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B  
37

RECOLLECTIONS  
OF A  
BELOVED MOTHER

signed to living without you. What transports can equal those which are felt in the heart of a mother, when receiving the caresses of a tenderly affectionate daughter? Of this happiness I am now deprived! My Saviour, who wept from sympathy when on earth, will have compassion, and will forgive my uneasiness. O my God, enable me to bear this bitter trial of separation from my child, with christian fortitude and submission!

Your father and I never omit a prayer together in the dressing-room every morning; and I read to him while he dresses. We rise about five, when the workmen commence their noisy operations; but being deeply engaged in the delightful study of the Scripture, they do not disturb me so much as you would imagine. The grief of finding that my memo-  
is  
May the Holy Spirit impress wh  
heart!

—We spent some time last evening in gazing at the starry heavens. How wonderful is the power of Thy hand and sustains thousands of  
like the little swallow in her flight! “  
Thy heavens, the work of Thy finger,  
and the stars which Thou hast ordained—  
that Thou art mindful of him!”

August 24th, 1837.—I can readily imagine y.



*Faint handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located in the upper right corner of the page.*



# RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

## B E L O V E D M O T H E R :

BY

EVERILDA ANNE GARDINER.



" Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee;  
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.  
The heir of Heaven, henceforth I fear not Death:  
In Christ I live—in Christ I draw the breath  
Of the true Life!  
Is that a death-bed, where a Christian lies?  
Yes—but not his; 'tis Death itself there dies."

*Coleridge.*

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. M'DOWALL, PEMBERTON ROW.

SOLD BY

DEURY, LINCOLN; AND CREASEY, SLEAFORD.

1842.





TO

THE PUPILS OF MRS. GARDINER

*These "Recollections"*

OF THEIR LAMENTED INSTRUCTRESS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

E. A. G.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*IT was the Author's wish and intention, that the following Narrative should go forth to the world, accompanied by a "List of Subscribers:" but, in deference to the opinion of an experienced Clerical Friend, she has laid aside that purpose; thus denying herself the satisfaction of making known, that many persons of high rank, and of the most distinguished character, have encouraged this humble publication. She trusts that no offence will be taken at an omission, by which she escapes (not to mention a considerable addition to the expense of printing,) the difficulty of correctly exhibiting nearly seven hundred names. The number of copies subscribed for, was little short of fourteen hundred.*

SCOPWICK, NEAR SLEAFORD:  
July, 1842.



## RECOLLECTIONS,

&c. &c.

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THE beloved subject of this little Memoir, whose maiden-name was JANE ARDEN, was born at Beverley, in Yorkshire, on the 26th of August, 1758. Of her early days little need be said. Let it suffice, that these, like her subsequent life, were marked by a peculiar sweetness and cheerfulness of disposition; generous, and regardless of self, she took a lively interest in the welfare and happiness of all around her, and was a general favourite amongst her friends and acquaintance. Her desire for useful knowledge of every kind was, from childhood, so intense, that it may truly be said, she “lifted up her voice for understanding, and

searched for it as for hidden treasures," though her only opportunities of receiving instruction were from her father, of whose leisure moments she always endeavoured to avail herself.—My grandfather having embraced the Protestant religion, contrary to the wishes of his parents, who were of an ancient German family of the Roman Catholic persuasion, they in consequence disinherited him. Instead, therefore, of enjoying a fortune which would have rendered his family independent, he found it necessary to exert himself for their support; and commenced the profession of a public lecturer on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, and the Belles Lettres—a course of life which his highly cultivated mind enabled him to pursue with eminent success.

Although, from the lengthened periods which often intervened between the lessons she received, my mother had to struggle with many difficulties in the pursuit of that knowledge she so ardently desired, yet she was enabled to make such a rapid progress in her studies, as qualified her for the arduous and useful post she was afterwards to fill.

In 1775, when between sixteen and seventeen years of age, she was engaged by Lady Martin of Burnham in Norfolk, as governess to her six daughters. How diligently and faithfully she discharged her interesting duties, might be proved from the many kind letters, addressed to her, in after years, by these highly valued friends, whose warm attachment to her never abated. In 1780, she entered the family of Lord Ilchester, at Redlynch in Somersetshire, in a similar capacity. From this nobleman's family it was likewise her happiness to receive every possible testimony of regard. Her only subject of regret was her distance from all her beloved relatives; who at length, after the expiration of three years, prevailed upon her to quit Redlynch, and open a boarding-school in Beverley, where, in 1784, she found herself surrounded by those most dear to her—having persuaded her father, mother, and younger sister, who was an invalid, to reside with her for life. In the second summer vacation after commencing this arduous undertaking, she visited the family of Sir Mordaunt Martin; from whence she wrote the following letter

to her sister, whose health had disqualified her for active duties.

BURNHAM, July 2. 1785.

MY DEAR ANNE,

After being tossed about on the ocean nearly twenty-four hours, and experiencing all the direful effects of a sea voyage, you will imagine how thankful I was to find myself again in the dear abode of Sir Mordaunt and Lady Martin, who received me more as a daughter than an humble "*gouvernante*;" my *ci-devant* pupils also welcomed me with such expressions of affection and delight, that my feelings were quite overpowered. I am in the very height of enjoyment in this charming family, their society is so refined, so intellectual! \* \* I own that the life of a governess would not have been my choice; but I am content. Oh that I may be enabled to train every child committed to my care, in the paths of virtue and goodness! When I think that happiness, in both worlds, depends in a great degree on education, I most deeply feel the importance of the duties which I have to fulfil! Indeed, my sister, I know not how I ever ventured to undertake such a charge! To teach goodness, it is necessary to be myself the example.—I have made many good resolutions, and I hope to keep them. I am convinced I have hitherto



thought too lightly of religion, which is decidedly the only sound basis for education. I intend therefore to be more strict in the observance of every sacred duty; to have family prayer both morning and evening; also a sermon read on Sunday. I shall request the servants, and every person in the house, to attend.—Now do not laugh; I assure you I am quite in earnest.

We were yesterday at Houghton, the seat of the Earl of Orford. The pictures are beautiful: in the saloon is one by Rubens, upon which I could look for ever; it is Mary, washing Christ's feet with her tears. There are fourteen figures as large as life. The pleasing mildness and divine countenance of our Saviour would alone shew it was some heavenly Being. Mary's figure cannot, I think, be equalled. The exquisite beauty of her face and form is wonderful. The tear trickling from her eye you would fancy was natural. A list of the principal paintings, which Captain Nelson\* once wrote out for me, as being most worthy of my attention, I found of great advantage.

I have received a letter this morning from James, who is still in Oxford. He tells me he has been searching into Dugdale's History of Warwickshire,

\* Afterwards the gallant Admiral Lord Nelson.

for what is said there respecting our ancestors. It appears that Turchill de Aderne, who came over to this island with one of the Saxon kings, was the first person who assumed a surname in England. He was called Aderne from the great quantity of wood he possessed on his estates in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire ; (*aderne* being the Saxon name for wood :) which he afterwards softened to Arden. According to Dugdale, he was the first Earl of Warwick. \* \* Adieu, dear sweet sister.

Iddio la benedica!

JANE ARDEN.

The much-lamented subject of my record had the satisfaction and happiness of tenderly watching over, and ministering to the comfort of, her parents and sister, and of soothing their sufferings whether of body or mind, while she attended, with unremitting assiduity, to the duties of her station. After the expiration of eight years, she had the inexpressible grief of losing her mother. My grandfather was inconsolable; his health entirely declined, and he soon after departed this life—hoping to rejoin, in a better world, her to whom he had

been united and most devotedly attached during forty years of his abode on earth.

While pursuing her afterwards even and unwearyed course, my dear parent, on the 29th of June 1797, gave her hand and heart to a friend of her youngest brother; and the name of GARDINER was substituted for that of ARDEN. Her happiness was greatly augmented by this union; and time, instead of impairing, served only to strengthen their mutual attachment, which continued increasing to the very winter of old age.—In 1800, she removed with her pupils from Beverley, to Elsham Hall in Lincolnshire; where, during a residence of fourteen years, her seminary was extremely flourishing.—In 1801, she published her “English Exercises,” in two volumes, adapted to the “Young Ladies’ English Grammar,” which had previously occupied her pen. It was at first printed for the use of her own school, but was afterwards made public, in the hope of its proving useful to others: in this she was not disappointed, since it soon passed through three editions. In 1806, another of her little works for young people appeared, intitled, “An Excursion

from London to Dover," in two volumes; containing some account of the natural and artificial curiosities, history, antiquities, and manufactures of the towns and villages through which she passed, and interspersed with historical and biographical anecdotes, natural history, poetical extracts, &c. Though this work does not possess much originality of thought, the reviewers allowed it to evince sound judgment, great taste, and an earnest desire to promote the improvement of the rising generation.—About two years after, she published a French Grammar—the last of her writings that appeared in print; and she subsequently prepared for the press "A Key" to her "Exercises." Almost every branch of female education occupied her pen to a considerable extent. Indefatigable were her efforts to benefit her pupils: even her English, French, and Italian *games*, which she wrote for their instruction and amusement, amounted to about a hundred. The MS. journals of her travels and summer excursions, in which she describes the places she visited, the rich and varied scenery through which she passed, and in fact every thing

that she thought worthy of notice, are exceedingly numerous. These were written, I believe, principally to assist her memory, while conversing with her young friends with a view to their edification.

In July, 1814, my mother left Elsham for Ashby Hall; the secluded situation of which led her frequently to exclaim with astonishment and gratitude, "The Almighty does indeed provide for us: were it not that he condescends to crown my labours with his blessing, it would be utterly impossible for my school to prosper here. How kindly does he continue to us every comfort of life!"

But while she daily acknowledged the providential mercies of God, a few extracts from her Diary will bear ample testimony to her increasing estimate of *spiritual* blessings, which she found infinitely to surpass all earthly comforts. She had, indeed, always entertained a reverential regard for sacred things: yet, conceiving a general acquaintance with the truths of the Bible to be all that was requisite, she had not hitherto deeply felt the necessity of praying for Divine illumination, to enable her to comprehend them; neither had the

authors, with whom she was most conversant, dwelt much upon the essential doctrines of the Gospel. One of the first things which awakened her mind to a conviction of her partial and defective knowledge of the word of God, was the following passage in a letter from a Clergyman. After referring to the words of St James, (ii. 10.)—"Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all"—he observed, "How accumulated therefore our offence is deemed, if only a single failure be discovered in us, by a holy and heart-searching God! Who then is without sin, daily sin, thus weighing himself? Under such circumstances, how needful is an Advocate with the Father! how welcome a Saviour! how invaluable that blood which cleanseth from all sin!"—These striking remarks, although addressed to myself, were the means of very closely directing my beloved parent's attention to her own spiritual interests, and she began humbly and earnestly to inquire for the true and only way to eternal life. Every leisure moment was now spent in the study of the Bible, with Scott's Commentary; by which,

with the help of other valuable books, recommended to us by the same clerical friend, she was led to fix all her hopes on the Atoning Sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer. Her knowledge of her own unworthiness, and of the merits of His righteousness for her justification, daily increased. The Lord having "opened her heart" to attend to the truths on which depended the salvation of her soul, she now breathed to him the fervent prayer,

"Enlighten my dark mind with this new ray,  
This dawning of salvation! Tell me how  
I shall obtain the favour of that God  
I but begin to know, but fain would serve."

Although she possessed, naturally, many amiable and useful qualities, which no one could witness without feelings of admiration and esteem, she found that, however morally upright and conscientious her conduct might have been, still it was not only defective but defiled, because uninfluenced by the pure and scriptural motives of Love to God, and Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was the Holy Spirit's gracious operation upon her heart, which afterwards imparted a real bright-

ness to her character, and caused her to abound in those "fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God."

The following passages from her Diary, above referred to, will elucidate the state of her mind, from the period when the change in her views took place.

1819.

*January 1st.*—A kind and indulgent Providence has brought me to see the commencement of another year. How innumerable are the blessings I have received hitherto, and how great my unworthiness of the very least! I hope I now begin to understand something of true religion. I ignorantly thought my moral conduct sufficient to merit the favour of God. Thus I was trusting in my own righteousness, instead of resting all my hopes on the atonement of Christ. The holy law of God requires perfect and undeviating obedience, in motive, as well as in external conformity. "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." I pray for repentance—and for that thorough transformation of character, by which all true Christians are made the "workmanship of God, created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works."



*January 19th.*—What a treasure do I possess in Scott's Commentary! It has been the means of drawing me to delight in the study of that sacred Book of truth and happiness, which I have hitherto so greatly undervalued. The sublime doctrines of the Bible shall now be my daily study; its promises my comfort, and its precepts the guide of my life."

*May 4th.*—O my blessed Saviour, give me a heart to love thee, and to do thy will! All my help must come from thee. Let thy Holy Spirit assist me—teach me—guide me!

*July 10th.*—I humbly thank thee, my heavenly Father, for all thy boundless mercies! Above all, I bless thee that "the desire of my soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee." The eventide of my life thou dost render the brightest part of it, the Sun of Righteousness having arisen upon my soul with healing in his beams, to dispel my darkness and ignorance; He "who of God is made unto me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

*December 4th.*—I deeply lament that I still think so seldom of God, "who daily loadeth me with his benefits." O Lord, forgive me! Enable me constantly to "worship thee in the Spirit, and to rejoice

in Christ Jesus"—who is "all my salvation," and ought to be "all my desire."

1820.

*August 26th.*—I enter my sixty-third year. What an eternal debt of gratitude do I owe to my kind heavenly Father! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not his benefits! "My wreath of years grows full and heavy on my brow." Divine Redeemer, I implore thee to "abide with me; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Oh excite me to increased diligence in preparing for another world! Without thee I can do nothing.

1821.

*March 4th.*—I am reading, with deep interest, "Theron and Aspasio." Hervey fully proves that it is only for the sake of Christ we can hope to be saved, and not for any thing we have done or ever can do.

*March 11th.*—In my ignorance, I thought myself sufficiently religious. Contentedly did I rely upon my own doings—maintaining that good works were the condition of life, instead of being an evidence only of our justification. Such was the ruinous foundation, on which I was building for eternity.

*March 17th.*—"Remission of sins, complete righ-

teousness and eternal life are given, freely given to us, from the mere mercy of God, through the alone merits of Christ." Hervey says—"We must not rest satisfied by merely assenting to this truth, but seek to have an assured trust of it wrought by the Holy Spirit in our own hearts individually; so that we may say, Christ gave himself for *me*." May *I* be enabled to say this!

*May 19th.*—My good God, shower thy blessings upon my beloved E., on this anniversary of her birth. I make no other requests for her, but that she may be ever thine. Guide her here by thy counsel, and hereafter receive her to glory!

*May 27th.*—I feel greatly discouraged, and much grieved, by the conduct of one or two of my pupils. I must pray more earnestly: for it is only the Holy Spirit that can change their hearts; without his all-powerful influence, it is in vain I endeavour to effect any amendment.

1822.

*December 31st.*—Another year has nearly passed away! Truly may I say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me." I cannot sufficiently thank my God for his great mercies!—I have now read the Bible through, with Scott's Commentary. What a source

of comfort and happiness has it been to me! I hope to begin it afresh to-morrow, being New-year's day. I intend looking out all the references as I proceed. May the Holy Spirit reveal and apply the Divine word to my soul! May my study of it be always accompanied by faith and prayer, and may I ever find it to be the joy and rejoicing of my heart!

1823.

*July 13th.*—The aim of a faithful Minister should be, to disturb the consciences of his hearers, by shewing them what the law of God requires of them; so that, if they do not take refuge in the Saviour, they must perish. Such was the tenor of the excellent sermon we heard this morning at St. Saviour's, from Rom. ch. viii., ver. 7 to 14.

*July 21st.*—Here we are at this enchanting spot, D. rectory, where we arrived about four o'clock. Dear Mr. L. expounded, at family prayer, the Parable of the talents. Oh that it may be said to unworthy *me* hereafter, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

1824.

*January 1st.*—With what thankfulness have I reason to look back on the past year! Oh that I

could adequately express the gratitude I feel towards the kind Author of all good—particularly for restoring the health of my beloved husband. Blessed Lord, may it be my constant endeavour to surrender all I have and am to thee!

*May 3rd.*—A valued friend once remarked, “The greatest happiness of the enlightened mind is to glorify God, and to benefit his fellow-creatures: and God confers no higher happiness on man, than when he allows him to make that which is his duty to be his privilege; and to become an instrument in promoting the welfare of his fellow-men.”

*July 4th.*—The effect of sincere prayer is always a blessed one. Prayer has a sanctifying, calming, elevating effect upon the soul. Earnest, hearty, persevering prayer is without doubt the most sure way of attaining the greatest spirituality, and the highest state of meetness for glory.

1825.

*May 8th.*—Just in proportion as faith is in exercise, does the soul of the Christian flourish or decay. This, being the means of uniting my soul to Christ, is instrumental to the possession of all I need, here or for ever.

*July 6th.*—We only live when we live to God. This is life eternal; and if we have the beginning of it here, we may be assured it will be continued to us hereafter.—It is our privilege “to commit the keeping of our souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.”

1826.

*February 2nd.*—I rejoice that I find more time for the study of my Bible. What increasing pleasure do I derive from the perusal of that best of books!

1827.

*August 26th.*—Through the tender mercy of God, I am brought to the commencement of my 70th year. What a continuance of mercies and blessings have I received! May prayer and praise be always ascending from my heart!

1828.

*June 20th.*—I was deeply affected this morning, by the contents of a letter announcing the death of dear Mrs. L.! While we feel for the distress of her husband and children, and deplore her loss as a friend, let us rejoice that she is safely landed on the eternal shores—gone to her happy rest, where she enjoys the presence of her Redeemer, and partakes of the bliss of saints and angels! Oh that *my* faith and

love, in the hour of my departure, may be as firmly fixed on our blessed God and Saviour, as was *hers*; and that, like her, *I* also may be enabled to say, “God is my portion. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee!”

1829.

*January* 8th.—I am reading Leighton on St Peter. It is a valuable book. I hope greatly to benefit by its contents.

1830.

*August* 3rd.—I resign and commit our remaining course through life to the direction of a kind and all-wise Providence. We can only act as present circumstances seem to direct: we must let futurity alone. God will provide.

1831.

*July* 3rd.—I could weep over my secret prayers! Why are they not more fervent? Thou knowest, Lord, that I love thee, and desire to serve thee faithfully. Oh let thy strength be made perfect in my weakness!

1832.

*August* 3rd.—“Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.” I commit all to His keeping. “He who once bore the burden of our sor-

rows, requested of us, that we would now and ever permit him to bear the burden of our cares; that, as he knoweth what is best for us, he may provide it accordingly."—BISHOP HORNE.

What a condescending, loving Saviour, thus to care for such fallen, sinful creatures!

1833.

*December 31st.*—What countless mercies have been continued to me through the past year! Oh may I abound in thankfulness, and daily devote all I have and am to my God, trusting him to give or withhold as he sees best. But one thing is necessary to our happiness; if God in Christ is our portion, we possess what can never be taken from us.

1834.

*March 3rd.*—Though my earthly hope is blasted, of retiring to a quiet home in my old age, with a comfortable sufficiency for the remainder of my life, how innumerable are the blessings I yet enjoy, which I have never either prayed God to bestow, or thought of acknowledging as his free and undeserved gifts, to a poor, worthless creature! How grieved I am, that I have not a more thankful sense of His great, unceasing, and unmerited goodness



towards me!—Whatever He may see best to allot me here, it can only be for a short time. I may constantly rejoice in the prospect of a home in heaven. “There remaineth a rest for the people of God;” into which, I trust, through the atoning sacrifice of my Redeemer, I shall be permitted to enter.

1835.

*January 1st.*—Year after year thou crownest me with thy loving-kindness and tender mercies! Oh forgive that I should have one anxious thought! Thou wilt be our protector, Thou wilt be our Father, and our Friend for ever!

*December 24th.*—To-morrow I hope to commemorate the death of my blessed Saviour. May I feed upon him by faith; and offer him my heart, in fervent love and adoring praise!

*Christmas-day.*—May we celebrate the manifestation of the Prince of Peace, by accepting afresh that peace, which the angels proclaimed on earth; and thus be increasingly interested in the gracious work of our great Peace-maker; whom the Father, out of good-will to lost man, provided for him before the foundation of the world.

Further extracts from my beloved parent's *Diary* would be tedious to my readers; while they would unnecessarily disclose thoughts and feelings, which were never intended for any human eye. Simple and ardent expressions of gratitude and praise, and of an unshaken reliance on her heavenly Father, run through the whole of her little record, which is continued to nearly the close of her life. The passages I have selected will suffice to shew, that she entertained an humble, lowly opinion of herself: she well knew that, by nature, she had nothing but imperfection and sin; that "what she was," as an expectant of glory, she was "by the grace of God." Frequent study of the Bible, accompanied by prayer, and dependance upon her Saviour, diffused a cheerful and lovely influence over her general frame of mind. It elevated her above the perplexing and corroding cares of this life; and induced her, upon all occasions, to take as lively an interest in the welfare of others as in her own. Her character was uniformly consistent and exemplary, and her deportment simple and unassuming. In her conduct

towards her pupils, authority and decision were blended with so much tenderness and parental kindness, that they at once revered and loved her. It was her greatest pleasure to see them happy; and she endeavoured to render them so, by every means in her power. Sometimes she allowed the joyous celebration of a birthday, or an excursion of pleasure; together with other innocent recreations, in which instruction and amusement were united. I may truly say, that her thoughts and her happiness were completely bound up in their welfare and improvement; a fact which will, I think, be sufficiently proved by some extracts from letters received by her, which I now introduce.

B——, *July 5. 1816.*

DEAR MADAM,

My beloved Jane A—— left me last Monday, after a residence of four months with us; during which time I experienced the highest satisfaction in observing the excellence of her disposition, her cultivated understanding, and her polite and agreeable

manners. I cannot refrain from troubling you with this letter, to offer you my very grateful thanks for your kind care and unremitting attention to this dear motherless girl, during so important a part of her life as that which she has passed with you. I hope you will accept the assurance, that she appears to me not to possess one fault which you had the power of correcting. My niece frequently says, that she looks upon you quite as a mother; and she loves you as such, I am sure. May you, dear Madam, be rewarded for the obligations you have conferred upon her, by having every hope and every wish you can form for your own daughter entirely fulfilled!

Wishing you all possible happiness,

I am, dear Madam,

Your highly obliged servant,

M— H—.

L—, *July 26. 1830.*

MY DEAR MADAM,

I RETURN my dear girl to your kind and motherly attention. Allow me to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks, for the pa-

rental kindness she has hitherto received under your roof; and also for the great advantages she is enjoying from your tuition. I rejoice to say that we think her much improved in every respect, particularly in her temper and disposition—and in what is of the very highest importance, religious feeling. P— is so devotedly attached to you, my dear Madam, that whatever you say, think, or do, is with her a law; and I am thankful she has such a guide—it is an unspeakable blessing, and one which we deeply feel. The progress she has made, particularly in all the solid branches of education, we think quite surprising. \* \* We are extremely sorry to hear that your school is less prosperous—but not surprised, as the more opulent in your county are suffering from the times. God is our all-sufficient good, and He will provide. The longer we sojourn in the wilderness of this world, the more we see the necessity of living by faith on the blessed Redeemer; and it is only in proportion as we realize the “rest for His people,” that we can enjoy our mercies, or derive support under trials. The half-Christian is the most miserable of all beings; for his conscience is too much awakened to enjoy earthly trifles, and he has not enough of religion to enjoy God. May we, my dear Madam, be established and built up in our most holy faith, and

comprehend with all saints the height and depth of that love which passeth knowledge !

Believe me your affectionate and truly obliged

P—— M——.

My mother spared no expense, to promote the pleasure and improvement of her pupils. She was continually adding to her library the best and most approved books for young people, in English, French, and Italian. These, when she relinquished her school, amounted to two thousand eight hundred volumes. She took so lively and perpetual an interest in the welfare of all the young people who were placed under her fostering care, that I could narrate various affecting instances, in which they continued in after-life to look up to her with fond attachment. Many of them have since confided to her every secret of their hearts, every trouble and every joy; knowing that they possessed, in the kind instructress of their youth, a friend who had identified herself with their welfare, and who would give them her tender sympathy and parental counsel. As a pleasing testimony of the affection

of one young friend, I insert a letter which was addressed to myself.

W——, *November 4. 1841.*

MY DEAR EVA,

I AM delighted to hear that you have at last been prevailed upon, to prepare for publication what we so earnestly requested. A Memorial of our beloved and inestimable friend will be, indeed, most valuable to her pupils. I may truly say of dear Mrs. Gardiner, that she was inestimable; for to me she was mother, instructress, and the kindest and truest friend. \* \* I most deeply felt the loss of her society after I left school. \* \* Her powers of conversation were peculiarly attractive. Out of the rich stores of her cultivated mind she would bring forth so much to interest, and in so simple a way, that when the courteous "*Bon jour, ma chère,*" was uttered, which we knew was our signal for parting on our return from our walks, we felt quite sorry to go from one so cheerful and so kind. How often has the advice, given to me in those happy hours, recurred and been of service to me in after-life! It was her peculiar characteristic, that the world, and a long course of laborious exertion, had in no wise diminished the warmth of her affections. It has often seemed to me very wonderful, how a person of

her great age could enter into the feelings and enjoyments of a girl of sixteen; for I could open my whole heart to this beloved friend, in a manner that I could not with my young companions. Never, I think, was an instructress more beloved and esteemed than she was by her numerous pupils. One thing which we were all convinced of was, that no self-denial, no exertion on her part was too great, for our improvement. From seven in the morning until eight at night she never quitted us. It seemed quite her element, all the day long to be imparting knowledge; and in the evening, instead of appearing fatigued, what a pleasure did she take in amusing us with her delightfully instructive games! When we were quite little ones, too, playing perhaps at ball or hide-and-seek on the lawn, how kindly would she smile on us as she passed, and look so pleased that we were happy!

I have heard it said, "Her school arrangements partook too much of by-gone education plans." I believe *I* may say, that out of no school was there ever sent forth a greater number of solidly educated christian women. This is her "crown of rejoicing," that many received the good seed into their hearts while under her care, which has since sprung up and brought forth fruit. Many of these we know personally; and doubtless many more will be



made known, when "the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed." Hers was a deep and fervent piety, hidden in her heart : so noiseless, that we only knew it was there, by its lovely influence on all around. • •

Believe me, dearest Eva,

Yours most affectionately,

P—— C—— M——.

The grateful and affectionate letters my mother was continually receiving from her young friends, of which the following extract is a specimen, were so many sweet and refreshing cordials to her.

N——, *January 16. 1829.*

MY VERY DEAR MRS. GARDINER,

WHAT cause have I to be grateful, on reviewing my past, though very short, life, when I discover so many instances in which an overruling Providence has evidently been exercised—especially in causing me to be placed under the tuition of one, who not only instructed me in what it was necessary for me to be acquainted with in this life, but taught me also, both by theory and practice, the beauty of religion, and the necessity of it to produce *real lasting* happiness ; and this at an age when my mind required peculiar care, when my opinions were form-

ing, when my passions wanted regulating, and my habits renewing. \* \*

Sincerely wishing you and yours every blessing, both temporal and spiritual, I remain, my dearest Mrs. Gardiner, your most warmly attached and greatly indebted

ELIZABETH R——.

On the eve of the nuptials of any of her pupils, they seldom failed to address her as one who would most sincerely rejoice in the prospect, and would fervently pray that the important step they were about to take might be a lasting benefit to them. The subjoined extract from a letter she received in reply to one from herself, may suffice to prove how mindful she was of them at this period.

L——, *October 21. 1820.*

MY DEAREST MRS. GARDINER,

\* \* I prize your most affectionate letter beyond any thing words can express : it is my greatest treasure, next to my Bible. With what pleasure did I read it, thinking by whom it was written ! My beloved husband was much delighted with it ! but when shall *I* be such a character ? All things are possible with Him who created me ; and the

desires which the Almighty has put into my heart to attain to such perfection, are a pledge, I trust, that he will crown my efforts with his blessing. \* \* It is impossible to tell you by how many mercies I am surrounded, and what abundant cause I have to praise the Lord for all his benefits! Oh that I may prove to him my gratitude, by devoting my life to his glory! • • That every blessing may rest on you and yours, is the fervent prayer of your most grateful and affectionate

MARY W——.

From the deepest conviction of the value and importance of Religion, my dear mother desired, above all things, to make it the basis of her instruction. She had found it, by happy experience, “the pearl of great price;” and she considered it to be the safeguard and ornament of youth, its sure guide to usefulness and peace here, and to eternal rest and happiness hereafter. Hence she sought to imbue the minds of her pupils with the precious truths of Christ’s holy Gospel, and to urge upon them the immense advantage of seeking God in early life. That blessed Book, which

was her own chosen guide and counsellor, she ever recommended to the diligent perusal of her young friends; whatever advice she gave them was founded upon it; and she most anxiously endeavoured to guard them against any publications that were likely to counteract its influence upon their minds.

The bread thus "cast upon the waters" was "found after many days." She sowed in hope, and she "reaped in joy." Several of the young people whom she had educated, declared subsequently, to her or to myself, that their first religious impressions were derived from her early instruction. Gratifying instances of this will be found in the extracts which I here insert from some of their letters.

B——, *September 30. 1835.*

MY DEAR MRS. GARDINER,

THOUGH your kind letter has remained so long unanswered, I have not been forgetful of the affectionate solicitude you express for myself and my parents. \* \* It is delightful to think how very many of those young persons, whom you were educating at the same time with myself, have been

made to pause and make their choice between God and the world! Do you recollect giving each of us one of Bickersteth's "Scripture Helps?" This little work first brought me to serious reflection; and in addition to this, Everilda lent me a letter to read, from the Reverend B. L——, which made a still deeper impression upon me. The greater part of it I committed to memory. We are "drawn by cords of love;" and at the last, we shall praise God for all the way that he hath led us, even though it be through the wilderness. \* \* We have many of the vicissitudes and trials of sublunary things to contend with, and do indeed require the knowledge of the Saviour to uphold and support us through them all. \* \* I cannot close my letter without particularly begging you to accept my heartfelt thanks, for putting me upon my guard, at a very early age, against the writings of Byron and Moore; the warning was so efficacious, that I never ventured to open any of the volumes. Perhaps I am more indebted to you than I am aware of, for that salutary warning. \* \* How often have I longed to visit you! to see again the favourite old haunts of my childhood; the willow-cornered pond—the beautiful limes—the laurel walk to church—and Cowslip lane, where we used to listen to the nightingales. What thousands of sweet recollections crowd

upon my mind! such as a poet would celebrate in his warmest strain.

Believe me, my dearest Mrs. Gardiner,  
Your most affectionately attached  
ELIZABETH W——.

C——, *August 27. 1830.*

MY DEAREST MADAM,

How shall I sufficiently express my gratitude for your great kindness? My thanks must ever be inadequate; but I trust I shall never forget to pray for those blessings on your head, which *ONE* only can give. Oh how I wish I could look on your dear face again! \* \* My sister tells me what great improvements are taking place in the village under the superintendence of Mr. Gardiner; that one pretty cottage after another raises its modest roof, clustered with roses and honeysuckle, or embosomed by the clematis, with its luxuriant branches: to live in such a sweet little abode, would be my highest earthly enjoyment! Since those happy days I spent amid your peaceful groves, I have seen a good deal of "life's busy round;" but not enough to intrust my happiness to its stream of pleasure—for I am well convinced, that those who do so, are sooner or later hurled against a barren rock. I think with sorrow on the years I have wasted, which are never to re-

turn, when you used so affectionately to warn and admonish me! Oh that young people would reflect upon the awful truth, that surely the day will come, in which we must all give an account of time well or ill spent, and of intellect suffered to remain sterile, which their Creator ordained should bring forth fruits to His glory.

Believe me, my dearest Madam, ever to remain your devotedly attached and grateful

HARRIET R——.

S—— H——, *February 5. 1840.*

Your dear mother never thought she had done all she could do for us. \* \* Every moment of her life appeared to be devoted to some useful, kind, and benevolent purpose. The remarkable placidity and gentleness of her disposition, added to a truly pious and highly cultivated mind, made us all feel that it was a great privilege to enjoy her society, and to receive instruction from one so truly good and kind. Never, never shall I forget her sweet, affectionate, and approving smile, which always used to cheer and encourage me in the pursuit of my studies. When I think of her excellent advice, and the affectionate interest she took in my welfare,

I do indeed feel that I have lost an invaluable friend!

S—— S—— N——.

S——, *June 11. 1841.*

\* \* We are delighted to hear of your intention of publishing some account of our dear Mrs. Gardiner. We remember her with tender affection and gratitude; and it will be very pleasant to us to have our recollection of her refreshed by your little Memoir. All who knew her bore testimony to her talents and amiability; but it was more peculiarly those enjoying the privilege of daily intercourse with her, who felt sensibly her many and endearing virtues. To these, as far as one may speak for so great a number, will your labour of love be very acceptable. If I were asked, what I think your dear lamented parent's distinguishing characteristic to have been, I should say, 'the most excellent gift of charity;' she was eminently one who suffered long, and thought no evil. A gentle, forbearing, loving spirit was hers; and when I consider how much it had to contend with in our wayward tempers, I feel persuaded, and rejoice in the persuasion, that it was the gift of Him whose name is emphatically the GOD of LOVE.

FANNY B——.



L——, *February 10. 1842.*

\* \* We earnestly beg you, my dear friend, not to relinquish the intention of publishing your "Recollections" of your beloved mother. It would indeed be a sad disappointment to us, and to many others. \* \* I cannot find words to express my affection for her, nor convey my feelings to you in language worthy of one whom I so highly esteemed. It is delightful to reflect, during a leisure moment, on her many excellent and lovely qualities. The gaities of the world had not any charms for her; her sweet and pious mind delighted rather to meditate, surrounded by the beauty and loveliness of nature; and "ascend through it up to nature's God." Every trial she received as from Him who cannot err, and bowed with meek submission. \* \* I often feel as though she were yet encouraging me to persevere in the only path which can lead to everlasting peace and rest.

Believe me, my dear friend,  
most affectionately yours,  
SUSAN S——.

W——, *December 8. 1841.*

\* \* Your dear mother's letters I shall ever rank amongst my choicest treasures; they are written with the tender affection of a parent, and are

so delightfully expressive of the spirit of love, ever going forth in warm benevolence to all her fellow-creatures. A most humble and grateful feeling pervades them all. I fear you will find it difficult to make extracts from them, as her remarks, relative to circumstances and events so interesting to us, were only intended to meet the eye of a friend.

P—— M——.

To these extracts, already perhaps more extended than was necessary, I will only add an affecting letter from one of her pupils, whom she particularly remembered in the last prayers which, at the close of her life, she offered up for those who had been placed under her care.

R——, *May 24. 1840.*

MY DEAR MISS GARDINER,

What must you have thought of my apparent want of gratitude and affection for your dear mother, to whom I am under such unspeakable obligations!

I hope I feel truly sorry for ever having caused her uneasiness. Oh that it were possible to ask her forgiveness, and assure her of my repentance! What could have made me so inattentive to her kind

advice? Surely nothing less than a wicked and depraved heart. \* \* It was when I received the intelligence of dear Mrs. Gardiner's decease, that circumstances so very painful to reflect upon were forcibly brought to my mind. \* \* Although the advice of my kind instructress was received with such total indifference, I hope it has not been lost upon me. \* \* I now see the great importance of religion, and desire to seek it above all other things.

Your unworthy, but affectionate,

A— H—.

During the whole course of her laborious life, unless prevented by indisposition, which rarely occurred, my mother invariably arose at five o'clock in the summer, and soon after six in the winter. By this means, she gained much valuable time, which was devoted to prayer, and to the study of the Holy Scriptures, with the aid of Scott's Commentary. Thus, before she joined her pupils, she was prepared and strengthened for the duties of the day. It was her practice at breakfast to read aloud a portion of Scripture, with short reflections from Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury"— a little vo-

lume which has been extensively useful: at tea-time also, she was generally provided with some favourite author. No moment was lost; every precious fragment of time was carefully gathered up, and turned to some good account. She had always her little basket containing her needlework at hand, for such leisure moments as she might be enjoying in the society of her friends, some of whom were generally upon a visit to her. It was her custom to retire several times during the day for private devotion: no company or engagement ever caused her to omit those sacred seasons, the observance of which she appeared to regard as more necessary for enabling her to fulfil her duties, than the food which was to support her bodily frame. At the close of the day, having spent nearly the whole of it in teaching, she dismissed her young charge with a kind maternal benediction; and, after having again retired to the library to hold converse with her God, she joined the other members of her family—not with spirits depressed by exertion and fatigue, but so cheerful and joyous, that her presence, like a sudden burst of sunshine,

imparted immediate rays of gladness to every bosom. Happy in herself, she communicated happiness to all around her. Her heart glowed with a benevolence, far exceeding what the world calls "good-nature"—with Scriptural "charity," whose natural and never-failing fruit is happiness; love ever carrying her out of herself, into desires and endeavours to promote the interests of others.— Each hour of the day had its allotted employment, not only during the period of tuition, but at every other time: even the loss of a few minutes was to her a cause of deep regret. She was particular in never allowing one occupation to encroach upon another, unless her attention was unavoidably called off from her own pursuits, when she was always ready to render even the smallest assistance to any one. She was extremely quick and active in her movements, even in her old age. It was a maxim with her, never to keep any person waiting: she used to observe with a smile, "*Je ne me fais jamais attendre; parce que j'ai remarqué, que les défauts d'un homme se présentent toujours aux yeux de celui qui l'attend.*" She would never

receive assistance from any one when it was possible to avoid it; and always thanked her domestics for their services, as if they had been conferring an obligation upon her. Her commands had the appearance of requests; and the cheerful alacrity with which they were executed, best shewed the ascendancy she had over the hearts of those who obeyed her mild injunctions.—In the discharge of every relative duty, her principles were embodied in her temper and conduct. To all united to her in the bonds of natural affection, she evinced the utmost tenderness, and an unceasing solicitude for their welfare. They well knew her constant readiness to sacrifice every personal feeling, in order to promote their benefit, or even their pleasure. The words of a favourite poet may perhaps best express the depth of her *maternal* affection:

“ That mother’s love ! How sweet the name !  
What *was* that mother’s love ?—  
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,  
That kindles from above,  
Within a heart of earthly mould,  
As much of heaven as heart can hold,  
Nor through eternity grows cold :—  
*This* was that mother’s love, ”

who at every period was my dearest friend, my safest guide, my sweetest comforter, my unfailing resource. With regard to her deportment as a *wife*, I will only observe, that her affectionate attentions to my beloved father could never be surpassed, nor adequately described. It may truly be said, that, in every relation of life, her sincere endeavour was to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour."

After she had remained two-and-twenty years at Ashby, the gentleman who owned the estate expressed his intention of residing in the family mansion; and my dear mother was thus forcibly reminded, that no spot on earth can be looked upon as our lasting home. To quit, at her advanced age, a place endeared, not only by length of time, but by many most interesting associations, may be imagined to have elicited feelings of no ordinary regret.—In 1836, my father undertook the requisite arrangements for preparing the house for the reception of its owner; and on the 18th of June in the same year, at the age of seventy-eight, after having spent sixty-one years in the education of youth, the subject of this humble Memoir gave up her

long and arduous work. The number of her pupils, during that period, had amounted to upwards of six hundred.

In the summer of the preceding year, as I could no longer be usefully employed at home, I had accepted the proposal of a friend, that I should reside with her as a companion, and as governess to her young family. The parting from her only child, my mother felt to be the greatest trial she had ever experienced. By frequent correspondence she endeavoured to alleviate it; and by the reflection, that the object of her solicitude was under the unerring direction of a wise superintending Providence. Although my absence was occasionally a source of painful emotions, which she tried in vain to subdue, yet her prevailing feelings were those of resignation, contentment, and gratitude.

“ The grateful bosom quickly learns  
Her sorrows to disown,  
Yields to His pleasure, and forgets  
The choice was not her own.  
She knows it is a Father’s will,  
And therefore it is good ;  
Nor would she venture by a wish  
To change it if she could.”



The following passages are extracted from letters which she wrote after this period, chiefly to myself; a few are taken from those she addressed to some of the dear young friends whom she had educated.

*To Myself.*

*August 20th, 1835.*—Our separation is indeed a severe trial to me, and God only knows how soon we must part for ever in this world: but I do not murmur at your absence; I believe it to be the will of a kind heavenly Parent. His will be done! Did not Abraham receive without a murmur the command to part with his only, his beloved son? Then I give up my only, my beloved child to my God; and will trust him to watch over her with *more* than a mother's love. Deeply as I feel the loss of you, I yet find that solitude has nothing gloomy in it.

The Bible, I think, is every day increasingly precious to both of us; it is our constant support and comfort. I discover new beauties continually; especially in the Psalms—they are my present evening study. Leighton sweetly styles them “a bundle of myrrh, which ought to lie day and night in the bosom.”

*August 3rd, 1836.*—What a sheet-anchor of comfort is the conviction, that whatever we leave entirely

to the ordering of our heavenly Father, he will direct aright!

When we retire to rest, we always look at the moon, when visible, and think our beloved Everilda is perhaps watching its silvery reflection upon the smooth surface of the sea, and heaving a sigh for the presence of those whose happiness is bound up in her welfare. We may still meet, my love, at the throne of grace: it is a privileged, sacred spot; there we may cast all our cares on our ever-present and merciful Saviour.

*September 14th.*—It is impossible to express how tenderly I sympathize in all that concerns you, my dear girl. Your heavenly Father sees every turning and winding of the crooked path:

“ And every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of His love.”

He will give you strength suited to your day; and hereafter, if not now, you will see that he led you by a right way. Leave all to His wisdom, love, and guidance—and all will be well.

My solitary walks are spent in prayer and thanksgiving. As I wander along, I frequently notice and gather your little favourite flower the “Forget me not;” and I say, “Can a mother forget?” Your welfare and happiness are dearer to me than my own.

• • I fear I am not yet sufficiently re-

signed to living without you. What transports can equal those which are felt in the heart of a mother, when receiving the caresses of a tenderly affectionate daughter? Of this happiness I am now deprived! My Saviour, who wept from sympathy when on earth, will have compassion, and will forgive my uneasiness. O my God, enable me to bear this bitter trial of separation from my child, with christian fortitude and submission!

Your father and I never omit a prayer together in the dressing-room every morning; and I read to him while he dresses. We rise about five, when the workmen commence their noisy operations; but being deeply interested in the delightful study of the Scriptures, it does not disturb me so much as you would imagine.—I have the grief of finding that my memory is leaving me! May the Holy Spirit impress what I read upon my *heart!*

*November 6th.*—We spent some time last evening beholding the starry heavens. How wonderful, that He who formed and sustains thousands of worlds, should guide the little swallow in her flight! “When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained—what is man, that Thou art mindful of him!”

*August 24th, 1837.*—I can readily imagine you,

my love, at an early hour in the morning taking your solitary ramble over the rocks, and beholding the magnificent scene which the ocean presents—with that exquisite sensation which arises from the application, “My Father made them all.”

*May 17th.*—May we more habitually look unto Jesus, for his unceasing guidance in every thing. It is dangerous and wearisome to depend for approbation upon our fellow-creatures. We must do what we think He will approve, and leave the rest to take its course.

*May 19th, 1838.*—Think, my Everilda, that you are where the Lord has appointed you, and that you are under the care of the best of Fathers; depend upon it, He will never forsake you. He is a host of friends; and the happiness you derive from communion with Him in solitude, is infinitely greater than if you were surrounded by all who are most dear to you on earth.

*May 29th.*—I am deeply interested in the devotional works you kindly sent me; they are quite delightful. I may truly say with David, “Thy testimonies have I claimed as mine heritage for ever; and why? They are the very joy of my heart.”

I frequently take my solitary wander along my favourite sequestered church walk, where during the

day, I can now and then distinguish the liquid notes of the nightingale, among a variety of other sweet warblers; every bird sings its hymn, with more or less melody. As I pass along with the church in view, "its silent finger pointing up to heaven," I enjoy the delightful perfume of the lilac and syringa; I am filled with admiration, gratitude, and praise, to behold the beauties which surround me. What love ought to fill our hearts towards the beneficent Author of all our pleasures! \* \* I hope, my E., that we shall not be parted long. He loves us, and is full of compassion; let us cast all our cares upon him, and give ourselves to prayer. Our petitions will reach His ear, though they are devoid of fine flowing language, and often even of words. If it were not so, what would become of me! We have an Advocate who has presented himself before the throne, in the office of a sin-bearing and all-atoning sacrifice and Mediator. "*Even one sigh going up in the incense of His worth,*" your valued friend Mrs. Stevens remarked, "is a sweet odour before God."

*September 14th.*—I did not forget, this morning, to remember particularly in my prayers one whose birthday this is.—While I was thus engaged, the idea that you, my love, were probably occupied in a similar manner, imparted a sweet feeling of

nearness to you, in which I delight to indulge. It is a most comforting thought, that "there is one place at least—even before the throne of grace—where our love for those twined round our heart-strings cannot be too warmly or tenderly cherished; where the language of fond and fervent feeling cannot be breathed forth with too intense an ardour of affection, or earnestness of entreaty; where all the happiness connected with the objects of our love can catch a glow of celestial radiance from the Saviour's smile, and all anxieties on their behalf be lulled to rest, by being reposed on the bosom of their Father and our Father, of their God and our God."

*To Miss P. M.*

*October 8th.*—The days appear to me extremely short. I rise as usual at five o'clock, yet I never feel wearied, nor at a loss for employment. My mornings are spent in the delightful study of my Bible; then I take my lonely walk—and yet it is not lonely, for He who is every where present enables me to gain access to him in faith, and love, and sweet communion. Our surrounding scenery, at this season, is particularly beautiful. I survey with an enraptured eye the varied tints and shades, which the drooping and dying foliage of the trees presents to my view. They shower their leafy honours upon my head as I

walk under them. These silent but impressive monitors, my dear young friend, speak to my heart the solemn truth, "We all do fade as a leaf." The autumn of my life is passed, and the winter of old age hangs over me; but the Sun of righteousness cheers my heart, and, I humbly trust, will shine forth upon my soul in my last hour, and permit me to depart in faith, hope, and peace.

*January 28th, 1839.*—The days are dark, and my eyes not so good as they were,—one of the warnings of old age. I have nearly given up all my young correspondents; still, as long as I am able to use my pen, a chosen few I cannot relinquish. You are one, my dear P., who always were and ever will be dear to me. It is very kind of you, wishing frequently to hear from me; but I have now nothing interesting to relate. Every day I read the same favourite authors, and walk in the same chosen retreat: my sister's deafness renders it impossible for me to converse with her; and my husband having undertaken to conduct the repairs of the house, and to continue also his various improvements in the grounds, his time is fully occupied from morning to night; so that I live much alone. And yet not alone; my unseen Saviour, I hope, is with me. *On n'est jamais seul avec lui.*—Need I say to you, that I think unceas-

ingly of my dear E. ? Her absence throws a shade over my latter days. But I pray to be resigned : I think of the blessings I enjoy. That my heavenly Father should bestow so many of his choicest favours upon one so unworthy, is wonderful !

*May 14th.*—How forcibly does the renovation of nature illustrate the bright hope that is within us, of a life renewed beyond the tomb ! How wonderful and delightful is it, to behold vegetation bursting forth from its state of torpor, and each flower as it blows assuming such varied hue and form ! Wherever we turn our eyes, we trace the exquisite and beautiful workmanship of an almighty Architect. How deplorably must the human understanding be fallen from its original state, since, without a Divine revelation, it cannot discern the Creator of all around it ! St. Paul tells us we are “inexcusable, because the invisible things of Him may be clearly understood from the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.” It was he who spoke the world into existence, with all its beauties ; and he continues still to preserve and uphold it, by the power of his Arm.—You ask me, my dear friend, what books I am reading. The Bible is now almost my only book ; it is my inexhaustible delight, and treasury of comfort. I continue to study it with my two favourite Com-



mentaries, which I think a great help. At the same time I am well aware, that it is the Holy Spirit alone who can bring the truths of Scripture to the heart, and impart life to the soul.

On the 25th of the same month I arrived at home, rather unexpectedly, accompanied by my friend and her family, with whom my dear mother had been desirous of becoming acquainted.—Though she was then in her eighty-first year, I found her still active, retaining her faculties unimpaired, and patiently enduring all the discomforts of her home, occasioned by alterations being made in every part of the house; though she lamented that she must quit a residence which twenty-six years had greatly endeared, and without a prospect of the continuance of those comforts to which she had been accustomed. She trusted, nevertheless, that He who had ever been her Father and her Friend, supplying her abundantly with all needful blessings, would not “cast her off in the time of old age, nor forsake her when her strength failed.”

It was one consequence of the masons' and carpenters' carrying on their work, that the flower-beds

around the house were a complete desolation. In reply to the lament which I could not suppress, she observed, "It is all well, my love; if those fragrant and beautiful gems of nature had not left *me*, I must soon have left *them*; and will it not be happiness inconceivable, to—

"Exchange thy flowery walks, so often trod,  
My garden, for the Paradise of God?  
Led by His footsteps, who of old for me  
Thy blood-stain'd garden trod, Gethsemane?"

From her deep impression that her life was near its close, she looked upon almost every object as if she were beholding it for the last time.

It may appear extraordinary, that, after so long a life of unremitting toil, she should have been subject to so much disquiet and inconvenience, instead of having a comfortable home in her old age. But the many unavoidable expenses connected with our establishment, the gradual decline of the school, and some heavy losses, had prevented her from securing the moderate competence which she might otherwise have realized, and to which she was so truly entitled. In consideration of her long and faithful services, a contribution was generously

promoted among her former pupils, and aided by many other friends; which, amounting to £200, was sunk in the purchase of an annuity for her life. She was however, soon after, called to a home where the liberality of her earthly benefactors was not needed.—For so striking a proof of their affectionate regard she felt most grateful; and it was her daily prayer, to the close of her life, that they might receive every blessing in this world, and everlasting happiness hereafter.

When the time arrived that we were to bid each other farewell for another long period, she said with tearful earnestness, “My love, it is my prayer—may God in infinite mercy grant it! that you may not be prevented from returning, when my health and strength shall fail me. Oh that I may *then at least* have you with me, to nurse and to comfort me!” I left her consoled with the hope, that a God of love had heard, and would answer her petition.

A few extracts from the letters which she afterwards wrote, will serve as a continuation of her little Memoir, down to the period of her last illness.

*To Myself.*

*August 27th, 1839.*—How grateful ought I to be, that I have so much time to devote to my eternal interests! I endeavour to make the best use of it; but the commotion occasioned by the work-people is a great hindrance. I cannot find a quiet retired place anywhere during the day for prayer, except in my walks. Such disturbances are like shaking a bird out of its nest; I am *compelled* to think of taking my flight, to a better and purer region. \* \* It is all right: these things are, doubtless, intended to loosen us from earth, and to incline us to aspire with more ardour after that incorruptible inheritance, which our dear Redeemer has purchased for us. How astonishing is it, that our hearts should need such *drawing* to the kindest of all Friends! \* \* The power of forming fine thoughts, and of expressing them in pleasing language, is not required of us as a test of our sincerity. It is the heart which our gracious God regards; and I hope he sees in *ours* something of his own work of faith, love, and obedience, together with earnest desires for the continued and increasing influence of his Holy Spirit, to fit us for his presence in a world of glory!

*October 14th.*—I would say with Bishop Hall,

“O God, I have made an ill use of thy mercies, if I have not learned to be content with thy corrections.” No one ever passed through life in a more even course, or with fewer sorrows than myself. God has done for me more than I can express. Every moment has proved his loving-kindness and tender care. Why then should I be troubled and distressed, with fearful apprehensions of the future? If he sends trials and changes, he sees them to be good for me—His will be done! May my feelings be those only of contentment, love, and gratitude!

*To Miss S. B.*

*November 7th.*—It is gratifying to your old gouvernante to think she is not forgotten, and that her life has not been quite useless.—I hope to be enabled cheerfully to submit to whatever our heavenly Father allots for us. I desire that He only may guide and direct us.—I spend an hour every morning, in looking over and selecting old letters, previous to our removal. I am struck with a solemnity of feeling, at the thought that so many of my young correspondents have been called into eternity, while I am left! Oh that I might hope to meet them all around the throne of God and of the Lamb, and for ever to join with them, in one triumphant chorus of praise and thanksgiving!

About a month ago I had a fall, and broke a blood-vessel near my ankle, which from my neglect has been very painful; it is however nearly well. My beloved Eva, who is at Tunbridge Wells, would be so uneasy if she knew of this accident, that we dare not tell her. \* \* \* May God bless and prosper you, my dear Susan! You are never forgotten by me at the throne of Grace.

The following passages are taken from her last letter addressed to me, five weeks previous to her death. It is closely written, on foolscap paper, in a clear hand, and crossed throughout, as all her letters to me were.

*December 18th.*—I should indeed enjoy with you the magnificent scene of the rising and setting sun, over the wide expanse of ocean. I have just been watching his departing beams; and I thought, as I beheld him gradually sinking below the horizon, that in like manner,

“ The saint who has finish'd her day upon earth,  
Serenely and brightly declining,  
Sheds a lustre unearthly on all things around,  
In future beatitude shining.”

You had so gradually prepared me to hear of the

death of our beloved Mrs. B——, that when the expected intelligence arrived, my feelings were a mixture of lamentation and sacred joy. Her happy spirit has doubtless been conveyed to the mansions of bliss; her days of trial are ended, and she is now in the presence of her God and Saviour, from whose boundless love she receives that fulness of joy, which will continue and increase through eternity. *Her* departure, my love, causes me to think of *my own*, which cannot be *very* far distant; nor can I desire it to be so, old age is accompanied by so many infirmities. I more than ever feel the loss of your supporting arm, and affectionate care and tenderness—though I have, thank God, the kindest and best of husbands. \* \* We have now scarcely two months to remain here! How I dread the removal! And what is to become of us, God only knows; but however unfavourable may be our prospects, or low our circumstances, it is our great consolation to think, that we are never placed beyond the notice of His eye. *He will provide!* \* \* How safely may we resign every thing to the wisdom of such a kind heavenly Parent! \* \* That he may continually bless and watch over my dearly beloved Everilda, is the unceasing prayer of her tenderly affectionate mother,

J. GARDINER.

One resource of my dear mother's, amidst the disturbances which interrupted her own reflections, was to transcribe her most favourite hymns, and other pieces of devotional poetry. These, as she afterwards told me, she felt assured I should value the more for being what she admired. They are all peculiarly beautiful. A part of "The Invalid's Sabbath song," with her subsequent remarks, are so feelingly descriptive of the humble and resigned state of her own mind, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of inserting them.

“ Unto thy sacred courts what though,  
Almighty God, I cannot go,  
Nor, mingling with the christian throng,  
Unite in prayer and holy song ?  
Yet, Father, thou wilt not refuse  
The worship of the lone recluse ;  
Since from thy temples by Thy will  
She lives, alas ! an exile still.  
No ; if with faith and fervent zeal  
To thee she makes her low appeal—  
Though earth's assembled voices rise  
In lengthen'd chorus to the skies,  
Though angels' golden harps resound  
With heavenly harmony around  
Thy lofty throne—amidst it all  
Thine ear will catch her whisper'd call.



Then, since the Lord neglects me not,  
Shall I dare murmur at my lot?  
No; be my Sabbath song His praise—  
My prayer, "His will be done always."

The above lines appear as if written purposely for me. I sit alone, unable to accompany my beloved husband to church; being lame from a trifling accident. O my heavenly Father, may I accept all thy providences and appointments with contentment and praise! I know that "all things work together for good to them that love thee," and I rejoice in knowing also that I love thee. Though I am most unworthy of thy notice, yet thou regardest me as thy redeemed child! My only plea, my only hope with thee, is my Saviour's precious blood. Wash and cleanse me in that purifying fountain; and, when I have reached the end of my days, receive me into thy glorious kingdom! Oh hear me, for the sake of Jesus Christ, my blessed and prevailing Advocate and Intercessor!—*November 1. 1839.*

Although she seemed to have recovered from the accident to which she alludes, it nevertheless accelerated her previously declining state of health. Very alarming symptoms appeared shortly afterward, and her medical attendants gave no hope of

her restoration. The melancholy intelligence reached me at Hastings, on the 4th of January, 1840; on the receipt of which I immediately returned home.

She received me with the most animating expressions of joy and gratitude; devoutly clasping her hands, she fervently exclaimed, "My God, I thank Thee! Thou hast heard my prayer, and permitted me to see my child before I die! Now I am ready to depart. Do not weep, my love: I hope I am going to a happy, a blessed home; and we shall soon meet again—never, never more to be separated. I could not go at a better time. I dreaded a removal; this was no longer to be my abode; there seemed no other for me upon earth, and here I desire no other. I humbly trust I am now going to be received into that 'building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'" She added, "It is painful, my love, to leave you; but God will be with you, to comfort and support you; I know he will. Therefore," she continued, "be resigned to part with me, my beloved Eva. Believe me,—much as I love you—were I in health, and might I choose, I would rather be where Jesus is:

let me go to him." Soon after, she resumed, "I so ardently long to be with my blessed Redeemer! Why should I wish, or why should *you* wish me, to continue on earth, when I can be of no further benefit to any one? I have fervently and constantly prayed that I might not live to be useless: I was becoming so; and it is therefore in tender compassion that my heavenly Father is about to remove me, to the rest which he has prepared for them that *love* him." I remarked, "I need not ask, my dearest mother, if you have the happiness of possessing that internal evidence of being a child of God." She replied, "I feel my God and Saviour to be the object of my supreme affection; and I am humbly conscious that my heart, which is by nature depraved, is renewed by grace. Though sin remains, and will cleave to me to the last moment, it is a subdued, a conquered enemy—'thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" At another time she said, "Very little have I done, during my long life, to promote the welfare of my fellow-creatures! If the Lord has in the smallest degree blessed my

instructions at any time to my pupils, what cause shall I have to render him eternal thanks and praise!" With many tears she added, "How grievous it is, to think of my feeble attempts to impart to them religious knowledge! I have been an extremely unprofitable servant." She then most fervently uttered, "Lord, save me, or I perish!"

After her mind had been thus painfully exercised, perfect peace took possession of her bosom; and we had the heartfelt satisfaction of witnessing, from day to day, her increasing meetness for that blessed transition which awaited her. She had fought the good fight, she had now very nearly finished her course, and had kept the faith; so that little else remained for her, but to quit a world of sin and suffering, and "enter into the joy of her Lord:" and yet on her dying bed my beloved parent was as regardless of herself, and as thoughtful of others, as she had ever been. One proof of this was the anxiety she expressed, and the fervent prayers she offered, for all those in whose welfare she had long taken a lively interest. A day seldom passed, in which we did not overhear her repeating the names

of many of her relatives, friends, and pupils; beseeching the Lord to bestow upon them every temporal and spiritual blessing, and to reward sevenfold into their bosoms those from whom she had received benefit and kindness. She also earnestly entreated that success might attend the labours of every Minister of the gospel, both at home and in heathen and distant lands; and that all the inhabitants of the earth might see the salvation of God, and receive into their hearts that "kingdom, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." I one evening remarked, "You pray more for others, my dear mother, than for yourself." She replied, "It is the only way, my love, in which I can now endeavour to benefit any one. It is my privilege and comfort to pray for all my fellow-creatures; for many who are dear to me, and for those especially, who are living without Christ. As long as I am able, I must entreat my heavenly Father, by his Holy Spirit, to make known to them their lost state by nature, and the inestimable value of the Saviour. Oh that some whom I could mention, for whose welfare I feel particularly

anxious, would no longer delay the surrender of their hearts and lives to Him—

“ Who wept that *they* might smile,  
Who bled that *they* might never die.”

All the support she could occasionally take, was the smallest portion of arrow-root. On one occasion, when giving it to her, I said, that though her food was so trifling, we should not omit asking a blessing with it. She meekly replied, “ I always do, my love; but thank you for reminding me:” and she fervently prayed aloud, for a more grateful sense of all the mercies and comforts she was perpetually receiving.

Being told that her clergyman had called, she expressed a fear that she looked very ghastly, and that her appearance might startle him; instead of which, he was struck with her placid and serene countenance, and remarked that “ Death *to her* seemed only as an entrance into life; a momentary and happy translation from earth to heaven.” After he had administered the sacrament to all present, she extended her hand towards him and said, “ Thank you, thank you, dear Sir, for this and all

your very kind attentions. I now bid you farewell! God bless you! I hope soon to be received into heaven! What joy will it give me to welcome you there!"

Having returned to her after a short absence, and finding her awake, I said, "I have just heard it remarked, that not the slightest doubt can be entertained by any one of your eternal happiness, because you have led such an excellent and virtuous life." She replied, "I hope you told whoever could say so, that my only and entire salvation rests on the atoning sacrifice of Christ. He is my all-sufficient Saviour. Were I to place my dependance upon any fancied worthiness of my own, I should never, never enter heaven. I forcibly feel the truth of what Bishop Beveridge said when reflecting upon *his* past actions, that 'my whole life, from my birth to this very moment, has been but as one continued act of sin. I cannot so much as confess my sins, but my very confessions are still aggravations of them; my repentance needs to be repented of; my tears want washing—and the washings of my tears need still to be washed

again with the blood of my Redeemer.” I observed, “You have long known the value, my dearest mother, of his precious blood.” She replied, “In some degree, my love—but not as I do *now*; it is indeed *precious*—unspeakably precious!”—How delightful was it, to see her relying so happily, and with such unshaken confidence, on the atonement of Christ for acceptance with God! *There* all her hopes rested, with entire, simple, and undivided affiance. This was the rock on which she built. “Other refuge had she none.” Most exactly was that passage fulfilled in her, “Perfect love casteth out fear.”

She acquiesced in all the means employed to keep her with us as long as the Lord might permit; yet one day, when we offered her some medicine, she at first seemed reluctant to take it, and asked, “Why, my love, do you endeavour to prolong my stay, when I am so anxious to leave this world and go to my Saviour? Is it possible that I shall so soon see him! Can it be, that he will in a few days, perhaps a shorter period, receive me to dwell with him for ever! May such a poor sinful crea-



ture hope for this unspeakable, this inconceivable bliss!

“ How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou should'st man to glory bring;  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ! ”

It seems too much for me to anticipate. Yet thou hast promised, ‘ Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.’ ‘ In my Father's house are many mansions.’ ‘ I will come and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.’ ”

She would repeatedly say, as she beheld us watching over her, “ God Almighty bless you—my husband, my child, and my poor sister, and faithful, attentive Ellen! Who was ever so kindly watched over and nursed? Such an unworthy creature as I am, to be so affectionately attended, while my blessed Saviour in his most trying hour was forsaken by all! ”

Two of our servants having requested permission to see her, she said, as they severally approached her bed-side, “ Love God, Charlotte, make him your friend; and when you die, you will be as

happy as I am now!" "Live to God, John, and he will be your portion and happiness for ever;" fervently adding to each, as she bade them farewell, "God bless you!"

At another time, she called me to her and said, "Tell all my dear relatives and friends, I fervently commend them to our blessed Saviour. I wish they could know how precious he is to me: may they equally experience his love and care, and may we all be re-united for ever in his glorious presence! What a transporting thought it is, that soon I shall behold him, and know and feel how much he has loved me!"—She reposed with such entire confidential trust on the love of her Redeemer, and so fully believed he was ready to receive her into the haven of bliss, that it is impossible to describe her anticipations of the happy moment when

"Hope would change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise."

She afterwards continued, "My earnest request to my beloved niece Mary Anne is this, that she will not fail to give Louisa every religious advantage in her education. Tell her, I request it as of the very

greatest moment; for every acquirement, however desirable, is nothing, compared to a true and well-grounded knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and of the way of salvation through Christ—together with the constant direction of the heart to God.”

It has been remarked, “It is impossible for God’s people to please him better in any way, than by trusting him.” Never did a weak and helpless child more fully rely on parental care, than my mother did on her heavenly Father. The confidence of the child that has no doubt whatever of a parent’s love, exactly describes her feeling towards God. Being assured that the “Everlasting Arms were underneath her,” she feared no evil. “The joy of the Lord was her strength.” She confided in a faithful and unchanging God; and had “strong consolation, having fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before her.”

Equally firm was her assurance, that those most dear to her, as the children of God, would be unceasingly under his care and protection. Those gracious words, addressed by the Almighty himself to the father of the faithful, (Gen. xvii. 8,) “I will

be their God," were peculiarly precious to her. She expounded them thus: "God does not say what he will *do*, but what he will *be*. He does not say, 'I will feed, and clothe, and comfort, and deliver, and defend.' He might have said all this, and much more; and there might still have been something unsaid which was needful for us—some sorrow untouched, some case unrelieved: but all, all that we can want on earth or in heaven, in life or in death, or in eternity, is included in the declaration, '*I will be their God.*' It is the absolute, unconditional promise of HIMSELF." Thus she believed our safety and happiness to be as secure, as the infinite wisdom, power, and love, of a covenant-God can make them; as secure, therefore, as her heart could possibly desire. Addressing my father and myself, she said, "My Saviour is preparing a *heavenly* home for *me*, and he will not fail to provide an *earthly* one for *you*, so long as you require it. I know he will bless you, and take care of you—for all your love and kindness to me." Frequently, while her eyes were fixed upon me with all a mother's fondness, she would repeat how "con-

stantly it had been her prayer, that the Almighty would ever exercise towards me his fatherly protection, and, after the removal of my earthly parents, would himself supply their loss"—adding, with her usual emphasis, "I am quite *assured* he will." She frequently asked me to pray with her; and when I concluded, her hands would be raised and clasped while she fervently ejaculated, "Almighty God, hear the prayer of my dear child! Bless her and keep her to the end of time, and be her everlasting portion in eternity."

After expressing her hope of soon uniting with the redeemed in their heavenly hosannas, she joyfully repeated the well-known lines of Dr. Watts,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

The goodness of God, in short, was her constant theme. Such ardent and perpetual breathings of praise appeared to be striking indications that her soul was ripening for immortality.

As I approached the bed-side of my beloved parent, early in the morning of her last Sabbath on earth, she said, after tenderly embracing me, and fervently praying God to bless me,—“I had anticipated the happiness of spending this day in resounding the praises of God, with his redeemed in glory; whereas I can now only offer my unworthy thanksgiving with a faltering voice, as I lie here upon my bed: the blessed period, however, cannot be far distant. I must not be impatient.” Though she felt this as a great disappointment, she nevertheless experienced her last Sabbath on earth to be a sweet foretaste of the rest into which she was soon to enter; it was to her, what it has been so beautifully called, “a stepping-stone to heaven,” the “bright out-court of immortal glory.” While I was reading to her, she caught the sound of the village bells, then chiming for Morning Service; and suddenly exclaimed, “Stop, my love! let me hear those sweet bells for the last time.” A few moments of silence ensued: she then continued, “Though I shall never tread my favourite church-walk again, yet it is my particular wish that this

worn-out body may be carried through it." (She alluded to the gravel walk made by my father, on each side of which he had planted forest-trees and evergreens. This shady and sequestered footpath had long been her chosen retreat; it was consecrated by prayer and praise, and was consequently associated in her recollection with many pleasing ideas.) "I can just fancy I see the coffin borne along, and my two dearest earthly treasures following it!" I replied, "And at that very time, your soul will be perfectly happy with Jesus, far from the reach of sin, of sorrow, and of care; and singing with angels the song of redeeming love." She exclaimed, "Oh how I long to join in their chorus!

"When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, and died, for me."

Hearing an observation made respecting the degrees of happiness in heaven, (in reference to the passage, "for one star differeth from another star in glory,") she said, "If I may only be admitted to the *lowest* place where my Saviour is—if I may but behold him and share his love, I shall be satisfied."

I remarked, "It is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." She replied, "The happiness to come, must consist of being in the immediate presence of our dear Redeemer, and of loving and serving him continually—*that* will be heaven."

About an hour after she had listened for the last time to the peal of "those sweet bells," which had so often called her willing feet to the house of God, I was reading to her some beautiful reflections: she listened attentively, and then remarked, "My love, all *that* is exactly suitable and very refreshing to me; but I wish *only* to hear *my Saviour's own words*—let me have nothing else."

Occasionally I adopted a monotonous tone of voice, hoping that it might be the means of lulling her to sleep: yet invariably, as long as I read, she listened, and listened with attention—until, being unable to hear more, she would request me to pause. She then offered a prayer for sleep, which her exhausted frame so much required. On awaking, she recommenced her offerings of humble



gratitude and praise, generally expressed in the following terms—"I thank thee, my kind, indulgent Father, for the *sweet* sleep thou hast given me;" laying a particular emphasis on the word "*sweet*." With such a stedfast reliance upon the Lord who "giveth his beloved sleep;" thus "strengthened by him upon the bed of languishing"—his merits the covering over her, and his promises the pillow beneath her head—sweet indeed was her repose! With what holy joy could she exclaim, "His banner over me is love!"

Sometimes, when I offered to moisten her parched lips, she would say, "Never mind—it is of little use—I must bear it. I am content to thirst, until my Saviour leads me to 'living fountains of waters.' Though the refreshment *you* give me, my love, is very pleasant, yet it is momentary."

In the evening, when suffering from extreme exhaustion, she recollected that I had not assembled the family for prayer; "Go, my child," she said; "never, on any account, omit that duty: you need not fear—my heavenly Father continually watches over me."

She awoke once only during the night, and joyfully uttered, "My Saviour calls me—he calls me—I am going!" Immediately she appeared again to be in a sound sleep, and continued so until the morning; when I heard her exclaim in a low voice, "Sweet death! Happy, happy death! A momentary passing of my soul from its earthly tabernacle, into the glorious presence of my blessed Redeemer! Then my joy will be full and everlasting!" As a pause ensued, and she had not observed me kneeling by her side, I took her hand and said, "My precious mother!" At the sound of my voice, she immediately extended her arms and embraced me, most impressively pronouncing the words which she repeated so frequently, "God Almighty for ever bless thee, my beloved child!" Then, turning to my father, she said, with a sweet smile, "Oh how kindly you both watch over me! How good is God! How wonderful his love in permitting me, his unworthy creature, to be so affectionately attended, and so abundantly supplied with every comfort!" She afterwards requested to hear her favourite hymn,

“ Deathless principle, arise, &c.”

which I repeated to her, concluding with the words,

“ Such the glorious vista, *Faith*  
Opens through the shades of death.”

She remarked, with an expression of calm, heavenly delight, “ That is *my* glorious prospect.” I said, “ We go with you to the celestial portal ; but there you will leave us ! *We* must turn our thoughts to earth again ; *we* must continue to dwell in this wilderness-world ! ” “ Not long, my love ; you will soon follow me—*very* soon : ” adding, “ If I had not this blessed assurance, it would be agony to part from you.”

On my placing before her a beautiful rose-bud, which had been growing under her window, she said, “ What infinite beauties have I observed in the wonderful works of God—particularly, I think, in the ‘ fairy-peopled world of flowers ; ’ but, like every thing earthly, they quickly fade away. I leave them for a world of life and immortality ; where I shall behold ever new and undying beauties—and, above all, the Creator himself, my God and my portion to all eternity.”

The distressing sickness by which she was occasionally disturbed, caused not the slightest degree of impatience. She rejoiced in the hope that she was so much nearer her heavenly home, though she was willing to wait her Lord's time; "He knew best," she said, "when to take her."

About midnight, she awoke in an unusually animated frame of mind. When I had repeated, at her request, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth," &c., she said, "What a wonderful change awaits me! Instead of this feeble, sinking frame, which is such a burden to me, and hindrance to my spiritual exercises of prayer and praise, I shall possess full vigour and immortal strength to serve my God, without weariness, 'day and night in his temple!' What inconceivable happiness!

" Oh may I breathe no longer, than I breathe  
My soul in praise to Him who gave my soul,  
And all her infinite of prospect fair?"

I read to her several passages from the 14th and following chapters of St. John's Gospel. She

then asked me to pray with her, and soon after fell into a peaceful slumber. This was almost the last glimmering of life's expiring taper.

On Tuesday, she slept nearly the whole of the day; once unclosing her eyes, while the glowing beams of the sun, just before his going down, illuminated her apartment—a prelude to the glorious light she was soon to behold. “I see,” she said, “the rays of the sun for the *last time*?” “You will soon, my dearest mother, see the rays of a brighter sun. Jesus will be your everlasting light.” “Yes, he will shine upon me—he is a Sun that will never set. Oh, when will he come for me! How long it seems!” At another time I asked, “Have you not *any* fear of death?” “None whatever, my love. I rest on the promise of my Saviour, that he will be with me: and I rejoice in hope of that glory, which lies beyond the grave.”

The probability of a last struggle, which *we* greatly dreaded, caused not the slightest apprehension to our patient sufferer; whose only feeling was, “*As Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, when Thou wilt.*” After one of her distressing attacks of sickness, I

said, "Only a short time longer of painful endurance, and then you are admitted into the kingdom of heaven!" "I *hope* so, my love; but is it not too presuming, for such a poor worthless creature as myself to aspire after such a glorious inheritance?" Her mind appeared to be rather painfully exercised. I repeated to her a number of suitable texts: 'Being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him;' 'He was wounded for our transgressions;' 'With his stripes we are healed;' 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;' 'To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.' "Do you rely upon these words, my mother?" "Oh yes, firmly."—The momentary doubt was removed: and with a mind peaceful and happy, she soon fell into a gentle slumber.

When my beloved parent awoke, nearly all she said was unintelligible, from her difficulty of breathing. I could just distinguish, "I am dying."—I replied, "Only falling asleep in Jesus. 'Whosoever believeth in him shall never die.'" With a sweet

smile, and the pressure of her hand, she faintly articulated, "Asleep in Jesus!" These were the last words she uttered. Who can conceive her feelings, as, conscious of dissolution, she repeated, "*Asleep in Jesus!*"

— "Blessed sleep!

From which none ever wake to weep:  
A calm and undisturb'd repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"*Asleep in Jesus!*—Oh how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That Death has lost his venom'd sting!"

During the night, whenever I moistened her lips, she invariably made an effort, but ineffectually, to speak; she had not even power to return the pressure of our hands. While suffering from extreme exhaustion, her cries were most distressing: but as the morning dawned she became composed. I repeated her favourite Psalm, the 23rd; and afterwards, at intervals, such passages as I deemed calculated to administer consolation. "God will redeem your soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive you.—An entrance shall be

ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. —He hath promised a crown of life to them that love him.—He will swallow up death in victory.” It did not appear that she heard me; and I remarked to my father, who was watching over her in the deepest affliction, that I thought she no longer possessed any degree of consciousness. He then said, though without the hope of receiving from her the least token of remaining sensibility, “ My love, are you happy?” We immediately perceived, by the movement of her lips, that all her remaining power was exerted to reply. Though unable to speak, the expression of her countenance assured us, in language more powerful than words, that her glorious hope of an entrance “ into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ” was on the point of being realized. It was a solemn moment to those she left behind!—The last dear look of an affectionate and faithful wife, of a fond and indulgent mother, was then given! “ The silver cord ” of life was gently loosened, the eye-lids gradually drooped, and, at the Redeemer’s bidding,



her happy spirit took its flight, to be numbered with those of "the just made perfect."

Thus, on the morning of the 29th of January, 1840, at the age of eighty-one years and six months, "the earthly house of her tabernacle was dissolved;" and she became, we doubt not, a joyful inhabitant of that building of God—that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Her remains, followed by my father and myself, and a few friends, were carried along her favourite walk agreeably to her desire; and interred in the village church-yard—there to rest until the morning of the resurrection, when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption," and "mortality shall be swallowed up of life." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

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HAVING now brought my little Memoir to a close, I beg to present my sincere thanks to all who have kindly aided its publication. I may perhaps be

permitted to add, that when I undertook to portray the character of my beloved mother, for the gratification of long endeared and highly valued friends, it was my ardent wish that I might be the humble means of perpetuating her usefulness among them. Should this, in the very slightest degree, prove to be the result of my labour, greatly will it increase my debt of gratitude to Him, who sometimes condescends to accompany with his blessing the most feeble attempts to promote his glory.

From the peculiarity of her situation, there could be but little variety of incident to record. The development of those PRINCIPLES, which guided her in life, and supported her in death, seemed to be alone worthy the attention of my readers.

I have endeavoured to shew her simple and firm *Dependance upon Christ*, as her only hope for time and for eternity. She daily proved, that faith in the blessed Redeemer is the starting-point of a busy career, whence the christian breaks forth with hope and alacrity on all the services of a new obedience. In the public games of old, the competitor for the prize found it necessary to divest himself of

every incumbrance: in like manner, the candidate for the heavenly prize must lay aside every weight; —and where shall he do this, but at the feet of a crucified Saviour? My dear mother “cast all her cares upon Him,” with the calm assurance that “he cared for her.” A simple and childlike reliance upon the promises of her heavenly Father supported her under every trial and difficulty, and caused her to go on her way rejoicing. ‘Religion was to her not the cold balance of certain restrictions and certain comforts, but the warm acknowledgment of infinite obligations and infinite love. It was the blessed and refreshing conviction, that yet a little while, and the veil which hid her from her true happiness would be withdrawn—that yet a little while, and the Saviour, into whose hands she had confided the great interests of her soul, would come and receive her to himself.’ His death and righteousness formed her only boast: this was the refuge to which she fled; this was the fountain from whence her comforts flowed. His blood had atoned for her sins; this took away the sting of death. His righteousness had clothed her

soul; this prepared her to meet a holy God with comfort. Christ—to say no more—was her *all in all!*

It is impossible to read her papers without observing, further, her *Love for the Scriptures*. These were at once her standard and her delight. Every doctrine was referred to them as a touchstone; and her practice was regulated by them. The conviction of their Divine origin, and the experience of their influence, spread through her mind a composure and satisfaction, which nothing earthly could impart. She searched them as mines of truth, more valuable than thousands of gold and silver: and she found them to be the joy and rejoicing of her heart.

Another prominent feature in her character, was the pleasure she took in *Secret Prayer*. It was her delight to hold converse with her God and Saviour. While with fervent desire she implored his mercy and grace, she was equally importunate in supplicating for wisdom and strength diligently to perform her important duties, and for blessings on all those whom she was endeavouring to train in the paths of piety and virtue. This evident proof of her sincere, and almost parental regard for her young

friends, was carried far beyond the time they passed under her roof. The confidence they reposed in her fully proves their sense of this regard, and the value they put upon it. If at any time her efforts to benefit her pupils appeared frustrated, or any circumstance arose to occasion her uneasiness, she sought communion with her heavenly Father, the light of whose countenance never failed to impart to her peace and joy. By such blessed fellowship she was cheered and refreshed, until, her pilgrimage being closed, she passed in confidence the dark flood of Jordan,

“ Thro’ the dear might of Him that walk’d the waves.”

I will only add, that, in the humble individual whose character I have thus endeavoured to delineate, we behold the inexpressible value of the Gospel of Salvation. What was the principle, which cheered her dying moments? What was it, that took away the sting of death? What made pain easy, and death desirable?

“ What to her soul such glad assurance gave,  
Such hope in death, such triumph o’er the grave ? ”

Not the retrospect of an unblemished and useful life! She rested not upon the broken reed of human merit—no such delusion as this blinded her eyes, or shut her heart against the Saviour of mankind. “The Scripture,” she knew, “hath concluded all under sin; that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.” She had indeed the “testimony of her conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity she had had her conversation” among us; but *this* was not the exclusive, nor yet the principal cause of her happiness. She had a far higher bliss than any that can be derived from self-contemplation—a bliss flowing immediately from faith in Christ as her Saviour; from faith in Him, “who of God was made unto her wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.”

THE END.







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