit upon them. There is a little stirring among our youth in some places, but alas! where are the fathers and the mothers? Oh! how little true discernment is left. Ministers are acknowledged, and elders are chosen; but, in too many instances, it evidences itself to be the work of man; at least there is a deplorable mixture still amongst us.

To ———.

*Eighth Month, 1841.*

"When heaven seems brass, and earth, with iron bars,  
Doth hold its cheering goodness from us,"

then may we not forget that the trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, even though it be tried with fire; yea, and it is well to remember that the same things happen to our brethren that are in the world. . . . .

Can I wish to recal my days, my years that are gone by? I tremble at the thought. I might not do better. I might do worse. It is for me to lie low, and hope against hope, under a humiliating and painful sense of the weakness of my nature.

Mercy is what I hope for; merey is all I ask. This, if granted, will bring at last to that rest and peace my soul pants after, and which I believe is the eternal portion, both of thy dear partner in this life, and of mine. May we be eventually admitted into the company of these blessed spirits, joined indeed to saints and angels, an innumerable multitude, yet all known individually, and each owned, as helping to constitute the Church triumphant, whose names are written in heaven. So dearly farewell, and tell thy dear children all, that life is worth living, *only* as the will of our Heavenly Father takes the place of our own untoward will. I feel interested in their implicit obedience to the manifestations of the heavenly anointing in themselves.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Ninth Month 9th, 1841.*

I hasten to tell thee that my health is now restored to its usual standard, for which I am ready to say, What shall I render to Him who is indeed the Physician of value? Well, it is the interest of all to acquiesce with the dealings of Infinite Wisdom, and say *amen* to His will. Now I, a worm, a thing of no account in my own view, and I believe in that of many, very many, am nevertheless induced to avow a concern to visit the Churches in this land, in their collective capacity, as way may open; and also any other religious service that may be from time to time required among Friends, or others where my lot may be cast. . . . .

I cannot say that "I am sure, that when I come," (among Friends or others) "I shall come in the *fulness* of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," but oh! for some *portion* of this blessing.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Ninth Month 29th, 1841.*

We are privileged with this mode of communication, and besides we can be each other's companions in mind; all of which I esteem a favour. Great is my desire for thee, that the day's work may keep pace with the day. Mayest thou be found diligently working in the Lord's vineyard, and receiving those wages which, I well know, thou valuest above all that a fading world can give." "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice



together;" that thus the labourers may all find their account in pursuing the appointed work.

I know that there is much discouragement presented to the diffident mind in this time, but such things are like the "clouds," which are not to be observed; and those "winds" which are to be disregarded, with respect to our individual engagements, in true dedication to the Most High.

In low times, and when we see our own deficiencies, it behoves us to cleave to our Almighty Helper, in humble desire after ability to "leave the things that are behind, and, reaching forth to them that are before, to press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." We are sometimes prone to waste our precious time in sitting under an unavailing lamentation as to the past: this weakens us still more, and we begin to fear that *now* it can be no use to hope for the future. What a pity this would be! Come then, let us now and henceforth, "give all diligence to make our calling and election sure." I speak as to our places in the Church on earth, and the glory of the world above.

There is no occasion for me to fill my sheet of paper because it is a large one, yet, before closing this, would just acknowledge to the mercy and loving-kindness of my Great Master, in providing for me a way to fulfil my prospect of service so far, to the unspeakable satisfaction and relief of my own mind mostly. Yesterday was an exception, for I was deeply plunged into travail and exercise of soul, before the great Quarterly Meeting commenced, and in it, after it gathered; but believed it right for me to keep silence a long while, and there was little said by any one for an hour. Then, as I was near breaking forth, another stood up; after which my way did not open for a word; and most thankful I am that nothing was attempted, on my part, to lay down my burden out of the right time and ordering. I must now take my leave, and subscribe myself

S. G.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Tenth Month, 1841.*

. . . . The Quarterly Meeting yesterday was a time to be remembered. Truth's authority rose high, and there was solemn silence a good while, after enlargement in testimony. Dear A. D. was there, and kneeled, to edification and consolation, toward the close of the meeting.

I was glad thou didst not meet our aged friend, J. Grant. His appearance altogether was so strikingly like thy dear father, the resemblance was such as to require some nerve to bear the sight calmly. When he made an effort to walk, and in getting into his carriage to go to meeting, it was very moving to me. He was rejoiced to see me.

To ———.

*Clonmel, Tenth Month, 1841.*

. . . . . ——— seemed glad that he had attended the Quarterly Meeting in Waterford, and indeed it was an extraordinary time of truth triumphing over error; for it seemed as if there was given, in the Lord's own time, mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance, which could not be gainsaid. The small company in the Select Meeting appeared to me to be sound in the faith, and closely bound together in that which knows no change. They are among the marked ones, who sigh, and are often heavy-hearted, yet who do know that, if the sufferings of Christ abound, the consolations do likewise abound. There are some, I think, prepared, and others under the forming hand to join them; yet many harden the heart, and stiffen the neck; not being disposed to bear the yoke, and carry the burden which is made light and easy to the truly humble soul.

To ———.

*Clonmel, Tenth Month 26th, 1841.*

Oh! the deep baptisms I had to pass through in Waterford! fully equal to any I had ever experienced, which have been renewed in this place also. Yet never did I witness greater strength in meetings to fight the Lord's battles; nor was my mind without the living, joyful sense of complete victory; truth reigning over all.

I humbly trust the power of the Most High bowed the hearts of some that were like Bashan's oaks. I am now weak and low, as to the best things, and my faith sorely tried, but not shipwrecked; blessed be the goodness and mercy of Him whose invisible, everlasting arm is underneath, for the most timid souls that trust in Him alone.

——— has entered "the vineyard" as at the "eleventh hour" of the day of visitation, and is a striking instance of Divine mercy, through much painful regret as to time past unimproved. Who

would desire to have all this bitter repentance at last, instead of reaping early the fruits of obedience, and receiving wages, in prosecuting the work assigned in the day-time ?

TO HER SON.

*Clonmel, Tenth Month 27th, 1841.*

II.'s illness is a source of great anxiety to me, yet I may acknowledge that more composure clothes my mind than I could have anticipated, under present circumstances. In the retrospect, I cannot find that I missed my way in turning to Ireland. I looked towards home many times before deciding on coming, but could not rid myself of a dimness in the prospect, so that I was afraid to go ; and no further service opening in England, and a strong drawing to the Quarterly Meeting in Waterford being felt, I ventured to yield to it in great exercise of mind, and with some apprehension that affliction awaited me, beyond what had recently been my portion. What should I do, but for the privilege allowed the meanest followers of the Lamb, even that of endeavouring to bring *all* to Him, which loads us with heaviness and sorrow. He carried our sorrows ; He bore our griefs in His own body, and said, "Not my will, but Thine be done," in address to the Father : He invited to learn of Him meekness and lowliness of heart. This is my first desire, for in such a condition we do feel that every wish to control or alter what is dealt out to us by the Divine Hand is hushed, and we learn to drink the cup submissively, however bitter, and to say "Amen," even in darkness and distress ; waiting for the return of light ; for "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

I have paid divers visits to invalids the two last days, and many friends come to see me.

TO THE SAME.

*Clonmel, Eleventh Month 3rd, 1841.*

I have to report favourably of our dear II. She is, I think, in a fair way now to recover.

How very moving it is about that fine girl, C. C., being taken from her parents and friends. I feel greatly for the bereaved, especially for the mother and sister where C. was. I am taught to "remember them which suffer adversity, as being myself also in the body," therefore subject to the same thing.

My love is to ——, and to dear E. E. W., who is filling up her measure of service and suffering, and will, I believe, rest from her labours in due time, and her works will follow her, although she has so mean an opinion of her works; oh! it will be manifest that they were “wrought in God.” My love also to R. H.

May I find my dear —— grown in grace, and knowledge of the best kind, on my return. This is my heart’s desire and prayer for thee, my ——. Be watchful with that thou reveres and loves sincerely. Farewell.

TO ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

*Clonmel, Eleventh Month 13th, 1841.*

. . . . . Last fifth day, at meeting here, some of the Ranters were coming in, but were prevented by the door-keepers. I neither saw nor heard what was going on, but am told there was terrible vociferation. In the midst of all this I stood up, saying, “What a mercy it is to have access to Jerusalem, the quiet habitation;” alluding to the scripture, “Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem, a quiet habitation.” “Thou shalt not see a fierce people,” &c.; the passage was quoted. I thought this remarkable: indeed there have occurred many things, since coming to Ireland, very striking, both as to ministerial labour and in other ways.

To ——.

*Clonmel, Eleventh Month, 1841.*

My mind being drawn to Cork, ever since coming to Ireland, I was afraid to omit going there (the time also opening for it). Thou wouldest have felt for me, hadst thou witnessed the great weight that I was under, and which I could not lay down among the people in the morning; but, after rising in the prospect of relief, and standing half an hour, was under the necessity of confessing that I could not believe it safe to do otherwise than take my seat, and wait for more of truth’s authority, should I say more to them. I did not, however, again leave my seat before the meeting closed: it was a trial, for I had much in my heart that appeared to be for those then assembled. My distress of mind was such as to call forth all the patience and humble confidence my capacity was equal to sustain. What my mind was suffering, I concealed from those who came to see me as well as I could.

Well, but in the afternoon I was raised up in the Lord's power, in a manner marvellous to myself. Perhaps I stood an hour and three-quarters, speaking with increased life and energy, even of the deep things of the gospel dispensation; after which, a short and solemn address to Almighty God closed the meeting, and I was relieved from feelings that had pressed me sore. Oh! may all the praise be ascribed to Him to whom belong honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

To ———.

*Sudbury, Twelfth Month 8th, 1841.*

. . . . . Although I did not produce my certificate in any meeting in Ireland, the religious engagements there were close, and I was much enlarged in the ministry in divers places—perhaps never more so. The visit there brought some of the deepest baptisms upon me that I ever experienced: the retrospect, however, brings no cloud nor condemnation; on the contrary, a consciousness of having done as well as I knew how.

TO A DAUGHTER.

*Twelfth Month 21st, 1841.*

How often, this day, have I commended thee to Him who can make hard things easy, who has heard us in the day of trouble, defended by His name, sent help from the sanctuary, and strengthened out of Zion! He is, I do believe, now accepting this sacrifice, in our separation from each other, for the sake of obeying His blessed will, and in pursuit of peace. I hope thy sister was told of the little season of prayer, in thy chamber this morning, when she was not forgotten.

24th.—It is intended for us to leave for Exeter on second day. The meeting at Truro is held on fourth day week; perhaps I may then come home for a while. Having a little confidence in our all-efficient Care-taker, and Heavenly Parent, I try to leave it.

Farewell, my loved ———. May thy mind be stayed upon the "Comforter," the Spirit of truth, who leads into all truth.

## EXTRACT FROM S. G.'S LAST LETTER TO HER SON.

*West Hill, Twelfth Month 26th, 1841.*

MY DEAR J.,

Thy letter telling of H. not being so well on fifth day, was brought to me this morning before day. I should be grateful for a few lines from home immediately, directed John Dymond, Exeter.

It seems hard for me to look towards going further from home, but I do not know how to do better. I commend each and all of you to Him who is omnipresent, and who pities those who fear Him even as a father doth his child. Oh! mayest thou, my dear J., be entirely His, to serve Him and glorify——

[Here she was interrupted by the arrival of her son, with whom she returned to her home the following day, and quitted it no more.]

To ——.

*Sudbury, Twelfth Month 31st, 1841.*

Thy sympathizing lines of 25th instant are what I wished for, and let me say I am glad thou and thy husband are now in harness. Thou speaks of conflicts, but I should be sorry thou hadst much rejoicing just now. "Let not him that putteth on the harness, rejoice as him that putteth it off." . . . . .

When I left my H. last, it was for the Quarterly Meeting at Hitchin. We felt it hard to part, but we parted, as offering our all to Him who said, "He that loveth," &c., "more than me, is not worthy of me." I was favoured to get through the Hitchin Meeting under a living sense that truth had the victory, and had a remarkable day at Wandsworth, on First day, at two meetings. In the evening I said I had not felt easy about home, and was writing to J. when he came to fetch me. . . . .

Farewell, my dear ——. Be thou and thy loved companion "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," saith

Thy afflicted and loving aunt,

SARAH GRUBB.

P. S. I should have been in the west now, but for this call home. How baffling to our rational powers are these things!

To \_\_\_\_\_.

*Sudbury, Twelfth Month 31st, 1841.*

As it seems probable thou art even yet without full information of how it is with our family, under the renewed affliction which is dispensed, I wish to send thee a line.

Thou hast perhaps heard of my return, after being at a highly favoured Quarterly Meeting at Hitchin, and at Wandsworth on First day, which was also “a day that the Lord had made.” I came home on second day, and found \_\_\_\_\_ at the very “gates of death.” I saw her for a little while, and waited on the Author of life, in whose hand is our breath. At first I felt all the awfulness and silence of the grave. My soul said amen—the debt must be paid sooner or later. I was about to leave the room, when it occurred to me to stay a little longer in abstractedness of mind. Unexpectedly I saw the darkness dispelled, as I thought, and like the sun breaking forth—the way opened into another scene. It seemed to me that there was more to suffer, and that, did my child escape the scythe made ready to cut her down, it would indeed be a peculiarly narrow respite from being laid low for ever. Since then the prospect of that moment has been realized, her mother having witnessed the most moving scene that ever was her lot to experience, in seeing her child plunged into inexpressible distress, both of mind and of body. I sat in the sick room while this lasted, endeavouring after stayedness of mind, when the way seemed to open for me to pray to Him who could give ability to “*pass by* the gates of death,” if such indeed were His purpose.

Thus, my dear, thou seest that this is not the place of our rest. “Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come;” where all our sorrows shall be forgotten eternally, and ineffable joy take their place, should we indeed hold out to the end.

I remain thy deeply tried and closely exercised, yet, I trust, humbly dedicated, and truly affectionate relative,

SARAH GRUBB.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*Sudbury, First Month 13th, 1842.*

Be assured that thou, and our other friends at L., are not out of mind with us here, while so long out of sight. We have not heard of any of you since parting with thy uncle at Birmingham.

The Quarterly Meeting at Southampton was a very favoured time. That which occurred at Hitchin likewise appeared to be remarkably owned. . . . .

[After speaking of severe illness in her family.]—We cannot doubt that in such adversity being permitted, it is designed that we should deepen in the root of vital religion, and witness “all things to work together for good.” Dost not thou sometimes give thanks that thy loved and lovely mother knew her sufferings to be sanctified abundantly to her, and that she is for ever out of the reach of all that could make her feelings painful? Dost thou now rejoice that the “afflictions of the present time wrought out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?”

Ask thy bereaved remaining parent is it so with him? and may each of her dear family walk in her steps, in the narrow, the self-denying path that leads from death to life. There is no better way.

AFTER writing the last letter, date First Month 13th, 1842, our beloved mother feeling more unwell than usual, retired early to her room, never again to leave it. Her indisposition being the commencement of that illness which proved the last of her trials, confined her to her bed, and continued during the remaining nine weeks of her life so severe, as to allow of her sitting up but a few times, and not at all for the greater part of it. She suffered much at the beginning, but expressed a hope of recovery; evidently, however, desiring it more for our sakes than her own; and saying one day, after some anticipations of returning strength, “But I think I have not been one day without resignation.”

To a friend who was giving her a message of love from his brother, she replied, “Ah! I never felt greater love for my friends, or sorer exercise on their account; but the body is weak—it won’t do;” meaning she was unable to express her feelings. Then, after a pause, “Oh! there’s but one way after all. The good old way is the only one for us, though some think *me* too much a stickler for this.”

Her thoughts were evidently much occupied respecting our religious Society, and its low state; yet she said she did not despair; saying she thought she could see “one here and another there,” who would be raised up for the cause of truth, though she knew not who they might be. She mourned that so few appeared to “prefer Jeru-



salem above their chief joy," as she thought she might thankfully say she had done; acknowledging a consoling sense, at times, of having done her part in submitting to be made use of as a stone of the street; and also of having been enabled to "fight the good fight," and to "keep the faith;" adding, "Oh! it is a fine thing to have done this—to have 'kept the faith' *through all*. The horizon of our little world, our little Society, looks dull to me. There must be more shaking, more overturning, I believe."

Alluding to her suffering illness, when sending a message to a friend, she said, "Tell her I call these the hailstones, but I believe they have all passed through the righteous balances." Also, "In searching myself, I do not find anything laid to my charge—no condemnation. There are things I do not forgive myself, but I hope, through adorable mercy, to be forgiven." On being asked one morning, how she had passed the night, she said, "Out of heaven I could not have been quieter. It was all peace, peace;" and added, "It seemed almost as if my dear Saviour condescended to converse with me; and oh! the sweetness, the meekness of His spirit." Another time, something fresh in the way of nourishment having been offered to her, she said, "I have been thinking of being fed with the finest of the wheat. Everything that human ingenuity can devise seems to be done for me, but all of no use." "Well! though my heart and my strength faileth, the Lord is (still) my delight, and my portion for ever—*THAT for ever*."

"I want to say that I have seen, in the clearness of Divine light, (oh! such clearness) that ——— has given me up, a sacrifice highly acceptable to her Heavenly Father; but, my dear, I could never say so *until now*. What it has cost thee is known only to thyself; my joy and gratitude is great, to know thy will at length given up, as it regards one (I may say) interwoven with thy very existence. Cleave close to Him who will do abundantly for thee, who indeed careth for thee, and will never leave thee. Repose all thy cares and sorrows in His bosom. He will be with thee, though thou mayest not always or often be favoured sensibly to feel it."

For a time, suffering of any kind had almost ceased, and our beloved mother was anxious we should know this, saying, "But if it were yet to come, I believe both you and I should be supported. I have been thinking of the extreme sufferings of many Christians in leaving this world." At this period she had little or no expectation of being restored to us, and became often rambling in her expressions,

though sweet and quiet as a little child. She sent the following message most distinctly to some young friends—"Give my love to them, and tell them I have thought a great deal of that text, 'Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth,' &c., &c.; and tell them that whatever we pursue of profit or of pleasure, it can only do us good so far as it is in the fear of God."

About ten days before the close, she expressed a wish to have us all at her bedside, when she spoke to us nearly as follows:—"At first I thought I should recover from this illness, but now it seems as if I must quite give myself up. You see that everything in nature points that way. When I got worse about three weeks ago, I went down very deep in my spirit, and I said, 'Oh! my Heavenly Father, is it thy will to take me now, or at some other time?' and it was answered, 'Whether I take thee now, or at some other time, be thou ready;' and I said, 'Oh! but it is a very awful thing to die,' (*and it is an awful thing*). Then it was said, 'Fear not: I can make hard things easy; and what more is there for thee to do?' So it was shown me there was nothing left to do, nothing more to do; and my rejoicing is unspeakable, that my children are resigned. *Is it not so?'*" She was told we *tried* to be: we knew it was better for her than to remain with us, &c.

After some further expressions of tender affection and interest, she remarked how many ways there are of sliding off the right foundation. "I told a friend, many years ago, to mind his little anointing. I called it *little*, and this may lead us in a direction very contrary to our natural inclinations; like the kine that bore the ark, lowing as they went. It wants constant watching too, like that fire," (pointing to the one in her chamber) "which must be often minded, and fuel added to prevent its going out. . . . I think we want to get *deeper*, so that when anything like storms and temptations come, we may be like the oaks, firmly rooted. Be watchful and quiet; that's the thing."

The next day after the deeply affecting occasion just described, our beloved mother spoke in a sweet and striking manner to her medical attendant, for whom she had a sincere regard. He inquired if her position was comfortable. "Oh!" she said, "I hardly ever *lie* comfortably, but I'm very comfortable in myself. Ah! creeds and forms, and a literal faith, will do nothing for us. We must give up our own wills entirely, and become like little children: it is the only way we can enter the kingdom. I have known no other religion all my life than the will of God; and now, whether I live or die, I shall be with my dear Saviour. Farewell, my dear friend; farewell."

The doctor was affected, and surprised to hear her speak thus. It was indeed very remarkable to us all, that although immediately before and after such occasions, her faculties often appeared obscured, yet when thus giving utterance to her feelings on religious subjects, they were as clear as ever. She made the remark herself, "I have been much lost in my mind in this illness, which I suppose is not uncommon; but I can speak to things of importance." At this time, when the medical man had left the room, she smiled most sweetly, and said, "I feel *so* comfortable now I have said that to him." She continued in the same strain; speaking of Lazarus, and saying she believed this illness would be "for the glory of God;" adding, "Mind, I am not telling you it is 'not unto death.' I would have said that long ago, for your sakes, if I could; but whichever way it is, it will tend more to His glory in that way, than it could have done in any other." Something she also said signifying, as we understood it, that when the creature and its works were *in the grave*, when *self* was entirely dead, then the Creator was the most glorified; but her powers of expression were now much exhausted.

This was the last occasion on which our beloved mother spoke collectedly more than a sentence or two, and we trust that, during the trying period of bodily suffering that followed, her own words were fulfilled in some measure, that the sufferer was inwardly supported, and those around her were not wholly forsaken. Once after this time, she said to her son, when he raised her in bed, "It is for you I feel, and there is One that feels for you more than I can;" and, "I am going *to rest*."

For nearly the last twenty-four hours our precious parent was in a kind of sleep, from which it was plain she would wake only in death; and about one o'clock, on the sixteenth of the Third Month, 1842, she breathed her last; leaving us, on her account, nothing but rejoicing, in the firm belief that an everlasting and glorious rest is her portion; but, as regards ourselves, and for the Church on earth, mourning indeed, for the unspeakable loss sustained.

THE END.















